KAYLEE 5



It was a nice, sunny day in Los Angeles. The birds were chirping, the people were screaming, and the smog wasn't too bad for once. I always used to hate the city. All those losers screaming all the top of their lungs whenever they caught a glimpse of me. Throngs of idiots running at me at full bore every time I tried to go out, just so they could get a photo of me on their camera phone. They were still screaming now, but it was different. Their screams were of terror, not excitement. I was the one in control now, and the masses were right where they were supposed to be: below me.



I tried to take a minute and savor it all, but of course Kaylee had to ruin the nice moment I was having by screeching at me.

“You have to stop this, Kaylee! You can’t just go around killing people!”

“Of course I can,” I said to her. “I can do whatever the fuck I want. These people are like bugs to me. I always knew that, but now you can see it too… Or do you need another demonstration?”


There were dozens of people on the ground in front of me, dozens of potential targets. From up here, you really couldn't help but see just how rodent-like all those little people were scurrying around in the streets.


I picked a dumpy woman in a cheap white shirt and mom jeans. I raised my foot up above her, and she looked up like they always do, with that expression that's half-terrified, half-awed.


Then I stepped down, and she went splat. At this size, I didn’t even have to put any effort into it. Just one normal step, and the woman was converted into something you could spread on toast. "Not that I'd want to. I mean, it might be interesting. I'm a bit of a foodie, but I wouldn't to eat something scraped off the pavement. That's for the poors.


How could Kayla not accept my obvious superiority? I mean, come on, just look at me. My power was undeniable. It was simple math, really. I had the power of life and death over these people, and they didn't have it over me. I was big, and they were small. I could crush them with a single step, and it was a pretty safe bet that none of them could do the same to me. I was at the top of the food chain... literally, for that matter. And that meant that it was my rightful place to do whatever the fuck I wanted.
DELI & GROCERY
AUTO SALES


I leaned back and bent over. I was well past being worried about people seeing me naked. I figured there must have been pictures online showing every detail of my anatomy, so who cares? Besides, by the time I'm done I figure seeing pictures of my body will be as likely to give people PTSD as it will be to give them an erection.
Since my last growth spurt, I hadn't sat on anybody. I mean, sure, back when I was only eighty feet tall, I killed a couple of cops by sitting down, and that was pretty impressive then... But now? When I was a hundred and twenty feet? And with my ass even jucier to boot? I knew I could do better. There were four or five people running away from me, and they made the cardinal sins of running in a straight line and grouping together. What kind of example was I setting if I let people get away with that kind of carelessness?



I sat down, and the force was enough to send a shockwave through the ground. I couldn't see much below me, on account of all my curves getting in the way of my view, but I could feel plenty of squishy stuff underneath me. But what I could see were the ones I missed; a guy in a gray hoodie and an old guy in a business suit. I hope they enjoyed the view.


I scooted back thirty feet or so, and my ass obliterated everything in its path. The people under me had been reduced to some red streaks on the pavement, or on my ass if they were lucky. That brought the total up to at least five, maybe more. I figured that all still counted as one butt-crush, right? But while I was trying to figure out that very important matter, I heard the “whoop-whoop” of a police siren behind me.
FAST FOOD
FOR RENT
JAKES DELI
BREAKFAST


I expected to see another squadron of police cars, but when I turned around and looked behind me, all I saw was a lone female trooper. She was either very brave, or very stupid. She didn't even have her gun out. The only thing in her hands was a cell phone. I could have killed her in five seconds flat, but I was curious enough about what she was doing that I held off and asked her a question: "Umm, what the fuck do you think you're doing?"
AUTO SALES



"I... I was told to deliver a message for you!" She said hesitantly.

"Yeah?" I asked. "From who?"

"It's your mother, Krystal! I have her number, she's waiting for the call!"


That name made my anger flare up like nothing else. I immediately reached out and grabbed the cop, and the phone.
AUTO SALES
BREAKFAS
AND
LUNCH
FREE DELIVER
AKES DELI


I lifted her up to my face and squeezed her just tight enough to give her a little scare. “Yeah?” I asked. “And what’s the message?”
“I don’t know, she wanted to speak with you directly! Some people from the bureau set it up! I can get her on the line!”
JAKES DELI
JAKES DELI
FAST FOOD
VANDAL


"Listen to me," I said to her, "the only reason I would ever want to hear that bitch's voice again is if she's begging for mercy while I twist her guts under my heel!"
That's when the phone rang... and I realized I actually kind of wanted to talk to her.
VANDAL
VANDAL



Well, if I was going to be having a little family reunion, I wanted to get comfortable. There was a passenger bus behind me. I'm guessing it was empty, but really, who cares. I planted my butt on it, the bus rocked sideways just from that light accidental impact.


Then I put my full weight down on it, and the whole bus crumpled and deformed under the weight of my massive ass. It actually felt pretty good, but any pleasure was almost instantaneously eclipsed by the anxious realization that I was about to talk to my fucking mother. And worse, I knew that she was going to be all judgy and shit. Next thing you know it'll be, 'Oh, Kaylee you know if you lost some weight you wouldn't have crushed that bus when you sat on it.' the judgy bitch.



“Take the call,” I told the cop, and she swiped the screen to answer.

“Hello?” I heard the tinny voice through the speaker phone. The quality was bad, but I could hear her nervousness through the phone. “Hello? Kaylee, are you there?”

“Hi Mom,” I said.


