
KAYLEE
PART 21


REDFIREDOG
EMMAGEAR



This is hard to watch.

I don't know why I insisted on seeing it. I just... I had to see for myself. I couldn't live with myself if I just allowed this to happen. Maybe I just wanted to punish myself by watching it when I helped make it happen, or maybe I was just stupid. But... either way...

But when I actually saw it from the infrared drone. The explosion that consumed the entire screen. Kayla's reaction. Kaylee falling over. It was too much to bear.



"It looked like Kaylee tried to protect her little sister... Maybe she wasn't all gone. Maybe there's a little of the old Kaylee in there...?"

The words echoed around the plane. Nobody said anything.

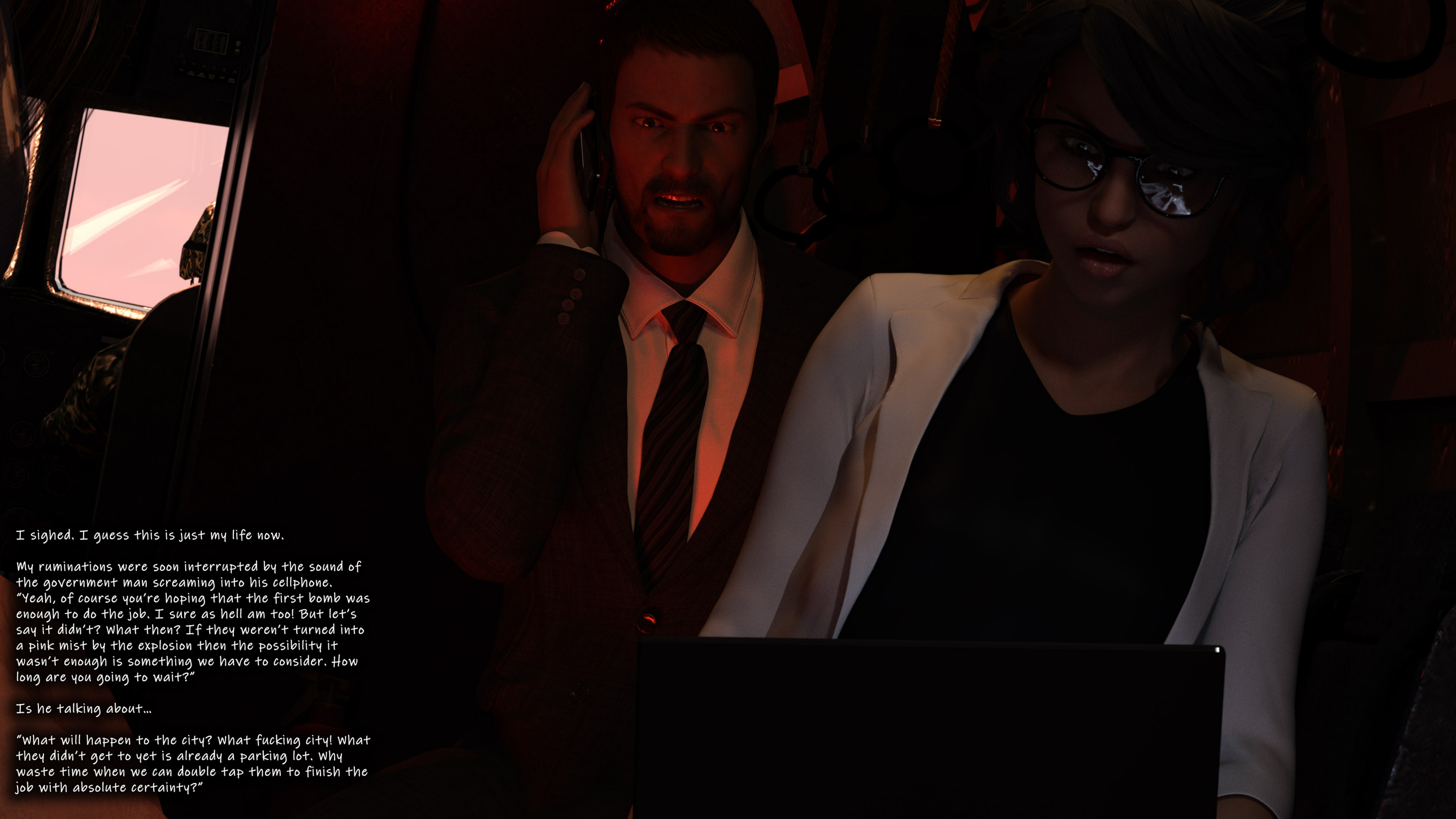
"Do you... do you think they'll survive?"

Jessica sighed.

"It's hard to say. They're both showing signs of life... but it's unclear if they're on their last legs or not."


I know I shouldn't feel bad. I know what Kaylee's done over the last day. I was almost victim to it myself more than once. But... still...
My hands clenched into fists as I sulked into my seat. I wish there was something more I could do. I wish I could have saved Kaylee. Somehow. Just... wrapped her up in my arms and protected her in that moment...


For a moment I want to try and do exactly that. Not go after Kaylee, of course, but try to get something more out of these people! Get them to answer some questions, ask if we can fly back so I can try and talk to them if they're still alive. Something!
But...
I look around me again. Staring back are two armed soldiers standing so still you'd swear they were statues.



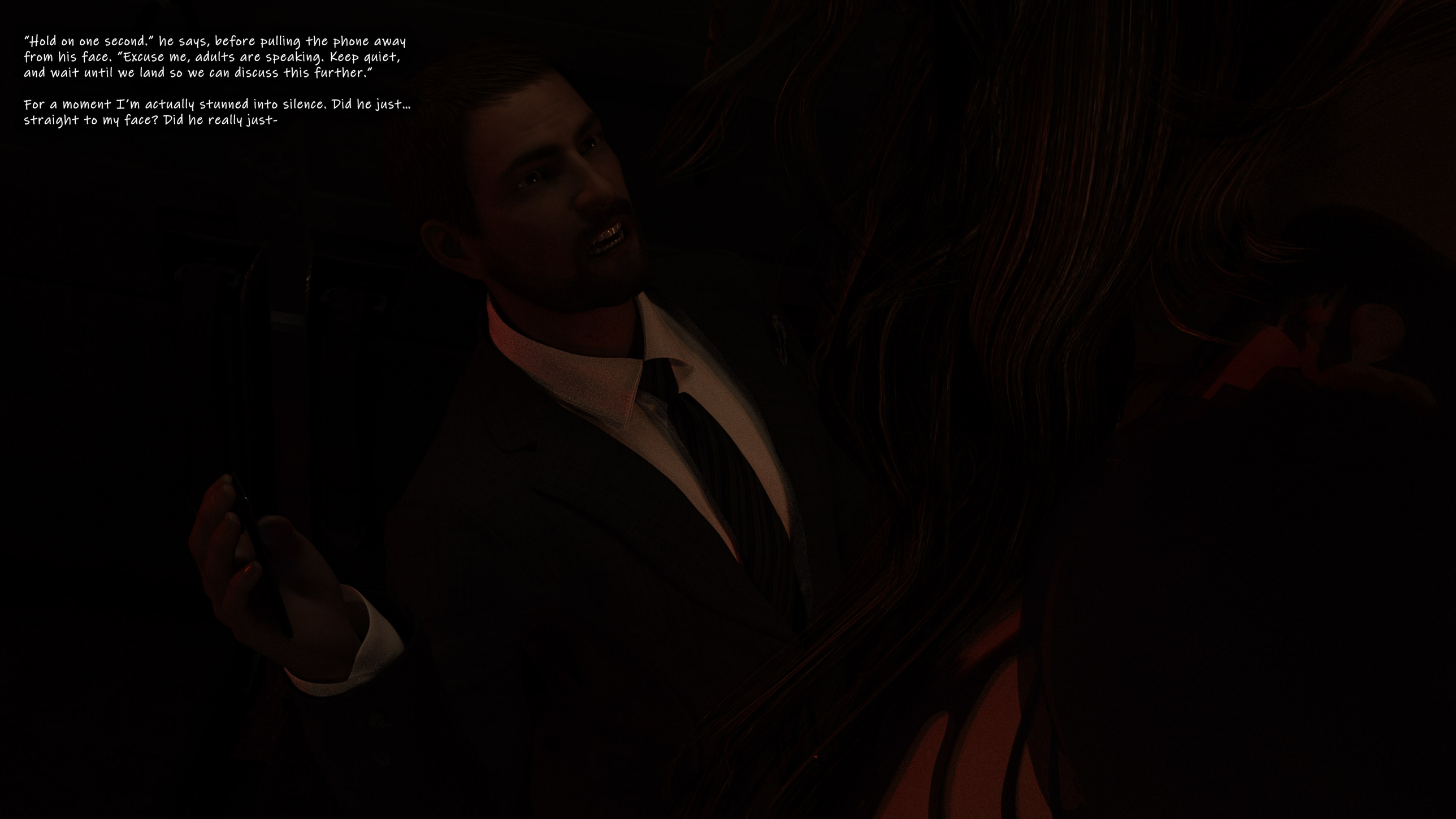
I sighed. I guess this is just my life now.

My ruminations were soon interrupted by the sound of the government man screaming into his cellphone. "Yeah, of course you're hoping that the first bomb was enough to do the job. I sure as hell am too! But let's say it didn't? What then? If they weren't turned into a pink mist by the explosion then the possibility it wasn't enough is something we have to consider. How long are you going to wait?"

Is he talking about...

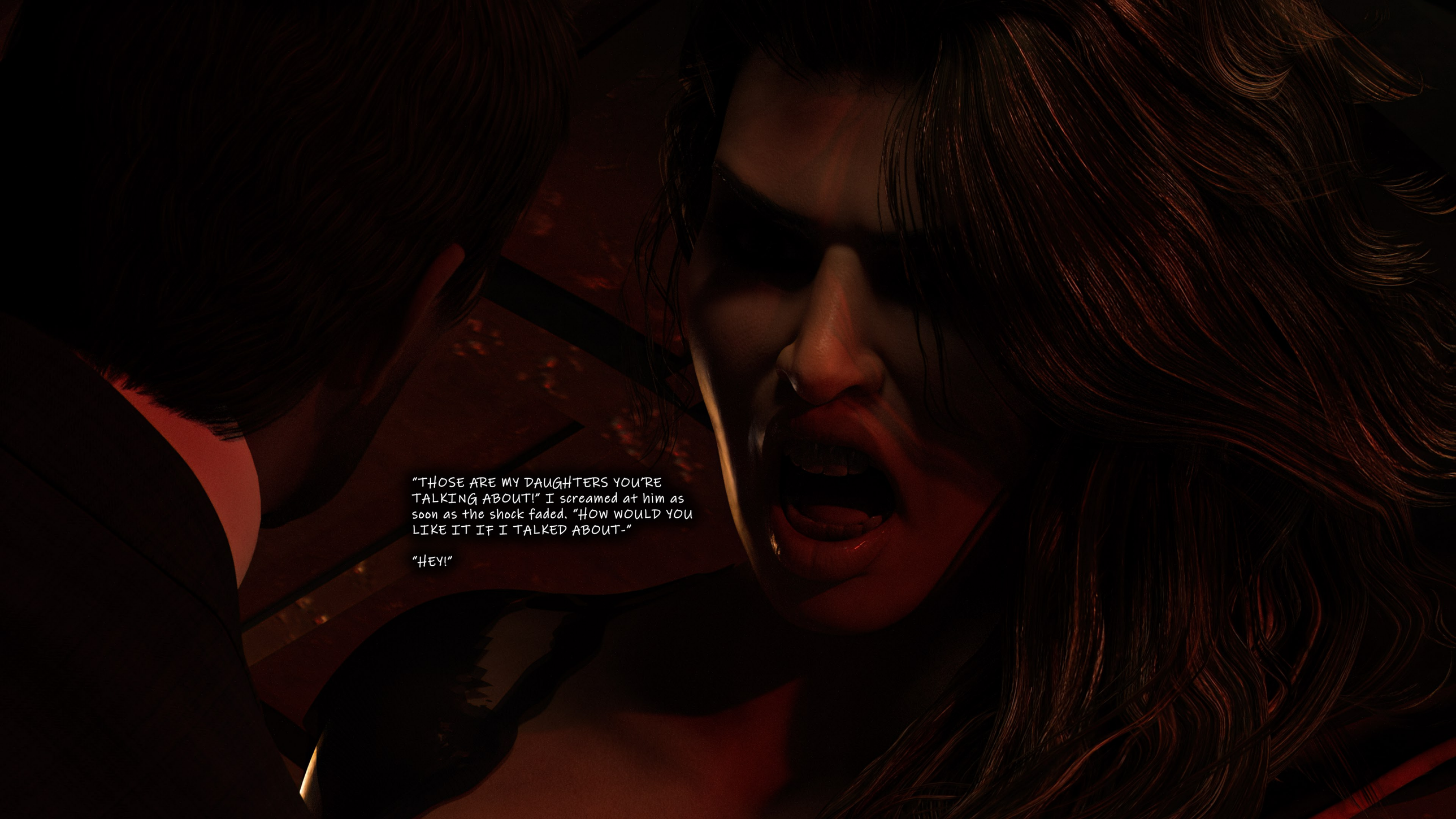
"What will happen to the city? What fucking city! What they didn't get to yet is already a parking lot. Why waste time when we can double tap them to finish the job with absolute certainty?"


"Could you keep it down?" I tell him, focusing every bit of my willpower on not having a reaction any harsher than that. It's hard. I don't know if I'll have it in me to not wring his neck when we land. What's the worst that will happen to me? They need me.
I hope.



"Hold on one second." he says, before pulling the phone away from his face. "Excuse me, adults are speaking. Keep quiet, and wait until we land so we can discuss this further."

For a moment I'm actually stunned into silence. Did he just... straight to my face? Did he really just-


"THOSE ARE MY DAUGHTERS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!" I screamed at him as soon as the shock faded. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I TALKED ABOUT-"
"HEY!"



The voice came from behind, and I quickly saw the two men who were standing by watching silently raise their weapons. Jessica raises her hands, and I would do the same if I weren't so furious at the moment.

I bite my bottom lip. The urge to rebel regardless remains, but in these cramped quarters with two weapons being pointed at me? No. It'd be suicide.

"I get it." I said, trying to restrain my ranger. "Just... put the weapons down."

They don't.



"I'll keep quiet. I promise. Just-"

"At ease, men." The man behind me says. The two soldiers seem apprehensive over the order, but step back and lower their weapons regardless.

"Now if you don't mind." The government man said, turning back. "I was in the middle of an important goddamn call."

The anger inside of me hasn't subsided one bit. It's utterly humiliating to respond gracefully, but with no other options I can only do what I need in order to survive.

"I'm sorry."

"Good." He says, and the plane falls quiet once more.


Head... throbbing...

Vision... blurry...

The smell of smoke hangs heavy in the air. Smoke and... something I find it difficult to describe. I try to sit up to get a better handle on things, but quickly find that every single muscle in my body screams in protest, forcing me to continue lying flat on the ground.

I try to move again. Again I am unsuccessful. Whatever's happening seems to be affecting both of us. Though my entire body is sore, it feels more like I just don't have the strength to sit back up. Like I finished a twelve-hour session at the gym and my body is begging me to stay where I am.

"Kaylee...? You awake?"


"Yeah..." She whispers. For a moment I feel the ground rumble, but just like when I attempted it a moment ago, nothing happens.
"Everything... Everything hurts, Kayla. I feel... heavy."
"Heavy? Like you can't move?"
"Yeah..."



"Well... at least you're alive, sis."

Kaylee scoffs, before groaning in pain.

"Alive...? Yeah. For now." She whispers, breathing heavily.
"Why do you care anyway? I thought you hated me."


I think about what she says for a moment, trying to find the right words.
"I do." I say, wracked with guilt over even doing that much. "But... you still saved me. And at the end of the day, I guess we're family... right?"
Kaylee doesn't say anything in response. I probably deserve that.


It's true what they say. When you're dying... you find yourself yearning for family. Even when you hate them. But there was someone whose presence I longed for, far more than Kaylee's...
"Mom..." The word escaped my lips without me even realizing it. I wanted to see her face more than anything, even if it was just one last time before I faded away. Of course she wasn't going to show up now. How could she? She was probably a thousand miles away by now. But some childish part of me hoped that somehow, no matter how far away she was, she could hear me... and that she'd save the day.



It shouldn't continue to bother me. I've... I've accepted this outcome. I know what has to be done. It will save lives. Even if... even if it's my own daughters out there.

Knowing this, and actually having to deal with it are two entirely different situations though. I thought I had control over myself, but once I'd actually heard the call get made... I lost control. I don't know how they expect me, a mother, to just stand by and allow a nuclear strike to be authorized on her own flesh and blood. Even if they're... like that. It's not right. And for my efforts I was rewarded.

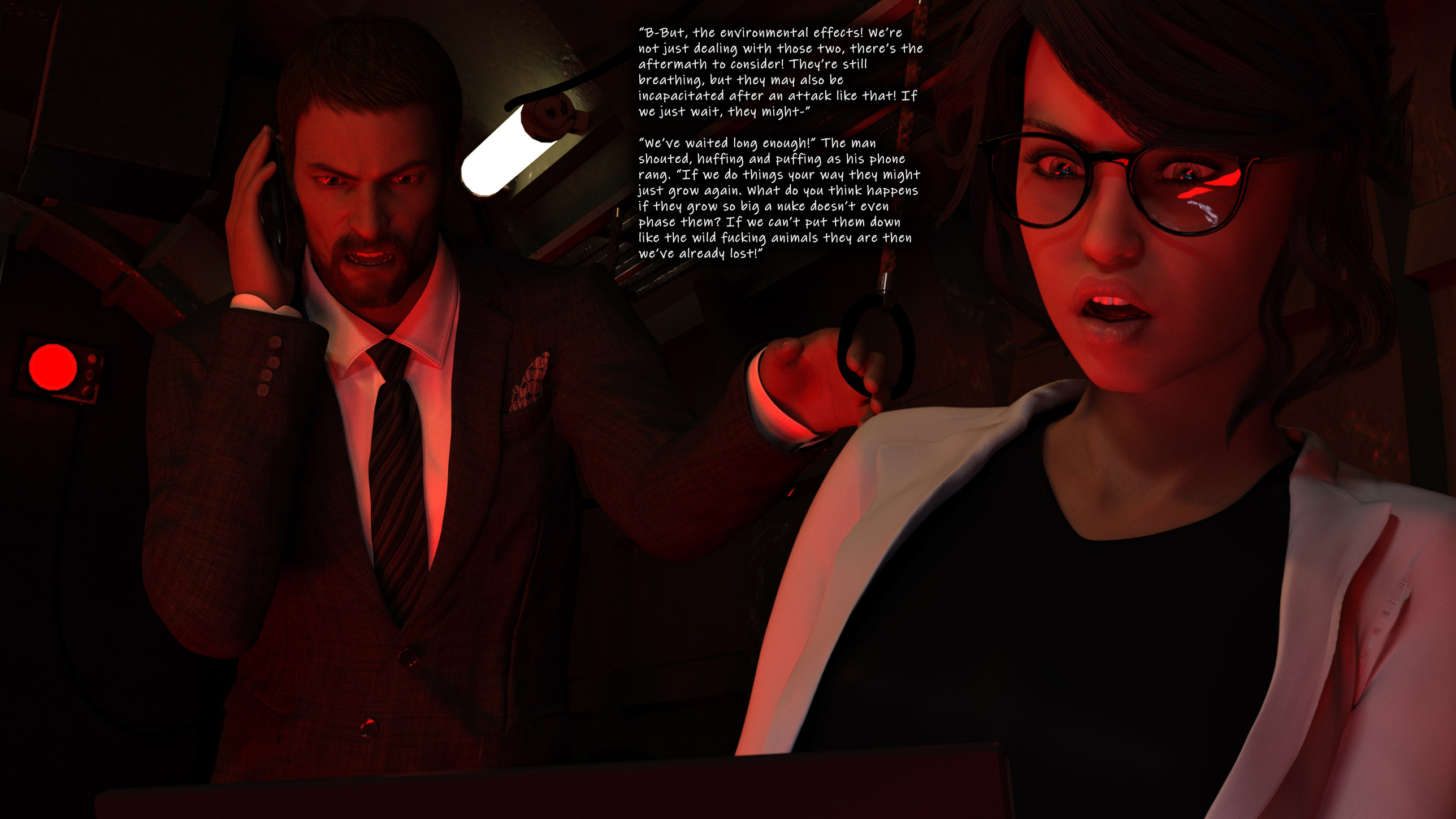
With a pair of handcuffs.



"Status?"

"There's still signs of life."

"That's enough goddamn waiting," The man in the suit said with a sigh, before pulling his phone back out. "We need to launch another one, I don't care how many it takes! The city's already gone! There's nothing left to lose!"

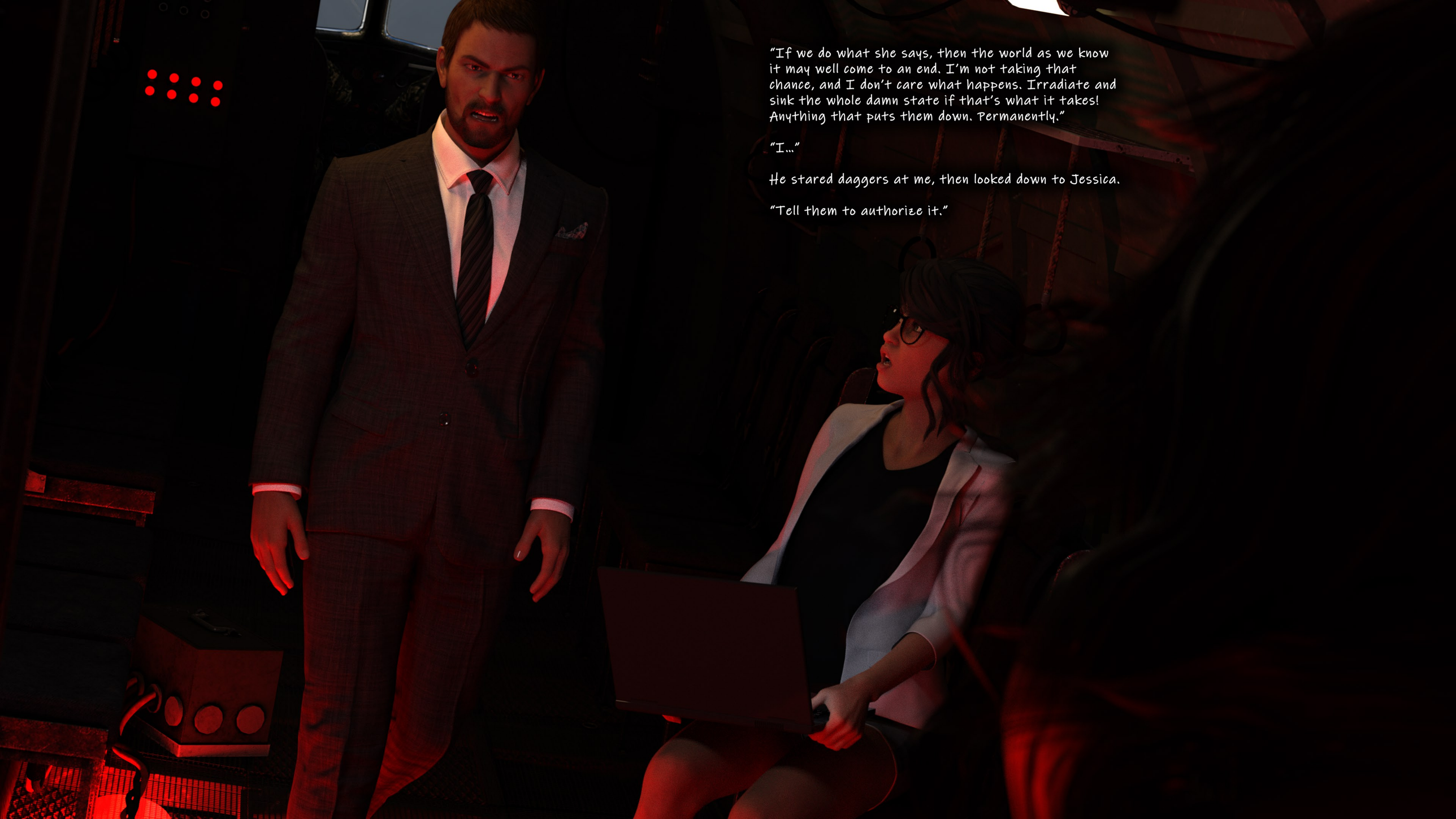

"B-But, the environmental effects! We're not just dealing with those two, there's the aftermath to consider! They're still breathing, but they may also be incapacitated after an attack like that! If we just wait, they might-"
"We've waited long enough!" The man shouted, huffing and puffing as his phone rang. "If we do things your way they might just grow again. What do you think happens if they grow so big a nuke doesn't even phase them? If we can't put them down like the wild fucking animals they are then we've already lost!"



