
KAYLEE
PART 8

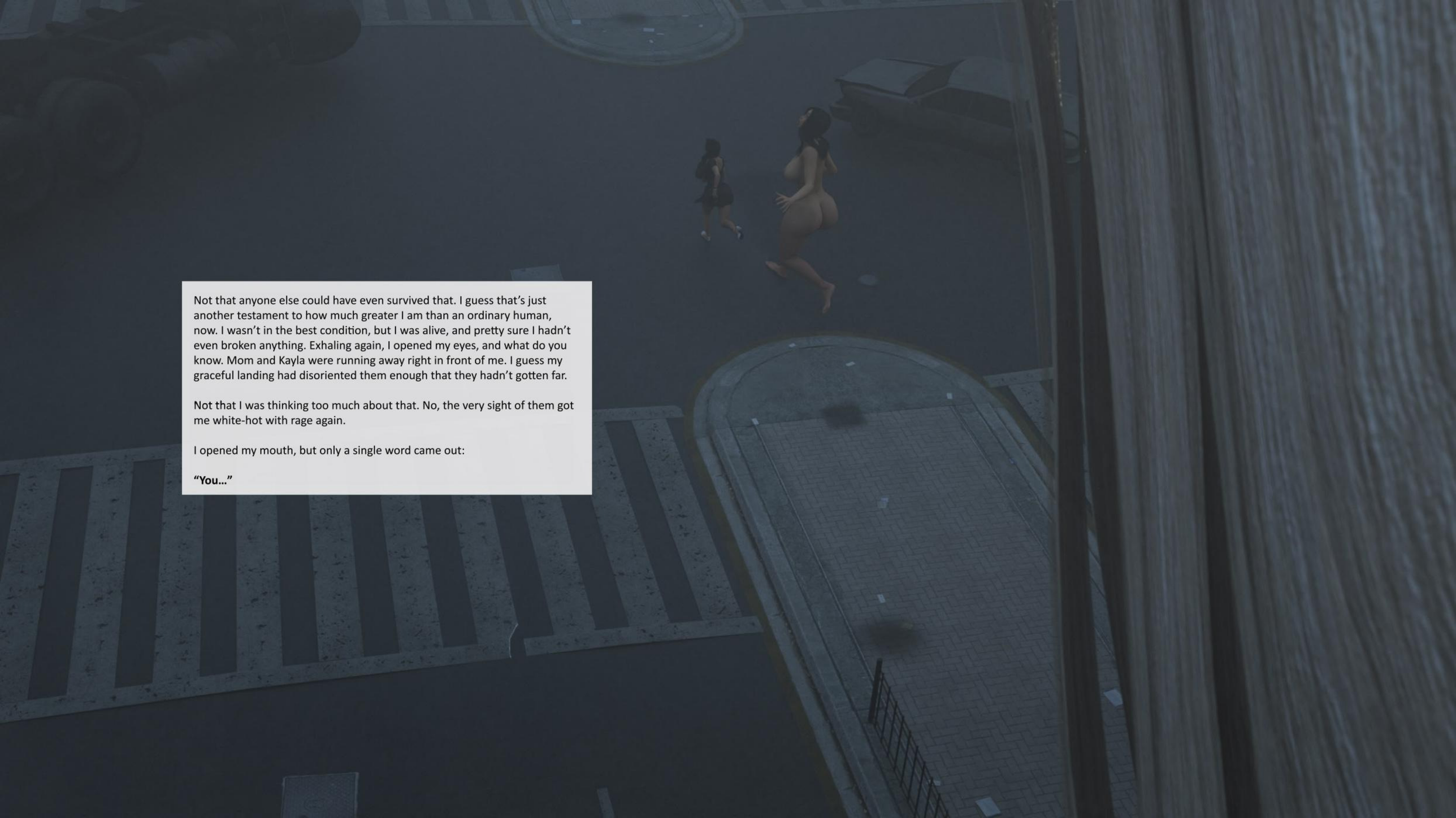


I don’t know how long I was out after the whole skyscraper accident. Judging by the amount of smoke and debris still floating around it couldn’t have been more than a few minutes, tops. Which wouldn’t have been too bad… if my head wasn’t pounding like the world’s worst hangover. Would’ve been nice to have been out long enough to wake up without another one of those.