“Oh my god, Kaylee, my daughter! I’m so happy to hear your voice! Are you okay? I heard that they shot you. They didn’t hurt my little girl, did they?”
“No Mom, I’m fucking fine.”
“Oh, thank God. And Kayla? I heard she’s with you. Is she okay?”
“Yeah we’re both fine, Mom. It’s the cops you should be worried about. So why’d you call?”
“Kaylee, I know that you grew, and that must have been so frightening for you! To have something like that happen, so unexpected, I can’t even imagine… But Kaylee, I’ve heard stories that you were… hurting people. They said there were videos. I didn’t want to watch them. I couldn’t bear to see my sweet little Kaylee hurting people… I know you would only do that because you were scared… But I want you to know that you don’t need to be scared anymore. I spoke with the people in charge… They said that if you just stay still, and don’t hurt anyone else, they won’t send anyone else to attack you. Can you do that for me? Please Kaylee? Can you promise me you won’t hurt anyone else?”


I couldn’t believe it. I don't know why I even bothered accepting the call if she was going to be like that.


"No, Krystal, I don't think I'll stop." I said, unable to stop myself from scowling as I did so.
PARK


“Kaylee? I don’t like to hear you talk like that, Kaylee...”



"I don't care. Because I'm not just your daughter anymore. I'm a living fucking god, and the people I 'hurt' are fucking insects compared to me. They're fucking microbes. And I'm going to raze this worthless fucking city to the ground!"

I heard another voice through the phone speaker. "That's it, the truce is off, repeat, the truce is off. You're free to attack immediately."


"Huh?" I said to myself, about half a second before a bomb went off right next to my face. The force made me jerk my arm back, and I carelessly dropped the cop almost fifty feet to the ground. It's a safe bet her patrolling days were over. Which is a shame. I wanted to end her myself for getting me that phone call.


I had no idea which direction the blast came from, or even what I was dealing with. I jumped to my feet and looked around for any sign of where the attack came from, but I didn't see anything aside from the endless urban sprawl.
GARAGE
4415
WINE
BEER
JAKES DELI
The Carlton Bro
BREAKFAST AND LUNCH
FREE DELIVERY
JAKES


Another blast came from behind me. The force of the impact sent me falling forward. I couldn't believe this. The fucking nerve of these microbes!
BREAKFAST AND LUNCH FREE DELIVERY
JAKES DELI
General Repairs



I landed hard on my hands and knees. The force of the impact cracked the pavement around me. I was pleasantly surprised when I looked down and saw that I still had Kayla in my hand. She looked like she was still in one piece, and that was good enough for me. I wasn't going to worry about anything minor like concussions or whiplash, I had business to deal with.


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General Repairs
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-4415
I had no idea where the next attack was coming from, or when. I wasn't too worried about myself; I knew I could take a beating, but Kayla couldn't, and so the first thing I had to do was get her somewhere relatively safe.


"You're alive, right?" I asked Kayla, once I'd gotten back on my feet.
"...yeah..." she said after a moment of hesitation. She was dazed and confused, but she wasn't dead, and that was good enough for me.
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Without wasting any more time I walked over to the nearest rooftop and plopped her down. She hit her head on the concrete, but I wasn't going to lose any sleep over it. It's not like it was going to kill her, and it's not like she had a lot of brain cells to damage anyway.
"I'm leaving you here. Whatever you do, don't try to escape."



“Try to escape?!” Kayla exclaimed. “You put me a hundred feet up on a roof, how the hell am I going to escape?”

“I don’t know, you could try to climb through a window or something. Anyway, don’t do it!”


I stood up and stared down my attackers. Behind the pile-up of cars was a trio of tanks. I put my arms out to the side and gazed definiantly. With the tattered flag cape, I'm sure I looked pretty badass. Now that I knew what I was up against, and where it was coming from, I thought I could take a hit without going down.
WINE
BEER
4415
GARAGE


“Hit me with your best shot!” I shouted. I was clenching every muscle in my body, doing as much as I could to prepare for taking another tank blast... or three.


They were more than happy to oblige. The middle tank opened fire on me. I heard the boom it launched a shell directly at me, and I reflexively put up my hand to guard my face.
T1
T1
THOR
035


And... I blocked it! Maybe I got lucky, but I blocked the shot with my wrist. Even more incredibly, it barely even hurt! It was like someone threw a pebble at me. I realized that I was only knocked down by the first two because I was taken by surprise. Even considering my size, it should have done way more damage. At this point there really wasn't any doubt that I was way more than just a giant woman. I was basically invincible!
035
THOR
035
035


With renewed confidence I stepped forward. I saw a little Volvo in front of me, and decided it would be fun to step on it.
That turned out to be a bad decision.


Right as my foot was starting to crush the Volvo, Another tank round hit me. This one got me right in the tit. The explosion startled me so much that I slipped on the Volvo. The car flew back and my leg kicked out behind me. I lost my balance, and my body reeled forward. When you're as massive as me, it's not easy to stop when you have momentum. I knew I was going to plow into the office building in front of me, so I tried to at least do it in a way that wouldn't be too embarrassing...
THOR
035
AUTO SALES


That obviously didn't work.
With arms stretched out I attempted to stop my momentum. But the obviously shoddy construction just fell apart as soon as I set any weight on it, so I fell onto a crumbling building. These fucking tanks were making me look stupid!


While I was feeling pretty good that yet another tank shell didn't hurt that much, I had to admit that falling onto the building did actually make me feel something. Worse, knocking my head around brought back an echo of the hangover headache I had suffered through earlier.


When I opened my eyes, the first thing I saw was some old creep in sunglasses staring at me!


I was so grossed out by him, I reflexively slammed my hand down. Squishing people was becoming second nature. My hand swatted him hard enough that he splattered, and got his nasty blood and stuff all over my hand... but at least I didn't have to look at his ugly face anymore.
There were a couple of other people gawking at me from inside the destroyed building. I was about to deal with them next....