"I understand sir, but there's too much we don't know! The actual explosion is only one part of this. The massive dose of radiation... it may be enough to finish them off given some time! They may still do damage, but it's better for everyone if we-"

"We launch." He interrupted, the person on the other end of the phone having picked up.


"Listen to her!" I snapped, rage spiking within me. "She's the expert, and she's bringing up a good point! What if another one makes things worse? You already hit them once, and-"
He looked up at me, his eyes narrowing into thin slits. A look so intense I couldn't help but be taken back.
"I'm... I'm just saying! She's got the expertise in this specific field. If we do as she says, then maybe-"

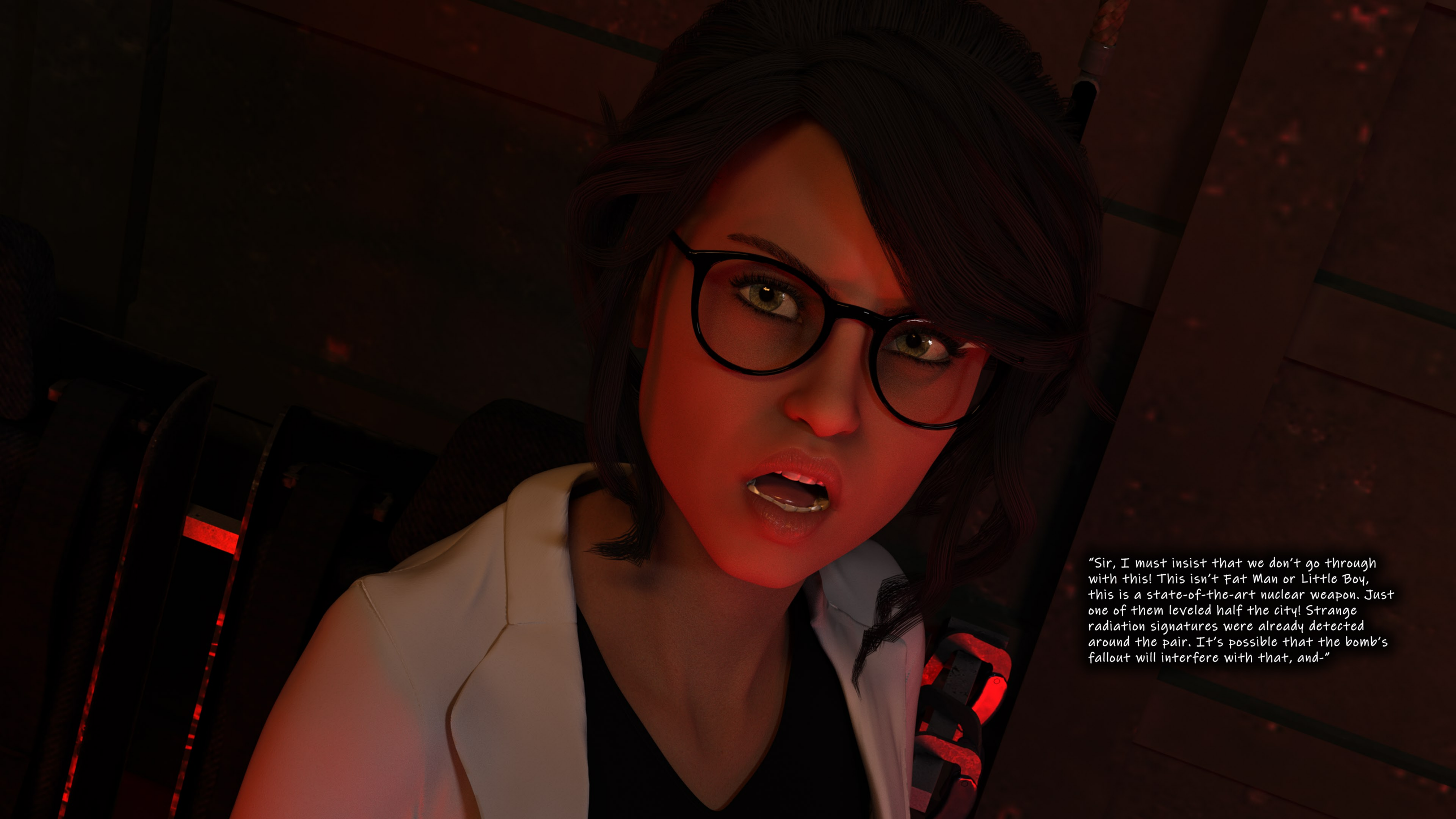


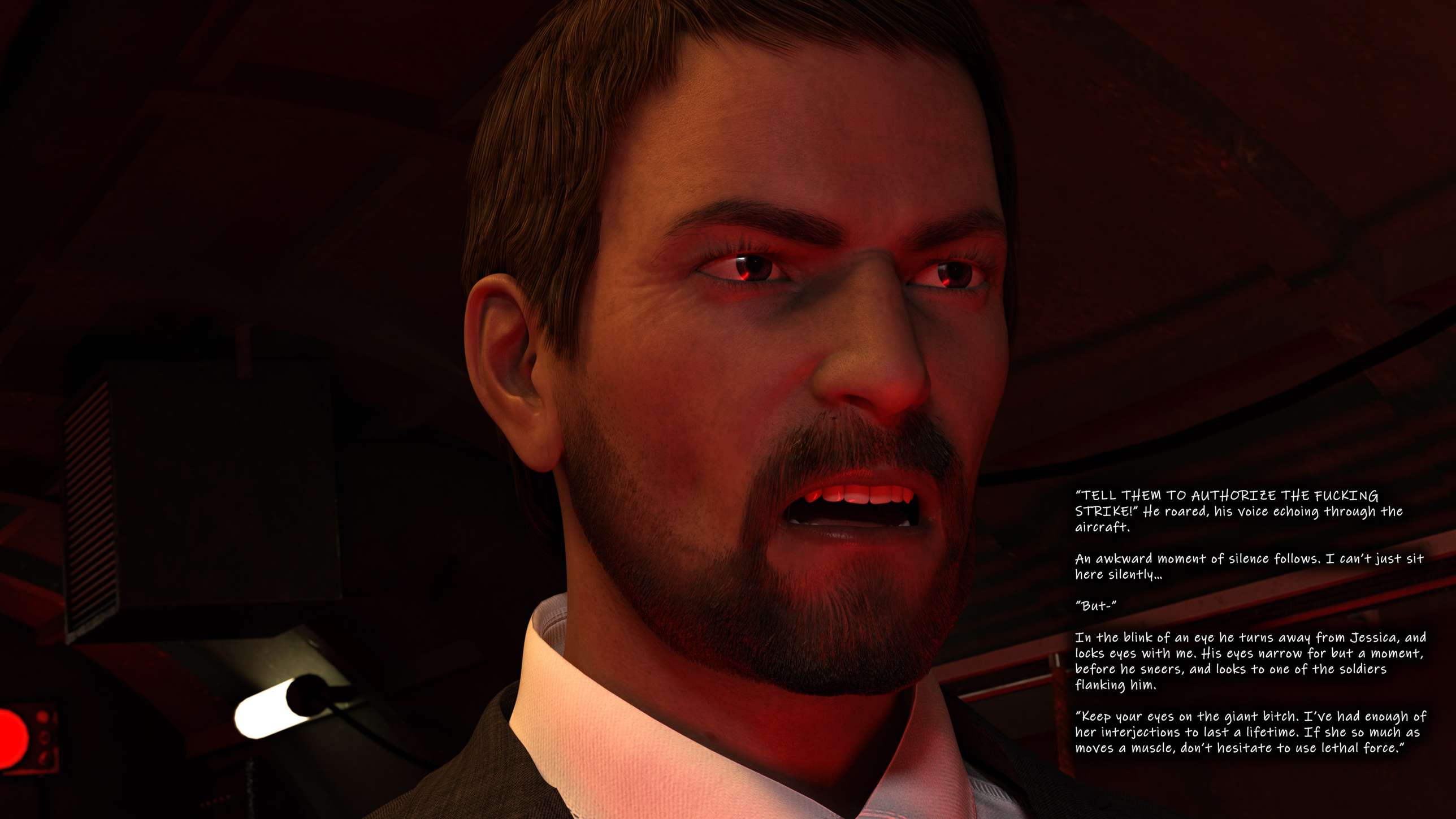
"If we do what she says, then the world as we know it may well come to an end. I'm not taking that chance, and I don't care what happens. Irradiate and sink the whole damn state if that's what it takes! Anything that puts them down. Permanently."

"I..."

He stared daggers at me, then looked down to Jessica.

"Tell them to authorize it."


"Sir, I must insist that we don't go through with this! This isn't Fat Man or Little Boy, this is a state-of-the-art nuclear weapon. Just one of them leveled half the city! Strange radiation signatures were already detected around the pair. It's possible that the bomb's fallout will interfere with that, and-"



"TELL THEM TO AUTHORIZE THE FUCKING STRIKE!" He roared, his voice echoing through the aircraft.

An awkward moment of silence follows. I can't just sit here silently...

"But-"

In the blink of an eye he turns away from Jessica, and locks eyes with me. His eyes narrow for but a moment, before he sneers, and looks to one of the soldiers flanking him.

"Keep your eyes on the giant bitch. I've had enough of her interjections to last a lifetime. If she so much as moves a muscle, don't hesitate to use lethal force."


I could hardly believe what I'd just heard. I stared back at him stunned, wondering what I had done to deserve such treatment. I hadn't hurt anyone! I wasn't the one out there doing... what they were doing. I was trying to help! And trying to be a good mother... and...


And to be treated like this?! I haven't done anything wrong! I'm cooperating, and I just wanted to listen to the experts! She knows more than he does, and more than I do! And now I'm getting weapons pointed at me, and...
It's hard to explain how I'm feeling. Every passing moment I think about the injustices being inflicted on me ever since I agreed to cooperate. It... it just...



It was subtle, but I felt something when I tried to move my hands just now. The metal flexed and bent from my casual movement. If I put some actual force into this, I have no doubt in my mind that I could break them. The question is... do I want to?

I look around the plane again. The guards moved to stand behind me after my little outburst, but there's not enough light in this thing for them to notice the damage to the cuffs. Better yet, since they're right here within arm's reach, I bet I could...



"I WON'T JUST SIT HERE AND TAKE THIS!" I screamed back at the man threatening Jessica. Both of them turned to look at me, and I can see what looks like an order about to be issued to the men behind me. But before that could finish, I flexed both of my arms as hard as I possibly could, and pulled them apart with all my strength.

It was complete overkill. The cuffs shattered into a million pieces, and metal chunks sprinkled uselessly onto the floor.

Just like that, I'm free.



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING, LADY!?"

"Krystal! Calm down! We can't have you growing more while you're still inside!"

I had come up with a plan. One that would incapacitate the soldiers and ensure my safety, but the look of utter shock on the man's face tempts me. After what he just said, he deserves to feel my wrath. I could reach forward and tackle him before he even had a chance to defend himself. I could do any number of things if I can just get my hands on him.

"GET HER!"



But the order is issued, and I hear the sound of heavy weapons being grabbed. Two men behind me are taking aim, and they certainly don't have my best interests in mind.

"Don't fucking move!"

"You've served your purpose!" the government man yelled. "They won't hesitate to shoot!"

Bull fucking shit. I've worked with the military before. If they really had no more use of me, then I'd have already been dead and in the ground. That means they either still need me... or they don't want to risk shooting me while we're still in the plane.



Either way, that makes this an easy win for me.

Slamming both of my hands back with as much force as I can manage brings a rush of adrenaline coursing through my veins. I feel two tiny faces make contact with my palms. Sunglasses used to mask their identities shatter in the blink of an eye, and I can instantly hear screaming as my fingers begin to tighten around their face. Their own much-smaller hands wrap around mine in a vain effort to free themselves, but even one of my arms is enough to overpower their entire body.



"PUT THEM DOWN RIGHT NOW, LADY!"

That settles it. I'll admit this was about as far into my plan as I'd gotten. Stop them from shooting me, then maybe make some demands. But... hearing that man's voice again. His refusal to even acknowledge me with the basest amount of courtesy.

I flicked my wrist up, and in an instant I felt both of the soldier's heads get yanked back hard. After that... they no longer move. It was too easy. Their necks must have snapped, or maybe something else. I don't know... but when I release the hold on my fingers they flop to the ground in a useless pile next to their weapons.


I try not to think about what I just did, and shove their limp bodies away. Both collapse with a heavy thud onto the ground. No groans of pain. No crying out. Just silence.

There's a startled gasp, and I think it's from one of the soldiers. But... no luck. Jessica, having just processed what she saw, is staring right at me, and I can only look back at her.

I had this all planned out. Incapacitate the two men, then lunge forward and get my hands onto the source of all my problems. Maybe I could even get that strike canceled. But... my limbs just feel heavy after that. The weight of what I'd just done begins to sink in, and makes me feel like I can't move.

Should I... Should I check on them?

Is this what Kayla felt when she started growing? I thought of how she was just like me only a day ago. She didn't revel in it the way Kaylee so obviously did, but she still very much did it. Now I was like her. I'd just taken my first two lives.




Were they going to be the first of many? Or will I be able to de-escalate things from here?
The other two plane occupants only stared at me. I can't be sure what they were thinking, but it certainly wasn't positive. Horror, rage, panic. All mixed into a negative cocktail.


"WE HAVE LOST CONTROL!" The man suddenly shouts, looking behind him. Immediately after there's the sound of shuffling, and a weapon being picked up.



A moment later, the co-pilot leaps from his seat, training his weapon on me in the blink of an eye. He keeps it raised, and is too far away for me to reach before he can fire. Not that I'm sure I even could with the other two directly in my path. I may have been able to snap those cuffs like they were made from tinfoil, but I have yet to test myself against a firearm. Especially not something a military man was carrying.

I wrack my brain to try and come up with something to do here, but fail to do so. There's not enough space. I'm too big a target. One wrong move and I'll be drilled full of lead.



Suddenly all the heaviness leaves my limbs, and I raise both my hands in submission.

"I don't want any trouble." I say, my voice quivering. It's hardly convincing. My eyes dart between the two men standing before me, and I look to Jessica to see if she can be of any help.


But... she's clutching the sides of the plane. I think she's in as much danger as I am. Except, unlike me, I think she's still needed. Whoever it is who can authorized a strike seems to care what she thinks. That was more than enough reason for him to want her alive. And if what this guy said earlier is true...
"Smoke her."



The gun is raised, and I do the only thing I can. Both my hands raise to try and shield my face, but in the process I bump into something. A lever sticking out from right next to me. Not knowing what else to do, I simply shout the very first thing that comes to mind.

"I'LL DO IT!"

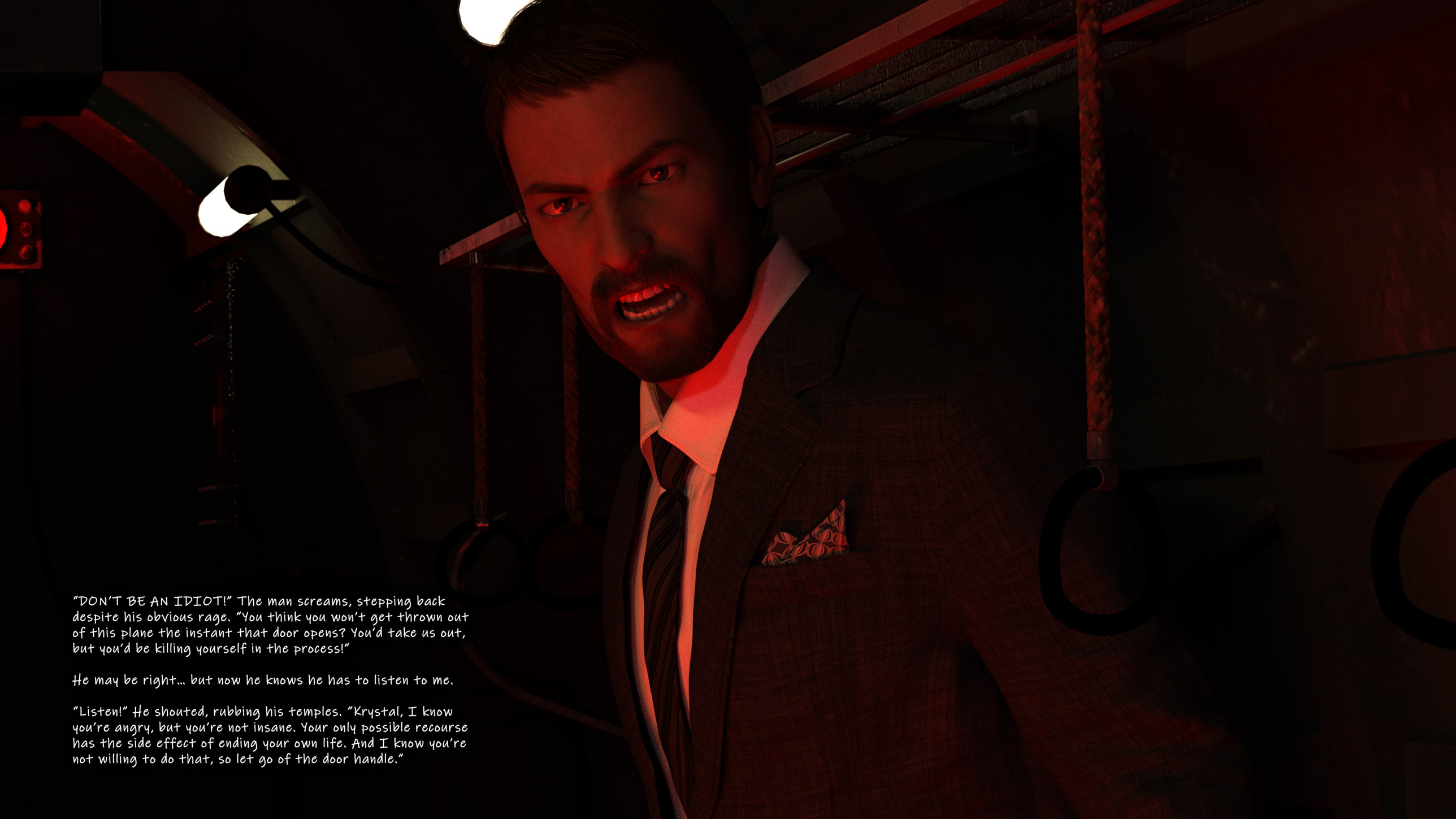
The man with the raised inhales sharply.



My fingers tighten around the bar, and I give it a firm wrench as quickly as I can. It moves easily, and I can see the soldier's subtle movements take on a more panicked look. He's one of the pilots. He knows what this lever is, and his reaction tells me all I need to know.

"Put that thing down, or I push this door wide open!"

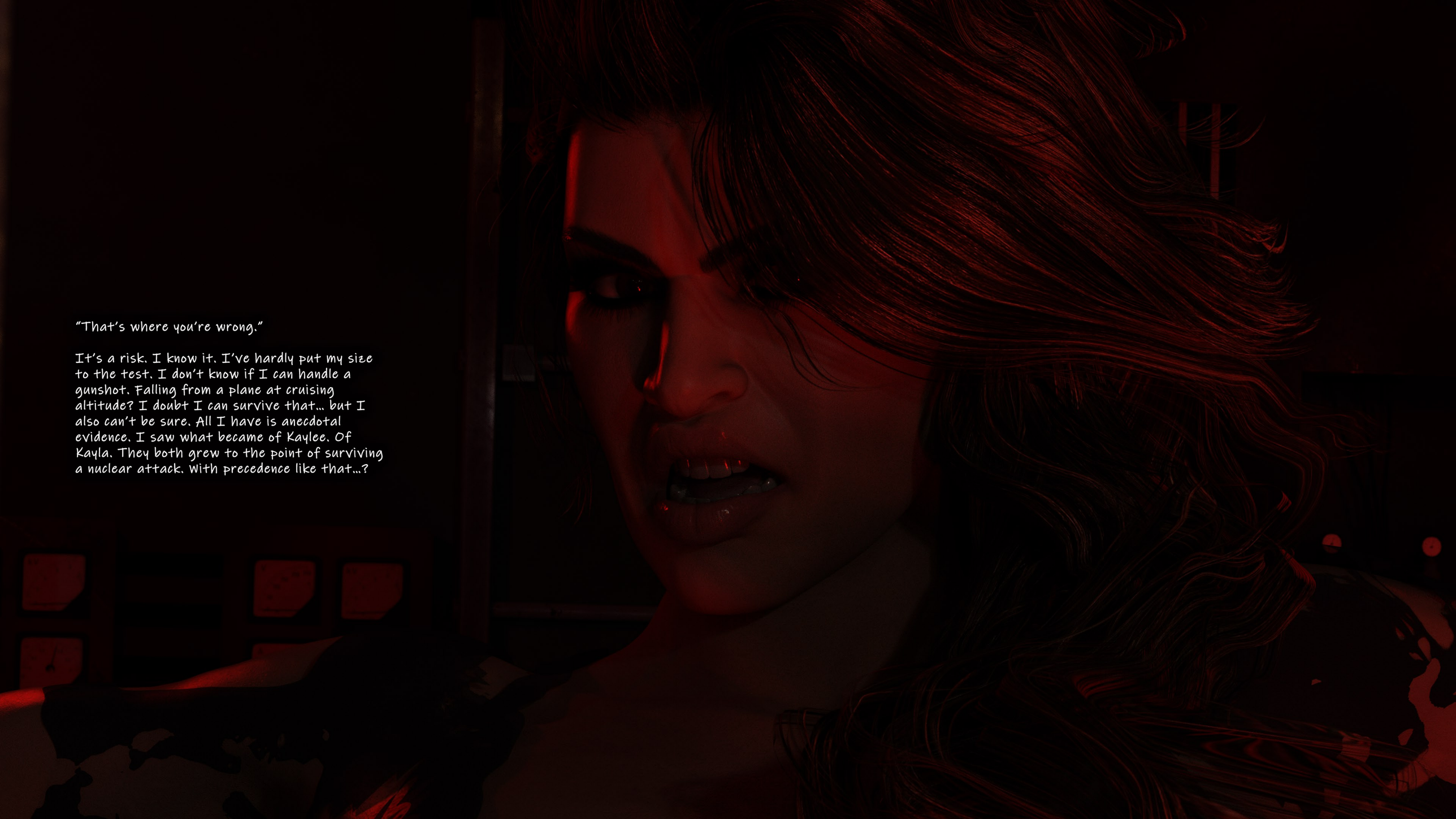
Everyone in the room can only stare. I'm no physics major, but I own a private jet and I've been briefed on how incredibly dangerous depressurization inside of a plane is. I open that door and every single thing in this plane may get sucked out in the blink of an eye.



