
KAYLEE
PART 18


REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR


Alright. Kaylee's looking at me. What am I supposed to do with that information? She is looking at me... right? Shit, it's hard to tell since I'm sure she can see so much. I gradually turn my head to the side, hoping that there's something going on behind me that would draw her attention in my direction. An explosion, the military, maybe even another giantess!
When I see nothing it's both a relief and a bit worrying. That confirms it. She's looking right at me. I guess I'm going to get less time to myself than I'd hoped.


The real question is what does she want? Is she fucking lonely? Is that why she doesn't want to leave me alone? Can't just give me a few minutes with...
wait...
Shit, that's right! I'm holding onto Anna right now! Right in plain sight! Kaylee's got to be at least a few miles away. Maybe she hasn't noticed I'm holding onto someone yet? But what if she heads this way? My heart races while coming up with countless scenarios that could play out over the next couple of minutes. She could make a beeline straight here, and ask to see what's in my hand. She could just want to play with me more, making it impossible to hide Anna, and-


Wait...
I have to hide Anna. That's the only option.
Unfortunately, as most anyone could probably tell you, I don't really have a lot of hiding spots right now. Comes with the territory of not wearing any clothes. My first thought is to try and stuff her into one of the buildings around me so she's out of view entirely, but if Kaylee actually does head over here then that's just going to put her in a lot of unnecessary danger. She steps on the building I stashed Anna in, and Anna's gone for good.



So what options does that leave me? Do I just make a run for it? No, that would be way too suspicious. Maybe I can...

God. I feel so stupid doing this. Folding my arms behind me back I just keep her out of view, and hope Kaylee doesn't ask any questions. That's my only option. Every other one puts Anna in too much danger, and after all the trouble I've been through trying to reunite with her again I really don't want to just let her go.

"Hi, Kaylee!" I say, as soon as I see her take a step in my direction. "Have you been near the coast? I wanted to try and see if the air smelled any different this high up, and-"


"Are you hiding something behind your back?"
"W-What? Hiding something? No! It's just... the ocean! You know! The smell of that saltwater, and..." I trail off, not able to continue this facade. I can feel every muscle in my body tense up. There is a tiny squeak from behind my back as I inadvertently squeezed Anna in the process. I open my mouth to respond, but my throat is suddenly bone-dry. I know that I shouldn't leave Kaylee hanging! Dammit! What do I do what do I do what do I-



Then Kaylee looks away. Over towards the coast. We're still pretty far from it and there's a whole lot of fucking city between us and the ocean. She stands there for a minute just... looking. I don't know if she's buying my excuse or if there's something more to it. There's almost a wistful look in her eye as she seems to zone out for a minute, her mouth suddenly turning up in irritation.

Maybe she's reflecting on how small she still is compared to the entire city... which only has me thinking of how small I am next to her. There's still a lot of room left to grow. Plenty of space to cover. And I can only hope she's not taking that as a challenge.


Then she slowly turns her head back to me.
"W-What? Hide something?" I begin, leaning back while making sure I have a good grip on Anna. "No, I'm just stretching! I thought I'd... go out into the ocean and see how long it takes for me to actually be submerged! You know, it gets pretty deep out there, and-"
"Kayla."


I tensed up again upon hearing my name.
"Come over here. And let me see your hands."
Her voice is uncharacteristically calm. No angry undertones or menacing growl to it. She's fully aware I'm hiding something, and knows that I can't exactly keep this facade up. And I know that I can't let her know that I have Anna.



"Sure thing, Kaylee." I sigh dejectedly. Better to let her think she "caught" me than to act too natural.

I take my first steps towards Kaylee slowly, looking around at the surrounding buildings. A lot of them are suitable for what I have in mind, and I'm not blessed with the time to make sure I choose the perfect option. So, with a deep breath, I intentionally stumble forward on my next step, letting Anna drop from my hand onto a rooftop next to me.

She hits the building with a thud, shaking the entire thing while groaning in pain. The fall had to have been over 20 feet, but at her size that's nothing. She'll be fine. As I'm recovering from my near-fall, I look down at Anna for what will hopefully not be the final time.

"Get to the airport, okay?" I whispered, dusting my hands off on my thighs as I continued onward. "I'll meet you there as soon as I can!" I can't even wait for a response. That would draw too much attention in my direction.

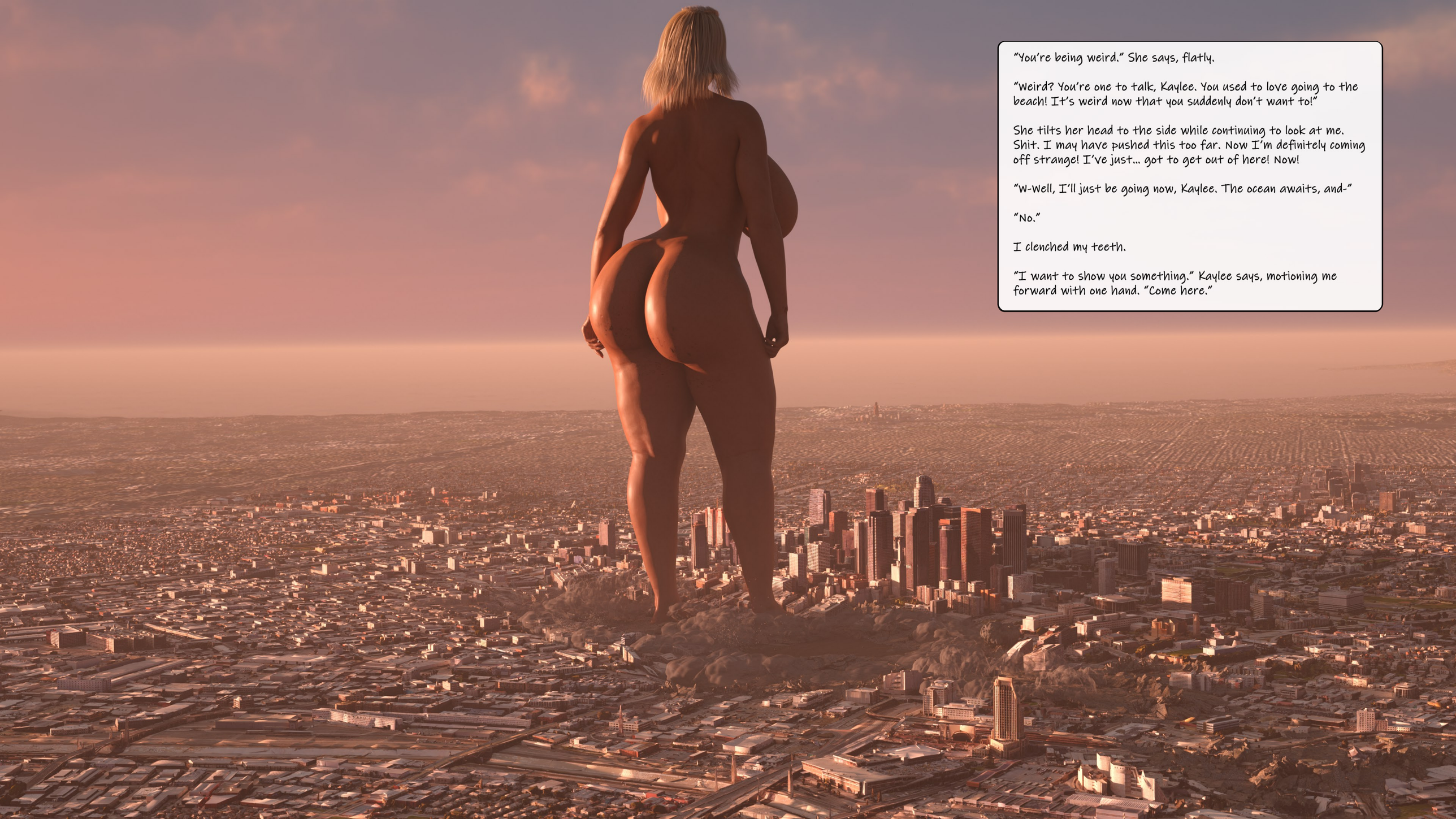


"Sorry about that. Almost fell." I told Kaylee, pretending to look at the ground in annoyance. "I guess I'm still pretty small if a car can trip me up, you know?"

Kaylee's reaction is utterly humorous. Her eyes are locked to my arms, studying my every movement intently.

"What? Is it something on my... Don't tell me you actually think I'm holding onto something?" I asked, before spreading my arms apart. "Why would I lie? What could I even hide from you? I promise there's no burgers big enough for me to keep to myself at this size."

Kaylee continues to focus silently, looking all around me, as if trying to find what I had been holding onto. But... after a few more intensely scrutinizing seconds she relaxes, and meets my eyes again.



"You're being weird." She says, flatly.

"Weird? You're one to talk, Kaylee. You used to love going to the beach! It's weird now that you suddenly don't want to!"

She tilts her head to the side while continuing to look at me. Shit. I may have pushed this too far. Now I'm definitely coming off strange! I've just... got to get out of here! Now!

"W-Well, I'll just be going now, Kaylee. The ocean awaits, and-"

"No."

I clenched my teeth.

"I want to show you something." Kaylee says, motioning me forward with one hand. "Come here."


I do exactly that. It's not like I have much of a choice, anyway. What, am I just going to say no? She'll walk right over here and carry me back. And that's if I'm lucky! If I'm not, well...
Dammit. I don't even want to think about it. With a heavy sigh I start to walk, carefully placing my steps to avoid any unnecessary damage.


As for whether I succeeded... that's hard to say. The streets around here were mostly deserted, thankfully, so it was easy enough to avoid stepping on people as I walked. That said, I might have accidentally stepped on some cars, not to mention a house or two... or three. Surely everyone must have evacuated by now, though... right?


"God, you're so slow."
Before I can protest, Kaylee starts to walk towards me instead. So much for my trying to keep things quiet...


I'm not sure what to do now. Does she want to meet me halfway? Or should I just... speed up, and try to catch up to her? As the thought flits through my mind I see Kaylee finish that first step, and feel the earth rumble around me.
Huge plumes of smoke explode around her feet after that first step. Dozens of buildings are crushed, and debris erupts around her in every direction. I feel my heart seize up as I come to realize that my split second of indecision or walking too slowly caused this. If I'd just moved faster she wouldn't have had to move, and-


Oh, who am I kidding?
This is Kaylee I'm talking about. If I wasn't there in a second flat she would have lost her patience and done something else. I can't help but feel for all the tiny little things needlessly finding themselves under her feet now, but there's not a lot that I could have done to prevent this in the first place. Kaylee won't listen to me. She never did when, and she's certainly not going to start now.
If anything is worrying me, it's how I'm starting to feel less like... well, trying. Every time I've made an effort to care for the people around me today has ended with disaster, and I don't think I can take it anymore. Maybe I'm just getting numb to it all, or maybe I'm... starting to think like Kaylee?


Dammit. I really hope that's not the case.
Kaylee takes another step closer, flashing me a smile as she does so. Again I can't help but think of all the havoc she's wreaking on the city. How could I not? It consumes every one of my senses, making it impossible to ignore! But... I can't help but feel a bit of safety looking at that smile of hers. It means that despite it all... I'm not a target.
That's what I'd like to think, at least.
"Kayla, remember that college you very stupidly told mom to give a big donation to?"


I don't really appreciate the way she phrased that...
"Yeah...? You mean USC?"
"What? The fighting tournament? No, idiot. The university! You know, college!!"
"The University of Southern California?" I asked, ignoring how she could have gotten it confused with the UFC. "Yeah, they're over..."


I suddenly realized what Kaylee was heading towards. She wasn't closing the gap between us at all. She was deliberately changing course, moving towards a place that looked a lot more familiar when I was normal-sized.

"That's right!" She said, giving me a mischievous look as she continued to walk. "It's the campus with all the red buildings, right?"

My immediate thought is to say no. Try to mislead her. But... she knows. She can see it, and she's headed straight for it. She just wants me to have to say it. To drive the point further. I don't think Kaylee's interested in doing anything to me physically... but she seems to really love attacking my mental state.



"Yeah..." I say, lowering my gaze as she continues to walk. She's once again leaving a huge path of destruction as she traipses through the city like it's little more than a blank path. Her every footfall utterly annihilates what has to be dozens of buildings, leaving behind such thick clouds of smoke that the aftermath of her movements can't even be seen for a time.

I try to think if there's anything I can do to stop what's clearly about to happen. Maybe I can dissuade her from going after the University? If she thinks it's empty she might not be interested in...

No. She already said as much herself. She's after the buildings. Any people there will just be a bonus.



Kaylee's steps are measured. It would be easy for her to just head straight for the campus. Nothing and nobody could stop her. The biggest buildings in the city are directly in that path, but she seems to go out of her way to avoid them. And I'm not foolish enough to assume she's suddenly becoming a benevolent soul to the thousands of people packed into such comparatively tiny spaces.

I can think of only one reason for her to be doing this. She's saving them for later. And knowing her, she won't strike until she's a lot bigger than she is right now. The thought of a Kaylee that fucking huge sends a chill down my spine. What would be big enough for her? For the buildings to fail to clear her toes? Or for the entire city to be small enough to squish under just one...

An involuntary shudder runs through me.



"How much was it you donated again, Kayla?"

Saying this Kaylee continues to walk, the literal trail of destruction behind her growing wider as she casually tramples dozens of city blocks. Despite that, her eyes are locked onto me, expecting an answer. Just to make sure I know that this conversation isn't slowing her down any.

"Come on, Kayla. Don't you remember?" She asks after I stay silent for a minute. "Oh well. Maybe I can ask them once I get there! Do you think they'll give me special treatment? You know, being the sister of their top donor!"

I held my breath. If nothing else, there is one good thing coming out of this. Anna will probably have a much, much easier time getting to the airport if Kaylee's completely distracted elsewhere.

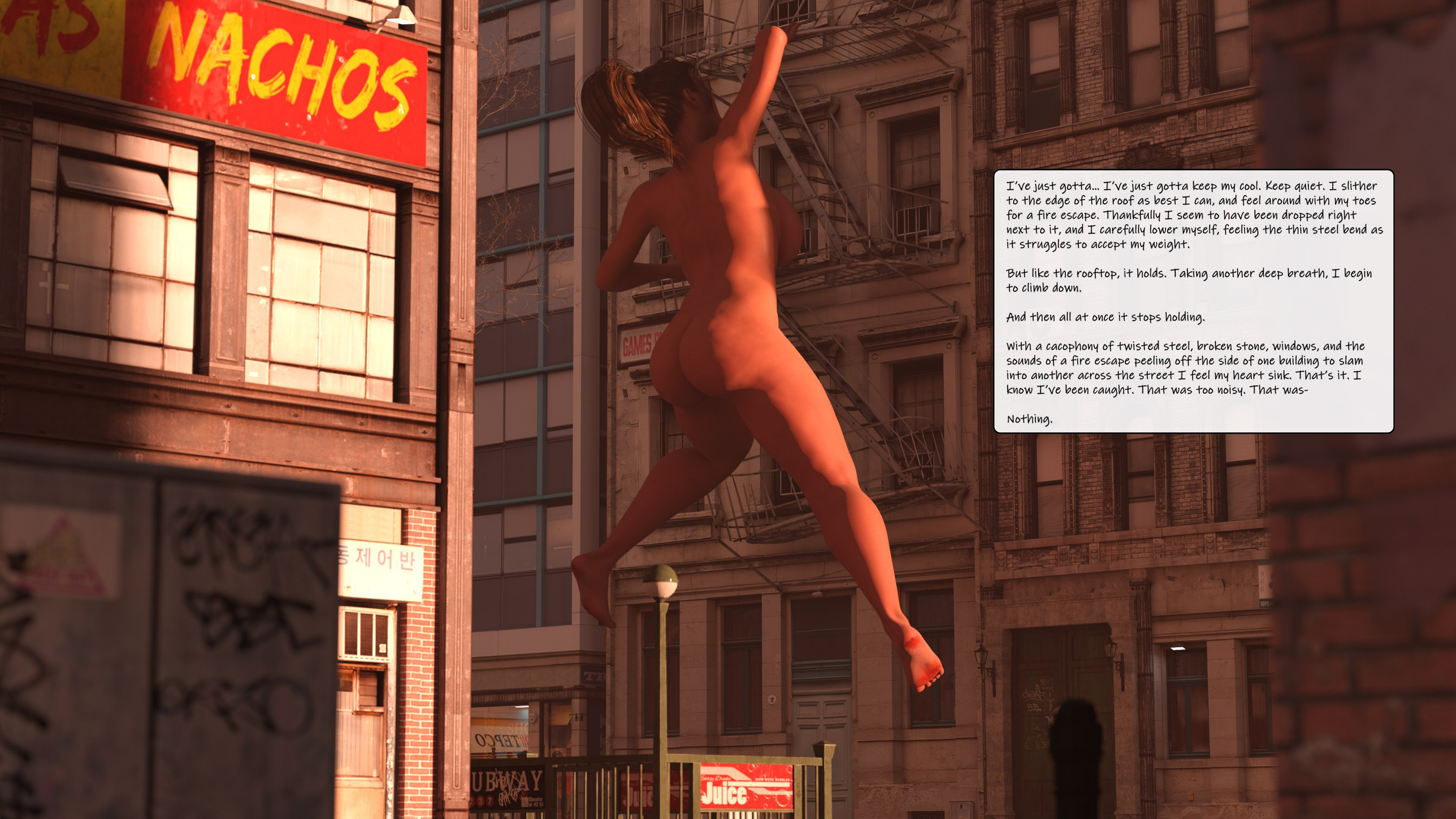

Falling sucks, and being dropped sucks even more. It's better than... well, whatever the alternative was, but that doesn't mean it didn't hurt. Not badly, but just enough I wanted to lay there a moment to catch my breath. Emphasis on wanted, because only a second later the ground started to rumble, reminding me of my place in this world now.
I'm big. Huge, even. I don't think there's ever been anyone in the history of humanity as big as me... outside of two people. And unfortunately for me, Kayla and Kaylee utterly dwarf me, and I have the misfortune of being close to both of them. My heart's racing. I don't want to be here anymore. I just want to go back to fucking yesterday! I had my whole life ahead of me then, I was going to be a huge pop star, and-



The ground rumbles again.

Kaylee's looking straight down at Kayla, who doesn't even come up to her knee. I don't know what the city looks like from her perspective, but I'd like to think I'm not easy to spot. That's not a hypothesis I'm willing to test, though. I have to get out of here, and I have to do all I can to stay out of sight in the process.

Pushing myself up with my hands I feel the roof sag under my weight, and hold my breath. If it collapses under me, I have a feeling the commotion would be spotted even by Kaylee. I can see tiny cracks spread underneath me, and brace myself for what feels inevitable... but it never happens. After a few seconds the roof seems to stabilize, allowing me to start scrambling down the sides.



I've just gotta... I've just gotta keep my cool. Keep quiet. I slither to the edge of the roof as best I can, and feel around with my toes for a fire escape. Thankfully I seem to have been dropped right next to it, and I carefully lower myself, feeling the thin steel bend as it struggles to accept my weight.

But like the rooftop, it holds. Taking another deep breath, I begin to climb down.

And then all at once it stops holding.

With a cacophony of twisted steel, broken stone, windows, and the sounds of a fire escape peeling off the side of one building to slam into another across the street I feel my heart sink. That's it. I know I've been caught. That was too noisy. That was-

Nothing.


Chaotic as the last second was to me, I have to remind myself just how fucking big and how far away Kayla and Kaylee are now. All that noise probably didn't even register to them. What was more important was getting out of sight, and that seems to have worked out for me. Only downside is lessened visibility is a double edged sword. I can hear Kaylee's footfalls even from here. How could I not? Every one of them sounds like a bomb going off! I could probably scream at the top of my lungs and not be heard! But I also can't see her. I can't be sure if she's headed this way.
So I'm not going to wait. There's a few people up the street running for their own lives, but aside from them it's like a ghost town. It's eerie in a way, as the streets around here, from this down low, are a potent mixture of quiet chaos and completely deserted.
It feels almost like the end of the world. At least, the way it gets depicted in movies.



...I don't like that I just had that thought. Mostly because... I can feel like it's more apt a comparison than I would care to admit. There is no horde of unstoppable zombies. No barrage of nuclear explosions. No self-aware AI. But if something isn't done to curb Kaylee's growth then...

Then...

The world coming to an end thanks to a giant naked girl is one I never would have expected. And the thought that I would personally know that girl is a sobering one. As I round the corner, I get another view of them. Much as I'd like to stand by and observe Kaylee and Kayla for longer, I know that I'm of quite literally no use to either of them. The only way I can do anything right now is to do as Kayla says, and get right over to the airport.


I don't know how this keeps happening. Every time. Every fucking time. Somehow, my mind just seems to not want to accept how truly. Immeasurably fucking huge Kaylee is. I've been near her more than once, and I know that she's still growing, but...
When I can see the campus in front of me it's like I'm looking at it from a traffic copter. The way it would be photographed for glamour shots. Then I see Kaylee's big feet just beyond and... I don't know. It's a feeling that's hard to describe.
But it's not a nice one.