....but I heard a tank rolling towards me, and that took priority. I lifted my hand up and reached out towards the turret...


...just in time for the tank to fire at my hand. The shell exploded in my palm, and once again it barely even hurt!


The tank had shot its wad, so it was my turn to attack. I reached out as far as I could, and with my hand outstretched I was just barely able to grab the end of the tank's barrel. Luckily, that's all I needed. I bent the barrel enough so I didn't have to worry about it shooting at me.


I wasn’t finished with the tank, though. A rude little gunner started shooting at my hand with his little machine gun. I’m not sure what he thought he was going to accomplish, considering that the big guns weren’t enough to hurt me, but I guess he was the dedicated type.


That’s when I got an idea. I let go of the tank barrel, which was already destroyed, and I reached forward. I wasn’t going to grab him, though. I had another idea.
THOR
035


“It’s time for your annual performance review!” I said. I grinned at him, closed my fist and put my thumb out, twiddling it like I couldn’t decide whether to give him a thumbs up or a thumbs down.



"Aww, it looks like you got a thumbs down. Better luck next time!" I let my thumb, which was as big as his entire body, hover over him for just long enough so he could appreciate what was about to happen to him.


I pressed my thumb down on him. His body collapsed under the force. It barely even took me any effort, but it was enough to send a spurt of blood up through the air and onto my hand.
THOR


I slammed my thumb down a few more times until his screaming stopped, but I could feel him still squirming around in there, so I circled the tip of my thumb around in little circles until I could feel something warm and squishy.


My gloating was interrupted by another tank shell to the side of the face. The impact knocked my head to the side, and worse, I think it might have burnt some of my hair! Of course, even suspected damage to my hair was plenty of reason for revenge.


I sized up the tanks. They were identical to the one I just took out, and only one of them had a gunner. I knew I had them outmatched.


I wasn’t scared of them anymore, and I wanted to show it. I thrust my chest out and spread my arms like I was a dude challenging someone to a fight outside some dive bar.
“Come at me, bros? What you got? What you got?”
035
035
035


As it turned out, ‘what they got’ were tank shells. The two tanks fired within a couple seconds of each other. One just hit me in the hips, but the other felt like it must have been a direct shot to my nipple. It felt weird as hell, but it certainly wasn’t even close to taking me down.


I stared the tanks down again, and assumed the most smug pose I could manage.
“Yeah?” I said to them, “That all you got?”
They didn’t say anything in response. Pretty rude, if you ask me. I don’t like rude people.
035


I had made sure that the first tank didn't have any functioning weapons, but the driver was still inside, and he tried to back away from me. I decided to help him out with a swift kick. To my surprise, the tank erupted into a huge fireball. I didn't even think I kicked it all that hard!
035


The tank landed about fifty feet away. My kick flipped it upside down and took out part of a fence in the process. Not bad, if I can say so myself. Now I just had two tanks to take out, easy-peasy.


Safe with the knowledge that they could not harm me I was left with a decision. Which one do I go for first? If I thought about this logically, then...
I was already boring myself. Whatever. The closer one it is.


While the first tank was still burning before me, I lifted my foot above the second tank. I wasn't completely sure how it was going to play out. Would my foot be able to penetrate through the armor? I had no way to know for sure without trying, so I decided to go for it.
035


I stomped down as hard as I could. To my pleasant surprise, not only did my foot land so hard that it connected with the pavement, I destroyed the tank so badly that a fireball erupted from inside of it.
035
035


I’m not gonna lie, I was pretty proud of myself. Taking out a tank in a single step? I was such a badass! I looked down at the flaming tank with the same pride that a mother must have felt looking at her newborn son. I just gave birth to a beautiful fireball baby, and I couldn’t be happier.



But I couldn't savor the moment for too long. It took a little less than a minute for them to reload, and I didn't want to take another tank shell to the face if I could avoid it. It's not like they could actually hurt me or anything, but still, it just felt weird, you know? Kind of weird and tingly, like when you leave a clay face mask on for too long.


From the noises the tank was making, I knew it was only a few seconds away from firing another round. I looked down just in time to realize exactly where the tank's barrel was aimed. It wasn't pointing at my upper body, like the other shots had been. No, I was probably too close now for it to aim that high. It was pointed at somewhere a little lower. A little more... intimate.
Before I had a chance to move out of the way, or cover myself, the shot went off.
03
035


The tank shell exploded in... let's just say an intimate region. At first I was shocked, and a little violated, but to my surprise it didn't hurt. On the contrary, it actually felt, well... kind of good. I was a little excited, to say the least.