"DON'T BE AN IDIOT!" The man screams, stepping back despite his obvious rage. "You think you won't get thrown out of this plane the instant that door opens? You'd take us out, but you'd be killing yourself in the process!"

He may be right... but now he knows he has to listen to me.

"Listen!" He shouted, rubbing his temples. "Krystal, I know you're angry, but you're not insane. Your only possible recourse has the side effect of ending your own life. And I know you're not willing to do that, so let go of the door handle."

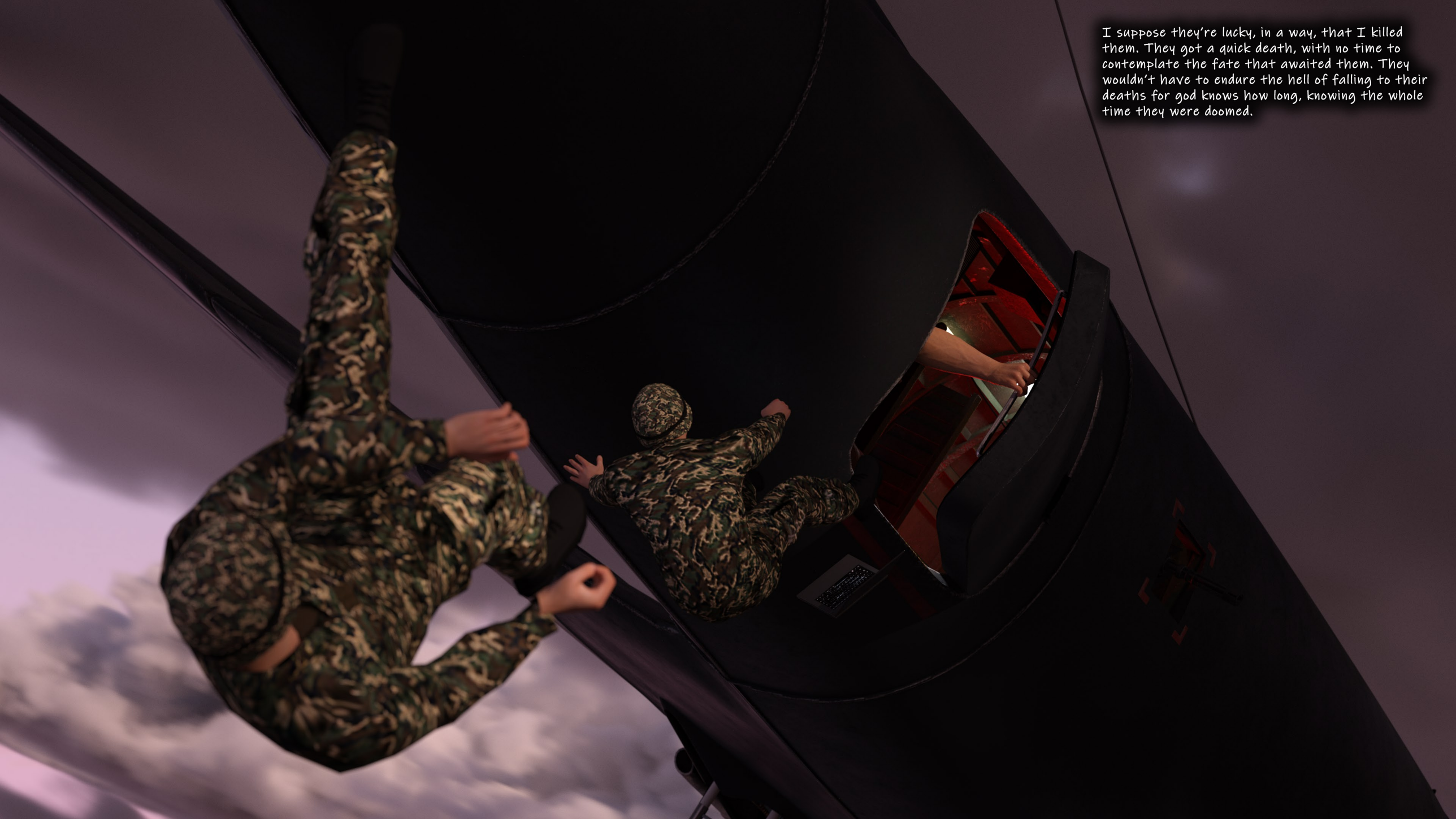

"That's where you're wrong."
It's a risk. I know it. I've hardly put my size to the test. I don't know if I can handle a gunshot. Falling from a plane at cruising altitude? I doubt I can survive that... but I also can't be sure. All I have is anecdotal evidence. I saw what became of Kaylee. Of Kayla. They both grew to the point of surviving a nuclear attack. With precedence like that...?



I think I can safely roll the dice.

I yanked the handle as hard as I could. For a split-second I can hear the cries of everyone in the plane over what did, but it's near-instantly muted by the explosive sound of wind flying at hundreds of miles an hour. With the plane depressurized, the door swings open with so much force I have to brace myself with my other arm.

That's the only thing that saves me. The soldiers below me are sucked out in an instant. The force was enough to pull them right out from under me, even with my considerable weight on top of them. Their limp bodies bumped my arm as they tumbled out the door, nearly making me lose my grip for a moment. And along with them, a single red shoe.


I suppose they're lucky, in a way, that I killed them. They got a quick death, with no time to contemplate the fate that awaited them. They wouldn't have to endure the hell of falling to their deaths for god knows how long, knowing the whole time they were doomed.



That takes care of the dead soldiers, but there's still a live one in the front of the cabin. He's barely holding on for dear life. All I have to do is outlast him. The only problem is holding on is significantly harder than I expected. The wind blasting over my face makes it hard to even keep my eyes open, and I know if I loosen my grip on the doors for even a second I'm going to be thrown out of here just like those men. Even now I can feel the suction desperately trying to drag me out of here, having already ripped my torn clothing to further shreds.


The question now is, how much longer can I hold on?
It isn't long at all before everything that wasn't nailed down to the ground is thrown out of the plane. Jessica's computer is gone. The phone they were using to order the strike is drifting through the air. I wonder who will be the next one to lose their grip, and I fear it will be me.


The man in the suit is clinging to the hull of the plane for dear life, the rest of his body flapping uselessly in the wind without anything securing him in place. Jessica is in a similarly dire predicament, hugging the seat she was sitting on.


Suddenly, the soldier loses his grip. Quicker than anyone else can process he tumbles down the length of the plane, arms flailing in a desperate bid to find something to hold onto and save himself.

But, just to be sure, I lean a little bit more forward so the door opens just a bit wider.

He's forcibly ejected from the plane, a barely audible scream over the vicious winds being the last sign anyone sees of him. The only problem is, his sudden appearance plants the seed of doubt in me. I thought it was safe, but if I'm wrong? They won't give me the chance to do this again. Maybe I can hold it for just a few more seconds...




"CLOSE THE FUCKING DOOR, KRYSTAL!" I can barely make out as Jessica's already-tenuous grip on her seat begins to loosen. I want to try and save her, but fear keeps me from doing so. What if the pilot leaves his seat? I have a feeling that my own grip won't last long enough to draw anymore of them out if I try this a second time.



But after another second there's no more sign of anyone. Thinking it best to finish this little show of power my fingers tighten around the door and I begin to pull... only to find that it isn't budging. I re-acclimate my grip to the door, only to feel it swing open even further, and threaten to take me with it.

Then, quicker than I can realize what's happening... I'm outside.

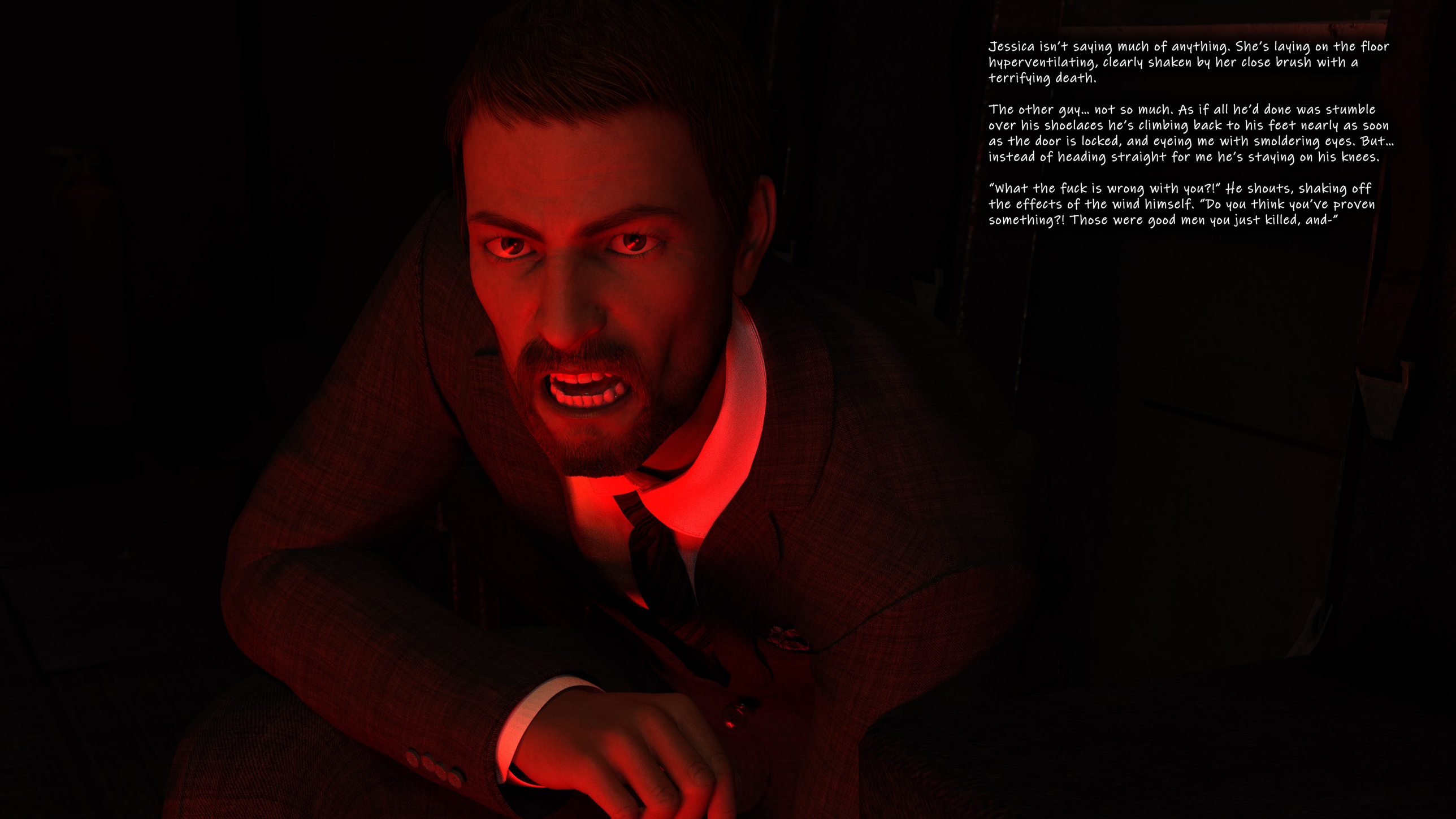
Or, at least my head is. The wind is blasting directly onto my face from this high up, and the light is blinding after getting so used to the dim view inside of the aircraft. I try to turn my head down so I can actually open my eyes, but I can't see anything beyond the veil of clouds. The realization that I'm this high up and moments away from getting sucked out of the plane galvanized me, and I tense every muscle in my body to force this door to close again.


It's not as hard as I had feared it would be. Once I'm actually able to use my own weight and leverage to pull the door closed I can feel myself coming closer to safety. As the door closes, the suction lessens, and with a sudden jolt I'm back inside of the aircraft fully, and the door slams shut with a heavy noise.
For a moment I'm only in shock. The world around me is dark again, my clothes have been completely ruined, but... I'm still here. My heart races while I blink to readjust, and see if there's any more surprise guests in the plane before I lock it once again.



Thankfully, there's no other bodies I can see outside of the pilot screaming in the front. But this isn't a particularly new, or fancy plane. I'm sure it doesn't have any sort of autopilot that would enable him to leave his seat and come back here.

With a quick wrench of my wrist, the door is locked once again, and I can finally relax. Even that brief encounter with high winds was enough to tire me out, and I look to the other two still trapped in here with me.



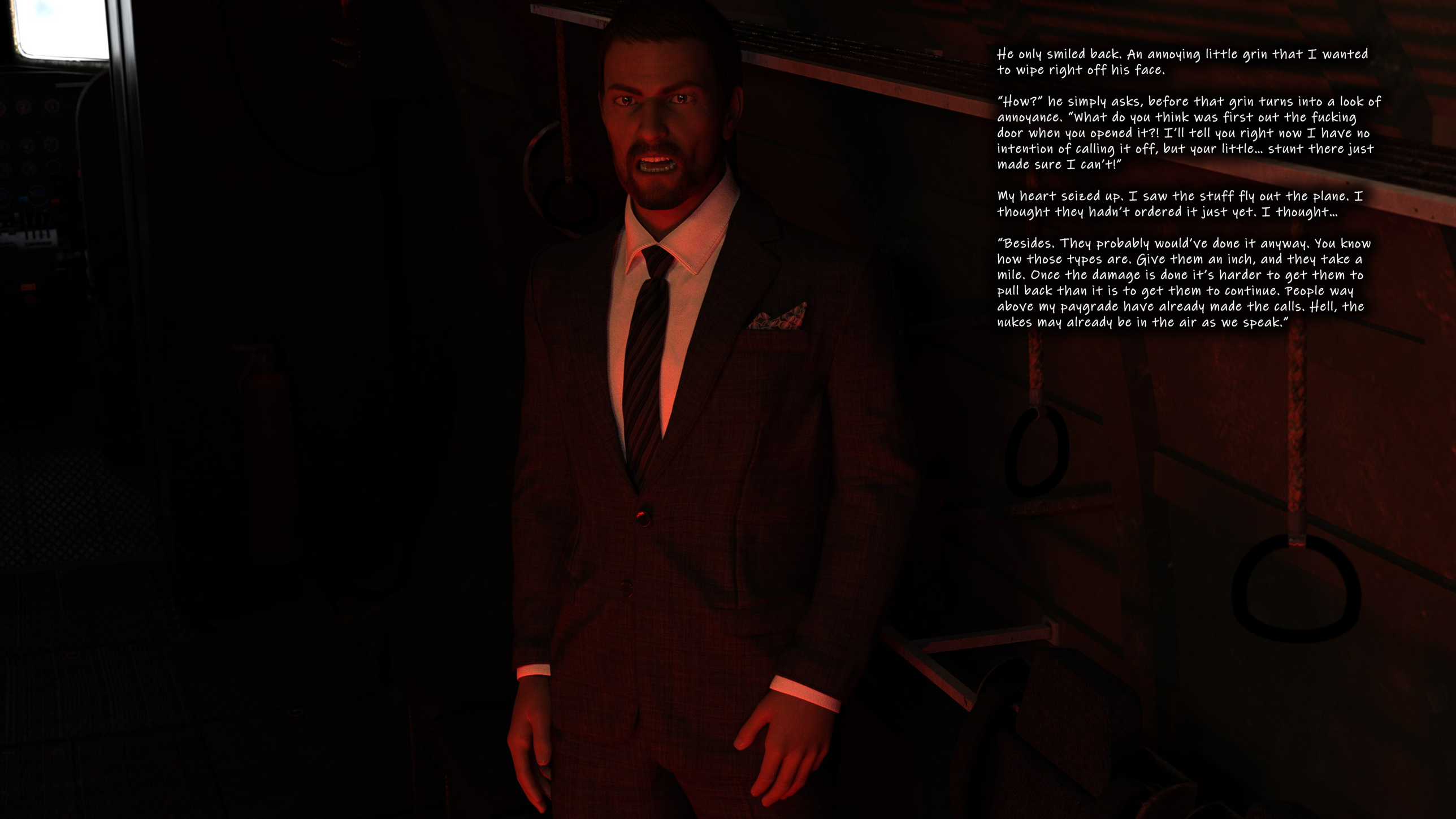
Jessica isn't saying much of anything. She's laying on the floor hyperventilating, clearly shaken by her close brush with a terrifying death.

The other guy... not so much. As if all he'd done was stumble over his shoelaces he's climbing back to his feet nearly as soon as the door is locked, and eyeing me with smoldering eyes. But... instead of heading straight for me he's staying on his knees.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" He shouts, shaking off the effects of the wind himself. "Do you think you've proven something?! Those were good men you just killed, and-"


"SHUT UP!" I screamed, interrupting him.
He does exactly that, though the anger is still evident in his expression.
"I've... I've had enough of you. Of all of this! I'm in charge now, and if you don't like that, then I can make sure you're next off this plane!"
"Go ahead." He says, his voice low, and menacing. Maybe you weren't paying attention, but the deed is done. The second strike has already been ordered. You lost, Krystal. Now you can cooperate with us and we'll treat you right, or-"


"YOU JUST THREATENED TO SHOOT ME!"
"Oh stop fucking whining!" He screamed back. "You would've survived! Hell, you might not have even felt it."
The thought gives me pause, before what he said just now hits me full force. Did he just... a second strike?
"CALL IT OFF!" I ordered, lunging out of my seat closer to him as both of them stepped back. "Call off the second strike right now! I'm in charge here, and-"



He only smiled back. An annoying little grin that I wanted to wipe right off his face.

"How?" he simply asks, before that grin turns into a look of annoyance. "What do you think was first out the fucking door when you opened it?! I'll tell you right now I have no intention of calling it off, but your little... stunt there just made sure I can't!"

My heart seized up. I saw the stuff fly out the plane. I thought they hadn't ordered it just yet. I thought...

"Besides. They probably would've done it anyway. You know how those types are. Give them an inch, and they take a mile. Once the damage is done it's harder to get them to pull back than it is to get them to continue. People way above my paygrade have already made the calls. Hell, the nukes may already be in the air as we speak."



I try to replay the moment in my head. I couldn't have been held at gunpoint for that long, could I? It doesn't make any sense! I try to piece together how it may have happened, how I possibly could have been so focused on the weapon that I couldn't hear them order the strike.

"YOU'RE LYING!"I shouted, reaching an arm forward and wrapping my fingers tightly around the man's throat. He gasps in surprise, eyes nearly bugging out of his head as he looks up at me, before his scowl returns.


"Go ahead! Kill me! You'll see I'm right all over the news when the world has to discuss the logistics of disposing of two ten-mile tall corpses!"
"You just don't know when to shut up, do you?!" I spat, tightening my grip around his throat and casually lifting him off his feet.


"And you..." He began, trying to gasp for air as I kept his neck constricted. "Need to learn that this is for the best! We tried talking her down! We tried."
"THEN KEEP TRYING!"


"AND WHY SHOULD WE?!" he screams so loudly that it makes even my ears ring. "Those two are fucking monsters, and the world would be better off without them! It's either them, or us. And I'm not talking about people in this plane, I'm talking about the entire goddamn human race!"



"That's how you guys always handle these things! Shoot first, ask questions later!"

"And you're stupid enough to think that you can talk them down!"

"SHUT! UP!" I screamed back, throwing him to the floor.


He hits the iron floor with a loud thud, and gasps for air on impact. He groans a moment later, and for a split-second I'm concerned I may have accidentally killed him... before he climbs back onto his side.


"They're not your daughters anymore." He says, making more anger well up inside of me. "We considered all other options and wouldn't have gone this far if we didn't feel like it was necessary."



"It's... It's not over. Let me talk to them, I could-"

"Give up."

I don't want to admit it, but his words do have an effect on me. Try as I might to come up with some sort of loophole, there's nothing I feel like I can do. The strike is ordered, and that means Kayla and Kaylee will...

My head sinks down in defeat. A despair I hadn't expected begins to set in, when I notice something glowing underneath the seat. The box... with the thing inside. It must have been trapped under the seat when the window opened, and given how heavy it was it couldn't slide out.

An insane idea enters my mind.



"No." I say, grabbing hold of the box and sliding it out from under the seat. With a firm squeeze I manage to break the locks keeping it in place, and can pull out the canister sealed away inside. The glow of the tube makes it warm to the touch, and I take another look at what's inside.

"Krystal, you don't want to mess with that. We barely know what it-"

"This isn't over..." I say, beginning to mull over the fascinating object. "...Until I say it is."



The crystal inside seems to call to me. Begging to do something with it. To free it from its confines and put it somewhere more dignified. It's an eerie sensation. Almost sinister, and my resolve wavers. If this is what Jessica said it is, then what would actually happen. Like, seriously. Maybe I should-



"STOP!"

I whip my head behind me, catching Jessica lunging forward to try and grab the container out of my hand. It's a hopeless attempt, as a simple shifting of my upper body is all it takes to block her from grabbing the container entirely.

"KRYSTAL!" She screams so shrilly it makes my ears ring. "Put that down right now! You don't know what you're dealing with here! None of us do! The consequences could be-"



A sudden force on the canister draws my attention back down, to where I see the man trying to pull it out of my hands. It catches me off-guard but all it takes is a quick squeeze on my end to reclaim my grip.

But the quiet, crackling sound of glass fills me with terror.



This thing is more fragile than I expected. I look down at it with wide eyes, unsure of what to think of what just happened. The brief moment is all it takes for the thing to nearly slip out of my fingers entirely, but I pull it out of his weak grip in one quick movement, feeling the glass walls of the thing break more around my fingers.

A strange sensation courses through me. Something begging me to put an end to this charade. To break the thing right now and stop the pointless fighting.



"LET IT GO! YOU MIGHT-"

"SHUT UP!" I shouted, throwing an elbow back. Jessica is launched backwards in the blink of an eye, slamming into the floor of the plane as I finally wrench the thing free of the man's grip. I stare more at the crystal inside as it looks at me. Beckoning me. Telling me that I need to reclaim my role as the one in charge here. And that I can do that if I just break it right now.



My heart races as the glow seems to intensify as I consider doing exactly that. I don't know where these urges are coming from, but I can feel the warmth in between my fingers as the cracked glass begins to spread further.

Some part of me deep down tells me something is wrong. I shouldn't be feeling this way. I should work with the military, and try to find an alternative method. Even if it means throwing my not-inconsiderable weight around and threatening to crush a few men in the process.

The part of me demanding I give in is offering a much simpler argument. I'm their mother, aren't I? If they're misbehaving, it's up to me to discipline them. Obviously, I can't do so at this size.

But if I were bigger...?


That seals the deal.
I don't see an easy way to open the thing, so I just squeeze my hand into a fist with all my strength. The cracked glass gives way in the blink of an eye, and steel crumples around my fist as the light inside goes from bright to positively blinding in an instant.
The sound of the canister exploding sounds a dozen times louder than it should have. The feeling of heat on my hands intensifies so much it feels like I've dipped it into magma. An unseen force blows my hair back at the same time, and makes it feel as if a bomb went off in my hand.


Then, just as quickly as it happened... it's gone. The canister is just a crumpled mess of steel and glass shards in my fingers. The figure inside is shattered, bits of it tinkling onto the steel floor underneath us. The light, the warmth, the bizarre sensations... all fade.
Did that... Did that do something?



"Can't fucking believe this shit."

My grip loosens on the broken container as more glass hits the floor. Next to me is that familiar face, looking up at me while shaking his head in disappointment.

"Really thought that would be useful, but I guess not. All that work, and that thing was a dud."

"But..."