"Just look at how small that stupid little school is now, Kayla!"
"Yeah... I can see it."
There's hundreds of people still down there. I don't know why. Maybe they thought she wouldn't head this way. That seems a likely option. If evacuating seems like a hopeless endeavor, then just hoping that Kaylee doesn't head in your direction might be best. Would explain why there's still so many people everywhere she's gone. And now... all these students. With their whole lives ahead of them... they seem to only now be realizing that their campus is Kaylee's latest target. They're running now, but they're far too slow. I can barely see the progress they're making, but I wouldn't be surprised if Kaylee saw them as little more than specks moving across the ground.



"What do you think?"

"What do you mean what do I-"

Before I could finish Kaylee starts to crouch over the campus. I was so surprised by how quickly she lowered herself I took a step back in surprise, cringing as I felt something crunch under my feet. I can't even pay it any mind though, I'm too close to what is clearly about to happen. I can hear the spike in volume as everyone down below realizes how little time they have left.

"Come on, Kayla. You always talked about how your donation gave you a seat on the board of the school. So... what do you think of MY seat?"



"It's-"

That was all I could get out before Kaylee decides she's not interested in letting me finish. Her feet give out underneath her, and she drops her ass onto the ground. The screams of the helpless students crescendo for an instant, before they're completely smothered by the immensity of Kaylee's backside, and completely overwhelmed by the impact. The earth shakes so violently I nearly fall over myself, which is a bad sign. Buildings don't have to be directly under Kaylee to suffer from her turning the campus into a seat. A powerful vibration stretches for several city blocks around, bringing them down as if a massive earthquake shook the entire state. Chunks of the buildings that were only half-crushed by Kaylee are sprayed everywhere, and I find myself having to shield my eyes to keep them from getting pelted with dirt.



"Sorry. I was just really looking forward to trying this place out." Kaylee said, sighing as she looked around her gigantic ass. "Were you saying something?"

I wonder if I should say something, but I know she wouldn't care. If I show any weakness she'll throw it right back in my face. Not that I even have to do that much, as Kaylee takes great, visible joy in the destructive force her massive size allows her to wield. She wiggles her ass on the ground, grinding it back and forth like she was putting out a fire. Dozens of tiny bodies that had narrowly avoided being crushed directly found their luck run dry as Kaylee's playful movement ensured complete and total erasure of several blocks surrounding the campus.

All of which took place in the blink of an eye as, less than a second later, huge clouds of dust and smoke blanketed the entire area. Every single movement Kaylee made caused these now. Any movements her huge body made simply displaced such massive amounts of air anything not securely attached to the ground would be launched into the sky.


Whether or not I answered likely wouldn't have mattered. Kaylee just wore that same, smug smirk as she looked at the crushed land around her ass, then back at me. In doing so she flipped her hair over her shoulder, and puffed her chest out so her already-intimidating tits looked even bigger. Were I so inclined, I could do the same amount of damage she had, but I would have to work for it. Really exert myself and concentrate on crushing and demolishing buildings to get the job done. But Kaylee's casual pose was a reminder. She did not have to even try to do all that she did. Simply sitting was the end of most of the campus. Her bare foot came down on more buildings, and the way she occasionally flexed her toes did even more damage. Nothing about her was small, and every move she made was capable of taking lives.
"It's nothing..." I muttered back, finally breaking the silence after a few minutes. I was finding it difficult to maintain eye contact with her. Partially because I knew that's exactly what she wanted, but I also couldn't keep my eyes away from her feet. When sitting down she plopped her foot a bit more gently than the rest of her, so there was still a lot intact around there. Plenty of space for people to move, and they were taking full advantage by attempting to do so.


"My eyes are up here."
I looked up, only to hear an explosion of sound that instantly drew my eyes back down. My heart seized up as I watched Kaylee casually lift the foot I'd just seen so many people running around, sending a fresh expulsion of building material in every direction. She waved her bloodied sole around for a minute after, seemingly taunting the people who were still trying to get away. Letting them know what their fate would be, and how pointless it was to try and survive in her presence.
"Is this what you wanted to show me?" I asked, clenching my teeth to try and maintain my composure.


"This?" Kaylee asks, shoving that same foot forward. I cringed as I watched her heel plow ahead, instantly flattening anything directly in front of it and ending the struggles of the people I'd been rooting for just a second ago. Their cries turned into wet pops for a fraction of a second, before the scene was silent again. "As in, the stuff under my foot?"
"...Yes."
"Mmm... Kinda." Kaylee smiled, wiggling her toes, before leaning back on her hand. "I just wanted to make sure that you saw it. You know. That precious little project you put so much work into. Is this where all our money went? To a bunch of stupid little buildings that fall apart the second I touch them?"
She leaned her foot forward after saying this, shaking a considerable amount of debris loose from her sole. Chunks of stone and concrete as big as houses rained to the ground, eliciting a fresh wave of screams from stragglers who were just trying to get to safety.



"Well?"

I couldn't argue with her. Not like this. She wouldn't care even if I explained the many ways that investing in the university had been wise for my future, as well as hers if she ever bothered trying to attend. She spat in the face of my attempt to do something for her then, and she's rubbing my face in the dirt about it now. No, anything I could possibly say to defend myself would undoubtedly be more for her to laugh at.

"Kayla!"

Saying this, Kaylee suddenly shoved her right foot just a bit more forward. Not enough to make any significant headway, but enough to startle me and send a new tidal wave of upturned streets surging forward onto a hapless populace.


"I asked you a question."
Kaylee leaned forward to address me, but my eyes were lower. She was deliberately moving her hand over a yet-untouched part of the campus as she did so. I couldn't do much but ball my hands into fists as she casually brought one palm straight down onto many more of the buildings, and settled her weight down.
DELLCO


Everything caught underneath attempted to withstand her presence, but quickly gave way. The sound of gritty bricks and stone collapsing and being launched in every direction signaled the end of many more lives pointlessly. Students, professors, it didn't matter. Kaylee didn't spare any of them a moment's thought.


I could just barely make out the students fleeing through the grass like little ants. Some of them managed to escape, at least for now, but succumbed to the debris that now rained down on the campus.


After a moment, Kaylee stopped toying with them, and slammed her hand against the ground. The sound of gritty bricks and stone collapsing and being launched in every direction signaled the end of many more lives pointlessly. Students, professors, it didn't matter. Kaylee didn't spare any of them a moment's thought.


"...Yes. That was what I put the money towards." I said, looking at her hand as I answered. The hefty donation had been a combination of a vanity project as well as a way to ensure... preferential treatment for us. The money went towards several buildings, the most notable of which had our name emblazoned on the front. Kloss Hall. The newest and nicest looking structure on the entire campus. A legacy that we could all be proud of.
And now...
Kaylee's fingers broke through the ground underneath her, cracking more things that had survived up to this point. She was having fun simply wiping her hand from side to side, like writing her name into wet sand.


Kloss Hall was gone. Buried. I don't think Kaylee knew that. It was probably somewhere under her thigh, or might have been demolished under her foot when she had just moved into position here. Regardless, I knew it was somewhere under her right now, which meant it had been atomized under her overwhelming form. Turned from a once-beautiful, state of the art facility... to sparkly glass shards and pebbles that were stuck to Kaylee's sweaty skin now. Mixed in with the occasional red splotch of the people who'd been inside. I had been so proud of that building, and Kaylee didn't even know enough about it to make sure it got preferential treatment.
Maybe it was better that way. She can't get to me too bad if she barely knows what to go for.



"Was it worth it?" She asked, swiping her hand from side to side, erasing huge swaths of the campus as she did so. Screaming bodies were overtaken by a tidal wave of debris and smoke as she did so, silenced as her huge hand passed over them.

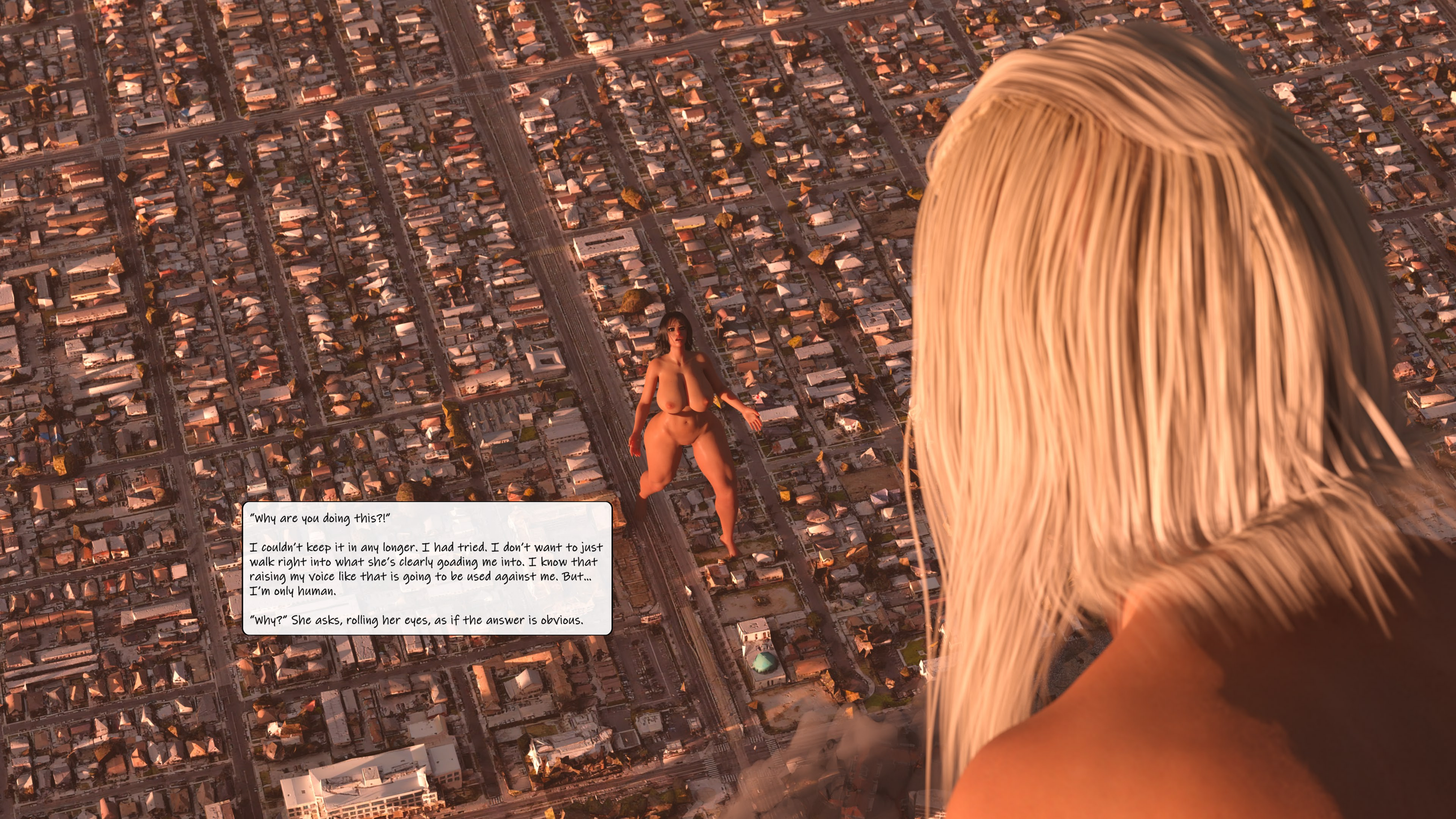
And the entire time she was doing that she kept her eyes right on me. The people under her hand didn't even register. They were little more than tiny specks at this point. It would take a hundred of them to even register. I think she liked it that way, fully aware of how much devastation she could cause, even if it was beneath her notice. Why else would she have kept that irritating smug, self-satisfied grin.


Her hand turns to the side after a moment, and she resumes the epic swipe across the campus. Literal tons of debris are collected in her palm with the casual movement, wiped away and spilling over and between her fingers while everything in her path is flattened.
I can feel a righteous anger boil up inside of me over what she's doing... but it's toothless. I can't do a thing about it except stand and observe, hoping that this little show will end sooner rather than later. If I step in, I just become a target. Call me selfish, but I didn't want that fate for myself, and if I couldn't stop her anyway... why bother?


"Well?"
I try to put my mind elsewhere. I think about Anna, probably running as fast as her tiny legs can carry her to the airport right now. Of mom, who's probably in the clutches of some fucked up Government agent trying to get her taken away to who knows where. I don't know what I can do to help either of them, but I have to try, and antagonizing Kaylee won't give me any progress on either of those goals.
"No." I say, doing my best to look dejected. "It wasn't worth it, Kaylee. It was a waste of money."


"Aw." She continues, sliding her hand across the ground like she was polishing it. "But all that money you put into it! All the awards it was supposed to get you, and fame, and...-"
Saying this she clenched her fingers tightly, each gouging a huge hole into the ground and ripping up the tarmac and concrete around her. Burst water mains exploded, wetting the tips of her fingers before she loosened her grip, letting it all fall back into the crater she'd just made.


"And now it's all gone!"
Saying this she leaned forward further. The ground cracked as more of her weight settled onto her palms, while more waves of dust and smoke billowed out from beneath her. She loomed ever higher over me, letting her hair fall around her face as she looked me in the eye. She wanted me to react. To break down and give up. To accept her superiority in our relationship. I didn't have to give her what she wanted. I can keep my cool... right? She wanted a powerful reaction. One that would make me look foolish, while she lorded her strength and size over me.
Even knowing that, it was hard not to give her what she wanted.


"Why are you doing this?!"
I couldn't keep it in any longer. I had tried. I don't want to just walk right into what she's clearly goading me into. I know that raising my voice like that is going to be used against me. But... I'm only human.
"Why?" She asks, rolling her eyes, as if the answer is obvious.


"Why am I doing this?" She continues, gradually standing from her seat. The vacuum of air from something so big moving like that is enough to draw in hundreds of tiny bodies that were nearby, while also clearing away a significant amount of the smoke. With the area under her ass now partially visible, I could see firsthand what she'd done. Everything she had been sitting on was simply... gone. A once-thriving campus was now a wasteland of crushed and compacted earth, with only tiny specks of concrete or glass mixed in. No signs of anything that had once been there, living or otherwise.
"Hmm... I dunno!" She laughs, jiggling her colossal ass as she does so. The shadow of her backside moves over the ground for just a moment, before looming over a familiar sight.



It's the stadium.

It's so surreal to realize I've been here before. Like, after all the growing started. It's the same stadium Anna's concert was supposed to take place in. The same one she'd been kept captive in by Kaylee. That wasn't even a few hours ago! I had been way smaller at the time, while Kaylee was only big enough to be using it as a seat.

At Kaylee's current size... it wouldn't even work as a cushion!



I remembered how big the walls were when I last came by, and how I'd had to sneak in using the normal-sized people entrances. Now, as Kaylee's colossal ass begins to descend, I heard something unexpected. The cries of people inside, echoing around the bowl-shaped structure. They must have chosen to take refuge inside after Kaylee had abandoned it, likely believing it to be safe. She hadn't really gone back to any place she'd already visited so far. But now...?

Bits of crushed buildings and the remnants of other buildings plummeted from her ass directly into the stadium. She casually moves over it, her intentions of sitting onto the entire thing clear.



The signs are quiet at first. The outer edges of the bowl attempt to withstand the onslaught of weight bearing down on them, before the concrete and steel construction begins to collapse under Kaylee's presence. Hundreds, if not thousands of plastic chairs squeal their last as the looming presence descends upon them, and the screams of the people inside rise as the impossibility of escape begins to really settle in on them.

All so Kaylee can sit down.


"KAYLEE! STOP!"
She doesn't listen. I don't know why I bothered. I just felt like I had to do something, but I'm not even sure if she heard me. Maybe she's focusing more on the drama unfolding beneath her. Hundreds of people trapped, watching as the sky itself descends upon them and crushes what, to them at least, appears to be a massive structure capable of housing thousands.


The sheer difference in scale is staggering. The stadium's maximum capacity was easily in the thousands. Thousands of fully grown adults!
Or... one Kaylee-sized ass.
The stadium is quickly losing the fight. I can't do anything to prevent it. Just sit, wait, and listen as cracks spread throughout the outer shell, signaling its impending end. I brace myself as best I can, not wanting to see what I know is coming.


With a tremendous explosion, Kaylee overpowers the stadium. It's not a long drop at all for her, but the impact is still meteoric. The building explodes as if a nuclear warhead had been detonated inside, erasing the lives of hundreds while the shattered parts of the building fire out in every direction. Kaylee actually seems surprised by the unexpected drop, letting out a soft gasp that is audible over all the destruction she'd just caused.


The stadium isn't the only thing to accept the full brunt of Kaylee's weight. It may have been the target, but she's too big for that to contain her. There's dozens of buildings nearby that get caught in the crossfire. Too small and boring to be worthy of her attention, but destroyed all the same. The earth itself shakes under Kaylee's movements, and there isn't even a chance for survival for everything directly underneath her.


And once her ass hits the ground like a hammer striking an anvil, a wave of air pressure and a mighty quake follow just after. It's powerful enough to launch entire cars and countless bodies outward to crash into windows and walls of buildings far away enough to survive. The epicenter of the blast is an entirely different story, with a shockwave spreading out from her ass erasing dozens more. All I can do is shield myself from the wave of former stadium materials that are launched in my direction.


The scene of destruction felt like it lasted for ages, but in truth it was over in only a couple of seconds. Broken debris clattered around me, dropping onto the ground harmlessly after the initial burst of momentum had faded. The clouds had mostly cleared, leaving nothing but thin wisps of dust and smoke over the freshly-ruined streets.
And Kaylee was looking down at me, smiling.
"You helped pay for that stadium too, didn't you?"
I didn't think she'd remember that. The buildings were only part of it, but I had assumed she would find the stadium to be a novelty. Something worth keeping around, if only because she'd been here earlier. Not that I had any special attachment to that stupid building, but... I don't know. Why does she feel the need to crush everything she lays her eyes on.



"It was a shitty stadium anyway." She said, stretching her arms over her head before falling back.

Her back comes down slowly, but those massive tits wobble as she suddenly changes position, and a fresh, smaller explosion happens as her left tit flops down from her chest and collides onto the ground. I wince again at the sight, but don't think anything of it. Maybe because Kaylee herself is watching me so intently. waiting for me to praise her for how much she's able to do.

"What?" She asks, pursing her lips in a demeaning way. "Come on. Don't tell me you're feeling sorry for them, Kayla. Even when I was 5'5", I didn't worry about these little people. They've always been annoying little pests, but I guess someone didn't get the memo. If they weren't worthy of our attention then, why would they be now?"


"It's... Kaylee, you can't just..."
I can't find a way to argue that. Not that she was making sense or bringing up good points, but like... how do you even discuss things with someone who thinks like this? There's no logic to it. I can talk all day about how she shouldn't be killing people so freely. That they matter, even if it's just as a future asset and she's just being wasteful, but...
"I... I don't know. This is a lot, okay? I just need some time to think about things..."
"So you DO care about them." Kaylee laughs, the derisive sound echoing for blocks around. "Come on, Kayla! They're not even ants to me, and you probably don't even feel them anymore. How many do you think you stepped on trying to walk to me earlier? Did you check underneath you before sitting down? You're just resisting the inevitable, so get over yourself and learn to have FUN with it! What do you think's going to happen when you get even bigger if you can't even do that much?"



I felt my blood turn to ice at the statement.

Kaylee notices, and her expression sours.

"You... are planning on getting bigger, right?"

An awkward silence hangs in the air between the two of us. Eventually, Kaylee begins to shake her head, rolls her eyes, and continues.

"Whatever. You'll come to see I'm right." She says casually. "Go on. Go for the ocean, or whatever stupid thing it was you were doing a minute ago. And think about your future as a giant woman for once. Besides, I need a little time to clean all this blood anyway. I'll catch up to you soon."


She's being strangely generous, but I'm willing to take this time to make my leave. Without saying a word, I climb to my feet again, now more aware than ever of the things I feel crackling and popping under my feet as I do so. I would watch my step as I stand, but with Kaylee watching me so intently I know she'd pounce on that in the blink of an eye. I try to ignore the sounds, but Kaylee's booming voice draws me back towards her.

"One more thing, Kayla." She says, her eyes narrowing. "I'm trying to reason with you here. If you're not with me... then you're with them. And which side do you think is going to come out on top?"



"You will."

I clenched my teeth right after the words left my mouth. I had said it to appease Kaylee. It was what she very clearly wanted to hear. But... it was also completely fucking true.

"You're goddamn right," Kaylee says, leaning onto her back so she wipes out the areas that had been spared in her shadow just a moment prior. "The sooner you get that through your tiny little head... the sooner we can start to have some real fun. Together."



She wiggles her fingers after saying this, waving me off. I silently turn, and begin to walk, treading lightly. I want to prove her wrong. I want to... but I don't know if I can. I've tried over and over. And it's not working. It never has.

"I'll be seeing you soon!" Kaylee says. "And you might want to think about getting bigger, sooner rather than later. I'm starting to get hungry, and you're almost small enough to eat! And I bet you would be a lot more efficient than trying to snack on these little ants again."

I picked up the pace. She was just trying to lead me into doing something I didn't want to. She couldn't eat me. She wouldn't eat me. That's just not something she's capable of...

Right?


Alright. I'm here. Running through the streets was a chaotic mess, and Kaylee's omnipresent voice was difficult to ignore, but I'm here. At the airport. Where... all I can do is wait for Kayla now, I guess.
I don't like this. I can feel my anxiety spike just standing around in the open like this. No tall buildings for cover anywhere. There's chaos as people are rushing in every direction. Seems like this was a popular destination for anyone attempting escape.


