
KAYLEE
PART 19


REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR


My heart is still racing. I don't know how we made it through that in one piece. For a while there it seemed like an absolute certainty that I was going to die inside this run-down cargo plane. I had taken to hugging the hull underneath me like it was the only thing keeping me alive, waiting for the plane to shear apart and my life to end at the hand of my giant progeny.
But... it never happened. The plane continued to rattle incessantly, but it had somewhat stabilized. The pilot was no longer screaming for dear life over the intercom, the other people on board were beginning to calm down...


"It's fine." The woman in front of me said reassuringly. "We're out of reach now, and this shaking is just... it's just turbulence."

I recognized this woman. She was the 'specialist' in the lab coat, back in the basement of that government building. The one who tried to take a sample of Kayla's blood... and almost got killed in the process.

Though she was trying to keep a brave face, I could tell she was rattled by the experience as well. She reached a hand forward to place it on my shoulder, but it was shaking so badly it betrayed her calm demeanor.

"See? I'm standing now." She continued. "There's nothing to worry about. Just calm down, breathe slowly, or else you might-"


My entire body felt like it was on fire, and for a split-second it was like I was being forcibly hugged from everywhere at once. Panic consumed me for a moment before I realized it was coming from the remnants of my clothing, which shredded upon another surprise growth spurt.
"SHIT!" The woman shouted, stumbling backwards. "C-Calm down! You need to get yourself under control! If you grow too big for the plane, you'll kill all of us!"



"All of us?" I asked, suddenly feeling incensed. My body felt it was on fire. I felt like I could rip a hole in the plane with my bare hands if I wanted to. "And what if I grow so big that a fall from this high up won't hurt me?"

"I-I..."

"You will die." I spat, resisting the urge to grab the woman by the throat then and there. "But that might be a risk I'm willing to take if you're not willing to answer some questions I have."

The meek woman stood there, shaking as she looked up at me. She looked back and forth for support, but it seemed as if everyone else on board was still recovering from what the plane had just endured. Facing me down it was obvious she hadn't the foggiest idea what to do if I were to actually make good on my threats.

"Glad we've reached an understanding." I said, smiling at the fear-filled face below me. "Now you WILL answer my questions. Where are we going? Those people are military, but you're not, are you?"



"W-Well, the answers to those questions are... well, they're complicated, and-"

I slammed a fist onto the hull beside me, making the woman jump in fright. In that same moment I must have grown another few inches as the top of my head bumped into the ceiling.

"I know we just survived something that seemed impossible, but I don't think you realize exactly how much I want those fucking answers. Tell me what's going on and tell me NOW! Or else you specifically won't live long enough for this plane to crash!""


"P-Please calm down! Or else-"
"Or else what?" I said, stamping closer and bringing my face dangerously close to the woman's. Her eyes went so wide they practically bulged out of her head. Her lips quivered as it was clear she was unsure what to say in this situation.
"F-Fine! They wanted to run tests on you! I-If you cooperate we might be able to-"
"Tests?" I shouted, incensed at the response. "You mean like what you already tried to do to my Kayla?!"
"I-It's just so we can better understand what's going on! Then maybe with that information we could-"

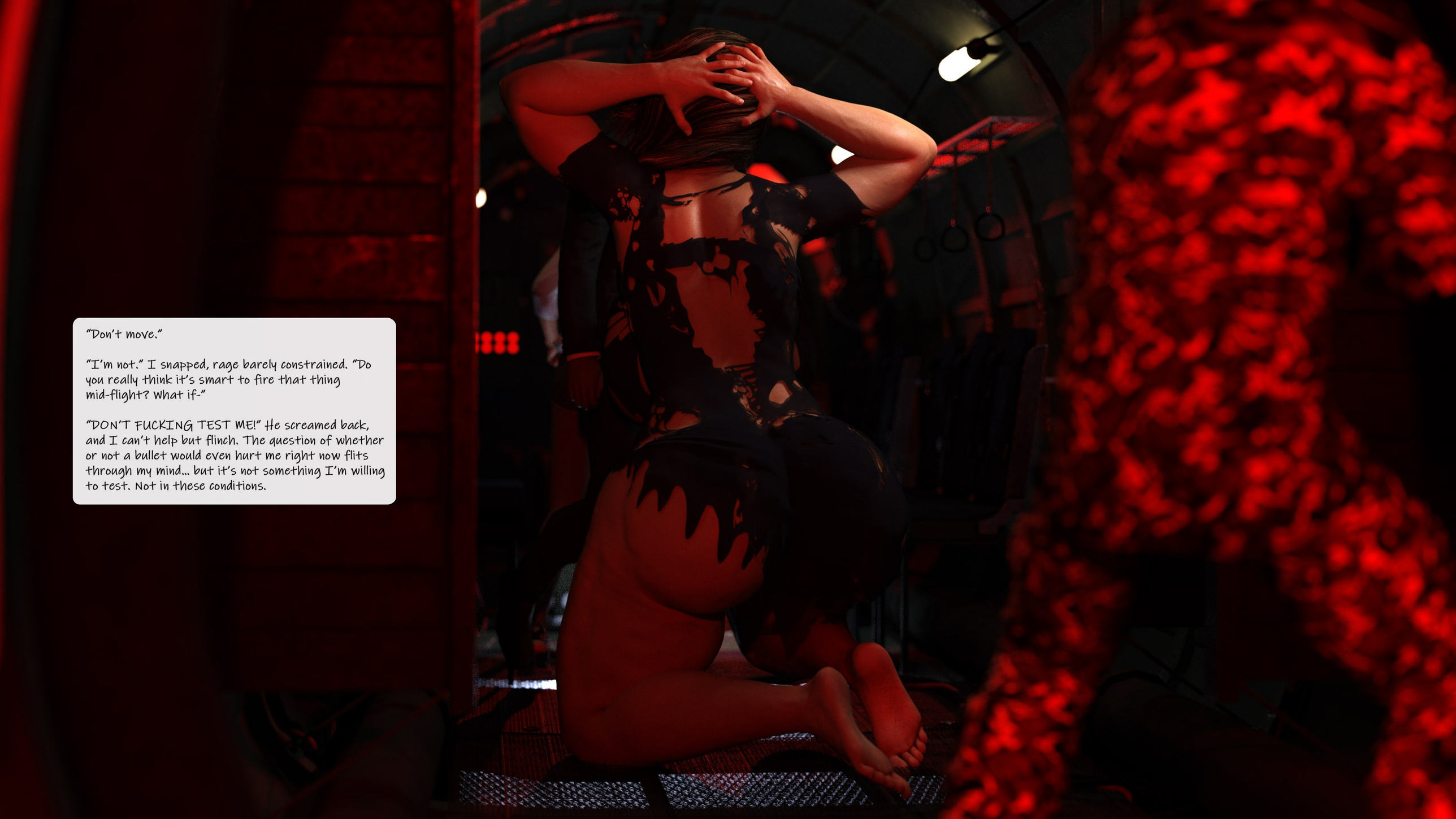


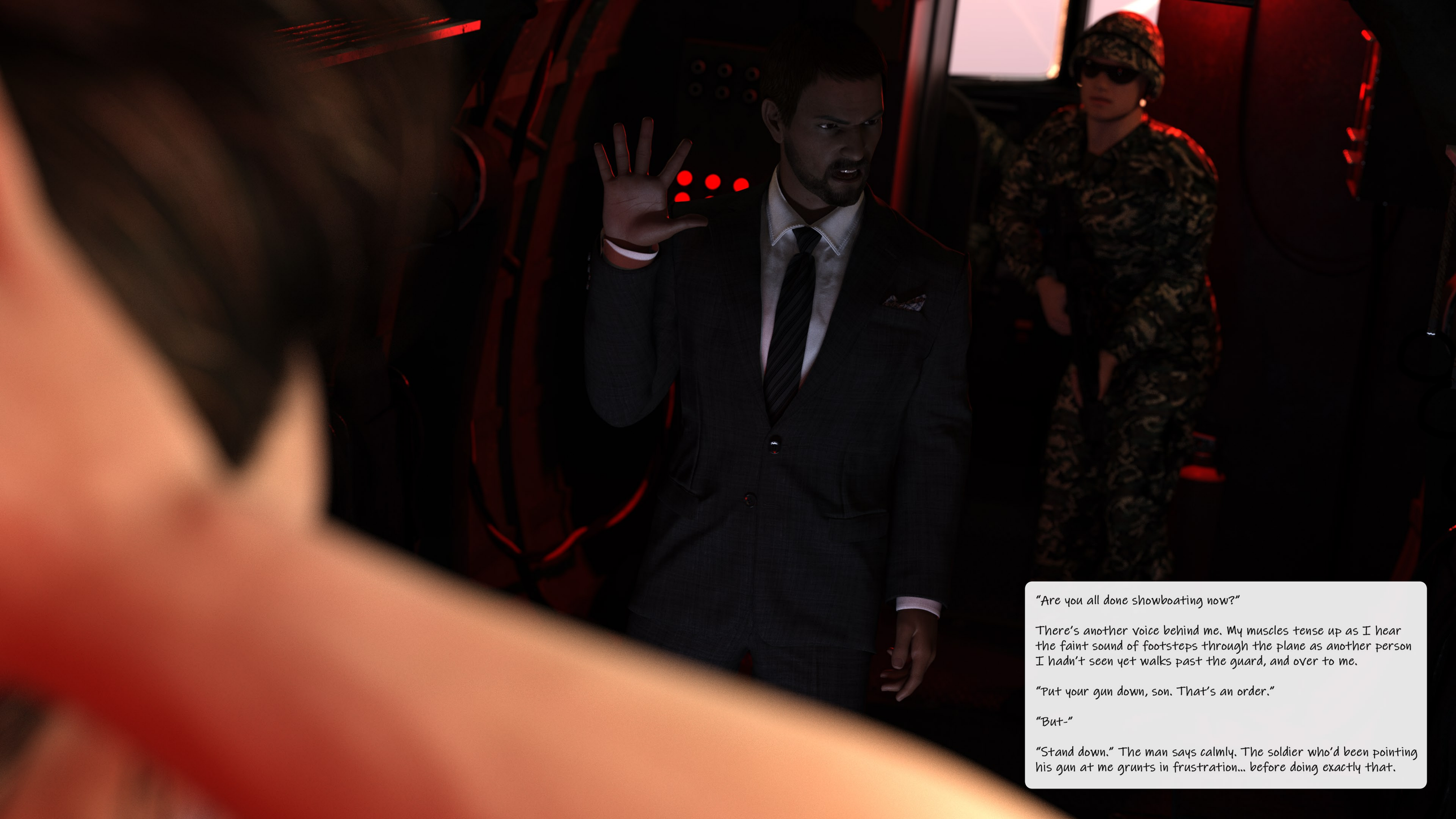
"STAND DOWN!" A voice behind me called out. I whipped my head around to confront whoever it was, but the sight of a gun barrel pointed at me gave me pause. "Turn back around!" He continued, looking straight down the sights at me. "Drop to your knees, put your hands up, and I might not blow your fucking brains out!"

I wanted to try and attack him anyway... but I felt my limbs seize up, unsure of what would happen if I tried. I wasn't expecting anyone to call me out on my bluff.

"Don't even think about it." He sneered. "Understand this, lady. We need samples, but you don't have to be alive for us to get them. Cooperate, and I won't shoot."

The urge to attack didn't go away. Not when I turned back around. Not when I dropped to my knees. Not when I placed my hands behind my head.


"Don't move."
"I'm not." I snapped, rage barely constrained. "Do you really think it's smart to fire that thing mid-flight? What if-"
"DON'T FUCKING TEST ME!" He screamed back, and I can't help but flinch. The question of whether or not a bullet would even hurt me right now flits through my mind... but it's not something I'm willing to test. Not in these conditions.



"Are you all done showboating now?"

There's another voice behind me. My muscles tense up as I hear the faint sound of footsteps through the plane as another person I hadn't seen yet walks past the guard, and over to me.

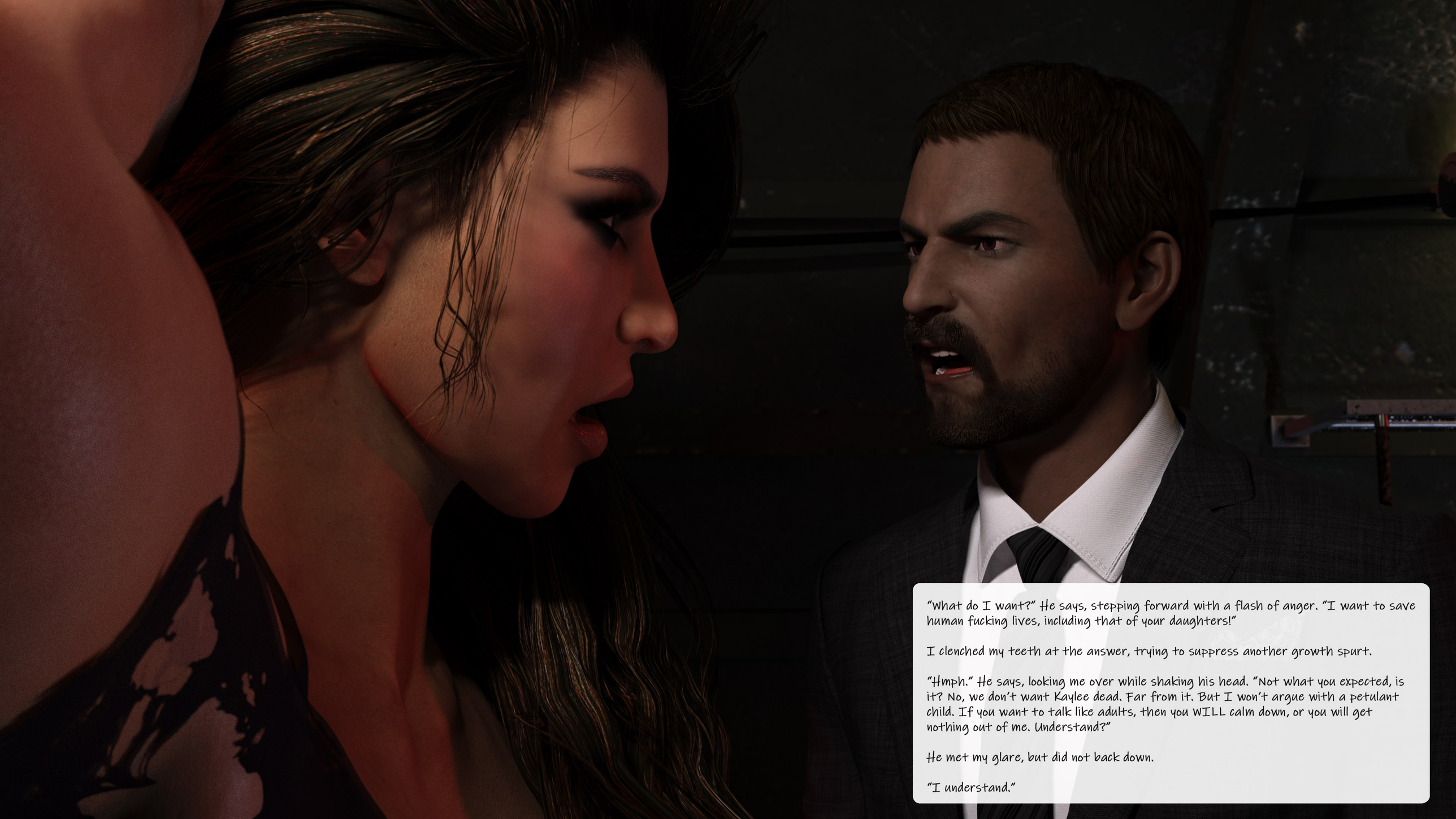
"Put your gun down, son. That's an order."

"But-"

"Stand down." The man says calmly. The soldier who'd been pointing his gun at me grunts in frustration... before doing exactly that.


"Now that everyone's calmed down..." The man who I can now see is wearing a suit says. "Let's see if we can work things out."
"I want answers." I tell him, plain and simple.
"You'll get them." He says, casually pacing in front of me. "In due time, of course. But a dead body can't tell you shit. If you want your answers, then we're more important to you alive than dead. That means you need to get your damn emotions under control. Now."


The condescending tone in which he said that sets me off, triggering another minuscule growth spurt. My hands falter from where they'd been placed, but a quick signal from the agent has the guard behind me raising his weapon again. I move my hands straight back up, but harden my glare at the man.
"I will not be talked down to." I growled. "This plane has to land eventually. If you don't want an angry twelve foot tall woman when we do, then you will tell me what I want to know. What are you planning? What do you want from me, specifically?"



"What do I want?" He says, stepping forward with a flash of anger. "I want to save human fucking lives, including that of your daughters!"

I clenched my teeth at the answer, trying to suppress another growth spurt.

"Hmph." He says, looking me over while shaking his head. "Not what you expected, is it? No, we don't want Kaylee dead. Far from it. But I won't argue with a petulant child. If you want to talk like adults, then you WILL calm down, or you will get nothing out of me. Understand?"

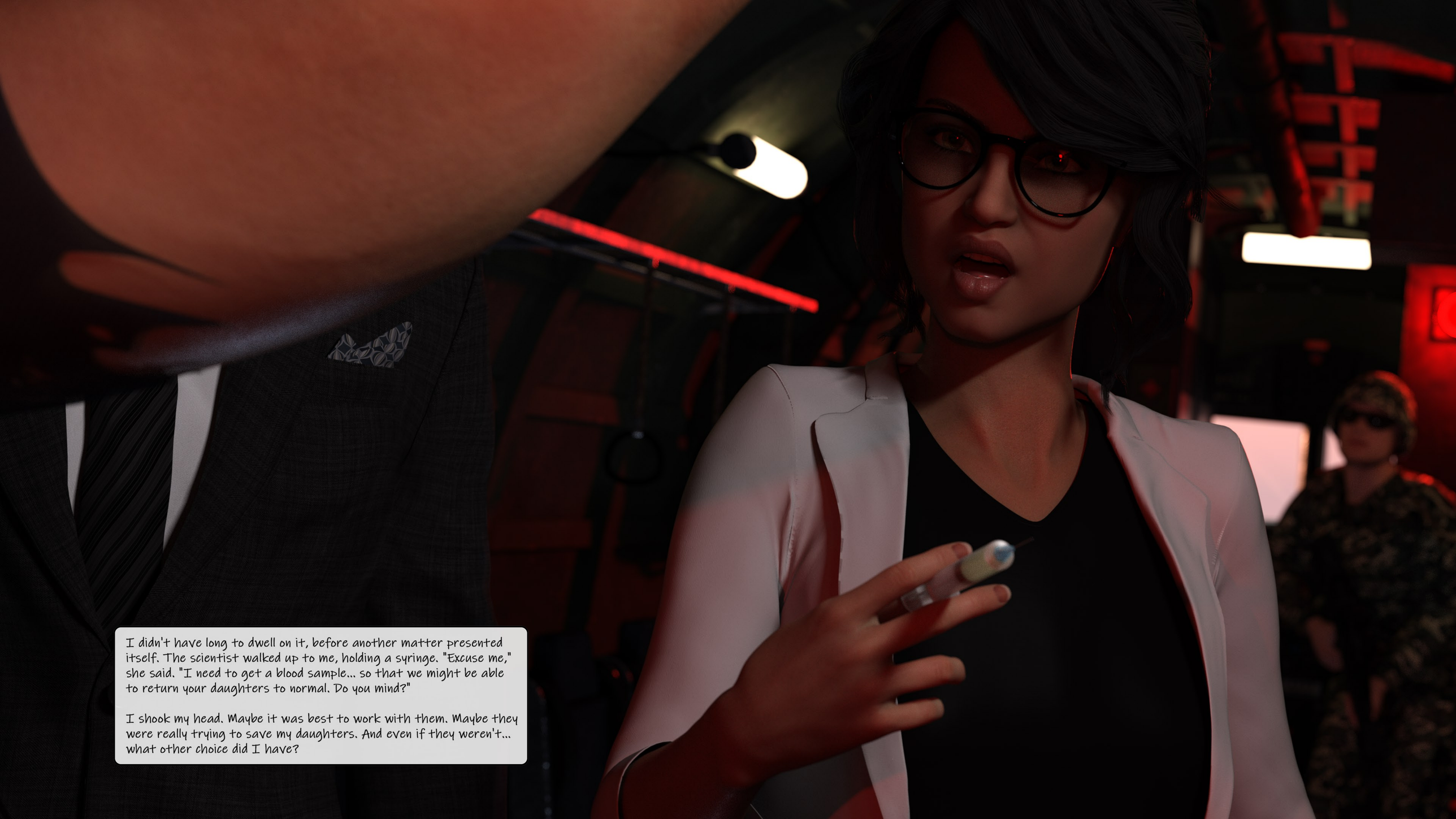
He met my glare, but did not back down.

"I understand."



His expression did not soften. His anger did not fade. He merely nodded to the soldier behind me, motioning for him to lower his weapon... but the urge to retaliate had faded. I kept my hands over my head, thinking of what was going to happen after we landed. If he's being honest, then maybe there's a way out of all this that doesn't end with Kaylee dead? The thought hadn't even occurred to me given all that had happened today. All that she's done...

That is... if he's being honest.



I didn't have long to dwell on it, before another matter presented itself. The scientist walked up to me, holding a syringe. "Excuse me," she said. "I need to get a blood sample... so that we might be able to return your daughters to normal. Do you mind?"

I shook my head. Maybe it was best to work with them. Maybe they were really trying to save my daughters. And even if they weren't... what other choice did I have?


The silence was palpable. It felt like I had been standing there for months, staring down a Kaylee angrier than any I've seen in my entire life. I just wanted her to say something! Acknowledge me beyond an angry look! Maybe... Maybe I should break the ice? Yeah!
"Kaylee-"
"Shut up." She interrupted, placing her hands onto her hips again. "You let Anna get away. Again! My best friend! I'll probably never see her again, and it's all your fault! How could you, Kayla! You've got to be the stupidest, most inconsiderate-"
Kaylee rambled for well over a minute. To the point where I almost missed the awkward silence.
Almost.