A dizziness forms in the pit of my stomach that nearly rocks me from my feet. I squint my eyes, gasp for air, and try to keep myself stable as it feels like the entire world is shifting around me. In my stupor I can feel the muscles in my hands spasm, and hear the sound of that container hitting the ground. I think I'll try and pick it up, but I'm barely cognizant of where I am right now. It's like something inside of me is begging to be let out, and it's going to tear itself free from my body if I don't hurry up and act.

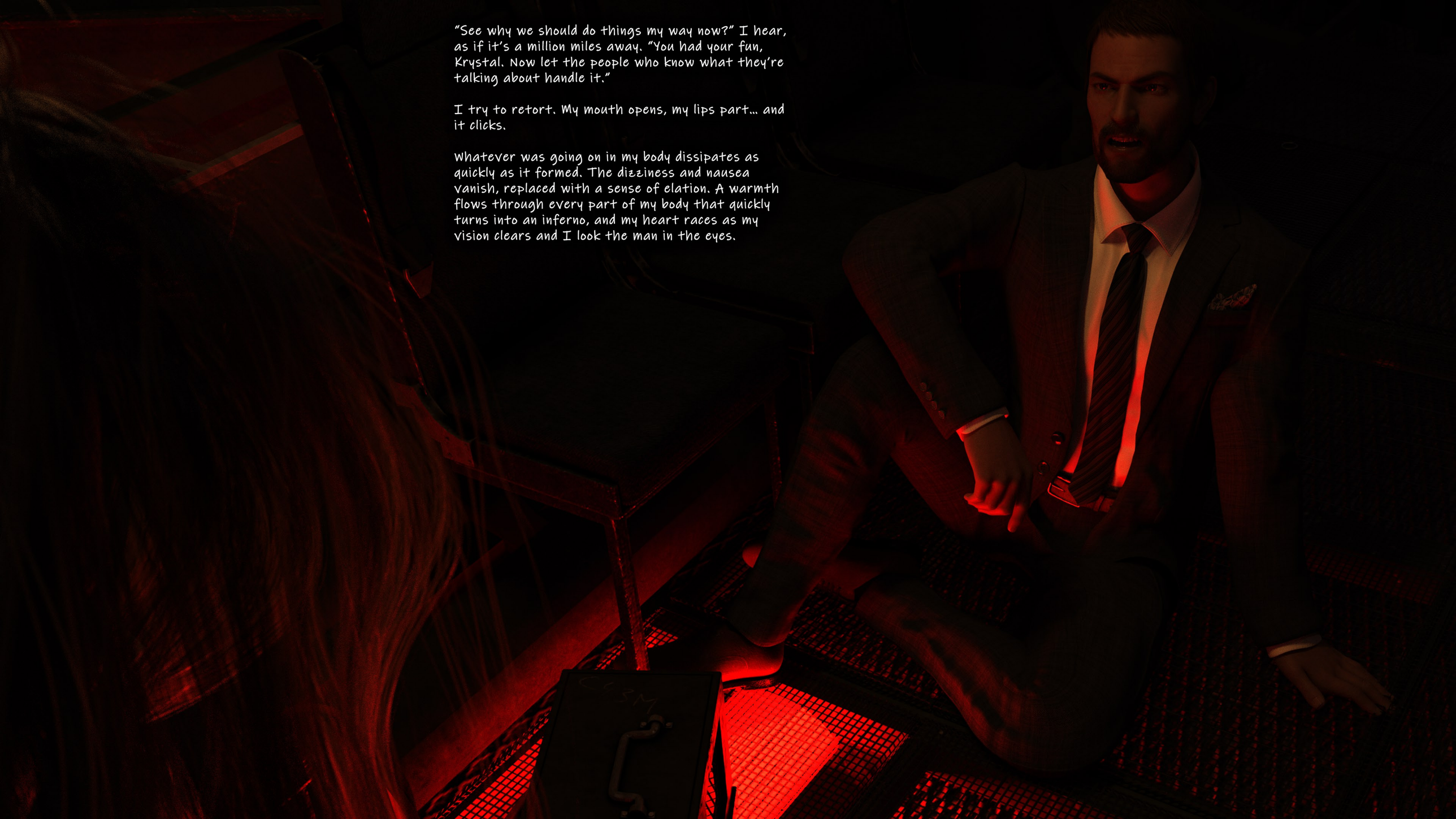
I close my eyes, and try to keep the nausea and the dizziness at bay... but that somehow makes things worse.



With a loud THUD I fall to my knees, and clasp the metal tightly with my fingers. I finally feel some sort of stability like this. Something I was lacking a moment ago. With my stability centered, I try to close my eyes and ignore everything. Focus on...

What am I focusing on?

Shit... something's... something's not right...



"See why we should do things my way now?" I hear, as if it's a million miles away. "You had your fun, Krystal. Now let the people who know what they're talking about handle it."

I try to retort. My mouth opens, my lips part... and it clicks.

Whatever was going on in my body dissipates as quickly as it formed. The dizziness and nausea vanish, replaced with a sense of elation. A warmth flows through every part of my body that quickly turns into an inferno, and my heart races as my vision clears and I look the man in the eyes.



"NO."

My voice echoes around the plane, surprising even me. I can feel a heat in my face as the words leave my mouth, and I can only look at him with a look of abject rage. The desire to crush him. To pulverize him. To turn him into a red splatter all over the insides of the plane surfaces, but I keep it back for now.


"What's going-"
"GET OUT OF MY WAY." I growl, crawling forward slowly as I can feel something begin to happen to my body. It feels as if I'm taking up more space, and it takes me only a moment to realize that my crazy plan may be working as intended.
I'm growing.


I know I should be worried. I may be getting bigger. I may no longer perceive anyone else left in this plane as a threat... but I'm still very much in a plane. We're still flying thousands of feet in the air. That's a long fall, even for me.
But somehow all of those worries fade into the background as my entire body swells further.

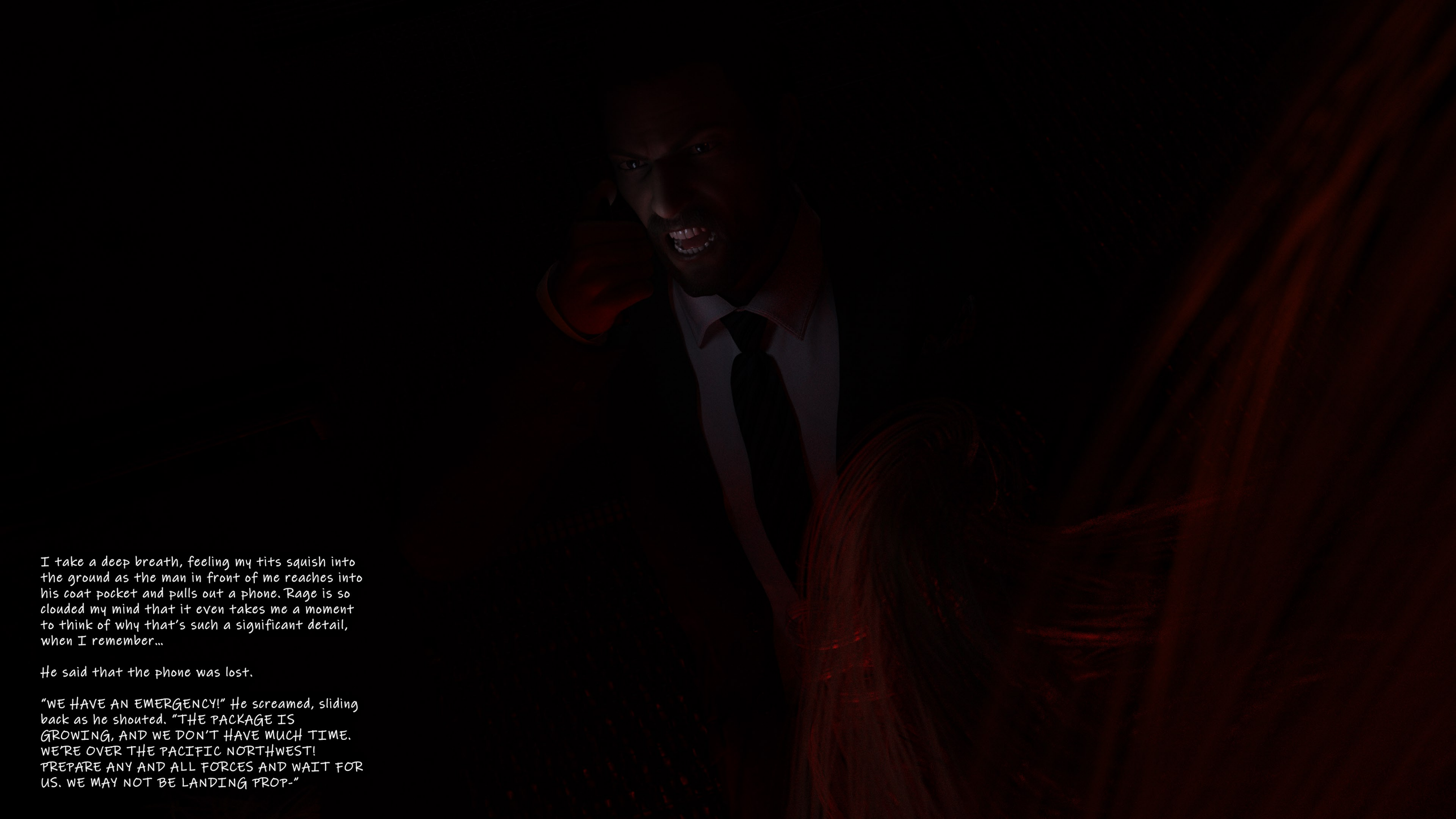


"I will do the job that none of you are qualified to do!" I shouted, feeling my head bump into the roof. A split-second later and I'm forced to lean forward, unable to keep crawling as I had been. I know it won't be long now until I'm pressing against the sides of this plane, and I can only begin to think about what will happen at that point.



Not that I get much time to think about it. A moment later I'm now squeezed on all sides of the plane, and I can feel a warmth on the back of my head. It doesn't feel like it's inside of me, and I can only wonder what it is for a moment before there's a sound of popping glass, and the lights in the plane go out.

A split-second later and new lights emerge. Red, blinking slowly. The emergency lights have activated, and bathe me in an intimidating glow.



I take a deep breath, feeling my tits squish into the ground as the man in front of me reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a phone. Rage is so clouded my mind that it even takes me a moment to think of why that's such a significant detail, when I remember...

He said that the phone was lost.

"WE HAVE AN EMERGENCY!" He screamed, sliding back as he shouted. "THE PACKAGE IS GROWING, AND WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. WE'RE OVER THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST! PREPARE ANY AND ALL FORCES AND WAIT FOR US. WE MAY NOT BE LANDING PROP-"



"YOU!" I growled.

He looks up at me, and for just a moment, the stern look on his face is replaced with genuine worry.

I repay the sign by raising one hand and slamming his entire body into the plane's floor. His head bounces off the metal, and he immediately cries out in real, actual pain. After all he'd done to me, how rude he was, all that... I felt a sense of vindication over finally giving him some form of payback.


But he had been a thorn in my side for far too long.
"LET GO OF ME! IF I MAKE OUT OF THIS ALIVE, I CAN ENSURE YOUR SAFETY AS I HAVE UNTIL NOW, KRYSTAL! JUST LET ME-"
My fingers tighten around his tiny head. His voice is cut off, and I can see his tiny hands grasp at my fingers in a desperate bid to break free. He continues to scream as I tighten my grip, relishing in his struggles...
But I know I'm working on a strict time limit.



A surge of rage rushes through me as I pour all my strength into that hand. His neck folds backwards like wet tissue paper, and he falls silent save for a few lingering spasms as life leaves his body. My heart races over what I'd just done. Everyone else had been a consequence of my action, but this one... this one was deliberate. It was intentional. My own hands did this.

I squeeze his head one more time, feeling the skull buckle from the pressure. If I keep going, then-



Another growth spurt throws me out of my enjoyment of crushing him. I'm suddenly incredibly cramped, and staying inside of here in one piece takes top priority.

Or do I have to?

More violent, bestial urges form in the pit of my stomach. What if I just flexed, and tore apart this plane from the inside right now? What would happen? At the rate I"m growing, the fall may no longer be an issue.



And if I don't do something fast, then the cramped quarters will certainly become a problem first.

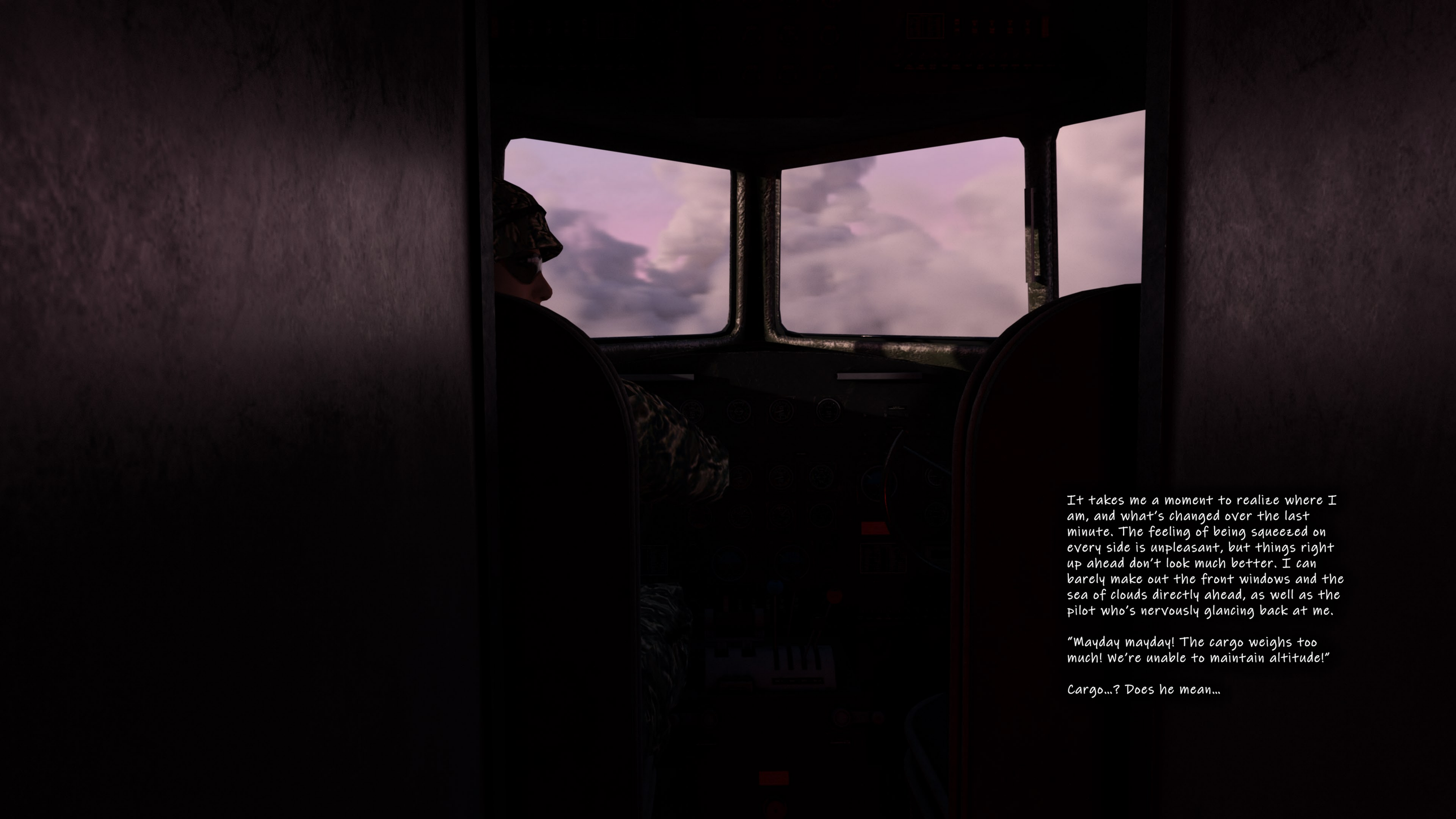
As I'm weighing my options my growth continues, and I can feel myself squeezed together far more tightly than ever. My head is forced downward, and I am being reminded that the only thing keeping me in this uncomfortable position is the pilot.

I think of reaching forward and having him steer the plane down. Just to ensure that my explosive growth out of here wouldn't prove damaging.



I reach a hand forward, and moments before I can grab onto the little man... I feel the growth fade.

I'm still cramped. I'm still huge. I can still barely move... but I'm beginning to feel the anger fade. The warmth in my body subsides. I feel strangely... alone. As if I had just been talking to someone, and they'd left mid-conversation.



It takes me a moment to realize where I am, and what's changed over the last minute. The feeling of being squeezed on every side is unpleasant, but things right up ahead don't look much better. I can barely make out the front windows and the sea of clouds directly ahead, as well as the pilot who's nervously glancing back at me.

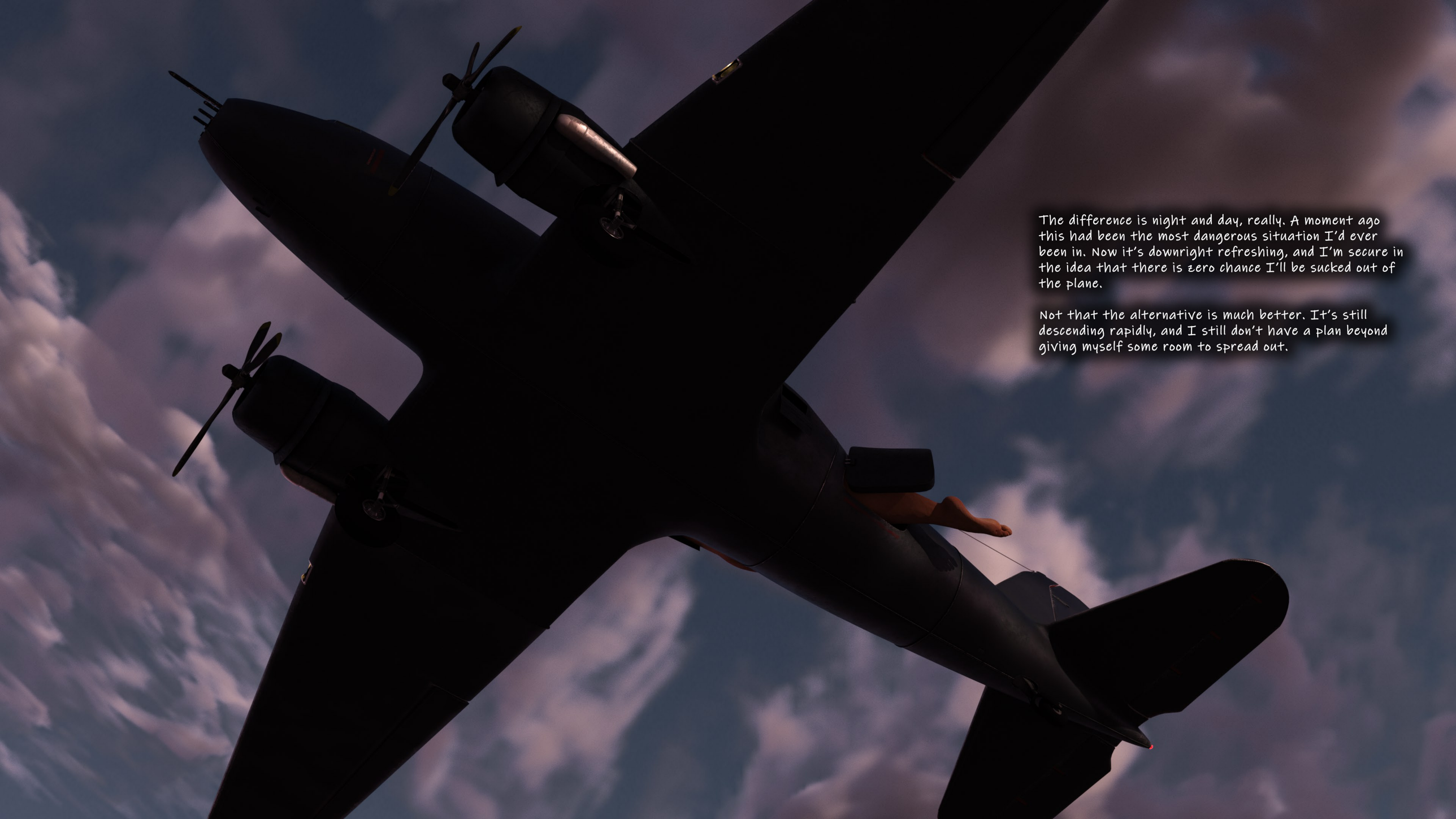
"Mayday mayday! The cargo weighs too much! We're unable to maintain altitude!"

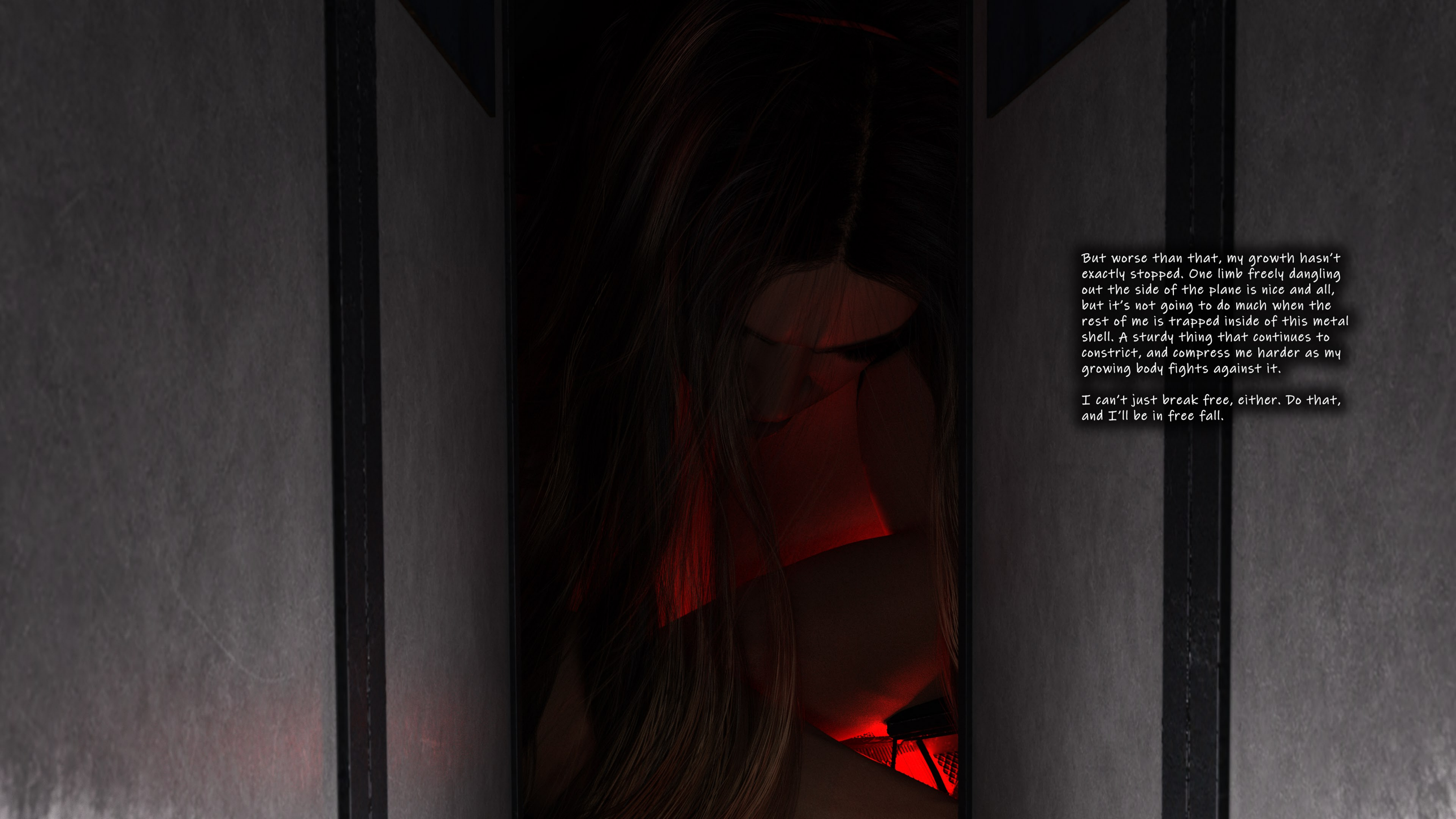
Cargo...? Does he mean...


