
KAYLEE 6


STORY AND ART BY REDFIREDOG
WITH HELP FROM EMMAGEAR


I’ll never forget the way they looked up at me. Their stupid faces, that slack-jawed look of pure shock and horror… The small, disbelieving steps backward. Those final moments that the ones who hadn't noticed me yet experienced in ignorant bliss.
It still makes me laugh.



Not that I could blame them, I guess. I mean, I was standing in front of them… and in case you haven't been paying attention, I was a hundred and fifty feet tall, now. Seeing someone that size for the first time... well, suffice to say, most people wouldn't take it very well. Half the time it's not even fear, so much as it is just total disbelief. Like their puny, little brains literally can't comprehend that someone… anything as big as me is standing in front of them… but there I was, real, and not fucking around any longer..

In truth, I was going through a little bit of disbelief myself. There was something really weird about being home again. Sure, I'd spent the last few hours rampaging through L.A., but looking down at my own house like it was a dollhouse… well, it was one of those moments that just made me realize how crazy this all was no less than... an hour ago. Two, maybe? I have no idea how long I've even been this big now, but earlier today I was the same size as everyone standing in my shadow..

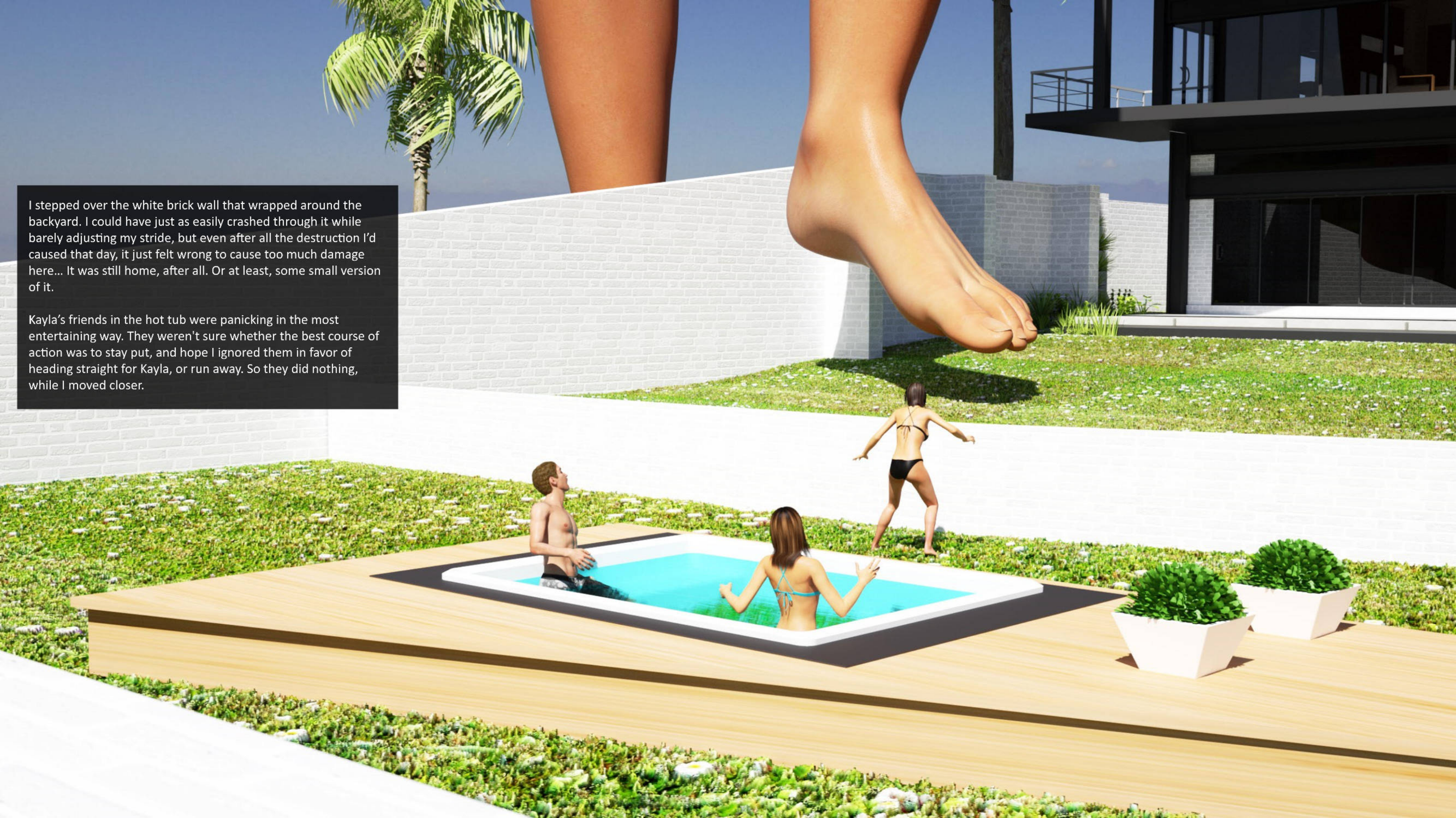
Of course, it was infinitely crazier for everyone on the ground. Kayla's friends were freaking out, which was hilarious… and there was a girl in the pool who was still swimming! Just completely oblivious to everything going on, which just made it funnier!


And standing there in her dorky grandma skirt was... um... whatshername. Rebecca? Maybe.. Well, she was my personal assistant.I can only imagine what it must have been like for her. She craned her neck as far back as she could, and even then I doubt she could see my face past my tits.


I realized I had just been standing here for several seconds and had forgotten to introduce myself! With my tongue I mashed Kayla to the side of my mouth, just enough so that I could talk semi-normally.
“Hey.” I said. “Hey Mom. Remember me? Kaylee? You know, the daughter you never gave a shit about? Well here I am.”


“Kayla!...” Krystal shouted. “Of course I remember you... And how could you say that? I've always cared about you!.... Are you happy to see me?"” Even though she was yelling, I could barely hear her I was so high up. “I love you so much, dear. As does your sister, Kayla... where is Kayla?”


"I don't believe it," I said with a smirk. "Here you are putting on a big show like the cameras are rolling and acting like you actually give a shit about me for once. But you can't help but immediately ask about Kayla, can you? It's always, 'Kayla this,' with you, 'Kayla that...' Well, from here on out it's going to be all about. All about Kaylee."



I stepped over the white brick wall that wrapped around the backyard. I could have just as easily crashed through it while barely adjusting my stride, but even after all the destruction I'd caused that day, it just felt wrong to cause too much damage here… It was still home, after all. Or at least, some small version of it.

Kayla's friends in the hot tub were panicking in the most entertaining way. They weren't sure whether the best course of action was to stay put, and hope I ignored them in favor of heading straight for Kayla, or run away. So they did nothing, while I moved closer.


The pool crew wasn’t faring much better. It may be a clichve, but it's true. They were so small they really did look like ants... It’s hard to say if they were too paralyzed by fear to run, or if they just knew deep down it was pointless to even try and flee.Their acceptance of it made me want to just greet them as willing sacrifices... but I resisted that urge. They weren't wrong, but they were the furthest thing from my mind right now. The girl in the pool, though, didn’t seem to realize I was there, which is even funnier.


I took another lazy step into the backyard. I figured there was no rush this time… No tanks or helicopters to worry about, no cars or fleeing civilians. I could take it easy. We were operating on Kaylee time now. Besides, it's only fair that I let everyone gawk at my towering form for as long as possible... After all, it was going to be the last thing most of them would ever see.


But one thing was making it hard to relax. There was a tight, itchy sensation around my neck, and I remembered the flag that I was still wearing as a cape. It had gotten a bit small for me after that last growth spurt anyway, and the flag was pretty torn up after that 'fight' with the tank so I figured it was about time to take it off.


The ugly, ripped thing fluttered through the wind as I tossed it aside, onto the grassy expanse next to the house. Good riddance. I was getting more comfortable with my nudity, anyway. After all, what did I have to be self-conscious about, when I’m the proud owner of the sexiest body in L.A.? And that was before I grew. Now I also get to claim the title of the biggest as well! If anyone's earned the right to flaunt what they've got then it's me.


I stared down at Kayla’s friends on the ground below, thinking about what I was going to do with them, when a weird thought occured to me. Some creepy fuck had been staring at me over the fence earlier. The way he was looking at me I wasn’t sure if he wanted to fuck me or hurt me. The horror and shock I’d felt when I saw him… I realized that Kayla’s friends were probably feeling the same way about me right now. Maybe I should have felt something resembling sympathy for them, but I just couldn't. I couldn't help but find their plight amusing.