"Kaylee!" I finally shouted, interrupting her. She gasped in surprise, but I pressed the brief pause. "It wouldn't have worked! You would have killed her! You're just... you're too big now! You saw for yourself what happened with that other plane, and-"

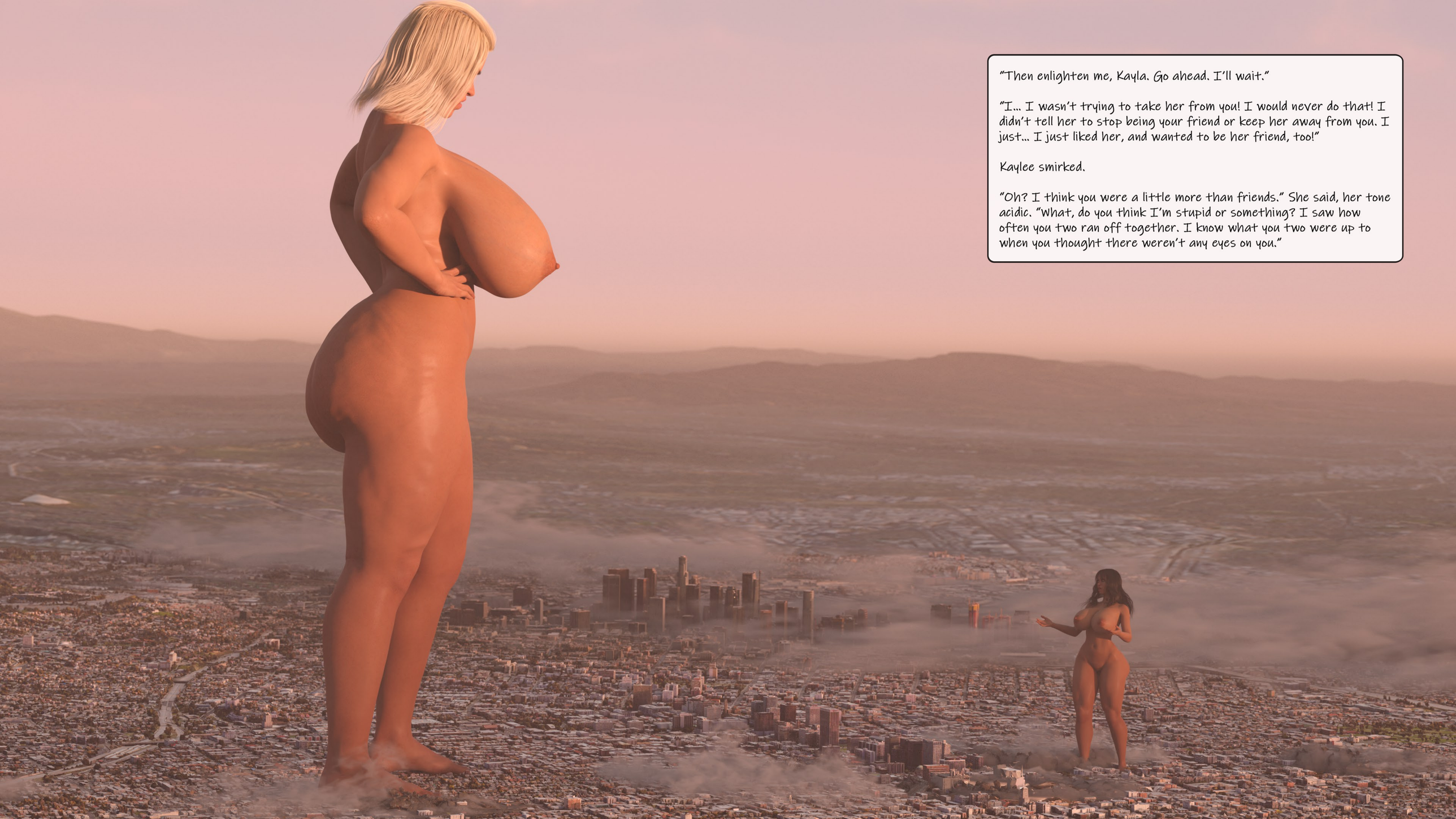
"SHUT UP!" She screamed, making me step back. "No! I'm not- I don't want to hear this! No! This is your fault! This isn't even the first time you stole her from me, Kayla! You remember, don't you? She was MY fucking friend first! My best friend, even! But no, Little Miss Important couldn't handle the world not revolving around her, so you had to steal her away! You drove away something that made me happy, just so you could keep it to yourself! How could you be so selfish?!"

That was an incredibly strange way of looking at what had gone down, but... I suppose that's the way Kaylee viewed it. Someone so self-centered would view herself as having never made any mistakes.

"Kaylee, you don't understand, it's-"

"Stop saying that!" She shouted. "I'm not a fucking idiot, Kayla! I can understand lots of things! And I know that when I have something nice, you always come along and do everything you can to take it from me. Right? That's how it always goes, isn't it? Go ahead! Tell me I'm wrong! Tell the whole fucking world that Kaylee doesn't understand something again! I fucking dare you!"


"Kaylee, it... it wasn't like that!" She wasn't making any good points. She wasn't good at arguing. But she spoke fast, and with a lot of conviction. That made it hard to collect my thoughts. Also doesn't help when she's five times bigger than me and staring down like she's going to end my life for daring to talk back.


"Then enlighten me, Kayla. Go ahead. I'll wait."
"I... I wasn't trying to take her from you! I would never do that! I didn't tell her to stop being your friend or keep her away from you. I just... I just liked her, and wanted to be her friend, too!"
Kaylee smirked.
"Oh? I think you were a little more than friends." She said, her tone acidic. "What, do you think I'm stupid or something? I saw how often you two ran off together. I know what you two were up to when you thought there weren't any eyes on you."


"W-What? You knew that we..."
Kaylee smirked again.
"Go ahead. Say it. I want to hear it from you."
"Okay! Okay! Yes, you're right. We... spent some time together."
"You fucked."
"If you're going to put it that bluntly... Yes. Okay? We did. Why do you even care?! It's not like you were into her or anything!"



"Is that what you think?" Kaylee asked menacingly as she stomped forward yet again. "You think you know so much, don't you Kayla. Think you know more about me than I do myself? You wanna fucking bet on that? Go ahead! Tell me I wasn't about to make a move on her to my face!"

That was a revelation. I... I had no idea Kaylee was... that she felt...

"ANSWER ME!"

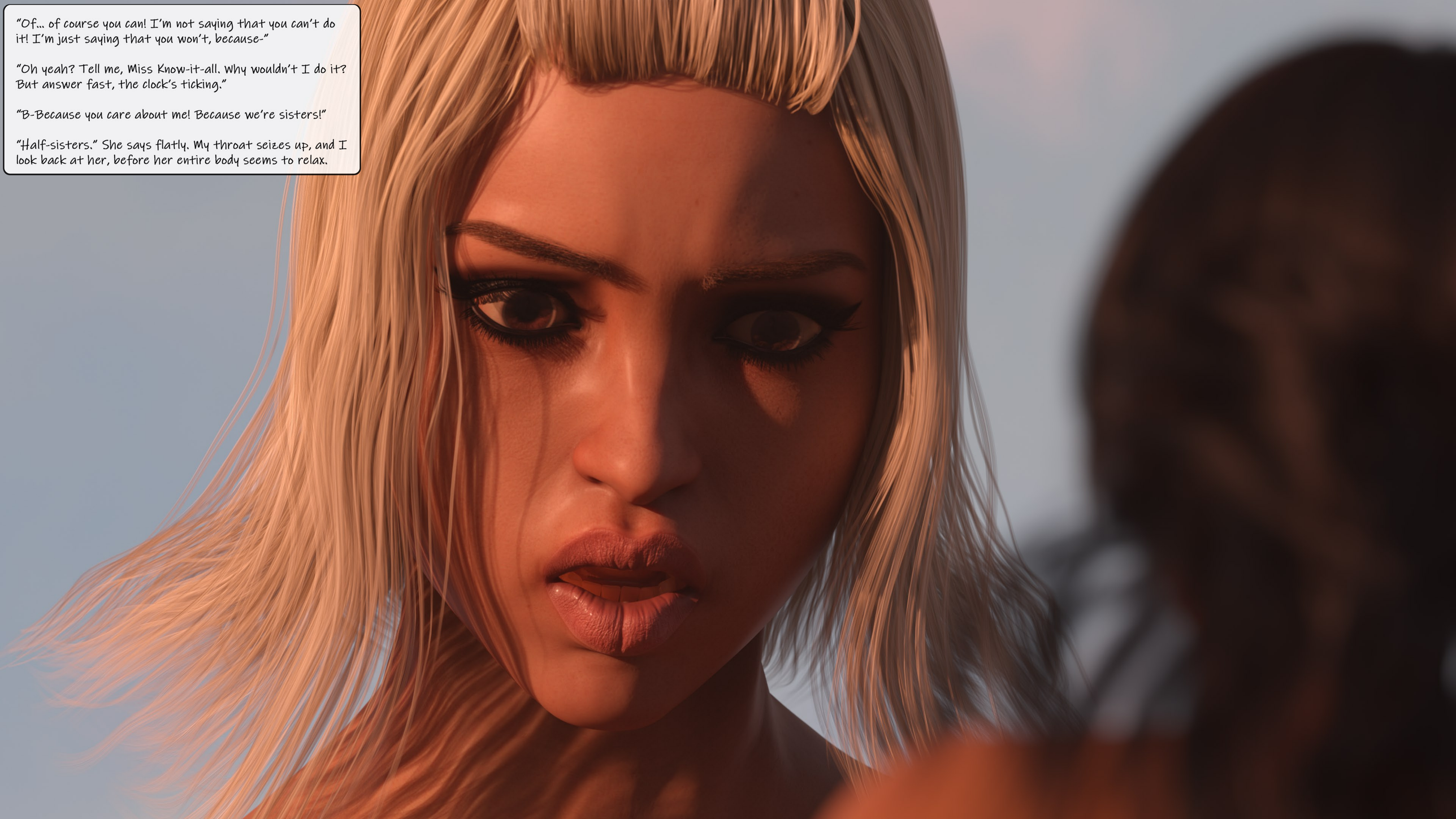
"I-I'M SORRY!" I shouted back, taking a step away. "Look, I'm- I didn't know you were into her! You had a new boyfriend every week! And Anna's not, I mean, I don't think she's into that kinda relationship, but-"

"You don't think the fact I had a new boyfriend every week was some kind of a hint?" Kaylee interrupted, her rage smoldering in her face. "I just needed a good fuck every once in a while! If I actually cared about them I wouldn't have gotten rid of them so fast! But through it all, Anna was the only person I kept around."


This was getting hard to listen to. If Kaylee was telling the truth, then... she was really fucking bad at showing anything resembling affection. Anna had come to me because of Kaylee's constant bullying and belittling of her, and...
A lump forms in my throat.
Anna didn't feel the same way about her. I knew that. I knew what informing Kaylee of that would do to her. But...
I sighed.
"I'm sorry."


"YOU'RE sorry?" Kaylee says, leaning even closer. "No, you're not. Not yet, anyway. But you WILL be. See, I've been super fucking horny ever since I started growing. I haven't had the opportunity to fuck a guy for hours now, but I could have made Anna grow more! Not as big as me, of course. But big enough to get me off."
She still only sees Anna as an object. Even now. I want to interrupt, but hold my tongue as I can see some of her anger begin to fade.
"...But she kept getting away." Kaylee continues. "And now that you've gone and fucked it up by eating Yeona, there's no one in the whole fucking world left for me to fuck. Or at least that's what I was thinking... until I remembered that I have you."
My ears perked up at that.


"Kaylee, I don't like where this is going..." I cautiously answered, stepping back while doing so.
"Hmph." She said, punctuating the statement with a smirk. "You know, after she got that nose job, I was always reminded of you when I looked at her. Except, you know, she had smaller tits. But I could work with that. I could just pretend that you're a little version of her, can't I? I can make you into my own personal dildo, and there's fuck-all that you could do about it. Isn't that right?"
"I know you wouldn't really do that!" I said, my heart racing as I thought about that.
"Why not? What do you think I'm worried about? People judging me? Fuck them. Let them complain. They can't do a goddamn thing about it. I'm Kaylee Fucking Kloss, and I can do whatever the fuck I want."


"Of... of course you can! I'm not saying that you can't do it! I'm just saying that you won't, because-"
"Oh yeah? Tell me, Miss Know-it-all. Why wouldn't I do it? But answer fast, the clock's ticking."
"B-Because you care about me! Because we're sisters!"
"Half-sisters." She says flatly. My throat seizes up, and I look back at her, before her entire body seems to relax.



Finally, she sighs.

"And... dammit. Fuck. You're right. I do care about you. I don't want to hurt my family. Not intentionally. Unlike some people."

I'm so tempted to scream at her about how unreasonable she's been all day if she's going to try and claim this now... but again I hold my tongue. That is, until I see her bring a hand down and wrap it around my waist.

"Hey, what are you doing? Kaylee! Stop! I thought you said--"



As big as I fucking am. As much as I tower over this city... I'm still ultimately nothing next to Kaylee. She lifts me from the ground like a bottle of shampoo, leaving my legs dangling in the air. All the while bringing me up closer to meet her face.

"I said I wasn't going to hurt you." Kaylee begins, emphasizing the last word in a way that made me uncomfortable. "But there's a lot of other people in this city, and you need to be taught a lesson. I'm thinking maybe I'll wipe out the rest of downtown to start? Maybe have a snack along the way, see the sights. All that weird tourist stuff. I bet there are still plenty of people still hiding out in those stupid little skyscrapers!"


"K-Kaylee? N-No. That's okay. I've learned my lesson."
"Aw." Kaylee says, pursing her lips and pouting. "Is something wrong? Does Kayla not want her big sister to squish the little people?"
"Kaylee! We can start over on the right foot! You don't need to do anything!"


"Oh look, it's Saint Kayla again. Always so self-sacrificing! Always so fucking perfect. Or at least you act that way. But you know what? I've never believed your little performance. You're not even really trying to change my mind. You're just doing the bare minimum so you won't feel guilty about it. So no one can judge you! I bet you've still got some grandiose ideas of stopping my fun, or something, don't you!"

My blood turned to ice at the suggestion. What was she saying?! She wasn't right! She wasn't... I... I was doing the right thing! Wasn't I?!

A nagging voice in the back of my head felt utterly defenseless at Kaylee's accusation.



"Struck a nerve, did I?"

I tensed up.

"Just fucking admit it, Kayla. We grew up in the same house. We learned the same exact things growing up. And you've always been lying to yourself. You NEVER actually cared about them. All that 'feed the hungry' and whatever charity bullshit you kept on using OUR money for... If it was so useful, how come I still had to see homeless people every time I went downtown! No, I know WHY you did it. You wanted people to love you. You craved the attention. The admiration. And you wanted to be the more famous Kloss because of it!"

While saying this she raised her foot again, and swung it forward, covering a significant portion of the city below in shadow.

"And you know what the worst part is, Kayla? Nobody but me fucking saw it. Your stupid little charade worked! I used to be jealous of how much everyone loved you. But now I've learned something new. You know what's a hell of a lot better than love?"

She stamped her foot down, converting another city block into a footprint and sending debris exploding in every direction.


"Fear."
She stopped for a moment, letting the dust settle from her step. Her toes wiggled in the aftermath, bringing down more things that had narrowly reached safety between them. Then, with a sickening crunch and a cruel grin... she began to twist her foot from side to side, making sure that absolutely nothing survived underneath her intact.
"Look at it. These skyscrapers, this city. They're nothing compared to you and me now. We've ascended beyond the rest of humanity. We're basically God to these people! Everyone used to call me the shallow one, but you're the one who seems to put a lot of stock into what a bunch of fucking ANTS think about you! Am I wrong?"



I could only stare from my higher vantage as she took another step forward, casting another section of the city in shadow. I tensed up as I waited for the inevitable... then flinched when I heard it. Kaylee's foot came down again, and the process repeated. Her grin grew wider still, before she looked down at me once again.

"How long has it been since I started growing, Kayla? Because I'll tell you one thing. Anyone stupid enough to still be in the city at this point deserves to die. Hell, they probably want to die, don't they? Tiny little sick fucks hanging around, hoping that they'll be stepped on by a fucking celebrity. Maybe they'll get their 15 minutes of fame if they wind up on a list of casualties. I'm just giving them what the fucking want!"



"Well?"

I looked up at her... but couldn't find the words. I just stared at her intensely, and her grin never faded. With a shrug of the shoulders she lowered me again, before taking another step.

"Whatever. Like I care what you think. I'm going to destroy what's left of this city whether or not you like it or not, so you might as well enjoy the show!"



"What?"

The word leaves my mouth without thinking. She instantly turns me back to face her, waiting to hear more. I... I spoke without thinking. I was so used to replying to Kaylee saying stupid shit by pointing it out and I... I wasn't thinking!

"Go on."

"I was just... you told me to enjoy it, didn't you? I thought this was supposed to be a punishment for me!" I spat, angrier than I intended. Whether she noticed or not I'm not sure, but she simply lowered me again.


I was hoping for it to be a grand moment of self-reflection. Maybe something that realizes how manic she's being. But... she just chuckles, and lowers herself closer to the city.
"You never listen to me, Kayla. I said this was supposed to be a lesson. A lesson that WE matter, and THEY don't. Something that I keep trying to drill through your head over, and over and over again!"
"But-"


"If they mattered. If they were real people, I wouldn't be able to do this, would I?"
I was hoping she was going to stop crouching at some point but she simply didn't. Her ass continued to lower further, bringing it down to the massive city below as a space significantly larger than one of her feet was drenched in shadow. I thought of all the people beneath her, and hoped they'd be able to get to safety.


It simply wasn't to be, though. Kaylee's ass smashed into the ground, and who knows how many more buildings were turned to debris underneath it. It almost resembled a puddle the way literal tons of debris were launched up and around her ass after sitting down.
Her entire body jiggled from the impact, coming dangerously close to smacking me with one of her tits again, but I got lucky. Not that I should be thinking about that when...



"See?" Kaylee says, shocking me out of my train of thought. "Real people don't die from being sat on. Much less hundreds of them at the same time. That's literally ant behavior, Kayla! And I want you to look me in the eye right now and tell me you've watched your step every time you move outside to make sure you weren't stepping on ants."

Saying this, she grabbed a handful of her ass, and jiggled the massive thing. Her flesh rippled and the quaking ground brought down even more structures around her. I watched the whole thing, thinking about what she said.


"Are you seeing things my way yet, sis? Look at these stupid little things. These buildings just fall apart under me like tissue paper. They're not even good enough to be a proper seat. Now think about how much a picture of my ass would go for if the paparazzi managed to get one before. I'd say they're getting crushed under something worth more than any of them make in a year is a pretty sweet deal."
I was going to respond, but... something just happened. Something I didn't want to draw attention to... even though it was becoming increasingly difficult to ignore.


"Kayla?"
I kept my eyes down. After the jiggling of her tits had stopped upon sitting down, they were in a different position than they had been a moment prior. I wanted to tell Kaylee how poorly constructed her arguments were, but it was a bit difficult to focus with...
"At a loss for words, are you? That's okay." Kaylee laughs. "But-"



She kept talking, and in doing so continued to wiggle her ass against the ground. Again her colossal tits jiggled and wobbled from the movement, and my breath caught in my throat as her nipple repositioned itself, and slipped between my legs.

"Uhh, sis? Your-"

Her hand moved slightly, and I felt more of her tit push against my entire body. But more than that, I feel her nipple push directly into my clit, and slide against my pussy. The feeling is so nice... I hadn't realized how much I'd ignored my own sexual needs while watching Kaylee pleasure herself all day.

So it was a surprise to both of us when a moan slipped out of my mouth.



"Kayla?"

She looked at me. I looked back. My face was flushed red and she just grinned.

"Look at you. So angry you're practically red in the face!" She laughed. "Just think about it, sis. I probably killed hundreds of them just by shaking my ass around a little bit. And you know what? It actually feels good! If you got over yourself I'm sure you'd feel the same way. Just stop protesting, and have some fun already!"

While talking and continuing to wiggle her ass over the city Kaylee's nipple continues to dance along my pussy. I've already lost this fight. I can barely keep focus now. How am I so fucking sensitive right now? Am I going through the same thing Kaylee did, but I'd only been suppressing this part all along? Will it be more potent when I do climax because of it...?


"KAYLA!"
I gasped, the end of the sound transitioning into a low moan.
"Well? Do you feel bad about them, or not?"
"I feel... I, umm..." I stammered, trying but utterly failing to finish the statement. So I motion down between my legs with both hands, gasping for air all the while.


"What? Cat got your tongue? Where are you..."
Her eyes slowly trailed down my body, following my hands. Eventually she discovers where I was pointing, and gasps.
"Oh. Um. Oops. Yeah, it's pushing against your, umm... Sorry. That wasn't on purpose."


She slowly begins to pull me away... and an almost feral growl comes out of me.
"W-wait! I didn't... I didn't say stop!"



Kaylee looks back at me with one eyebrow raised. She tilts her head to the side for a moment, before looking back down at her nipple situated between my thighs. She thinks, before biting a bottom lip, and I feel like I have to say something.

"Sorry. Sorry... we shouldn't be doing this, Kaylee."

"No. We shouldn't." She whispers, before smiling once again. "But what have I been telling you all along? No one can judge us now, Kayla. We're the only people in this whole fucking city who matter now. Whatever we do is instantly made okay because it's US doing it. And I've made up my mind. I don't want to stop. Do you?"


"I..."
My heart races at the thought. This was wrong, but I was more turned on than I'd ever been in my entire life. And try as I might to try and logic my way out of it... she was right. Nobody is able to stop this. And, well..
I clenched my legs tighter, and grabbed hold of her nipple. The stimulation actually draws a gasp from Kayle as well, as she keeps her eyes on me.
"No. I don't want to stop..."


"Have you even gotten off since you started growing?" Kaylee asks, pushing me closer into her body. "Or have you been holding yourself back this entire time like a clown?"
"I... I..."
"Admit it." She continues, taunting me as she mashes more of my body into her tit. "You want it badly, don't you?"
"I need it... I fucking need it..."


Kaylee just offers me a wicked grin in lieu of a response.
"And you do realize that if we do this we're both going to get a lot bigger, right?"
"I... I considered it..."
"And that if we really go at it, we're going to kill a whole lot of people."
"Yeah..."
"And that it'll just be even easier to crush more things after growing?"
"S-Stop messing with me! Kaylee! Please!"



She smiled back at me, then brought me closer to her face. I thought she was going to bring me back down to her tits but instead we locked eyes, and I can see the cockiness gradually fade away. For a moment we stare at each other, and I can see her begin to bite her bottom lip after her nipple digs even more into my pussy.

"Be honest, Kayla. All that shit I just said. About how superior we are. About how many people are going to die just so we can fuck on top of LA... that kind of turned you on, didn't it?"

My lips quivered. The answer is no! I know it! It's... got to be! It has to be! I can't just be that cruel, and callous! I just have to say-

Kaylee smiles again.

"That's a yes if I've ever seen one."



She brings me closer to her face, and I instantly feel all of my resistance fade away. I grab hold of the sides of her face, while she pushes my face square into her lips. All thoughts of telling her off fade away as we share a moment. Something I didn't think was possible. Ever.

A loud moan echoes around me, and she turns this friendly lip-press into a proper kiss. For a moment she threatens to engulf my face, but stops at the last moment. Tormenting me is clearly not in her intentions right now.


Or so I thought. She still has that incredible size advantage, and she's eager to make use of it. But rather than a mean open-mouthed suck like I'd expected, her lips parted as we passionately embraced, and I almost gasp when I feel my face pop between them. It's surreal to be surrounded by Kaylee's teeth and tongue like this... but I'm also entirely okay with it. I just return the favor, putting as much into it as I can despite our size difference.


This isn't really something I expected to happen today. But I'd be lying if I said I hadn't considered it ever since I first saw how much bigger Kayla was getting. And the way she's mashing her entire body into my lips like a bitch in heat is something else. I'm sure if I kept this up long enough she'd probably orgasm just from this alone.
Me, though. I've had plenty of climaxes throughout the day. So I'm going to need a bit more than just a similarly-sized partner to finish me off.



There's skyscrapers all around me. Any one of them could do the job. There's no rhyme or reason to the one I picked. It's just something that happens to be the right size, so I grabbed it. It crumbles in my fingers as I rip it out of the ground, but remains intact enough for me to slowly raise it over my thigh, and bring it over to my pussy.

It's in bad shape, but I can't even pretend to give a fuck. It only has to stay in one piece long enough for me to get it into position. Whatever happens to it after that doesn't fucking matter.



Slowly, carefully, I start to move the skyscraper between my legs. In the process it falls apart even quicker, crumbling in my fingers. It just has to hold on a tiny bit longer... when I feel it. The tip of the building finally makes contact with my pussy, and my fingers twitch from the sudden sensation.

Instantly the building explodes all around the tips of my fingers. It wasn't even intentional and the stupid thing is fucking falling apart like it's made of dust! For a brief moment I'm so angry I want to just rip up a half-dozen more and try again... but it manages to stay intact.

Barely, but enough to continue working its way into me.