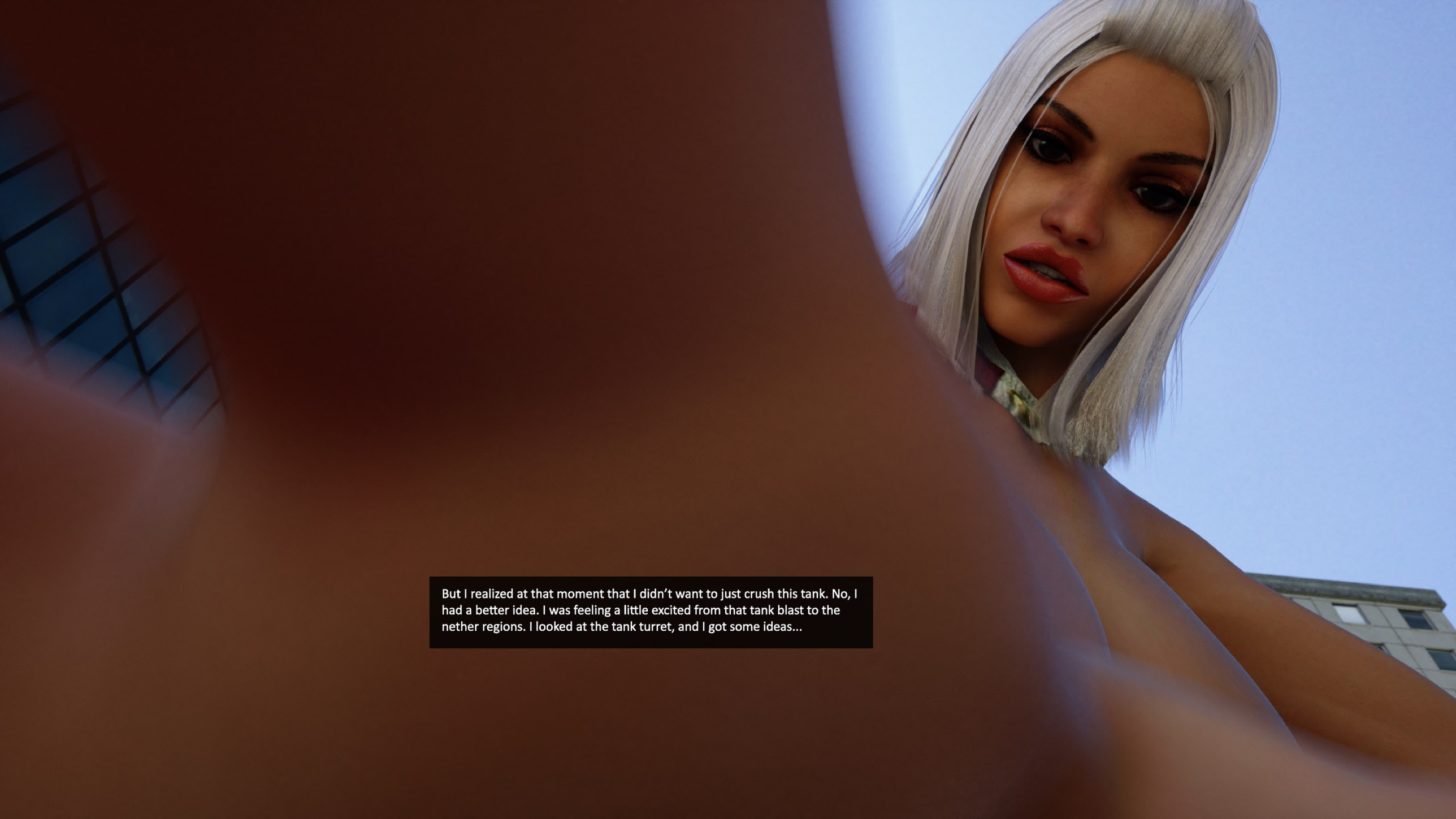

I didn't get to enjoy the sensation for very long, though. Not ten seconds later, I got a machine gun blast in my fucking eye. Now it didn't actually hurt me or anything. No, my eyes aren't some kind of weak spot. Maybe I should have been happy about it, because the fact that high-caliber machine gun bullets can't hurt me basically confirmed that I was impervious to conventional weapons. But I still hate getting shit in my eye. It's super uncomfortable!
035
035


The little dumbass on the gun just wouldn't give up. He just kept unloading on me, even as I calmly reached out towards the tank. It should have been pretty obvious to him that his dinky little gun wasn't doing anything. I guess it was his last shot, but come on, you've got to know to at least admit when you're beat, right?
T1
T1



I got on one knee, grabbed the tank's turret and bent it down. The tank was utterly powerless now, and the gunner seemed to realize how dire his situation was. He let go of the machine gun, threw up his arms and started begging for his life.


I reached out for him, but he jumped down and hid inside of the little tank top. I mean, come on, what a fucking pussy! And not very smart, either, because he just saw what I could do to a tank with one footstep...


But I realized at that moment that I didn't want to just crush this tank. No, I had a better idea. I was feeling a little excited from that tank blast to the nether regions. I looked at the tank turret, and I got some ideas...


I bent the tank turret upward, and squatted down just in front of the tank. I made sure I was lined up properly, and gave the guy a couple of seconds to say his prayers...


And then I leaned back and plopped my ass onto the tank. Don't call me fat, but the weight of my ass was enough to instantly squish the entire tank flat. A ball of fire erupted from the top hatch. That tingled too... but not in a bad way! And that tank turret... it went right up my ass, and fuck if it didn't feel good.


At that moment, I realized I'd been suppressing a lot of emotions. All the power, the destruction, the killing... it was all turning me on. And now, I was crushing a tank with my ass. Hell, I was using it as a sex toy... I thought about just how unstoppable I was. And man, it made me horny.


But fuck, of course I couldn't enjoy myself for five seconds without my bitch of a sister ruining it for me. I heard her stupid voice screeching from behind me.


She was screaming at the top of her lungs. “Help! Someone open a window! Let me in before she gets back!” She must have been doing this while I was playing with the tanks just now, and I couldn't hear because of how loud everything was.
035


I walked over just in time to see her trying to climb down, she was trying to get one of the windows open.
“Hey Kayla, you going somewhere?” I said nonchalantly.
“Shit! Shit shit shit!” Kayla muttered, and she desperately tried to get the window open before I could grab her.


To my surprise, she actually succeeded. Kind of. Kayla opened the window and scrambled halfway inside before I was able to grab her legs... although I did take my time, to give her a sporting chance. After all, if she did squeeze inside it's not like it would have been very hard to take out a wall or two! If my little stumble into the building earlier had taught me anything, it's that I'm a natural when it comes to remodeling.