Of course it was wrong for that creep to spy on me... Because I was better than him. I've always been better than him. But now I could do something about, and there wouldn't be any repercussions. Now, everything was in its rightful place. I was on top, and everyone else was down below... and that meant it was my right to do whatever the hell I wanted.


I'd spent all day walking around the city, my legs were getting tired! The grass looked so nice and inviting... It was practically begging me, like so many others often had, to sit on it. There was a nice, big, empty spot right in front of me. It even looked like I'd be able to fit if I sat there... but I didn't want that spot. I was already on the property, after all. Why did I have to be the one who needed to find a different place to sit?


No, I wanted to sit down right where I was... and if that happened to be where a few of Kayla's friends were already hanging out? Well, they'd had plenty of time to find a new place on my walk over here. Of course, I could have just waited a few more seconds for them to get out of the way... but I also didn't really feel like waiting, you know?


One of them let out a girlish scream. I'd have liked to assume it was the girl... but something tells me that it was the guy. It was just one of those squealy, scared-guy kinda screams. Not that I could really blame him. If someone with an ass ten thousand times bigger than my entire body was about to sit on me, I'd probably be scared too! So it's a good thing he was in that situation, and not me.


I looked down as best I could to make sure I was positioning myself correctly. I've gotten some practice in by now, but when you've got an ass this big and legs this thick it can be difficult to make some... finer adjustments. That, and I didn't want to mess up with Krystal and Kayla watching. How embarrassing would it be if I sat down and only squished one of them?


I planted my fat ass down on all three of them. And, much to my surprise, I don't think any of them were particularly happy about that. One girl was instantly flattened into goo under one of my ass cheeks. Apparently that grass wasn't quite as soft as it looked, but my butt did a nice job of cushioning it for me. A guy was caught under my thigh, and another girl was trapped in the hot tub under my ass! I could feel her hands scratching against my butt as she tried to get out. It kind of tickled.


Family reunions always end up taking forever, so I figured I might as well get comfy. I stretched out my leg, and quickly reduced one of the white brick walls into rubble. That one was a genuine mistake! After I had gone out of my way to avoid kicking through the first wall, too...


Next I stretched out my right leg.The pool looked so inviting I wanted to go for a swim, but I suppose that wasn't in the cards thanks to my new size. So the next best thing would probably be to get one of my feet wet, isn't it? That, and I'd get the opportunity to rinse it clean after all I've stepped on today. Kayla's stupid little friend was still in the pool, though. She finally noticed me, but it was far too late. My foot was already looming directly above her, and its been well established that I am not a big fan of waiting.



I plunged my foot into the other side of the pool. My toes slammed into the brunette, pinning her stupid little body against the wall of the pool. She was still alive, and I could feel her little hands tickling my toes as she tried to escape.

The others weren't faring much better. My leg knocked my personal assistant over, and the other two girls were slipping on the wet tiles in a frantic attempt to escape. My foot had made the entire pool completely overflow, and now hundreds of gallons of water were flooding into the yard.


“Kaylee! Why did you hurt them?” Krystal asked. I could tell she was scared of me… It was pretty funny, to be honest. Rather than answer I just shrugged, and pursed my lips.


“Kaylee,” Krystal pleaded, “Where is your sister?
Y-You didn’t hurt her, did you? Where is Kayla? ”


For a minute, I actually couldn't remember where Kayla was. I'd forgotten where I put her, and when I remembered a moment later I felt like an idiot. It's like when you're looking for your keys, and you realize they were in your hand the whole time… *Of course!*" I thought, "*She's still in my mouth!*

I was kind of impressed at myself for keeping her trapped in my mouth for that long and not swallowing by accident. I mean, talk about self-control! Didn't even chew her! Well... at least not enough to injure her, I think.


I spat her out, and she tumbled onto my fat tit.


It looked like she was still alive and in one piece. And really, really slimy. She was covered in my spit, and she looked like she was pretty disgusted by it. I was a little insulted honestly, but seeing her quiver on my tits while soaking wet kind of made up for it.


She tried her best to climb to her hands and knees, but quickly lost that battle. Thick, cloying liquid dripped from every part of her being while she tried desperately to shake it off. She wasn't making very much progress, and didn't seem to notice that she was beginning to slide down my boob the entire time.


I guess my saliva must have been pretty slippery. Her attempts to wipe herself down quickly turned into screams while she slid down the steep slope of my chest like it was a water slide. I know it was probably dangerous just letting her slide down like that... but she would be fine! Assuming that she managed to land on my thighs, and not just fall straight to the ground.


She may not have made it to my thighs, but she did manage to slide her little body between my tits and begin to slow shortly after passing them. She was lucky to not land on the pavement, before sliding to a stop just above my pubes.

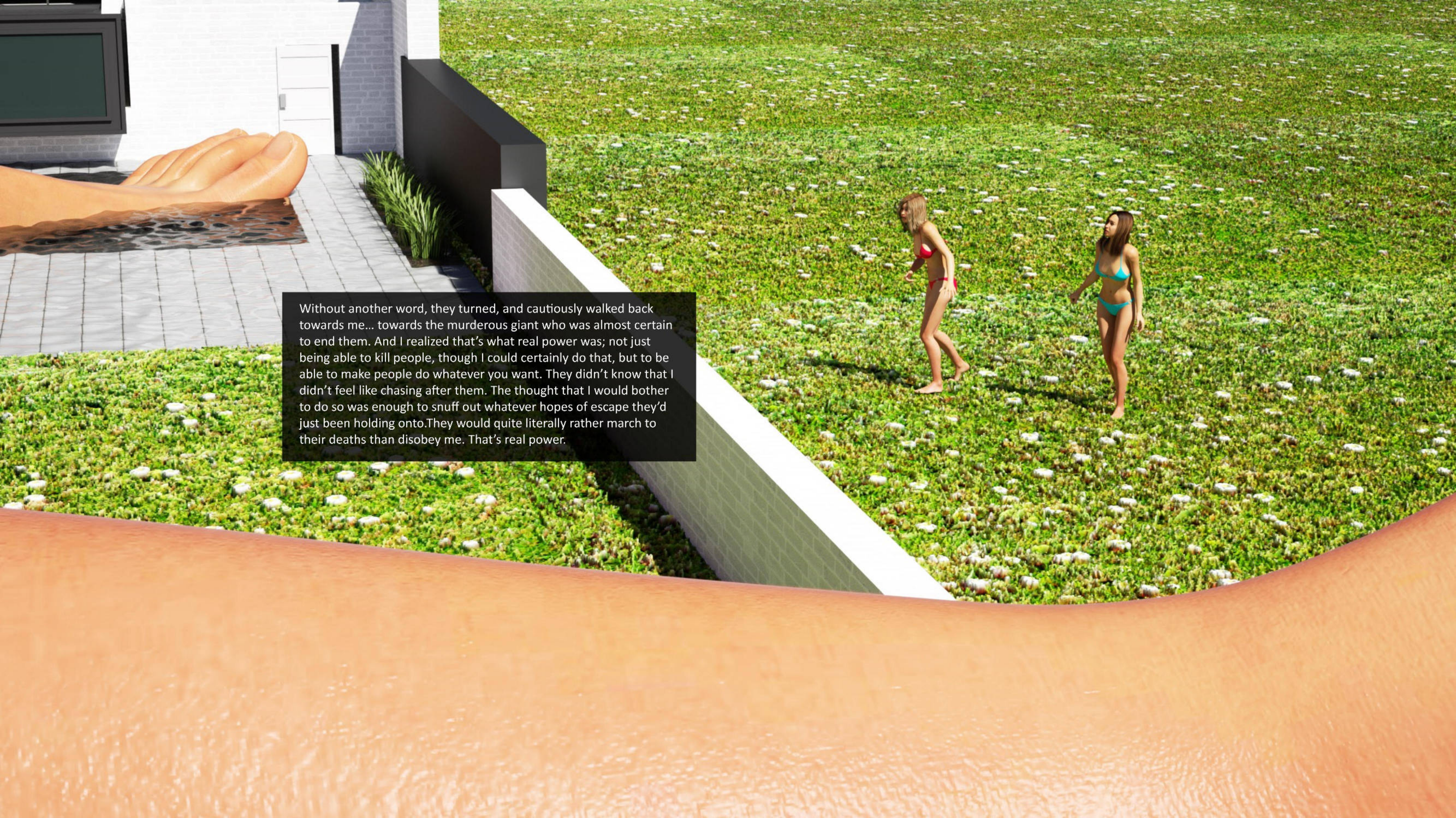

“I hate you, Kaylee!” She screamed. Rude bitch, as usual.