How did I even end up like this? Well, I was doing something really cool. Something only someone as cool as I am can do, really. But these stupid skyscrapers got in the way and, through no fault of my own, they fell apart right on top of me. The details aren’t important, okay? What matters is that it was really mom and Kayla’s fault, and now I really had it out for them.



But I suppose I'd been lying around long enough. Taking a deep breath that I immediately regretted thanks to the clouds of debris, I pushed myself up. Or I tried to, anyway. That turned out to be more challenging that I thought it would be. It turns out, even for the borderline-invincible having a couple skyscrapers fall on you will really make you sore. Honestly would not recommend trying that one out..



Not that anyone else could have even survived that. I guess that's just another testament to how much greater I am than an ordinary human, now. I wasn't in the best condition, but I was alive, and pretty sure I hadn't even broken anything. Exhaling again, I opened my eyes, and what do you know. Mom and Kayla were running away right in front of me. I guess my graceful landing had disoriented them enough that they hadn't gotten far.

Not that I was thinking too much about that. No, the very sight of them got me white-hot with rage again.

I opened my mouth, but only a single word came out:

"You..."



I trailed off after the one word. What more needed to be said? Somehow I could feel that simply acknowledging them was far more terrifying than any threat I could have added to that statement. That was what truly terrified them, as well as what mattered to me.

I almost couldn't believe it. After all of that bullshit, I finally fucking had them. And not like earlier, where I thought I had them and they managed to keep fucking getting away. There was nowhere else for them to run right now. This time it was for real. After having two fucking skyscrapers fall on me... I was finally face to face with Mom and Kayla. Nothing, and I mean nothing, was going to stop me from ending them. Their time was up.


I reached for them. Not to pick them up, but to pulverize the both of them into the concrete. It would have been so fucking easy. Even just placing my weight onto my palms was enough to shatter the ground beneath me. And people were a lot less sturdy than concrete. I could turn people into ground beef more easily than you can squeeze a tube of toothpaste. There wouldn't be anything left of them by the time I was done with them. Not even their stupid butt implants would survive.
Oh, and for the record, mine are all natural. I mean, the growth certainly made it bigger for some reason, but it was plenty fuckin' big before that too.


They turned tail and ran. Figures. They had to know they were fucked, though. It looked like I already had them as I crawled forward. My hand was just inches away. They were so close, so agonizingly, unbearably close…
Given how many times they've already managed to evade my grasp you can probably guess what happened next.



A tank shell slammed into my fuckin' face.

The combination of my intense, focused hatred on Mom and Kayla and the low visibility from all of the smoke made it so I failetd to notice the tanks just a few feet in front of me. Now, I'm pretty close to invincible. I've taken a couple hits from these annoying things already... but there's a big difference between getting nailed when you see it coming, and getting blasted when you're completely off-guard.

I'm not sure if I was more angry about the shot itself, or the fact it would give Mom and Kayla more time to escape.


POV: Kayla
I thought I was going to die. There's no reason Mom and I should have survived this. And just when we thought Kaylee was going to kill us, my ears popped. I looked back just in time to see a huge explosion right next to her head! It was kind of awesome.