It was almost cute the way she scrambled around while I pulled her away from the window. I don't know why she thought grabbing the edge would be enough to stop me. Or maybe she was just scared.


I plucked Kayla up and looked her over. She'd had a pretty rough day, but she seemed like she would be fine. Nothing she couldn't get over with some spa treatment and a good therapist.
"Hey sis," I asked her, "are you ready for a little family reunion? Unfortunately, what you're wearing doesn't fit the dress code..."


I figured that if I had to be basically nude in front of everyone, it was only fair that Kayla at least take her top off! I pinched Kayla's top in between my fingers. It wasn't easy making fine movements at my size... tearing her arm off probably would have been easier to do than taking her shirt off. But when I wanted to, I could be careful. I didn't want to hurt her... well, not too much, anyway.


When I had the fabric wedged between my fingers I pulled it away. The shirt instantly tore in half, which I'm sure wasn't very comfortable for little Kayla. She didn't seem to be too happy about the whole situation. She yelled at me and asked me to give it back. Honestly she was being pretty rude about the whole thing, so I told her I'd only give it back if she asked politely.
I made her beg for it. She was all, "please, Kaylee, please!"


Her pleas were pretty impassioned, but I wasn’t really feeling it. I looked down with a smirk and whispered, "Nah,” and I tossed her top away.



"You stupid fucking cunt!" Kayla yelled. "You mean ugly piece of shit!"

"Not very nice, Kayla," I said to her with as much condescension as I could muster. Not very nice at all. Why don't you tell me how you really feel?"

"This shit isn't going to work on me!" Kayle yelled. "I know what you're trying to do!"

"Oh yeah?" I asked, genuinely not sure what she was talking about. "And what's that?"

"You're trying to get me to say stuff that will make you made so you can grow more, but I'm not falling for it!"

I laughed. "Oh Kayla... Tsk tsk tsk..."


I tossed her down onto the balcony. I knew what was about to happen, and I didn't want to risk accidentally crushing her in my hand.


"I don't need your help to grow anymore, Kayla," I said to her. "I'm getting better at controlling it. Just watch..."
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I stared off into the distance, and thought about every mean thing Kayla had said to me... and I started to grow.


“You’re such a fucking loser Kaylee!”


“Fuck you Kaylee!”


"You don't have any friends, Kaylee!"


“Nobody even likes you Kaylee!”


"You're so fucking ugly, Kaylee!"


You make everything worse, Kaylee!
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I wish you were fucking dead, Kaylee!
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lab
1 HOUR PICKUP
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DRUGS


In fact, we all wish you were fucking dead, Kaylee!
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lab
1 HOUR PICKUP
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DRUGS


So why don't you do us all a favor and go die already, Kaylee!
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DRUGS
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GARAGE


The same words that had hurt me years earlier… they fueled me now. My pain made me stronger. I was huge now… well over a hundred feet tall.

[Editor's note: during her growth spurt, cell phone videos indicate that Kaylee had grown from roughly 120 to 150 feet tall.]


I wasn’t satisfied, though. A hundred and fifty feet wasn’t big enough for me. I wanted to grow huge. I thought about every single mean thing Kayla had said to me over the years. Every condescending remark Mom had made. Every stupid nobody who talked to me like they were my equal.


I squinted and grimaced as hard as I could. I clenched every muscle in my body. And... nothing happened. Shit.


After a minute of doing that, I finally gave up. It looked like my control over my growth spurts wasn't as good as I thought it was... or maybe it was getting harder and harder to trigger.
I hadn't even been looking at Kayla, but I could feel her smirking at me. "You look like you're constipated," that smug little bitch said. "Not working, is it?"


She opened her mouth to say something again, but transitioned seamlessly into a scream when I picked her up again. The sound may have been more irritating than whatever she was about to say, but I don't know if I'd have been able to stop myself from crushing her if I let her finish speaking.


With the threat of the tanks gone I was able to roam the streets at my leisure once again. I guess some crowds had been gathering nearby to watch me get defeated by the tanks, so they hadn't bothered putting more distance between us during that time.


Wherever I went, people scattered in all directions. It didn't take long for me to run into another crowd of people who'd been bottlenecked by a dead-end. A pile-up had blocked the road, and it them down just enough so I could get them in one place.
GROCERY
SANDWICHES-SODAS
CHARLIE'S GARAGE



Oh yeah, I forgot to mention I had stepped on a cop car right before that. By this point it was already a small enough incident that it barely involved mentioning. I think there was a cop in the car, but honestly I'm not completely sure. That's not what interested me, though... I had another idea in mind.


“Hey Kayla, I’m gonna set you down for a bit. Don’t try and do anything stupid like escape, okay? I’d hate to have to go and do something like track down that cute little boyfriend of yours…”


I plopped Kayla down on top of a closed-down convenience store. I probably dropped her close to ten feet, but I figured that as long as I didn't kill her, she didn't have any right to complain. After all, I was being way more gentle with her than I had been with everyone else.
FOR RENT
4415



"You... fucking... bitch..." Kayla muttered. I must have dropped her pretty hard... it sounded like the fall knocked the air out of her chest. She was on all fours panting for breath.

"Oopsie," I said it an annoying voice, "butterfingers!" and I flipped my hand back for emphasis.


Now that I didn't have to worry about Kayla, I could take care of business. Most of the crowd had scattered into the alleyways, but there were about a half-dozen people down below me. I figured the city was always too crowded... it was time for a little population control.
CHARLIE'S GARAGE
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC CARS
SP


I squatted above them and looked back to make sure my ass was angled correctly. I wanted to get them all with one butt-drop. With my ass as big as it was now, I didn't think that would be especially difficult.
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-4415
DELI & GROCERY
COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS
FOR RENT
FOR RENT


It wasn't.
I felt some squishy spots under my butt. The pavement was cracked, and there was blood splattered all over the sidewalk... all that because of my little derrier. You should have seen the look on Kayla's face, too. She was covering her mouth, with her eyes wide-open... It was perfect.