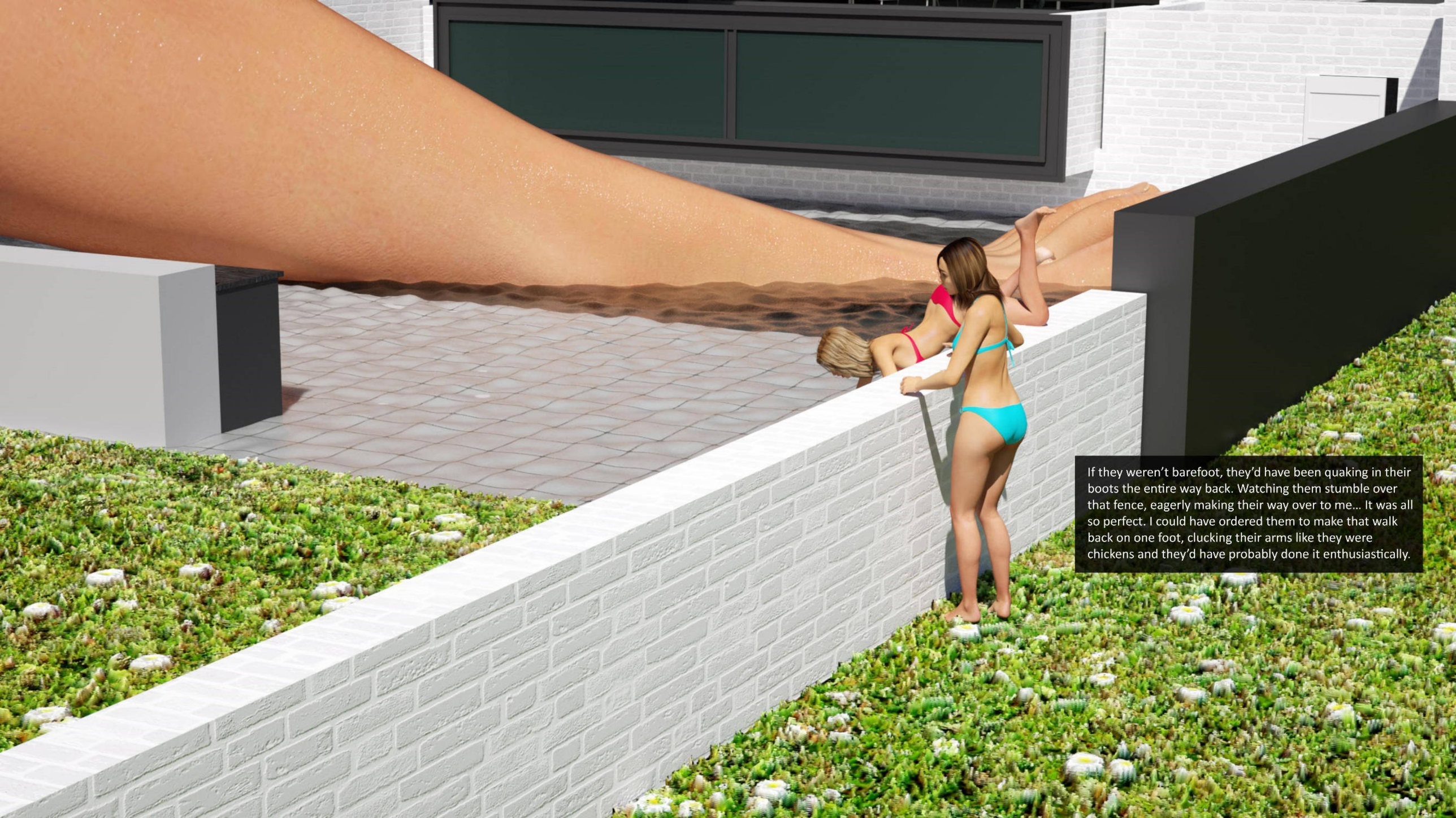

That was when I noticed Kayla's friends were running away. I couldn't believe their fucking nerve. *I never told them to leave! Were they seriously going to disobey me?* I had to put a stop to them.

Usually I would have just chased them down and stepped on them, but that would have involved getting up after I'd already spent so much time getting comfortable! Being so big has its own advantages, but… maybe there was a better option?


“Where the fuck do you think you two are going?!” I yelled. It was unnecessary. At my current size, I probably could have whispered and they’d have been able to hear me, but the overkill certainly made an impression.


They turned around and looked up at me. I could tell they were terrified. But what would win out: their fear of walking back to the giant who just squashed some of their friends, or their fear of disobeying that giant? I didn't know yet, but they wouldn't like what happened if I had to chase after them.
"Well?" I asked, not even bothering to raise my voice, "What are you waiting for?" I could have said more. Really given a speech to drive terror into their hearts, but I didn't feel like it. So that's all I said. That was all I needed to say.


Without another word, they turned, and cautiously walked back towards me… towards the murderous giant who was almost certain to end them. And I realized that's what real power was; not just being able to kill people, though I could certainly do that, but to be able to make people do whatever you want. They didn't know that I didn't feel like chasing after them. The thought that I would bother to do so was enough to snuff out whatever hopes of escape they'd just been holding onto.They would quite literally rather march to their deaths than disobey me. That's real power.


If they weren't barefoot, they'd have been quaking in their boots the entire way back. Watching them stumble over that fence, eagerly making their way over to me... It was all so perfect. I could have ordered them to make that walk back on one foot, clucking their arms like they were chickens and they'd have probably done it enthusiastically.



I stared down at them with a smug look on my face. I was kind of amazed that they actually walked all the way back to me. I kind of assumed they'd stand at the edge of the wall and await further instructions. I wanted to see what else I could get away with.

"I'm going to kill both of you, and you're just going to stand right there until it's time. Sound good?"

They muttered a response. Something more out of necessity than a proper acknowledgement of who they were talking to.

"I said. Does. That. Sound. Good."

This time, they cheered.It was a perfect moment. Everyone was finally starting to understand their place in my world... Well, almost everyone.


“Kaylee, let your sister go this instant!”
“You know, I figured you would at least pretend to care about her little friends.”
“O-Of course I care about them, Kaylee! But--”
“Bull. Shit.” I wasn’t going to just sit here and listen to her lie like this. “No, you don’t actually care. And I’m going to prove it.”


“You can’t do this!” Kayla yelled at me. “You can’t hurt them like that! They’re my friends!” She said, as if that proffered them any special privileges to me.


That’s when I got an especially diabolical idea.
“Your friends? Okay, Kayla, I’ll tell you what. If you can tell me the brunette’s full name, right now, I’ll let her go.”
“I-I.. Her name is… Jaime! Her name is Jaime!”
“Oh yeah? And her last name?”
“Brent...Brentheimer!”
“That’s really the best name you can come up with? You’re such a bad liar, Kayla. I can tell you just made that name up on the spot… so now I’m going to eat her.”
“No, please! That’s her name! I swear! You can ask her-”
“That’s obviously made-up, Kayla. Nice try, but I’m still gonna eat her.”


I was getting hungry, and the little brunette on the right was looking like a nice little morsel. She didn't look as low-class as most of the skanks Kayla hung out with... No, she'd make a decent meal!


I reached down towards her, nice and slow to see how she reacted. The blonde was like a statue. She didn't even try to stop me, or pull her friend away. Just stood there. The brunette instinctively recoiled as I got close, but, to her credit, she never tried to run.



I licked my chops just thinking about her. You wouldn't necessarily think of a person as being tasty, but as I'd discovered over the past hour, they kind of are! Even if you just swallow them, they spread all the little flavors of their skin and sweat over your tongue while they fight back... Not the kind of thing I would have usually found appetizing, but I guess something about being a giantess was changing my taste buds. She was screaming and squirming, but that just made me even hungrier. It's like how a wolf gets hungrier when they hear their food squealing... I had a prey drive, and I was well on my way to being a proper predator.


But of course Mom just *had* to harsh my buzz.
"You don't have to do this, Kaylee! You don't have to do any of this!"
I laughed. "Uh, yeah, I know that Krystal. I don't have to do anything I don't want to anymore. That's the nice thing about being two hundred feet tall. Like, duh." *God, she could be so stupid sometimes.*



I slipped the brunette's head into my mouth. She was a little squirmy, but it's not like that's necessarily a bad thing. Years ago we went on a family trip to Japan… and, well, it sucked. Like every other stupid trip we had to go on. Nobody spoke English, and- it was just bad. But the one highlight was a super-expensive Sushi restaurant we got to eat at. It was the kind of place that *normal* people had to book like five years in advance. Anyway, I ordered something called Tako, and they just gave me a live, squirming octopus. The poor little thing was so pathetic… The way its little legs wiggled around while I sucked them down... it gave me a feeling that I hadn't experienced again until today.