With that taken care of I can get back to what really matters. While my pussy casually devours the skyscraper my fingers are threatening to turn into scrap metal in the blink of an eye, my attention is focused much higher. If Kayla notices anything wrong, she doesn't show it in the slightest as she's only tightened her embrace around the sides of my face... and who am I to deny her what she really needs?
I've spent so much time today fucking countless people... I almost forgot what it's like to be with someone closer to my size. Not that Kayla's anywhere close to me, but considering there's hundreds of people the size of specks all around us, she's easily the closest.


She's completely into it, and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't as well. If anything I'm a bit annoyed I can't go into this harder. She may be a thousand times bigger than everyone else around me. I may not have to worry about splattering her into a red stain if I touch her too hard... but I still have to hold back. She's a delicate little thing, and I like to put a bit more force into it when I really get going.
I suppose that's what the little unfortunate people inside of the skyscraper are for.


They get to die for my pleasure, while Kayla suffers none of that. I still have to hold back from hugging her too tight or shoving too much of my tongue down her throat lest things turn bad... but I'm happy with things the way they are. So much so I need more, and if I can't get it from Kayla, then more of that skyscraper needs to get to work.
Pulling away from Kayla's face for a second she's gasping for air, looking up at me while gasping for air. Her hands are waving, eager for more, and I give her a playful wink, before locking lips once again. While at the same time, the skyscraper is buried even further into my pussy.


Until, with a surprise, I feel the entire thing implode. Chunks of cement, shards of glass, and I'm sure whatever idiots were still hiding around in there started to rain between my fingers and fall to the ground. It's...
Any other time today and this probably would have been frustrating. But right now?


I have something more important to tend to.
My fingers separating, I can feel the debris sift between them and fall. It really does feel like sand with the gritty texture, and the knowledge of what it really is keeps things hot. So I guess it's a good thing I have a replacement right here...
"Did you see that, Kayla?" I asked, wiggling my fingers in front of her so she could see the dust for herself. "Everything's too weak for us to use, now. Buildings can't even handle being touched. There's only one thing that can satisfy me now..."
She was panting. Looking up at me. Face completely flushed. Eager for more.
"...You. Are you ready?"


Her eyes darted around. She bites her bottom lip. She looks down at my tits, then slowly draws her eyes all the way back up to meet my face. There's other buildings around. If she really doesn't want to keep going I can keep snacking on them with my pussy until I've orgasmed, annoying as that extra bit of effort may be.
So I'm just glad that she responds with a subtle nod.
"Is that a yes?"
It obviously is. But... again. I want to hear it. Straight from her. Have her admit it out loud. Accept the situation she's in graciously, and enjoy it.
"Fuck, I do... I really fucking do..."


"I knew you did." I whispered, bringing her back up. She attempts to grab hold of the sides of my face again, but all I give her is a quick peck on the forehead, before spreading my legs even further. The sounds of destruction draw her attention back down, and a split-second later she's being moved into position. She's certainly far too big to shove inside of me in her entirety, but after this makes me grow more... Who knows what'll happen!
For now, her head will do.



"Take a deep breath."

She does exactly that, keeping her hands placed around my thighs to steady herself from the dangling position she's been left in. Despite her answering my question, she keeps her eyes front and center. My pussy is her entire world now, and I can feel from how she's trembling that she's a bit nervous as well.



I'm not sure her head can fit inside of me entirely. She must be wary as well. But at her size? She'll be fine. Worst that'll happen is a headache... probably.

I'm not going to just sit by and try to ease her in though. With how nervous she is it's best to handle this like a bandage. Rip it all off at once. Or in my case, ram her face-first into my pussy all in one go. She'll get over it. Hell, she might even like it. Kayla always was kind of a freak.

With one swift movement I mash her head into my pussy. She yelps in surprise for a moment, before a quick wiggle on my end lets her head pop inside of me entirely. Even easier than I expected.



But that's not all that happens. I've learned to recognize the sounds, and, more importantly, the feelings of someone screaming when I shove them into my pussy. The gentle vibrations, the frantic, panicked movements. It's all really fucking nice, but... there's none of that with Kayla.

Her little fists aren't beating at my thighs, trying to get me to release her. She's not screaming her lungs out, desperate for air. Her legs aren't even bicycling in the air trying to find some footing to pull herself free with. Just to make sure... I give her a bit more of a push and let her slide even further inside.

Her hands are instead gliding across my thighs, and it feels like she's trying to burrow herself even deeper, the horny little slut. It also feels like she's moaning in pleasure with how rough I'm shoving her down into there.


It's tempting to slide a finger between her legs to see firsthand whether or not I'm right, but that'd be a waste.. I know what's going on. I know how fucking turned on she is right now. And if she's into it, then I know I can certainly turn things up.
"Hold on tight, Kayla..." I whispered, giving her a firmer squeeze with my fist and forcing her into my pussy up to the shoulders. The sudden burst of stimulation makes my toes curl while a familiar sensation comes over me.
Looking down again, I keep my pussy spread with one hand while admiring the sight of Kayla sticking out of me. All the while another orgasm keeps building through me.


How the fuck has Kayla gone all day not experiencing this once?! I've done it over a dozen times since growing and I can't fucking get enough! The feeling of ultimate power over someone else being used as a sex toy. The electric sensation of growth traveling through every inch of my body. The sounds of devastation as more of the city is consumed under me without any exertion. It's fucking intoxicating, and I'll never apologize for enjoying it.
"I SAID HOLD ON TIGHT!" I shouted as she built me up towards yet another climax. The sound of my voice seems to have an effect on her, and she's finally kicking with far more ferocity than she had up to this point. It still wasn't in my intention to hurt her, but I tried the whole willing sex toy thing out for a bit, and honestly.
I like it more if they at least pretend to fight back.


It's not the same as shoving handfuls of people into me, but she more than does the job. I can feel my body expanding further as another climax travels through me. This one's not as loud or explosive as the others, but I have a partner to take care of now. I can't go slamming my fists and feet everywhere like normal. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I seriously injured Kayla during all this.
So when my growth pushes me past the point that I feel Kayla's shoulders slip into my pussy, I'm ready to take advantage. One hand groping these massive fucking tits I get to feel at all times, while the other forces more of Kayla's upper body inside of me. Right past her own tiny, but still big for her size chest.



"Keep going, Kayla!" I tell her, spreading my legs to take better advantage of her. She's really kicking and flailing now after she loses more of her upper body inside of me, but she'll make it. She's got to realize by this point that I'm nowhere near big enough to shove her inside of mer in her entirety.

While she's fighting back, I keep trying to get more of her into me, but it's not long at all before I reach another stopping point.


Though I hope that situation changes very soon. I try to ease her further, but it's not happening fast enough. I spread my legs as far apart as I possibly can, barely even registering the massive swath of destruction I carved through the city doing just that. All in the service of ramming a few more inches of my living, fighting sex toy inside of me.
With a sudden jolt, I nearly fell back entirely, having to gasp for air. My vision goes blurry as the terrified screams and sounds of the world around me fade away. All I can hear is the sounds of my breathing... and the wet, sloshy sounds of Kayla being swirled around my pussy like a plaything.


I try to spread my legs even further, hoping I can coax a bit more of Kayla into me. But it's not working fast enough, so I lean back, hoping the angle gets me more. Before I can be sure I'm making any progress though, I feel something poke into my back.
It's a shock at first, and it makes my body jolt in surprise. I hadn't been expecting it, and for a split-second I was so lost in my own little world I couldn't figure out what it was. Then the sounds of windows breaking, concrete smashing, and tiny screams gradually came back to me. Throwing me out of my reverie, and reminding me of where I was. A massive, unstoppable giantess taking advantage of another giantess. So big that simply leaning back was killing thousands more people.
The reminder hits harder than I thought.


Another jolt of growth runs through my body. My pussy clenches tightly around Kayla, and I can feel an instant of panic run through her as the game grows all too real. Much as I'd like to press the advantage, I relent. But the effort finally makes me lose my precarious balance, and I drop to the ground in my entirety.
I'd had fun earlier walking in the city, admiring what my footprints alone were able to do to the city around me. But my entire upper body laying flat on the ground puts that to absolute shame. I have to grab my tits to stop them from flopping onto my face, while a rumbling moan breaks hundreds of windows close to my face.


But it doesn't stop just when I hit the ground. In an instant a massive explosion of smoke, dust, and debris spreads around me like a tidal wave, setting off a wave of secondary disasters. The entire area is instantly made uninhabitable for anyone but me and Kayla. I try turning my head to the side to better see it all firsthand, but I can't see much of anything from my position.
I hope the little fuckers on the ground enjoyed the sights though. Imagine having a front row seat to this, just to have it all taken away by a massive cloud of dust. Sucks for them!



But it's not exactly the only part of me being overwhelmed by pleasure. I'm caught between two different sizes right now, and Kayla reminds me of how things were earlier in the day. Back when I was only as tall as a building, and I could actually use bodies like this. It's almost nostalgic in a way, especially with how...

With how much she's struggling now.

"Kayla!" I shouted, keeping my eyes closed the whole time. "Calm down!"



She doesn't. Seems like there's a real panic for her now, but that's her own problem. I told her I'm not going to hurt her, and if she's got the memory of a goldfish then she can deal with it.

Besides, she's doing a wonderful fucking job. She was helping me build towards another orgasm, and this one seemed like it was going to be a real kicker. Something a lot more intense. A lot more powerful than the others I'd just had. Wiggling my ass on the ground while lying down and curling my toes keeps the tension high, and... and...

Finally... it hits.



"FUUUUUUUUUCK!!!!"

I can't explain it, but this one just feels so much more intense. So much harder than all the others today. My entire body starts shaking, sending ripples through the fucking ground with how big and heavy I am now. Massive clouds of smoke explode around me. My voice shatters every window nearby, and I'm sure basically every single eardrum in a massive radius around me. My pussy feels like it's on fire, and Kayla suddenly becomes significantly easier to move around as she gets completely drenched in cum.

It hits me like a bolt of lightning. A flash in the pan as tingles course all around my entire body.


I gasped for air, not even realizing I had been holding my breath since that initial scream. My entire body relaxes... when Kayla's movements suddenly reignite the furnace that I thought had just been put out. A second, even stronger orgasm builds up in record time, and I arched my head back to try and prepare for it, before slamming it back onto the ground. A fresh wave of destruction reminds me of how fucking big I am all over again, and my pussy clenches tightly onto Kayla once again as I douse her in another serving of cum.
For ten long seconds I lay there afterwards, panting, hoping that Kayla's going to bring me to a third orgasm in as many minutes... but nothing.



"Fun's over, I guess..." I whispered, looking back down past my tits to the legs kicking out from between my thighs. It was cute how she kept trying to fight back even now, but I wasn't lying to her. I'm a very honest person! I said I wasn't going to hurt her, and if she's in real distress right now... I should relent.

Taking a deep breath, I gradually ease Kayla out of my pussy. It's surprisingly easy given how soaked she is at this point, and with a wet splat she is finally free once more. She's still gasping for air when I bring her closer up to my tits and let her rest on them, but there's no fear or pain in her face as I do so.

"I wasn't too rough?"

Her eyes slowly turn to look at me, and she only smiles back.


"Too rough...?" She says, drawing the words out before licking her lips. "Not a fucking chance."
"Oh really?" I asked, giving my tit a jiggle so she flopped around on top of it for a moment. "I could tell you were really kicking around down there for a bit."
"You were rough... but that was also what made it so fucking hot." She whispers, hugging my boob tightly like it was a security blanket. "And... I wish I'd been doing this all along."



"Oh?" I asked, picking her up from my chest and bringing her closer to my face.

"Yeah. It was... it was so hot! But now that I helped you out... are you going to hold up your end of the bargain?"

I lowered her a bit, letting one of her tits pop between my lips for a moment. She moaned in surprise, placing both her hands onto the sides of my face again for stabilization.

"You want to see what this big tongue of mine can do to your pussy, now?"

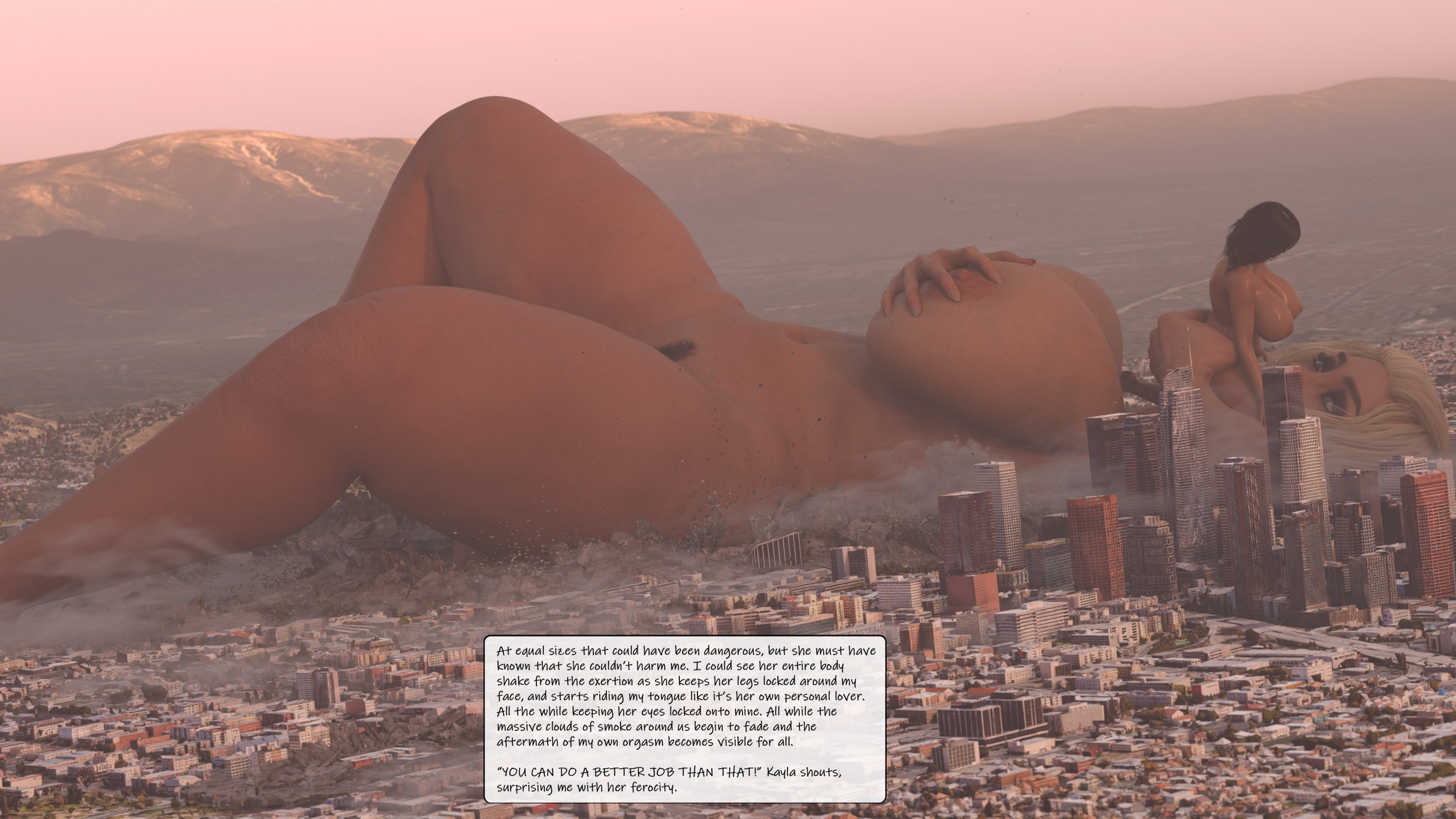
"That and a whole lot more..."


"So you want me to do... this?"
She's so easy to manipulate at this size. One finger is all it takes to get her sitting up again. Another spreads her legs, and a rotation of the wrist has her looking down on me for once today. While straddling my face she keeps looking down, eyes full of need as she waits for me to get to work.
"Beg."
She tries to do so, but only a whimper escapes her lips before my tongue darts out from between my lips and presses onto her tiny pussy.



She instantly arches her back, overwhelmed by pleasure... but I don't want her to treat this like I'm some kind of toy. My index finger pushes into her back again, and after only a second of staring up at the sky she's looking back down at me again. Filling her entire view, reminding her of where this pleasure is coming from.

"Kaylee...!" She gasps, trying to contain herself as her thighs start to squeeze the sides of my face.



At equal sizes that could have been dangerous, but she must have known that she couldn't harm me. I could see her entire body shake from the exertion as she keeps her legs locked around my face, and starts riding my tongue like it's her own personal lover. All the while keeping her eyes locked onto mine. All while the massive clouds of smoke around us begin to fade and the aftermath of my own orgasm becomes visible for all.

"YOU CAN DO A BETTER JOB THAN THAT!" Kayla shouts, surprising me with her ferocity.


Then she really lets it all out. Her hands reach towards my face, and though I expected her to use me for leverage, she instead grabs a double fistful of my hair. Treating them like a horse's reins she pulls up, driving her pussy even more forcefully onto a tongue far too big to penetrate her.
"Come on, Kaylee! You can do... more than that!" She gasps, tits bouncing as she bucks on my face like a mechanical bull.


Didn't expect her to be quite that fiery! She's taken full control at this point... or as much she can given her size. She 's grinding her pussy against my tongue like it's the only thing keeping her alive as her entire body starts bouncing from the effort.


She may be the one getting herself off but... I have to admit. It was turning me on too. Not that the entire situation wasn't hot, but the way that she fought so hard to stay in control.I appreciate her really putting the effort in, and it's getting me hot all over again. I don't know how I can get back into the mood so quickly after I just fucking came, but I'm not questioning it, and I don't see any reason to doubt a good thing.
Sorry to anyone below who thought they were getting through this in one piece, but when my legs shift again more of the city falls apart so I can send the fingers of my free hand back down between my legs.


The erotic scene plays out for a minute, but Kayla's movements are ferocious and borderline violent the way she rides me. I would be alarmed, but I don't actually have anything to fear so I'll let her do as she pleases. I've become pretty fucking adept at getting myself off throughout today, but even I'm surprised when Kayla's body tightens up atop my face.
She actually climaxed faster than me! I'm so proud!


It's my first time really seeing this, up-close, though. Almost like a miniature view of what everyone around me saw every time I grew over them. Every part of Kayla grows on top of me. Her meager grip strength tightens. The weight on my face increases, nearly forcing me back to the ground.
All the while, she's in fucking heaven. Riding me like there's no tomorrow. She's not even aware of how much and how quickly she's growing right now.
That's how it starts.



But before I can really think about how much things are going to change for her when she really gets into it, the weight on my face suddenly increases dramatically. I gasped in surprise, bringing another moan from Kayla who increases the speed at which she's rubbing her pussy onto my lips. She's growing so fucking fast it's only a second before her feet slam into the city around my head, and she's practically having to squat to keep herself on me.

The up-close sounds of destruction, fear, and terror rained onto people that wasn't caused by me is something else. For a moment I think of what we could do together if we teamed up and reigned over all of humanity... and the thought sends a tingle through my pussy.

She needs to get bigger. Much, much bigger.


Kayla's new weight forces my head to the ground as she continues to ride my face. Her dominance slowly fading as she's consumed by pleasure, nearing a climax of her own. I keep bringing her closer as best I can, all while she keeps her eyes locked onto me.
I want to force her head back down to kiss again with all that amorous staring, but I'm also more interested in seeing her grow more. The city all around is suffering for our pleasure, but Kayla's the only thing that matters to me right now.
Her legs tighten around my face again, and she places both hands atop my head to keep me pinned while her entire body shudders.


"Ohh... FUCK!" Kayla screams as her new, massive size settles onto my face. Both of our bodies are thoroughly soaked in sweat, as huge clouds kick up around ground zero of our lovemaking. It's difficult to see Kayla through the smoke, while she slows herself down and rides out a residual orgasm atop my face.
Another, smaller orgasm rocks through my own body, but I let Kayla have her moment. She keeps panting, looking around, and eventually returning to meet my eyes as she comes down from a world-changing orgasm. She keeps panting, trying to catch her breath, while I lie there, giving her the opportunity to really ride this out as long as possible.
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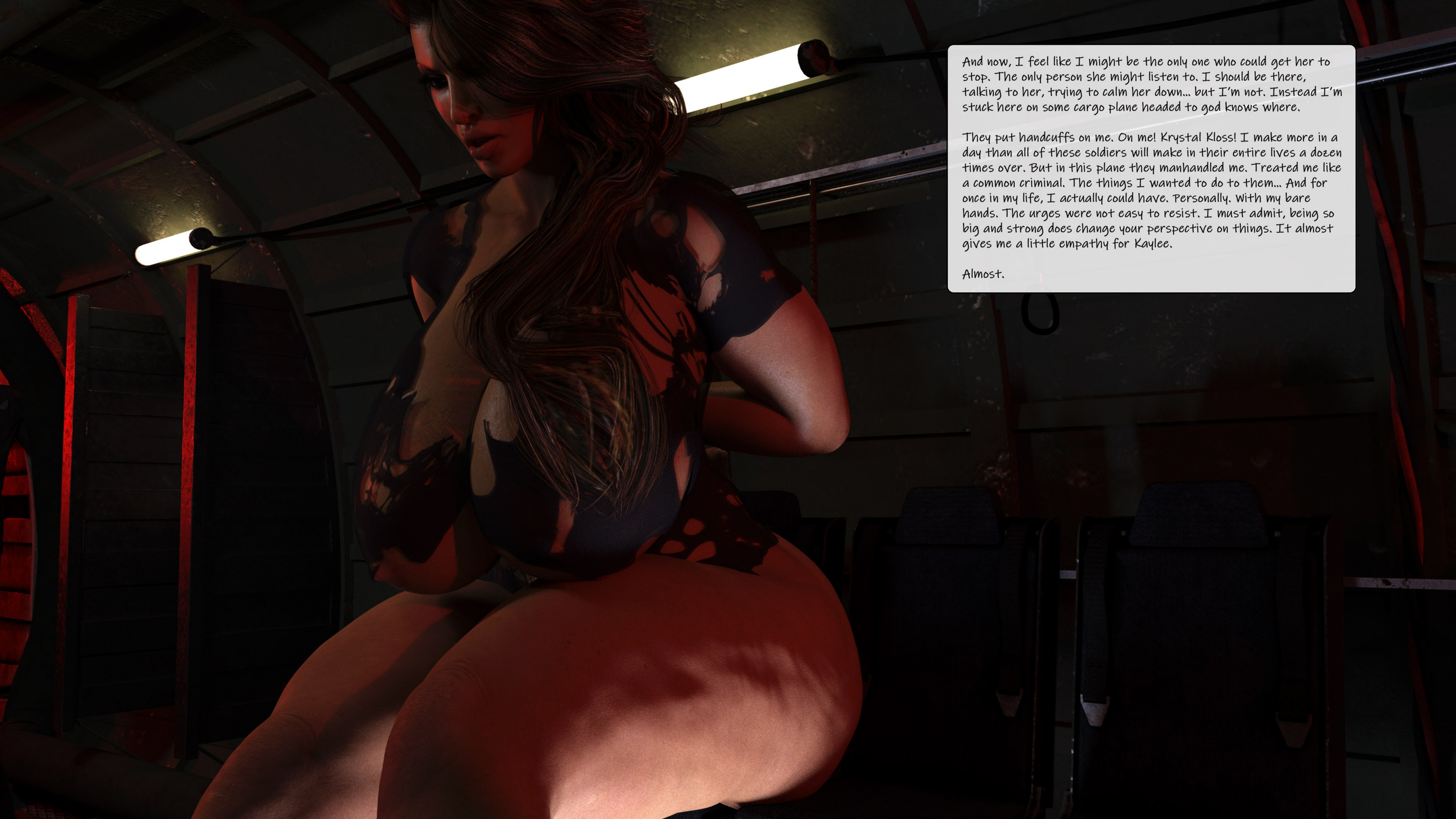

And just when it seemed like she was finished she clamps back around my head for dear life, and screams straight up yet again. The sound echoes around the ruined city surrounding the both of us, while her legs quiver atop me.
I'm thinking I did a way better job than Anna ever could have.