Not sure why they would think that. Anyone capable of flying a plane probably isn't going to be standing around waiting for it to be filled with people before taking off. And what of fueling, and all kinds of other aspects necessary for one of these things to move? All I know is that Kayla said Krystal should be somewhere around here, but I don't know if I should actively be looking for her, or waiting for Kayla to show up.
The sun's in my eyes, there's people screaming and running everywhere, and I can't see much of anything of note. There's at least one aircraft that looks to have taken off in the distance, and... there's another nearby. One that, strangely enough, none of the people running away seem to be even trying to head towards.


I can't help but wonder why. I shield the sun from my face while focusing, and realize that the people around the plane are dressed in military fatigues. They look to be holding guns, and they're pointing them at...

My heart skips a beat.

Why the fuck did it have to happen this way. I just wanted to come here and hide until Kayla shows up to protect me! And now... now I'm watching as a bunch of army guys seem to have captured Yeona, and are leading her into a plane. And there's another big woman next to her, though much smaller. I can't see much of her from behind, but I have a really good feeling I know exactly who that is.


What should I do? The smaller woman has to be Krystal, right? Should I just rush to find out...? But what if she's not?! Then I'll just have put myself right back into Yeona's view, and-
The two of them look towards one another as they walk. I thought they might be conversing and I should move closer to hear, but it's not long before I notice something else.



Yeona's arms are shaking.

I don't know what they have her cuffed in. Where they would even get links that size to contain her... but I can tell that she's not happy about it. Her fingers separate for a moment as if to regain her bearings, before they squeeze tightly into fists for a second time.

My heart races while I watch this. They... they were able to hold her for this long, right? It's clear that her size makes her much stronger than normal, but surely she's not able to break out of them, right?


Why do I bother? Why even assume something good is going to happen?
Making a sound that can only be described as a roar, Yeona's entire upper body begins to vibrate. As it does, the plastic and steel housing keeping her arms restrained begins to bend. I just keep watching, silently praying and hoping that it's going to hold... but to no avail. With an explosive burst of energy, Yeona's arms suddenly jerk to the side, the bar keeping her hands together shattering with an explosion of steel.


Every single muscle in her body is tensed from the effort of doing so, and she starts to scream in rage. I can only feel thankful now that I didn't try to approach as she looks incredibly intimidating...
And Krystal is still right next to her.
Oh no... what am I supposed to do from here? Where's Kayla? The soldiers nearest to Yeona stumble backwards from shock at what just took place before them, while Krystal looks to be in awe of what's unfolding in front of her. I have to go in there, right? Maybe... Maybe I'm that strong, too?
INTERNATIONAL


I take a moment to look myself over. I've gotten a lot bigger, sure. I know that much. I can probably effortlessly overpower most any other person, but...
No. Whatever it is that's making her grow must have been having an effect on her musculature as well. Her arms and legs are thick, rippling with muscle with bulging veins. If I step in there I'm going to get my ass kicked... or worse. But I can't just leave Krystal there, either!
I don't care how fucking big I am right now. The only thing I can do is tremble in place, crippling indecision forcing me to do nothing. Maybe an opportunity will present itself? The soldiers aren't a threat to me. I can... I mean, if I have to, then I will, but Yeona herself...



And in one second flat, the situation changes.

"HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK!"

Yeona stretches, seemingly relieved to be free from the tight confines of the cuffs. She stretches her arms overhead, then smiles, looking behind her. One of the soldiers had fallen to the ground, clutching his face as shards of steel had exploded directly into his face. Behind her another man pointed a gun straight up at her, shouting orders.

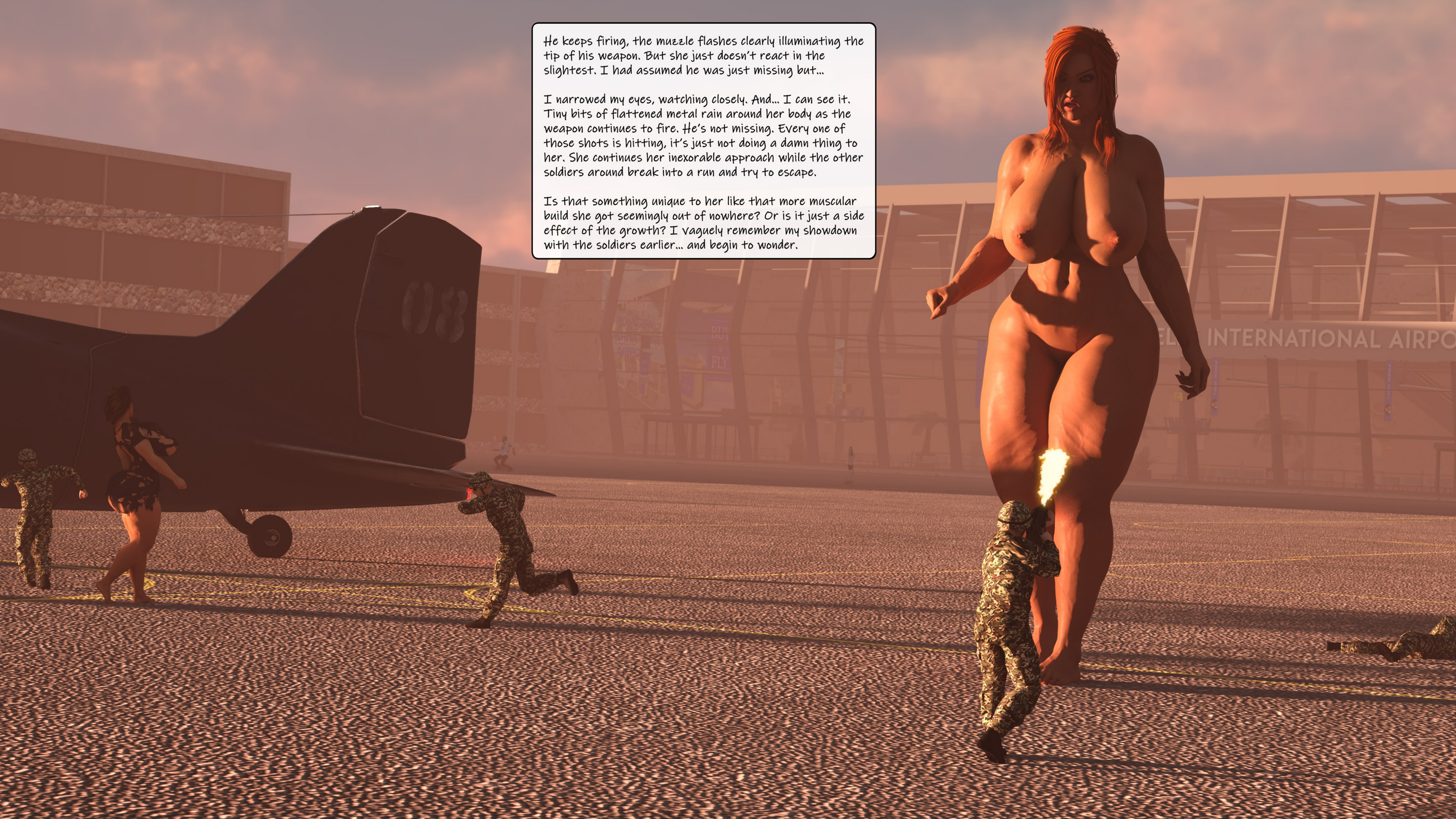
"I SAID STAND DOWN! NOW!"

She casually looks to the left, spotting a second soldier pointing a gun at her. She's too big a target to miss. There's no way she's going to get out of this in one piece if she doesn't give up.

"Shoot me." She finally says, breaking the silence. "I dare you."


"OPEN FIRE!"
Gunshots go off... but she doesn't seem to be affected. How could they possibly miss this close?! They continue to fire while she spins in place, approaching one of them pointing a weapon at her. In one swift movement she pulls her foot back, flashing a sadistic grin at the small man.
Then swings her foot forward again.


With a disgusting CRACK her giant sole slams into the man's chest, caving it in instantly and launching him backwards through the air as a geyser of blood rockets out of him. I can't help but gasp as he soars what looks to be at least a dozen feet before landing on the hard tarmac, lifeless.
But she doesn't spend even a second considering what she just did. More gunshots ring out as she spins in place and heads straight towards the other soldier who had his weapon trained on her.


He keeps firing, the muzzle flashes clearly illuminating the tip of his weapon. But she just doesn't react in the slightest. I had assumed he was just missing but...
I narrowed my eyes, watching closely. And... I can see it. Tiny bits of flattened metal rain around her body as the weapon continues to fire. He's not missing. Every one of those shots is hitting, it's just not doing a damn thing to her. She continues her inexorable approach while the other soldiers around break into a run and try to escape.
Is that something unique to her like that more muscular build she got seemingly out of nowhere? Or is it just a side effect of the growth? I vaguely remember my showdown with the soldiers earlier... and begin to wonder.


Not that I have much time to consider my own capabilities. As a half-second later Yeona had covered the distance between her and the last remaining soldier, raising her foot high above him. He swung his weapon up wildly, firing a few last desperate shots that flatten against her sole, spent shells tinkling onto the ground around him.



Before Yeona's foot crashes down onto the ground.

It's not a very clean strike. She doesn't force him down and crush him like a hydraulic press. She hits him, knocking him off his feet and onto his back. His head bounces off the hard ground like a basketball, making a messy cracking sound while he cries out in pain for all of a split-second.

Before her foot comes down and finishes the job. He has little more than a split-second to process what's coming before her foot collides with his face, and flattens it. Blood spurts around her toes as she crushes his skull with a meaty crunching sound, spraying his remains all around the hot pavement.

With an angry huff, she gives her foot a firm twist on the pile of mush that was once a head...



Then turned to the side.

There are still people running around in every direction. She hasn't even bothered moving her foot off of the unfortunate man she just crushed and she's already turning her attention back to that plane. The two other soldiers managed to recover and make their way into it as she was taking care of the two that had dared fire upon her, but it didn't seem like they would be okay for long.


Again I'm conflicted. I should step in, shouldn't I? I don't know if Yeona even knows how significant Krystal is in all this or if she'll just view her as another victim. And even if Krystal's not a target, I have no doubt in my mind that the soldiers around her are, and who knows what would happen if...
I tried to imagine what would happen if I stepped in... and the only images in my head were grim. I could see Yeona facing me down, and effortlessly overpowering me. I wouldn't be able to stop her. I know that.
The question is do I even have a choice?


"GET IN!"
The men in the plane were screaming at Krystal to board, but their shouting wasn't doing them much good. It was enough to draw Yeona's attention in their direction, leaving Krystal with a tough decision. Stay where she is, and risk Yeona's wrath? Or board the plane, and go with the people she undoubtedly didn't trust.


Well, I suppose when it's put like that it's not a particularly hard decision.
She didn't want to. I could tell, just from how slowly she was moving. But... she also must not have felt like there were many other options. Yeona clearly wasn't a safe option, and there was no sign of anyone else who could do something for her.
No sign, except...


I can't believe I'm doing this. I can't believe I'm doing this. I can't believe I'm doing this.
"NO! DON'T GET ON THAT PLANE!" I shout, breaking into a run from my position. There's no other option. I can't just let her go! Kayla's depending on me, and...


And... this plane looked much further away than I had assumed. I thought it was a couple hundred feet away or something... but I reached it in only a dozen steps. This new perspective I've gotten since growing has really fucked me up. I thought I was about the same size as Yeona, which would have made for a brutally unfair fight to her advantage... but in truth, she's only about half my height! She's still incredibly thick, and rippling with muscles though. I'm not entirely confident I would win if we came to blows regardless, but the height advantage is definitely nice.


"W-What?!" Yeona shouted, her eyes growing wide at the sight of me. "S-stay back!" She shouted, taking a step back.
That's a relief. I don't see why she'd be so scared of me, but maybe she has an aversion to anyone bigger than she is. Would make sense considering what she's been through... but considering what I just saw her do I'm less than interested in allowing any sympathy for her.


"I'm not here for you. I'm here for her." I say, pointing a finger directly at Krystal while adopting the most forceful tone I can manage. That was certainly enough to get her attention, and I feel a wave of relief wash over me knowing that I have her attention. "Kayla should be here soon. You'll be safer with her than with some shady government... agents, or whoever they are!"
Krystal looks at me critically for a moment... then her eyes seem to glaze over. As if she's not looking at me, but at something else. I don't like that much at all.


"Kayla's coming?" She asks. "No, I think she's already here."
At that moment I felt a small rumble through the ground. My breath catches in my lungs. I slowly crane my head back...


A scream breaks my concentration. It's coming from Yeona, who was intimidated enough at the sight of me, but obviously has quite a bit more to fear from Kayla. I want to feel relieved, but given how she was talking with Kaylee only a few minutes ago, I can't help but wonder how much time we have now that she's here.
Strangely, I was hoping and praying she would arrive here faster just a minute prior, and now that she's actually here... I don't actually feel any safer.
LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
08


She continues heading straight for us. Keeping a close eye on the ground as she does so, making sure that she doesn't crush anything. It's a bit of a relief, and reminds me that it's been a while since I was around her at ground level while she moved. It's almost unreal watching her come closer, looming ever larger while gradually beginning to cast the entire runway in shadow.
I look back at Krystal, who's watching Kayla's approach silently, and Yeona, who's clearly hyperventilating at the scene unfolding.


Kayla's next step officially brings her onto the runway. The impact of her foot is terrific, cratering the ground and causing chunks of the runway to surround her foot. She narrowly avoids a plane in doing so, but at least I can feel confident knowing that she probably did so intentionally.
The next step has almost completely closed the gap. And then with just one more-


She's standing directly over me. Her face is warm, relieved to see me, which certainly does a good job of easing my own worries..
"Anna, you're okay!" She says, smiling down at me. "Is this the plane? Have you found..."
She stops for a moment, squinting her eyes and focusing on what's happening just in front of me. It takes only a moment for a look of surprise to form as recognition dawns on her.
"...Mom?"


Krystal's reaction is a lot less subtle. She ignores the screaming of the men in the plane demanding she board immediately and runs straight for us. She doesn't care about Yeona standing between us, she simply raises both hands to her face, cupping them to try and make herself louder.
"KAYLA! YOU'RE SAFE!" She shouts, before waving her arms excitedly. "YOU WEREN'T HURT, WERE YOU?"


"Hurt?" Kayla laughs, while crouching directly over us. "You always have been one to worry, mom. Even when I'm like a hundred feet tall!"

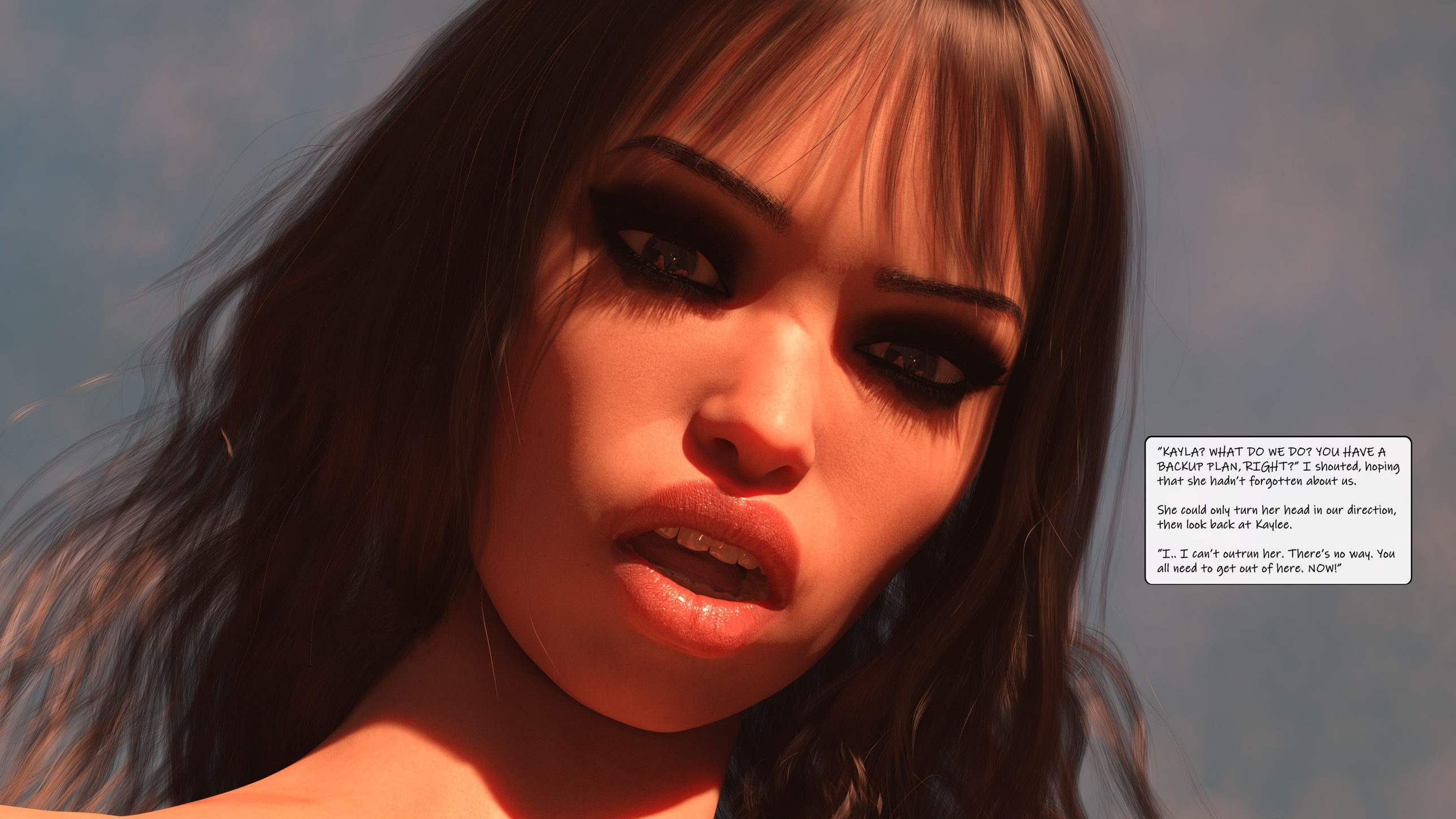
It was a nice moment. I could have done without Kayla spreading her legs while directly over us, but that didn't dampen things too much. Overall I felt a lot more positive knowing that I had done at least something right on this fucked up day. Even if my contribution hadn't amounted to much more than screaming in Krystal's direction.


Krystal continued to move closer to her giant daughter, and I could feel myself tense up with every passing second. They'd reunited. Now what? Were they going to get out of here? Or have a different plane ready? Or...
"KAYLA! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, ANYWAY?" Krystal shouted up through cupped hands.


"Going to... right! We have to get going! We might not have too long before Kaylee notices!"
That's what I was afraid of. I knew that Kayla had some plan in mind, but this didn't seem fully thought out. More of a last ditch effort at getting her out of the possession of a bunch of seemingly dangerous people. Still... it was all we had right now, and it's not like refusing to trust her would have done us any better.


"OKAY, KAYLA! ARE WE GOING TO-"
The ground rumbled again. Only this time... Kayla hadn't moved. She certainly noticed it as well, turning her head to the side as her eyes grew wide. I had a feeling I knew what I would see if I turned that same direction... but the curiosity was overwhelming.


Kaylee was headed straight for the airport.
"Shit! Nevermind! She's noticed!"
She was still far away enough and we were all small enough that I doubt she'd noticed us just yet... but Kayla wasn't so lucky. She was the biggest thing on that runway by a huge margin, and she'd had the misfortune of being seen crouching over something. That definitely signified something unique happening right here, and Kaylee was going to want to find out.


"KAYLA? WHAT DO WE DO? YOU HAVE A BACKUP PLAN, RIGHT?" I shouted, hoping that she hadn't forgotten about us.
She could only turn her head in our direction, then look back at Kaylee.
"I.. I can't outrun her. There's no way. You all need to get out of here. NOW!"