I looked back to see if any of them had gotten away, but there was no one around. I was pretty sure that I got them all; If anything I might have underestimated just how massive my ass had gotten. It was practically as wide as the road now.


Still, though, I wanted to have some extra confirmation, so I asked Kayla to help me.
"So, Kay," I asked, "did I miss any? If you want to make yourself useful, you could help me out by being my little spotter..."



"No way am I helping you!" Kayla yelled.

"Kayla, Kayla," I said with a tsk of my tongue, "there's no need to get angry. I'm just trying to get you involved in my hobbies! I thought this could be a little bonding activity for us. Now I can't see behind my butt very well, do you want to tell me if any of them are still alive under there?"

"Fuck you, Kayla! You're such a... What the fuck?! Are you seriously fucking masturbating right now?"


What, I'm not... Oh.
Well I wasn't like, full-on fingering myself or anything... but yeah, fine, so maybe I was kind of absent-mindedly rubbing myself a little bit. But whatever.
FOR RENT
DELI & GROCERY
COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS


“You’re getting off on this, aren’t you?!” Kayla yelled at me. “You’re a fucking sadist! You get turned on by squishing people!”
I rolled my eyes and threw back my hand. “Uhh, whatever you say, Kayla,” I said dismissively. “I forgot you’re the fucking masturbation police.”


Then I got an idea. “Here Kayla,” I said, “why don’t you smell my finger and tell me if it smells like my pussy?” I reached out and pointed my finger at her. She jumped back so far I was almost worried that she’d fall off the building.
FOR RENT
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COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS


“You’re sick!” Kayla yelled.
“So tell me, detective. Does it smell like my pussy?”
“No!” Kayla yelled. “Now get it out of my face!”
4415


"See?" I said with a smirk. "I told you! That wasn't so hard, was it?"
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COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS
Michaels
DELI & GR
COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-SA


I stretched out my legs a bit, but my foot bumped into something. I looked down, and saw the little blue city bus that I'd completely forgotten about. And better yet, I realized that there were still some people trapped inside! I counted at least four of them. They didn't seem very happy that I'd noticed them...
FOR RENT
DELI & GROCERY
COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS
Michaels DELI
COLD BEERS -CI
1 PRINCESA


GARAGE
FOR RENT
I wanted to deal with the bus in a minute, but for now I just wanted it out of the way. I moved my foot forward as carefully as I could, doing my best not to smash the bus or flip it on its side. I wanted it to stay in good shape... for now.


To my surprise, it actually worked. I was able to shove the bus forward without tipping it over. It had taken some getting used to, but now I was finally getting better at moving around at my new size. I had to take things slower, and account for all the extra momentum... but it was already beginning to become second nature.


I got up onto one knee, and I was getting ready to deal with the bus when I heard someone moaning in agony. It was one of the people I'd sat on, and to my embarrassment he was still alive! He was right in the middle of the group, so he must have survived by being in the space between my butt cheeks. Well, it would be cruel to let him slowly die like that, and since I'm not such a nice person, I decided to take care of business!
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FOREIGN & DOMESTIC CARS
4415


I plopped my ass back on the ground, all twenty tons of it. I could tell right away that it did the trick. I could feel the shockwave rippling through the fat of my ass.
“See, Kayla?” I said. “All these little people… the ones you spent so much time trying to please… they’re nothing. They’re not even fit to be a stain on my ass cheeks.”


I lifted my ass up to admire the mess I'd made. There were deep cracks in my pavement where my ass cheeks had landed, and not much was left of the little people below. "Do you need another demonstration?" I asked. Kayla wasn't playing along, but I decided to give her one anyway.


I carefully hovered my bare ass over my next target. Kayla didn't seem into me crushing a person instantly, which is fair. Given the choice, I'd definitely say that taking it slowly is more enjoyable.
Bringing it down like a hydraulic press, my ass came down once again, flattening everything caught beneath in a slow, drawn out manner.



Out of the corner of my eye I saw someone sitting in a bus stop. It looked like a fat older guy. He looked injured, but he was holding something in his right hand. “Hey you, in the bus stop!” I said. “Hey, fatty! Is that a camera phone you’ve got?” He tried not to look up at first, but I held my gaze, and soon enough he returned it. “I’m not going to hurt you,” I said. “I just want you to watch and enjoy the show! And make sure to hold the camera nice and steady so everyone else can see it!”

I wanted to put on the sexiest show I could. I leaned back and threw my arms behind me, then I thrust my head back and shoot my hair out. I thrust my chest out, letting my huge, heavy tits flop around.