I don't think I could have done a worse job as a parent.

Not with my dear, beautiful Kayla, of course. She's been nothing but wonderful. But with Kaylee... the warning signs were there. Even if I never suspected that something like this would happen... she'd always been a little terror. I always ignored it. Pushed it off. Assumed it was just a phase, and things would improve as she matured... but it just got worse. When she was young I spoiled her because my love blinded me to her problems. I should have put my foot down, but once the cameras got involved... I tolerated it.

Because her brattiness was ratings gold.



And now, I feel like I might be the only one who could get her to stop. The only person she might listen to. I should be there, talking to her, trying to calm her down... but I'm not. Instead I'm stuck here on some cargo plane headed to god knows where.

They put handcuffs on me. On me! Krystal Kloss! I make more in a day than all of these soldiers will make in their entire lives a dozen times over. But in this plane they manhandled me. Treated me like a common criminal. The things I wanted to do to them... And for once in my life, I actually could have. Personally. With my bare hands. The urges were not easy to resist. I must admit, being so big and strong does change your perspective on things. It almost gives me a little empathy for Kaylee.

Almost.


My handcuffs are tight. I shake my hands to test their strength. They're sturdy, but they were designed for someone much smaller than me. Someone weaker. Could I break out of them? Yeona did, but she was bigger than I am now. Could I grow out of them? I don't think anything is stopping me except my own restraint... but I don't want to do anything that might get me shot, either.
Even if I get the sneaking suspicion that a few bullets wouldn't be enough to put me down.


I glance over at the soldiers. They stare right back at me, though thankfully keep their weapons lowered. The government man is with them, talking on the phone. The plane is too loud for me to make out what he's saying, but it must be something important. I don't know which 3-letter agency he's with. FBI? CIA? Hell, maybe even the DHS. Either way, he seems important... And dangerous.

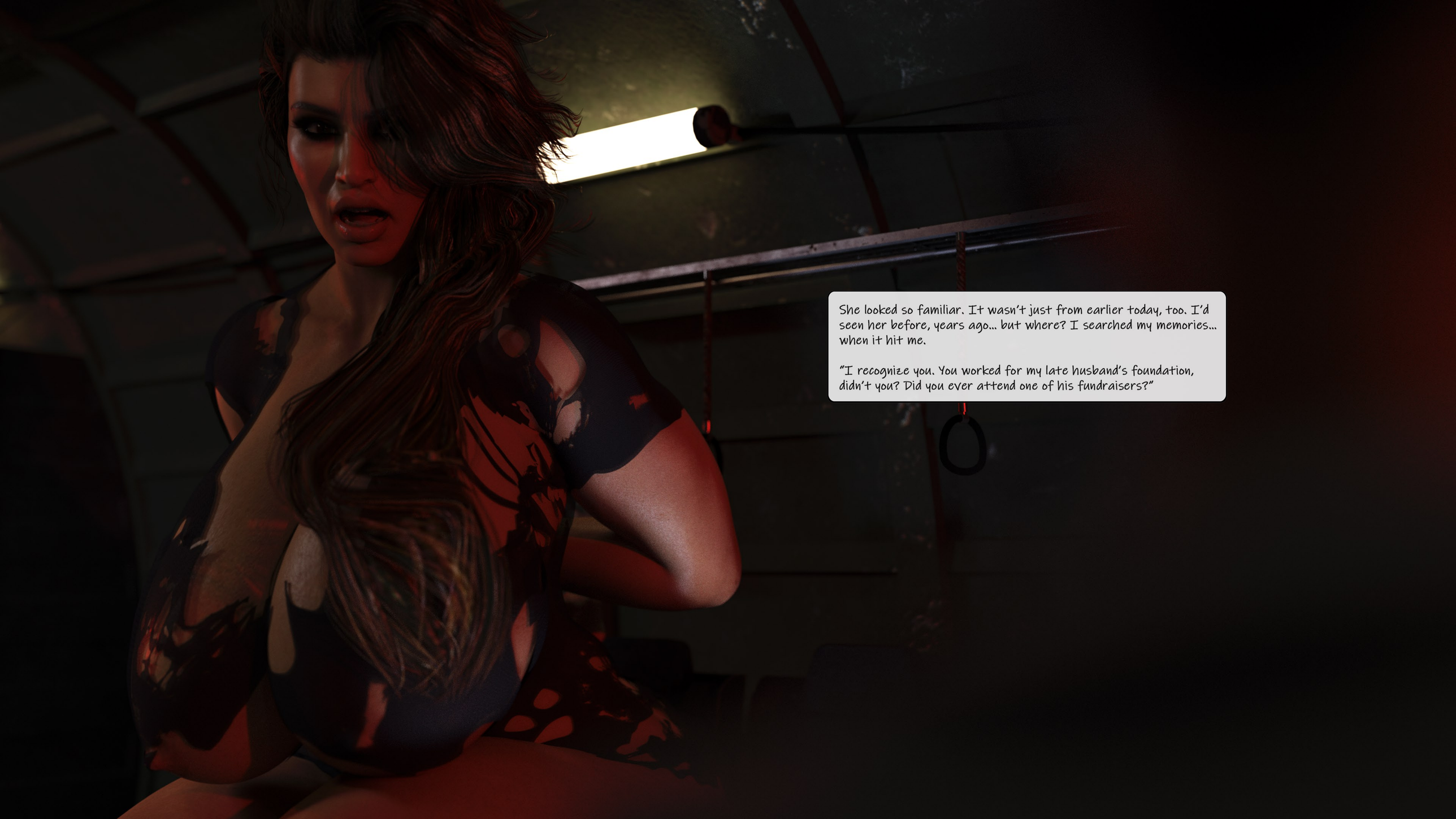


I look back over at the lab tech, who was typing away on her laptop. I don't know if I'd say that I trust her... but I already let her stick a needle in my arm and take a blood sample. So that's something, I guess.

"Hey." I said, distracting her. "Are you done with those tests yet? Anything interesting with my blood? Anything that will turn Kay-, my daughters back to normal?"

She sighed, and rubbed her temples.

"Were it only that simple." she began. "Analyzing a sample and finding out how it's different from normal blood? That's the easy part. Figuring out how to counteract, reverse, or even fucking stop it... that could take considerably longer. Maybe even too long, given the rate that things keep happening. I'm still just trying to make sense of things. Your blood test was normal except the blood cells were bigger than they should have been. Radiation levels were unusual, but not to the extent that all of this would be happening..."


She looked so familiar. It wasn't just from earlier today, too. I'd seen her before, years ago... but where? I searched my memories... when it hit me.
"I recognize you. You worked for my late husband's foundation, didn't you? Did you ever attend one of his fundraisers?"



She was taken aback. "Yes, I did! I met you at one, and... I didn't think that you would still remember!" She dropped her laptop on the chair next to her, and hopped to her feet.

I laughed. "I'm not the idiot that TV executives have decided to portray me as. I may meet a lot of people, but I never forget a face. So what else are you hiding... Jessica, was it?"

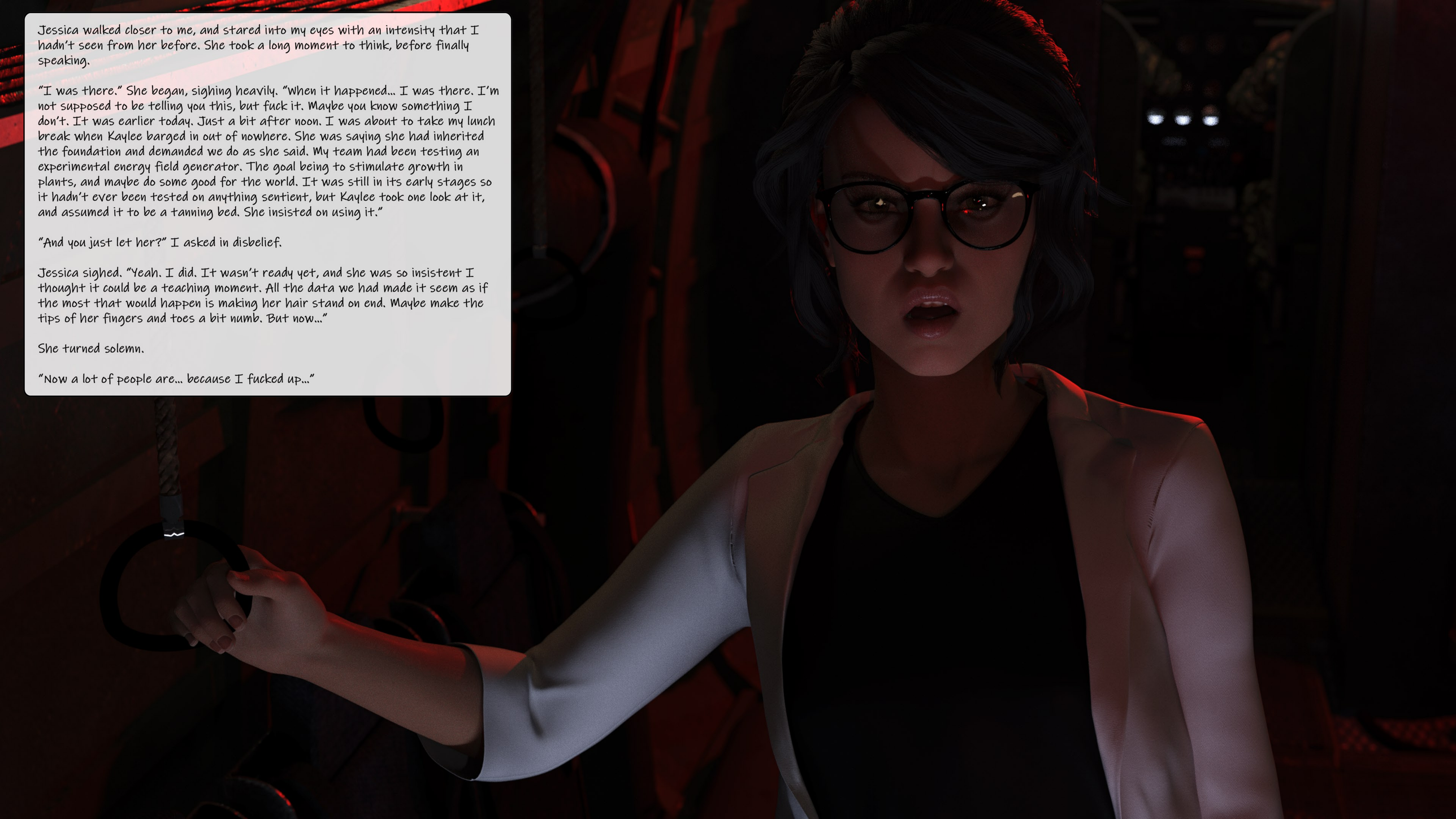
"Yeah, that's right." she said, her posture easing with a shrug. "Did you have any other questions about the sample? I want you to be at ease, and know that we have the best of intentions."



"I want to know what happened to Kaylee," I said. "What made her grow. I get the feeling you know more than you're letting on..."

It was a bluff. It was too dark for me to hope to read into expression to any reasonable degree, but if she was hiding something I would get it out of her. If nothing else I was an excellent interrogator in a boardroom.

Our eyes met, and I stared her down with utter conviction. Even if she didn't answer... her reaction could tell me something.



Jessica walked closer to me, and stared into my eyes with an intensity that I hadn't seen from her before. She took a long moment to think, before finally speaking.

"I was there." She began, sighing heavily. "When it happened... I was there. I'm not supposed to be telling you this, but fuck it. Maybe you know something I don't. It was earlier today. Just a bit after noon. I was about to take my lunch break when Kaylee barged in out of nowhere. She was saying she had inherited the foundation and demanded we do as she said. My team had been testing an experimental energy field generator. The goal being to stimulate growth in plants, and maybe do some good for the world. It was still in its early stages so it hadn't ever been tested on anything sentient, but Kaylee took one look at it, and assumed it to be a tanning bed. She insisted on using it."

"And you just let her?" I asked in disbelief.

Jessica sighed. "Yeah. I did. It wasn't ready yet, and she was so insistent I thought it could be a teaching moment. All the data we had made it seem as if the most that would happen is making her hair stand on end. Maybe make the tips of her fingers and toes a bit numb. But now..."

She turned solemn.

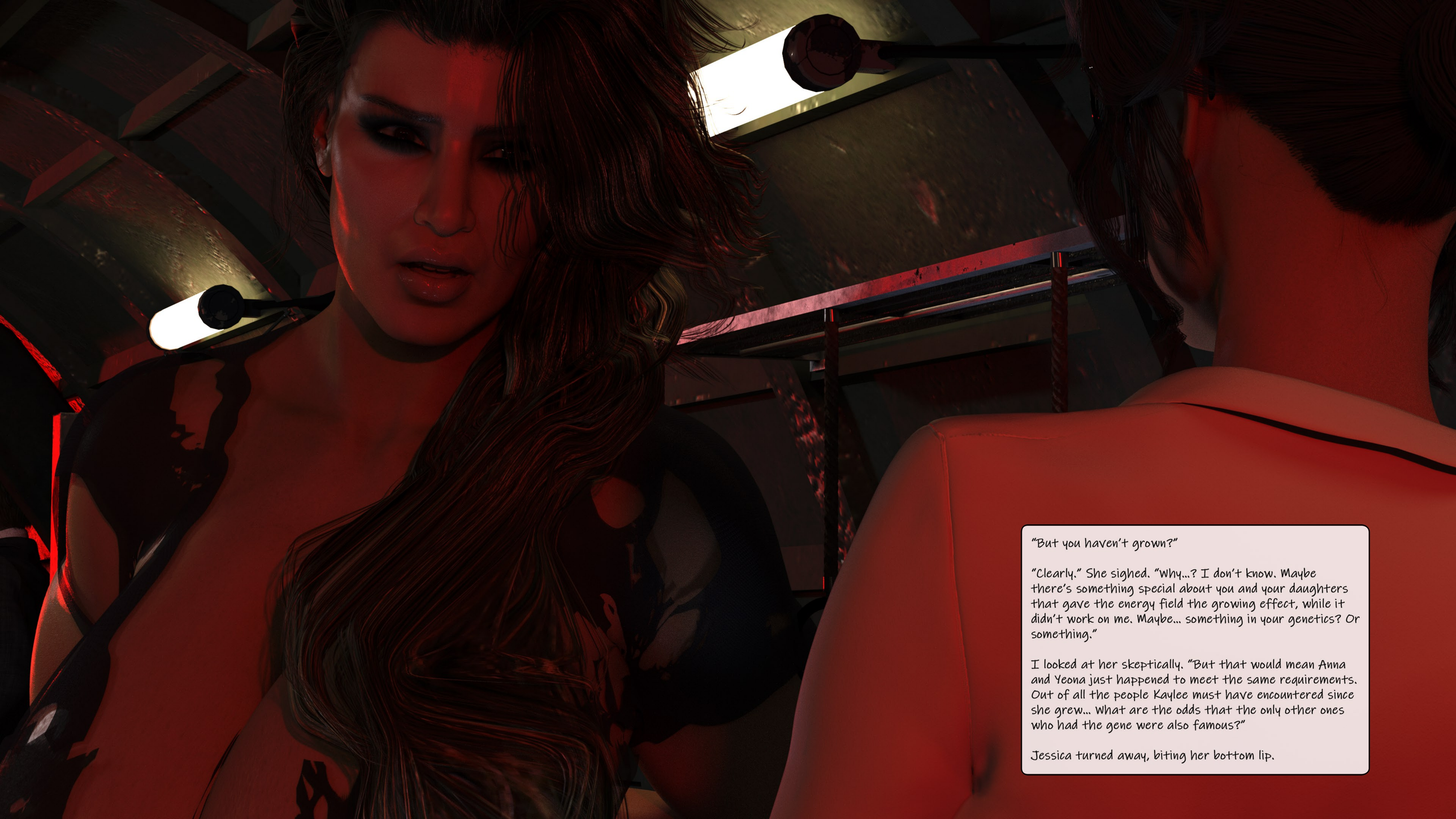
"Now a lot of people are... because I fucked up..."


"I was the only one from the lab who survived Kaylee's rampage." Jessica said, rubbing her temples again. "I wanted to make sure that what happened to Kaylee wouldn't happen to anyone else. See, the energy field generator was powered by an extremely rare type of crystal. As soon as I was sure Kaylee wasn't coming back I stopped hiding and went back to secure it. "


"Secure it? With what?"
"Special container. That was what made the experiment so fascinating. The power source seemed capable of many things, but it was also portable. At least, that's what the higher ups had said. I hadn't ever actually seen it myself, but I had been given instructions on how to retrieve it if I ever had to, along with a unique containment device. Something so shielded it could be used to store 20 pounds of plutonium and carried out into the streets at no risk to anyone."


"But something happened, didn't it?"
Jessica nodded.
"The backup generators had already come online, and given how important the work we do is... well, it takes more than one person to power them down. So I made the decision to go ahead while it was still powered on. I made my way over to the 'tanning bed,' and climbed inside, the same way that Kaylee had less than an hour earlier. I know that sounds like a bad idea, but again... all our data made one thing clear. Nothing would happen. The capacitors had been discharged, and should take a day to recharge at the absolute earliest."
"Let me guess. They went off."


"Yeah, they did. I can't explain it. It defies all laws of science. I don't know what triggered it, but as soon as I was lying in the thing it fired off yet again. It lasted only a second, but that didn't matter. I was hit, and I took just as much radiation as Kaylee..."

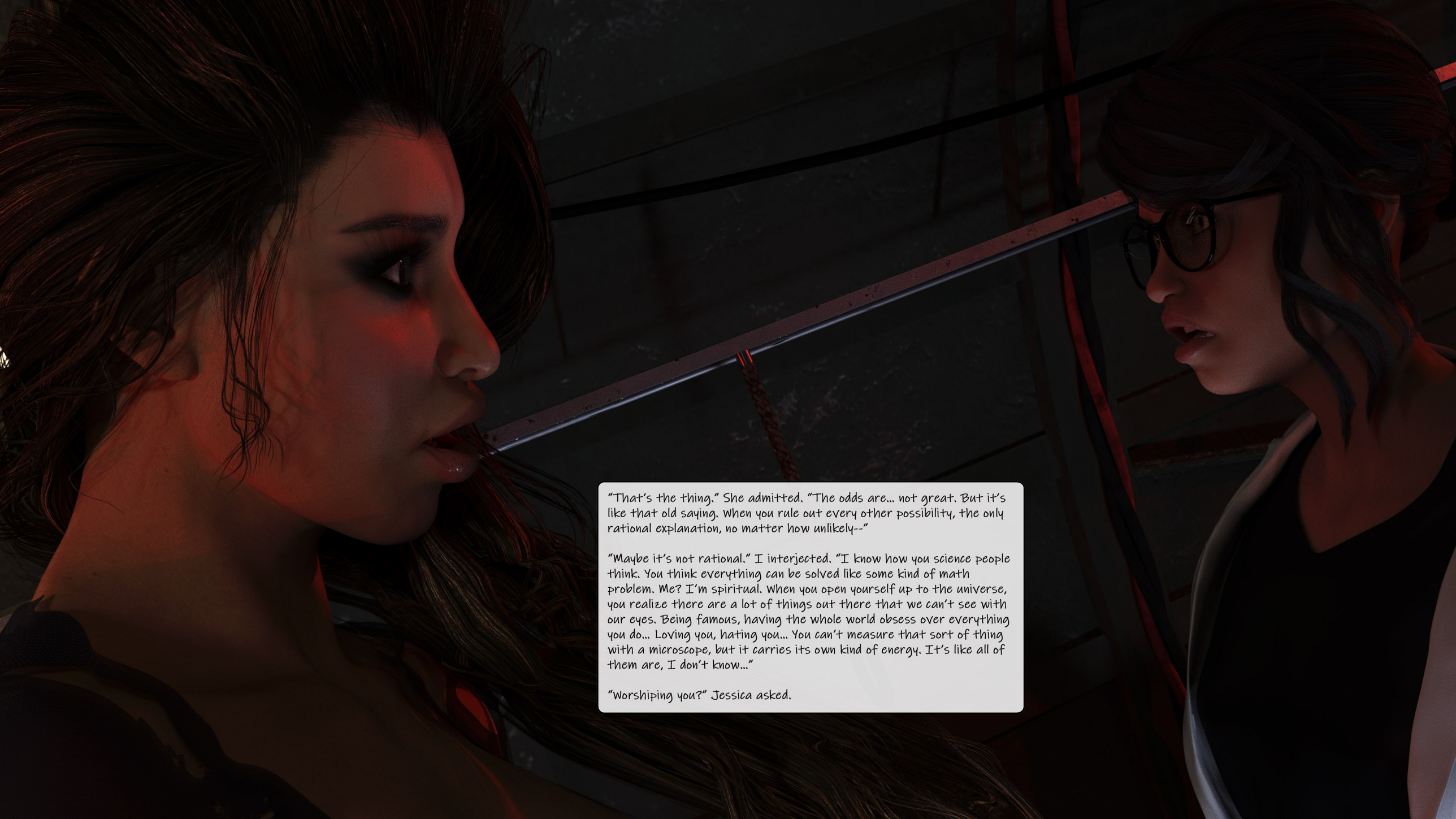


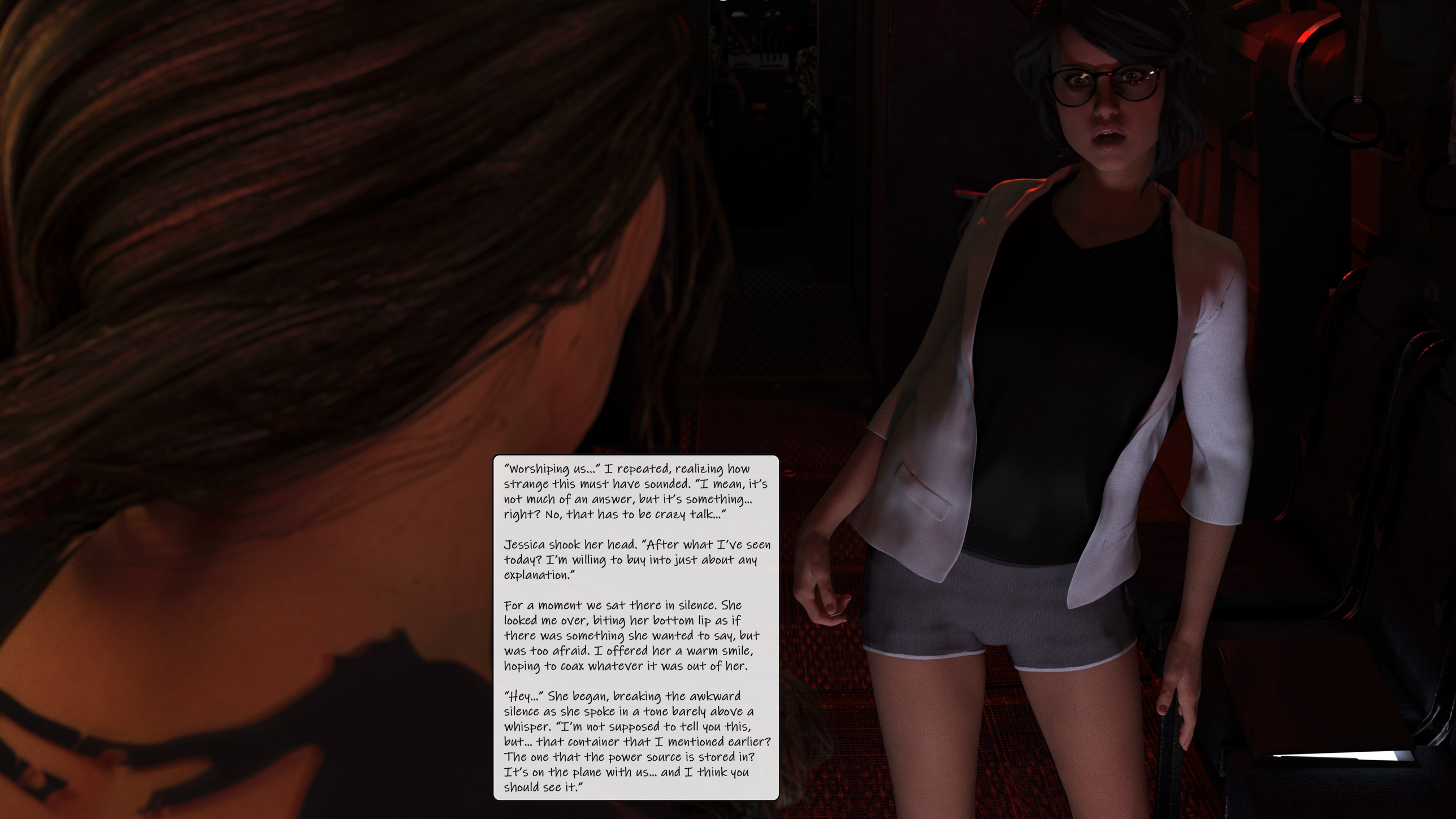
"But you haven't grown?"