I slurped her down a bit deeper. I was enjoying myself, but of course, the camera guy had to ruin my moment. I caught him taping me, and I wasn't particularly happy about that. I get it, I'm giving everyone a good show and he wants to save this footage for posterity. Maybe hand it down in his family for generations as proof that he once got to meet THE Kaylee. But couldn't he, like, ask or something? He's just going to tape me and hope I don't notice him? Seriously, it's a huge dick move on his part. Or maybe a tiny dick move. I don't know. I've never seen it. What a jerk.


Well I wasn't going to just let him keep doing it. I stuffed the brunette into my mouth and reached out towards him. *Of course* Mom had to freak out and scream a bunch. She thinks everything is about her. Ugh.


It was tempting to pick her up right now, but... I was planning on saving her for later. You should always eat your dessert last, after all.


I could have picked him up and done, well, pretty much anything I wanted to him… but he always looked pretty poor, and greasy So I figured it'd be safer to touch him as little as possible. I decided to try a little move I hadn't tried since I've grown… The finger flick! He seemed to finally realize what was about to happen and dropped his camera, but it was too late. The little voyeur deserved whatever happened to him now.



Even I was a bit surprised by how well that worked! My hard fingernail struck him in the chest, and sent him crashing through the window he'd just been standing in front of. He must have flown a good twenty feet before hitting… something. I couldn't see from here, but if I remember the layout of that room properly there was nothing between his body and the back wall. Well, except for the pane of glass he exploded through with minimal effort. I have no idea if it killed him, but either way I never have to see his stupid ugly face again, so that's good enough for me.


Krystal screamed. I looked at her with amusement while she cried her crocodile tears. “Kaylee, please! Enough with all this violence! Why do you keep doing these things? Why?!”
“Kayya pweeze,” I said to her smugly, doing my best to speak with my mouth still full of food. “Eww widdn’t ebben wike emm.”
“That’s not the point!” She pleaded. “He’s a human being!”
“Mot ammymor,” I said with a chuckle that almost made me choke on my food. “Enuff wif da buwwshif. I know eww onwy cawe about Kawwa…”
“Please, just spit that girl out!”
“...Bup awwm hummwy...”


I heard another scream, and I looked down to see Kayla. I'd almost forgotten about her! My tit had started pressing down on her legs while I leaned over to flick that camera prick. I probably should have been worried about hurting her, but there was something so funny about the idea of accidentally breaking her legs with my boobs... Maybe I could even lean forward a little more, and...
"Let me go!" Kayla yelled, ruining the moment.. "Your boob is smashing my legs, Kaylee!"


I suppose I should put away thoughts of crushing her with my tits for now. And since I'm such a good sister, I lifted my fat tit up. Freed from her confines, she tumbled down my stomach like it was a steep hill. She almost fell off a small cliff, but clung to a grassy outcropping for safety... okay, enough with the metaphor. She was grabbing onto my pubes for dear life, and I was barely holding back laughter.



“Help me, Kaylee!” She screamed, but I just looked down and smirked. It’s not like the fall was that big, really. She certainly wasn’t in danger of dying if she let go.She didn’t seem to appreciate that mindset, though.

“Kaylee, you fucking bitch, do something! Don’t make me hold onto your pubes, you fucking sicko!”


I really didn't like it when she talked to me like that. Before, it was just mean, but now, it was near-suicidal. But now, I could get revenge, not just for that, but for every thing she's said over the years... I didn't need to get mad. I could get even.


I swished Kayla's friend around in my mouth. I had some fun fiddling with her and all, swishing her around in my mouth and teasing her with my tongue. But after a while, that got boring, and my hunger pangs came back, so I swallowed.


“Don’t just sit there and help me, Kaylee!!” she screamed. She was always so dramatic. How could she have not noticed how small the fall was by now? Or maybe she was just being her normal, spoiled self. Maybe she wanted to be escorted down from my pussy onto the grass. Get the spoiled bitch treatment she was so used to.
Of course, since I wanted to show how much I cared about Kayla, I lent her a hand...


Well, a finger, anyway. Okay, so this actually wasn't my plan at first. I was going to flick her like I did the camera guy earlier, but when she was dangling from my pubic hair, her knee sort of pushed up against my clit some, and, well… it gave me some ideas, okay?
I slid her entire body up and grinded my sister's face against my clit a little. Which… okay, I can see how that looks bad. But, first of all, she's only my half-sister, alright? And it's not like I was looking at her in the face or something while I was doing it. At that size she would have been more appropriately described as a toy, and that's just how I used her. And second, she was always a bitch to me when we were growing up, so she had it coming. Besides, I'd already killed like thousands of people at that point, so this wasn't even close to the worst thing I'd done by then. Also, I'm a living god, so I can do whatever the fuck I want.


With my finger, I slipped her down until she was pressed against my labia. I moved her up and down, rubbing her against the folds of my pussy… I admit that growing and everything had gotten me pretty excited. Up until then, I hadn't really gotten any relief. So what if I got a little carried away? Who was going to complain? Well, Kayla might, but fuck her! I didn't have to do what she said.


Krystal wasn't having it, though. "Kaylee, what are you doing?" she screeched.
"Getting some payback." I could have said more, but Kayla was already working me over pretty well and I'm not much of a talker when 'I'm in the mood'.


I pressed her deeper inside. Her whole upper body slipped into me now. I could feel her little arms squirming around in there. In terms of size she couldn’t compete with any dildo, but the way her spindly little limbs fought against me sure did tickle...


Yeah, so I was using my half-sister as a sex toy. I know it sounds bad… but I was really fucking horny, okay? And say what you will about Kayla, at least I knew she was sanitary. And soft… so she just felt so- it doesn't matter! I can do what I want at this size! As for all her little friends… who knows what their skincare regimen is like? They probably just buy cheap lotion off the rack and slather their stupid little bodies in it and consider that enough.


Speaking of her friends, I looked up and saw a flash of red. That bikini-clad 20-something girl must have noticed how focused I was on using her supposed friend to masturbate with right now, so she tried to run away. I wanted to stop her, but didn't want to get up. Luckily, being so much bigger meant that even when she ran away she remained in range.


I swept my foot along the grass, just barely managing to wedge her between my toes and sole. I squeezed my toes, and I was able to hold onto her surprisingly well! What can I say, I've always had nimble feet, and it turned out my long princess toes were rather adept at wrapping around tall, slender objects..


I moved my foot inward and plopped her on the ground in front of me. I expected her to get back to her feet and try escaping again, but she just kind of laid there. She knew she was caught, and probably did not wish to risk annoying me any further. Probably the only smart thing she's ever done.


Now well within arm's reach, I grabbed her. With all the fight sapped from her, she just lay there and waited for it to happen. No cursing at me, or screaming for help. Just perfect obedience.


"Looks like it's your lucky day," I said down to her. "You get to have the comfiest seat in the house..." She just looked back up at me fearfully, probably hoping that didn't mean I was going to use her as a seat.


I dropped her into my cleavage. My breasts were so big now that they naturally mashed together without any outside interference.. Like, to the point where she didn't sleep between them on her own. I had to push her down with my finger for her to sink in all the way!



"Come on," I said, turning to Krystal. "I know you're not naive like Kayla. You know we're better than *other* people. You've always known that, just like I always have. I know you don't give a shit about this blonde bitch. You don't care about Kaylee's stupid little social-climbing hangers-on any more than I do. So just give me the word, and I'll squish her… and let Kayla go."

Of course Krystal put on her best 'woe is me' routine. "Please, Kaylee, my daughter… Don't make me do this."

But of course I could see right through her. I could always see right through her. She was never a convincing actor on the best of days, and I didn't believe her for one second. "C'mon," I said
with a smirk, "drop the act. There's no way Kayla can hear what we're talking about. No one you have to pretend for. I'll just tell her I did it on my own, she'll never suspect you. Just say the word and I'll squish this bitch."

After a moment of hesitation, Krystal gave the order. "...Do it," She stage-whispered. "But please, hurry…"



I put my arms on either side of my tits and squeezed. Krystal may have asked me to hurry, but I was still doing this because I wanted to. And if I didn't want to do it fast? Well, she was going to be crushed nice and slowly. Not just because I wanted to savor it… although I definitely did. It was my first time squishing someone with my boobs… at least, it was the first time I was doing it fully intentionally. That's a big landmark, right? And more importantly, I was having fun. My hands were on my crotch, and I can't be blamed for rubbing my pussy a little bit, can I?