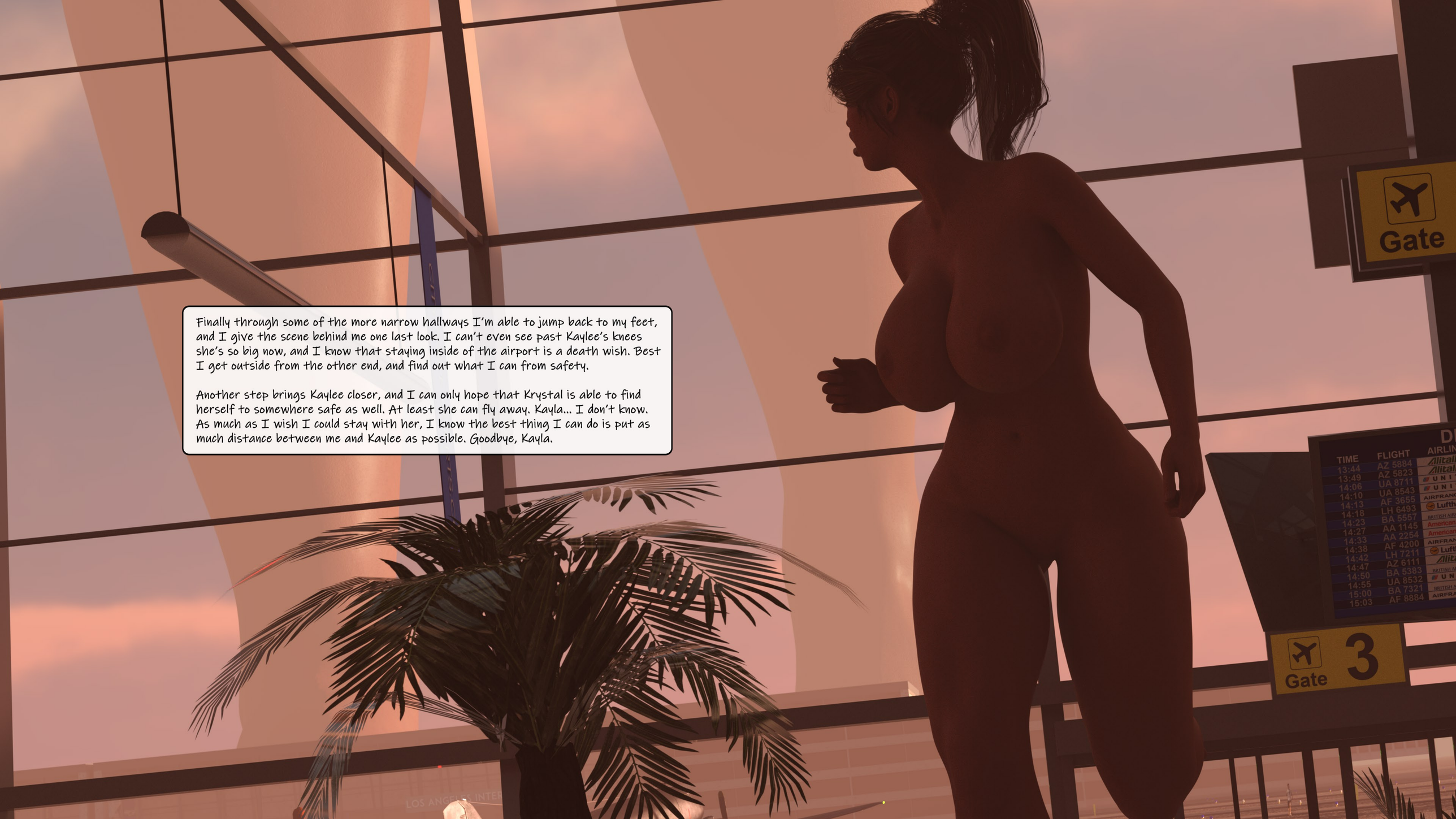

That's not something I wanted to hear, and truthfully, not something I wanted to do, either. I don't know, maybe the time I spent around Kaylee broke something in me, but Kayla's presence was comforting on some level. I felt safe around her. I didn't want to give that up just again so quickly!
Despite those thoughts, I knew full well that I didn't have much of a choice. What, was I going to fight Kaylee myself? If Kayla couldn't do it, then what chance did I have? She was putting herself in the direct line of fire for us... so we should take advantage of what she's given us and just get the fuck out of here as she said.


"KAYLA!" I shouted up, making her look back at me once more. "YOU'D BETTER NOT GET YOURSELF HURT, AND MEET UP AGAIN, SOON."
She smiles at me. It's an uneasy one, I can tell. But a smile nonetheless.
"I'll..." She begins, before audibly swallowing.
LOS ANGELES INTL


"I'll do my best." She says, reaching a hand out in my direction. I want to touch her one last time to let her know that I appreciate the sentiment... but she pulls her hand back after only a second.
Now's probably not the time for such sappiness, anyway.


Much as I hate doing so, I know she's right. If I'm a distraction during all this, then who knows what kind of problems I could cause. Best to be out of sight, out of mind, and the inside of one of these buildings is probably the best and only shot I have at hiding myself at this size.
It's not an entirely comforting thought. I've seen Kaylee step on buildings way bigger than this without thinking twice. If I'm inside and she decides that she finds the airport annoying, then...
Ugh. I'd best just get going and hope for the best.


Not having enough time to try and squeeze through a doorway, I make sure to ram my way into one of the huge glass walls along the outside of the building. It shatters around making a cacophony of noise, but it's more than drowned out by the screams of people both inside and out running for their lives, as well as the rumbling sound of Kaylee's approach.
Once inside it's not long before I'm forced to my hands and knees, crawling to get deeper inside of the airport. The lights are out. Once-bustling waiting rooms for people to board are practically empty. Combined with the sun setting outside and the rhythmic rumbling of the giant woman bearing closer, it gives the airport a creepy feeling.



Finally through some of the more narrow hallways I'm able to jump back to my feet, and I give the scene behind me one last look. I can't even see past Kaylee's knees she's so big now, and I know that staying inside of the airport is a death wish. Best I get outside from the other end, and find out what I can from safety.

Another step brings Kaylee closer, and I can only hope that Krystal is able to find herself to somewhere safe as well. At least she can fly away. Kayla... I don't know. As much as I wish I could stay with her, I know the best thing I can do is put as much distance between me and Kaylee as possible. Goodbye, Kayla.


Well. That's that. I sent Anna away again. Intentionally, this time. I hated doing it, but... I don't have a fucking choice. Krystal I think I can keep safe from Kaylee, if I really need to. But Anna? No, she'd be a snack if Kaylee caught sight of her again after running away.
Still, even though I had a good feeling that Kaylee wouldn't do anything to mom... I also knew the risk was too great. I'd gone through all this effort to try and get her away from those government assholes... only to relinquish her back to them thanks to the circumstances we've found ourselves in.
All I can do is make sure that nothing, and I mean nothing, stops this plane from taking off.



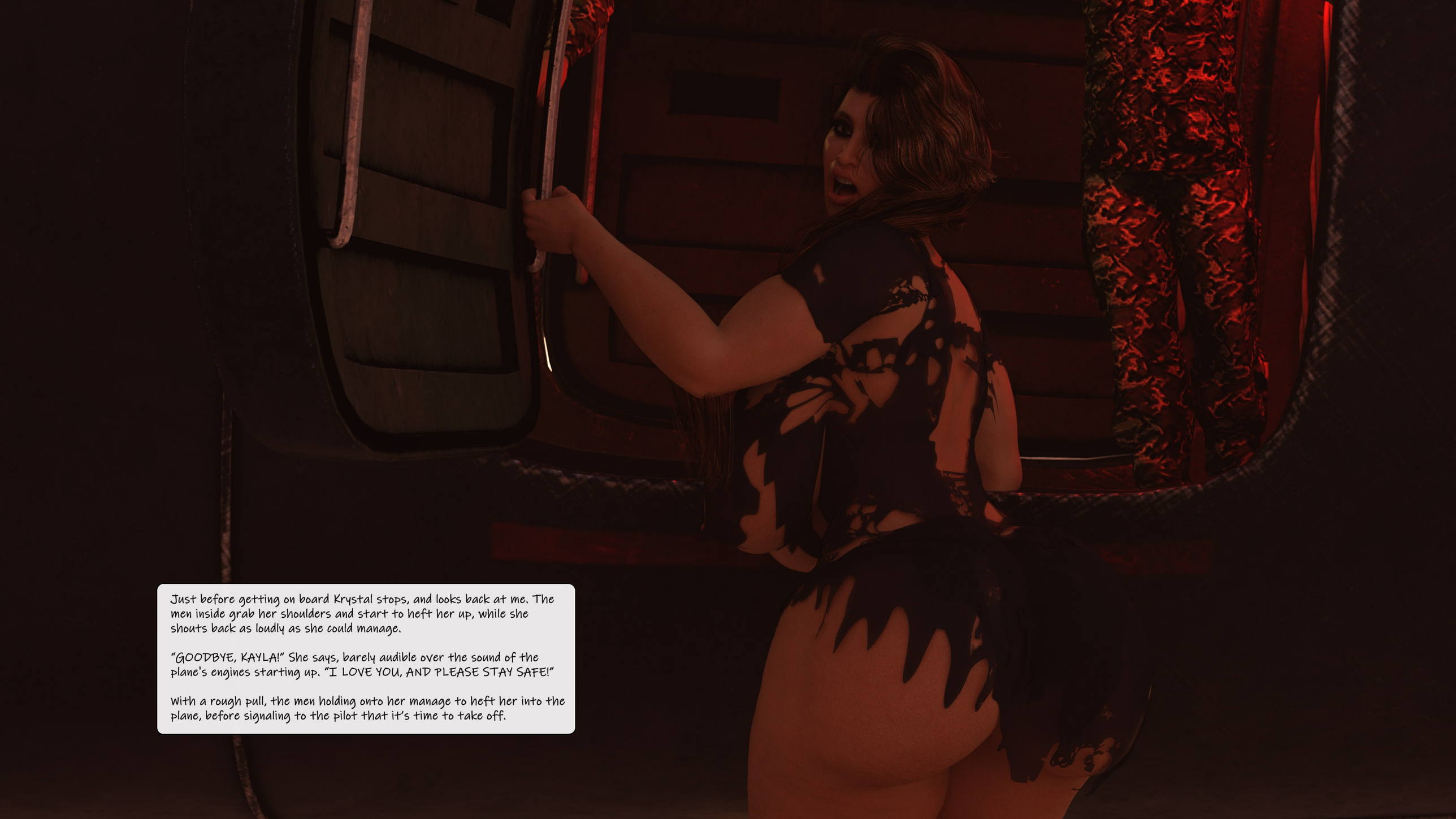
I thought I'd have more time. I thought I'd be able to do more. But... Kaylee's just too fucking relentless. I can't have a goddamn minute to myself it seems. Maybe this plan was doomed from the start.

Krsystal's looking up at me, not happy with what's happening. I want to tell her something that will instill confidence in her, but at the end of the day I've got no more answers than she does.

"Mom..." I begin, trying to find the words as the time I have left begins to tick down.

"No." She interrupts, shaking her head. "I know. I'm going. I don't know where I'm going, but... it has to be safer than staying here."


And that's it. She quickly scurries back to the still-open door, the men inside urging her to hurry up. Yeona watches as well, knowing full well that she's far too big to fit inside now. Especially if she's not restrained. She's trapped here with me, except she doesn't have half the same protections against Kaylee I do.
I almost feel bad for her... almost. I still have a clear memory of the things she did in that stadium. Let's just say I won't be sticking my neck out for her sake anytime soon.

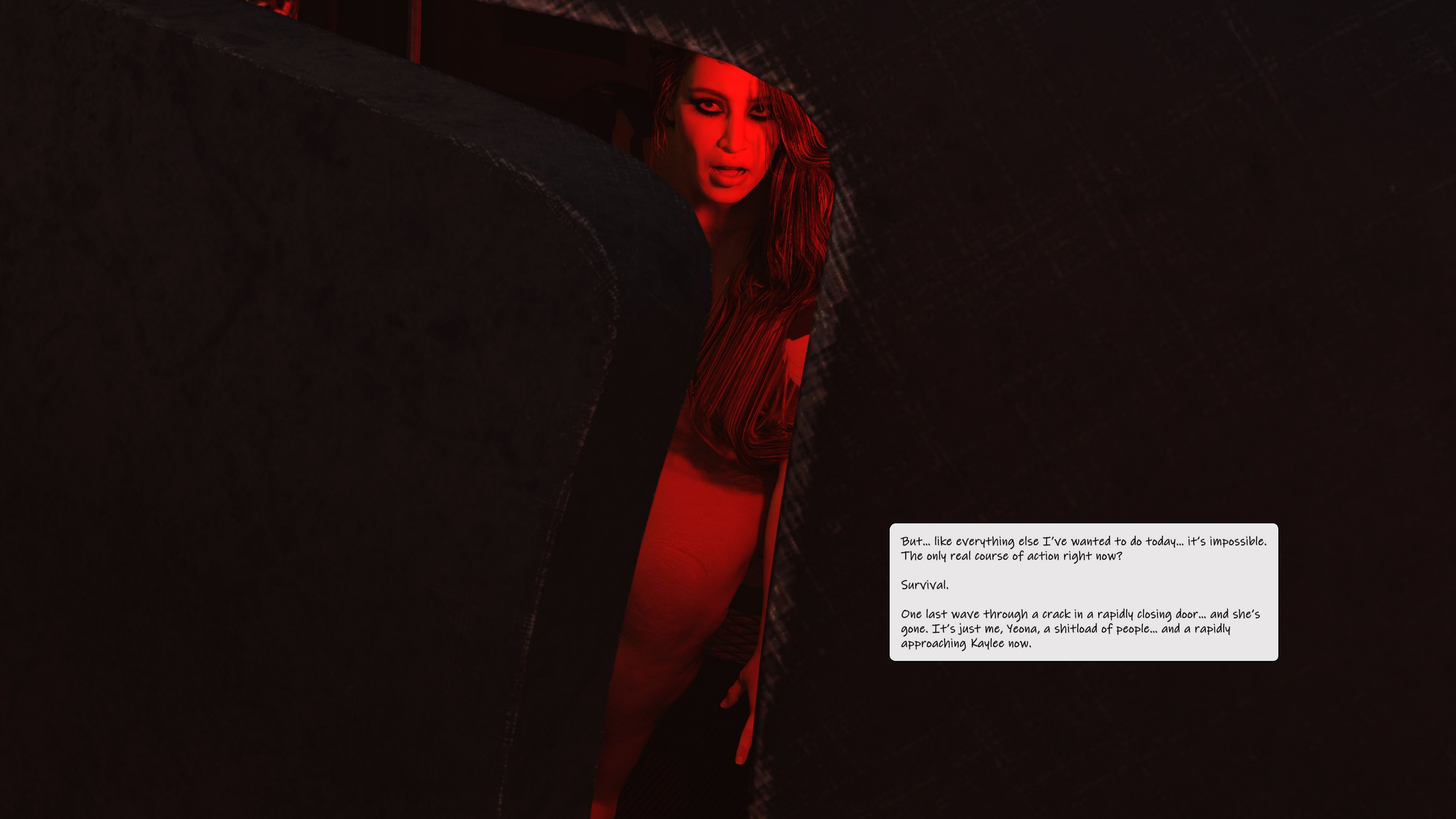


Just before getting on board Krystal stops, and looks back at me. The men inside grab her shoulders and start to heft her up, while she shouts back as loudly as she could manage.

"GOODBYE, KAYLA!" She says, barely audible over the sound of the plane's engines starting up. "I LOVE YOU, AND PLEASE STAY SAFE!"

With a rough pull, the men holding onto her manage to heft her into the plane, before signaling to the pilot that it's time to take off.


"I love you too Mom. I hope I can see you soon!"
I want to just pick up the entire plane and make a run for it. Run as far away as fast as I can in the hopes that it'll accomplish something. Anything. It's all I want right now. All this time, and torment I've endured just to wind up next to her... only to have to say goodbye a minute later.
It ignites something in me. I want to take revenge on Kaylee. Put her in her place for doing this to me. To us. To our family.



But... like everything else I've wanted to do today... it's impossible. The only real course of action right now?

Survival.

One last wave through a crack in a rapidly closing door... and she's gone. It's just me, Yeona, a shitload of people... and a rapidly approaching Kaylee now.


The plane very slowly begins to move. Too slowly, if anything. I'm tempted to try and hurry it along, give it a shove from behind in the hopes that it'll help it clear the runway and escape faster, but that would definitely be noticed.


My heart's racing now. It's moving too fucking slow! The plane is inching along the pavement at a leisurely pace, struggling to turn around so it can properly align itself with the runway. Again the thought of helping out flits through my mind. I could just spin it so it's facing the right way and can take off, and...
Dammit! Why won't this thing move faster!
CAUTION PROPELLERS



As the plane struggles to move I catch a glimpse of movement from down below. Yeona, the girl who caused a lot of problems earlier today seems to have a problem with the plane wanting to take off without her. At least that's what I'm assuming. I eye her down carefully, watching as she whips her head back and forth between Kaylee in the distance and the plane.

She'd better not...


Shit!
With a burst of speed she takes off after the plane. And given how slowly it's been moving it won't take her long to catch up. Not seeing any other options I reach for her when the ground suddenly rumbles.


Straightening up, I turned back to where Kaylee had been approaching from. She's right here at the airport, feet spread apart, completely towering over the building itself. I try to look as casually as possible at her, not wanting to draw any unnecessary attention to the plane. Her stride is so long that she got here in no time at all. I thought there would be more time!
I look up at her. Far past her legs, those big stupid tits, and see her looking back down at me, a smirk on her face.


"Really, Kayla?" She asks, shaking her head from side to side. "I thought you were too old to be playing with toys."
Saying this she began tapping her feet on the ground, sending fresh cracks through the tarmac and kicking up huge dust clouds in the process. All the while she kept her eyes locked on me, waiting for a response that I wasn't prepared to give.
"So?" She suddenly asks after a moment of awkward silence. "Are you gonna tell me what's so special about that plane?"


She saw the plane! Okay, Kayla. Think fast, think fast...
"The plane?... Oh, no. I don't care about that. I was uh, just..."
She didn't deserve this. I know that much. She really didn't. I was doing something awful. Even if she didn't exactly deserve much sympathy, what I was doing was a step too far even for me... but it had to be done.
"Yeona! I found her here, and she was harassing the plane!"

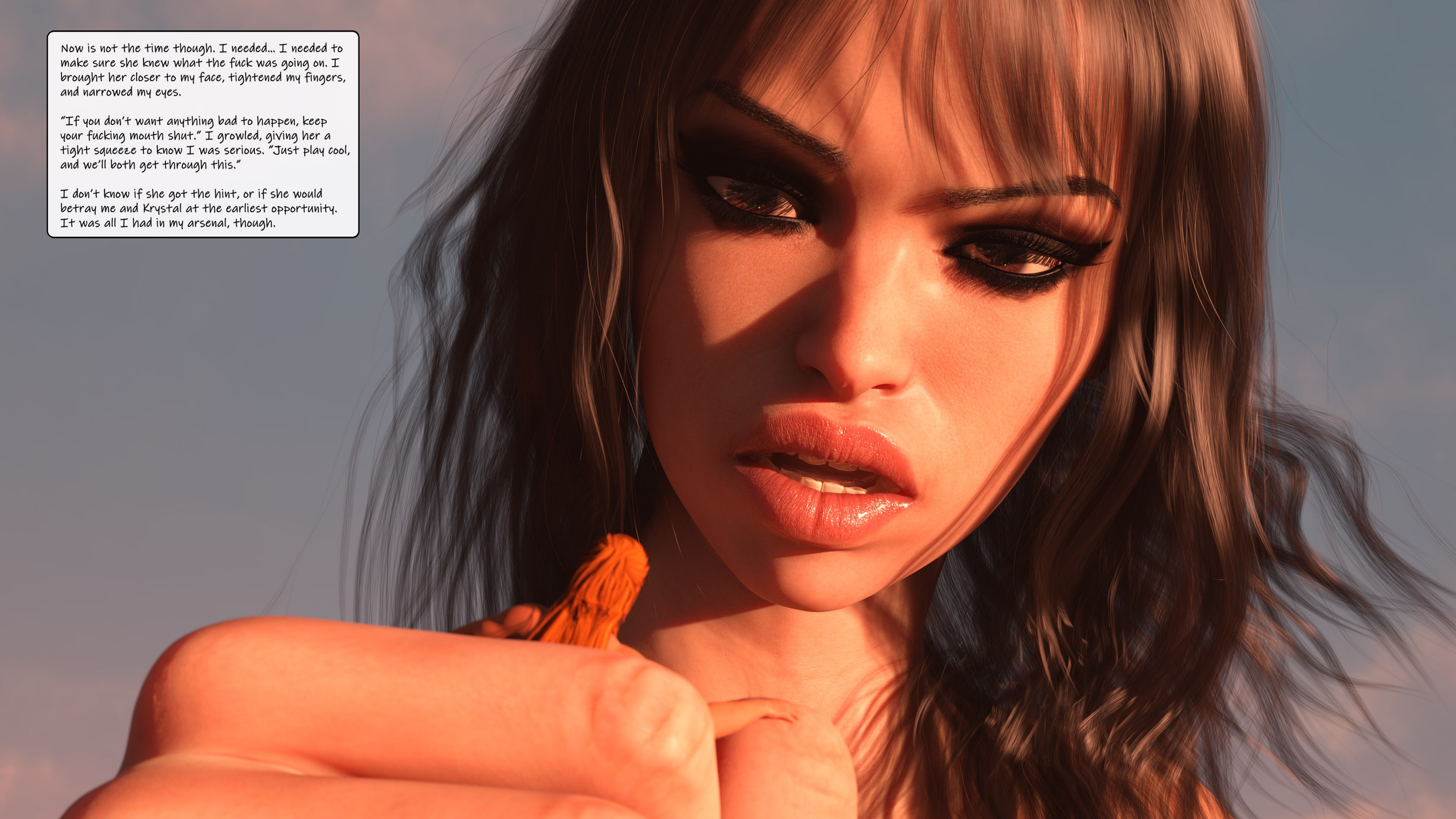

My heart seized up in my chest while I bent over to pluck up the much-smaller girl. She shrieked in terror as I did so, and I felt a pang of regret over doing this. It was necessary to protect someone important, sure, but it was still an unpleasant feeling.
"I can understand if you can't see her... you know, because she's so small. But she's who I was interested in."