"Clearly." She sighed. "Why...? I don't know. Maybe there's something special about you and your daughters that gave the energy field the growing effect, while it didn't work on me. Maybe... something in your genetics? Or something."

I looked at her skeptically. "But that would mean Anna and Yeona just happened to meet the same requirements. Out of all the people Kaylee must have encountered since she grew... What are the odds that the only other ones who had the gene were also famous?"

Jessica turned away, biting her bottom lip.


"That's the thing." She admitted. "The odds are... not great. But it's like that old saying. When you rule out every other possibility, the only rational explanation, no matter how unlikely--"
"Maybe it's not rational." I interjected. "I know how you science people think. You think everything can be solved like some kind of math problem. Me? I'm spiritual. When you open yourself up to the universe, you realize there are a lot of things out there that we can't see with our eyes. Being famous, having the whole world obsess over everything you do... Loving you, hating you... You can't measure that sort of thing with a microscope, but it carries its own kind of energy. It's like all of them are, I don't know..."
"Worshiping you?" Jessica asked.


"Worshiping us..." I repeated, realizing how strange this must have sounded. "I mean, it's not much of an answer, but it's something... right? No, that has to be crazy talk..."
Jessica shook her head. "After what I've seen today? I'm willing to buy into just about any explanation."
For a moment we sat there in silence. She looked me over, biting her bottom lip as if there was something she wanted to say, but was too afraid. I offered her a warm smile, hoping to coax whatever it was out of her.
"Hey..." She began, breaking the awkward silence as she spoke in a tone barely above a whisper. "I'm not supposed to tell you this, but... that container that I mentioned earlier? The one that the power source is stored in? It's on the plane with us... and I think you should see it."


I don't know how long the two of us kept lying there in the aftermath of what we'd just done. The pleasant weight of Kayla's body atop my face was nice, so it was a bit disappointing when she finally cleared her throat and stepped off of me. Her entire body shimmered in the setting sun as she suddenly took on an uncomfortable stance.
"Where do you think you're going?"
"I'm... look at me, Kaylee. I'm still soaked in your juices and my sweat. I should really go and clean off... and... I need some time to collect my thoughts, okay? Which way is Silver Lake? "Wait, nevermind. I see it!" She said, taking a step.


It was one thing to see her stand there and say she needed time to herself, but as soon as she took that first step, something snapped inside of me. After all we've been through today. After what we JUST did. After all that growth I so graciously gifted her, she's going to just... just walk away? Did that moment mean nothing to her?
"Wait, Kayla! I... don't go yet! I need you!" It wasn't the most compelling argument, but I just... I just didn't want her to go...
"Kaylee!" She shouted as she looked back at me. "I'm... that was... look. It was hot, but... you were a little rough, and I don't know if I can take something like that again. Just... give me some time, okay?"


She took another step, and my heart sank. After everything we'd just been through she just... no! I didn't- I went through SO fucking much today trying to reunite with her. I gave her the time of her life, and our relationship is better than ever...! It's...
"Kayla!" I said, grabbing her by the shoulder. "I'm... sorry."
She looked genuinely surprised. As if that were the first time she'd ever heard me say the words. So I said them again.
"Look, I'm... I'm sorry, alright? I'll be gentler this time. I promise."


For a moment she blushed, before trying to push my hand away.
"Would you? I don't think you even know the meaning of the word!"
"I didn't hurt you though! Just like I said I wouldn't-"
"I'm not talking about me." She snapped back. "I mean, how many people have you killed today!"


"Again with this- They're not people, sis! They're-
"THEY ARE!" She shouts back.
I thought she was fucking getting this by now! With a flash of anger I instantly regretted I gave her a shove, throwing her from her feet.


For a moment she seemed to hover in the air, casting an untouched section of the city beneath her in shadow. A section that was, until this exact moment, relatively safe. Far away enough from myself and Kaylee's actions that it wasn't in danger of the aftershocks, but close enough to be able to actually see.
No more. Kayla's comparatively massive ass dropped onto the city below, and the buildings in her path exploded. Kayla herself yelped in surprise, but not out of pain.



She's so big now that as soon as her ass makes contact with the ground the displaced air rocketing out from underneath her is actually visible thanks to all the smoke. A shockwave that claims countless buildings that she didn't land on directly spreads in every direction, while likely bouncing cars and people alike dozens of feet into the air. I'll never know how many of the little ones died from that casual moment, but that's the whole point. You can't just live your life worrying about them anymore!

I've been trying to tell her this for what seems like fucking days. She's better than them, and that fall cements it. She winces on impact, but that's more from the sound, or the sudden fall. But more importantly, she's alive. No broken bones. Not even a cut on her skin. She did all that with only the assistance of gravity.

She. Is. Better. Than. Them.


She sits there for a moment, looking at her hands, and the prints she'd left behind on the city. At the dust caked all over them, before she looked back at me.
"What the hell was that for, Kaylee?! You could have hurt me!"
"But I didn't!" I replied with a grin. "That was nothing, and you know it. You're perfectly fine. I was only proving a point. That YOU cared more about hurting your fat ass than you did about the people underneath it! Why else did you try to catch yourself with your hands?"
"I..." She says, eyes growing wide at the realization.



"I'll tell you what, Kayla. I'm going to crawl over to you, and we're going to continue what we were just doing. In order to do that, I'm going to have to crawl over a lot of these stupid little buildings."

She didn't say anything. She just stared at me as I leaned forward, my extra-large tits swinging forward and plowing through a half-dozen skyscrapers in the blink of an eye. The dust rained over my tits and to the ground below, but I kept my eyes on her the whole time.

"If you really want me to stop, I will. Just say the word..."


Kayla opens her mouth. A sound comes out, but it's certainly not a word. For a moment she's looking me in the eye, trying to say something... but it quickly fades. Her eyes gradually move lower, and focus onto my tits, watching as they bobbed around. How they swung around so heavily. How they battered apart buildings in my path.

She swallows, then turns her eyes back up to me. Her mouth is still open, and her breath quickens as I continue my approach. She's completely enthralled by what's happening in front of her.


"Just say the word, Kayla. Stop. And I will." I tell her, continuing to crawl forward. Continuing to turn more of this once-proud skyline into a wasteland with my tits. Continuing to draw nearer so we could touch once again.
"I-"
I paused, letting her continue.
She doesn't.
"That's not what I'm looking for." I whispered back, continuing my crawl ahead. "But that's about what I expected. You want to get off more than you want me to stop sacrificing them just to move forward, don't you?"


She stares ahead, watching as my tits bulldoze through buildings. Tiny bodies rain from the upper floors all around me, while the sheer scale of my massive chest dwarfs the skyscrapers themselves. Her body quivers as I get closer, but she's too utterly enthralled.
"How many people do you think are in each of these buildings, Kayla? Hundreds? Maybe even thousands, if they're tall enough. All that space... all those lives... and they're smaller than just one of my tits. But... I think I'll stop now. I can tell you don't really want this after all."


Her eyes went wide at the suggestion, and her jaw dropped.
That's more like it.
"Unless... You want me to keep coming after all? Is that it? But crawling ahead would mean you're placing your own sexual needs above their lives... Surely that's not what you want, right?"


While she's busy thinking over my offer, I keep crawling right on ahead. These pathetic little things are so fragile at this point that I don't even have to put any effort. The natural swinging of my tits from my movements turn them into wrecking balls. Huge and heavy enough to plow through the entire skyline without even being slowed.
Awkward as it may be to crawl like this, tits dragging across the ground, it feels fucking nice. Kayla may have gotten me off earlier, but I keep doing this and it won't be long before I'm ready to make use of her again.


"Need some more time to think about it?"
The gap between the two of us continued to close, and I was erasing more of the city around me in the process. Though I may lose a bit of interaction with people every time I grow, it also feels very nice to have every part of my body become that much bigger. That much more dangerous to the citizens of this worthless city.
I deserve this.


"Last chance..." I say while raising myself up slightly. There's a cluster of buildings directly between us. Right under the shadow of my tits, threatening to be crushed at any moment. I let them hang there, making sure all the people below know what their fate is going to be, while I wait for Kayla to give me the go ahead.
She only leans back, and looks up at me. Then back down to my tits again.
"Just say the word Kayla. I'll kill them, and then we can get right back to it. So... do you want to spend some more time with me?"



"I..." She begins, before loudly swallowing and gathering the nerves to finally speak actual words. "I... I do! Fuck! I do!"

"You do? Do what...?"

I lower my tits. Just a little bit. Not enough to crush the buildings under me quite yet, but enough to all but close the gap. If I lean even a tiny bit forward they'll start trying to hold up the weight of my tits, and it's obvious that they won't be able to withstand that for long. I think of all the little people down there staring up at them. Running away, trying to save their pointless little lives, not knowing they've been chosen for this demise to please beings more important than them.

"I can tell that you're enjoying the show. You don't want to hurt them yourself. Not intentionally, anyway. But you have no control over what I do, isn't that right? You like watching me do what you're too scared to. You get off on it, don't you? Go ahead. Tell me to stop where I am... or tell me to come closer."


"I... I want you to come over here."
Hearing her admit it turns me on something fierce. My nipples erected as my tits swung free in cool air, and I did exactly as she said.



The position I'd been holding relaxes, and with it, my tits continue their slow, inexorable descent.

"All these little towers... so full of little people... Gone. Just because Kayla Kloss wants to get her pussy licked."

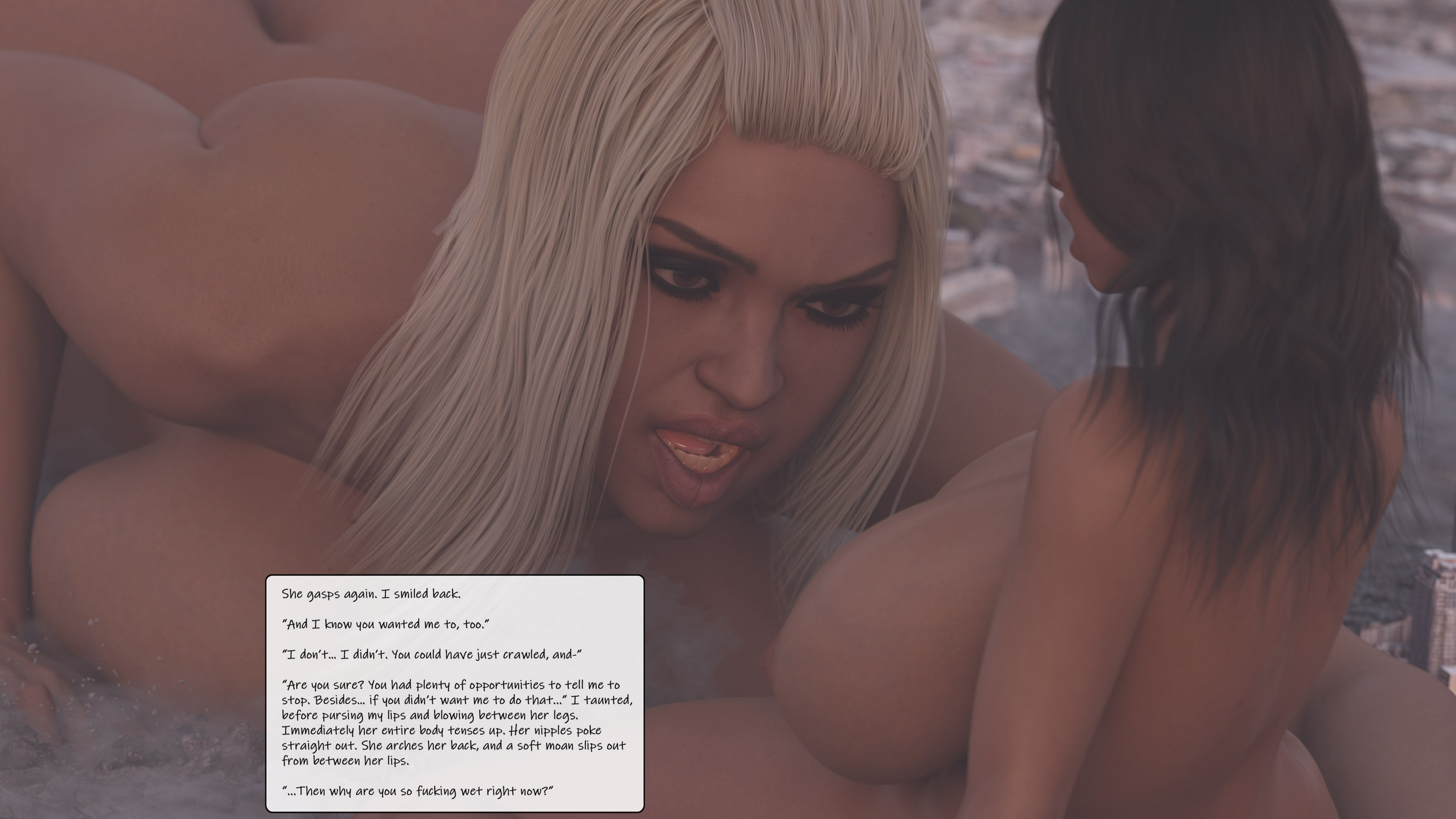
She says nothing. She doesn't need to. Her eyes are glued to my tits as they fall, and make contact with the roofs of dozens of buildings at once. In the blink of an eye massive explosions of cement and glass spray in every direction as they fail to support me.

"Watch, Kayla! Look what I can do to these stupid little towers with just my nipples!"


They don't survive for long, though. Delightful as it is to feel individual floors collapsing under me and imagining the chaos below... I'm just like Kayla. They don't mean anything to me. They'll enhance what's to come, but they certainly won't be the focus of it.
Like I'm doing the world's biggest push up, I let my tits slam onto the ground, annihilating everything below in one fell swoop. The colossal clouds of smoke and dust actually irritate my eyes for a moment, before they begin to settle again.


And that's what finally puts me right back in front of Kayla, who gasps at what she just saw.
"You... You didn't have to do that." She whispers, still trying to cling to some stupid sense of morality during all this.


"I didn't." I tell her, looking down at the city falling apart directly underneath me. All of that happening just because I decided to plop my tits onto the floor.
For her part, Kayla just sits there. Watching me, waiting to see what will happen next.
"But I wanted to."



She gasps again. I smiled back.

"And I know you wanted me to, too."

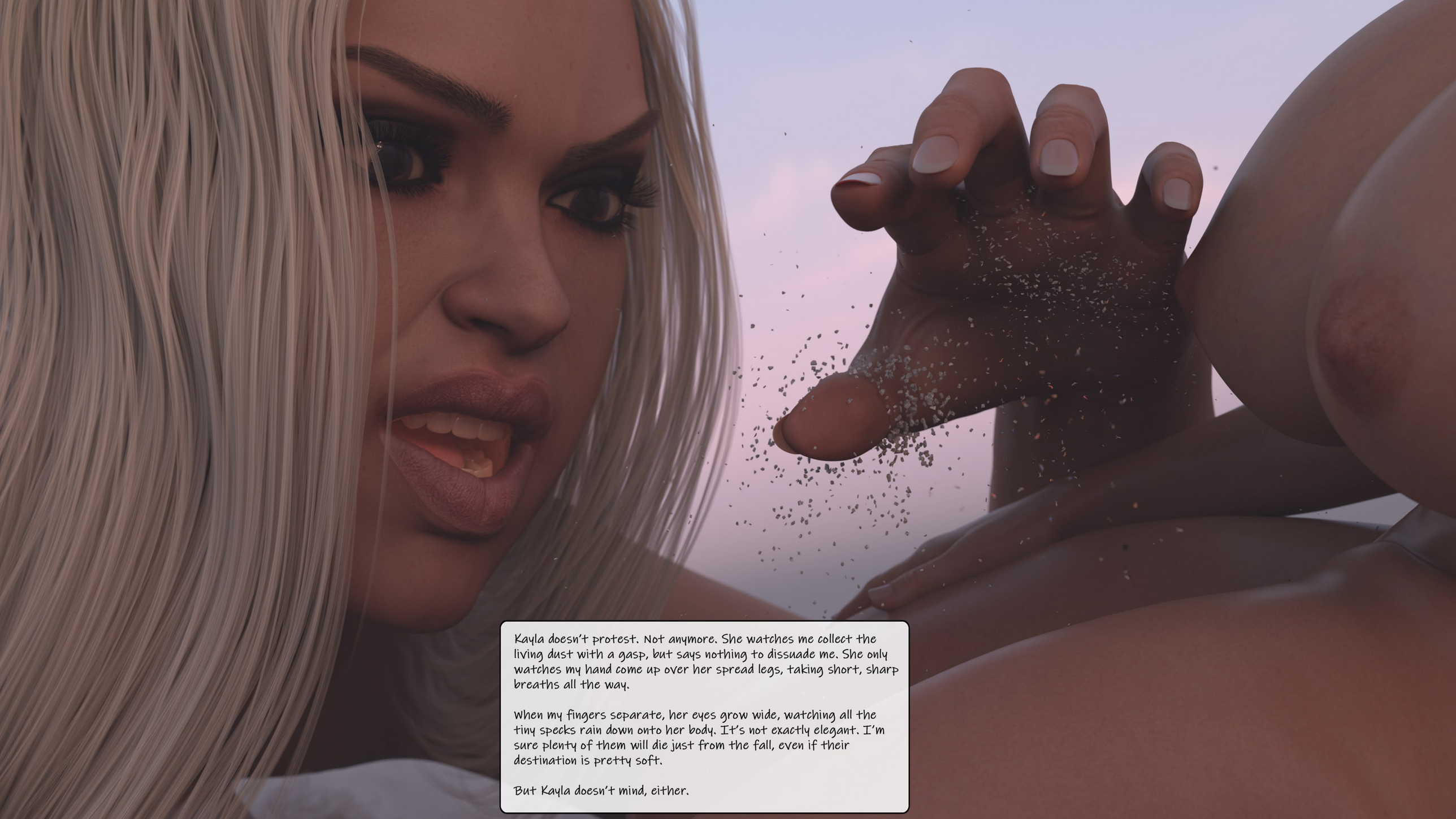
"I don't... I didn't. You could have just crawled, and-"

"Are you sure? You had plenty of opportunities to tell me to stop. Besides... if you didn't want me to do that..." I taunted, before pursing my lips and blowing between her legs. Immediately her entire body tenses up. Her nipples poke straight out. She arches her back, and a soft moan slips out from between her lips.

"...Then why are you so fucking wet right now?"


Kayla doesn't answer.
She doesn't have to. I know what she wants. She wants to sample more of what she's been missing out on this whole time. Get a taste for the destruction and power she holds over everyone else.
And I can certainly give her that.

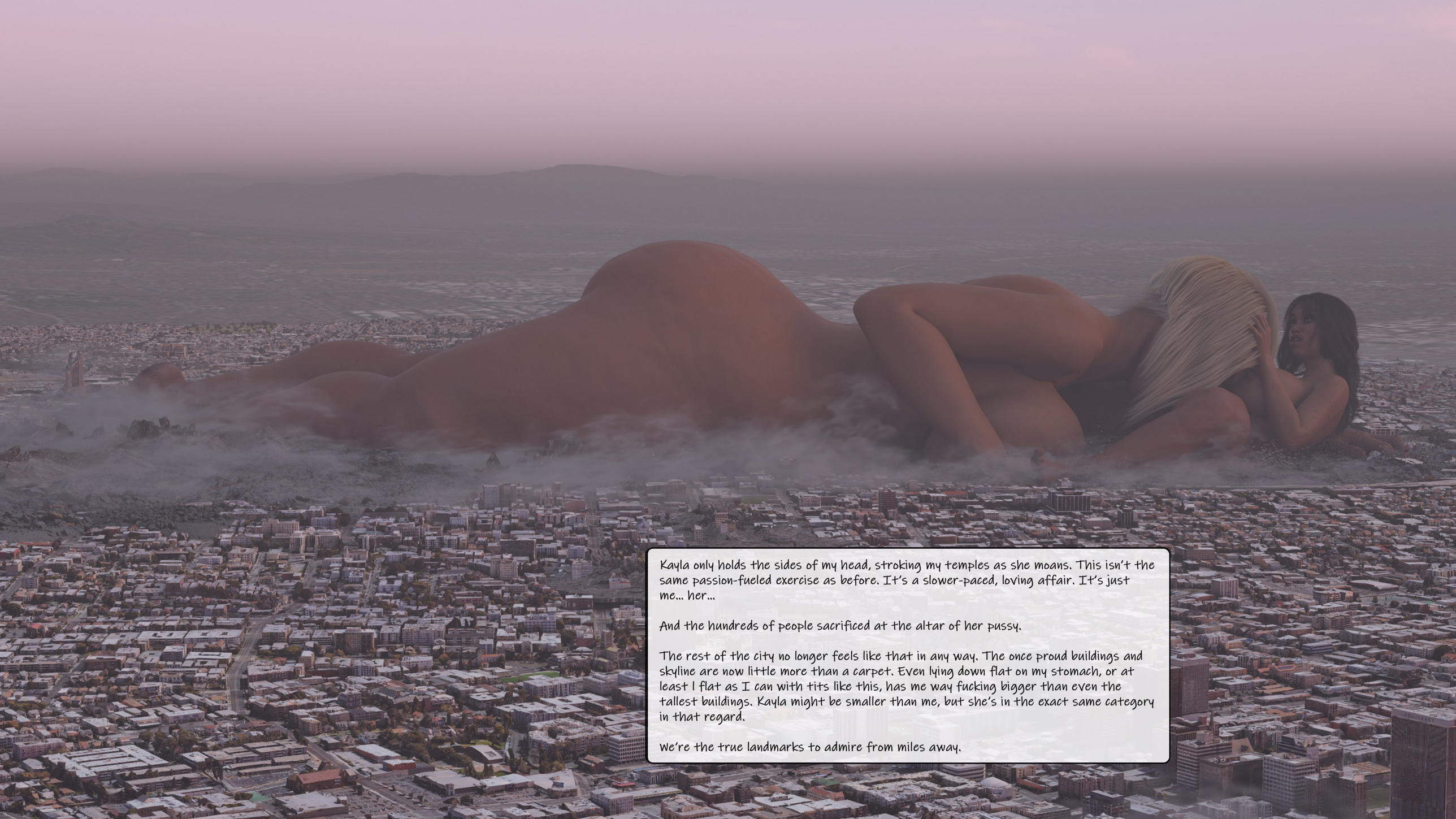

This city. This entire, stupid fucking city I had to live my entire life in is more than just the backdrop for our playtime. It's a real place that millions of people lived in, including both of us in a shittier time. Seeing it this small and this... breakable has been fun, but making use of all the poor little saps that didn't have the good fortune that we did has been the best part.
If I'm going to make this an experience Kayla will never forget, then I'm going to need some of them to help out. It's not hard to collect people anymore. I don't have to go chasing down streets, bending over and hurting my back to pick them up. Now dropping my hand onto a random section and ripping up whatever is underneath is bound to score me a few hundred warm bodies.


