
KAYLEE
X- PART 03


STORY BY REDFIREDOG
ART BY BUTRE3004



I went for a little walk, and everyone lost their shit. Every single person in a five-block radius acted like it was the biggest thing that had ever happened to them. You'd think Jesus Christ himself had descended upon the earth. Or maybe Godzilla is a better comparison. The point was, as far as they were concerned it was a big fucking deal.


It's to be expected, I guess, given who I am. By "who I am," I don't mean that I'm fifty feet tall or anything like that. [Editor's note: Kaylee was actually 42 feet tall at this point.] It was just as bad before I grew, back when I was only 5'8". [Editor's note: Kaylee was actually 5'4" prior to her growth.]
No, it had always been like this for me. There's no such thing as anonymity when you're a Kloss. I'd go out wearing a baseball hat, a baggy dress, and a pair of shades, and five minutes later I'd be surrounded by a mob of fans and paparazzi that was like something out of World War Z.



Really, being a giant hasn't changed things all that much for me. Sure, when I go out, everyone loses their mind, but it was always like that for me. There are still crowds of stunned onlookers and people snapping photos. The only real difference is that instead of everyone swarming towards me like they used to, now most people are running away.


Not that I could really blame them. I weighed more than a fully-loaded semi-truck, and I had killed a few dozen people in the last couple of hours, some of them intentionally.
I was what you might call a pretty tough customer. A regular fucking Leroy Brown.
I gave up on wearing the flag and was just carrying it around. I kept almost tripping on it, and it just wasn't worth the effort, honestly. I gave up on trying to hide.
I figured there had to be dozens of people in every building snapping photos on their camera phones. Hell, I could see some of their flashes as I walked by.
spoon
PAINT & HARDWARE
PH-022 0034 456
FOR YOUR BEER WINES SPIRITS
BURROUGHS


It hadn't been long since I left the canal. I was hoping that I could avoid attention by sticking to back streets, but I forgot just how crowded L.A. was. Every shithole backstreet had some wannabe trendy coffee shop and about ten thousand wannabe movie script writers to go with it. Well, at least I know that if I step on some people, it's a safe bet they're not exactly valuable members of society. It's not like we need a bunch more shitty movie scripts about struggling Hollywood writers, right?
1 HOUR
DIGITAL PHOTOS
NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
6.95
photo lab
An apple a day...
MADE IN NEW ZEALAND
OPEN 24 HOURS
photo lab
Eclipse
KENDAL


I swear that I was actively trying not to step on them at that point, purely out of the goodness of my fucking heart. However, they didn't make it easy. You remember in Prometheus when everyone keeps trying to outrun the giant wheel that was rolling towards them, even though they could have easily just stepped out of the way? Well, these people clearly graduated from the same college as the Prometheus scriptwriters because they were all making that exact same mistake. It's like just being in my presence made everyone forget there was a third dimension.
Anyway, there were two people who seemed to be competing to see who could do the best job of getting me to step on them. I swear they were purposefully zigzagging back and forth to make it impossible for me to take a step without crushing at least one of them. So inconsiderate. Typical L.A. residents.


So anyway, I'm about to take my step and fulfill this woman's death wish. She looked like some kind of secretary with long-ass sister-wife hair; who knows what her deal is. But that's when I realize, I'm about to trip on the flag!



Fuck, I thought, that would have been so embarrassing! Slipping and falling on the flag, when I wasn't even wearing it, and falling down on the street? And of course, some asshole would have recorded the whole thing and put it on Youtube. Thankfully, I caught the mistake.


I figured I'd try to give another shot at wearing the flag. I wasn't really sure what the best way to wear it was, so I decided to try stringing it between my legs. At least that way, they wouldn't be able to post photos of my pussy.
Silver spoon
lab
6.95


That's when I felt something under my foot. I realized that woman was still underneath my foot! What gives? It's not like my foot was holding her in place or anything, she just kind of stayed there! Did she think my foot was a kind of lean-to, protecting her from the elements?
An apple a day...
Silver spoon
MADE IN NEW ZEALAND
MADE IN NEW ZEALAND


I stared down at her. I was honestly kind of dumbfounded. Why wasn't she moving? How dumb could she possibly be? She was like that one guard in Austin Powers, the one who stood there screaming while the zamboni came towards him at like a mile an hour. Only the zamboni was at least moving, and my foot was completely still.


Well, whatever. I could have nudged her out of the way, but fuck it. If she's going to act like a bit of street debris, I'm going to treat her like one. I lowered my foot down and pressed her head against the pavement with my toes.
Silver spoon
STOP
STOP


I'm not gonna lie, it felt kind of good. Just holding someone else's life in my hands, pushing them around, dominating them... I'd always enjoyed bossing people around, making them scared of me, but this was just so much more direct. So much more visceral.


And the viscera part got a lot more literal a second later. I would have loved to savor it, but I had places to be, and I couldn't afford to waste a bunch of time messing with some random woman.


Waiting for her at least gave the rest of the crowd a minute to disperse. You'd think that would make things easier, but once again nobody in this town knows how to get out of someone's way properly, so after a few steps I had multiple morons underfoot once again.


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OPEN 24 HOURS
photo lab
1 HOUR PICKUP
DIGITAL PHOTOS
RUGS
OSMETICS
apple a day...
6.95
photo lab
6.95
DIGITAL PHOTOS
STOP


photo
Oh great, two fools swerved in front of my feet at the same time. Absolute geniuses. I wasn't quite as nimble as I used to be, on account of weighing 20 tons and all, so it wasn't as easy as you might think to just stop in place or stand on one foot for a second.


6.95
DIGITAL PHOTOS
Well, one more step and I stepped on the man, while the girl jumped from the impact. He was predictably squishy, and flattened out in about a half second. I guess they'll just have to call the next one 'Dumb,' which doesn't have quite the same ring to it. Real shame.


Speaking of dumb, though, I underestimated just how slippery a recently-squashed human could be. I don't want to get too anatomical, but suffice to say it was a little bit like stepping on a half-peeled banana.


If I had been at my normal size, I probably would have caught myself, but at my new size everything had so much more momentum.
I slipped pretty badly, and I fell onto the pavement.
You know the saying, "Tragedy is when I stub my toe, comedy is when you step into an open manhole and die?" Well, I may have squished a couple of people just now, but I also did a lot more than stub my toe.
DRUGS
PHARMACY
DRUGSTORE
DRUGS
SOCAL STREET GEAR
An apple a day...
6.95
MADE IN NEW ZEALAND


DRUGS
6.95
photo
At least I wasn't hurt or anything. Not physically, anyway. I actually didn't land that hard. My knees took most of the impact, and I sort-of caught myself with my arms. Still, hitting the ground when you weight 20 tons isn't exactly pleasant.


Once I got my bearings, I looked down and saw something that surprised me. A woman and a man were caught under my boobs. And get this: they were still alive! Seriously, both of them!
They looked so pathetic. They weren't even seriously hurt, as far as I could tell. But the idea of someone just being totally helpless and trapped, because of your tits of all things... And having them already caught under there... Well, you can't blame me for wanting to experiment a little!
6.95
photo lab
DIGITAL PHOTOS


DRUGS
6.95
photo
photo lab
That's when my attention turned to the guy on my hand. Is that guy in the business suit seriously humping my hand right now? I asked myself. Looking back, he probably just tripped and fell onto my hand, but my first thought was that he was some kind of perv, and I freaked out.


without giving it a second thought, I flung him backwards against the building. He hit hard enough to leave a splat on the railing. That, plus the 20-foot fall, probably did him in, but I honestly couldn't care less either way.
1 HOUR PICKUP
DIGITAL PHOTOS
apple a day...
6.95
photo
MADE IN NEW ZEALAND
STOP



With him out of the way, I looked around. The streets had actually gotten mostly deserted... I'm sure there were people with cameras, but things were quieter than you'd think. The fact that I had something resembling privacy, at least by my rock-bottom standards, gave me an idea.