As soon as the thought enters my head I feel my stomach drop beneath me. I hadn't even considered what all my extra weight was going to do to this dinky fucking plane! I can hear the pilot's once-calm delivery gradually grow more frantic as the clouds begin to part and I can see just how steep we're diving into them.


A minute later, the clouds are gone, and I can see hills. Countryside. Homes and streets far below. If nothing else, I can only think of what it might be like to ride this thing all the way down. I had been worried about plummeting straight out of the plane, but if this stupid thing's metal body can absorb some of the impact...
Oh who the hell am I kidding?!


I can NOT just lie here and wait for it to crash!
I start feeling around my arms, but I can barely move them. Even if I could, I can't see anything of note that would really help me out right now. All the exits are in the back!
Wait...
I try to remember what that part of the plane looked like. I was there only a minute ago, and it only takes me a second of feeling around with my toes to catch something. A familiar lever that had taken all my arm strength to pull just a minute ago.
Now, a quick jerk of my ankle and the door swings open, bringing forth a pleasant breeze all over my feet.


The difference is night and day, really. A moment ago this had been the most dangerous situation I'd ever been in. Now it's downright refreshing, and I'm secure in the idea that there is zero chance I'll be sucked out of the plane.
Not that the alternative is much better. It's still descending rapidly, and I still don't have a plan beyond giving myself some room to spread out.


But worse than that, my growth hasn't exactly stopped. One limb freely dangling out the side of the plane is nice and all, but it's not going to do much when the rest of me is trapped inside of this metal shell. A sturdy thing that continues to constrict, and compress me harder as my growing body fights against it.
I can't just break free, either. Do that, and I'll be in free fall.



But it's really starting to feel like I might not have a choice in the matter! I try to keep myself steady, try to keep things from getting out of hand... but the moment I hear it I know it's over.

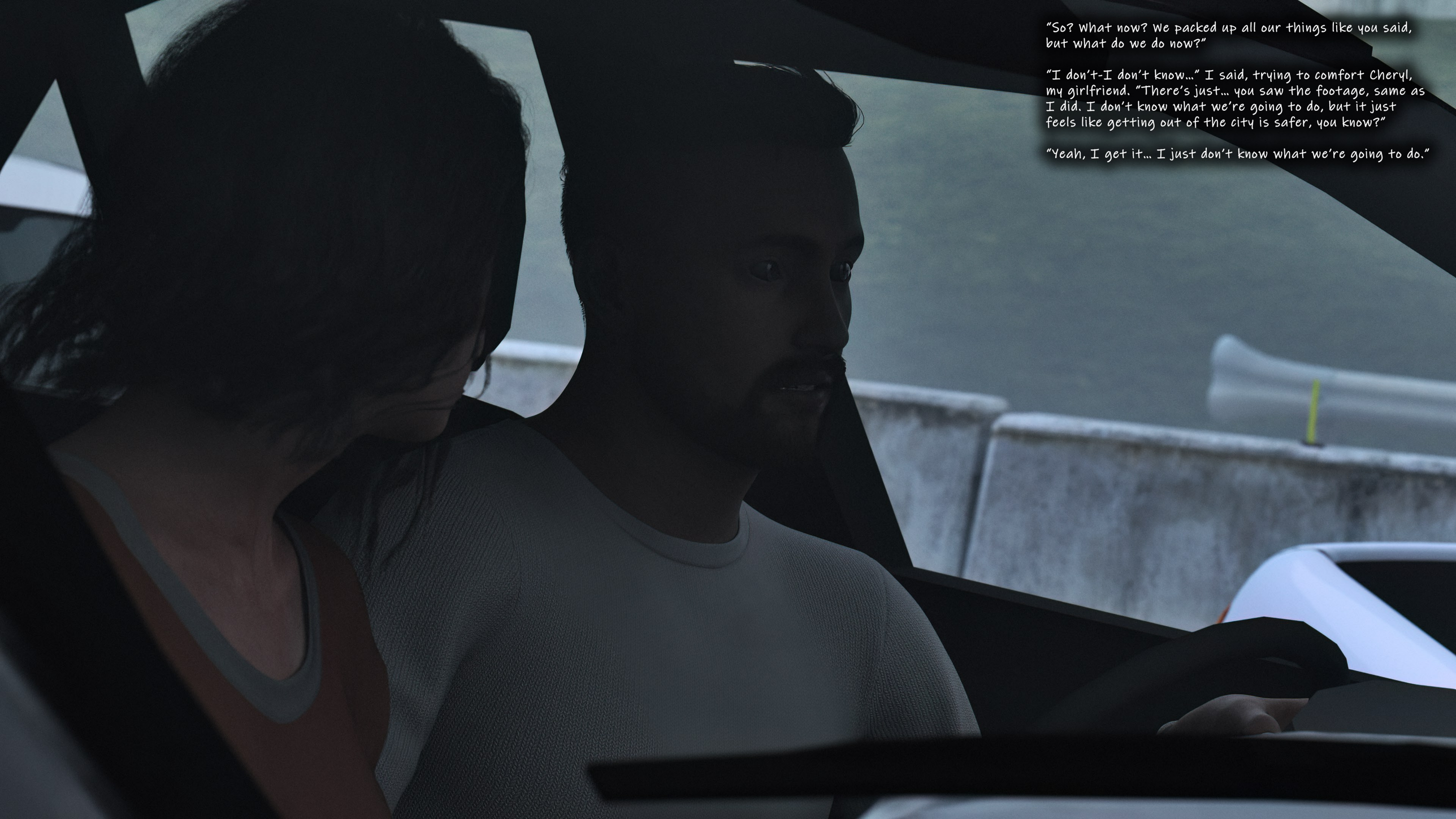
I'm so cramped that I no longer have any space to move. And when I try to take a deep breath and my lungs expand... something gives. The metal plates keeping everything secured together shears apartv like tissue paper, and the sheer speed of the wind around us takes the small rip and turns it into a bonafide skylight in the blink of an eye.



Suddenly, I'm outside of the plane once again. Technically still inside, but without a roof and at this size the difference is minute. Though the wind no longer feels as dangerous as it had before, I can still feel it buffeting against my face, making it hard to see.

I dig my fingers into the plane's hull, feeling the steel give way beneath my strength in an effort to brace myself.


Because the moment my vision clears enough for me to be able to make out what we're headed towards it's too late to do much about it. I can only huddle up, brace myself, close my eyes, and hope for the best. The last thing I hear is honking horns, rushing wind, and the tremendously loud sound of an explosion before I'm engulfed in a blast of heat.



"So? What now? We packed up all our things like you said, but what do we do now?"

"I don't-I don't know..." I said, trying to comfort Cheryl, my girlfriend. "There's just... you saw the footage, same as I did. I don't know what we're going to do, but it just feels like getting out of the city is safer, you know?"

"Yeah, I get it... I just don't know what we're going to do."


"Well, we'll think about that once we're out on the open road."
"Yeah. I've had enough of the news for one day..."
"Hey... Carl?"
"Yeah?"
"Does that plane look like it's flying a little low to you...?"
"It's probably coming in for a..."


Wait.
There's not an airport anywhere near here.

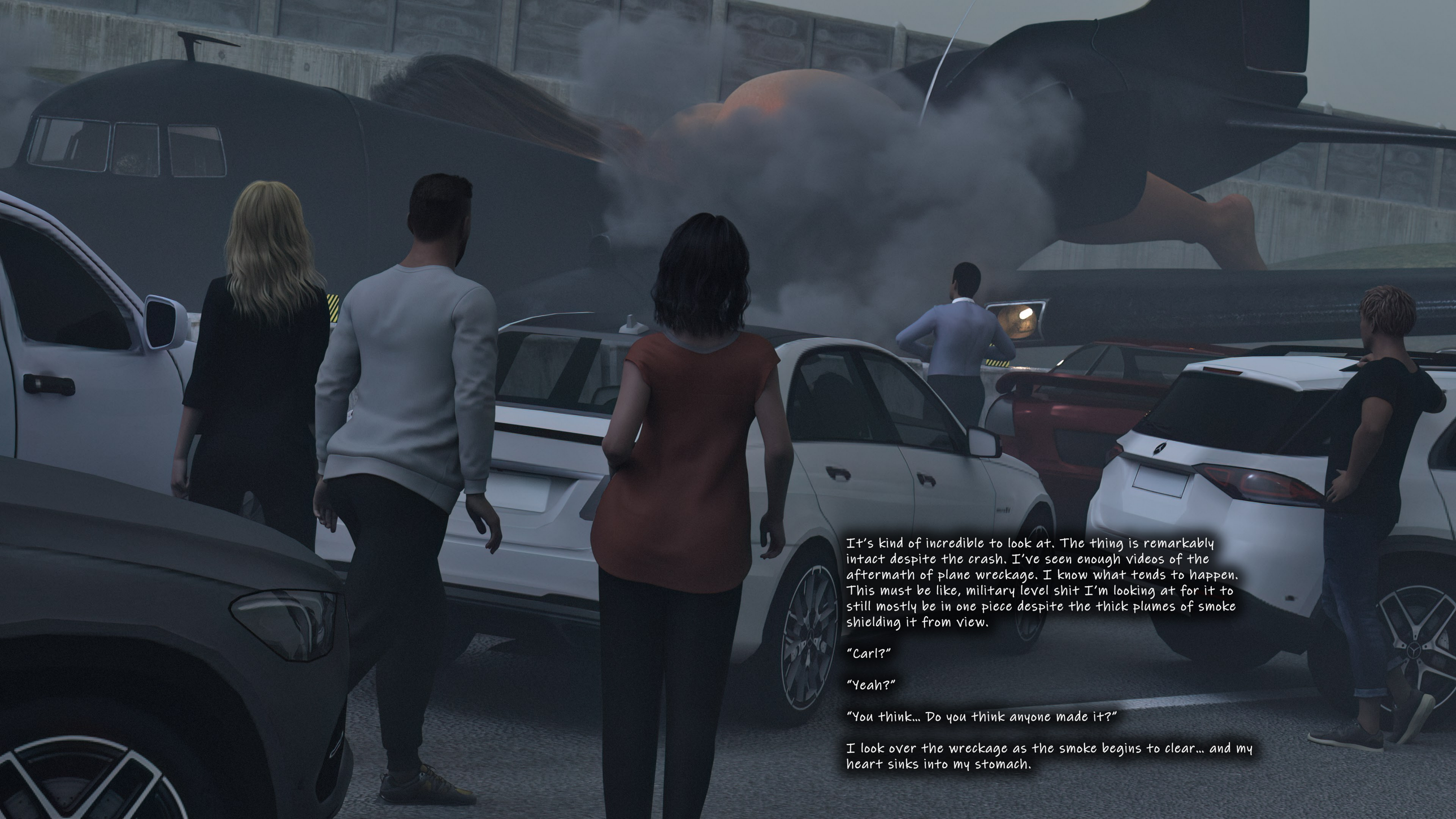


"SHIT!" is the last thing I can manage to say before swerving the car to the side and watch the plane come dangerously close to hitting us. A second later and it crashes into the street, making a cacophonous sound as the streets vibrate.

Thankfully it doesn't seem like anyone's harmed by the crash. Not a lot of people out at this hour driving around here, but that could have been seriously dangerous.

"Pull over, Carl!"

She doesn't have to tell me twice, and we're not the only ones to do so as people who narrowly avoided an explosive end start to get out of their cars as well."



It's kind of incredible to look at. The thing is remarkably intact despite the crash. I've seen enough videos of the aftermath of plane wreckage. I know what tends to happen. This must be like, military level shit I'm looking at for it to still mostly be in one piece despite the thick plumes of smoke shielding it from view.

"Carl?"

"Yeah?"

"You think... Do you think anyone made it?"

I look over the wreckage as the smoke begins to clear... and my heart sinks into my stomach.


"Holy shit... is that a fucking."
"You saw the news!"
"We should get out of here before she wakes up!"
I didn't need to be told twice. I spun around as quickly as I could, fumbling for my keys in the process when I heard a sound behind me.


Once she started moving it was hard to take my eyes off of her. The massive figure that was sticking out from the wreckage of the plane began to climb to its knees, revealing a really, really fucking hot girl. Or she would be a lot hotter, if not for the fact that the mere sight of her was terrifying beyond belief.
This shit was supposed to be happening on the other side of the fucking country! Why is she here?! And who the fuck is she in the first place?


"CARL!"
I'm forcefully yanked by the shoulder and thrown out of my stupor before I can realize what was happening. Cheryl is clearly in an intense panic, and I quickly do what I can to try and comfort her, though I'm not exactly feeling particularly confident about all this myself.
"Shh... it'll be okay." I said, peering over the car we'd hidden behind as the sound of twisting steel echoes around the streets.


I say that, but I get the feeling it's really not going to be okay. The plane wasn't particularly big. Probably a private jet or something, but I can hear it being pushed around as the giant woman begins to stir inside of it. It's almost otherworldly. You don't expect to hear something that big, that well-built to be ripped to shreds through pure strength alone.
And the deep, booming thuds of her movement as she pulls herself out of the wreckage just makes things even more tense. I get the feeling that there's no chance of making it to the car at this point. Too many people pulled over. The road's too jam-packed full of people gawking who are now in an uproar.


With powerful, booming thuds the giant woman pulls herself out of the wreckage completely, causing a few more pops of glass and quakes as she does so. She takes a deep breath as she climbs to her feet, and dusts herself off as she looks around.
I don't know what she can see. Is she focused on us? On the people hiding? Or is she just trying to gather her own bearings?


"Huh?"
She finally says something, turning around in place and looking behind her. The simple turn exposes her colossal, naked ass to all of us, as well as the grisly sight underneath. There's a body stuck to it. Crushed and bloodied, it was almost unrecognizable as a woman, one who must had the misfortune of being inside of the plane with the giantess.
Cheryl starts to squeal, and I place a hand over her mouth to try and keep her quiet.


"Her? That's a shame." The giant woman says, bringing a hand to her backside to prod and touch at the crushed body. She seems to be trying to see if she's still alive, at least for a moment, before finally accepting her fate, and pinching the little one's arm between two fingers.
With a wet, sticky, peeling sound the woman is separated from the giantess's curvy ass, and flops freely in the wind, unmoving.


Then, the giant woman's fingers part, and the dead woman plummets to the ground. She hits it with a soft thud, while the bloodied giantess dusts her naked skin off.
"Did she do that on purpose?" Cheryl asks, worry evident in her voice.
"I really, really hope not." is all I can say.



The giant woman stretches her arms over her head, grabs her own neck and massages it as she moans. She dusts off more of her body and runs her fingers through her hair as she looks at the smoldering wreckage she'd just left behind.

Then she turns her attention away from her immediate surroundings,and onto the highway she'd crash landed upon. I hold Cheryl a little more tightly in the process, hoping that she doesn't notice us... but we're not the only ones hiding.

There's a sharp scream of terror nearby as the giant woman seemingly locks eyes with someone. But, unlike the other giantesses in the news, she doesn't seem to be super focused on attacking them. She simply continues on her way, unabated and unbothered by her nudity.


Is that it? Is that going to be my entire encounter with one of the giant bitches responsible for so much devastation in Cali right now? I could only hope so, but the sudden sound of sirens makes me worried.
The giantess noticed them too. She stopped her casual gait away from the wreckage and watched as a half-dozen police vehicles sped up to get closer to her.


"Holy shit." Cheryl whispers. "Think they're going to kill her?"
"I hope so." I can only say in return. "They didn't do the same to that bitch over in LA. If they don't put her down now, who's to say she won't just keep growing..."
"But can a handgun even hurt someone that big?"
I hadn't considered that. I just... I guess I had kind of just assumed that modern weapons would be able to handle a situation like this. Now I don't know what to think.


"MA'AM, YOU ARE TO COME WITH US! DROP TO YOUR KNEES, AND PUT YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD!"
After saying this every single one of the cars opens their doors. Uniformed men and women alike pour out of the vehicles, and hide behind their doors, training their weapons on the giant woman.
The giant woman's response is plain, and simple.



"I don't have time for this."

She takes a step forward, seemingly intent on ignoring them. That's something that the cops don't seem to appreciate though, and they waste absolutely no time unleashing a hailstorm of bullets onto the giant woman. The cracking sounds of gunfire bring about more screams from the terrified people who had been hiding up to this point.



For a moment it almost seems as if it had an effect of some kind. The giant woman takes a step back as soon as the gunfire begins, and shields herself. For a moment I think that this is going to be the end. That we're going to be spared the horrors that were unleashed elsewhere, but...

The bullets don't seem to be breaking her skin. I know because I can see them. Well, not see them, but the effect that they have on her. Tiny ripples spreading through her body , and the glints of crumpled bullets falling around her. I can't even tell if she's actually in pain or just reacting like this out of the expectation that it's going to hurt.


Either way, it doesn't take her long to realize that bullets alone aren't going to take her down. Now in a rage, she brings her arms down to rush forward and take on the cops head-on. Her leg pulls back as she does so, and I cover my ears instinctively.


But even that does little to mute the incredible sound that comes out from the area. The giant woman's foot smashes into the side of the car as if it had been t-boned by another speeding vehicle. The doors all dent at the same time, the windshields shatter, and the entire car is lifted from the ground and soars closer to the other cars nearby.
The officers who had been using that particular car for cover are thrown to the ground in an instant, only able to shield themselves as best they can while the giant woman continues to move forward.
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This battle, if it could even be called that, ended almost as quickly as it began. The giant woman is unscathed, and she's reached the people shooting at her. She stares down at them, watching as they continue to shoot at her, unbothered by the fact that they're not actually doing much.
I can only sit and stare, hoping that she's going to keep walking past them. She's big enough. She didn't look like she wanted a fight. If she just crushes the other cars they won't be able to chase her.


But it doesn't look like I'm quite so lucky. She stares over the people shooting at her for another minute. No forward movement. Nothing. Just... watching.
Then, she drops to a knee, and picks one up.
The movement isn't precise. It's hardly accurate. She must have failed to notice the car directly under her as she knelt since she actually jolts in surprise when she heard the windshield shatter, before settling her weight onto it again. The officers are too distracted with the damage to the car to realize that she's picking one of them up from the ground until it's too late.


One hand is all it takes for a woman this big to lift up a fully-grown man. He instantly fumbles for his gun as the hand wraps around him, but she jerks him up so quickly it clatters to the ground uselessly out of reach.
She looks him over for a moment, seemingly confused at what she's looking at. Had I not heard her speak just a moment prior I'd have thought she was an alien of some kind the way she seemed to consider him, and what to do. Maybe he'll be a hostage that she can carry with her? That might get the cops to reconsider shooting at her.


"JESUS CHRIST!" Cheryl screams right beside me when the horrifying truth of her actual plan is revealed. She's not looking for a hostage, or to put him in his place. She instead opens her mouth as wide as she can, and shoves as much of the man's body inside of it as she can manage.
He's too big for her to swallow. I don't know if she's overestimating her ability, or...


The sound is ghastly.
The giant woman is incapable of swallowing him whole, that's for sure. That's also not what she intended to do, it seems. With half of his body sticking out of her mouth, she instead brings her teeth down with an incredible amount of force, cutting the officer's body in two.
Not cleanly, though.
Jets of red spray out from her clenched teeth as she rips his lower half away from her mouth with a grunt, and other spurts of red come out of the legs that fall still only a moment later.


"She... she fucking..."
"Shh!" I try to tell Cheryl, though it's taking every single bit of self-control I still have to prevent from doing the same. From the moment I saw that giant woman I knew she was trouble, but given what the news was saying I thought there'd just be a lot more... crushing, and stuff! Something quick, impersonal, and painless.
But this...


Suddenly, the giant woman gags.
And as if her actions weren't bad enough, it seems like she didn't even enjoy it! Why would she... Why would she do something like this?! What is her reason?
Despite the obvious look of displeasure, the giant woman's jaws continue moving up and down, making wet, smushing sound in the process. Her look of displeasure reaches its peak when she clenches her teeth, and swallows audibly, gasping for air afterward.



For a moment she sits there, looking at the legs she was still holding onto. Her head shakes as she seems to consider what exactly she's doing, before taking a deep breath, and opening her mouth again.

Her throat undulates as some of the blood from the legs drips out onto her tongue, but she steels herself and forces the legs in between her lips. Her eyes clenched shut, distaste for what she's doing obvious, though not stopping her in the slightest.


After a moment of this she stops to catch her breath. The legs still stick out from between her lips as she takes deep breaths in an effort to convince herself she needs to finish the job, and a moment later she tilts her head back.
Her hands ball into fists as she forces herself to swallow over and over, until finally, the legs disappear from view entirely.


She's none too pleased with that, however. Tears are beginning to form in the corners of her eyes as she has to force herself to finish the job once again, but she seems more prepared this time. Rather than chew the bottom half of the body into mush, she instead chooses to swallow whole.
Easier said than done, but she manages to do it, leaving nothing more than a huge, visible lump traveling down her throat as a sign of what she'd done.


She gasps for air, leaning forward to plant both her hands onto the ground and steady herself.
Then she begins to grow.
I'm not sure how many others notice it. Hell, I'm not even sure of it myself. Not at first, at least. But with her hands on the ground I can see them steadily expand further outward, her body jiggling as she regains her composure, before sitting up straight again, and taking in great, deep breaths of air.


I can only sit there, waiting for her to kill us all. To grow, and grow, and grow to immeasurable heights. To stand as tall as the mountains and wipe out this entire highway and the city we were just escaping from in a manner of minutes.
But... it never comes.
As quick as it begins, her growth tapers off. Still obvious, but not the incredible planet-rending destruction I'd assumed was coming.


Running her fingers through her hair once again, the giant woman returns her attention to the cops, who seem to be in complete shock over what they'd just witnessed. None of them fire their weapons. None of them shout orders. They can only stare, dumbfounded over what just took place in front of them.
Then she begins to lean forward.



The change in attitude is like night and day. The moment the giantess falls to her hands and knees a shockwave reverberates around her body, and the police know that they can't do anything to stop her. Most turn tail and run. Some just stand there stupidly, frozen with fear.

"Carl?"