Kayla doesn't protest. Not anymore. She watches me collect the living dust with a gasp, but says nothing to dissuade me. She only watches my hand come up over her spread legs, taking short, sharp breaths all the way.
When my fingers separate, her eyes grow wide, watching all the tiny specks rain down onto her body. It's not exactly elegant. I'm sure plenty of them will die just from the fall, even if their destination is pretty soft.
But Kayla doesn't mind, either.


"Kaylee... you're..."
"Shh..." I whispered, wiggling my fingers to make sure there weren't any stragglers left behind. Individual people don't even register to either of us at this point. They're more like dull, multicolored sprinkles. If I listen very carefully I can hear them, but it's the knowledge of what they really are that makes it so exciting.


Kayla leans back, giving the tiny people falling onto her more space on which to land. Some of them turn to red splotches on impact, but a surprising number appear to be in one piece after landing. She watches it all with wide eyes, then looks back at me.
"Kaylee... fuck... I need you to make me cum right now!"
That's what I've been waiting for.


I compared the people raining onto Kayla's pussy earlier to sprinkles for good reason. They're tiny. Indistinguishable as individuals, and don't really taste like much. Doesn't mean that having them around doesn't enhance the presentation, and when my tongue makes contact with Kayla's pussy, I can feel the wriggling little specks clinging to my tongue.
With a long, languid movement I press my tongue further up Kayla's body, giving her a simple lick. She may be a lot closer in my size at this point, but the difference is still rather stark. My lick slides past her legs, and up to her bellybutton, before I move back down to continue the job.


Kayla only holds the sides of my head, stroking my temples as she moans. This isn't the same passion-fueled exercise as before. It's a slower-paced, loving affair. It's just me... her...
And the hundreds of people sacrificed at the altar of her pussy.
The rest of the city no longer feels like that in any way. The once proud buildings and skyline are now little more than a carpet. Even lying down flat on my stomach, or at least I flat as I can with tits like this, has me way fucking bigger than even the tallest buildings. Kayla might be smaller than me, but she's in the exact same category in that regard.
We're the true landmarks to admire from miles away.


And we're just going to keep getting bigger. I know I am, and for a moment I thought I'd have to drag Kayla kicking and screaming along with me, but given how much she's moaning. How little regard she has for the world around her falling apart as she keeps growing while lying down. How much she's enjoying this...
She'll come along perfectly willingly.


A quiet, tender moan drips from between her parted lips before Kayla has to catch her breath. Her head turns slightly as she does so, and the movement flattens a few more city blocks. A number that is utterly dwarfed when, a second later, her growth surges again, erasing the city for what has to be getting close to a mile around her at this point.
I don't know if there's any little people left around anymore. My first lick had to have gotten most of them, and though I'm taking care to try and pick up any stray specks I see around Kayla's thighs, the setting sun is really affecting my ability to see much of anything.


Right as I'm about to pick up another handful to restart the process I feel two surprisingly strong hands grab hold of the back of my head. I almost gasped, but Kayla's cries of pleasure are growing louder and louder as she takes control of her own pleasure.
At least, that's what I'll let her think for now. As a treat.

For a moment her legs wrap around my head, holding tightly onto me. She's actually able to keep me down if I don't bring my arms into this, and I'm even more excited to see just how much she's grown at this point. Enough to pick up the pace between her legs, and actually slip my tongue inside of her pussy now that the size difference isn't so drastic.

That's what finally pushes Kayla over the edge. Her thighs squeeze around my head for a moment, before she relaxes, spreading her legs as they fall back to the ground. Her pleased moans echo around the city, while her hands keep clenching and releasing my hair.

For another minute we both lie down there together. I place the occasional gentle kiss on her pussy, leading her to twitch every time. It's a moment that both of us wish could have lasted forever...


Kayla's the first to separate. She lets go of my head, and helps push me back up to my knees. We stare each other down for a moment, having gone wild and fucked one another twice in what feels like only a few minutes. I wait for her to say something. A thank you, maybe an acknowledgment that I was right all along... but she just keeps staring.
"I think you got a little bigger." I said, breaking the silence by stating the obvious. "I mean, not as big as me, but..."
"Are you sure about that?"


"I'm... I'm sure...?"
I looked her over again. No... she was still smaller than me... right? She couldn't have... I couldn't just ask her to stand again to compare. But... she was still smaller than me, right? I... I wouldn't have just been outdone by her after only two orgasms on her end...? Did she grow so much more from them because she'd held off for so long?!
"Yeah... you're still bigger." Kayla said, raising a hand and looking it over before turning back to me.


"Yeah... that's right! And it's going to stay that way, no matter what!"
I won't allow her to get bigger than me. If she's already come this close to challenging me... I should do something about it. Widen that gap again. That means having her go right back down on me until I'm big enough to turn this entire fucking city into a snow angel.
"...Kaylee?"


I gasped, and jumped right to my feet. The earth cracks under me from the quick movement, and more of the city is covered in thick clouds of dust. I pat myself down, and look down at Kayla, reminding myself of my size advantage even if she's still sitting.
"Yeah. Of course I'm still bigger! I've been at this all day, and it's just fair. That's how the world's supposed to work, right? The person who puts in the most work gets the most reward!... Right?"


Kayla only raised one eyebrow in response.
"Why are you looking at me like that? You get it, right? I grew first. I helped you grow. It's only fair that I get to stay the biggest. Maybe in a few weeks we can negotiate something for you, and-"
"Fair?" She asked, tilting her head to the side.


"Yeah! Fair is fair, and-"
"Since when did YOU ever care about what's fair?" Kayla retorted as she stood up. My heart seized up seeing her move like that. I was... I was bigger than her. I had to be! I knew I was, right...? So why am I so nervous!


She stands up to her full height... and I breathed a sigh of relief. I'm still a bit taller than her... but not by much. The top of her head is up to my chin, and if she grows again, then...
"If you want to talk about being fair." Kayla explained, poking me in the tit. "Then we can rule the world together. As one. But you've got to treat me as your equal. You and me, together... standing above the rest of the world. Got it?"


"Oh yeah? And what if I want to be in charge?"
Kayla's look of determination hardens. She stares daggers into me, and it's actually enough to make me feel... uncomfortable.


"You try to cut me out, and I'll just have to outgrow you."
Every muscle in my body tensed up at what she'd just said. She seems to notice, her intense stare effortlessly transitioning into a knowing grin.
"Fifteen minutes ago, you were using me like a fucking dildo. Now I'm almost as tall as you are. What makes you think that I can't just keep on growing?"
"I-"
"We do this together, or we don't do it at all."


I stepped forward, bringing Kayla's face directly between my tits. I put my hand on the back of Kayla's head, and grabbed her arm, holding her in place.
"YOU grew because I let you, you ungrateful little bitch! Without me, you'd still just be a little diva, not even as tall as my toes. I could have eaten you so many times today, but instead, I showed grace. I even made you grow! The least you could do is show some fucking gratitude and not challenge my fucking authority!"


"You expect me to thank you for not eating me?" Kayla asks.
I tightened my grip on her. She flinched, and tried to pull away. Her movements made my tits jiggle and bounce, but I was strong enough to keep her in position.
"Kaylee! What are you doing?"


"I was nice enough to help you grow." I said, beginning to push down on her body. "Now, you're going to help me."
"I already helped you!"
"It's not enough." I said. It would never be enough. Maybe when I could see the curvature of the entire world... or maybe not even then.


"Now get... down!"
Kayla tries to resist, but she doesn't have much leverage with which to do anything like that. In only a few seconds she drops to her knees, cratering the city around her knees for several blocks in the process.
"What? Do you seriously think that I'm going to go down on you right now?" She asks, trying to break away from my grip.


"No. Of course not."
"Then why are you-"
"I know you will. That's just who you are, Kayla. You're too far deep. You're too into this. You're going to do exactly what I want, because deep down, I know you want it too."


Kayla doesn't try to stand back up even after I'd eased some of the pressure on her body. She tries to say something as I grind my pussy into her face, but she's not able to stop me from having my way ith her.
"You can stand up at any time." I told her. "But you're not. You like it when I make you do things, don't you? Who would have thought. The second biggest woman on the planet... is a sub."


"You've always talked a bigger game than you've been capable of." I said, running my fingers through her hair. "But at the end of the day, you're not the smart, powerful business woman you've always wanted people to believe."
Her struggles weaken.


"No... you *wanted* to be dominated, didn't you?"
Her face turns bright red, and I think she realizes I could see it. Because a split-second later she's turned her head again, burying it directly between my thighs. Ostensibly just to keep it out of view... but also to do as I asked.


"That's more like it." I whispered, palming the back of her head and pushing her deeper between my legs. If hiding her face had been her only intention, she definitely wouldn't be lapping at my pussy like it was an ice cream cone. And in doing so...
Making me grow even more.


"You see it now, don't you?"
Kayla doesn't answer. Too absorbed with servicing my pussy to engage in anything else. That's fine.
"This is how it's supposed to be. Everyone is supposed to serve me. Worship me. I know it, and I know that deep down all along, you knew it too. You always were smarter than you looked, Kayla."


"That's enough!" Kayla suddenly says, breaking away from what she'd just been doing. "I... I wasn't going to-"
"Shh..." I whispered, gradually pushing her back between my legs. But it appears I've struck a nerve with her given how she's trying to push back this time.


"Kaylee... What are you doing?! Let me go!" She snaps, pushing against my thighs with all her might. I keep trying to get her back to what she was doing... but she's determined.
"Fine! Then go!" I shouted, frustration boiling over as I gave her a rough shove. Luckily for her she's only on her knees so she doesn't exactly fall very far. Same can't be said for the microscopic people all around her, as the impact of her ass bouncing against the ground, if only for a split-second, sets off another ripple through the earth itself.
"What the hell is wrong with you, Kaylee?!" She shouts, the anger obvious.


"Ugh. So dramatic." And I'm serious. Why does she have to make such a big deal out of things? So I got a little carried away. She would have gotten to grow again after! She just... needs to help me get a bit bigger, and re-establish my superiority.
"Don't make a big deal about it."
"I meant what I said, Kaylee!" She snaps back. "We're going to be standing together. On equal footing!"


"I never agreed to that!"
"Then go and fuck off by yourself again!" Kayla shouts.
"Then fuck you, Kayla! I don't need your help to grow anyway!"
"Yeah, whatever. Go off and masturbate for the twentieth fucking time today. You'll come back, because without me that's all your dumbass can do!"
I stop walking away for a moment.

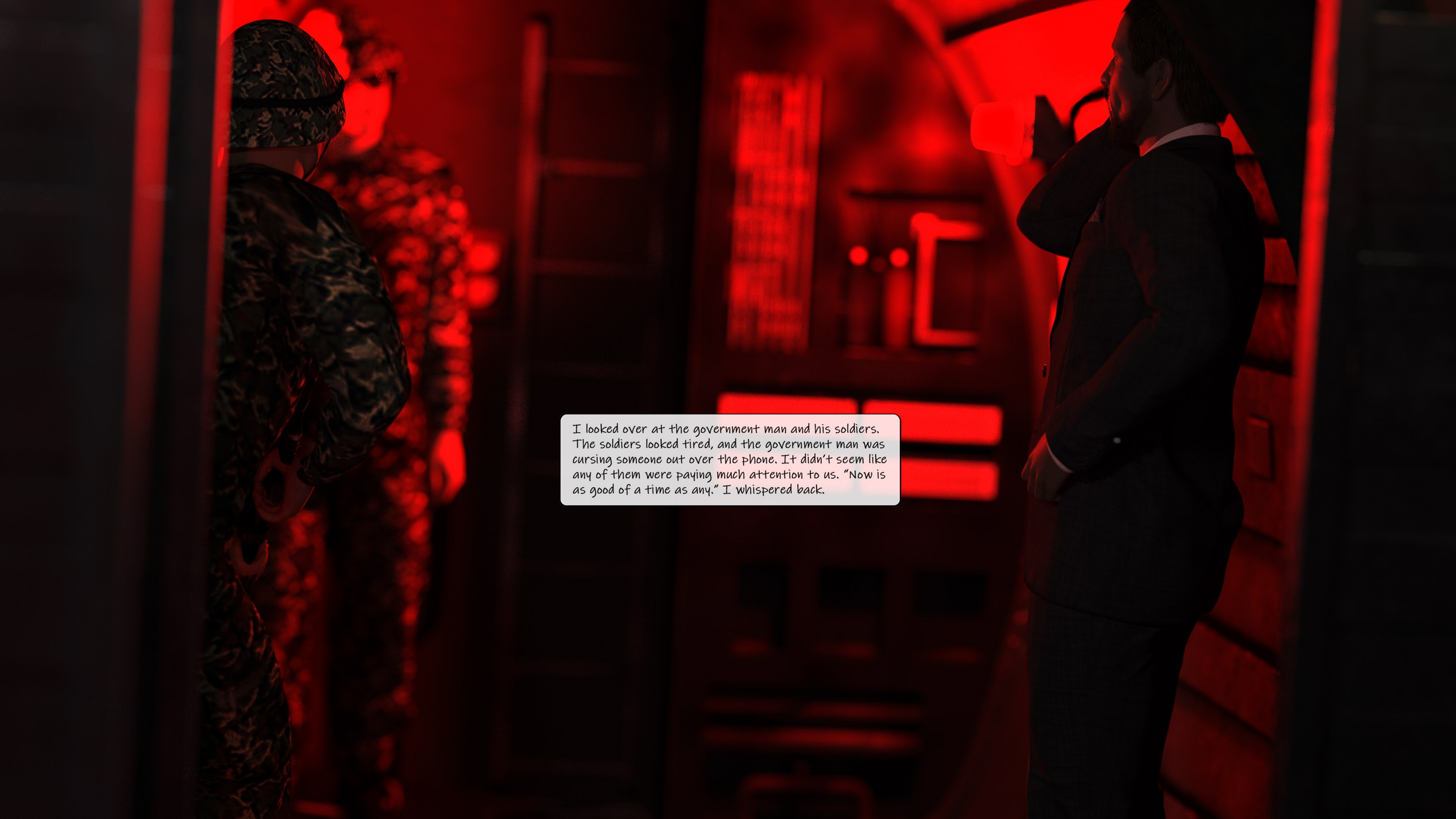

"No." I tell her, looking back. "Even without you... I have them. All five billion of them..."
"It's like seven billion now, you idiot!"
"Shut the fuck up." I tell her, facing down the rest of the city. Every new growth spurt gives me a new perspective on it. I think of how small the people running through these microscopic lines on the ground have to be to fit on them... and how they're going to feel when I crush them under my feet.

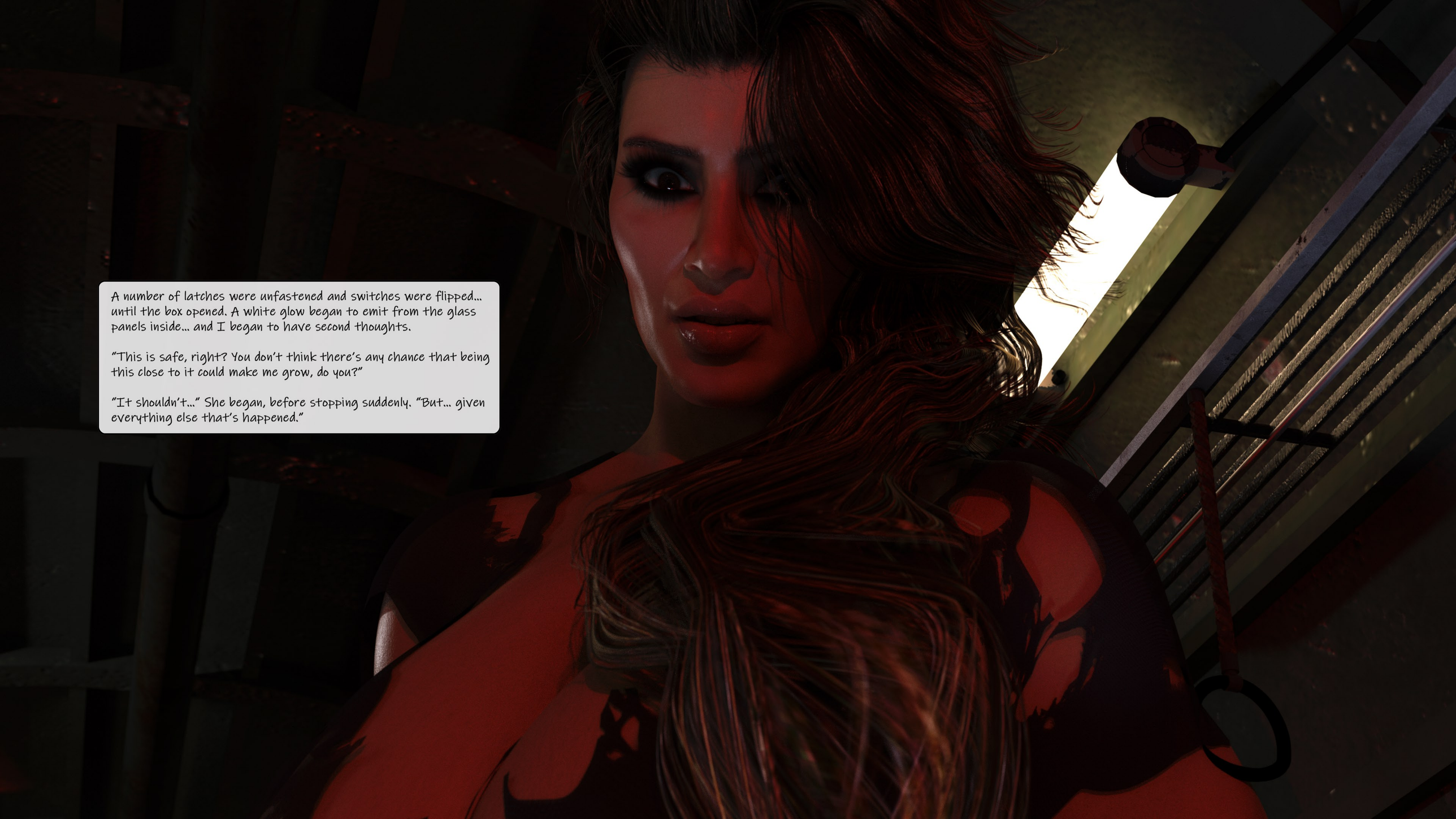

"Besides! Seven billion? Maybe I should just reduce those numbers until I'm right! One step at a time!"
"Kaylee! You don't have to-"
I'm not listening to a thing she says anymore. After what we just went through. That nice moment we shared. The gifts I gave her... now she wants to go and throw them back into my face? Side with the little pissants all around us yet again? Fuck that! They're nothing, and I'm going to prove it right now!
"How many times do I have to fucking tell you, Kayla!"


"They mean nothing!" I screamed, before slamming my foot straight into the ground.
The effect at this newly enhanced size is fucking incredible! It's more than just feeling the buildings, people, and streets crack apart under me. I can feel my foot sink into the fucking ground far below, like I'm walking on wet sand. It's almost like I'm up to my ankles before I finish the step in full.
Anything that was underneath me is fucking dead, and I'm fine with that. But I can do more. I can always do fucking more.


With an angry twist of the ankle, I increase the damage a hundred times over. My toes bulldoze through so many fucking things it's like they were made to collapse on contact. My heel mows over dozens more buildings at once, and the massive plumes of smoke spread so far around it's like the clouds themselves are at my feet.
I try to focus on myself. What I'm doing. What I can do now, but... I can hear footsteps behind me. Steps that grow quieter. I don't even bother looking back at her.

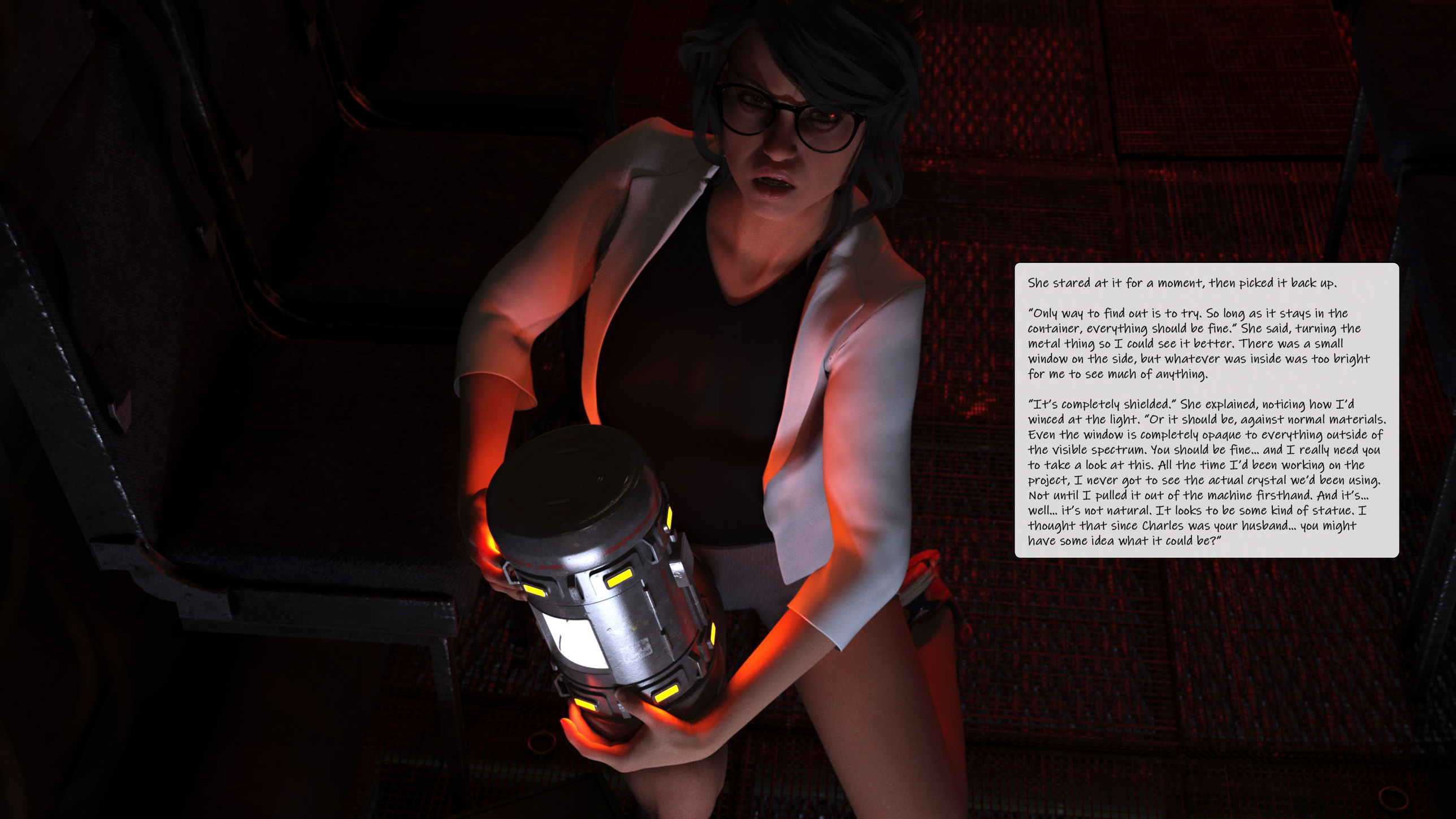

"The container is in here," Jessica said. She bent down and lifted up the handle of a metal box that was sitting on the floor. It seemed heavy with how she struggled to pull it out, but whatever sounds she made dragging it along the ground were drowned out by the low drone of the plane's engines. She paused for a moment, and glanced up nervously at me. "Hey Krystal, the coast is still clear, right?"