Right now, I wasn't putting any weight onto my chest. That meant the sheer weight of my boobs alone was enough to not just hold them in place, but also cause them a fair amount of pain. Well, maybe this is a little mean, but I wanted to see what they could do with a little extra effort. Just a little extra pressure, you know? I mean, I was still planning on letting them go afterwards and everything.
DRUGS
6.95
photo lab
6.95
DIGITAL PHOTOS


6.95
photo lab
6.95
DIGITAL PHOTOS
DIGITAL PHOTOS
What can I say, I was curious. I just leaned into it a little bit, and it felt kind of good, you know? They below didn't seem to like it as much, but I thought it was all pretty amusing.


DIGITAL PHOTOS
Their screams were getting kind of annoying, so I moved forward a little bit, and my boobs covered their faces. That shut them up.


I could feel them really struggling under there. No doubt about it, I was smothering them. They'd suffocate in a minute or two if I didn't get up. I have to admit, I found something deeply appealing about that. I'd only been big for a couple of hours, and the idea that my tits were these massive instruments of destruction was still mind-boggling. What could they do if I really leaned in? If I really put my weight into it?


I had to find out. For science, or whatever. And besides, I was probably breathing a little hard at this point, and I was definitely biting my lip. Just a little more... Just a little harder...
Fuck! I leaned forward, and I heard a cracking noise, and the blood spurted out. I was kind of amazed at how easy that was. To be fair, I guess I was putting, what, five tons of weight on them? Enough to flatten them, clearly.



Don't judge me. They were already injured, weren't they? Really, it's for the best that I finished them off.

I let out a long sigh of relief, and suddenly realized that I wasn't alone. There weren't many people immediately nearby, but there were definitely people off in the distance, and in the buildings. And I'm sure plenty of them were snapping photos. If I wait here too long, I thought to myself, there's going to be news vans... And shit, maybe a helicopter or something...

And my hand... What's my hand doing there? I guess that would explain why I felt so relieved.


photo
lab
1 HOUR PICKUP
DIGITAL PHOTOS
DRUGS
COSMETICS
SOCAL STREET GEAR
Well, I told myself, there's not much I can do except get the hell out of here, and hope nobody caught that on camera.
I got on all fours. I could see that there was still tons of congestion ahead, and I was a mess. My tits were still covered in blood. I needed to clean up, and I needed to get out of there.


I got up, cleaned up, and dressed myself as well as I could with the flag. Then I walked down the street, which was thankfully deserted for a couple of blocks. I didn't have far before it got crowded again, though, so I turned down a side street, and I got a weird feeling on the back of my neck.
-STEAKS-
TYLE BBQ
-STEAKS-



The street felt weirdly familiar. Why, I had no idea, but it just seemed like I'd been there before. Sometime... for some reason. Then I looked to the side, and the memories came rushing in.


That was it! Melissa's office! In that dinky little office in the shitty little alleyway. It looked even more pathetic now then it had the last time I'd been there, which was... what, a little more than two years before I got big? It was a week or two after Dad died, if that helps.



"For the last time," I said to her, "I want my money, and I want it now."

"In that case, I have some good news. Starting this month, you will receive a significant stipend from the estate."

"Oh yeah?" I said. It felt too good to be true. Could this be it? Am I seriously going to have some real money? I was almost too nervous to ask. "How much?"

"Depending on the index fund's performance, it should come out to about fifty thousand a month."

I was in disbelief. "Fifty thousand dollars? A month? Seriously?"

"Yes..." she said, and she looked at me like I had two fucking heads or something.


"That's it? That's nothing! That's fucking horseshit!"


"I know it's not what you were expecting, but combined with your personal income, which I'm sure is considerable, I'm sure it will be sufficient. You may have to tighten your belt for a little bit, but I'm sure your father would have wanted it this way..."


"Fuck my father! Fuck tightening my belt! I want every fucking dime you can give me, right fucking now! This is MY money you're talking about; you hear me?
MY fucking money!"


"I understand this is a stressful event. But as much as I like you, the trust fund's rules simply don't allow me to turn the full amount over in one lump sum. However..." she hesitated a moment before continuing. "There is something else. Let me read a statement from your father:
'Kaylee, I'm not a man of expensive tastes. My focus was on my charities. I know you were busy with other things, but I hope you would take a more active interest in philanthropy. Upon my death, I'm placing my charitable foundation under your full control.' "


"Full control?" I asked. "So, what does that mean? How do I get the money?"
"Get the money?' Umm, listen, sweetie, If you want, we can talk about putting you in some kind of paid advisory position. We could give you a salary as much as $100,000 a year, although there are various rules and regulations--"
"Fuck that. Fire them all if you have to. I want it all, now."
"I'd love to hand it all over now, I really would, but the rules clearly state that I can't do that until you reach, and I quote, "a certain level of maturity."
"What the fuck does that mean?"
"It means that you won't receive full control over his estate until you demonstrate, and I quote, "a certain level of maturity."
"A certain level of maturity? I just turned twenty-one!"
"With all due respect, it's based on emotional maturity, not age."



"And who the hell decides that? You?"

"In effect...Yes, I do."

"This is bullshit! You don't even fucking know me!"

"Well, you are something of a public figure. But you're right, I don't know you personally. Which Is why I'm relying on certain trusted individuals to inform me."

"So what, my mom? It's her, isn't it? She's the one who's telling you not to hand it over to me!"

She looked back at Kaylee and gave her a knowing look.

"That bitch! That fucking bitch! I need that money! And you! You could give it to me right now, you just don't want to!"

She got all indignant, like I was trying to fire her or something. "So Kaylee," she said to me, "I don't know what things are like in your little reality show, Instagram world, but here in the professional world, we try to talk professionally. Okay, sweetie?"


What a fucking cunt. I didn't even call her a bitch in a mean way or anything, but of course she has to get like that... I was fucking pissed. So, I said to her, "Don't fucking talk down to me like that! You think you can talk to me, because, what, you got a fucking law degree or whatever? Fuck you, fuck your shitty degree. You're no one. For all I care you might as well work at fucking Burger King. I probably make more with one sponsored Instagram post then you do all fucking year! You know what, let's test that out really quick."


Then I put on a pouty face and took a selfie.
"Just turned 19 and still looking great! #LORAC"


"I've got a deal with Lorac where I get paid $200,000 per tagged Instagram post. So, is that more than you make in a year? Huh?"
"Go fuck yourself."
"It is, isn't it? See, you probably think you're special. But people like you are nothing to me. As far as I'm concerned, you're just another loser, working another shitty job, getting by on scraps."
"Fuck off, princess."


"Princess? You think that's, like, gonna hurt my feelings? You're right I'm fucking royalty. Better than royalty. Meghan Markle fucking wishes she was me. I make more in a year than, like, literal, entire fucking countries. People just give me shit, like, millions of dollars worth of clothes and jewelry and whatever, shit you could never afford, just hoping someone might take a picture of me wearing it in a club once. But I never wear it, except maybe around the house or something, because I don't do shit unless I'm getting paid. Some arab prince offered me a billion fucking dollars for my fucking virginity, and you know what? I turned him down."