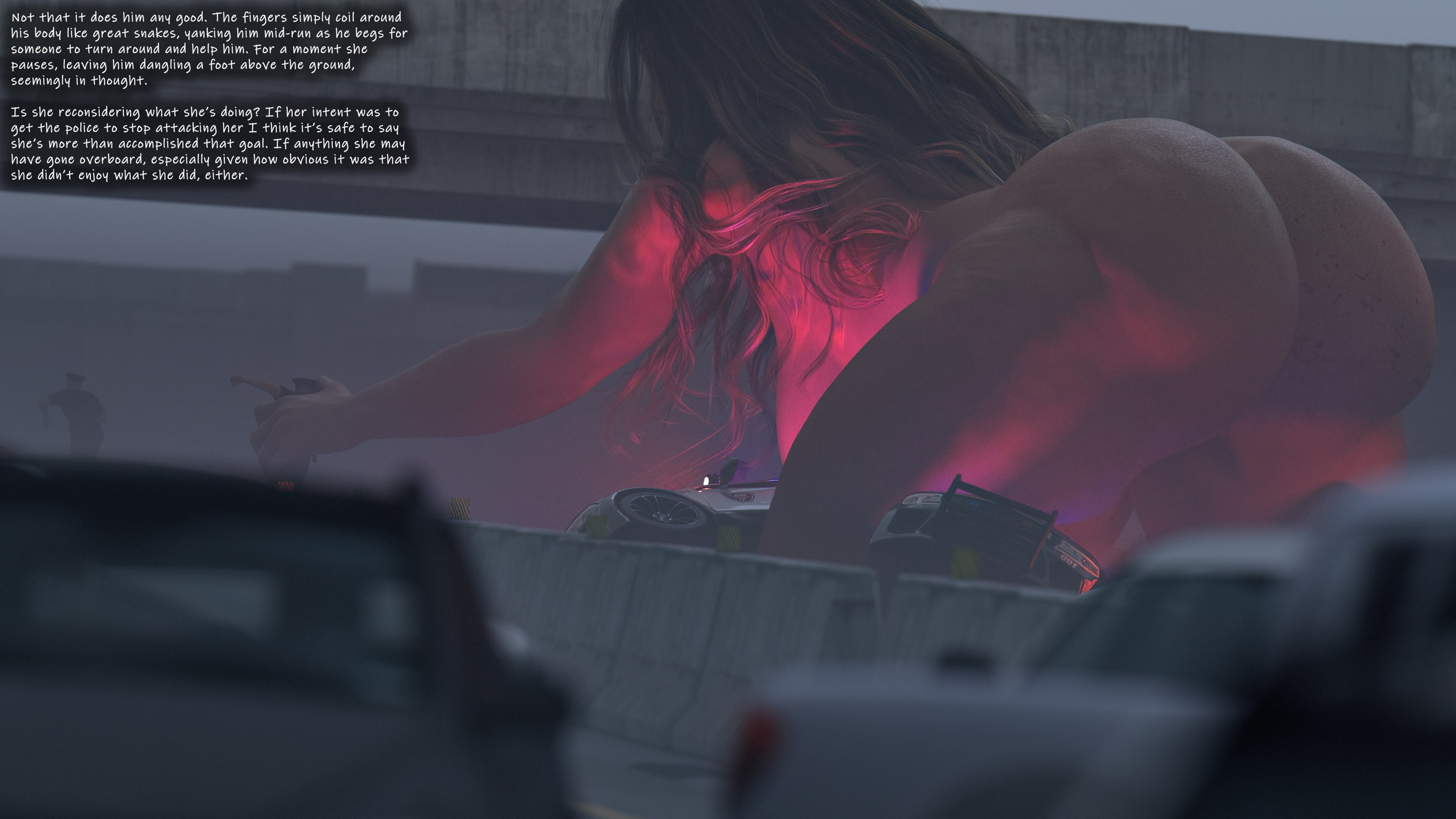
"Yeah?"

"Do we... Do we run, too?"



I really don't know.

The cops that are frozen are not worth noticing to the giantess, it seems. Maybe she thinks they'll be easy to catch later. Maybe she just doesn't care. Whatever the reason, her focus is entirely on those that begin to run, starting with the one closest to her. That particularly unfortunate soul makes it only a few steps before the giantess's arm is within grabbing distance, and he screams as the shadow of her arm falls over him.


Not that it does him any good. The fingers simply coil around his body like great snakes, yanking him mid-run as he begs for someone to turn around and help him. For a moment she pauses, leaving him dangling a foot above the ground, seemingly in thought.
Is she reconsidering what she's doing? If her intent was to get the police to stop attacking her I think it's safe to say she's more than accomplished that goal. If anything she may have gone overboard, especially given how obvious it was that she didn't enjoy what she did, either.



But I'm proven wrong just a second later.

The giant woman seemed to reconsider her actions for just a moment, but seemingly decided to go through with it after all. The brief moment of hesitation only serves to make her future prey scream even louder as she pulls him away from his partners, and up towards her mouth.

Unlike the first guy, she doesn't attempt to fit half of his body into her mouth at the same time. Instead she stops once the head is inside of her mouth.


And bites.
This one is no cleaner than the others. Her teeth don't so much as slice his head clean off as rip it off his shoulders entirely. The quiet "snikt" of the head being separated from his body makes me shiver, and the way she seems to slowly tilt her head back once again to send the chunk of his body into the depths of her stomach again.
Despite the relative quickness with which she finished him off this time, there's definitely signs that she's still not enjoying this. Her eyes squint as she shivers from the sensation of the blood pouring into her mouth.


But it's still not stopping her, and that's a real fucking problem.
"Cheryl... Cheryl! We've got to-"
"Yeah! Shut the fuck up and run!"


I hate just abandoning the car like this, but the traffic is jammed. If I try and drive through it I'm going to make a cacophony of noise and draw the giant woman's attention this way. She could definitely catch up to us in a matter of seconds if we run on foot, but it's better than just standing here and gawking at what's happening.



"RUN!" Someone near us screams at the top of their lungs. Cheryl and I didn't need to be told twice, as we both sprint away from here as fast as we possibly can. The person shouting seems to have tipped off all the other people standing by and watching, and it's not long before there's a small crowd of us running between stopped cars and trying to push ahead through the crowd.

"Don't fucking let go of me, okay?!" I tell Cheryl, trying my best to remain calm and utterly failing.

"You think I want to get eaten? Shut up and keep fucking running!" She snaps back. That's my girl.


I don't know how long we manage to run. I just know it's not nearly long enough. Not before we suddenly hear a thud, followed by the ground shaking. Every single one of us turns around at that same moment, watching the giant woman stand to her feet as she forces herself to swallow the rest of the body she'd just decapitated.
And unfortunately for us, she seems to have finally noticed the crowd trying to run away from her.


She looks back at the cops who had already put quite a bit of distance between themselves and her, then over to us. I can only clench Cheryl's hand tighter, hoping that she's going to go after the cops again. Ignore us, and go for the people who had just been attacking her a moment ago.
Then she takes a step in our direction.
The ground shakes. Her massive tits jiggle. And her eyes narrow as she looks upon the lot of us.



Terror grips my heart so fiercely I find it hard to move. The giant woman doesn't make it any easier when she takes a second step in our direction, and completely crushes a car underneath her foot in the process. Grass sprays forward like shrapnel, and we have to actively shield ourselves to avoid being harmed.

Time seems to freeze for a moment as she stands there, towering over all of us. Casting us in shadow as she seems to consider her options.


Then, striking like a snake, she reaches down and grabs the woman directly in front of Cheryl and myself. Some blonde stranger I had barely gotten a good look at before she pulled up away from the street and into the air. She shrieks like she's being murdered, which... given what we just saw happen...


Any sense of hesitation from the giant woman is now gone. She wastes no time whatsoever bringing the blonde right up to her mouth as she had the officers before her, and parting her lips. The tiny woman's screams echo around the inside of the giant woman's mouth as her lips pass over the professionally-dressed woman's upper body.
Then come down.


Seeing it happen right in front of us is completely different from earlier. We had the benefit of distance then. Knowing that we weren't being focused on. Now it was like watching a beast feed. Hearing the abrupt cutoff of screams. The sound of teeth tearing through flesh, cracking bone.
And then the wet splashes as blood poured onto the pavement in front of us. Some of it splashed hard enough to hit those closest.


As the giant woman devoured the blonde, something seemed to change in her. Any earlier hesitation she held towards what she was doing seemed to fade, and her movements turned more violent. She didn't slide the rest of the woman's body into her mouth after that first bite like she had the cops. Instead she forced her in, crushing her body in the process then finishing her off in no time at all.
When she was finished, the giantess stayed there, panting. She looked around, as if she didn't know where she was, while her eyes began to take on an otherworldly glow.


This felt different. The giant woman I'd seen a moment ago try to move past the cops seemed like she was trying to avoid a fight. But now she'd had a taste for flesh, and it may have awoken something inside of her. In the low light of the morning her eyes still burned with an intensity that was hard to describe, and made her look monstrous. Even more so than the blood splattered over her skin already did.
And she seemed completely focused on the task at hand now. Another man near us was her next target, and she ripped him up from the ground with enough force that I could hear his bones crack in her fist before she even did anything else.


Not that he would have to live with his injuries for long. In the blink of an eye he went from standing right next to Cheryl and myself, to facing down the inside of the monstrous woman's mouth.
"RUN!" I shouted to Cheryl at the exact moment I heard the now all-too-familiar sound of bones crunching and fresh blood spilling onto the pavement.



She didn't need to be told twice. We both turned and ran as fast as we could manage while the sounds of a man being torn apart continued from behind us. It felt like we were making good time, but a sudden yelp from Cheryl gave me a sinking sensation. I half-expected to turn around and see her being carried up to that horrible mouth again.



Thankfully, she hadn't been grabbed. She'd just tripped, and she hit the ground hard. It didn't look to be serious, though her arms were a little scraped up, and I wasted no time helping her back to her feet.

Or I had intended to do so. Right before I grabbed hold of her hand I heard another sound behind us. That simultaneously exhausted, yet anxious panting. Followed by the feeling of the ground shaking underneath us.


The giant woman had finished her meal, and was headed towards her next target. Her massive body crushes cars and pushes them aside as if they were toys on her way to us. I can see that we made it underneath an overpass. If we go forward just a few more feet she won't be able to keep chasing us without squeezing underneath or standing!
Neither of those sounded like it would buy us much time, but it was all we had!


I grabbed Cheryl's hand, and pulled her up with every ounce of strength I had.
At the exact same moment, I saw fingers as big as my entire body grab hold of Cheryl's lower half. Hot wind blew over me, and I could see those horrible glowing eyes directly overhead now.
"CARL! HELP!"


I pulled Cheryl's arm towards me with everything I had. I pulled so hard I was afraid I would dislocate her arm. So hard that I wound up slipping on the pavement and falling myself.
But it did no good. My greatest efforts didn't even register as my girlfriend was lifted from the street and over to that murderous mouth.



"NO!" I screamed, jumping back to my feet and running for Cheryl's still-outstretched hands. I could see her legs kicking wildly in an effort to pull her away from the giantess's mouth, while I kept on trying to pull her back into my arms.

"CARL! I CAN FEEL HER TONGUE! HELP!"

I tried again. Adrenaline rushing through my veins I pulled back with everything I still had. So much that I could hear Cheryl screaming in pain from how hard I was squeezing her wrists.


But all that the giant woman did was raise her head a little.
For a moment I kept hanging there. Dangling with my feet above the ground... before coming to terms with reality. It was over. She was effortlessly lifting both of us, and without even touching the ground it wasn't like I could do much to save Cheryl at this point.


Letting go was the hardest thing I ever had to do. The look of betrayal on Cheryl's face would haunt me. I tried reaching out to her again, wondering if I had made a mistake, but I couldn't anymore.
Cheryl could only look at me with big, pleading eyes as a wet slurping sound echoed around the area, and she was inside of the giant woman's mouth up to her shoulders.


Then she was gone.
With a purse of her lips and a suction motion, the giant woman removed Cheryl from view almost completely. I was left with nothing more than a hand sticking out from between her lips. Fingers that desperately wiggled, hoping that I would find them and pull her free.
Then even that was gone.


I lost my cool. I've never screamed like that. Never lost composure that hard, that quickly. My entire world was crumbling around me. Just a few minutes ago I was driving out of town with my girlfriend because of this exact reason. I thought that the cities weren't safe. I convinced her to come with me. She wanted to stay! And now... and now...


The glow in the giant woman's eyes gradually faded after I began to scream. She looked at me with sad eyes as I fell to my knees. I wanted to scream at her for what she'd done, but I was too scared to do much of anything but wait for the same fate to befall me.
But she only watched me from above, never making a move in my direction.


After a minute of this she began to back away, seemingly uncomfortable with my appearance now. I wanted to tell her to take me too. Not to just leave me here without Chery!!
But she was cruel beyond words, and seemed to lose interest in me.


Not that it seemed she was turning over a new leaf. No, she turned back, looking at the others. Those who had managed to slip past her, and were running down the highway in the opposite direction. She turned and gave one last look at me, before turning her entire body around.
This can't actually be happening.


Why?
Why the fuck would she do something like this!?
"TAKE ME! EAT ME YOU GIANT FUCKING BITCH!" I screamed uselessly at the giant woman as she climbed back to her feet, and began walking in the direction she'd initially come.
She didn't say a word, and didn't acknowledge me.


Try to focus.
Try not to think about it.
I have to do this. It's working. I know it's working. I can see the effects of it working. But...
Why is it so fucking slow?
I've seen this happen twice now. First with Kaylee, then with Kayla. I know how it works. It's not pretty, but... if I eat people. I grow. And I have to grow. The problem is... why is it so fucking slow?! Kayla would grow a hundred feet after eating one person. But I've... I've already done so much and I'm still this small.


Is it even possible? Am I inflicting death, destruction, and tragedy on innocent people for nothing? If I'm growing this slow then why even bother?
Guilt weighs heavy on my heart after what happened out on the highway. I don't know what came over me, but the feeling was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. I felt ravenous. Hungrier than I ever had in my life. Coupled with the knowledge that I have to grow fast I started ripping people to shreds in an effort to satiate myself.
But the growth is far slower than I expected. I thought of putting a stop to it. Maybe at this size I can go back to the military and try to talk to them knowing that I'm in charge now, but I had been walking into the city as I was thinking. And on the way I've come across a rather dense, sizable crowd.


I'm at a crossroads. Give up on this pursuit, put my sins behind me, and hide? Or keep going, and do whatever it takes to reunite with Kaylee and Kayla.
When I put it that way, it seems obvious.
The methods aren't pretty. They're horrifying, even. I don't like it. The taste is abysmal and the reactions will stay with me. But I have to do it. I don't have a choice. I'm practically in a daze as I walk through the crowd, feeling bodies crush under me. People who are wasted. Not going to feed my form, and grow even bigger. Why am I doing this?
I know why.
LIQUORS


And I try not to think about it.
As I've grown... something has changed inside of me. My willingness to keep going has only intensified. Grow more. Grow bigger than anything ever before. With growth comes power. With power comes destruction. With destruction comes growth. It's a perfect cycle that ends with...
My head throbs with pain as I force those ideas out. The world around me begins to come back into focus. I don't know how long I've been walking alongside the crowd, but I can only look at it as more fuel now. I don't like the thought of eating so many people just to grow bigger. I don't like it. I don't. I really, really don't.



At some point I have to admit that I don't know whether I actually believe what I'm thinking, or if I'm just trying to convince myself.

"They don't matter." I try to tell myself. "They're strangers. We've never met before now, and I'll never see any of them again. Why should I put the lives of these... people over the fate of my own daughters?"


It's not a compelling argument, but it's the push I need. I take another step, and feel another crunch. And then another.
I crouch closer to the crowds. The sounds of their terror grow slightly louder as I come closer. They're so small to me now that they only reach my ankles. I'm so big I can walk among buildings.
And yet, when I think of the images I saw of Kayla and Kaylee... I'd be less than an ant before them. I don't have a choice. I have to grow.


It seemed easy. Bend over, and... and eat someone.
But once I've actually reached for the crowd, the terror among them spikes a dozen times over. They know what's coming, and they're desperate to avoid it. They don't want to help me. They want to live. Anyone else but them. It's a terrible thought, and it's a choice I have to make deliberately. They won't feed themselves to me. I won't grow on my own.


Something inside of me demands I stop stalling, and just do it. I don't know if it's just a feeling or something more... but I oblige.
No thinking. Be... Be like a force of nature. Take people at random. Don't think about it.
I close my eyes, and plunge my hand into the throngs of people. Tiny limbs beat against my fingers as I feel around blindly before finally settling on two people. I swallow to myself, and lift my targets out of the crowd.


It's a man and a woman. Both screaming their lungs out. Both trying to pull my fingers apart. They don't want this. I don't want it. So why am I doing this?! Why am I being forced into this-
NO!
I can't... I can't keep doing this. I can't keep hesitating. Stalling. Deliberating. Every moment I spend not growing is a moment that Kaylee and Kayla are in grave danger.
"I have to do this." I tell them. They don't care. They want to live.


But I have to eat.

My body tingles as I accept it, and my stomach growls. I hadn't been eating for the sake of satisfying my hunger up to this point, but I welcome it. Maybe it'll be easier to go through with this if I'm more aware of how much I'm starving. Or maybe that's just what I'm telling myself to excuse what I'm about to do.

I can only imagine the way other people view this. The giant woman stomping through their crowd, feet tinged red with blood. Not caring for anyone in her path, before she picks two people up at random, and lifts them to her face. The blood dripping down her chin making it obvious what's about to happen.


No wasting time. Eating isn't enough anymore. Efficiency is the name of the game. When that plane crashed I couldn't even fit a single person inside my mouth. Now I can do two, and I would be a fool not to take advantage of that.
If I have to eat more to grow more, then so be it. I'll grow at an exponential fucking rate. Whatever it goddamn takes. The two bodies pass over my lips, screaming all the while. They beat my tongue. They hit my teeth. They try to pull themselves free.

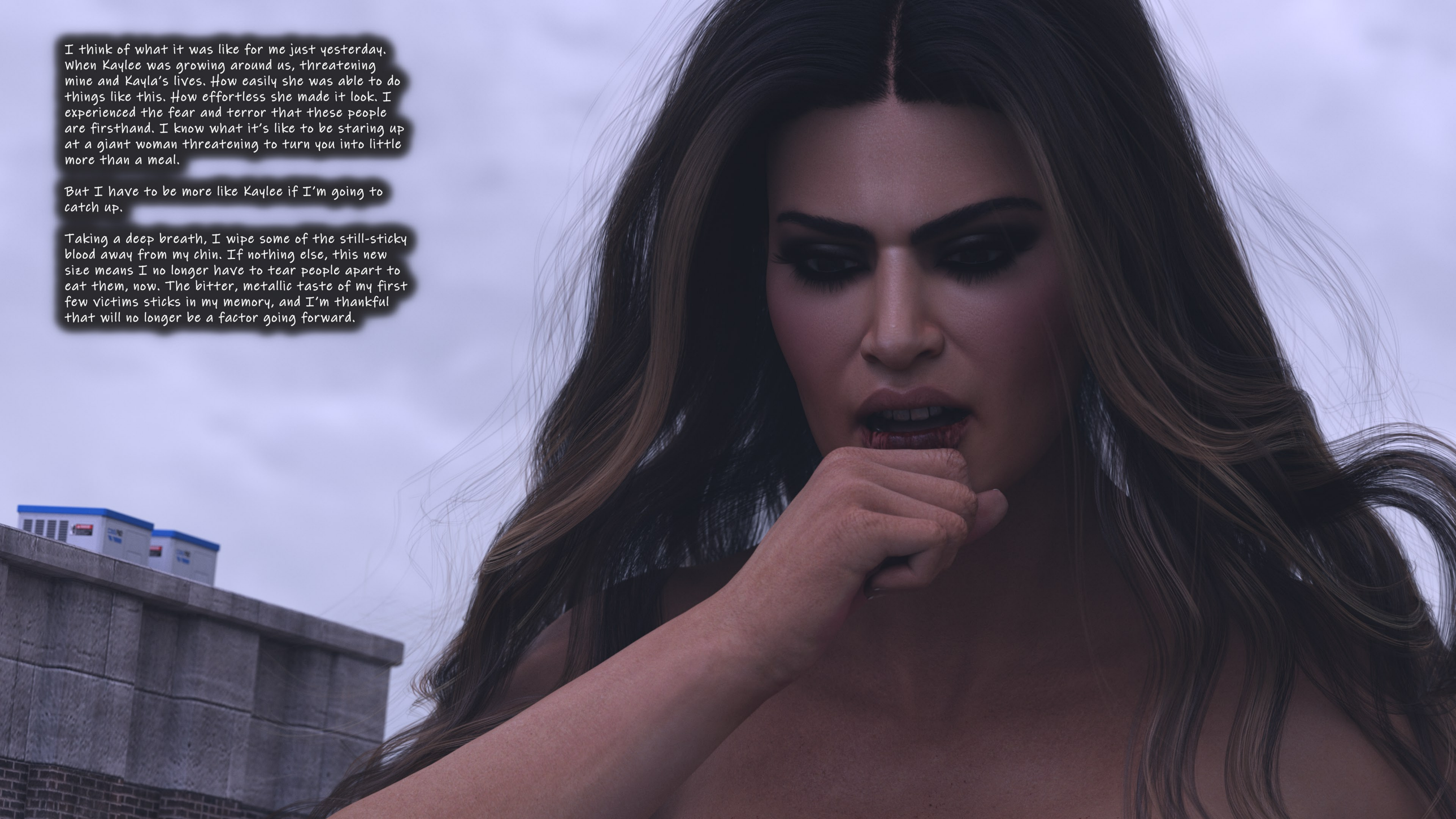

And for their efforts I tilt my head back, and let gravity ease them down. They fight back, but the combination of my size and the wetness inside of my mouth makes it clear that this is a losing battle from the get-go. They cry out for help, for mercy, but I ignore them. I have to. If I try to pay that even a moment's notice I will not be able to go through with it.


Then I swallow to put an end to it.
A mess of tangled limbs goes down my throat slowly. I'm big enough to manage this, but not so big that they can just slide down without being noticed. The lump that they make travels slowly, and for a moment I even find it hard to breathe with them lodged inside. But my throat muscles eventually overpower them, and stop feeling much of anything after a few seconds.
That's the way I have to treat this, I guess. Becoming numb to their protests over being eaten is probably the only way to do this with any sort of efficiency. Now I just need to wait for it to hit.
But... it doesn't.
I'm still kneeling there, as big as I was a second ago. The crowds are still running, though even more frantically after what I just did.


Just when I'm about to be buried under another fresh wave of negativity I suddenly feel my entire body shake. My view shifts as I'm kneeling, and it's enough to nearly throw my balance off entirely. The odd delay after eating those people and before growing doesn't help my anxiety, but finally getting what I was after does make things a bit easier.
As my growth continues I can feel the crowds around me. With my expanding body taking up more space, those who were close but just out of reach are now pressing against my growing feet and knees.


My body grows even taller, and the streets themselves give up in their futile attempt at staying in one piece. The cracks in the tarmac spread for several feet around me, while I can see that the top of my head is rapidly approaching the same height as the building right next to me.
I don't know how much I grew. Two people at once had to have been a solid couple dozen feet, right? At that rate...


I'll never catch up.
Thankfully, with the growth comes the ability to do more. To eat faster. To keep this process up until I can increase at an exponential rate. There's throngs of people below me running away. Cars that were trying to drive by now stuck when my expanding legs blocked the streets.
How many will I have to eat now to grow like that again?
LIQUORS
SP


I think of what it was like for me just yesterday. When Kaylee was growing around us, threatening mine and Kayla's lives. How easily she was able to do things like this. How effortless she made it look. I experienced the fear and terror that these people are firsthand. I know what it's like to be staring up at a giant woman threatening to turn you into little more than a meal.
But I have to be more like Kaylee if I'm going to catch up.
Taking a deep breath, I wipe some of the still-sticky blood away from my chin. If nothing else, this new size means I no longer have to tear people apart to eat them, now. The bitter, metallic taste of my first few victims sticks in my memory, and I'm thankful that will no longer be a factor going forward.


Now it's only every other one of my senses that has to get over the grim reality of what I'm doing. The feeling of people fighting to survive as I sentence them to a grisly end. The sound of people begging for help, knowing that it won't come. If I didn't have to do it, I wouldn't.
I start looking at the crowds around me again, but a flash of movement in the corner of my eye from a place I hadn't expected.