I looked over at the government man and his soldiers. The soldiers looked tired, and the government man was cursing someone out over the phone. It didn't seem like any of them were paying much attention to us. "Now is as good of a time as any." I whispered back.


A number of latches were unfastened and switches were flipped... until the box opened. A white glow began to emit from the glass panels inside... and I began to have second thoughts.

"This is safe, right? You don't think there's any chance that being this close to it could make me grow, do you?"

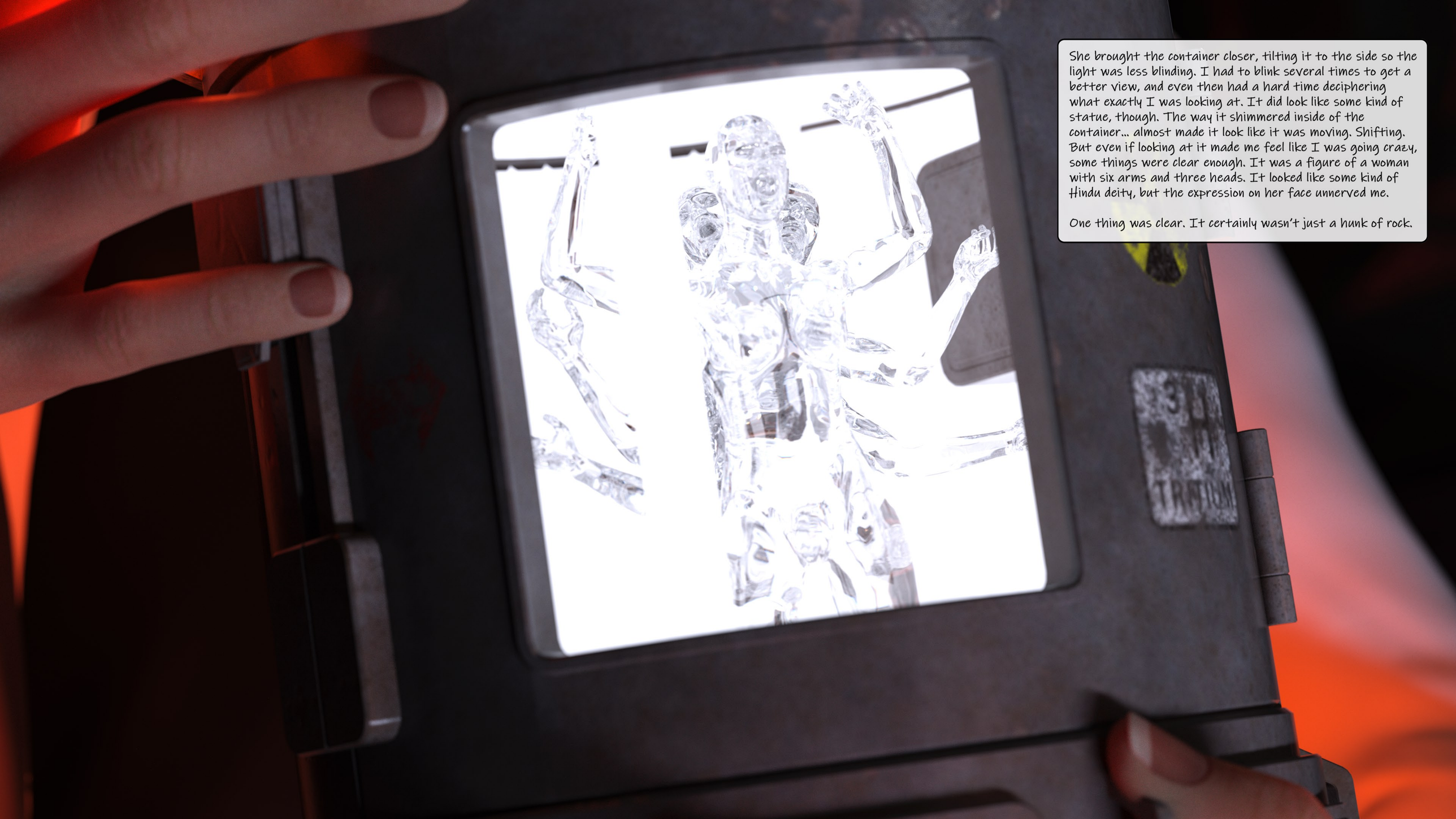
"It shouldn't..." She began, before stopping suddenly. "But... given everything else that's happened."



She stared at it for a moment, then picked it back up.

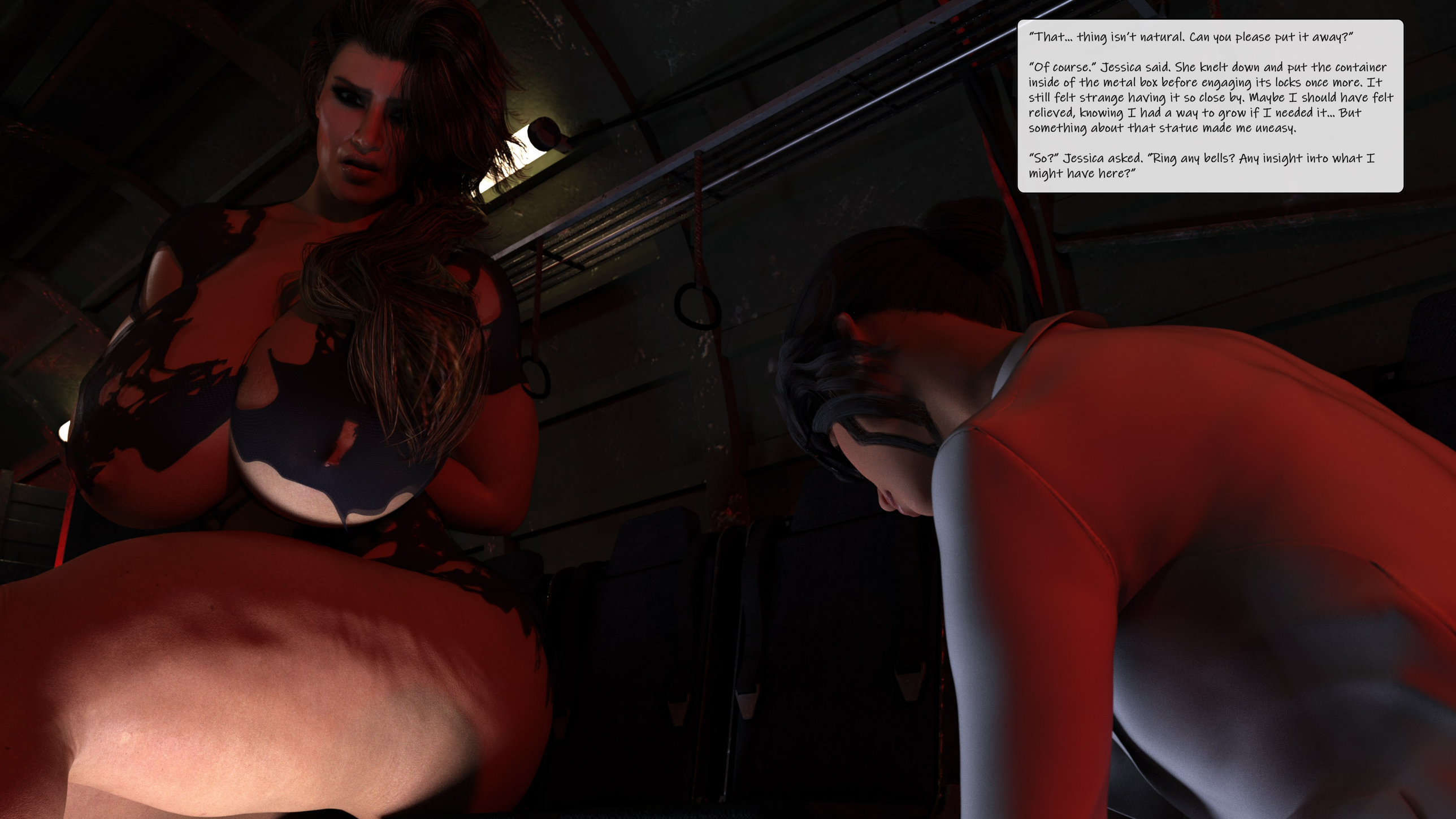
"Only way to find out is to try. So long as it stays in the container, everything should be fine." She said, turning the metal thing so I could see it better. There was a small window on the side, but whatever was inside was too bright for me to see much of anything.

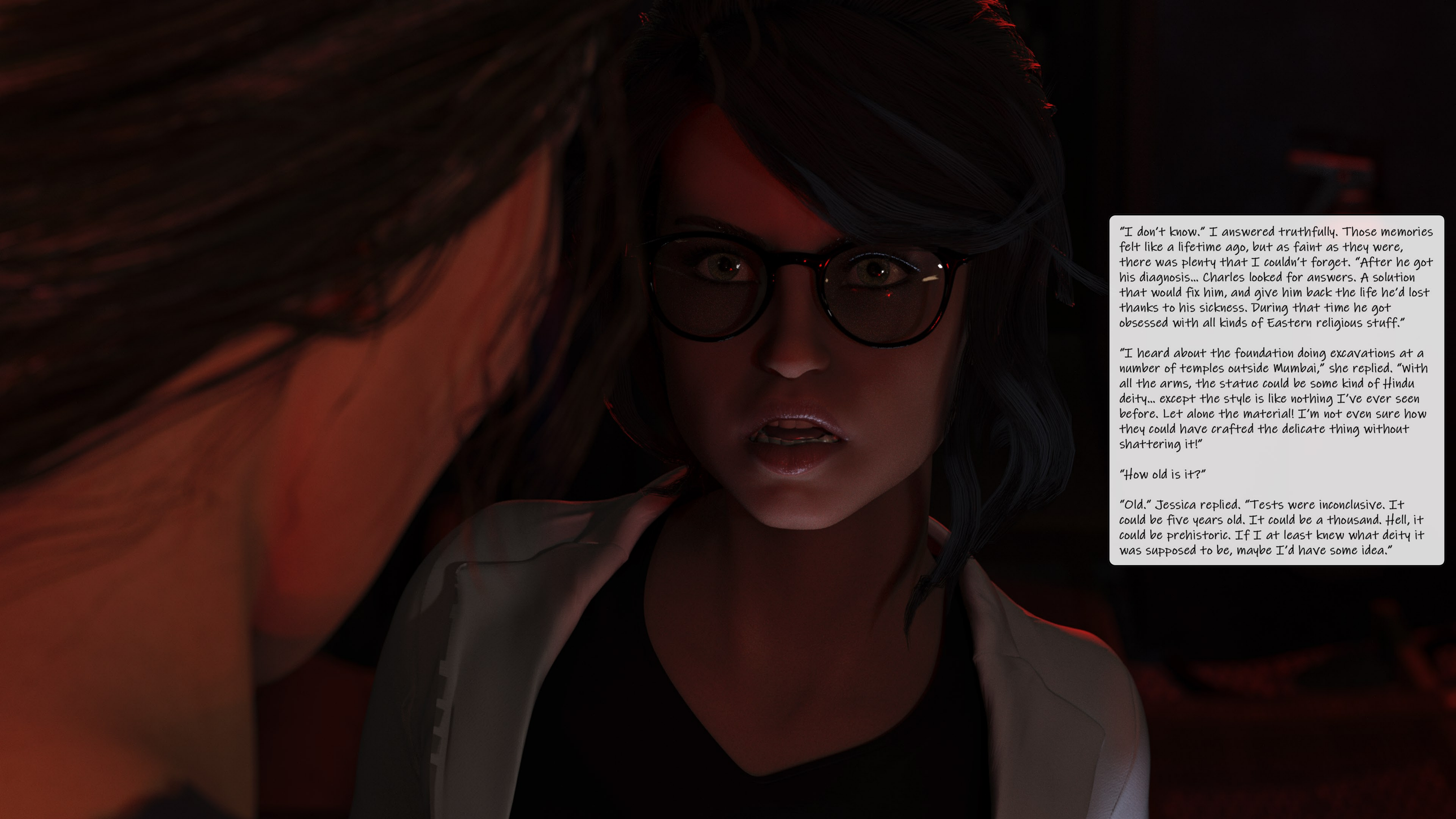
"It's completely shielded." She explained, noticing how I'd winced at the light. "Or it should be, against normal materials. Even the window is completely opaque to everything outside of the visible spectrum. You should be fine... and I really need you to take a look at this. All the time I'd been working on the project, I never got to see the actual crystal we'd been using. Not until I pulled it out of the machine firsthand. And it's... well... it's not natural. It looks to be some kind of statue. I thought that since Charles was your husband... you might have some idea what it could be?"



She brought the container closer, tilting it to the side so the light was less blinding. I had to blink several times to get a better view, and even then had a hard time deciphering what exactly I was looking at. It did look like some kind of statue, though. The way it shimmered inside of the container... almost made it look like it was moving. Shifting. But even if looking at it made me feel like I was going crazy, some things were clear enough. It was a figure of a woman with six arms and three heads. It looked like some kind of Hindu deity, but the expression on her face unnerved me.

One thing was clear. It certainly wasn't just a hunk of rock.


"That... thing isn't natural. Can you please put it away?"
"Of course." Jessica said. She knelt down and put the container inside of the metal box before engaging its locks once more. It still felt strange having it so close by. Maybe I should have felt relieved, knowing I had a way to grow if I needed it... But something about that statue made me uneasy.
"So?" Jessica asked. "Ring any bells? Any insight into what I might have here?"



"I don't know." I answered truthfully. Those memories felt like a lifetime ago, but as faint as they were, there was plenty that I couldn't forget. "After he got his diagnosis... Charles looked for answers. A solution that would fix him, and give him back the life he'd lost thanks to his sickness. During that time he got obsessed with all kinds of Eastern religious stuff."

"I heard about the foundation doing excavations at a number of temples outside Mumbai," she replied. "With all the arms, the statue could be some kind of Hindu deity... except the style is like nothing I've ever seen before. Let alone the material! I'm not even sure how they could have crafted the delicate thing without shattering it!"

"How old is it?"

"Old." Jessica replied. "Tests were inconclusive. It could be five years old. It could be a thousand. Hell, it could be prehistoric. If I at least knew what deity it was supposed to be, maybe I'd have some idea."


That's when it dawned on me.
"Near the end, there was one figure that he was obsessed with. Some 'Goddess of Destruction." I couldn't help but chuckle to myself, as I thought about the talks we used to have. "You know, when he found out I was having a daughter, he wanted me to name her after the goddess. I thought that was silly. 'What kind of name is Kali for a little girl?' I said, but he was insistent. So in the end... we compromised. We named her Kaylee."


What the fuck ever. If Kayla wants to leave me to my devices, then that's fine. I'm fine with all of this shit. I'm feeling so fine I've got my head in the clouds...!
With a startle, I realize that's literally true now. It's not just the remains of civilization being destroyed under me that obscure the view of the ground. It's the clouds themselves... i'm now so fucking big I stand taller than them.
For a quick second I look around in the sky, wondering if I'll be able to spot that escaped plane... but nothing.



Guess I'll have to entertain myself with other things. From this high up, and even through the sea of clouds it's difficult to make out what's going on. It takes me a few seconds to focus on the microscopic streets around here... but I find what I'm looking for soon enough.

A crowd. A big one, I guess. As big as I can expect at this point. It looks like a clump of tiny sugar ants running around wildly, hoping to find some sort of safe place. They probably have no idea that I've focused all my attention on them, and are just hoping my next step will be far away.



Sucks for them.

My foot steps out of the crater I'd just created a second prior. When that happens literal tons of debris starts flaking off of my sole and falling down below. I can tell by the tiny little puffs of smoke under my toes while I'm moving my foot forward. It's so interesting I even take a moment to wiggle my toes in the air, just so a lot more of it can fall.

Fun as that all is, I'm sure I've inadvertently crushed a couple more people doing that. Imagine being so close to my feet. Nearly getting the chance to be crushed by them... only to get taken out by a fucking concrete slab so small to me that I hadn't even realized it was stuck to my foot.



Luckily for hundreds, if not thousands more people, I'm a very considerate person. I'm not going to let them go out in such a silly, undignified way. No, there's plenty of my sole to go around. So everyone will get a chance to touch me, even if it doesn't last very long.

I'm a gracious giantess. Future-ruler-of-Earth, or whatever other titles that I want to have ascribed to me. When my heel comes down I'm sure everyone on foot bounces several dozen feet into the air. Buildings crumble, and my foot gradually makes its descent to meet my adoring audience far below.


It's a short meeting, but no doubt impactful. If they were still alive, I'm sure they'd be begging for the chance to do it all over again. These little worthless bugs actually get to touch the feet of a celebrity! Imagine!
Sadly, my foot isn't big enough to step on the entire city.
Yet.
So the hundreds of people that narrowly avoid the warmest final embrace of their tiny little lies get launched straight into the air. Dozens, maybe even hundreds of feet. Some of them might even land on my nails where they'll probably have a few wonderful moments before they die too.


But most will probably just fall to the ground and go splat! Leaving nothing behind but a little red splatter. One that's so small it'll get overwhelmed by all the smoke and debris after, leaving my footprints looking like dull, gray marks against the rest of the city.
The rest of the... still intact city.
I love how big I am. I do. But every time I get reminded of how much of this city I have yet to reach...


I resolve to get rid of a little bit more.
Once my foot raises again I think of all the times I've done this before now. The numerous sets of increasingly-large footprints I've left in my wake just to get here. And all that effort has still amounted to...
Not fucking enough!


"FUCK YOU LOS ANGELES!" I screamed so hard it felt like my vocal chords were shredded in the blink of an eye. I dropped my foot onto he ground with all the ferocity of an atomic bomb, nearly losing my own balance with the ferocity.
That same ripple through the earth itself precedes the destruction of so much more than what I actually hit. The aftermath of my angry fucking outburst is terrifying to behold. A life-ending event to hundreds, if not thousands.
The feeling is fucking incredible.


But it's too impersonal.
I don't fucking need Kayla to get off. These tiny little fucking ants will do the job, and I'm going to use as many of them as I fucking please. And nice as crushing things with my feet makes me feel, I need some more direct fucking stimulation.
The people who were stepped on just a moment ago got it easy.


Because this next group... is going straight up.
Dipping my fingers into the city feels like pushing my hand into wet sand. Entire homes and bodies pile up under my fingers, and I'm sure they're having a hell of a time, but the vast, vast majority of what I'm aiming for is successfully lifted from the ground.
Like the world's biggest fucking crane game I rip up a massive neighborhood. Several city blocks able to fit in just one hand. The more visceral reminder of my size sets my pussy ablaze, and my hand rises up from the ground in a second.


It doesn't stand a fucking chance.
Hundreds of buildings. Thousands of bodies. All at once rocketed into my pussy mercilessly. My pubes carved through the pathetic structures but most of it actually makes contact. They all get pressed into my pussy, and die just as quickly. If the dangers of getting picked up didn't do them in, the swift rise from the ground finished them off. If they somehow survived the movement, then my fingers mashing the chunk of city between my legs did the job. And if, by some fucking miracle, they managed to survive even that?
Well, I'm so fucking horny I came instantly.



Until I started growing I wasn't much of a squirter, but now it's the best fucking part of this. Especially with how much I've been growing now. An orgasm isn't just showering a single person in my cum.

No, it's a fucking flash flood. A tidal wave that descends from the heavens, slamming into the city like it's the end of the fucking world. What to me are nothing more than a few harmless droplets swept up entire buildings below. Ripped from their foundations, and sent moving down the streets to mix with red specks and mud from the torn-up streets.



The people who get struck directly don't make it. Obviously. Getting cummed on by me at this size would be like getting hit with a falling building. The craters left behind by the drops are impressive to look at, but it's not long before it all begins to spread. Traveling through the city like a fucking tsunami.

And tsunamis aren't exactly something that LA's infrastructure is able to handle. All that hot cum pools up immediately, submerging buildings that don't get swept up while leaving countless things to stay sunk at the bottom.


I even have to remind myself... that this isn't just regular water, either. Bodies and cars probably aren't going to come floating to the surface. They're going to be stuck down there, fighting to get out, and...
And most of them probably won't make it.
Fuck... I'm so fucking BADASS!


The chunk of city I'd rammed into my pussy is long gone, but the aftermath gets me so fucking hot it's not even a minute before I'm once again left masturbating over the fucking city. Watching the natural disaster I'd created just by pleasuring myself. And...
And feeling that growth come back.


"FffuuuUUUUCK!"
My legs wobble underneath me, but I manage to maintain my balance. That last growth spurt was so huge that even when I'm crouching, my head is now in the clouds. And that... that...


Yet another orgasm hits. I can feel the wispy little vapor of clouds dance around my tits now. I don't know how much bigger I've grown in just a couple of minutes, but I'm not about to start complaining. The new sensations just urge me to keep going. More frantically. Faster. Deeper. Until...
Another orgasm hits.


This one takes my breath away, and for a split-second. Unintentionally, leaving me worried that I've grown so big that even crouching I've extended beyond the atmosphere. Thankfully it comes back a second later as the shock of the overwhelming pleasure simply caught me off guard. My pussy feels like it's on fire. My hand is soaked. I can hear the distant sounds of cum splashing onto the ground under me...
And I'm handed a loss.
Defeated by gravity. Hard to believe. I tried to keep my balance. Falling while masturbating is... well, it's undignified for a woman of my standing. But it happens. My feet slide across the city in the process, wiping out dozens more blocks that had escaped unharmed until this exact instant, while my ass descends from seemingly above the clouds to make contact with the ground.


In an altogether new sensation I can feel my ass grow hot. Heating up from the air resistance of something so big falling to the ground. It should be alarming, but in the moment I can feel is... excitement.
What's it going to be like when I hit the ground?