"Jesus Christ, I thought they played things up on the show, but you're actually even more of a monster in real life, aren't you?"
When someone gets that mad, you know you won the argument. I was about to walk out with a satisfied smile, when she got up in my face.
"You know what?" She said, almost spitting the words at me. "In a way I'm glad your father is dead, so at least he won't have to see what a disgrace his daughter has become!"


That hit me. Hard. Since then, I came up with a million comebacks, a million snappy little rejoinders, but in that moment I just froze still. I don't even remember what she said after that, I just remember her face looming over me as I cowered in the corner and she yelled and yelled and yelled.
She made me feel so small. Her. I lived in a fucking palace and she was just a shitty estate lawyer who couldn't even afford an office in a decent neighborhood. What right did she have to make me feel like shit?


I told myself that I would get revenge. I had to get back at her, somehow. And, like, to be fair, I did make sure to go to the bathroom in her office and piss all over the bathroom floor before I left. But that's not exactly 'a dish best served cold' level revenge, you know? I wanted to do something epic. I wanted to buy and sell her. I wanted to make her feel a thousand times smaller than she ever made me feel. And now, at my size, that was super easy.



My mind was settled. There were no two ways about it: I was going to get revenge. It took zero effort to step over the wooden fence and into the alleyway. I tossed the flag onto a fire escape, and turned back to make sure it didn't fall down. That meant I wasn't watching where I was going, so I made a stupid mistake.


A jolt of pain shot through my body. I didn't realize it right away, but apparently, I had snapped a few of the power lines by walking through them. It didn't electrocute me, I mean, like, obviously, but it hit me like a fucking taser, and I went down hard.


I actually managed to catch myself pretty well, though. I didn't land on my feet, but at least I landed on my hands. I took out a chain link fence and part of a brick wall in the process, but really that's pretty tame compared to some of the stuff I went on to do later.


I figured there was no reason to waste any more time, so I got in position. Now, I could have just smashed through the wall, or sat on the building or something, but I didn't want to risk killing her. Not before I had a chance to torment her, anyway. I was going to take my time with this one, and go in quiet... relatively speaking, anyway. Luckily it didn't seem like there was anyone else in the alleyway to worry about, so I got right to spying.


I could see Melissa in her office. She was facing towards me, but she was so caught up with whoever she was talking to on her phone that she didn't even notice the giant face staring at her through the window. I couldn't wait to see her face when she saw a giant hand coming for her at twenty miles an hour.


I guess it shouldn't be a surprise that Melissa was pretty freaked out. The second my hand smashed through the glass she let out an ear-piercing scream. She jumped back in her desk, trying to get away from my gigantic hand, but it didn't do her any good. Her back was to the wall, and she had nowhere to go.
CITY STORAGE
& GENERAL STORAGE
0014 5454


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CITY STORAGE
& GENERAL STORAGE
0014 5454
My arm was blocking most of the view, so I had to feel around a bit. I groped around at her office furniture for a bit before I grabbed hold of what felt like one of her legs. From there it was pretty easy, I just felt my way upwards until my hand was around her torso.


Gotcha! I finally grabbed hold of her, and through the little slit of vision I had, I'm happy to say that I got a glimpse of her terrified face. She reacted how just about anyone would have, I guess, but there was something so satisfying about seeing someone who treated me like garbage reduced to a little toy.


I pulled her through the window, and you know what, I was actually pretty careful with her. I even made sure that the broken glass didn't cut her skin on the way out.
I almost couldn't believe it, it was just too good to be true. Not only was I a giantess, but one of the people I hated most was right there in my hand.
She screamed and cursed at me. Honestly, it was pretty funny. She was just full of sputtering rage, and she kept yelling out all these broken curse words. It was something like, "oh god, oh fuck, how can--what the fuck? Kaylee?"
I tried to reach for a clever phrase to let her know just how pathetic she was. I racked my brain trying to think up the perfect line. You know, like something they'd say in a Tarantino movie. But right then, in that moment, the only thing that came to mind was: "Hey, bitch."
You know, it could have been worse.



"How is this happening!" Melissa blurted out. "I saw the video on Twitter, but I didn't think it was real! How the fuck is this even possible?!"

"It's possible," I said with a smirk, but her remark about the video was making me a little nervous.

So there's video out there, I thought to myself. Shit. Well, at least it doesn't seem like most people are taking it seriously. At least, not yet.

I put on a smug face and did my best to hide my brief moment of insecurity. "So," I asked her. "What was I doing in the video?"

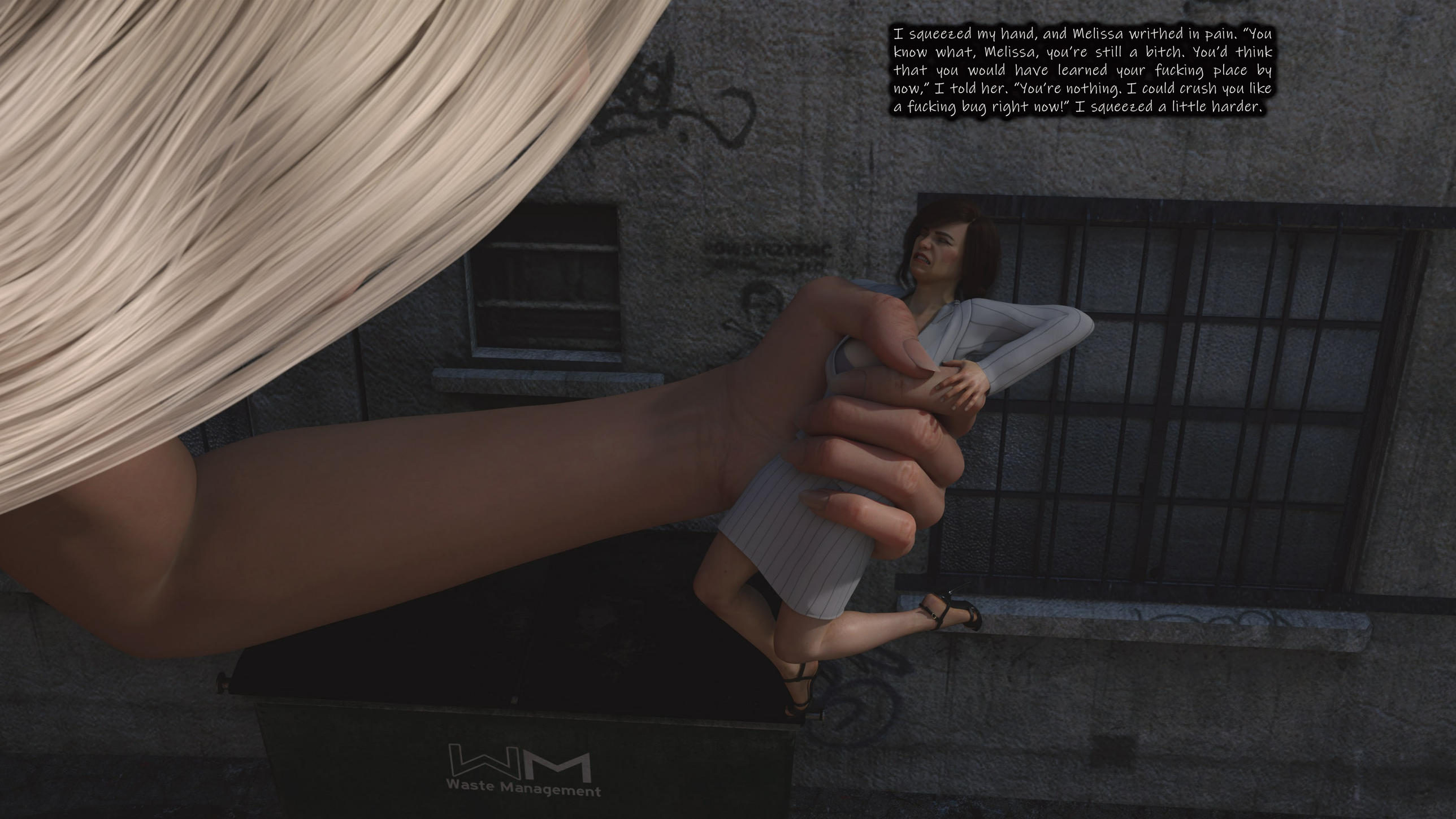
"I don't know," she said, "it looked like you were on a bridge? And then you walked towards a guy, and raised your foot up above him. And then he dropped his phone, but it sounded like you... uh..."