Tiny fists beat against the tip of my fingers as they came down around Yeona, but they didn't hurt in the slightest. I'd noticed how she'd bulked up since last I saw her, but the difference in size was just too big to mean much to me.

She kept fighting my fingers as she tried in vain to reach the plane... but I suppose even if I was doing something terrible, I needed to stop her from trying to forcibly board that plane as well.


My fingers closed in around the comparatively tiny woman, and lifted her from the ground. She may have been huge next to anyone else, but she was so small, light, and fragile from my perspective. Her tiny hands continued to hit my fingers, but I ignored them.
It was a lot harder to ignore the look of utter betrayal on her face, though.


Now is not the time though. I needed... I needed to make sure she knew what the fuck was going on. I brought her closer to my face, tightened my fingers, and narrowed my eyes.
"If you don't want anything bad to happen, keep your fucking mouth shut." I growled, giving her a tight squeeze to know I was serious. "Just play cool, and we'll both get through this."
I don't know if she got the hint, or if she would betray me and Krystal at the earliest opportunity. It was all I had in my arsenal, though.


"Are you talking to her?"
"What? Why would I talk to her? I don't even know her. I thought you knew her?"
Kaylee eyes me up and down suspiciously. I don't think she's buying it.


"Alright, you caught me." I said with a heavy sigh. "I just... wanted to try what you did for a moment, you know? I was telling her how tiny and pathetic she is next to me- well, next to us. That just because she's grown she's not special."

It wasn't my best acting work, but in all fairness, Kaylee was never very good at telling when someone did a good job either. I could feel a wave of relief come over me as a wry grin formed on her face with what I'd just said, and a small chuckle that made her gigantic tits wobble filled the air.


"That's the spirit, Kayla. Now you know how I feel! Or, I guess, how I felt when I was a lot smaller than I am now..." She said, bouncing on her heels to make the ground shake further. "It's pretty great, isn't it?"
"Y-Yeah. Sure." I lied, eyes going back to her feet as her toes seemed to flex menacingly.
"Even better, you only feel that to normal-sized people, but I still feel that way next to you, you know. I could probably still squish you under my foot if I wanted..."


"You probably could." I answered, taking a small step backwards as she began to raise her left foot. "But you wouldn't, of course. Because we're in this together, right? And-
She didn't say anything. Just raised her left foot even higher, and moved it over one of the huge airport buildings directly in front of her. I couldn't take my eyes off of the shadow she cast over the thing, and held my breath in anticipation.
GELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



"Right." Kaylee said, wiggling her foot above the building for a bit. "I don't have to step on you. But.."

With a thunderous crash her foot came down. Her toes effortlessly broke apart everything caught underneath. The building didn't survive even a split-second underneath her before it broke into chunks and her foot was sinking into the soft ground underneath. It was over in a flash, leaving nothing but the sound of broken chunks of the building raining back to the earth as she wiggled her foot from side to side in the remnants.

"But if I wanted to..." She continued, clenching her toes in the mess left behind. "I definitely *could*."


"And not just you, Kayla. Anything in this world! Buildings, buses, cars, stupid highways. Even..."
Saying this her right foot swung forward, coming directly over another plane on the runway. One that I had intentionally avoided myself. Chunks of the road and crushed people flaked off of her sole and onto the plane as her foot gradually came down.


"Um, Kaylee! You're about to step on a-"
She doesn't care. She's doing this on purpose, it seems. I want to stop her. I probably can. If I were to charge her leg hard enough I could probably throw her off-balance, but...
This isn't the plane I'm here to protect. I can't help but squint my eyes shut, waiting for what is about to happen.
ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

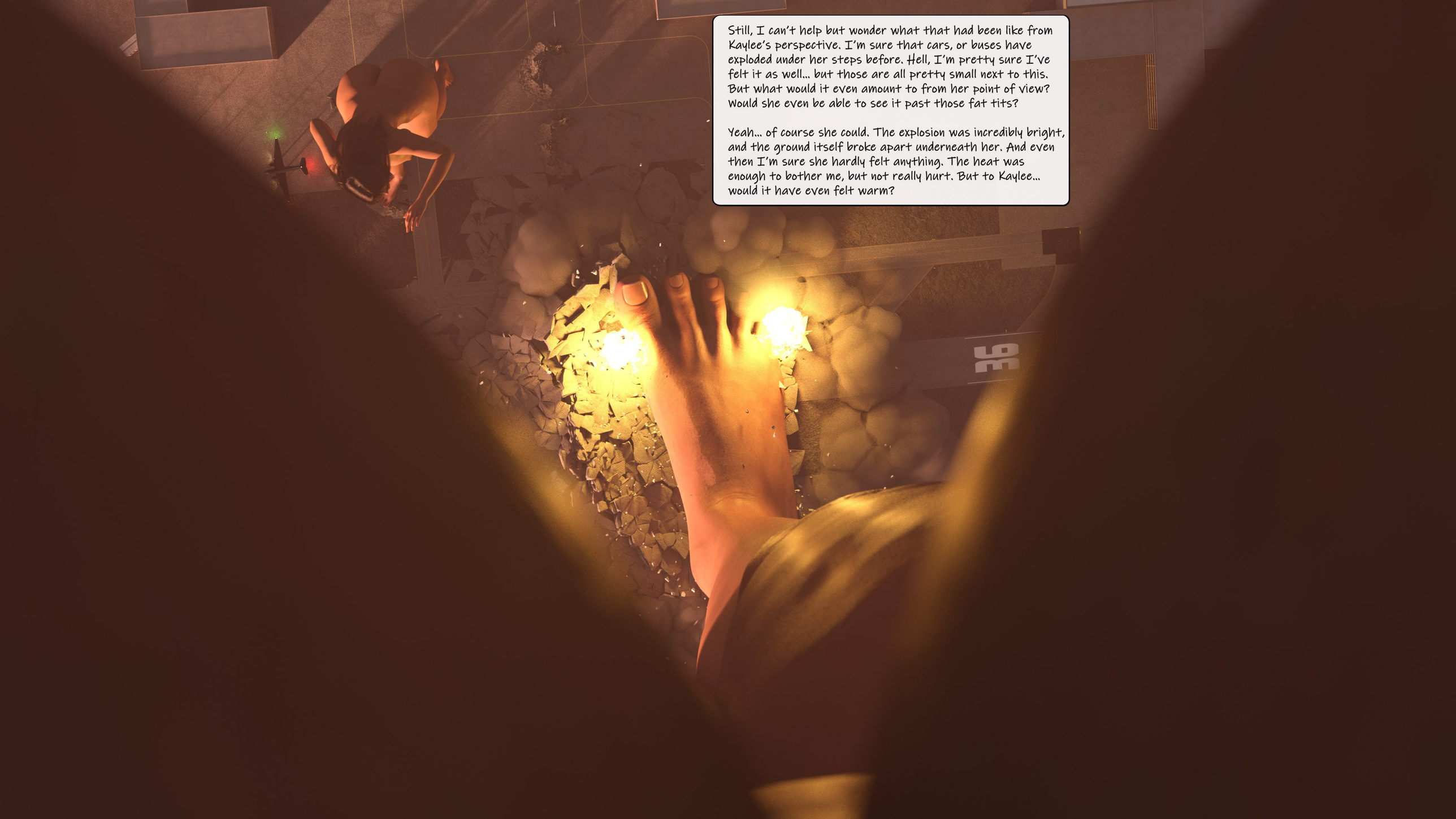


But the result is far greater than I could have possibly envisioned.

The plane's hull attempts to maintain its shape, but loses that battle in an instant. Steel twists and bends while the entire thing is pressed down upon by Kaylee's overbearing weight. For a moment it seems like it's just going to be turned into a pancake.

Until there's an explosion. The light that comes out from under Kaylee's toes blinds me for a second, and an intense wave of heat comes out from underneath her.


It's so bright that even I have to shield myself from it, though thankfully it doesn't seem to hurt me really. Bright-red chunks of steel go flying through the air, producing a tiny bit of noticeable heat as they bounce off my skin. I even had to take a moment to put out a small fire that looked to be starting in my hair. All from the effect that Kaylee pressing her foot down onto an airplane had.
The flash lasts only a moment, and without anything else to keep the fire going it seems to get smothered out under Kaylee's foot as quickly as it started.


Still, I can't help but wonder what that had been like from Kaylee's perspective. I'm sure that cars, or buses have exploded under her steps before. Hell, I'm pretty sure I've felt it as well... but those are all pretty small next to this. But what would it even amount to from her point of view? Would she even be able to see it past those fat tits?
Yeah... of course she could. The explosion was incredibly bright, and the ground itself broke apart underneath her. And even then I'm sure she hardly felt anything. The heat was enough to bother me, but not really hurt. But to Kaylee... would it have even felt warm?


"Something wrong, Kayla? You're looking pretty scared." Kaylee continued, seemingly completely unbothered by the explosion that had just taken place under her foot. "You don't really think I'd step on my own sister, do you?"
More of her weight settled onto her foot as she finished that step, sending fresh cracks through the ground as she shifted her weight. In the process her left foot began to rise, as if she were preparing to take another step.
"Kaylee!" I shouted up, not liking where this was headed. "You can't step on me! I'll..." I began, realizing I didn't really have anything to use as leverage.



And she seemed to sense that hesitation.

With an agonizing, teasing slowness she raised her left foot from the ground. I could hear the remnants of the runway she'd traversed up until now hit the ground around us. The foot continued to rise, higher and higher, until it passed over my head.

Now blocking out part of herself from view, she wiggled her bloodied toes, letting some of the concrete remnants sprinkle onto me. I took another step back, and raised my arms to defend myself... as the foot continued to move past me.


No...!
She was only taunting me with what she was capable of doing. She could have stepped on me. Probably even crushed me if that was her intention, but she wasn't aiming for me. She didn't know the significance of that airplane. Didn't know who was inside. If she did, then she wouldn't have...
I realized I wasn't even sure of that. Would she have spared it? She seemed to have a bit of regret when she thought she'd killed me earlier, but that didn't do much to dissuade her from tormenting me. If she knew that Mom was in there, then...


The foot began to lower.
"WAIT! KAYLEE!"
I lunged forward as quickly as I could manage, placing myself directly underneath Kaylee's foot. Not feeling like that was quite enough I put all my strength into my lower body and pushed up, feeling the back of my head and shoulders collide directly with the bottom of Kaylee's foot. For a moment it felt like I was actually holding her back, even!
Before she placed a bit more weight down. My knees buckled, cracking the tarmac and sinking several feet further as she rocked her foot back and forth on top of me. Letting me know that she was in full control even after what I'd just done.


"So you WERE doing something with that plane!" She asked, drumming her toes along the top of my head while folding her arms under her chest. "So? You gonna tell me what exactly you were doing now?"
I tried to push her foot up again, feeling it rise ever so slightly... but she just wiggled her foot back and forth, causing me to bend over even further than I had been just a minute ago. I couldn't just tell her, right? At least, that's how I felt at the moment.


"Don't want to talk?" She asked, a heavy sigh coming from above as she gave me a shove with her foot. It was almost enough to knock me over, but I managed to stabilize myself...
Right as she moved her foot back over another one of the planes nearby. I could see the much bigger aircraft rolling along the runway slowly, and, knowing what was going to come this time, braced myself.


Kaylee wasted no time slamming her foot down onto the other airplane. Again there was a huge fireball quickly turned into smoke, sending superheated bits of broken fuselage in every direction.
My heart raced watching her casually enjoy what she'd just done. Her toes curled around the broken aircraft as pieces of it fell from the sky around her. She even took a moment to clench her toes over the runway itself, ripping up huge chunks of it. She knew where my eyes were this whole time, and she knew that I needed to see what she was capable of with so little effort.


"Alright now I know something's off." She says, looking down at me with concern. "Spill it, Kayla. Why are you acting so weird? You know I like smashing stuff. You're not still attached to these little people, are you?"
Those people in particular? Not in the slightest. But the ones she had almost crushed a moment ago...
"It's not that, Kaylee, it's..."
"It's what! I'm tired of playing these games with you!" Kaylee retorted, her voice raising slightly.
"It's not that, it was just the... the explosion! It may not have meant a lot to you, you know. Because you're so much bigger and stronger, but it scared me! It was super bright, and there was a lot of fire, and-"


I looked down at Kaylee's toes next to me. There were still some raging fires as excess fuel was quickly burning up from the exploded aircraft. Her eyes followed mine a second later, spotting the fires, and shifted her foot to the side. In less than a second she stepped down again, putting them all out in the blink of an eye.
"Is that all?" Kaylee asks. She looked me over while I met her gaze, not sure what else to say. It wasn't a perfect excuse, but flattery is an easy way to get Kaylee to believe anything.


"Let me see, then."
My eyes bulged out of my head when Kaylee suddenly crouched, lowering that gigantic body of hers. She spread her legs apart to better accept her weight, her right foot twisting where it was placed to kick up fresh smoke. I took a step back myself, tensing every muscle in my body as I was sure she was preparing to pick me up.


She noticed. An amused smile formed on her face that faded just as quickly as it formed. Her hand reached towards me, and I closed my eyes, waiting for those fingers to wrap around me again. I can deal with this. I've been picked up before.


"Relax." I heard from above, opening one eye to see what was going on. "I'm not coming for you, Kayla. I'm coming for them."
Them? Surely she doesn't mean...


Panic set in as my immediate thought went back to that plane. If I had to put my own body on the line again, I fucking would. It was something I was prepared to do. So it was with a sense of relief and horror both when I saw her completely ignore the plane, and go towards a random piece of the runway itself.
For a moment I wasn't sure what she was going for... before realizing it was the people she was after. Any part of this runway was full of them. That one small section just had a few more than any other. While her fingers tore into the ground and ripped up huge chunks of it I could see bodies flying in every direction. Bodies so small that they were like specks next to Kaylee's fingers.

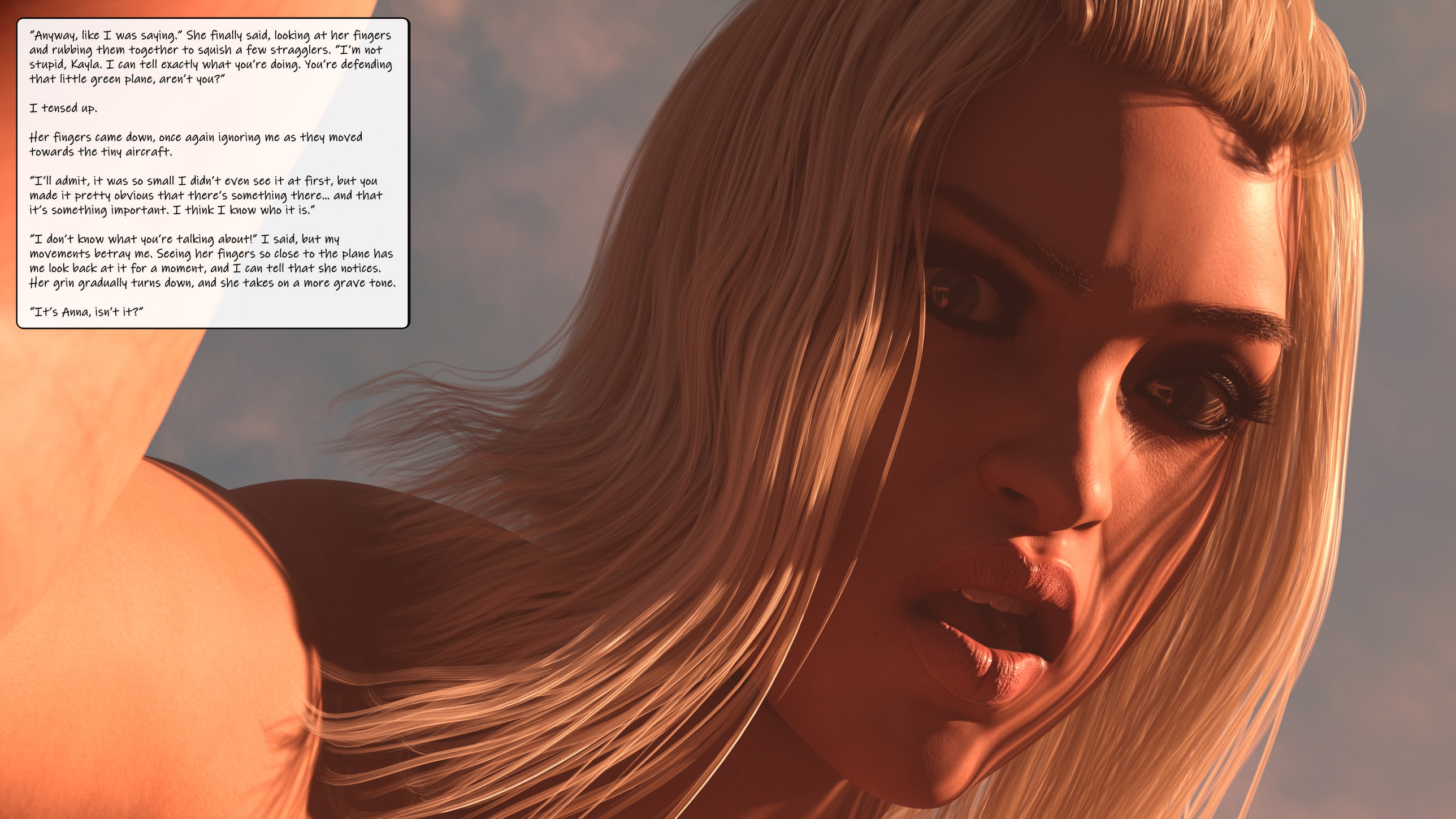

It wasn't an elegant maneuver. Far from it. She probably killed just as many as she managed to pick up by collecting them in that way... but she either didn't notice, or didn't care.
"Even after getting that big... you're just too soft, sis. You and me, if we're going to have our way with... everyone. Then we're going to have to kill a whole lot of people before this is all done. You've got to toughen up... get used to it. Have fun with it! Live a little!"
"I'm... I'm trying."


I am, truthfully. Not in doing so myself, but in having to see Kaylee indulge herself this way so often. If I don't get a little numb to it all then she'd have broken me by now. Really let it sink in that there's nothing I can do to save the vast majority of the people that I see cross Kaylee's path.
Even now, the people on the runway are being lifted away from the ground. I've accepted that I can't do a thing to help them, though. Only watch, and wait. And hope that whatever she has planned for them isn't drawn out too long.


Her hand raises over her mouth, and though I can't see everything from here, I can get the gist of what's happening. Her lips are parted, creating a chasm vast enough for hundreds of people to fall down without ever hitting anything. Her tongue sticks out from her mouth, welcoming the gentle rainfall of tiny snacks to fall down her throat with little care.
I'm disgusted, but I can't do anything for them.


One by one, they land on Kaylee's tongue, coating it like tiny sprinkles on an enormous scoop of ice cream. And for as many as she actually manages to make land inside of her mouth, there are just as many that miss. Some fall to her lips, sticking to the slight moisture there. Others miss her mouth entirely, falling a tremendous height before slamming into and sliding down her tits if they're lucky. Missing her body entirely and plummeting to the ground if they're not.


Kaylee's mouth closes, and she swallows. It can't have been a satisfying experience. She must have expended more energy picking them up and carrying them to her mouth than she gained from consuming them. It wasn't a real attempt at gaining any sustenance. It was just a show of power. Something to remind herself, and me by proxy, of what she was capable of.
She moaned loudly, smacking her lips in an exaggerated way after. She couldn't have been genuine in that, but it didn't make it any easier to endure.


"Anyway, like I was saying." She finally said, looking at her fingers and rubbing them together to squish a few stragglers. "I'm not stupid, Kayla. I can tell exactly what you're doing. You're defending that little green plane, aren't you?"
I tensed up.
Her fingers came down, once again ignoring me as they moved towards the tiny aircraft.
"I'll admit, it was so small I didn't even see it at first, but you made it pretty obvious that there's something there... and that it's something important. I think I know who it is."
"I don't know what you're talking about!" I said, but my movements betray me. Seeing her fingers so close to the plane has me look back at it for a moment, and I can tell that she notices. Her grin gradually turns down, and she takes on a more grave tone.
"It's Anna, isn't it?"


Of course she assumes it's Anna. She thinks Krystal is dead, and as far as she knows, Anna is still small enough to fit on the plane.
Is that... is that a good thing? She's wrong, but if she thinks it's Anna, then maybe...
I try to run through the scenario in my head. Kaylee's been jealous and possessive of Anna for some time now. When they first met it was actually she who befriended her, and Anna was the only real friend she had for a while. But, well, Kaylee's such a bitch that Anna started spending more time with me to vent about her... and over time we became much closer. I know that's why Kaylee took special care to find her earlier, but if she thinks she's in the plane now...


"Yeah. It's Anna."
The fingers move down again. Every single hair on my body stands on end. I don't even think. I just rushed down, and picked up the plane as I had considered doing earlier. I try to do so gently, but I can feel tiny bumps inside of it as I'm sure everyone inside is knocked around from the sudden movement.
It's not nice, but it was all I had to get to it before Kaylee.


I whisper an apology, and jump to my feet, the plane in hand. I look it over... and suddenly realize I have no idea what to do with it. Can I just... throw it? That's how paper airplanes work, right? Would it be able to maintain the momentum?
Did I just make a huge mistake?