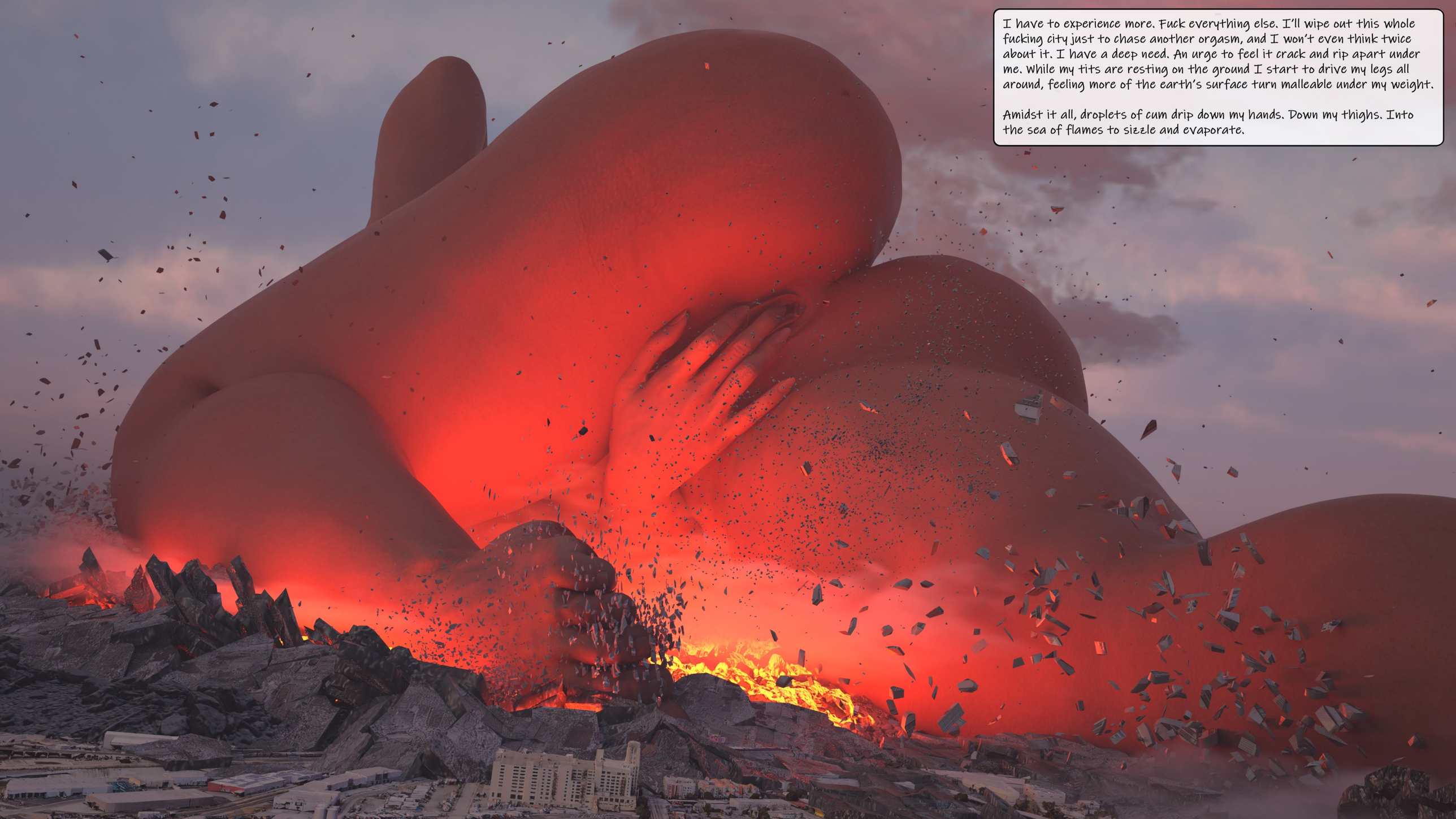

CRAAAACK
A new sound reaches my ears. These aren't buildings falling apart. The streets cracking. Cars crushing. People squishing. This is something greater. The very earth itself gives way under my ass. I don't know how many millions of tons I have to weigh by now, but all that weight focused into that much space makes the very planet heave in anger from the assault.
And at the time... all I can think of is the ominous wet feeling underneath me.


Thankfully, the sheer heat of it tells me what actually just happened. The impact of my ass striking the earth was like a meteor hitting the earth. The kind of collision that could set off an entirely new ice age. The shockwaves from the landing aren't just localized to a few blocks around this time. It's a massive wave that wrecks the entirety of downtown, while everything directly under my ass gets superheated from the pressure and turns to liquid.
All because I lost my fucking balance.


The rush of power just turns me on even fucking more. My already-furious fingering suddenly isn't enough, but the limits of my own fucking body betray me once again as I can't fit anymore. My ass wiggles all over the massive fucking devastation I've created by sitting down, and my feet slam onto the ground in the process.
And that same familiar warmth erupts around my heels. I audibly gasped at the feeling, not expecting that. I figured I'd have to have put my entire weight behind myself in order to do something like this. But... with just my heels. With a little kick.


"I'm so... fucking... HUGE!" I screamed as more cum gushed from my pussy, drenching my palm. Every part of my body that can touch the ground now makes it erupt into flames. With the sun setting it's the best visual I have for the city right now, and all I can think of is how I want more. How this isn't enough.
I've never liked this city. I've been too good for it for as long as I can remember. I may not be that fabled size I've been dreaming of all day. Able to wipe the entire thing out under just one toe.
But this will do just fine.


Completely enthralled with masturbating, I let myself fall into my back. My entire back heats up in a split-second. But once again... all of that proof of my incredible scale. The fucking earth itself begging for forgiveness under my weight? It's all still focused on the less sensitive parts of my body. On my back. My heels.
Once I hit the ground my tits wobble atop my chest, and I know what to do next. Eager to ride this high for as long as fucking possible I spin around in place, and let gravity grab hold of my tits on its own. In no time at all it flops down, and slams into the fucking ground beside me, sending a splash of fire all around me.
Even my nipples are completely unharmed by the heat.


I have to experience more. Fuck everything else. I'll wipe out this whole fucking city just to chase another orgasm, and I won't even think twice about it. I have a deep need. An urge to feel it crack and rip apart under me. While my tits are resting on the ground I start to drive my legs all around, feeling more of the earth's surface turn malleable under my weight.
Amidst it all, droplets of cum drip down my hands. Down my thighs. Into the sea of flames to sizzle and evaporate.


Two. That's two fucking natural disasters I'm entirely capable of creating completely on my own. Without any help. Just by doing what I've been doing all day. Cumming floods that wipe out entire towns. Stepping onto cities and turning them into molten wastelands.
My toes curled as I think about how much fucking power I have now. The last few growth spurts nobody's been able to stop me, or even come close. I didn't have to keep growing this much. But here I am. Craving it. Craving more than anything else.
I don't know how long the orgasm lasts. I only know that the world is still on fire around me when it ends. And that I'm perfectly okay with that.



But there's no time to relax. No time to lounge in the afterglow of another epic climax. I'm too fucking eager to see the aftermath of my latest session firsthand. With the clarity that I have from not being so horny I'm constantly soaking wet.

My arms wobble for a moment, but a flex from my fingers steadies myself as I push onto my hands. That slight movement buries my palms into the ground so deep that more fire bubbles up between my fingers, but I don't let that bother me.

I just want to get a better look at how my little playthings are doing.



Apocalyptic as the world directly around me is, this city is huge. There's still plenty that remains undamaged by everything I've done to date, and it takes me a minute to scan the endless sea of buildings and streets below before I find what I'm looking for.

Normal people.

I don't want to see the high-rises downtown. Not the skyscrapers. I want to see regular, suburban-dwelling ants as they try and handle what's going on all around them. Though they're hard to make out, I can tell one thing.

They're all trying to run.



Slamming both hands onto the city, I open wide, and scream. "Nobody gets away from me! You're mine! All of you!"

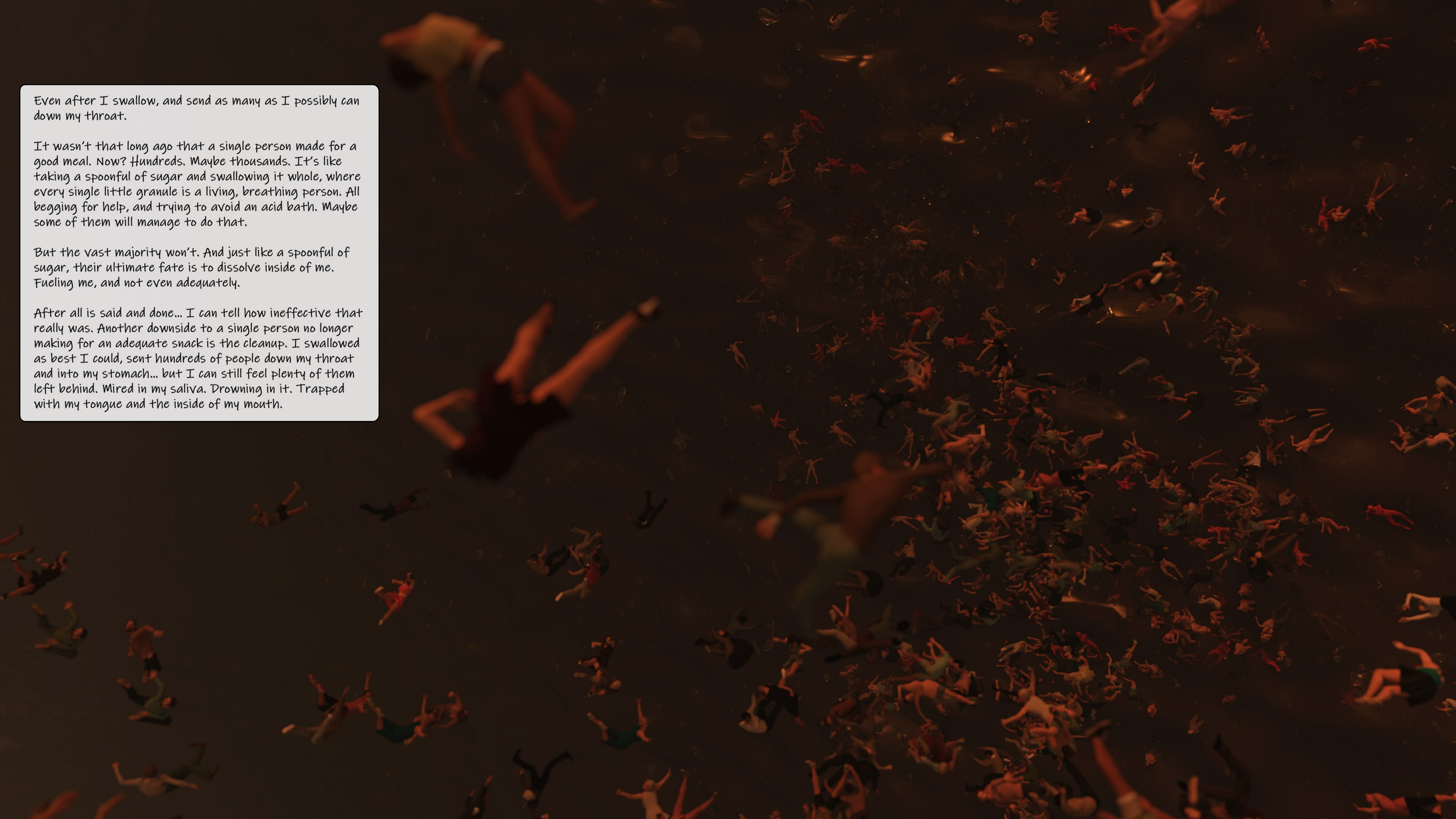
The sheer power of my voice blows over trees, and carries with it the distinct tinkling of shattered glass. People fall to their knees, clutching the sides of their heads in pain. Some turn back to face me, and that gives me an idea.

My mouth still open, I decide to see just how fucking strong my lungs are. Rather than screaming, I start to inhale... and sure enough, stuff starts flying up into my mouth. I don't know how much of it is people, and I don't care. It's all going to the same place.


the force of my inhalation is enough to suck in everything that isn't nailed down. People fly into the air. Trees are uprooted. Entire houses are torn up, board by board, only for each piece to be sucked into my hungry maw. I feel like a force of nature, and I love it.


When the stuff is plopped onto my tongue I can't even taste it, but I don't care. The knowledge of what I'm doing is more than enough for me. I keep moving forward, drawing as much air into my mighty lungs as I can, and watching the devastation unfold below me.


How many people did I just condemn to a horrible fate? How many of them didn't make it into my mouth, and instead tumbled to the ground, or popped like tiny, blood-filled balloons against my lips. Broke on impact with my teeth. How many of them are going to spend their final moments trapped in my mouth?



Even after I swallow, and send as many as I possibly can down my throat.

It wasn't that long ago that a single person made for a good meal. Now? Hundreds. Maybe thousands. It's like taking a spoonful of sugar and swallowing it whole, where every single little granule is a living, breathing person. All begging for help, and trying to avoid an acid bath. Maybe some of them will manage to do that.

But the vast majority won't. And just like a spoonful of sugar, their ultimate fate is to dissolve inside of me. Fueling me, and not even adequately.

After all is said and done... I can tell how ineffective that really was. Another downside to a single person no longer making for an adequate snack is the cleanup. I swallowed as best I could, sent hundreds of people down my throat and into my stomach... but I can still feel plenty of them left behind. Mired in my saliva. Drowning in it. Trapped with my tongue and the inside of my mouth.


I licked my lips to clear up as many of them as I could. In doing so I watch as a droplet of saliva pools on the end of my tongue... and drips down my chin. Down to the ground far below.
The splash is pitiful. The aftermath isn't anything special, given how small it is... but it gives me an idea.


I need more.
Ruling over the planet. Having billions of people living and dying at my beck and call. Being worshiped like the hottest thing since sliced bread. That's all well and good. But it's not enough. I sampled it earlier, and I like the idea of being a living natural disaster. More dangerous than any pathetic hurricane or earthquake ever could be. Because I can think. I can move where I want to go.

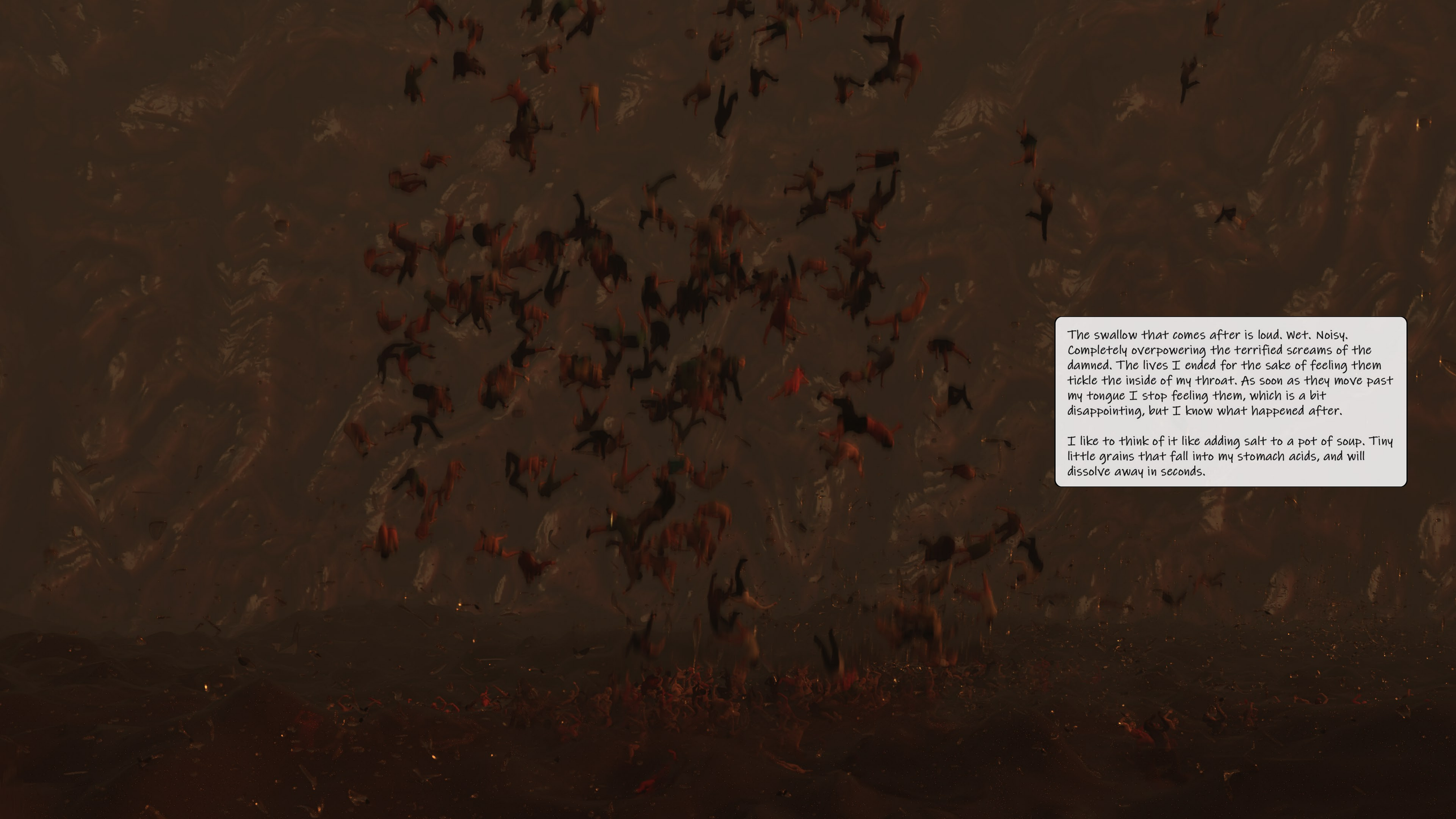


And I can take what I want to take.

Sticking my tongue out from between my lips, I lower my head to the ground... and get a real taste for the city. Really get to feel the little tiny boxes that are microscopic houses pop under me if they're lucky. Anyone who's not lucky joins the people I failed to swallow earlier. Stuck to my tongue like flies on adhesive. Trapped. Completely unable to free themselves, and forced to watch as the thing they're riding completely decimates their entire neighborhoods.


It's utterly intoxicating... but it's not long before I want more. I'm selling myself short. Seeing what I can accomplish with just my head is unimaginably hot, but it's just a gimmick. If I really want to feast on the city I can do so much better.
My hands work like the world's biggest scoops, and rip up hundreds of homes at the same time. A mess of former domiciles and trapped people are carried up to my mouth. Ripped from their safety, and sent towards an inevitable end.

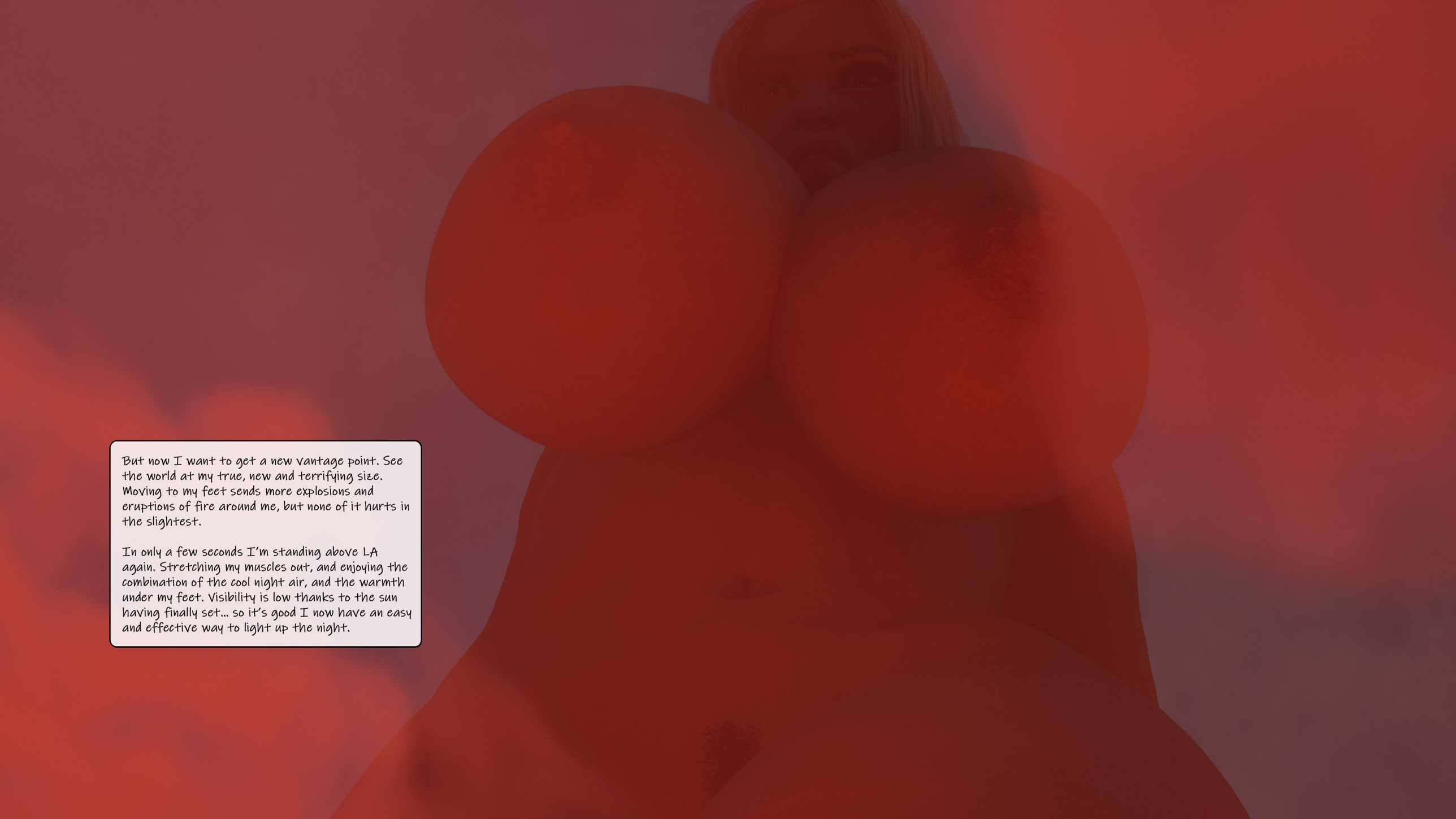

I take as much of it as I can inside of my mouth. Anything in my cupped palms that is moving goes inside, and the remains sift between my hands to drop to the ground. The people inside get a final look at the outside world, illuminated only by the fiery lake I'm currently lounging around inside...
Before my lips close once again, and seal them into darkness permanently.



The swallow that comes after is loud. Wet. Noisy. Completely overpowering the terrified screams of the damned. The lives I ended for the sake of feeling them tickle the inside of my throat. As soon as they move past my tongue I stop feeling them, which is a bit disappointing, but I know what happened after.

I like to think of it like adding salt to a pot of soup. Tiny little grains that fall into my stomach acids, and will dissolve away in seconds.


For no good fucking reason.
None.
I did it because I could. Because I wanted to. They didn't taste like anything. Any nutrition I can get from them is undoubtedly so minuscule it wouldn't make a fucking difference. I can't even see them in their final moments. But I wanted to feel their lives end, and so I did.
And I'd do it again in a heartbeat.



But now I want to get a new vantage point. See the world at my true, new and terrifying size. Moving to my feet sends more explosions and eruptions of fire around me, but none of it hurts in the slightest.

In only a few seconds I'm standing above LA again. Stretching my muscles out, and enjoying the combination of the cool night air, and the warmth under my feet. Visibility is low thanks to the sun having finally set... so it's good I now have an easy and effective way to light up the night.


And it's bad for a certain someone who has the distinction of being so big I'd be able to see them in the middle of the night. Kayla's still walking away, but I can tell she's seen everything that's happened. Her head turns back away as soon as I lock eyes with her, and she picks up the pace, turning even more of the city into footprints in the process.
Just a few minutes ago we were nearly the same size. It was great, but I could do without it. I think it just makes more sense if I'm the biggest thing around, and the second-smallest isn't even half my size. And that's what Kayla's good for. Small enough to be shoved into my pussy. Big enough to fill me out nicely. That will be her role going forward.


I take a step forward. Fire erupts around my feet, and Kayla looks back. I don't know how big I am now, but clouds are only around my thighs. If I remember right from countless private jet rides in the past, I'd guess that means I'm a few miles tall.


With flames erupting around my feet as I walk, I can see the look of utter terror on Kayla's face. I must look like some kind of a monster at this point, and she recognizes it as well. What happens next is all up to her.


Is she going to keep trying this idiotic plan of coexisting with those fucking insects? Treating moving specks as equals. Trying to engage with them on any level that doesn't involve killing them?
Or is she going to submit?


END OF PART 19

KAYLEE'S GROWTH PART 19




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TONS OF GREAT 3D GIANTESS COMICS!