"I what?" I asked her. "Stepped on him?"

She didn't know what to say to that, but the way she looked away told me the answer was 'yes.'

"Fuck," Melissa said. "What the hell are you going to do to me?" she asked, clearly terrified. So she wasn't as dumb as she looked. She knew I was here for revenge.


"Honestly," I told her, "I haven't really decided yet. Stopping by here was kind of a last-minute decision. You know, like a little... detour or something. But I've already killed a lot of people today."
"Yeah, I saw the fucking video," she said.


I squeezed my hand, and Melissa writhed in pain. "You know what, Melissa, you're still a bitch. You'd think that you would have learned your fucking place by now," I told her. "You're nothing. I could crush you like a fucking bug right now!" I squeezed a little harder.
WM
Waste Management


Shit! I felt something crack, and she let out a yelp. Maybe one of her ribs? I loosened my grip just a bit. I didn't want to hurt her too badly just yet.
"So," I asked her, "You remember two years ago, how you called me 'princess,' like it was some kind of insult? And I was like, 'you're goddamn right I'm a princess?' Well guess what, if you want to live you'd better start calling me 'your highness,' bitch."


"Fuck you." She said. "If you're going to kill me, just kill me. I'm not going to grovel."
I couldn't believe how rude she was being. It would have been almost impressive, if it wasn't so utterly stupid. "Do you really want to fucking try me?" I asked her. "Because I don't have to make it quick. You know, I figured I'd probably just stomp on you a couple of times and call it a day, but you deserve something special, don't you? Let's see how you taste!"


I leaned in and licked the side of her face. To my surprise, she didn't taste half bad. I could tell she used some crappy off-brand shampoo, but at least it was a nice peach flavor. Yeah, I thought to myself, I can eat this bitch.


Melissa didn't seem to like being licked very much. She tried to push my tongue away, which is really downright rude. She was getting a sloppy french kiss from the most eligible bachelorette in Los Angeles, and she had the nerve to push my tongue away? There's really no excuse for that.



"There, now you're nice and wet. Should make you go down easier. So," I asked her, "is that how you want to end up? Stuck in my gut, fighting for air while you burn up in my stomach acid? Or are you going to apologize?" An idea came to mind. "I'll tell you what," I said. "You give me a good, honest apology, and I promise I'll let you go."

She mulled it over for a second before barking out an answer. "Okay, okay, I'll do it!" she yelled. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry for everything... Your highness."

"Not bad," I said, "Not bad. That almost sounded like you meant it."

"...Can I go now?" She said, earnestly. Her voice was shaking.


"Sure!" I said with a laugh, and I opened my hand, and dropped her onto the pavement. It was a good ten feet down, at least. She landed on her ass, and she landed pretty hard.


Poor Melissa was fighting to catch her breath now. "You... you said..."
I laid down on the pavement to get a better look at her. "I said I'd let you go! And I did!" I said to her a sneer. "I held up my end of the bargain. Of course, I didn't say anything about what would happen after I let you down... I think I'll still eat ya'."
"Please, please no..." she begged.
"If you don't want me to eat you," I told her, "You'd better start running." Which she did.


To my surprise she hopped right up on her feet and jogged away. She was actually pretty spry for someone her age, especially considering what she'd just been through. But that didn't mean she was any match for me, especially considering how big I was now. I reached towards her, but didn't grab her, not at first. I wanted to toy with her a little bit...


So instead of grabbing her, I decided to just pinch the bottom of her skirt. I figured it would just hold her in place, but to my surprise it sent her tumbling to the ground.


She thrust her body backwards and pulled away, undressing herself in the process. The skirt stayed between my fingers, and her crotch was naked except for a pair of white underwear.
"Eww, granny panties," I said with a laugh.


She stood up and faced me. "You don't have to do this," she said. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for what I said-"
She stopped talking as my hand neared her. I wasn't trying to grab her this time. My thumb and index finger were arranged in a pattern familiar to everyone who had an annoying sibling growing up. That's right, I was going to flick her.


That's when I said something so lame that I'm actually kind of proud of it. "Talk to the hand," I said, "because the face doesn't want to hear it." How's that for an action movie line?
Then, BAM! I flicked her. I didn't go as hard as I could have, because I didn't want to freaking disembowel her or something, but it was still enough to send her flying back.


I crawled over her and looked down with a smug grin. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," I said to her, "that was super lame." God, making small talk with someone you're about to eat is super awkward. "So, any last words or anything?"


"I shouldn't have said that about your father," she said. "I didn't mean that, I hope you can forgive me..."


Now that felt like a real apology. Albeit one that was very much under duress. But I'll take it.
So, I said to her, "I forgive you. I'm not mad anymore... But I'm still gonna eat you."
She ran away, pretty fast for a 40-something woman in heels, but I had no trouble keeping up by crawling along. I reached out towards her once again...


...And I grabbed her shirt... jacket... thing? It was the kind of thing an unfashionable 40-something estate lawyer wears, and I wouldn't be caught dead in. Where do you even buy that kind of thing? I asked myself. Do they have special stores for the old and unfashionable?


I sat up and looked down on her. Two years ago, I had to crane my neck to look up at her. Now, she wasn't even the size of my foot.
"I don't want to eat your nasty underwear," I said to her as I rolled my eyes. "If you want to make this easier, you can start stripping down."
"You're getting off on this, aren't you?" She asked me. Once again, I couldn't believe her nerve.
"...Nah," I said nonchalantly, "but it is pretty fun!"


I reached out and grabbed her. She didn't even try to run this time. I leaned down, and slowly opened my mouth just above her. I made a point of drooling on her, just to mess with her a little bit. Her face was a mix of disgust and absolute terror. It was priceless.


I guess it's not hard to imagine why. Above her was a gaping maw, bigger than her torso and ready to engulf her at any moment. One gulp, and she'd be inside of me.


I wrapped my lips around her head and swallowed. Only, it turns out it's not as easy as that.
So here's the thing. I was probably like forty feet tall at the time. That's only ten feet short of fifty, like the Attack of the Fifty Foot Woman. That sounds big, right? And it is. But it's not that big.
To me, Melissa was about the size of a porterhouse steak. Something that size isn't exactly easy to swallow down. But the thing about porterhouse steaks? They don't fight back. It's hard enough to choke something like that in one piece if it's not thrashing around, which Melissa very much was. So I had that to contend with.


She was really fighting, too. She was scratching my skin as hard as she could. It didn't hurt, but it still felt weird, and I got a little nervous when she almost scratched my eye. But I wasn't going to give up. I knew I could do this. I just had to be a little more strategic about it.


I took her out of my mouth and dangled her upside down by her feet. "You're making this really difficult; you know that?" I said to her.
She screamed at me in response. She was getting more and more incoherent.
For a second, I thought about just biting her in half. That would be so much easier... But no, I wasn't going to give up. I couldn't let her win. I was going to make it work. If I started feet first, I figured that would make it harder for her to flail around, right? It was worth a try, anyway.