Gripped with indecision, I look at the plane in my hands, then back at Kaylee. I can't just give it to her. No fucking way. I refuse. But... I can't just keep holding it either.
Shit. I'm so fucking stupid! What should I do?!


Before I can dwell on that too long, Kaylee makes a decision for me.
"GIVE HER TO ME!" She shouts, raising the hand that had been mere feet away from collecting the plane earlier, and moving to grab at me. With every passing instant more of my options fade away. I can't argue with Kaylee. I can't fight her. I can't try to convince her this plane isn't actually important.
I only have one real option.


And it’s not even a good one.
In the blink of an eye I spin in place and start fucking booking it. I move as fast as my huge body can carry me, which is enough to easily make significant leeway across the runway. I can feel my feet pound into the pavement, not sure if each of my steps are clear, I'm moving so frantically. I’ve only run for about a second when I turn back to see how I’m doing, and only see one of Kaylee’s legs.


With a thunderous CRASH I realize why, as Kaylee's other foot slams down directly in front of me, throwing debris and smoke into the air all around me. I can hear some of it dinging against the plane, and try to shield it with my free hand.
Running was the only thing I could come up with, and it only took Kaylee one step to defeat that plan.


"Oh, I get it now." Kaylee said, twisting her foot on the ground in front of me. "You want to make this into a game! I try to grab the plane, and you make it fun for me by trying to get away, right?"
I look back up at her, not sure how to react.
"I mean, I know you didn't just actually try to run away, did you? You wouldn't be that stupid... right?"


She placed a great deal more emphasis on the last word, her expression hardening as she did so. She wasn't amused by my antics, and that scared me something fierce. I took a step back, trying to maintain my composure, when I felt something underneath my foot.
I wasn't paying attention behind me. Kaylee's presence was just so overwhelming that I...


But it's too late. The huge thing I felt under my foot in that moment was yet another plane. Not expecting the sudden resistance I tried my best to keep myself standing, and for a moment thought I could actually right myself.

I thought wrong.

Just like the planes that Kaylee had stepped on earlier, this one didn't much appreciate being used as a stepping stone. Before it could fully collapse under me it ignited. My foot wasn't big enough to absorb most of it the way Kaylee's was, so the explosion rose all the way up to my knee, singing my skin as I quickly lost balance.



I do my best to keep the plane in my hand steady as I fall backwards. There's no way to shield myself, and my ass slams into the pavement, cratering it instantly. It doesn't hurt much, but it's not my main concern at the moment anyway. The plane I'd just stepped on isn't either, though I quickly pulled my foot out of the raging fire before it started to burn to any significant degree.

My attention is focused entirely on the plane in my hand. That had been a sudden fall, and all of my efforts were on stopping myself from crushing it in my hand. A quick once-over confirms to me that it didn't seem to suffer any significant structural damage from the fall, and I'm able to breathe a sigh of relief.



Not that it would last long.

My view of the sky is only given to me for a couple of seconds before Kaylee bends over directly above me. I raise my arms to defend myself, but attacking me isn't even her intent. Her fingers just reach around behind me, and scoop me up from the ground as casually as one would pick up a dropped pen. It's humiliating, but on some level still a relief to know that she could have crushed me and taken the plane, but chose not to do so.


The wind rushes past my face as I'm lifted high up into the sky. The fingers tighten around me to make sure that I don't fall free. Kaylee's face quickly fills my view, and she looks down at me. Any playfulness she once had is gone, replaced with the disdainful stare of a woman who's had enough.
"Give her to me."


It's a simple order. Just hand the plane over. I can do that. It wouldn't even be hard. Just stretch my arm out, apologize, and drop the plane into Kaylee's hand.
"KAYLEE!" I protest, pulling the plane away from her finger to avoid damaging it. "I can't just... I can't give her to you! What if you hurt her?"


Her already-sour expression turns even darker. I didn't mean to push her buttons... but she must not have liked the insinuation.
"Fine." She said, bringing her other hand up. "I tried asking nicely. But if you're not going to cooperate then I'll just have to take it myself. You can't blame me if the plane gets damaged in the process."


Her fingers moved towards me slowly. It wouldn't take a lot of effort to force me into handing the plane over. She could rip it out of my hands with two fingers, possibly crushing it in the process. She squeezed my wrists until my fingers separated, and dropped the plane. And that was just if she was feeling nice! Vivid images of her fingers pinching together completely with my elbow trapped between flashed in my head, and I couldn't help but pull my arm back.
"NO!" I protested again, shouting directly at her this time. "THAT'S... THAT'S A BAD IDEA, KAYLEE! YOU KNOW IT, AND I KNOW IT!"


She doesn't care. When Kaylee gets her mind set on something, she tends to behave like this. I'm intentionally keeping something she wants out of her hands. Only this time there's no mom here to break up our fight and force me to share. And she could effortlessly force me to do anything as soon as she lays a finger on me.
It takes all my strength to twist my body in place, pulling the plane as far away from her fingers as I can. A low, guttural growl echoes around me as the fingers keep moving. I've bought myself half a second. No more. There's nothing I can do. I'm trapped. She holds every single advantage imaginable. I've been defeated. She'll get her hands on mom, and...


The fingers move past my face while I'm in a deep, mindless panic. Not knowing what else to do, my arm practically moves on its own. Though the angle isn't very good, and I'm not able to put much strength into it, I manage to just throw the plane.
Maybe it'll... be okay? There's still plenty of runway! They could try to go for a hard landing, and-
My heart sinks as I watch the plane soar away. I... I just doomed everyone inside. I don't even know for sure that Kaylee would have done that. I don't even-


I wonder what the image inside of the plane is like. I had felt so guilty earlier when picking it up, feeling the bodies inside move when I carried the plane. Right now I'm sure everyone inside is doing their absolute best to brace themselves, lest they get thrown around too violently.


Then, to my great astonishment... the plane's nose turns up.
The propellers had been moving the entire time I had held the plane. I could feel the subtle vibrations as I did. But I don't know a damn thing about how these stupid things take off. If that was enough, then... I should have done this from the start!



I can only hope that everything is going okay inside of the plane. I've been on planes plenty in my life, but never one that's ascending quite this hard. I'm sure it's got to be quite a bit more intense than normal.

I really, really hope they've braced themselves. It can't be easy.



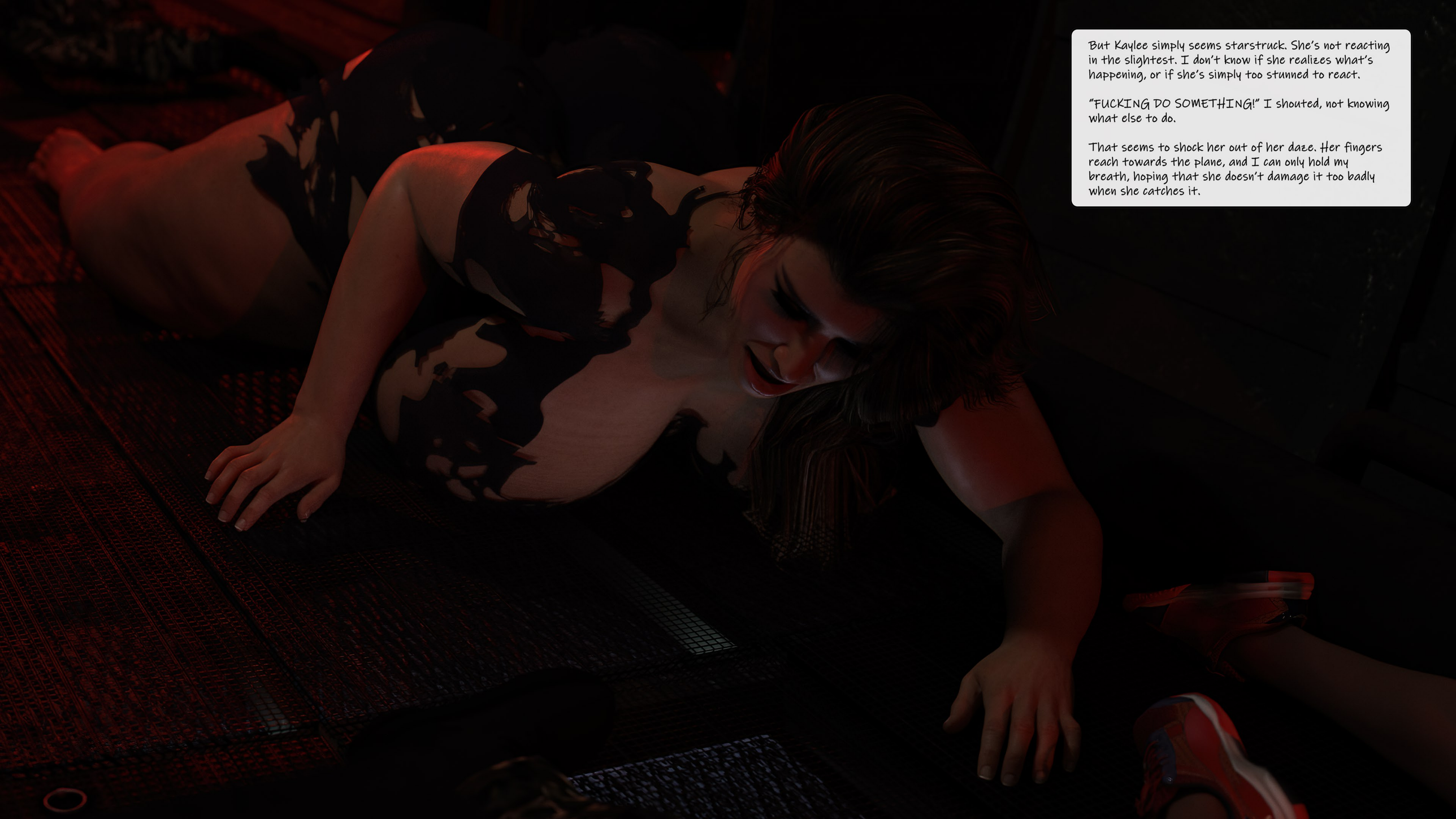
Then, as quickly as I was overtaken with optimism... it fades. The plane's nose gradually begins to turn down, and it looks like it begins to fall to the ground. That question quickly turns into an inevitability as the aircraft begins losing altitude, turning more and more downward.

"KAYLEE!" I screamed, not knowing what else to do. I couldn't very well try and catch it or anything from here! She had to be the one to make a move! What the fuck was she doing?!


I'm trying to remain calm. Trying to keep myself from losing it, but that's just a fucking military plane! It's not jam-packed with safety features like a commercial airliner! I wouldn't be surprised if all they had to keep everyone inside safe was telling them to hold on tighter.


The plane is taking some time trying to even itself out. I want to reach for it, and tell them all it would be safe, but I can't do a damn thing from here. I just really hope mom's doing alright...


I can't accept that I went through all this effort just to fucking lose her here. Not like this. Not in such an undignified way. Tossed around inside of a shitty little airplane like she's nothing more than a trinket inside of a metal box. I refuse.



But Kaylee simply seems starstruck. She's not reacting in the slightest. I don't know if she realizes what's happening, or if she's simply too stunned to react.

"FUCKING DO SOMETHING!" I shouted, not knowing what else to do.

That seems to shock her out of her daze. Her fingers reach towards the plane, and I can only hold my breath, hoping that she doesn't damage it too badly when she catches it.


Then, like a miracle... the plane begins to level out. The nose pulls back up, the entire thing straightens out, and... it's on the move again! I'm so happy I actually squealed, which quickly turned Kaylee's attention back on me and away from the plane.


"KAYLA!" She shouts so loudly my ears begin ringing. "What the fuck were you thinking!? You could have killed her!"
She's so angry she's panting, her hot breath blasting me in the face as she looks at me accusingly. I've dealt with her up to this point, but enough is enough. Maybe it's a surge of confidence from seeing the plane right itself. Maybe it's just a burst of rage from the relentless bullying she's forced upon me. I don't know the reason behind it, but I'm pissed, and for fucking once, I'm giving her a piece of my mind.


"WHAT WAS I THINKING?!" I screamed so loudly I could feel my throat turn raw. "WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?! If I had let you try to pick up that plane then you would have crushed it! You know it. I know it. Hell, even fucking Yeona here knows it! You're too big to do things like that!"
It felt good letting out some of that built up rage. Not that it did me any good. Kaylee didn't look intimidated. She didn't look as if she was going to pay my words any mind. But it felt good regardless.


"Is that what you fucking think?!" She spat down at me accusingly. "How about I prove to you how fucking stupid you are right now!"
She looks around the sky for a moment, ignoring Krystal's plane. Something I thought was suspicious... until she lays eyes on another plane in the midst of taking off itself. Her gaze focuses on this other plane, and she begins to move, saying nothing.
Though she was silent, her actions explained plenty. She wasn't willing to test her theory on the plane that actually mattered. Unfortunately for that 747 that actually managed to take off successfully... they didn't matter to her, so they would be her guinea pig.



She moves after the plane, but her steps aren't light, or subtle. Heavy, plodding, and destructive, she begins to walk, creating an image I haven't seen for a while. The way she casually moves one of those massive fucking feet forward. She doesn't even look down to gain more enjoyment out of this anymore. I guess the popping of crushed individuals are too subtle to be worth focusing on, now.

When her foot lands the cracked pavement erupts around her sole, knocking aside some of the other still-grounded jets. I don't even want to think of what the people who'd been standing there a moment prior just went through.


More than that, Kaylee's speed still amazes me. It's hard to put into words just how it feels to see something so big move so fast, but it takes her only a couple of steps to catch up to the airliner. And sadly for those on board, it is not able to ascend fast enough to evade her grasp.
Her hand moves up to pluck it out of the sky, before she pulls back suddenly. She's trying. I can tell. She holds her breath to still her nerves, closing her fingers around the tiny thing. She's doing a better job than I expected. She doesn't try to just pinch it out of the sky, stopping all its momentum in one go. She casually moves her arm forward, doing her best to match its speed and ensure it's stopped safely.


"SEE?" She shouts, moving her hand slowly to make sure that the plane stays in one piece. "I fucking told you I could do it!"

I can hardly believe it myself. She's never been that gentle with anything, but... I suppose she's trying to do better. Not for any good reasons, of course. No way. It has to be because she can't play with tiny, human-sized things if they break apart as soon as she touches them.

"What do you have to say to that?" She asks, moving the plane closer. And in doing so, I can see tiny sparkles of broken glass raining from the plane. I can hear the outer shell begin to bend. See sparks from broken engines as a metallic screech echoed around her fingers.

"Kaylee... I think you're holding it a little too-" I try to warn her, before going silent. Fuck it. Those people are doomed anyway. Let her learn the lesson the hard way.


And a moment later, the plane ruptures. For just the faintest of moments I can hear the screams of hundreds of people trapped inside as Kaylee's huge fingers effortlessly bend and crush the plane simply by squeezing it a bit too hard.
And then, just like the planes on the runway, the fuel tank ruptures and the entire thing goes up in a massive fireball, silencing the screams of those on board at the same moment. Being much closer this time around I have to shield myself as bits of the jet bounce off of me and down to the ground far below.


For a few seconds Kaylee just stands there. Silently looking at the smoldering wreckage in her hand. I can see her rage building. Her frustration at her failure... before she sighs in defeat.

She flicks her hand to the side, letting the smoking heap of wreckage plummet to the ground. Tiny bodies are mixed into it, falling to the ground as she wipes the red specks onto her tits to clean them off.

"That wasn't my fucking fault." She protests, bringing her hand up to her face to look at her blackened fingertips. "It's not my fault they make these stupid things so fragile."



"It's a plane, dipshit!" I spit, angry with her all over again. "what makes you think they're designed to be picked up by someone a fucking mile tall? This is the problem with getting so big! You can't protect anyone like this!"

I watch Kaylee intently, hoping that she thinks about what I'm saying. I don't have a lot of hope... but it's all I've got. If she can maybe come to realize the problems that being so big has, even if it's just with crushing and having fun... then maybe she'll stop chasing endless growth herself? It's a long shot, but maybe?

"Kaylee." I continued, looking her directly in the eye. "You've got to let her go. The plane she's on was even smaller than that jet. If you try to catch it there's no way she survives."



A look of concern crosses Kaylee's face. She knows I'm right. If there's anyone at all she still cares about at this size, then continuing to grow is going to make caring for them an impossibility. She just needs to accept that.

"I..." She begins, looking around from her massive vantage point. The airport is spread all around her feet, and she's still standing on a tiny runway packed with people. She lifts one fooot up, and looks at the bottom. It's caked in the remains of people, cars, even planes, and broken chunks of the runway. She frowns, bringing her hand down to dust it off, before setting it down again.

While her foot slams back onto the ground, she brings her right arm up to press her massive tits closer to her chest. I wonder if she has something planned, before her face lights up.

"You're right, Kayla. I definitely can't. But YOU can." She says, her lips curling up into a grin. "You were carrying it around earlier with no problems, right?"



My heart sank. Of course. If there was a gold medal in missing the fucking point Kaylee would take it every time, even if she was right! She should have just let the plane go! Why did she still want it if-

I sighed. Regardless... if I did catch the plane for her, it would still be safer than letting Kaylee make another attempt at it. Maybe I should go along with this?

"HEY!"

Surprised, I looked down. Yeona was yelling at me from inside my hand, cupping her hands over her mouth. Now that she had my attention, she continued, an obvious look of concern etched onto her face.

"Hate to be listening to your little conversation, but... you can catch that plane with just one hand, right?"


I looked back and saw the plane again, then looked at Yeona.
"Yeah... probably."
Yeona didn't look too pleased by the apprehension in my voice.
"Then it's settled!" Kaylee laughed, either not noticing or not caring. "Let's go!"
She takes one step, causing untold amounts of destruction below, and thankfully pulling her away from the airport and the runway. I try not to think about what's happening at ground level, and the damage her every step causes.


"Kaylee!"
I don't have much choice. I feel like I have to try and talk her out of this. Or at the very least distract her until the plane can get away... but she doesn't listen to me. Her right hand keeps her tits pressed tight to her chest so they don't flop about too wildly, allowing her to pick up the pace.


Half of the airport is in ruins behind her, but not the entire thing. There are still screaming people below. Still a few intact aircraft. And most importantly of all, the building that Anna ran to hide into was still standing. In that way... I suppose this wasn't the worst possible outcome. Far from the best, but I'll take it.
Kaylee's next step crashes into the ground like a meteor. Her footsteps land harder as she moves more quickly, ratcheting up the level of devastation by a significant degree.



"KAYLEE!" I shouted again, trying to get her attention.

"Hm? What?" She says, shaking her head as if I knocked her out of her focus.

"We don't have to do this! It's best we just let them go! Even if I grab the plane, at the speed it's moving, and..."

I come to realize she's stopped paying attention. I distracted her for maybe a second, but she's so completely focused on the plane that there's no use talking to her right now. The tiny little thing got a pretty big headstart, but Kaylee's easily outpacing the tiny thing.



Even worse, the world around her is what's truly suffering for it. Back at the airport the people were at least spread very far apart. There was plenty of space for her to move about and damage was kept to a minimum... by Kaylee standards, at least.

But she was past the airport now, and moving into more urban areas. Each of her massive steps was like a bomb going off, erasing entire blocks with dozens of homes in the blink of an eye. Were it not for the distinct shape of footprints left behind the aftermath could have passed for a warzone.


But the rest of the world may as well not have even existed. All that mattered to Kaylee now was the plane that seemed to be doing all it could to evade her. But this wasn't a fighter jet made for deft aerial maneuvers and supersonic speeds. It looked like nothing more than a small military cargo plane, vainly trying to gain more altitude as Kaylee caught up to it and moved me within range.
I didn't like this course of action, but I also saw no alternative. With a deep sigh, I stretched my own arm out as far as I could, fingers wiggling to try and cover that extra bit of distance needed... but I fell short.


"A little closer, Kayla... come on..." I could hear Kaylee whisper as her massive, world-shaking stomps slowed. She moved her arm forward to bring me within range, not leaving me with much of an option.
There wasn't a lot I could do. I leaned forward, desperate to get a few extra inches to my reach, feeling the slightest bit more confident as my fingers drew closer and closer to the plane.