I lifted my ass off the ground, and shook it for a minute like twerking was back in fashion. Only I don't think Miley Cyrus ever had a tiny guy smashed on her butt!
DELI
COLD BEERS -CIGARE
FOREIGN
FOR RENT

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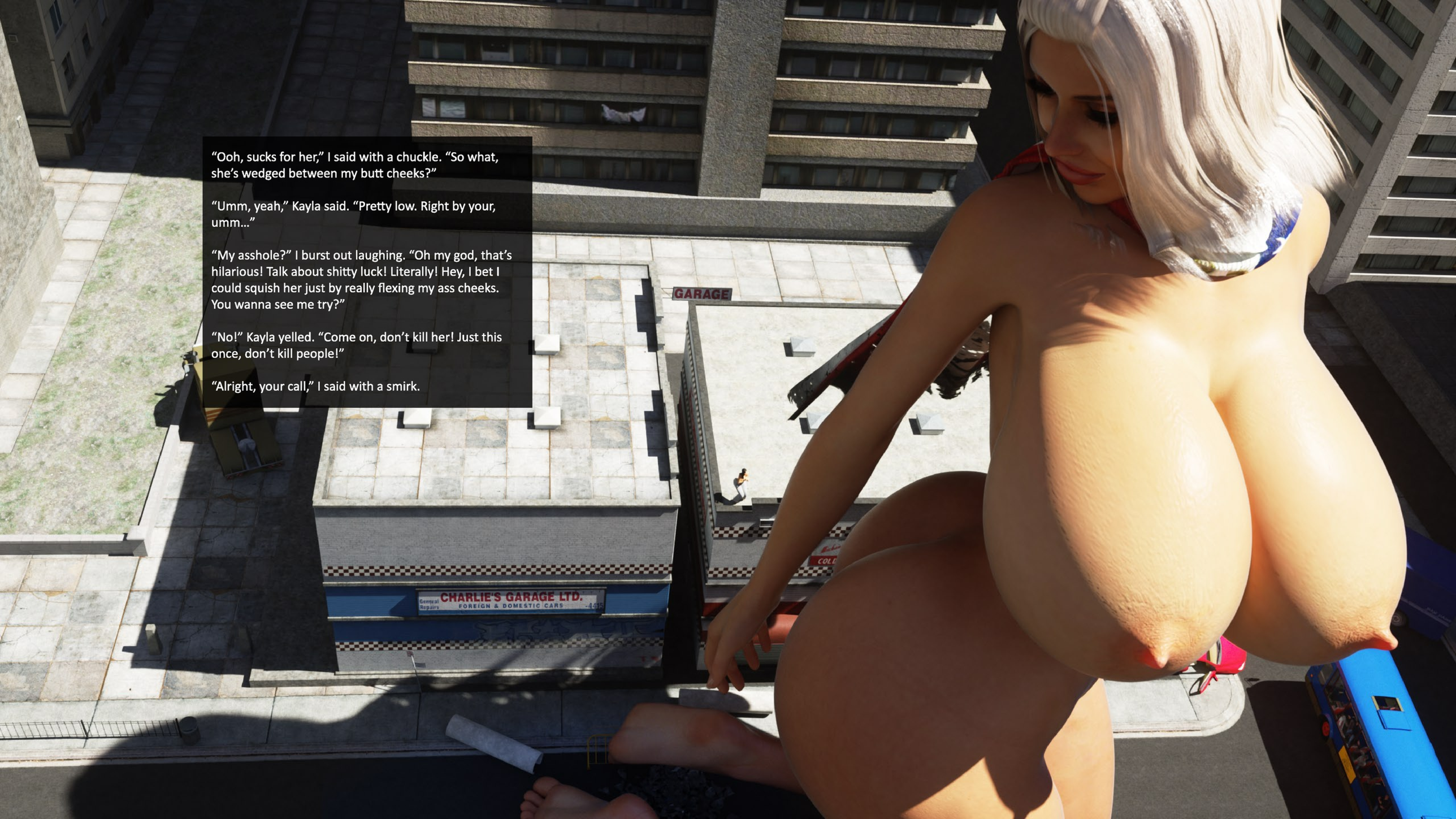
Then I slammed my ass back down on the ground a few times for good measure. I had to make sure to end with a big finish, right?

I stretched over and looked back at the guy with the smartphone. “Aight,” I said, “show’s over, so stop recording. I said I’d let you go, don’t give me time to change my mind!”


He limped away, and I got up on my knees and turned back towards Kayla. “So, Kay, did you enjoy the show?” I asked her.
“Fuck off,” she said. Typical.
“Did I sit in something? I don’t want to go back to the house with a dirty butt…”
“Oh god…” Kayla said. She didn’t seem to enjoy the view. “There’s a dead guy stuck to your butt cheek…”
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Kayla covered her face and turned her head away from the scene before her. I felt small sense of pride at making her feel this way without even laying a finger on her.
But, I also didn't want to just head back to the house like this.
I swatted him off, and he collapsed on the ground. He'd definitely seen better days.
"See?" I said to Kayla, "being a spotter isn't so bad, is it? Let me know if there's anyone else."


“Umm, K-Kaylee…” Kayla stammered. I figured she didn’t like the sight of blood and squished people, but it turned out there was something else on top of that. “Kayle… I don’t even know if I should tell you this, but… T-there’s someone stuck between your butt cheeks… It looks like a woman…”
I wasn’t sure why she was making such a big deal out of it. “Yeah?” I said, “So?”
“I think she’s alive…”
I tried to look back, but my butt was just so big… there was no way I would be able to see her, so I asked Kayla to describe her for me.
“I don’t know…” Kayla said. “I guess she looks like a 30-something woman… she’s blonde… she looks pretty hurt, but she’s breathing…”



"Ooh, sucks for her," I said with a chuckle. "So what, she's wedged between my butt cheeks?"

"Umm, yeah," Kayla said. "Pretty low. Right by your, umm..."

"My asshole?" I burst out laughing. "Oh my god, that's hilarious! Talk about shitty luck! Literally! Hey, I bet I could squish her just by really flexing my ass cheeks. You wanna see me try?"

"No!" Kayla yelled. "Come on, don't kill her! Just this once, don't kill people!"

"Alright, your call," I said with a smirk.