So, I put her feet in my mouth and slurped up her legs like they were spaghetti. To my surprise, her feet didn't taste bad. They didn't really even taste sweaty or anything. Just... salty, really. But I wasn't grossed out by them, and that was something, at least.


She just had to keep wriggling around, didn't she? But still, so far this wasn't going too badly. She was thrashing around and yelling and screaming, but she had a harder time reaching my face, and I had a firm grip on her legs.


Well, I didn't have all day, so I cheated a bit and used my hands to pull her up. That's when I remembered about her panties. I didn't really want to eat those, so I peeled them off.


I didn't have to pull very hard before they ripped, on account of being forty feet tall and everything. She actually got kind of indignant when I ripped them off, and tried to stop me. As if she had a chance, or taking off her panties was the worst thing I was doing to her.


She was totally flipping out now, and I didn't even know why. Her screaming was pretty incoherent at this point. Did she think this was sexual or something? I thought to myself. As if I'd want anything to do with a gross old woman like her anyway. But I couldn't tell her that, with my mouth full of, well, her, so I just stared at her indignantly as I slurped her up.


That's when my tongue actually touched her pussy for a second. On accident, obviously! Like, gross! As if I'd actually lick it on purpose! And then she freaked out and started yelling at me again, but I wasn't even paying attention, because something else grabbed my attention.


Is that... Kayla? Shit, what's she even doing here? And in that shitty sedan? She's probably trying to keep a low profile, but still... Fuck, I really wish I didn't have Melissa in my mouth right now...
My sister was sitting in the back of a crappy sedan, not much more than fifty feet away from me. It's not like I didn't plan on tracking her down. I mean, I wanted revenge on her more than anyone, and looking back I was incredibly lucky that she fell into my lap like that. Still, though, my first reaction was to feel embarrassed. I was crawling on all fours in a dirty alleyway, with a middle-aged estate lawyer bobbing halfway into my mouth. It was super awkward.
ARX 234
JAGAR


As surprised as I was to see Kayla, she must have been a thousand times more surprised to see me. She was just totally unable to make sense of what was happening.
"Oh my god, Kaylee?" She said in shock. "what did--How are you--"
ARX 234


Forget about clever comebacks, I just wish I could have said something to end the awkwardness. The problem, of course, is that it's really hard to talk when you have a middle-aged woman stuck in your mouth, even when you're 40 feet tall. So I just kind of sat there and stared back at her for a couple of seconds, with no idea what to do.


Then her driver kicked the car into reverse, and all of a sudden I knew exactly what I needed to do: catch them. If I had predatory instincts, you can sure as hell say they kicked in right then. I barreled down the alleyway with the majesty of a lioness, or at least an angry ferret, with Melissa still in my mouth.
ON
OFF
ARX 234
JAGAR


Just as they were getting close to pulling out of the alley, I lunged forward and grabbed a hold of the car door. He stepped on the gas, but the car wasn't strong enough to break free of my grip, and I pulled it closer to me. It wasn't the most impressive thing I'd done today, but I was still amazed that I could play tug-of-war with a car and win.
ON
OFF
ARX 234
Waste Management


The driver was still trying to pull away, even after I so clearly beat him? What a stubborn jerk. I was done dealing with his shenanigans, so I squeezed the car door until the glass shattered. From there it was simple enough to reach through the window, and grab his arm. He tried to fight, but in the process he let up off the gas, which just made things easier for me.


I picked him up by his forearm and pulled him out through the car window. I spent all of two seconds looking at him, before I got tired of his face and tossed him across the alleyway. He flew about twenty feet before he face-planted pretty hard on the sidewalk. The impact looked pretty brutal, so I figured he was out of the picture, at least for a while.
As far as I could tell, him and Kayla were the only ones in the car. Did she really not have a bodyguard with her? Or was that guy her bodyguard? If so, he wasn't a very good one!
ARX 234


With her driver gone and her car stopped, I had Kayla cornered, but she wasn't ready to give up. Stubborn as always, she climbed out the back door of the car and tried to flee on foot. I remember her turning and looking up at me, with the stupidest goddamn look on her face. It was perfect.


Needless to say, she didn't get very far. She was boxed in by the car, and while she was trying to shimmy around the trunk I just reached out and grabbed her. She let out an ear-piercing scream that was like something out of a Sam Raimi movie.
ARX 234


Well, the good news is that I had Kayla firmly in my grip. The bad news is, things got really awkward again. We just kind of stared at each other, for what felt like a minute. It probably wasn't that long, but it sure as hell felt like it was. I wish I could have said something to break the ice, but again, I had a bad case of lawyer-in-mouth. And no, I wasn't going to spit her out. That would be quitting, and I'm not a quitter, okay?
"Put me down!" Kayla whined. "What the hell are you doing, Kaylee? Whatever the hell happened to you, you need to let me go, now!"
Ugh. God Kayla's insufferable. She is so annoying, it's hard to even enjoy tormenting her.


"Let her go!" Kayla yelled. I'd forgotten that Melissa was an actual person, and not just a chew toy. I wanted nothing more than to spit her out, but I wasn't going to give up in front of Kayla!
CHARLEYS


I looked Melissa in the eyes as I slurped up her mid-section, and gave her what I hope came across as a smug look. She was really fighting now, and she was trying to shove me away by pushing against my nose and cheek. She was really giving it her all, but suffice to say, it didn't work.


I shoved her deeper in, but the farther she got in, the more awkward it felt to suck her in further. My mouth was already stuffed full of Melissa, and there wasn't a whole lot more room. To make things worse, I lost control of her legs, one of which was now kicking each of my cheeks. I needed to straighten her legs out if I swallowed her down...


After a bit of tongue play, I managed to get her legs back together. I'm not exactly sure how, but I managed to put both of her legs down my throat, and somehow it didn't trigger my gag reflex. And I know what you're thinking, but no, I hadn't done that, okay?


From there, it actually felt pretty natural. Her other leg was being unruly, but at least I had pretty much all of her in my mouth, and it didn't feel uncomfortable anymore.


I wasn't embarrassed anymore. I was proud. I stared at Kayla with a smirk, as I moved Melissa around with my tongue and nibbled on her a bit. I didn't even mind the feeling of her wriggling around in there anymore. It's funny how quickly you can get used to some things, you know?


I swished her around in my mouth a bit, like I was just swirling around mouthwash. All I had to do was get her to go down the right way. I knew I could do it. All of a sudden it just felt right. I swallowed, and she slid down my throat.


God that felt amazing! I opened my mouth and smiled wide at Kayla. She screamed again, but that just made me smile even wider.
"Guess what, bitch?!" I yelled back. "I fucking ate Melissa! And guess who's next on the menu?"