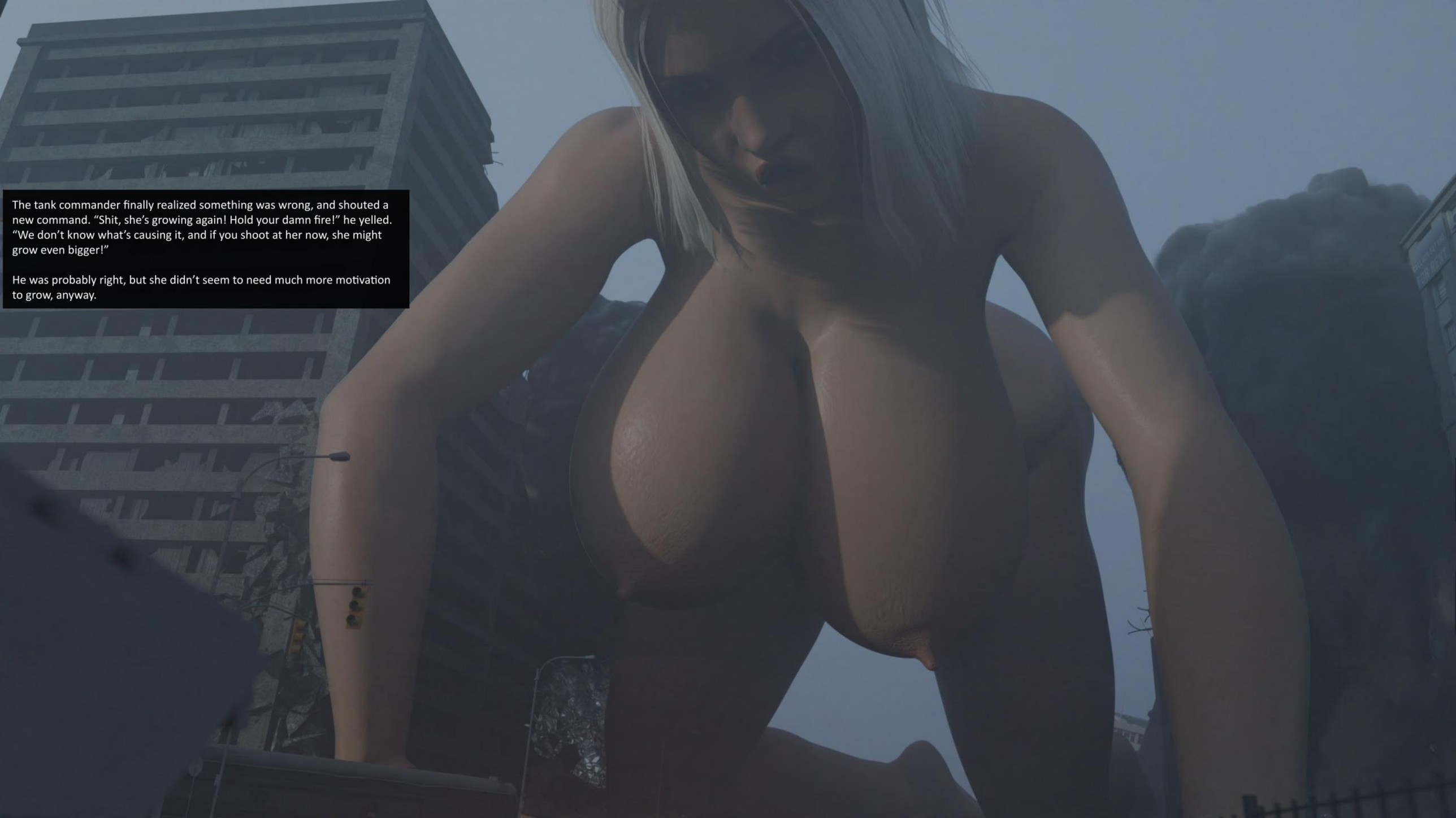
That didn’t mean we were out of the woods just yet, though. The shot threw her off balance, and she went stumbling to the side. Her right hand… the same hand that was moments away from crushing us slammed into the concrete behind us instead. It was obvious that Kaylee could have killed either one of us with hardly any effort at all, but when I saw her fingers smash effortlessly through the concrete our narrow escape suddenly felt so much more real. If she so much as glanced us with that kind of force, there wouldn’t even be enough left to bury..


Some guy on a tank started shouting orders at me and mom. He said something about how we were 'VIP's.' "I'm the commander of this tank regiment! Our orders are to keep you two alive at all costs! That is non-negotiable! There's a heli on the way to extract you soon! Just get the hell away from her, watch the skies, and we'll take care of the rest!"
T1


The guy sounded pretty confident in his orders, but I couldn't help looking back up at Kaylee. She was just so fucking big… did he really think we were going to make it? I mean, we were on a really wide four-lane road, but somehow her hips were still just as wide as the whole street. I wanted to think there was no way she could get any bigger, but I knew better.
T1


Looking back up at her… seeing that expression on her face through the smog clear as day… it was like looking up at the devil. She was wide as a city street, had survived multiple buildings falling on top of her, and shrugged off multiple tank shells. She wanted us dead more than anything in the world… and I feared there was nothing anyone could do to stop her.


And as if all of that wasn't enough… she was growing again. I think it came as a surprise to her, too. Just that tiny spurt was probably enough to put us back in arm's reach, but she took her eyes off of us to look at her own growing body.



The tank commander finally realized something was wrong, and shouted a new command. “Shit, she’s growing again! Hold your damn fire!” he yelled. “We don’t know what’s causing it, and if you shoot at her now, she might grow even bigger!”

He was probably right, but she didn’t seem to need much more motivation to grow, anyway.