But also, I didn't want to make a big mess. Sure, maybe I'd gotten pretty used to having a bunch of blood and guts on the bottom of my feet… and I guess I also had a couple of people squished under my butt at the moment. That didn't bother me that much… I mean, feet and butts are meant to get gross, right? But boobs… well, at least my boobs, are a different story. They're big, round, and no doubt the envy of every woman I would walk by on a normal day. I didn't appreciate the thought of marring these beautiful things with a bunch of gross blood, so I'd prefer to take things more slowly.


That didn't mean I was being nice, though. Being squished in a few seconds probably isn't fun, but it's over quick at least. But I was taking things slow… squeezing that stupid slut nice and slowly… making her bones break one at a time… really making her regret every bitchy comment she had the nerve to say to me. At least I'm assuming she did. I didn't know who she was any more than Kayla did, and they all kind of blur together into the same, bitchy woman over time.

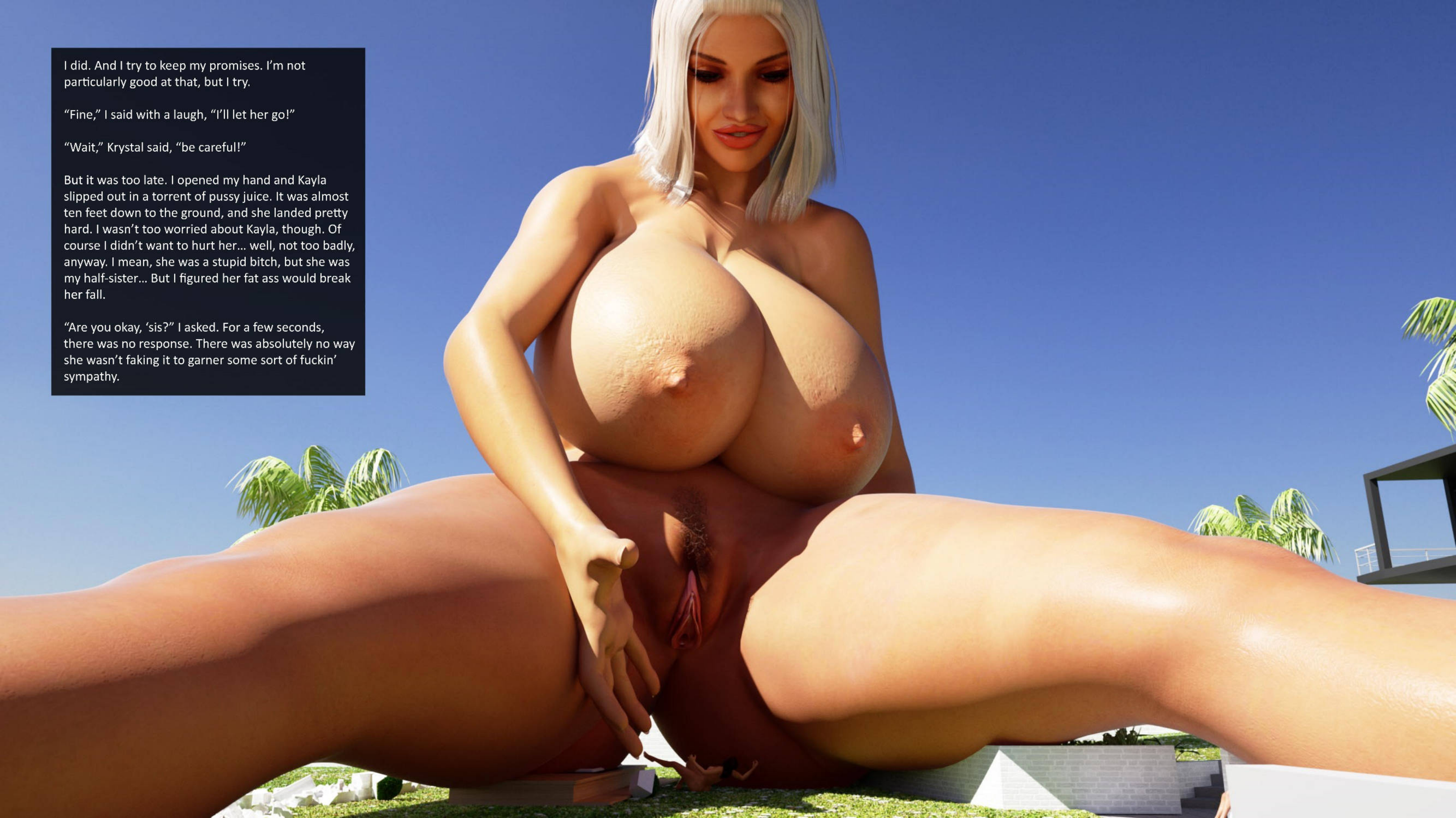

“How’s that feel, you worthless little bitch?” I said to her. “You cheap little whore? You seriously thought you were as good as us, didn’t you? Even though you came from some second-rate stock? Do you see how wrong you are now? Do you see what a worthless little nothing you are? I’m gonna break your pathetic little body with my fucking titties. How’s it feel to know that?”


I didn’t wait for her to respond. I didn’t really care what she had to say. She didn’t matter. I’d already wasted enough time on her, so I smashed her nice and quick. I didn’t even have to squeeze very hard to do the job, which was probably the best part. Like, my boobs are so soft that I thought I’d have to pull both hands away at some point to finish the job. But she fell apart so quickly. She was nothing to me.


I thought it would feel good… and for a minute, it did! But then after it was done, I got super squicked out. There was a dead thing in my cleavage! Eww! Only it was worse than that, because she was still kind of alive and making a bunch of horrible gurgling noises. There's nothing grosser than a nasty low-class whore dying in your boobs… So I picked her up like she was a piece of especially gross belly-button lint.


I didn’t want to have her gross body touching me any longer than necessary, obviously… so I flicked my wrist and threw her away like yesterday’s garbage. Which she was now, I suppose. Or maybe she always was, and I just brought her into her more natural state. Regardless, I didn’t care where she landed… so long as it meant I didn’t have to look at her any longer. That was good enough for me.


I looked back at Krystal, who was still standing on the deck. She looked mad, but, as expected, grief was the furthest thing from her expression.. “See?” I said, “that wasn’t so bad, was it?”
“Just let Kayla go!” was all she had to say in response. “Please, you promised…”



I did. And I try to keep my promises. I'm not particularly good at that, but I try.

"Fine," I said with a laugh, "I'll let her go!"

"Wait," Krystal said, "be careful!"

But it was too late. I opened my hand and Kayla slipped out in a torrent of pussy juice. It was almost ten feet down to the ground, and she landed pretty hard. I wasn't too worried about Kayla, though. Of course I didn't want to hurt her… well, not too badly, anyway. I mean, she was a stupid bitch, but she was my half-sister… But I figured her fat ass would break her fall.

"Are you okay, 'sis?" I asked. For a few seconds, there was no response. There was absolutely no way she wasn't faking it to garner some sort of fuckin' sympathy.


And, of course, she was fine. After soaking up as much attention as it seemed Krystal was prepared to lavish upon her, she stood up. Then she just walked it off, as if nothing had even happened.
“Yeah I’m fine, no thanks to you, you fucking perv,” Kayla said.


“I was just having a little fun with you, Kayla. Just a little friendly, innocent prank. Like the ones you and your friends used to play on me! Or the one I’m playing on your other friend, right now…” I said, nodding towards the foot I had in the pool.


“Oh my god!” Kayla yelled. She finally noticed her friend, who was still trapped under my toes and obviously losing her fight with them.


She ran over and grabbed her friend's arms. It would have been easy enough to also overpower Kayla with my toes, but I went easy on her this once. I felt like she needed a win at this point. Breaking her spirit held its own appeal, sure, but keeping this going for as long as possible seemed more fun for the moment.


To my surprise, she actually had a pretty easy time lifting her friend out of the water. She'd never been the strong type. She'd never spent more than five minutes at the home gym unless it was specifically working out her ass. And even then, she was the furthest thing from committed to it.
Kayla was looking down at her friend strangely, though. At first I wasn't sure why, but then I noticed something strange too... no. No way!


I did a double-take. *No*, I thought, *that can't be right…* But of course, it was.


Though still tiny next to my toes, Kayla stood nearly twice as tall as her friend. She'd always been on the tall side, but she had to be well over eight or nine feet by now!


"Hey Kayla," I said, "Welcome to the family."
All I knew was that I made her grow... somehow.
I didn't know how it worked, exactly. Was it being in my pussy that did it? Or was it because I put her in my mouth? Maybe while inside of me she wound up swallowing some of my fluids, or something. Would it work if I had someone lick my feet? Or was it just being close to me for so long? Maybe it was radiation, pheromones, or some kind of magic? I didn't know, but I could make some guesses. None of the other people I'd been around had grown, so I figured there was something special about her, just like there was something special about me. Even if she didn't have the last name, she was still an honorary Kloss. And we are just better than other people, after all.