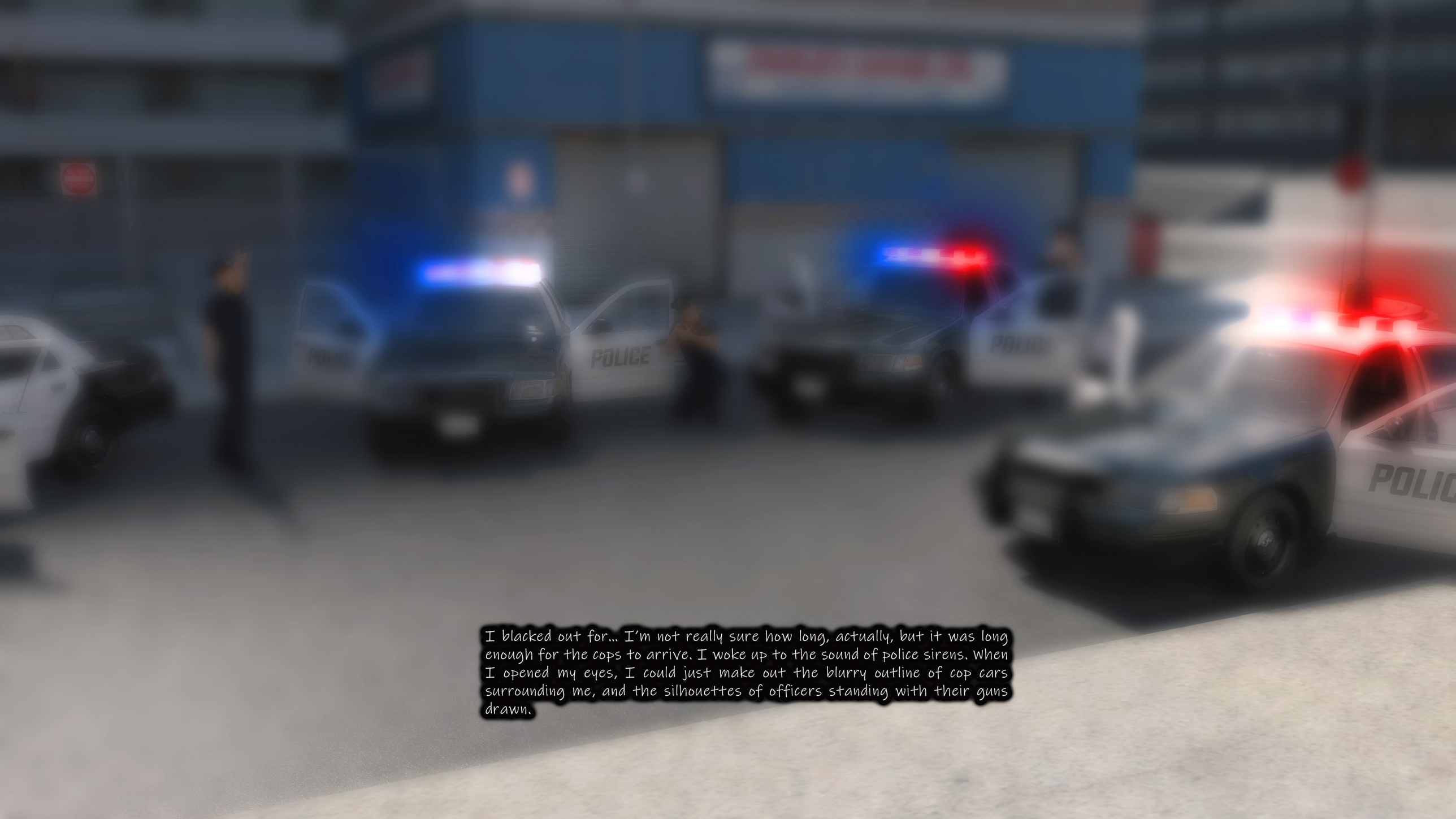

Before she had a chance to respond, I leaned in and licked the side of Kayla's face. She cringed and pushed away, but that just made it more satisfying. I swear to God I could literally taste her tears right then, and they tasted amazing. I was honestly amazed her makeup wasn't running. Whatever waterproof mascara she was wearing really paid for itself! And I have to admit, whatever shampoo she used tasted pretty damn good. Way better than the second-rate shit she sold with her personal brand.


"W-why are you doing this?" Kayla sputtered at me.
Could she really be this stupid? Could she really not know why I was mad at her? I doubt it.
"Are you kidding me?" I yelled at her. "Are you FUCKING kidding me? You know what you did. Today was MY twenty-first birthday. MY fucking birthday, and you had to show me up? You get all the attention all the time anyway, and you still had to try and ruin my one day in the spotlight?"
"It wasn't like that! Really, Kaylee, I swear!"
"As long as we're lying, little sis... I promise that I'm not going to eat you." My lips curled back in a twisted smile.


My gaze turned away from her, and towards her bodyguard, who was crawling across the sidewalk. I figured that landing so hard must have at least knocked him out, but he was clearly awake, and crawling towards what looked like a cell phone. Even now, knowing my secret is out, I was filled with rage by the thought of someone trying to sneak a nude photo of me. Besides, what if he called the cops or something?

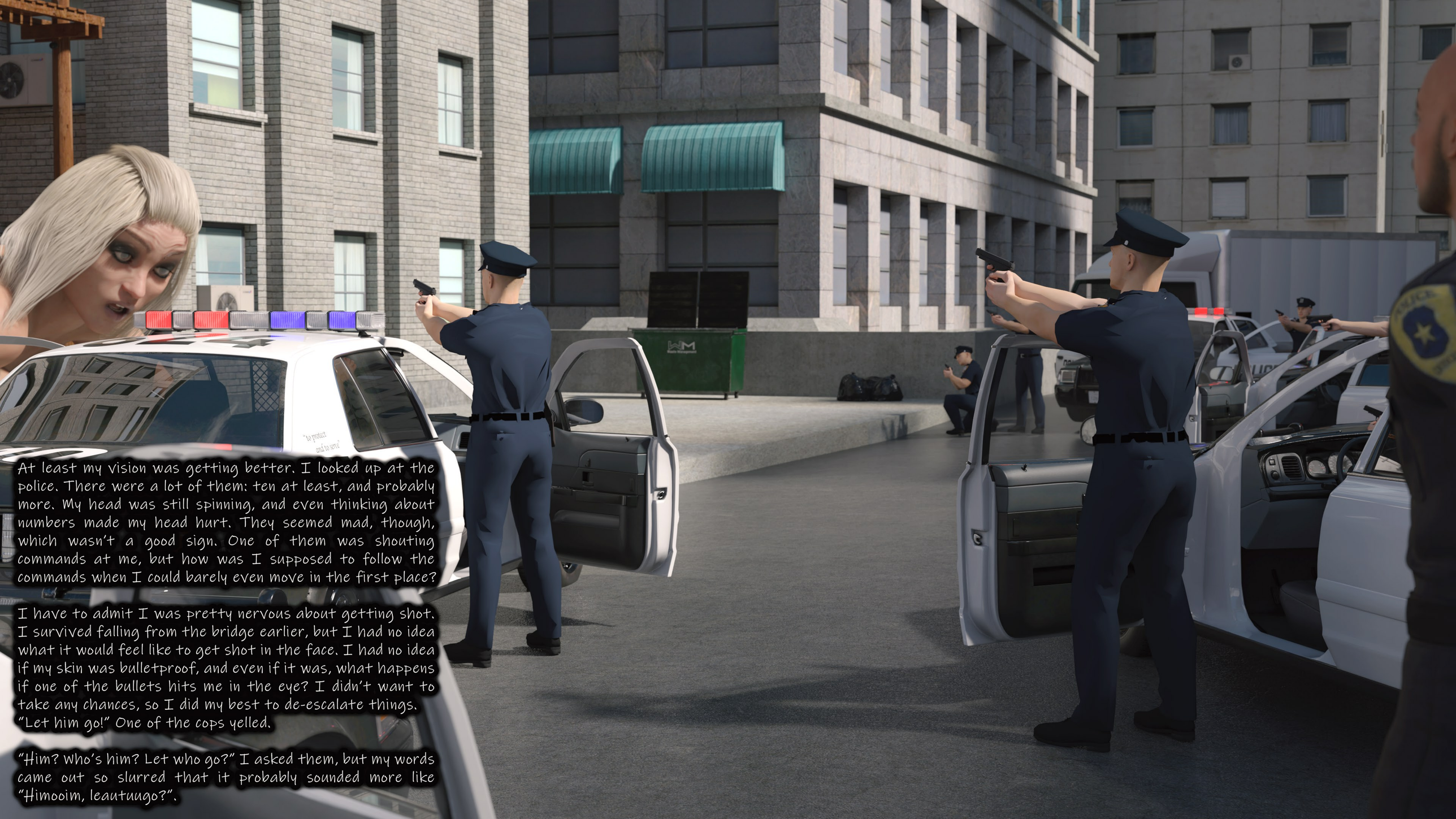

I lunged forward at him. He jumped to his feet and started to sprint away, but he wasn't as quick as my hand. My hand was closing around him when my sister yelled out, "wait!"
which was ridiculous, of course. Like I was going to stop because she asked me.
TRAFFIC