I reached down and felt around for her with my index finger. I wasn't exactly used to feeling around down there, but I found her quickly enough. I felt around a little, and then... I started to push her in.
"What the hell are you doing?!" Kayla yelled.
"You asked me not to kill her," I said. "So I won't squish her. You never said I couldn't stick her up my ass. I'm pretty sure she'll survive in there... for a while, anyway..."
FOR RENT


It, umm... turned out to be a little harder than I thought it would be. See, unlike my sister Kayla, or my mom Krystal, I'm not a fucking slut. I'd never put anything inside of there before. It felt really weird at first, but as I squeezed her deeper in... it felt kind of good! I pushed deeper and deeper, until I could feel that she was completely inside of me.


"Oh my god," Kayla shouted, "you can't just leave her there!"
I pulled my finger out and turned back towards Kayla. "Uhh, yeah I can."
"But won't she, like, run out of air or something?"
"I dunno," I said with a laugh. "Who cares?"
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COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS


I figured I'd wasted enough time messing around... but I wanted to make sure I didn't embarrass myself, so I got on my feet and bent over. "Hey Kayla," I said, "you can't see her feet sticking out or anything, can you? I want to make sure I'm not walking around with a couple little feet sticking out of my butt."



"Eww, gross Kaylee!" Kayla yelled. "Don't make me look at your nasty fucking asshole!"

"Uhh, bitch," I said, "keep talking to that and you're going to be eating the rest of your meals off this thing. So did I get her all the way in or not?"

Kayla sighed before grudgingly answering. "...Yes, you got her all the way in," Kayla said.



"See, was that so hard?" I asked Kayla, and I ran my hand through my hair. My clean hand. I just had one more thing I wanted to do before I went back home. I crouched down in front of the bus.

"You're going to sit down on the bus now, aren't you?!" Kayla shouted. She was throwing her arm around and gesticulating wildly. She was so tiny and angry, it made me laugh.

"No shit, Sherlock," I said with a laugh.

"Why do you have to keep killing everyone?" Kayla said. "You could have gotten so famous from this! All you had to do was just sit there and not kill anyone! Why'd you have to ruin it? Why do you have to ruin everything?"

"'Cause I wanna." It was an off-handed, flippant answer... but it wasn't exactly wrong.


I turned my head and looked at the bus. The little morons inside still hadn't found a way to escape.
I couldn't even imagine what it would be like going through life like that. Waking up every morning, taking the bus to work, toiling away for eight hours, then going back home to a tiny little apartment... I figured that if I ever had to love like that, I'd kill myself. So really, it's only fair that I do the right thing and put them out of their misery!
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DELI & GROCE
COLD BEERS -CIGARETTES-
FOR RENT



I positioned my ass right above the bus. I looked back and saw that one of them had finally managed to get the emergency exit on the roof open. He was trying to climb out... but he was just a little too slow!

I thought about taking it slow. Gradually lowering my ass onto the bus, squishing it little by little... Squeezing the people inside nice and slowly...


But... I've always been kind of a dessert first person, ya know?
I dropped my ass down and the bus was obliterated in an instant. It wasn't what I had planned, but I was impressed with how effortlessly I'd managed to turn a mass transport vehicle into my own personal seat cushion.


Kayla was not particularly appreciative of my latest display, though. She started screaming again, alternating between being mad over a few measly deaths and begging me to let her go. I'm getting the distinct impression she thinks I'm going to kill her.
And, like, I haven't even decided yet! Way to jump to conclusions, Kayla.
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But I don't know if it's just because I'm bigger now or what, but her voice seems a lot more irritating than it did before. Just a squealing shrieky little thing that rings in your ears for a few seconds after. And I wanted to sit here and finish getting myself off before moving on, but that wasn't going to work out with her complaining about me touching myself in front of her.

I reached out for her with my hand, and she instinctively recoiled in terror. "Hey Kayla," I said with a smirk, "guess where you're going!"


Stuffing her in my mouth seemed to do the trick. That didn't shut her up, but it certainly did make her less irritating to listen to. Now also seemed as good a time as any to take off her pants. No reason I should be the only one walking back home naked!


My lips closed and sealed her away in darkness, saving me from that horrible sound. While dipping my fingers between my legs I swished her around the inside of my mouth, getting her completely soaked. Having someone so under my control while getting myself off was also doing wonders for me. I didn't care that it was Kayla anymore. It was just a tiny body helpless to fight back.
The urge to swallow had never been stronger, though. Just send Kayla away forever as revenge for all the horrible things she's done. Shut her up permanently, and never have to deal with her again.


And with that thought I finally reach a thunderous climax. Every part of my body clenches, and Kayla comes dangerously close to actually sliding to the point of no return near the back of throat.
Maybe I'll just walk the rest of the way with her still inside of my mouth? And whatever happens, happens.
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END OF PART 5


NEXT TIME:
KAYLEE
GOES HOME

KAYLEE'S GROWTH PART 5



KAYLEE'S GROWTH PART 5

4TH GROWTH SPURT
(CH 5, STREET)
150 FEET TALL
1200 TONS 342 POUNDS

4TH GROWTH SPURT
(CH 4, STREET)
120 FEET TALL
656 TONS 1062 POUNDS

3RD GROWTH SPURT
(CH 3, ALLEY)
78 FEET TALL
24 TONS 1600 POUNDS

2ND GROWTH SPURT
(CH 2, BRIDGE)
48 FEET TALL
18 TONS 170 POUNDS

2ND GROWTH SPURT
(CH 1, VAN/BRIDGE)
36 FEET TALL
8 TONS, 76 LBS

INITIAL GROWTH
(CH 1, LAB)
15 FEET TALL
1139 LBS

BEFORE GROWTH
5'4" TALL
100 LBS




DELETED
RENDER

THANKS FOR
READING!