For a second I thought about squishing her right then and there, just to make sure I wouldn't have any competition... After all, the last thing I needed was for my little sister to get taller than me once again. I decided against that pretty quickly, though. After all, she was family. And seeing her there, not even as tall as my foot, it seemed pretty ridiculous to even think about her getting as big as me. She would have to grow really, really fast to be any real danger, and I would have no trouble stopping her if she was anywhere less than half my size. Besides, I figured that whatever effect she got was probably diluted.


I turned back to Mom. A bunch of crazy ideas were going through my head. If I could make Kayla grow… what was stopping me from doing the same thing with Mom? Or would I even want to do that for her? The last thing I wanted was for Krystal to lord over me again… but, then again, if I was going to be the one in charge it probably wouldn't be so bad having her around. If I was going to take over everything, I'd want to have people I could trust close to me… And who can you trust more than your mom? I'd want her to be strong too. Not as strong as me, obviously, but no one's going to mess with her if she's ten feet tall… And if they did? She could stand to be knocked down a few pegs, and I'd be around to make sure they didn't go overboard.


I realized that she'd be a more effective right-hand woman if she actually wanted to help me, and even at 200 feet tall, it still felt wrong picking up my mom. So I sat up and knelt down in front of her. Normally kneeling is a submissive pose, but at my current size it left a very different impression. After all, it's not many people who tower over buildings even while they're kneeling. I felt like it served as a gentle but firm reminder of my sheer size and power.



"Mom," I said, "I bet you're still hoping that things are going to go back to normal. I know how you feel… I felt the same way earlier. But now I can see that they aren't. Listen, Mom. I'm getting bigger by the hour. This IS the new normal. Guns don't work on me. Not even fucking tanks can take me down. Nothing is going to stop me. I'm just going to keep getting bigger, and bigger, and bigger… and I'm going to crush everything in my way, and I won't stop until they bow down in front of me like the disgusting little worms that they are."

I remained in that position for a few moments. Really let the words sink in. I had zero intention of stopping this anytime soon. And if she were willing to accept that, then she could be convinced to come with me willingly.


She was getting emotional. Tears were welling up in her eyes, but not out of joy, or pride at me for what I've accomplished. "It's not too late," Krystal said to me. "You can still turn yourself in. You don't have to hurt anyone." She still didn't get it.


“Have to?” I repeated. “Mom, I know I don’t have to hurt anyone. I do it because I want to. Because there are seven billion pathetic fucking wretches out there who have the indignity to breathe the same air as me. They’re lesser beings. I always knew I was better than them, you knew we were always better than them, and now I’m going to show them.”
“Of course you’re better than this,” Mom said. “You know that! Everyone knows that! But you don’t have to do something like this--”


"You're right. I don't have to. I don't have to do anything." I said, leaning forward so I could look her in the eye.


“Because, like I already told you,” I said curtly, “I’m doing it because I want to. My mind is made up. I’m going to rule this shitty planet like the superior being I’ve known I always was… and I’ll let you be my right-hand woman. You can help me run the world with an iron fist… help me decide what cities I crush and which ones are spared. So, what do you think? Will you help me out?”



She stood silently, and stared at me with an inscrutable expression. That moment seemed to last forever.I wanted to shout at her, and demand an answer. But I gave her time. I wanted her to answer of her own volition.

“I think you’re insane,” Krystal finally said. “I think you’re not my daughter. I don’t know what you are.”



I looked down, and saw, umm… whatshername…Brentheimer? No, that was the one I ate… whatever! My helper was lying on the wet pavement with a hand between her legs, touching herself.

“What are you doing?” I shouted at her. “Are you seriously fucking masturbating right now?”

“Oh, I’m sorry, Kaylee!” she said, absolutely terrified. “I just…”

“You were masturbating to me, you nasty little pervert.” I said, narrowing my eyes. “I saw you…”


But the sound of a door slamming turned my attention to something more important. Krystal and her bodyguard were running into the house. I was actually a little disappointed by her actions.. Say what you will about her, and I often have, but she usually isn't a coward.


“Where the hell do you think you’re going?!” I said, but neither of them stopped. The two of them were running down the hallway. Well, I had some opinions about her running away. I didn’t like it, and I wasn’t going to let it happen.


I thrust my hand forward as far into the house as I could. I was in kind of an awkward position, so that turned out to be harder than I expected. I leaned on the balcony a bit too hard and ended up making it bend downward some… for a second I thought the entire house was going to fall apart, trapping Krystal inside.. Not that I'm sure that would have been an entirely bad thing. I couldn't see where I was reaching, but eventually my fingers brushed up against something that was moving, and I closed them tightly. *I got her!*



...except it wasn't her. When I looked at my catch, it turned I'd grabbed the asshole in the business suit who'd been standing next to her.

I wasn't happy about my mistake. I tried to remember who he was, in the hopes that it would calm me down a little. I guess I could have asked him, but that would mean I'd have to stop squeezing him so hard that he couldn't breathe, and I didn't want to do that. Not after he got in the way of my prize.

My first thought was that he was one of Mom's bodyguards, but I don't recall ever seeing him before… and he wasn't exactly mom's type, either. See, Mom only hired bodyguards she wanted to fuck… and for her that usually meant tall, buff black guys. This guy was short, skinny, white, and nerdy, so the opposite of her type. That meant he had to be some kind of cop or something… And I didn't like cops even before I grew. Now? Well, I'm sure there were still some remains of other cops I've encountered today stuck to me.

I got a flash of anger, just thinking about every cop who'd ever pulled me over for speeding. Sure, they'd always apologize and let me off without a ticket once they realized who I was, but to think they should even stop me in the first place! That sense of entitlement… who do they think they are, me?



When you’re really, really mad, your primal urges take over. For most of the little people beneath me that would take the form of a slap, or a kick. But I was naturally more gifted, and had more options available. I could have squeezed his body in my hand, or thrown him a hundred yards away. But there’s nothing more primal than feeding.


...And with that, I snapped my jaws over his head. There was a slight crack that excited me to no end when I did it. Just a pure, unabashed expression of power over another.