There's a bus near my legs that I hadn't paid much mind up to this point. I naturally assumed that after it was rendered unable to continue moving that its occupants had abandoned the thing. After all, I could crush the metal box at any time if it were my prerogative. It's not at all a safe place to hide.
And yet there are people doing exactly that. Perhaps a dozen or more. Maybe they were trapped, and the driver had left the doors locked. Or maybe they genuinely thought that they would be safer hiding inside than taking their chances out on the streets.
HOTEL
LIQUORS
SP


There's no way of knowing, but I can be certain of one thing.
It makes things much, much more convenient for me.
A pre-packaged meal. The kind I hadn't had in years. Having a live-in chef really changes one's outlook on food standards, but I'm not going for taste here. A container packed with people that can't escape? That's perfect.
HOTEL
LIQUORS
CUT PRICE LIQUORS
SP
Phone


There are certain challenges I hadn't expected after growing, though. You see things in movies. On TV. You expect to be able to pick up something like a bus from any angle and it'll stay in one piece the whole way.
Not so.
My fingers easily pierce the windows on the back of the bus, making the cacophonous cries of those trapped inside a hundred times more audible. I try to lift the thing up, but all of its weight is concentrated in the front so it starts to sag and bend from the attempt.


ISF
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I have to readjust where I'm lifting from in order to bring it up closer to my face. The entire thing wobbles around unsteadily as it's not made to be lifted from here, but I can't be bothered to care. A little property damage is going to be the worst of the city's problems in a few minutes.
What I'm more concerned with are the bus's occupants. They're tumbling around from being lifted like that, and sliding closer to the front from the way it's moving around. I can lock eyes with them at this point, and they aren't too pleased to see me.
But seeing them all bunched up in the front gives me an idea...


I assumed I'd have to treat this like a can of food. Tear open the top, then pick the people out. It'd still be more convenient than grabbing people at random off the streets since they wouldn't be able to escape, I assumed. And it probably would be.
But the front windshield will make this even faster still.
With a flick of the finger the glass pane shatters, spraying those inside with shards of the stuff. There's some cries of pain mixed in, but it's nothing compared to the sounds they make when I start to lift the entire bus straight up so that there was nowhere to go but down.



The feeling of that first person landing on my tongue is indescribable. And not in a wholly negative way. Knowing my goal, what I have to do to achieve it, and finally having the means to do so is almost... exhilarating, in a way. The first person to fall down is swallowed a moment later, but the rest keep clinging to the sides.

Including one woman who seemed to be halfway through the process of climbing out a window when I finished turning the bus upside-down. Unlike the rest who only have a broken windshield keeping them between life and death, this one is dangling from the doors by the outside!


I give the bus a light shake and the doors swing right open, leaving her dangling out in the open and far away from the comfort of the others.
She screams, and cries for help. Others in the bus start to move closer to her, but I can't imagine what they hope to accomplish. It would take a lot of power to pull her from her precarious position. Anyone attempting to do so is more likely to just fall out from the bus with her. I may not be near as big as Kaylee and Kayla just yet, but that is still not a fall that anyone wants to make.


It's almost kind of funny. Knowing that I made her situation a hundred times scarier with just a small movement on my end. To the point where I can feel myself smiling a little. And what's wrong with that? If having some fun my own way is what it takes to make this situation tolerable, why *shouldn't* I take advantage?
So I shake the bus again. And again. Then for good measure I give it a firm slap on the side, and that's what it finally takes for the blonde hanging for dear life to lose her grip, and fall.



She's not the only one, of course. More people inside fell out of the bus with her. At least two, by my count though I could swear I felt a third hit my tongue. In only a few short minutes I've managed to double the amount of people I can fit inside of my mouth at one time. Four squirming, writhing bodies trying to get out of my mouth. Four people who I now have to send to a dark end.

Almost poetic. Four being an unlucky number in some parts of the world and all. Unlucky for them, at least. It's just more fuel for me when I close my eyes, move the squirming mass of humanity to the back of my throat... and swallow.


But I can't stop there. I can't. It takes a lot to swallow that mass of people down, and a whole lot more to do so without coughing or gagging. But it takes the will to follow through with my plan to open my mouth right back up and start slapping the side of that bus once again while shaking it.
The effects are instantaneous this time. The still-open door provides an alternate route for people to come falling out, while the windshield does its work. I hold my mouth open for as long as possible, and even ignore the couple of bodies I feel bounce off my face in the process. I don't need them. There's plenty more people, and these ones are replaceable.
Maybe that's not a healthy way of looking at this.

But it's the truth. Objectively. The men and women who pass right between my lips are doing this right. They're cooperating, and I'm gladly taking their help. Anyone else might as well fuck off. I'll find someone else to eat.

The sensation of bodies tumbling over my tits, in-between them, and eventually screaming as they fail to maintain a hold on any part of me reminds me of how big I am now. Wasn't that long ago I was able to talk to a person 1 on 1 while in a plane with them. Now I'm like a monster,feasting on the innocent masses in an effort to eat myself to greater and greater sizes.

The good little people fall into my mouth just as I want.

And the rest can just fall.

It's their own fault for not doing what I obviously wanted. I suppose having a brain the size of a pea isn't doing them much good, and when the tiny hands fail to cling to my nipples or fall between my tits I don't feel any sympathy for them. I can't. I don't have time, and if they knew how important my task is they would agree.

Tiny thumping sounds land around my feet. I'm tempted to step on them after just to finish them off for failing to do as I wanted, but I ignore that temptation.


And give that bus a few more shakes instead.
A few more bodies tumble out. All of them go straight into my mouth, filling it to capacity. A jumble of arms and legs still stick out, as the first unlucky ones inside are teetering on the edge of my throat in the depths of my maw. I wonder then if I can make a game out of it. Try and swallow them all at the same time. See what that feels like. See if that even feels uncomfortable.

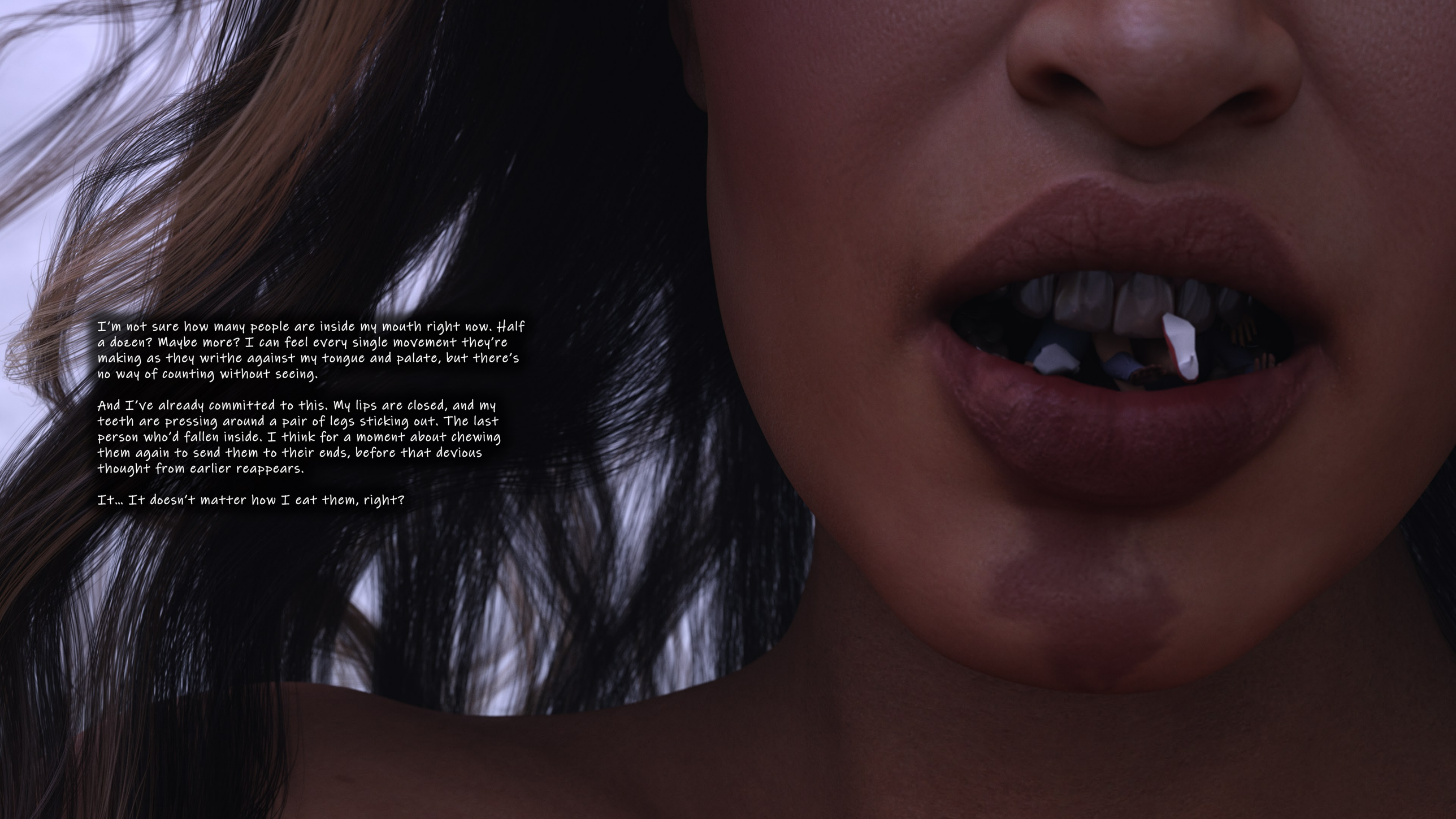

My heart skips a beat.
Why am I thinking like this? That was... that was an intrusive thought, wasn't it? I'm not doing this for pleasure or fun. I'm doing it to save my kin. There's nothing fun about eating people whole. About trashing buildings, and cities. About being an unstoppable giantess who can exert her will onto entire populaces with no recourse. About... about...
I shake my head to clear my thoughts, and look back at the bus to make sure I hadn't left anyone inside.


It's empty.
Everyone inside is now either in my mouth, or on the ground.



Closing my lips to make sure I don't lose any of my precious cargo, I give the bus another once-over, before squeezing my fist around the part I'd been holding it from. The metal crumples like it's made of foil, and the glass panes shatter, before I toss it behind me.

It lands with a cacophonous sound, and there's a spike of screaming from people as it collides with the roof of a nearby building, before sliding off and slamming onto the street.



I'm not sure how many people are inside my mouth right now. Half a dozen? Maybe more? I can feel every single movement they're making as they writhe against my tongue and palate, but there's no way of counting without seeing.

And I've already committed to this. My lips are closed, and my teeth are pressing around a pair of legs sticking out. The last person who'd fallen inside. I think for a moment about chewing them again to send them to their ends, before that devious thought from earlier reappears.

It... It doesn't matter how I eat them, right?


No.
Of course it doesn't.
Not wanting to fill my mouth with the taste of crushed people is only a small part of why I make the decision to swallow them whole. I'm more focused on the complex texture and sensations I experience from doing so. A couple of people with a ton of wiggle room inside of my mouth were obviously never going to win.
But a whole crowd of them? At the same time?


Even I’m impressed at how easy it was.
They don’t go down smoothly, of course. Not at all. They struggle, fight, push against my throat from the inside, and make an awful lot of racket all the while. But they also don’t present any real impedance. They just... go down, and my throat handles the rest. I don’t even feel like I’m short of breath when they’re bulging out my throat.


After only a few seconds the inside of my mouth, once a bustling place full of life, is now completely empty. I can't help but sigh in satisfaction after. Like finishing the last bite of a great meal.



In a few short moments, they'll join the others in my stomach. I can't help but wonder what it's like for the ones that I swallowed alive. How long they have to contemplate their fate as they're forced down that long, meaty tunnel, by muscles more powerful than any in their bodies. Knowing all along that they're completely at the mercy of my massive body... and that there's only one way out. That they'll plummet into the acid of my stomach. Dying slowly in unimaginable agony, tormented by a process that I'm only vaguely aware of.

All this horror is done for a reason. To make me bigger, so I can save my daughters. And yet, in spite of the guilt that I feel, I can't help but also feel something resembling... satisfaction, or perhaps validation. Part of me always knew that I was better than other people... and yet, so many tried to tear me down, to bring me down to their level. They tried to judge me. They said that I was less than them, even though I lived in a mansion that towered over their tiny hovels.

Now, there's incontrovertible evidence that I was right. I'm above them, more than I could ever have imagined. I'm a leviathan, and they're nothing but little minnows, to be swallowed up with nary a thought.


Their movements quickly become nothing more than a subtle fluttering inside of me. It's a rather pleasant feeling, even though I know what it means for them. I can't help but give my soft belly a little pat afterwards, and sigh contentedly.
They were just the first of what looks like it's going to be a long day full of growth. The crowds are still rabid around my knees, running for dear life, while I haven't yet felt the effects of the people I just finished off.
CHC
HOT
WARNING! DO NOT ENTER WARNING!
PRIVATE PROPERTY NO TRESPASSING


I know I'm going to need more. A lot more. A rush of excitement runs through me at the thought of how much more I'm going to need to eat to grow that big. How many lives will end that way. How many entire neighborhoods will have to be polished off just to reach a fraction of their size.
That strange excitement is still buzzing inside of me. Urging me onward. Reminding me of what I'm now capable of. Telling me that I'm nowhere near my true potential. That I should give in, and enjoy myself. I think...
I think I should stop resisting these desires.
There's a warmth behind my eyes as I lean forward to scoop up more people, and bring them up to my mouth. At the same time, I feel positively ravenous. A deep, aggressive hunger wells up that demands to be sated.
And I'm ready to do whatever it takes to fill that need.
PAY DAY LOANS
CASH LOANS
新創作


I think I should stop resisting these desires.
There's a warmth behind my eyes as I lean forward to scoop up more people, and bring them up to my mouth. At the same time, I feel positively ravenous. A deep, aggressive hunger wells up that demands to be sated.
And I'm ready to do whatever it takes to fill that need.



Another handful rises to my mouth, and I shove them in without any hesitation. It's not a pretty sight I'm sure, but moving quickly, not carefully, is my intention. Picking people up and carefully dropping them onto my tongue would get them inside in one piece, but it would take time.

Shoving a handful of writhing bodies inside of my mouth all at once on the other hand?


It's messy. Crunchy. I can hear bones break as people are contorted into directions they weren't meant to. Small spurts of blood when a spine is folded backwards and someone goes through their death rattles on my tongue. While my lips close I can feel tiny limbs kicking against my lips, and even a single shoe drop from a foot down to the ground below.
It's like nothing I've ever experienced before.



And I've experienced a lot. Money can buy you a great many things. Exotic food, some of which is even illegal. Having a veritable army of well-paid servants to tend to every need. It's been quite some time since I've wanted for anything. And yet all these years, I never even imagined what it would be like to swallow a human being.

To think what I was missing out on.

I swallow the mouthful of people. Their pleas for help are silenced as they slide down my throat, and I again think of how much things have changed for me.


I thought I was a big deal before. Wealthy. Attractive. Fit. Anything I had a problem with could be fixed with money
But growing like this has completely changed my outlook on things. Money? Influence? It's nothing. A determined home invader could still have broken down my door and ended my life in the blink of an eye? I was still human. Just like them. Weak. Small. Helpless in the face of someone who would wish me harm.


LOANS
Now I've ascended beyond that.
Beyond... human.
I don't have money anymore, because I don't need it. If I make a demand, they will fulfill it. Because failing to do so will mean nothing. And even if they do everything I tell them to? Well, I still need to eat to sustain myself. And feeding that need only makes me bigger, and stronger. It's a self-fulfilling prophecy that I can't lose out on.


My heart's racing now. A dangerous cocktail of lust and excitement courses through me. I know I need to grow, but I also know that I am just plain better than these people now. Kaylee... Kaylee had the right idea, didn't she? She went through this just the same. She recognized the changes that this size brought us. And I was an idiot for trying to keep things restrained before.
I want to do more. I just ate a good handful of people. It will take a minute before they make me grow. What's... what's wrong with having a little bit of fun before then?

Rising back to my full height, I have to take a step back to stabilize myself. Having a view of the city this high up but still having my feet firmly on the ground is a bizarre sensation I will have to get used to at some point. Especially if I want to use my feet for anything more than moving from one place to another.

I saw Kaylee get so much pleasure out of using her feet to exert her will onto others. Turning busy streets into red carpets worthy of someone of her stature. A stature that I now share. And an action I will now repeat.

I raise my foot and swing my leg forward... and let it hang there for a moment. I can see the tiny bodies moving from the spaces between my toes and racing to get out of my shadow.




A thought enters my head.
What am I doing? Is this necessary? I'm only trying to get bigger, not emulate everything Kaylee did. So why am I... why am I threatening to crush people with my feet? That won't help me grow. It won't help me move faster. It's just... just for the fun of it?!
In an instant, the thought is extinguished, and the warm feelings return. Something telling me that what I'm doing is okay. It's good. It'll make me feel good. It'll be fun. I should enjoy myself, and if this is how I choose to do so then no one can rightly stop me.
I deserve this.



I bring my foot down slowly, capturing a few people beneath my weight as I do so. And, while not even intentional, the heel of my foot comes down onto a nearby car at the same time, utterly flattening it in the process. The sensation of power and dominance nearly overwhelms me, and I simply stand there for a moment, waiting to feel their reaction.

The trapped people fight against my foot. Their movements barely register. Their feeble attacks bat at my toes uselessly. I curl them in response to their efforts, and the screams of the trapped people spike for a moment. I could stand here for minutes just soaking it in and enjoying it...

But I instead push my foot down. Instantly the trapped bodies lose the fight against me. Bones crack, a few people expire, and tiny spurts of blood paint my toes. The rush is so powerful I put all my weight down at once, and crack the pavement under me at the same time, signaling the end of any life underfoot.


I hadn't realized how fucking horny I was until that moment. My nipples stand completely on end. The heat in my pussy beckons me to keep going. Telling me that this was just a sample, and I have to taste more. I curl my toes on the pavement in response, feeling a few more body parts trapped between my sole and toes completely go splat, before putting even more weight onto my foot.
It doesn't make much of a difference. The pavement completely finishes molding around my weight, and before I realize it I'm biting my bottom lip out of excitement.
MUSCLE
HOTEL
LIQUORS


A soft shiver runs through my entire body. I stand there for a moment, enjoying the tiny remaining bits of enjoyment there is to find from the people. The tiny little pops of bones that had remained uncrushed. The warm, wet feeling spreading out under my foot. The sound of debris around my foot falling into the hole I'd just created.
I have to do it again.
Energy Drink
Juice
NOW WITH BUBBLES
HOTEL
NO PARKING


And so I do.
My left foot swings forward, and the terrified crowds respond in time. I'm something that they fear now. I'm the last thing they want to see. They have no choice but to conform to my will. There is no alternative.
HOTEL
LOANS


It's different this time. The first step had so much wasted time. I stopped before I finished the step to have some idiotic crisis of conscience that served nobody. No more. I'm fucking huge. I'm unstoppable, and I'm going to enjoy this!
My entire body tingles as I finish that step.



No stopping to rest my foot onto these people to enjoy the feeling. No slow bringing down of my foot. Calling it a step is even a disservice. I should call it what it really was.

A fucking stomp.

The street itself collapses under my weight like it was made from sand. Chunks of rock shoot out from under my foot and between my toes to rain onto the ground nearby. And the people caught underneath are silenced instantly, the life crushed out of them.



My breath catches in my throat as I look down at what I've just done. The lives I ended to satiate my own lust. A hot, burning sensation forms in the pit of my stomach as I give my foot a firm twist on the ground, feeling the crushed bodies get ground up into a paper-thin organic film that sticks to my sole.

I'm impossibly strong. Uniquely powerful. Able to do whatever I please. Everyone else just has to suck it up and deal with it, while I get to have all the fun I want.


My weight shifts on the foot that had lay upon all those people, and I feel my thigh brush against a building nearby. The coolness of the metal and glass completely take me off-guard, and for a split-second I feel myself backing away, not wanting to touch it... before it hits me.
People aren't the only things I can crush and destroy at this size. The entire fucking city is prey to my whims, and if that just so happens to include buildings?
I give my hips a swing and slam it onto that same building like a wrecking ball. Smoke and dust instantly billows out of the heavily damaged structure while chunks of concrete and glass fall to the ground around me.


It's not enough.
I bring an arm out and slam it onto the top of that same building. I feel a bit of resistance on contact, but it gives way in the blink of an eye, crashing through a corner of the building and sending more debris to the ground in a deadly shower. My mind almost goes feral at the sight of what I'm capable of. What it looks like to see all those people afraid of not only me, but the things I can do with minimal effort. To them it's death raining onto them from above.


But from my perspective?
Pebbles. Gravel. Tiny bits of rock and some dust chipped off the corner of the building and falling onto me. It may fall quickly and make a loud noise, but it does not hurt. I curl my toes over the concrete below, feeling it crack under me again as I consider what to do from here.
Juice
MUSCLE
LIQUORS
CUT PRICE LIQUORS
NO PARKING TOW AWAY ZONE
삼덕전기 자동제어반


I give my left foot a swift kick forward. The ground is ripped up, and the chunks of concrete that had fallen onto the top of my foot are launched forward into a deadly spray. The people nearest are instantly consumed in a cloud of smoke from the dust that casual movement kicked up.
I'm bullying literal ants at this point. That's all they are. Helpless to do anything to stop me, while I can freely take my time enjoying them and their tiny forms in any way I please.


It's hard to see through the thick clouds around my ankles, but I catch a few glimpses of moving bodies through them. For a moment I watch them struggle to fight through it. Huge clouds to them that don't even reach as high as my knees. A deadly fog that makes them cough, lowers their visibility, and only makes them more afraid when their senses are robbed from them.
I move my foot over a few of the flashes of movement, a surge of excitement rushing through me.
Energy Drinks
Juice
NOW WITH BUBBLES
AMERICAN MUSCLE
삼 덕 전기
자동제어반
NO PARKING


The movement from my leg cuts through the smoke in an instant. The rush of wind blows enough of the stuff away for the people in that cloud to realize just how close they are to me.
And then I bring my foot down once again.


The displaced air under me starts to spread the cloud away, and gives everyone nearby a fleeting glimpse of the aftermath of my stomp. My foot resting on the street. The concrete broken apart all around my toes. The tiny legs and half-crushed bodies begging for help as they meet their grisly ends. The jets of red squirting around my feet and onto everyone nearby.

Then, a second later, a fresh cloud is kicked up as the broken concrete dust rises straight up from the cracked ground. The scene is so utterly chaotic that I don't even feel the bodies crush under me. I'm so big now that crushing people has a chance of not even registering!


I complete the step, feeling the ground finish cracking under me. Any of the body parts that had remained intact up to this point are crushed beyond any recognition at this point. The warmth spreads out under my foot, and seems to travel up through my body. Past my legs. And settles somewhere between my thighs.
I've never thought myself an exhibitionist, but the thought that so many people are seeing my gradually increasing arousal firsthand is like nothing else.


My breath catches in my throat. My foot raises again, looking for more targets. There's just... so many of them! Everywhere I look! It's almost sensory overload they're making so much noise in every conceivable direction. A sensation that stepping on them actually helps to alleviate in addition to feeling good.
I raise my foot again. More indescribable sensations run through me, before settling in the pit of my stomach. Like something deep inside of me needs to be addressed. It feels vaguely familiar.
Like what I felt before growing the last few times.