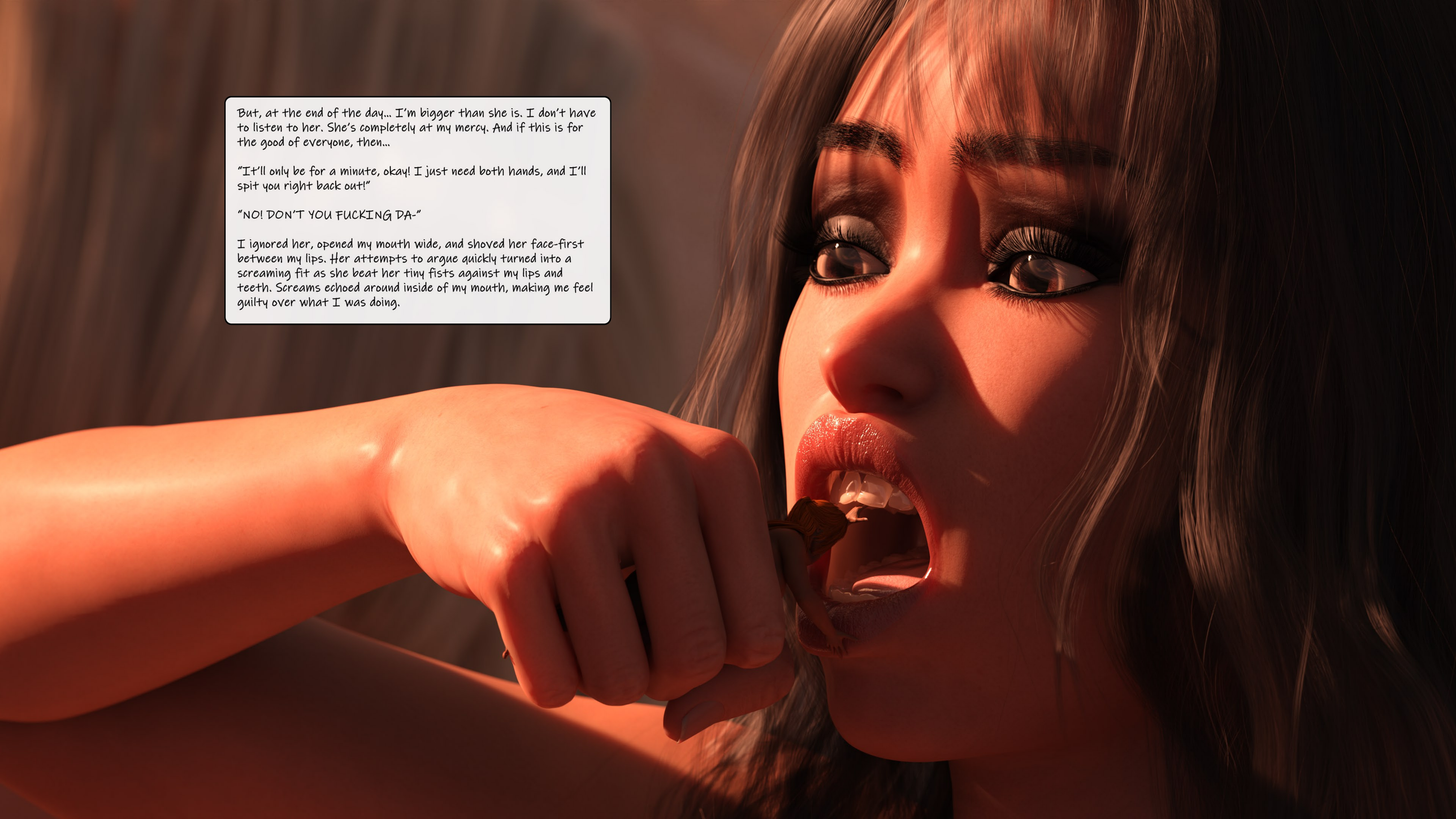
"It's close enough, grab it!" Kaylee shouts, anger bubbling up inside of her as she finds she has to keep slowly raising her arm to keep up with the ascending aircraft.

"I'm trying!" I shout back, fingers coming so close they can barely brush against it... and they do! It's only just barely, but the tip of my fingers nudge the back of the plane and it rocks violently from the impact. It's enough to make me pull my hand back in fear, but it quickly recovers and continues forging ahead.

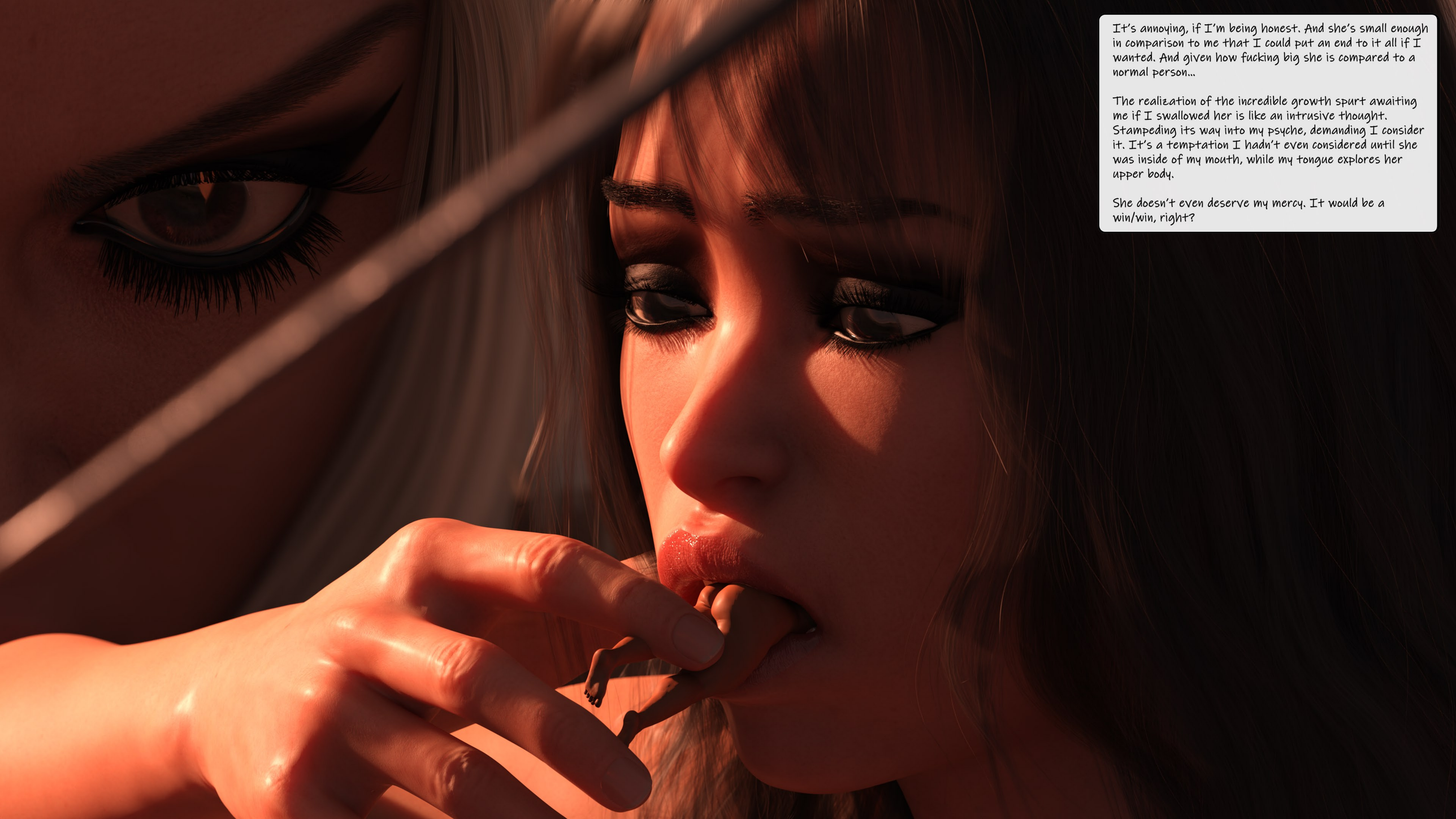

I... I don't think I can actually do this.
Yes, I had been holding the plane with just one hand earlier. It wasn't hard. But I was able to do so because I'd picked it up from the ground at a near-standstill. At worst the occupants were thrown from their feet when I did it. Trying to repeat that while it was hundreds of feet in the air was a completely different scenario. I don't think I have the dexterity needed for this! Not with one hand, anyway.
"KAYLA! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!"


I need my hands free. And I can't just ask Kaylee to hold onto Yeona. She would probably just pop the little one's body between her fingers! I've got no pockets. No place to put her, unless.
No. She wouldn't fit in my pussy. I probably couldn't reach there while Kaylee was holding onto me anyway. I guess I can't take that page from her book.
Wait. Speaking of things Kaylee would do...


I mean, it would only be a minute... right? I give Yeona a concerned look, and she is not particularly happy when we lock eyes. She can tell something's up, and has to know on some level that I might not be able to do as I just told her I could.
"No." She says flatly, shaking her head in disapproval. "I don't know what you're thinking, but don't you dare."
"It'll just be for a minute!"
"NO!" She screams back, furious at whatever I have planned.


But, at the end of the day... I'm bigger than she is. I don't have to listen to her. She's completely at my mercy. And if this is for the good of everyone, then...
"It'll only be for a minute, okay! I just need both hands, and I'll spit you right back out!"
"NO! DON'T YOU FUCKING DA-"
I ignored her, opened my mouth wide, and shoved her face-first between my lips. Her attempts to argue quickly turned into a screaming fit as she beat her tiny fists against my lips and teeth. Screams echoed around inside of my mouth, making me feel guilty over what I was doing.


But... at the same time.
I didn't see any other options. And I'm a lot more fucking scared of Kaylee than I am of her. I'm sure she's had to deal with plenty today, just like me. We're all making sacrifices in the name of survival, and I'm a lot more fucking trustworthy than Kaylee is.
Her screams intensify as her upper body moves past my lips. Her fists pound against my tongue, while her knees relentlessly attack my lips.

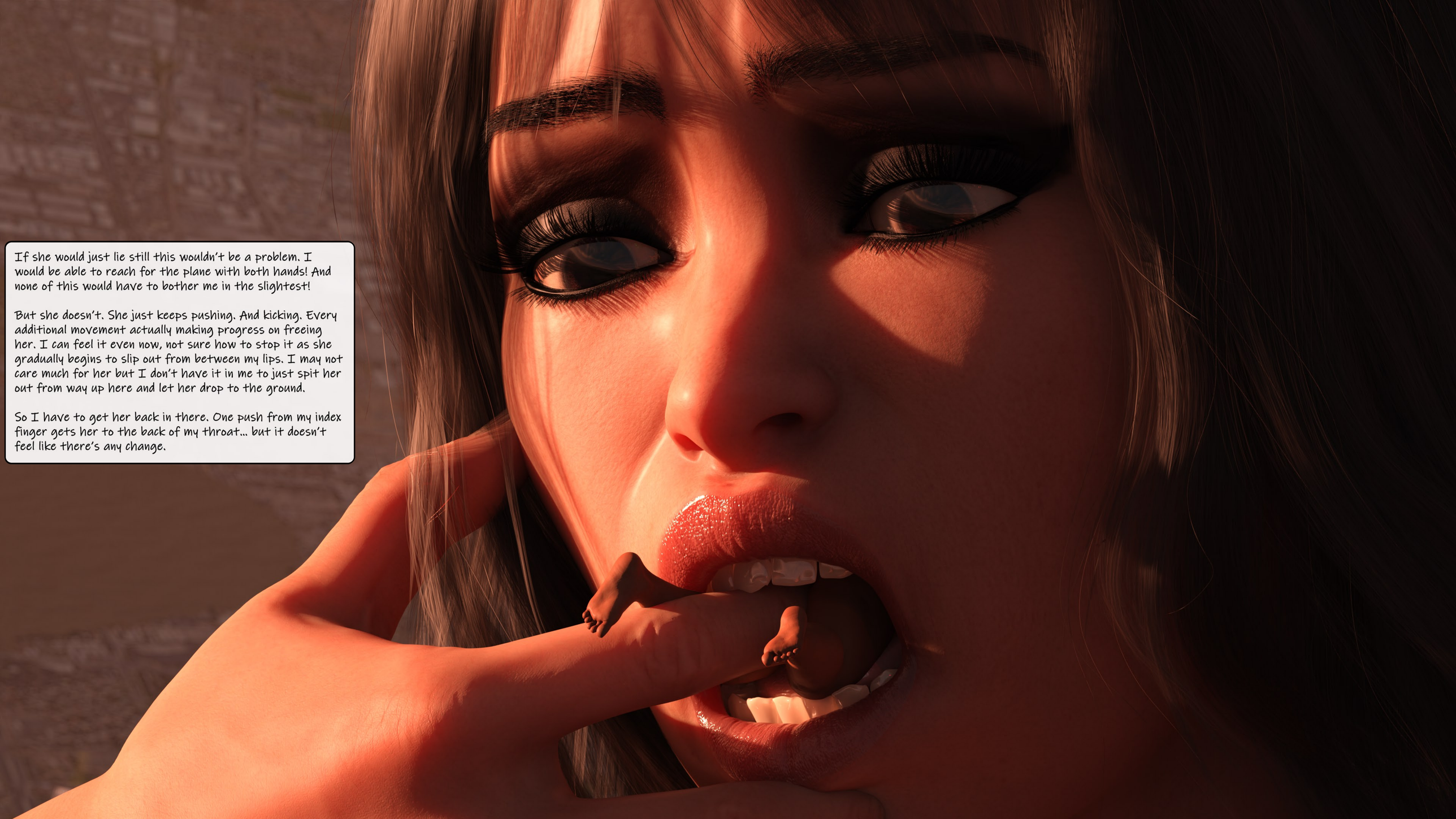


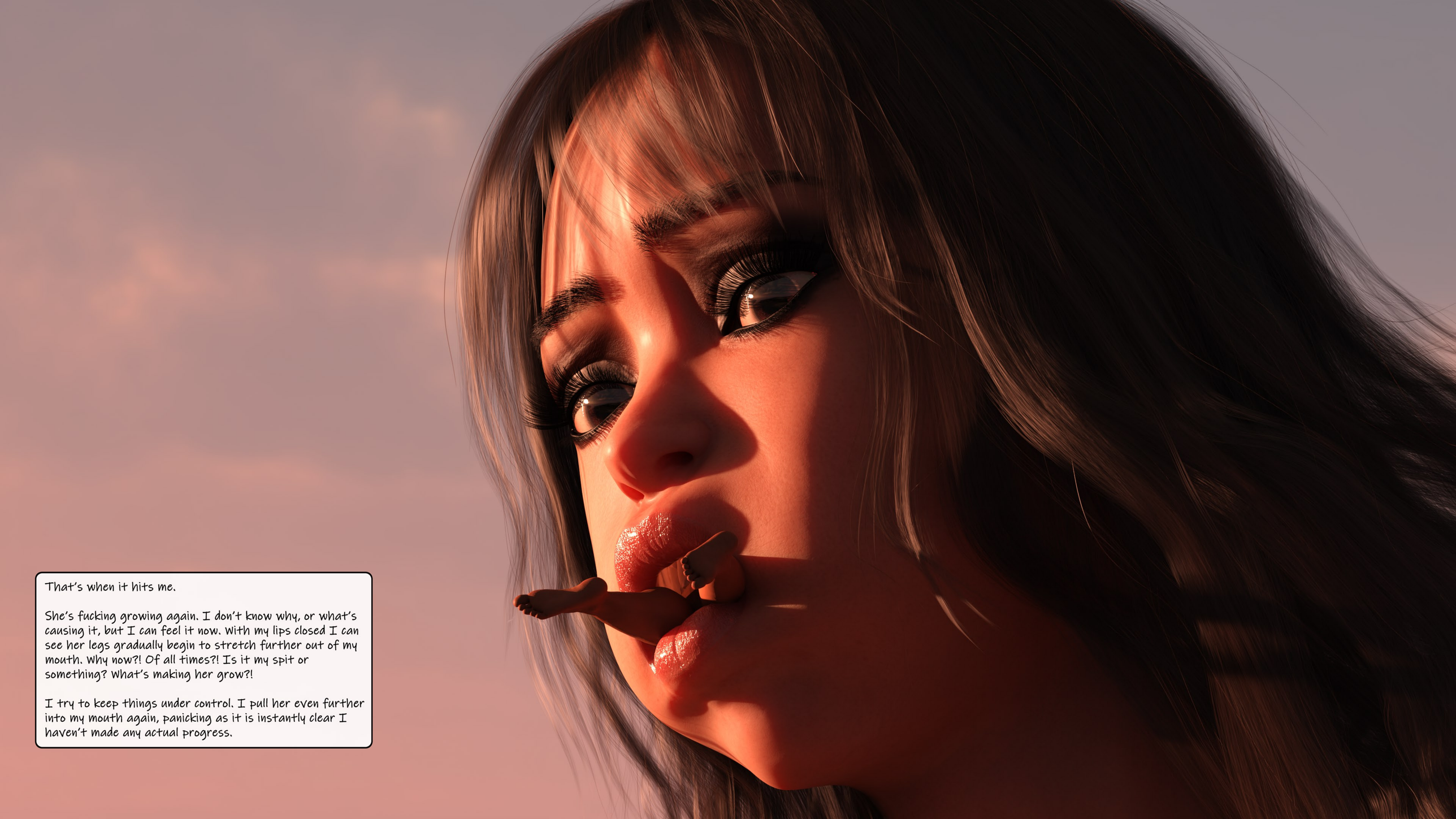
It's annoying, if I'm being honest. And she's small enough in comparison to me that I could put an end to it all if I wanted. And given how fucking big she is compared to a normal person...

The realization of the incredible growth spurt awaiting me if I swallowed her is like an intrusive thought. Stampeding its way into my psyche, demanding I consider it. It's a temptation I hadn't even considered until she was inside of my mouth, while my tongue explores her upper body.

She doesn't even deserve my mercy. It would be a win/win, right?


"Are you fucking eating her?! Stop wasting fucking time!" Kaylee shouts, interrupting my train of thought. "If you don't hurry up and catch that fucking plane, then I'm eating you next!"
She shakes her wrist after saying this, knocking some sense into me... as well as inadvertently making Yeona slide a bit further into the back of my mouth.


If she would just lie still this wouldn't be a problem. I would be able to reach for the plane with both hands! And none of this would have to bother me in the slightest!
But she doesn't. She just keeps pushing. And kicking. Every additional movement actually making progress on freeing her. I can feel it even now, not sure how to stop it as she gradually begins to slip out from between my lips. I may not care much for her but I don't have it in me to just spit her out from way up here and let her drop to the ground.
So I have to get her back in there. One push from my index finger gets her to the back of my throat... but it doesn't feel like there's any change.


That's when it hits me.
She's fucking growing again. I don't know why, or what's causing it, but I can feel it now. With my lips closed I can see her legs gradually begin to stretch further out of my mouth. Why now?! Of all times?! Is it my spit or something? What's making her grow?!
I try to keep things under control. I pull her even further into my mouth again, panicking as it is instantly clear I haven't made any actual progress.


Knowing I'm on a strict time limit, I suck her all the way into my mouth. It takes a bit more effort than I'd care to admit... but it ultimately works. I managed to get her entire body stuffed between my jaws, awkward as it may seem. But... I can tell this isn't going to last. She's still growing even now. I won't be able to hold this for long. I have to either chew her up, spit her out, or...
I couldn't. Could I? I need both my hands free, and she's completely contained. It wouldn't be much effort to-


I feel her move again, and panic sets in. Her growth is speeding up! Her fists are actually hitting hard enough to make my teeth shake. I'm out of time. I have to act now! Let her fall to her death, or swallow? If I don't take one of those options, then she's going to keep growing until my jaws are forced open, and...
The image is too grotesque to even consider. I can't let that happen.


I choose what I would consider the more human option. That is, to swallow her whole. All in one piece. Considering how big she is, that's no easy feat. She's a fighter, and she's easily the biggest thing I've ever tried to swallow in one go in my life. I can hardly believe the sensation as my throat stretches to accept the massive lump beginning to slide down.
After a second I suddenly feel like I'm suffocating. My hands come up, desperately massaging the lump in my throat, helping to work it down . My eyes begin to water, until finally... she vanishes past my collar bone.


I start gasping for air, spit flying out of my mouth and onto my hands. My throat is sore, my whole upper body is in pain... but she's gone. Not a particularly dignified finish, and I'm not happy about it, but I've done worse today, to people less deserving. That's not a comforting thought either, but it is what it is.
There's violent thrashing inside of my stomach after all that, but I'll just have to get used to it. I'm sure it'll fade when she suffocates... or digests.


For now, there's the plane to catch, and...
All of a sudden my chest starts to tingle. Is it happening again? It did the last couple of times I... ate someone.
I look down, and sure enough, it is happening right before my eyes. My tits are slowly beginning to expand, settling onto Kaylee's thumb. Her grip appears to grow tighter on me as, for a second, I assume she's making sure I don't fall...
Before realizing my tits aren't the only thing growing.


It definitely feels like they're growing faster than the rest of me. I can't help but watch with wide eyes as they balloon outwards, the weight on my chest growing more apparent with every passing second. I bring a hand up to squeeze my chest, feeling the softness sink between my fingers, and give my still-sensitive nipples a bit of a pinch.
The feeling is addicting. I'm not going to lie. It's a grim reminder of why Kaylee seeks it out so often. The cost of experiencing it, though...


"KAYLA!"
I shook my head in surprise. I was so focused on my newfound growth and expanding curves that I-
"CATCH IT ALREADY!" Kaylee screamed, leaning up onto her tiptoes to stretch her arm further. "I'm lifting you just about as high as I can!"
Ironic. I wound up swallowing Yeona because I needed both of my hands free to get a good grip on the plane. But with this latest growth spurt, it looks like I can actually do it just fine with only one! I move my hand up again, stretch out my fingers, and...



I think about what it would mean if I handed mom over to Kaylee, and hesitate. Do I really want to go through with this...? I've done plenty of things I'm not proud of today, but could I really hand someone that important to me. To both of us, over to Kaylee while she's in this state of mind?

It would be a betrayal too much for even me to bear.

My fingers demand I stretch forward that last remaining bit to grab hold of the plane and pull it back. I can actually do it now!

But my conscience keeps me from acting.