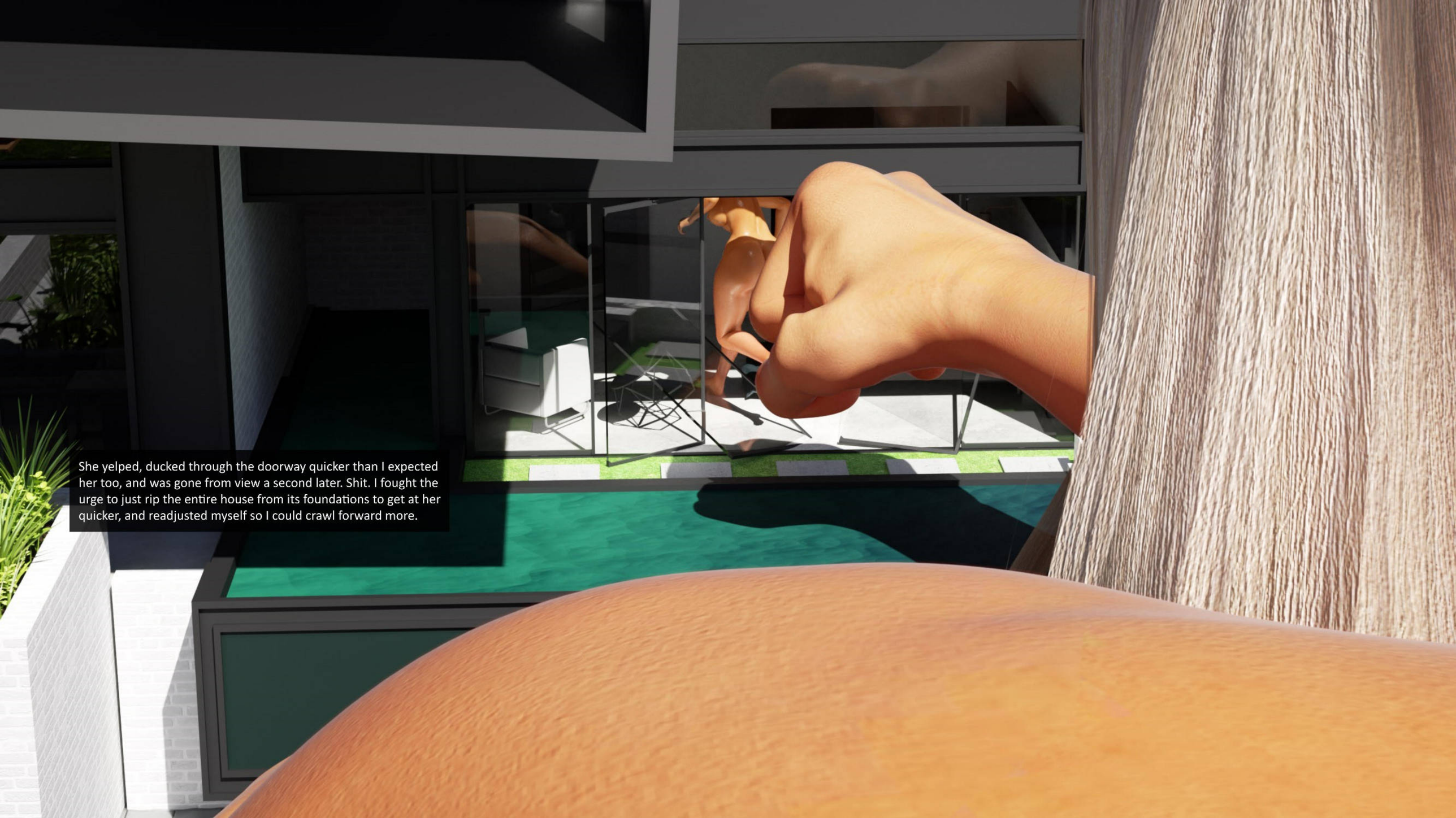


Once I was done, I pulled him away. I thought I'd just cracked his skull, so I was surprised to see that the entire head was missing. Which must have meant... huh, I guess I must have swallowed it. Gross.

"Fuckin' cops," I muttered to myself.


Shit, I let myself get distracted again. Not only had Krystal gotten away, but Kayla was putting some distance between the two of us as well.. Those two, Kayla's friend, my pervy assistant, whatsherface... God, why do I even bother thinking about them individually. It's Krystal, Kayla, and three nobodies. Kayla was the one I cared about, and she was about to make it inside of an opened, sliding-glass door.


With my left hand full, I reached forward with my right. I almost immediately realized she was already too far to grab but inched myself forward as much as I could anyway. My fingers closed tightly, but didn’t grab onto anything. She’d just barely slipped out of reach!


She yelped, ducked through the doorway quicker than I expected her too, and was gone from view a second later. Shit. I fought the urge to just rip the entire house from its foundations to get at her quicker, and readjusted myself so I could crawl forward more.



Just when I was about to try and grab Kayla again I saw something moving out of the corner of my eye. I looked into the house, and to my surprise I saw Krystal. She hadn't been visible from my previous position so I assumed she was already out the front door by now, but she'd barely even moved! She was looking intently at some safe that was hidden behind a painting. Funny how she was never willing to just buy me a new car when I asked, when she clearly had something hidden away all this time! Unless… there wasn't money inside? I had no idea what else would be so important to her that she'd stand there and risk being caught… but all I cared about was that she was now within grabbing range once again. She turned, looked at me, and I knew I didn't have long to do this.


No time to taunt her by flicking the grass and showing her with shards of glass. Or pressing my tits into the wall and busting through to pin her like I had Kayla earlier. I simply reached out towards her, crashing unceremoniously through the window to do so. For someone my size, I was quick about it, too… but once again she just barely managed to slip away from my grasping fingers.


I’ve had enough of fucking missing.. I’d hoped to keep the home intact for after I took over so it could be used as a monument to how great I am, but it was pissing me off! I slammed my hand down out of anger bringing the entire balcony down with it, crushing Kayla’s bedroom in the process.



Krystal had gotten out of reach… or at least, she'd escaped to the point where I couldn't get to her without bringing the whole house down with me, and though I didn't care about whether or not the house survived, I wasn't too keen on crushing Krystal either.. I wanted, no, needed both of them alive, if I could manage it.. I figured that meant Kayla would be the easier one to catch given how things were currently going, so I got down on the ground and peeked through the windows of the first floor so I could better line myself up...


I spotted Kayla. She was within arm’s reach, so I struck like a snake! I reached out towards the last position I saw her, knowing I’d be going in blind.. In doing so I made an awful lot of noise, and both Kayla and the nobody she was with squealed in response, which had to be a good sign! I twisted my arm to the side to be able to reach through at the right angle, so I was rummaging through the house blind.


“Come out, you little bitch!” I said to Kayla, as I groped around blindly for her. “Stop fucking running! Where the hell are you?!”


My fingers brushed against something, and they closed in an instant! Sadly, I almost immediately realized that this wasn't Kayla, but one of the stupid fucking couches! I stretched out as far as I could, and swishing my arm from side to side, but it seemed like she'd once again just barely managed to slip out of reach.. God this was frustrating. I could take out tanks and helicopters, but I couldn't even grab hold of my stupid sister...


I was done playing nice. Fuck the house. I crawled into the first floor with every part of me, flinching as I felt it immediately lose its structural integrity.. A second later, the house crumbled down around me but it was their fucking fault. I knew there was a good chance this could kill Kayla, Krystal, or both of them, but they shouldn't have fucking run! I was willing to risk it. That's how mad I was.

I caught sight of Kayla rounding the corner into the entryway of the... front room, I guess. The house has too many fucking rooms, so I never know what to call half of them. Anyway, I crawled forward and reached as far as I could, and made contact! I closed my fingers to grab the little bitch, but I didn't have a good enough hold and my fingers just grazed her backside as she slipped away again. My ego just couldn't handle her getting away again. I was through trying to catch her on her terms. I crawled forward, even as I felt the foundations shifting around me...





...And with that, the whole stupid house came down.

And really, it just pissed me off more. I was a fucking GOD now, dammit. There's no reason that a fucking house should actually feel heavy on top of me. Maybe I was just tired. Yeah, that's it. I was just fuckin' tired. I'd taken down tanks and smashed through buildings not even half an hour ago, so it was only natural that I wasn't up to my full strength.


It didn’t get much better from there. When the smoke stopped stinging my eyes, I spotted Krystal staring at me. I tried to reach out and grab her, but my arm was trapped under a few hundred tons of house bullshit.
“Come on, Kayla!” Krystal shouted. “We’ve got to go, now!”
“Just a second,” Kayla said. “I’m holding the door open for Kaylee’s assistant… She’s hurt. But mom, I know as well as you do that if you make Kaylee mad enough, she’ll pass out for a second. I don’t know what to say, but I’m sure you do…



That's when, to my surprise, Krystal actually walked away from the car, and towards me. At first I expected her to start gloating… but then I realized she had a sympathetic expression on her face.

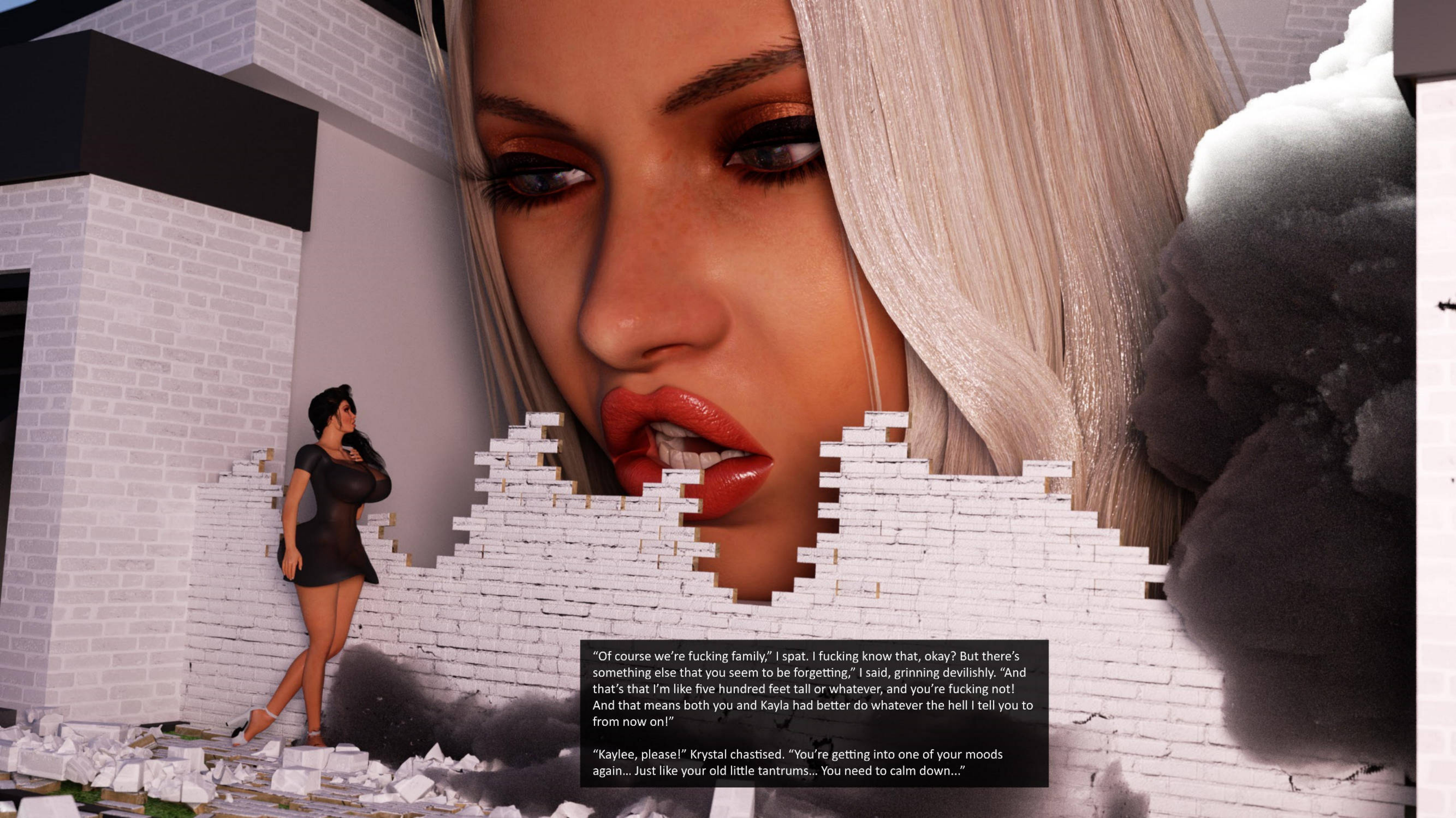
"Kaylee, my daughter…" she said flatly. "I'm not going to resort to tricks. You've always been… difficult. I've tried to help you, but I was too busy to give you the attention you so sorely needed. I'm sorry…"