I stamp my foot down. More people are crushed. More blood splatters around my feet. Some of the crowds are silenced, but the sound of so many people being crushed so casually scares others. It's never ending.
And yet the feeling endures inside of me. Begging to be released. Something big is coming, and I'm beginning to wonder if this is the best way to do this. How did Kaylee grow so big so fast? Did she have a secret aside from wanton rampaging and throwing her weight around?
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT
Juice


I searched my memory. Tried to piece things together. What did Kaylee do more than anything? Stepping on people, eating them, all that stuff... she did it to pass the time. But it wasn't what always came before another growth spurt. I've just been eating people and letting whatever happens, happen. But Kaylee...
Kaylee spent a lot more time pleasuring herself.
LIQUORS
PAY DAY LOANS
CD·DVD·LD
鉄道模型

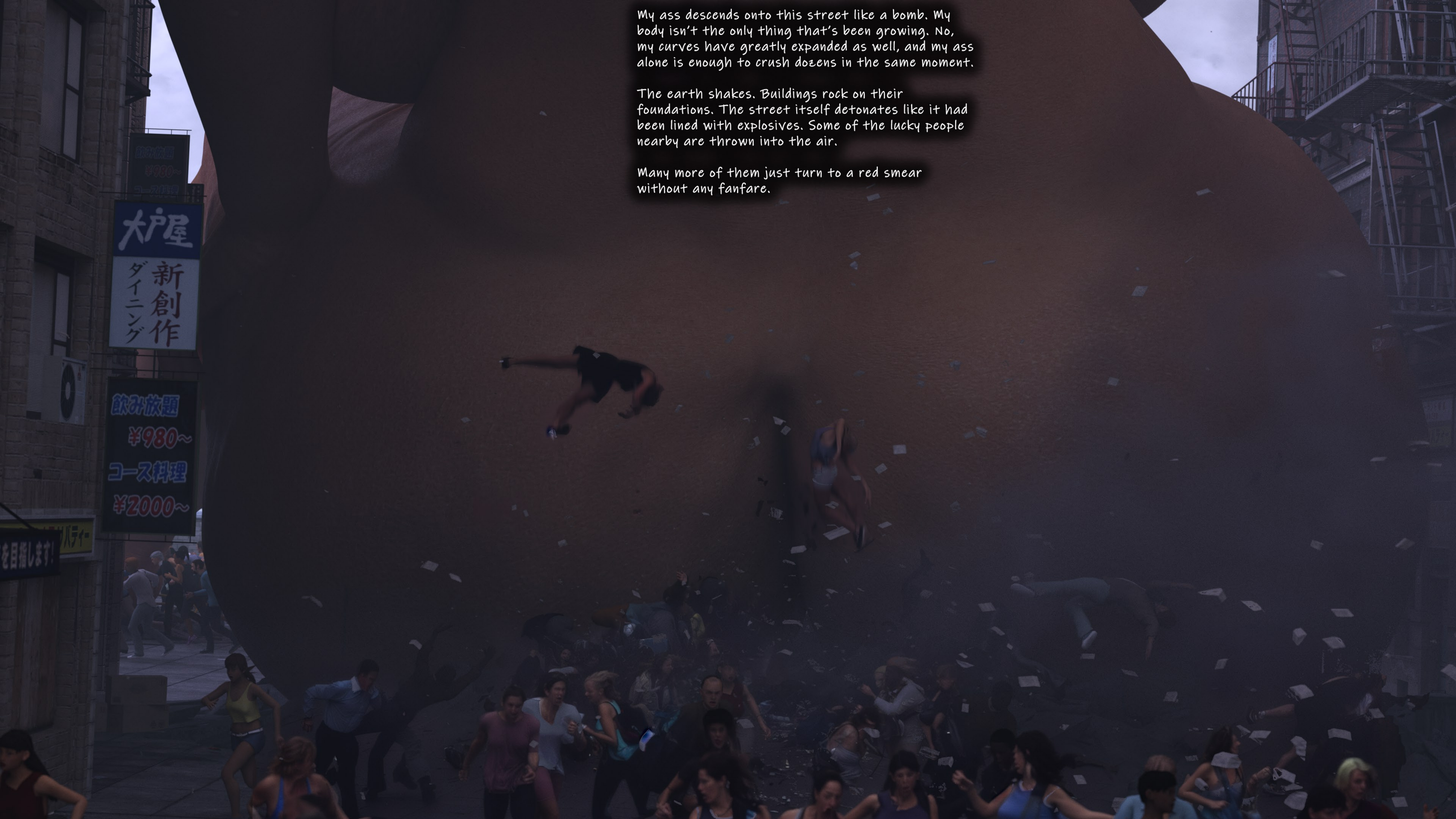


My entire body tingles, as if it knows that I've made the correct connection. I look at the crowds around me again, and think of what it would feel like to do what Kaylee did. To use little people not only as ways to enjoy my power. But as toys to please myself with. To masturbate out in the open like she had been so fond of doing.

I have to try it.

Looking to my left, I can't help but grin at what I see. This street is more densely packed than the others around me. They seem to be realizing that I'm walking in a straight line, and a quick turn will get them to safety.

Not anymore.



My ass descends onto this street like a bomb. My body isn't the only thing that's been growing. No, my curves have greatly expanded as well, and my ass alone is enough to crush dozens in the same moment.

The earth shakes. Buildings rock on their foundations. The street itself detonates like it had been lined with explosives. Some of the lucky people nearby are thrown into the air.

Many more of them just turn to a red smear without any fanfare.


That feeling returns. That rush. It's no longer just my feet and mouth that are enjoying this size. I was always fond of using my ass in situations like this. Sitting on faces, waving my huge ass. I enjoyed the looks of jealousy I'd get when walking around in a string bikini that was completely swallowed up by my enormous cheeks.
And now that same backside has killed dozens.



My pussy is practically on fire, now. The heat coming off of it is so intense that it makes my thighs feel uncomfortable. I half-expect to see wisps of steam coming off of it when I spread my legs to get more comfortable, and I'm even a little disappointed when I don't.

The cool breeze does feel nice, but it does nothing to ease the urges. I know what needs to come next. There are so many bodies all around me. All running away, so I don't have a lot of time. I briefly considered searching for the perfect companion for myself.


Before giving up on that completely.
Everyone is running away from me. Everyone save a single woman. She's frozen in place.
She looks like she's in her thirties or forties. She's not my type, but she's not unattractive, and she's got some curves that would have almost rivaled mine before. From her hair and her dress, she looks like she could be some kind of realtor, or paralegal. Some kind of boring office job... but her life is going to get a lot more interesting.
Maybe she's scared. Maybe she just can't take her eyes off my stunning figure. Maybe she wants to fuck me. But that doesn't matter. What she wants doesn't matter.
Only I matter now.


I bend over, reaching into the crowds and closing my fingers around her body. I pluck her off the ground. She screams and fights against me with all her might.
There's a first time for everything, and it's a bit exciting since I've never been with a woman before.



I don't offer her any encouraging words. Anything to let her know what to expect, or what's going to happen. The furnace between my legs needs fuel, and she is going to tend to it. With two fingers I press her directly against my pussy, nearly falling onto my back at the exact same time.

My pussy is so fucking sensitive right now. That merest brush against me has me reeling, and I have to lean forward, tits resting on my knees to recompose myself. My toes curled as I gave myself a moment to enjoy my new little partner's helpless struggling.



Before bringing my hand back down onto her again.

This time I'm ready for it. Her fighting movements press against my pussy and I can only feel myself shiver as something approaches. That energy inside of me feels like it's going to come out at any moment now. Every part of my body begins to tingle. My vision grows blurry, it suddenly feels hard to breathe.

And it hits.

My hand pushes down too hard on my tiny little lover. She attempts to push herself away from my pussy, but she's too weak to do anything. She fights, writhes, and spends her final moments in abject horror before my incalculable strength completely crushes her into my pussy.



An orgasm rocks my body, as I feel pleasure the likes of which I've never experienced before makes my extremities tingle. I almost try to keep it quiet, before remembering that I have no one to worry about. No one bothers me. I open my mouth, and let the loudest, most potent scream of pleasure rock the city around me.

My body grows. The street I only barely fit into before is now completely cramped. I can feel the buildings on either side of me squeeze against my growing body, before they abruptly lose the fight and begin to fall apart, completely defeated by the sheer force at which my body is expanding.


All at the exact same moment. The energy that had been building up inside of me explodes out, and I can feel my growing body completely tear apart the entire street. My huge foot plows ahead as my legs stretch forward, ripping through the crowd and sending bodies flying. My violent masturbation continues to ground the little woman into a red smear, her former body serving as lubrication. My expanding thighs carve through the buildings on either side of me, detonating them like they were made from sand.
I feel every single minute detail of my growing body destroying the street, and it only makes me even hotter.


I want to cling to that sensation. Enjoy the feeling. Savor it.
But I'm growing too fucking fast.


There's just no time to enjoy things. Only time to keep growing. Push it further. Drink more from that well. Feel myself grow, and enjoy every last second of it.


I have to know.
I have to know how much bigger I've become. The curiosity is overwhelming. I slowly crack my eyes open, and can see the crowds running away from me now. They're so much smaller than they were just a minute ago. Like a line of ants running along a line.


I need to have them.
I lean forward, and sift my fingers right into the middle of the crowd. The lean pushes more weight onto my feet, and that rips up the street even further. I couldn't even begin to care. I've lost my initial toy, and I need a replacement. Or two. Or three.
Dozen.


At the end I don't know how many I grab hold of. The wriggling movements dancing on my fingers excite me beyond belief, and I force my hand between my legs very quickly. Too quickly, if anything. Some of the bodies go flying between my fingers and fall to the ground before even making it to their destination. Some of them get splattered against my pussy before I even get the chance to enjoy them.


But most make it.
And they do a damn good job of keeping me excited. I can feel the heat build up further. In no time at all I'm approaching a fresh climax. One that I know is going to put every other one to shame. One that will be written about in history books. I just need one more thing to get me there. Something big.
I see a bus, shrouded in the smoke. I grab it. It feels small and light in my hand... but it will have to do.


I jam it into my pussy, violently... at least, for those inside of me. As far as I'm concerned, they're not people anymore. They're lubricant.
The heat in my pussy goes over that edge... and for a moment my mind blanks.
Explosive is the only word I can think of to describe the feeling. Like the energy that had been bubbling inside of me burst out in every direction, flooding my body with a hundred sensations at once that completely overwhelmed me. An eruption of pleasure that I have trouble remaining salient during.


But the best part is...
It's not just one.
HOTEL


The first explosion rockets me up into the sky, filling out the street, pushing over buildings, and completely tearing up the city around me without any extra input on my part. Only pure, unfiltered growth. After a few seconds it feels like it's beginning to peter off. Like I'm going to find myself at a new size, roughly three to five times bigger than I was before, and I can resume growing.
But a second one hits only moments later.


The second climax courses through me like liquid fire. My body continues rising. My ass devours more streets. My feet push through more buildings.


when a third hits.


Four.
Five.
Six.
The sounds of a terrified populace running for dear life from my growing form begins to fade. I'm left with only the quiet whispers of wind as, even sitting down, my head rises further into the sky.

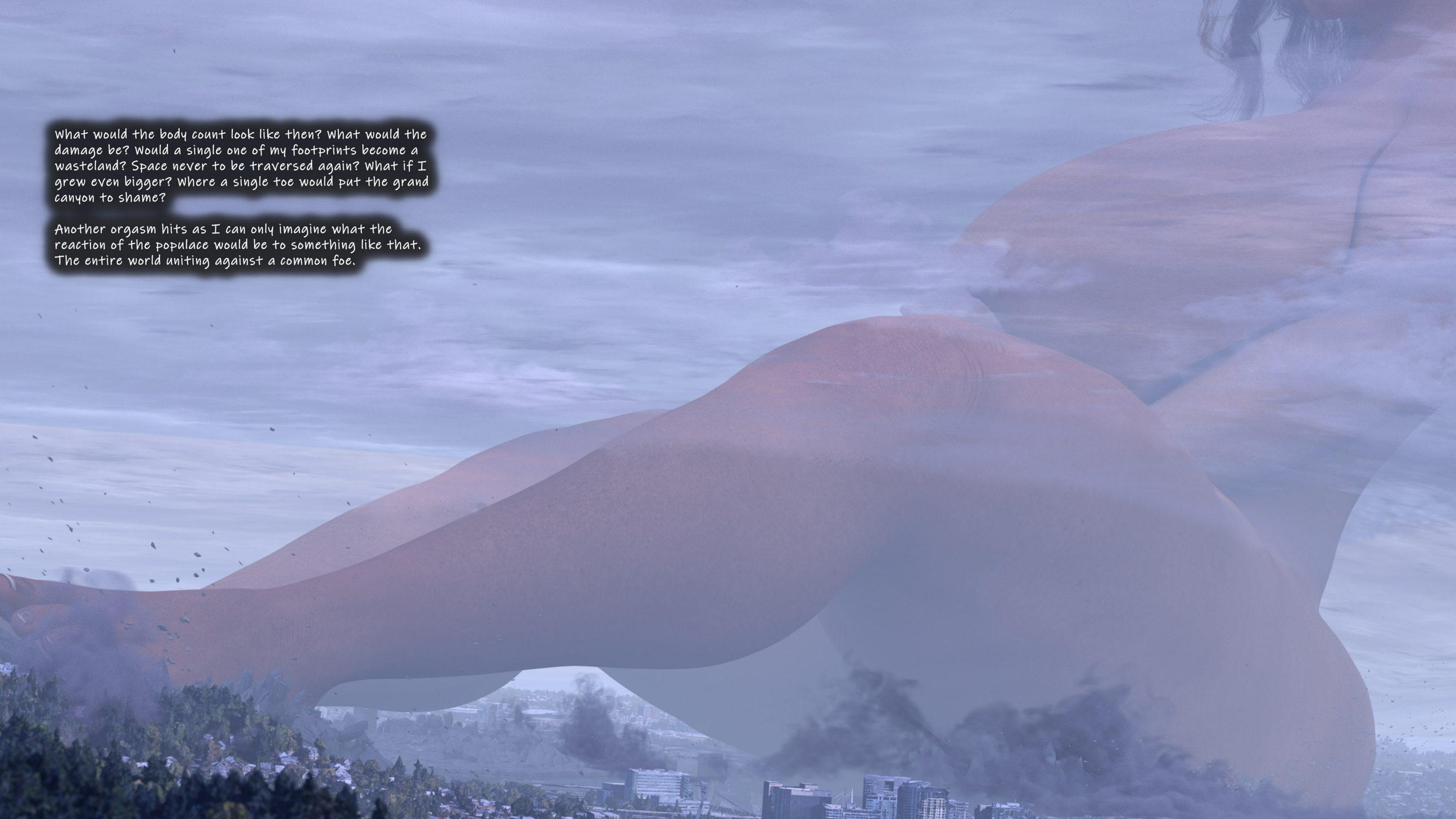

Above the highest buildings. Above the morning fog. The air grows clearer and it almost feels like it tingles on my skin. Not a minute ago I was surrounded by buildings while sitting. So much has changed.


And it's not even close to being done.
I've lost count of how many orgasms have rocked my body now. The people that I made use of are long gone. Even the bus is unrecognizable now. Smeared against my pussy while I've continued rubbing it this entire time.


Another surge of growth makes me realize that the street I once occupied is now completely gone. The sounds of the people have gone silent, and only the low, quiet rumbling of my expanding form fills the air.
For a moment I grew worried. I don't know when this will stop. I still... I still have a goal to accomplish! What if I grow too big!


And another image flashes in my head as yet another orgasm rocks my body.
Does "too big" really exist?


Vivid images dance in my head. Far more realistic than I could have ever imagined. How far away are Kaylee and Kayla now? What if I could cross that distance in an hour? Half an hour?
What if I could walk across the country in a single step?


What would the body count look like then? What would the damage be? Would a single one of my footprints become a wasteland? Space never to be traversed again? What if I grew even bigger? Where a single toe would put the grand canyon to shame?
Another orgasm hits as I can only imagine what the reaction of the populace would be to something like that. The entire world uniting against a common foe.


Me.
I feel like I must have grown almost as big as Kaylee did over the course of a single day with just one orgasm. Whatever happened to me in that plane was potent beyond belief, and the greatest part is...

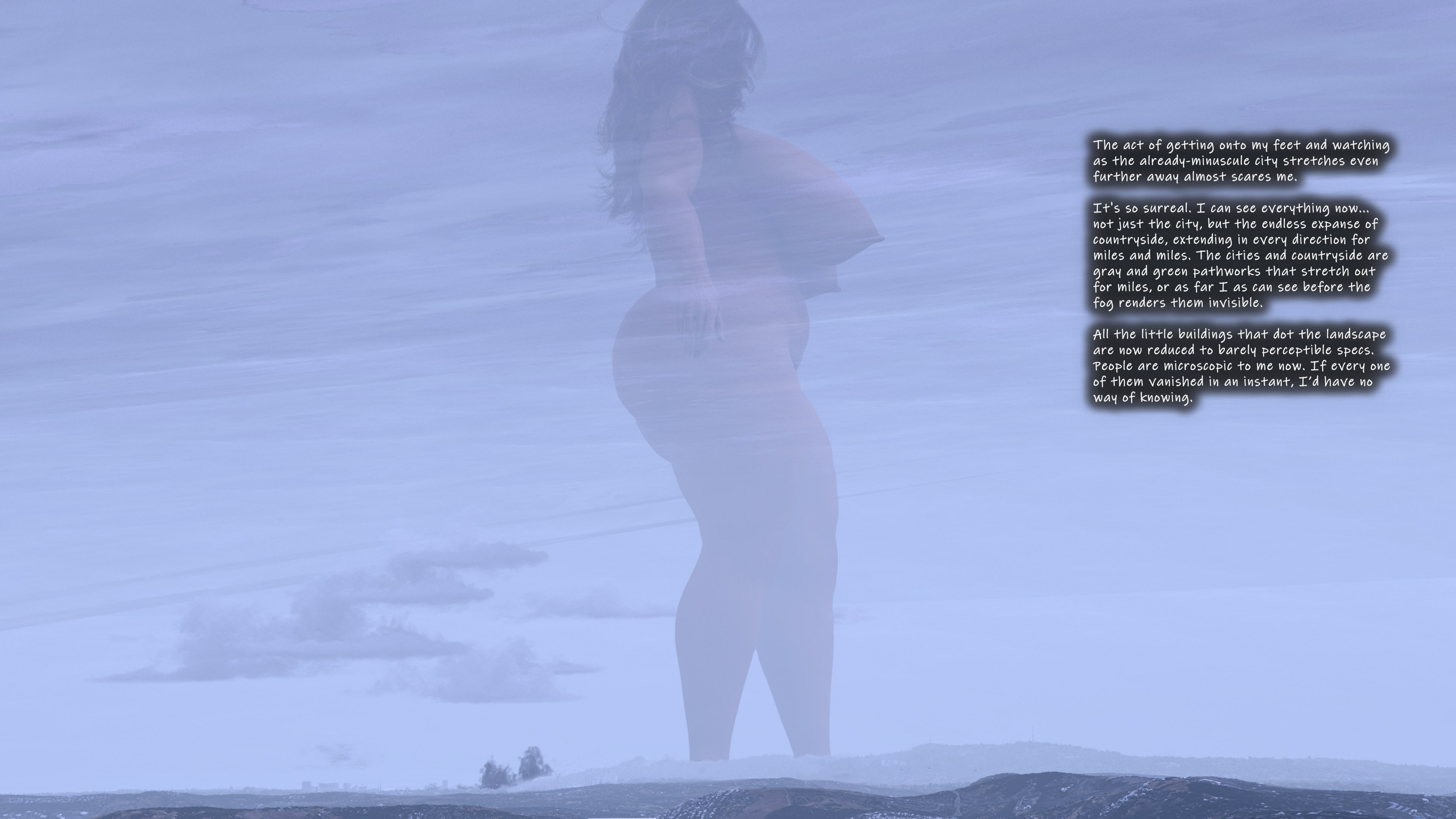

I don't feel the slightest bit drained. Like I've only briefly tapped into an infinite well of power. Growth that could surpass the entire country is waiting for me to drink from it. The entire Western hemisphere. The planet. Maybe even beyond.
A final orgasm fires off inside of me, and I make the conscious effort to stop. To mentally shut off the valve that keeps me growing. Expanding. Erasing more of the city under my gigantic body.


All of this size... this power. It's intoxicating. Completely and utterly. I feel more energized, more perceptive. More... everything than I ever have in my entire life. I can, and get the distinct feeling I will grow more very soon.
But I still have a task. What good am I at saving my daughters if they're so small I don't even notice them? I can't risk them joining the others who will see the bottom of my foot in their final moments. I'm not heartless.
Taking a deep breath, I finally crack my eyes open.


I was not expecting this.
The mental image playing out in my head made me believe I was bigger, sure. But I thought I may have been... I don't know, five times my old size. Tall as the tallest buildings in the city, and not much more.
But this...


The city around me no longer looks like a city. It more closely resembles a painting with how flat and low to the ground everything is. I shift my weight slightly to stand, and am shocked at how much devastation that slight amount of movement brings about.
Only a couple of minutes ago I had to do a hip check into the roof of a building to fill the air with smoke and rain death onto people. Now even the mildest twitch of my muscles will do it.
Now that my lust has finally been satisfied, I can look at the city with clear eyes, and see the cost of what I did. A quarter of the city is in ruins. Countless buildings and people flattened under my ass. Ground into nothingness by the sheer weight of my body. Probably more from the earthquakes that ensued.


A strange thought occurs to me... I don't even know what city this is.
I'm not sure how many people I killed just now, either. Tens of thousands, surely? Hundreds of thousands? Maybe millions?
Thinking about the death toll disturbs me... in no small part because of the way it makes me feel. Mixed in with the shame is something else... A kind of twisted pride, at the sheer enormity of the carnage I can so easily wrought.
Do I really feel that way... or is it the thing inside of me? Is there even a difference anymore?
I try not to think about it. There's no way of knowing... and no sense in dwelling on such things.


The act of getting onto my feet and watching as the already-minuscule city stretches even further away almost scares me.
It's so surreal. I can see everything now... not just the city, but the endless expanse of countryside, extending in every direction for miles and miles. The cities and countryside are gray and green pathworks that stretch out for miles, or as far I as can see before the fog renders them invisible.
All the little buildings that dot the landscape are now reduced to barely perceptible specs. People are microscopic to me now. If every one of them vanished in an instant, I'd have no way of knowing.


I can only wonder what this is like for them. I'm far, far larger than the tallest buildings on the skyline. They have to be completely aware of my presence even if they're not close enough to be directly affected. The quaking earth. The sight of me towering so high into the sky.

I was there for Kaylee's slower growth. I watched her ascend little by little. I remember the military attacking her, and how genuinely afraid I was for her well-being. When tanks rolled up and actually managed to knock her flat onto her backside with a single shell.

I've completely blasted past those paltry sizes. I could crush an entire battalion under a single foot. I could swipe planes out of the sky without my feet ever leaving the ground. I could turn entire armies into red paste with just the tip of a finger.




I can't be stopped.
I can't even be slowed down.
Good.
No more distractions. No one to stand in my way. I've got a long way to go, and I'm sure a lot of people would love to try and prevent me from making it to Kaylee. This city was a useful staging ground for the first part of my growth, but that's all it is. They should count themselves lucky that I have to get moving.
I don't know how long it will take to get back to L.A. If it's too far... Some part of me lets me know that I have a lot more potential. If it comes right down to it, I'm not against growing even more to move more quickly.


END OF PART 21


KRYSTAL - BEGINNING OF PART 21
9 FEET TALL
700 POUNDS


KRYSTAL - END OF PART 21
3.5 MILES TALL
2,800,000,000 TONS


KAYLA - END OF PART 21
14.5 MILES TALL
200,000,000,000 TONS
KAYLEE - END OF PART 21
23 MILES TALL
800,000,000,000 TONS


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