I can't even bring myself to fake it for Kaylee's sake. To pretend I couldn't reach it, or that she needed to pull me closer. I just... pulled my hand back.

I'm taking a stand. Right fucking now. If Kaylee's going to abuse me mentally and emotionally, then I'm not going to cooperate. I refuse to have that on my conscience. Regardless of how Kaylee feels, or what she does to me as a result! The plane continues flying away as I watch it, feeling my own anxiety spike as my decision quickly becomes irreversible.

I just hope it's the right one.


"KAYLA!"
She's screaming so loud my ears are ringing, and I find it hard to meet her angry gaze.
"What the FUCK are you doing?!" She continued, bringing me closer. "You're just going to let her get away? Do you have any idea what the fuck I'll do to you if-"


"I DON'T CARE!" I interrupted, rage boiling over inside of me. "Go ahead! Kill me! Kill your own sister, Kaylee! But I'd rather never see her again than give her to you!"
Her face twisted up into a mask of rage and she squeezed her fingers around my midsection more tightly. It doesn't really hurt though. Not enough to make me regret my actions anyway. She doesn't have it in her to actually do anything to me.
Not yet, at least.


"Fine, I'll catch her myself you stupid little-!" She snaps, bringing me closer to her face. "And if something bad happens, it won't be MY fucking fault!"

Her head whips up to find the plane again, and quickly spots it. It's continued gaining height this whole time and the window of opportunity to catch it is quickly shrinking. She takes a deep breath, reaches her arm up, and...!


...Screams in frustration.
I'm just glad the pilot's not an idiot. They've realized that the only way out of this is to ascend. Higher and higher, far beyond Kaylee's reach. She can outrun them in terms of speed effortlessly, but she doesn't have any way to gain height. Well, not quickly, at least. Her fingers stretch out for the plane, but fail to catch anything.


At this point Kaylee doesn't seem to care about keeping the thing in one piece. She only seems to want to prove me wrong by any means necessary, and that involves wildly swinging her hand at the plane that is only barely out of reach. For a moment I'm worried. Even if she doesn't strike directly, the wind her hands can generate is certainly capable of sending the aircraft into a tailspin.


There's quickly an unexpected side-effect from all this, though. With both of Kaylee's arms occupied and her running after the plane she's no longer keeping her fat tits locked into place. With no bra or hand to hold them, they bounce wildly with every step she takes, until suddenly...
Well, all I can do is brace for impact.



I've been through a lot today. A lot of very humiliating things. Most of which were the direct result of Kaylee's actions. This isn't the worst by a long shot, but it feels so much more undignified at this point. After all the growing I've done, how fucking big I am, and how big I am in Kaylee's hand even right now...

To have her massive fat tits bounce and slam into my head hard enough to send spit flying out of my mouth is something altogether new. For a moment my vision goes blurry, before I hear another step far below. I don't think I can take another hit like that and stay conscious.



Thankfully, with the direction she's moving, it seems like a one-time thing. Not that it's of much comfort to anyone below. Kaylee's footsteps are like an event now. Every single one brings about devastation on a level that most weapons could never hope to achieve. The places where most of her weight is placed when she steps down, the balls and soles of her feet are dyed red from the countless people she's splattered.

But the stains are dull now. Hardly worth paying any mind as every fresh one destroys so many other things that it kind of just gets mixed into a murky mess compressed dozens of feet into the earth from her weight. Kaylee's feet have to have a higher body count than any other weapon on earth by now.

And she's still running.



Arm outstretched, she makes another swipe for the plane. It looks like a speck in the sky now it's so unfathomably small next to her. That one hand could house dozens of planes this size. There's no way that it can survive any attempt she would ever make to just pluck it out of the sky.

For the moment, though... I can't help but feel at ease. The plane has continued to steadily ascend, rising higher and higher, and it looks as if it's comfortably out of reach by this point. Unless Kaylee tries to jump for it, there's no way for her to reach. And I don't know a lot about physics but I think she just might be too fucking heavy to jump now.

Then again, with everything else that has happened today... oh fuck it. Who fucking knows anymore.


My biggest concern at the moment is less on Kaylee and what she's trying to do, and more on the city below. She may have carved a huge path of destruction through LA for all of today, but there's still a whole lot of city she hasn't yet touched. Miles and miles of pristine city, undoubtedly undergoing evacuation and thanking everything that they had been spared up to this point.
Only to now find themselves in Kaylee's path. I can only hope that most of the upcoming areas have been cleared of human lives... but I know that can't possibly be true. Even from here I can see tiny specks far below, running for their lives in terror.


With my attention focused on what's below... I begin to notice something. It feels like my own perspective is growing even higher, at first. For a second I feel almost ecstatic! If I can keep growing, I might be able to catch up to, and do something about Kaylee...!
But it doesn't take long to notice that's not the case in the slightest. I turn around to see if I'm about to break loose from Kaylee's fingers, only to notice that they're slowly spreading further apart while trying to hold me. And a quick look upwards shows that she's beginning to close the gap on the plane that was ahead of her just a moment ago


I try to tell myself that I'm just seeing things. Every other time I've seen her grow it's been the result of a very obvious trigger of some kind. Usually when she hits a climax when the giant slut masturbates in front of hundreds of people to climax. To have it happen now, just in the middle of running is entirely new!
I look around her entire body, hoping to find something that proves that I'm just seeing things. But it can't be ignored. I can see it happening in real time when I focus. Her tits are slowly growing. Her legs gradually lengthened. And her ass continually filling out.
Any sense of relief I'd had for the plane managing to pull ahead evaporates into thin air.



"COME ON!" Kaylee shouts, walking on the balls of her feet to gain a slight height boost. It's not enough to allow her to reach the plane... but I can see her fingers are getting closer. I wish I could send a message to the pilot, letting them know that they're still in danger, but it's no use.

Kaylee's growth continues unabated. The plane gradually continues to pull upwards, gaining more height... but it looks like it's going to be a losing battle.


Despite all my attention being focused up high, the real drama is taking place at Kaylee's feet. It was bad enough just a minute ago when she was as big as she was. With every new step she continues to grow more, her feet consuming more and more of the city with every single step she takes. She's big enough now that an entire city block can vanish under a single footprint.
It's as mesmerizing to watch as it is horrible. How many hundreds of lives are being erased with each careless stomp? I'm not sure if it's better or worse that she's paying the city literally no mind as she moves. Intimidating and terrorizing a captive populace is one thing, but she's beyond that. She's an uncaring, indestructible force of nature. Brutalizing the city one step at a time. She can't be reasoned with, and can't be stopped. She's the sort of deep, existential horror that could bring about the end of the world.


Kaylee's bigger height does inform me of something else, though. And that is... just how fucking huge the rest of the city is. I've been driven around every corner of LA plenty of times. Around Kaylee's feet multiple times over the course of today. I know what she does when she steps down, and how it affects the near-microscopic population.
But... there's just so fucking much of the city that is still pristine. Untouched. Even these huge footsteps Kaylee's taking right now have tons of space between them that will go mostly undamaged save from probably a nice dusting of smoke.



It's not as hopeful as I'd like it to be though. If I know Kaylee, and I'd like to think I do, considering how many years I spent with her... I know that she won't be satisfied with this. She's headstrong and stubborn to a level I've never known in a person outside of her. It could be an almost admirable trait, if she didn't use it exclusively for personal gain or to the detriment of others.

"KAYLEE!" I shouted up, hoping that maybe I could try to dissuade her from chasing the plane at this point. She has to realize that this is a bad idea by now, doesn't she?


But whether I'm ignored, or she's so focused she can't even hear me I'll never know. I look down again, not able to stop myself from cringing at the scene below. The massive explosions of what were once dozens of buildings from every one of Kaylee's steps. Her feet not even being visible after landing from the thick columns of smoke she's kicking up.
So many people feel like their world is coming to an end because Kaylee walked over them, while hundreds, if not thousands more are observing safely from a distance. Life just isn't fucking fair, is it?



Then I feel it. For a split-second, hardly a noticeable amount of time in the slightest... my stomach drops. Kaylee's fingers slide up my body and start mashing into my tits. For one, brief, blissful moment I'm left wondering what happened until I figure it out.

I'm growing again. Faster than Kaylee.

Not so fast that I'm going to overtake her in an instant and finally put a stop to all this. But fast enough that Kaylee, not paying attention, is beginning to lose her grip on me.


"KAYLEE! YOU'RE ABOUT TO-"
My entire body slips further. My heart plunges into my stomach, and I suddenly have to actively cling to Kaylee's fingers to prevent myself from dropping entirely. Every muscle in my right arm flexes so I don't fall, but my new and improved body is a lot heavier than I'm used to.


Just a few minutes ago I thought it was cool that my tits and ass had blown up so much after this latest growth spurt. Now, all this extra weight could be the fucking death of me!
"KAYLEE!" I tried again, hoping she'd notice as I slid further, hanging from just the thumb now. How little fucking attention is she paying to anything else?!


I'm beginning to slip again. Why are her fingers so smooth? I can't maintain a good grip like this, and it looks like her fingers have naturally separated as she's continued to walk. There's no way I'm going to be able to keep myself from falling at this point! It's not the longest fall in the world... but I'm a lot fucking heavier than a normal person now. If I break something when I land, that's fucking it for me. I can't go to a hospital like this! If it's bad enough, that'll be the end of me!
"KAYLEE, I'M GONNA FALL IF YOU DON'T-!"


"WHAT?!"
That caught me off guard. Kaylee finally looks down, but she's not sympathetic to my plight at all. She just glares down at me, finally seeming to realize that I'm hanging on by only a single digit. I'm hoping she'll pick me back up, but it doesn't take her long at all to turn her head back up to focus on the plane.


"KAYLEE DON'T LET ME-"
"SHUT! UP! KAYLA!"
Kaylee flicks her wrist, and my already-weak hold on her is lost. Even worse, I'm falling so fast now that there isn't a thing I can do to try and regain my grip. As soon as my fingers slip I watch her continue to move. Faster and further away... while the city below rapidly comes up to greet me.



Is this it? Is this the end for me? While the wind rushes past my body I manage to crane my neck down, wondering where I'm set to land. Maybe there'll be a mattress convention in town to provide me a soft landing. They'll have set up a tourist attraction. The world's biggest pillow! Wouldn't that be nice?

Sadly, this isn't a fantasy world. Down below all I can make out are the roofs of dozens of buildings. All coming straight for me like huge spikes at the bottom of a pit. I try to brace myself for the inevitable. For the skewering I'm about to receive.

It doesn't help much.


The good news is that despite the city's skyline looking like a bunch of vertically-oriented spikes I was headed towards, they're not so sturdy that they skewer me. I crash into them like an asteroid, crushing them as if they were made from matchsticks as they ironically break my fall to slow me down.
The bad news comes in the fact that I really do hit the ground like an asteroid. My ass collides with several buildings at once, detonating them on impact. I get an up-close view of the smoke every one of Kaylee's steps causes as it spreads out around me in every direction. The sheer impact of my massive fucking body hitting the ground effortlessly rips many more buildings I didn't even land on directly to shreds.
It's almost unfair that the most discomfort I experience is a sore tailbone.



I look around for a moment, but can't see anything. The smoke is just too dense, but I can tell the effects I had even without being able to see them. I can feel how deep my ass sank into the ground once I hit it. How the crumbly bunch of debris I was currently using as a cushion was once multiple buildings. Many of them probably homes until a moment ago. The screams of people who'd narrowly avoided being crushed erupt all around me, hidden from view by the smoke.

I can't bear it for long. I have to get up. If only to separate myself from where I'd landed. I ignore the squishy, invisible sensations under my toes while standing back up, hoping that it was just the ground giving way beneath me and nothing more concerning than that.



In only a second I'm standing again. There's not much wind out this evening, but the smoke is beginning to dissipate. The cratered land around me steadily beginning to show itself. I can't help but wince, knowing that I was the direct cause of all this in a way. It may have been Kaylee's fault I fell, but it was still my body that did all this damage.

I can't keep this up. Something has to change. I can't just keep letting Kaylee go on like this. I've resisted this for so long, but what if it really is the only option?

I don't want to consider it, but I feel like I don't have a choice anymore. Can I really bring myself to stop caring about the collateral damage simply existing at this size brings about? In the short term only, of course. If I can do that long enough, reach my full potential, then...


Maybe I can stop my own sister once and for all.
It's a sobering thought. I've been too held back by my own sense of morals throughout all of this. I still don't want to do what Kaylee does, but if it's what I have to do to stop her, then...
Whatever. I'll think more on this later. For now I look ahead, spotting Kaylee quickly. She's standing nearby, having trampled her way over some hills while leaving a bunch of massive footprints in the process. She's so big now that her head is literally in the clouds, but she's lowered her arms.
Did they...


Did they actually do it?
Did they get away?
Kaylee's head is looking around slowly. Studying the sky. I can only assume she's looking for the plane, but it's obvious she's lost it. I give the sky a once-over myself, and don't see anything in the air. The pilot must have used the clouds as cover to get away once and for all.
They'd actually fucking done it.

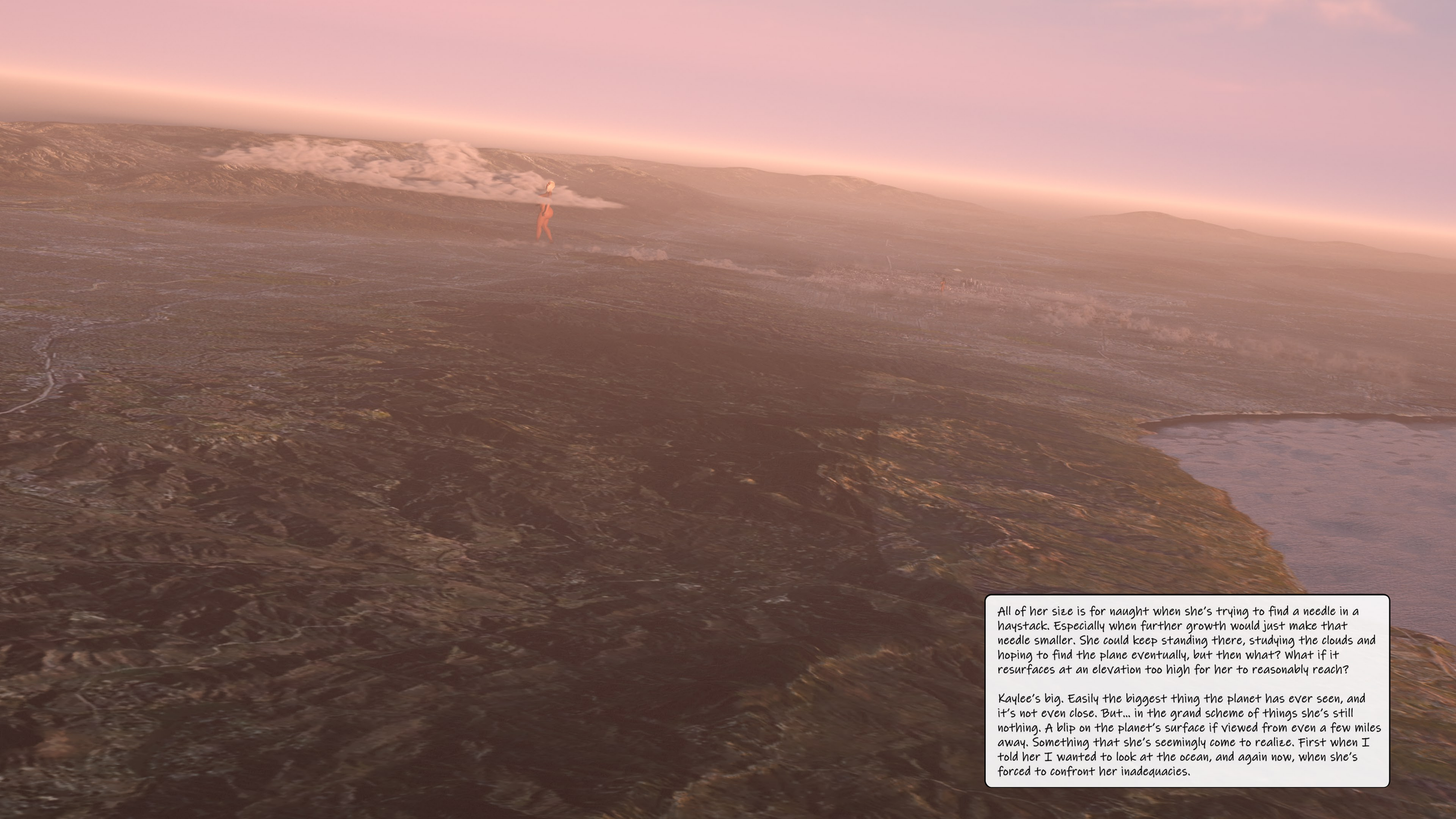


I'm hit with a pang of regret at the same time. Happy as I am to know that Krystal is safe, I still don't trust those government guys. Not one fucking bit. I'm perfectly able and willing to acknowledge that this was the best option in the moment, but only because every other situation looked as if it would have ended in disaster.

I hope that I'm right. That the plane is getting far away from here. I hope that mom's safe, and that they don't have any ill intentions towards her.

I almost feel bad looking at Kaylee now. There's no anger, excitement, or much of anything at all in her movements now. She's huge. Unstoppable. A force of nature. A hedonistic giantess having her way with a captive populace.

But she still lost. And she knows it.



All of her size is for naught when she's trying to find a needle in a haystack. Especially when further growth would just make that needle smaller. She could keep standing there, studying the clouds and hoping to find the plane eventually, but then what? What if it resurfaces at an elevation too high for her to reasonably reach?

Kaylee's big. Easily the biggest thing the planet has ever seen, and it's not even close. But... in the grand scheme of things she's still nothing. A blip on the planet's surface if viewed from even a few miles away. Something that she's seemingly come to realize. First when I told her I wanted to look at the ocean, and again now, when she's forced to confront her inadequacies.


I almost want to go up and comfort her. I can't help it. Seeing her completely unlike herself out there... it's rough.
But I'm not an idiot. She wouldn't appreciate the gesture. She'd probably be furious at me for even approaching her. She probably blames me for everything. Hell, if anything... I should take this time to get the fuck out of here. Put as much distance between the two of us as possible as fast as possible.


I start to look behind me with the intention of finding the best route out of here... when Kaylee finally moves. Her head turns to look back at me agonizingly slowly, in a way that makes me freeze up.
It's probably the single most antagonistic thing I've done to her today. Until my refusal to grab that plane I'd gone along with whatever she said, often to the detriment of my own well-being. I stood and watched as she destroyed USC. I did nothing to stop her from rampaging around the airport, and the one thing she really, truly wanted... I stopped her from achieving.


The look on her face is the kind of thing that would give anyone nightmares. The fact that it's directed towards me and me alone makes me want to beg for mercy. To turn around, and run as fast as my legs will carry me. But I can't even do that much. She said as much herself earlier. I'm so big now there's nowhere I could feasibly hide. I could run to the ends of the earth, and she would be able to find me through my footsteps alone.
Not that I would even get that far. Since on top of all that, her size advantage means she can outpace me, too. All that fury present on her face focused completely onto me is...
It's the price I'm paying to protect mom, I guess.


I feel like I should have expected this by now, but it's still a surprise. Saying nothing, she suddenly begins to surge in growth again. I'm wondering now if whatever triggers her growth is linked to her emotional state. I'd always assumed it came about from an orgasm. You know, because it always did after she converted entire city blocks into rubble in the name of sexual pleasure. There's probably not many emotions stronger than an orgasm, though.
Maybe desperation. Which she was obviously feeling as that plane kept moving higher and higher. Or, since she's growing while looking at me...


She must be absolutely fucking furious.
I can only stand there and look back, waiting for her to do something. I feel like my entire existence over the last hour has been spent walking on eggshells. I knew what would happen if I stepped out of line with Kaylee, and now I'm reaping what I've sown.


But she continues to say nothing. Her body expands ever larger, tits shooting up past the clouds that had been at shoulder height a moment ago. She must have wanted me to see her growth from beginning to end. Let me continue to see firsthand what she was doing.
And dammit. It's fucking working.


I'm rooted in place, hoping she'll end this torment. Hoping she'll say something to me. Throw a fucking punch. Yell out an insult. Run and tackle me. Anything to let me know that she's still processing thought, and isn't little more than a white-hot ball of ever-expanding rage.
I don't know how big she is now. Too big, I reckon. I... I can't keep this up.


"Kaylee...?" I ask, trying to break the tension. "You, uh... you okay?"
Her growth plateaus as I address her. Her face doesn't change. She just keeps glaring down at me. I try to think of the perfect way to phrase what just happened in a way that will solve everything but I'm drawing a blank. Even worse, the one ace in the hole I had, that it was mom on board and not Anna, is useless now. She might even get more mad if she found that out.
Finally, she moves.



I flinched when I saw her newly-expanded body move. I expected her to raise a fist. To shove me. To pick me up, and throw me. To grab my hair, and drag me away. To raise a foot and step on me. To drop her fat tits onto my head and smother me. To do... something! Anything!

Instead, she moves her hands to her hips. Her expression remains stoic the entire time, and she continues to look down at me like I've just committed an unforgivable sin.

I really, really, hope that mom's doing better than I am right now.


END OF PART 18

KAYLEE'S GROWTH PART 18




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