"I wouldn't step any closer, Krystal," I said as condescendingly as I could.



“But I will,” she said, walking closer with confidence. She strolled all the way up to me and stroked my lip. I felt like my brains had been fried. I didn’t know what to think. I could have thrust my head forward and, like, bit her arm off, and she’d have probably deserved it! But… for some reason I just didn’t want to.

“Because I know we’re family… and you won’t hurt your family…” I thought back to how long I’d waited to bring the house down, and all the opportunities to catch them that I wasted simply because I didn’t want to risk killing them. I clenched my teeth, not even sure myself whether or not she was right.


“Of course we’re fucking family,” I spat. I fucking know that, okay? But there’s something else that you seem to be forgetting,” I said, grinning devilishly. “And that’s that I’m like five hundred feet tall or whatever, and you’re fucking not! And that means both you and Kayla had better do whatever the hell I tell you to from now on!”
“Kaylee, please!” Krystal chastised. “You’re getting into one of your moods again… Just like your old little tantrums… You need to calm down...”


That phrase. Whenever she told me I needed to calm down, it generally had the exact opposite effect. I shot through the roof, and reared my chest up in the air.
“Shut the fuck up, Mom!” I shouted with the fury of a scorned god. “I’m not taking orders from you anymore! I’m not taking orders from anyone! It’s you who’s taking orders from me!”


“Everyone, get in the car! Now!” Krystal shouted at Kayla and the rest of the nobodies.
“But, the camera guy! He’s still…”
“Now!” Krystal shouted in a serious tone.


Poor, stupid, tiny Kayla. She never could make up her mind. Her brief stalling gave me enough time to free my arm, and that was it. This chase was over. There was nowhere else to run, now. I reached out towards her.


“STOP!” Krystal screamed.
Fuck, I stopped cold in my tracks. I’ve been through a lot today, but 19 years under that woman’s roof had trained me to react certain ways to specific things.When she used that tone and stared me down like that, it worked.


It shouldn't have worked. She couldn't do anything to me now. But it was enough to throw me off balance, and my hand slapped the pavement right next to Kayla, allowing her to slip away one last time. I only realized after the fact that I almost squished her friend in the process.


“Kayla, get in the car!”
“I told you not to try and run!” I screamed. “All you had to do was just accept that I was finally going to be the one in charge! But since you couldn’t do that, I’m gonna have to… have to kill all of you stupid fucks!”



"You're not my real daughter!" Krystal screeched. "You're just some cheap orphan from a pathetic, no-name loser! I never should have brought your kind into this house! You're nothing! I don't care how big you are! You're below me! You're trash! You're nothing!"


My vision was clouded red. I'd never been so upset in my life. I wanted nothing more at that moment than to kill Krystal. To grab her with both hands and wring the life from her body. And then I'd do the same to Kayla. And then-


I fell. My legs turned to jelly, I lost control. My three-thousand ton body toppled over onto the already ruined mansion, and reduced what was still standing into small bits of rubble. I tried to aim myself so my tits fell onto the car and finished everyone off, but I was too disoriented to do anything but fall over.


I was sprawled out like a drunk, unable to make anything but the weakest of movements. I've been through this a few times today. I knew I'd grow again soon, but that wasn't much of a consolation in the moment. I wanted revenge, and until I could move again I wouldn't be able to enact it.


I could only just barely adjust my head to get a look at what was happening below. I couldn’t move my arms well enough to stop them, but I could hear every word.


“Whatever happens, I love you Kayla.”
“I love you too, Mom.”
“Are you safe?”
“I’m fine. Just drive!”
Everyone piled into the Ferarri Spyder like it was a clown car. A car that I wanted more than anything to crush like a tin can right now.


The tires squealed. Everyone inside squeaked in surprise. Then Krystal stepped on the gas, and the car sped away.
Fucking cowards. I was going to catch up to them. I don't care how fast that stupid car can go.


It was only a few minutes later when I was able to move again, but it felt like a lifetime when they were vanishing from view.. Krystal and Kayla were long gone, and I knew it would be a while before I was in any shape to chase after them.


But as luck would have it, as soon as I tried to move, I felt my body failing again. I knew what was happening. I was growing again... and as usual, it was happening at the worst possible time.


I felt tired and nauseous. It took every ounce of strength I had not to slump over even more...


I tried to focus on the plus side. I was getting even bigger. I'd be in better shape to chase them down than I had been before...


...But knowing that didn’t stop me from feeling like shit.


I sat up and looked over the ruins of the house that was once the Kloss Manor. It didn't look like much anymore, but just this morning it had been home... I couldn't fit in it anymore, and it had no use for me, but I still couldn't help but feel a little saddened by it.


But I didn't have much time to dwell on those thoughts. Once again I felt that same warm tingling spread through my body. Oh yeah. Another growth spurt was well underway... More size that I would use to catch up to Krystal and Kayla, and finish what started here.


Something was wrong, though. This sensation was more intense than the ones before. I was growing faster this time...


I could feel what remained of my home falling apart even more as my ass grew wider. Maybe something wasn't going wrong, but instead going incredibly right! I'm not sure if this is what that song meant when it said you can't go home…


I smashed through what felt like a reasonable increase in size given how the last ones had gone, and the growth spurt kept going! Every passing second, I grew another half- dozen feet skyward.


I kept growing bigger, and taller and wider, as more and more memories were pulverized under my ass. It felt like it was beginning to slow, but I felt like I'd doubled in size by now.


Finally, it stopped. I was sitting still, all alone, in the ruins of my childhood home. If I was more sentimental, I might feel sad about that. But I didn't have time to feel bad for myself.


I had full control over my body once again, and I had more important things to worry about... like getting even.
So long, old home. The entire world will be mine soon enough.

I got on my feet, and looked into the horizon. There was no sign of them. I clenched my teeth in anger... and I felt that warm sensation returning one more time.



I could feel my legs stretching up further towards the sky, as my already enormous body grew more massive.



I looked down towards my body, and marveled at my powerful muscles and perfect curves.




And I thought about every way I could use that perfect, enormous body...


All the ways I could use it to finally end them. Kayla, Krystal, all of them. There were so many ways, and it would be so easy... All I had to do was find them.



I stared out towards the horizon once again, but with my added height I could see even further than before. From the top of this hill, I could see for miles in every direction. I couldn't see their car… but I wasn't discouraged. I would get my hands on Kayla and Krystal And when I did I was going to tear them apart. No one fucks with me and gets away with it.

Luckily, I had a clue. It seems in their haste to escape they'd burned quite a bit of rubber to speed away, leaving a nice set of tire tracks in the street. The marks didn't extend very far, but I had what direction they'd fled in, and that would be enough. I'm sure I could make up the difference in no time at all.


END OF PART 6

KAYLEE'S GROWTH PART 6




NEXT TIME IN
KAYLEE 7