Well, it turned out there may have been a good reason for me to wait. My head crashed into an overhead bridge with a series of power transformers. Not only did I hit my head, but the impact damaged the transformers, which sent enough electricity through me to kill a normal person a thousand times over. My vision went blurry, and I crashed to the ground.
NO
THRU
TRAFFIC

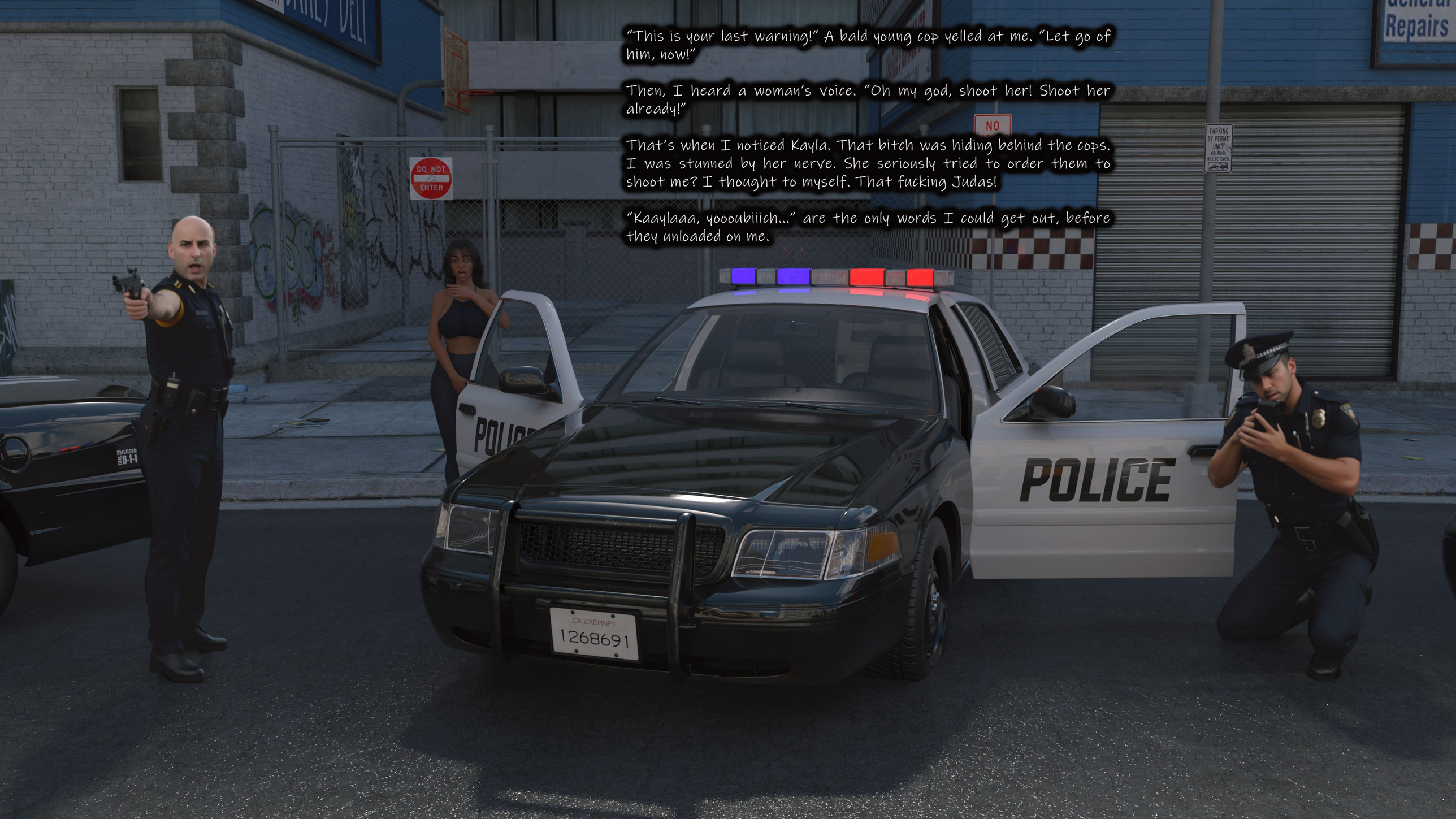


I blacked out for... I'm not really sure how long, actually, but it was long enough for the cops to arrive. I woke up to the sound of police sirens. When I opened my eyes, I could just make out the blurry outline of cop cars surrounding me, and the silhouettes of officers standing with their guns drawn.


I tried to get up, but the electricity was still messing with my nerves. I could move my head a bit, but the rest of my body felt all tingly, and when I tried to move my arms and legs, I couldn't do much more than twitch a little bit.


At least my vision was getting better. I looked up at the police. There were a lot of them: ten at least, and probably more. My head was still spinning, and even thinking about numbers made my head hurt. They seemed mad, though, which wasn't a good sign. One of them was shouting commands at me, but how was I supposed to follow the commands when I could barely even move in the first place?
I have to admit I was pretty nervous about getting shot. I survived falling from the bridge earlier, but I had no idea what it would feel like to get shot in the face. I had no idea if my skin was bulletproof, and even if it was, what happens if one of the bullets hits me in the eye? I didn't want to take any chances, so I did my best to de-escalate things.
"Let him go!" One of the cops yelled.
"Him? Who's him? Let who go?" I asked them, but my words came out so slurred that it probably sounded more like "Himooim, leautuugo?".


Then felt a weird sensation under my hand. I looked down and noticed the driver. He was trapped under my hand, and looked injured, but still alive. I would have been more than happy to let him go, if I was capable of moving! But when I tried to lift my hand, all I could do was twitch my index finger.
NO
THRU
TRAFFIC


"This is your last warning!" A bald young cop yelled at me. "Let go of him, now!"
Then, I heard a woman's voice. "Oh my god, shoot her! Shoot her already!"
That's when I noticed Kayla. That bitch was hiding behind the cops. I was stunned by her nerve. She seriously tried to order them to shoot me? I thought to myself. That fucking Judas!
"Kaaylaaa, yoooubiiich..." are the only words I could get out, before they unloaded on me.
DO NOT ENTER
NO
PARKING BY PERMIT ONLY
POLICE
CA EXEMNPT
1268691
Repairs


The bald cop started shooting, and the other cops didn't waste any time following suit. The way they emptied their clips on me, you'd think I was an unarmed black teenager or something. My whole body was getting riddled with bullets, and honestly, it kind of stung!


The hail of bullets turned into more of a drizzle, as the cops paused to reload. Well, that was annoying. While they were reloading, I had a minute to recover, and I realized that even after being shot hundreds of times in the course of an instant, I was fine. People always talk about how painful it is to get shot, and I'm sure that's true for most people, but for me? I don't want to sound like I'm bragging or anything, but I swear getting shot by every single one of those bullets combined probably hurt less than stubbing my toe. The hangover I had that morning was a thousand times worse, honestly.
THRU
TRAFFIC



The pain completely vanished within a few seconds. Not a single bullet pierced my skin. I wasn't injured, but I was sure as hell mad.

"You thought you could kill me?" I said to them, as I reared up. "Me? With what, some fucking bullets? Who the hell do you think I am?"

The pressure on my hands must have broken the driver's back, because I heard a long scream come out from under my palm, but I didn't even bother to look down at him. I was absolutely consumed with rage at the cops, not just for shooting me, but for being arrogant enough to think they could kill me with some weak-ass bullets. I wanted to tear every single one of them apart. More than anything, though, I wanted to get revenge on Kayla.

My face was red with anger. I was ready to charge at them, when I... just kind of fell down?


I felt all weird all of a sudden. I tried to lift myself up, but I couldn't. Then, a jolt of pain, one that hurt a hell of a lot worse than being shot did. I thought I was having some kind of residual effect from getting shocked earlier. Then it hit me:
Fuck, I thought. I'm growing again.


It's hard to describe what it's like to feel your legs stretch out in real time, but one thing I can say for sure is that it really sucks. Any process that involves your bones rapidly stretching out is just about guaranteed to be miserable, and this wasn't an exception.

I wish I could say I relished the idea of getting bigger, but honestly, I just wanted it to be over. How much fucking bigger can I get, anyway? I wondered.


As if I needed insult added to the injury, the cops decided to open fire again. Now, along with the horrible, gut-wrenching growing pains It also had a steady plink, plink plink of bullets hitting me. I barely even felt them after a while, but it was just so loud! I swear the sound of gunshots was enough to make my hangover headache come back, and with a vengeance.


All this time I was growing, and fast. The alleyway was starting to feel really small all of a sudden. My hips were pushing against the buildings on the side of the alleyway, and I worried that I might get stuck in there. Thankfully, though, that's about when the growth started to slow down.


By the time I stopped growing, my ass must have been almost as wide as the entire alleyway! I felt heavier, too. Bulkier. I had grown almost twice as tall as I had been just a few minutes earlier, but I weighed four times more! It has something to do with math, I don't really understand it, but I was fucking heavy now!


I crawled forward, but I found myself struggling, not because I couldn't control my body, but just because of how absolutely massive I was now. Every little movement I made just had so much more heft now, and it was a bit tricky to account for all the momentum. Then my ass caught on something, and I stopped dead in my tracks.
NO


Shit, the transformers. I could have easily just broken through them, but on the off chance there was still power running through them, I had to be careful if I didn't want to risk getting zapped again. So instead of smashing through, I very slowly and carefully lowered my butt down, before worming my way through the alley while the cops continued to shoot at me. Assholes.


Finally, I was free, I could control my body again, and I was still mad as hell. The cops were still shooting at me, though. I couldn't stand that shit! It was an endless cacophony of "bang bang bang bang!"
I said to them, in my most authoritative voice: "Fucking stop!"
To my surprise, they did. Every single cop immediately stopped shooting at me. I looked around at them, and saw the fear in their eyes as they looked up at me. That's when I realized just how terrified they were of me. A dozen armed men with guns, and they were shaking in their boots at the thought of what a naked 21-year old reality star could do to them.
So, they weren't completely stupid. Or so I thought.
NO THRU TRAFFIC
POLICE



See, right after that one of them just sprinted up to me out of nowhere. He was a bald guy with a goatee, looked like he was Mexican or Arab or something. For a second, I thought he was going to try and attack me, but he didn't even have his gun drawn.


He stopped right in front of me, and then just stood there and gave me... I guess you'd call it a motivational speech? Maybe he was one of those hostage negotiators or something, but if that's what he was, he wasn't very good at his job.
"You don't have to do this!" He yelled at me. "I'm sorry the other officers fired at you. They were just scared. But they're willing to stand down! This can end with peace! I don't know what happened, or how you ended up like this, but this can end without any more blood being spilled! Please, Miss Grande, it's not too late to end this without any further violence!"


Miss Grande? Did he seriously just call me Miss Grande?
I thought my ears had to be failing me, so I asked him, just to make sure.
"Umm, what the fuck did you just call me?" I said to him.
"Miss... miss Grande? Ariana?"
How the fuck did he not know my name? "That's not my fucking name, bitch," I said to him.


"I'm so, so sorry!" He said to me. "That's just what I heard from the station! But whatever your name is, we hope to--"
"Kloss. My name is Kaylee. Kaylee Kloss." That's when I got a little idea. "Go on, say it."
"Kaylee! I'm so, so sorry, Kaylee."
"Say, 'I want you to eat me, Kaylee.'"
"I want you to... Wait, no, no--"
PARKL
DAVES
photo lab


Before he could get away, I leaned forward and wrapped my lips around his torso. I was honestly kind of surprised how easy it was. Getting bigger really did make it, like, way easier to fit someone in my mouth, but I wasn't sure if it would be easy to swallow him. I mean, I was obviously way bigger now, but this guy was quite a bit bigger than whatsherface, and he was still wearing clothes too. Plus, he just tasted... well, salty, but in kind of a gross way. Still, I felt pretty confident I could pull it off without embarrassing myself.


For the second time in the last half-hour, I stared at my sister with a smug look on my face, and a full-grown person stuck in my mouth. She was covering her mouth, and she had this shocked look on her face. You'd think that after seeing me swallow someone, she'd be used to it, you know? I maintained eye contact as I slurped the guy down.
JAKES
624
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POLICE
88624


I decided it would make things easier if I slipped his pants off. I wasn't going to try and deal with the fly or anything, my hands were too big for that now! Instead, I just wrapped my whole hand around his legs, and pulled down. My only concern was that, with my size and strength, I might pull off a little too much. Like, his legs or something. That would make a mess, and as funny as it would be to shower Kayla with blood, I didn't especially want to taste a bunch of blood in my mouth.


Luckily, pulling his pants off was pretty easy. They just kind of slipped off in one go: the underwear, the shoes, everything. Once again, brute strength wins the day, and I apparently had just enough control to not take any of his other appendages with it. No, not even that one.


With his pants off, there was nothing to do except slurp the cop down, while Kayla and all his little cop buddies watched. I really couldn't care less about what the other cops thought, honestly, but seeing Kayla lose her shit all over again was so satisfying.


But I had other things to do, so after toying with the cop for a bit I slurped down his legs. It was a much easier process than whatsherface had been just a few minutes ago. Really, sucking down his legs wasn't much harder than eating spaghetti.


With him in my mouth I just swallowed, and he went down my throat in a single gulp. I savored the sensation for a moment. Not the physical sensation of eating him, which was honestly still pretty weird. No, it was the sense of power that came from eating a full-grown human being, a cop at that, with no difficulty or consequences. And I wasn't even hungry. It's good being a goddess.


I opened my eyes, and to my amazement the other cops hadn't run. Maybe it was out of some misplaced sense of duty, I don't know. But Kayla was still standing there too, and what was her excuse? Maybe she thought I'd be even harder on her if she ran. She probably wasn't wrong, I guess.
A dozen or so cops and my bitchy sister just standing in front of me, waiting to be squished. Where to begin?
JAKES
624
10
POLICE
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END OF PART 03

KAYLEE

03-REDUX

KAYLEE'S GROWTH