Her body kept expanding in every direction. I knew I should have run. I'd been ordered to, after all. But I just couldn't tear my eyes off of her. I wondered how much she would grow this time... or if she would ever stop.


The pavement was splitting apart under her hands as she grew even more massive. The streets, made to support the weight of hundreds of cars at once, were straining to buckling under her presence. The city just couldn't support someone her size. I doubted there was any place on Earth that could.


I should have felt relieved when her growth spurt slowed, but it wasn't easy to feel anything but creeping dread. Kaylee seemed confused, almost disappointed that it had slowed to a stop.


I was jarred back into reality by the tank commander. “GET MOVING ALREADY!” He screamed at me.
Right! I’d spent enough time gawking! I needed to get the hell out of there!
T1
THOR
035


"DON'T JUST MOSEY AROUND!" He yelled, "Show some hustle! We're here to save your asses!" His statement was punctuated by the cannon firing again, making a noise so loud I swear my ears started ringing. I suppose being naked around all this military hardware probably wasn't the best idea, and that definitely gave me all the motivation I needed to get the hell out of there.
035
THOR
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Another shot nailed Kaylee in the shoulder. I expected her to falter, and fall over again. Anything to give us a few more precious seconds.
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She didn't. So they shot her again, sending another shell flying straight into her forearm. She barely even seemed to notice that one, and just kept crawling forward.

And that was when she reached for us. This was truly going to be the end, now. Her arm just moved so fast. So much faster than we could ever hope to run… so much faster…



We just weren't moving fast enough!

At least, that's what it seemed like. But she hadn't crawled forward enough to reach us, even with her latest boost in height. Another shot went off, exploding into her tit but it didn't seem like the cannons even phased her anymore. She was the most determined I'd ever seen her, and that's when I realized she wasn't aiming for us.

Her hand slowed down directly over one of the tanks. Our protection probably wasn't going to be around much longer...



With a mighty slap her hand slammed into the ground. And just like that, an entire tank vanished as if she had just swatted a fly. There was a big ‘BOOM!’ too. Even bigger than the impact the shells had made on Kaylee herself. Fire erupted around her fingers, but it didn’t even seem to bother her… what are you supposed to do against something like this?!



We really fucked up by waiting so long, but were determined to make up for it now. Mom and I ran as fast as our legs would carry us, but this wasn't going to work. Escape was an impossibility, and we couldn't hope to possibly outrun her now. Our only chance was to hide. Again. We ran by an overturned semi-truck, and for a split-second it seemed like the perfect place.

"Hey guys! You're not trying to run away or anything, are you?" Kaylee boomed. Her voice was so omnipresent and loud I could feel the air vibrating with every syllable.I looked up at her, and saw that she'd already closed the gap between us!



“You’ve always looked down on me.” she said flatly.
“Both of you…”

Once again she reached towards us. Once again I thought we were going to die. Once again, she had her sights set on something else.



Two tanks that had rolled up to this encounter side by side were collected in the blink of an eye. With just one hand she'd grabbed them both, and squeezed them together like they were empty soda cans. All that heavy metal and thick armor plating… strong enough to survive direct hits from rockets, but too fragile to withstand Kaylee's fingers. I knew they were likely to explode any second, and I did my best to brace for impact.


I thought she'd already squeezed her hand, and the tanks had done an admirable job resisting her tremendous strength. I was wrong. When she really closed her fingers together, both tanks crumpled like they were made of paper for a split-second before they exploded spectacularly!
Kaylee's expression was one of pure hatred. Which, admittedly, was one she kind of always had. But resting bitch face is a lot scarier when she's 500 feet tall and smashing two tanks in her hand!



As if the tanks hadn't been through enough she threw the both of them at the ground and they exploded *again*. I mean, how many times can a tank explode!? At least twice, I guess. And oh my god, it was so freaking loud! My ears were ringing again, and for a moment I was really worried I'd gone deaf. That would have been the worst thing that could happen!

Oh, umm, and I also was really concerned about the guys inside of those tanks, or whatever.


Kaylee seemed to enjoy watching the explosions, judging by the sounds of her heavier breathing. God, she's always been a freaking pyro. More importantly, this afforded us the opportunity to jump behind the overturned semi-truck. Not a very original plan, but it would keep us hidden from Kaylee. Hopefully long enough for her to assume we already turned down the street up ahead, or something.



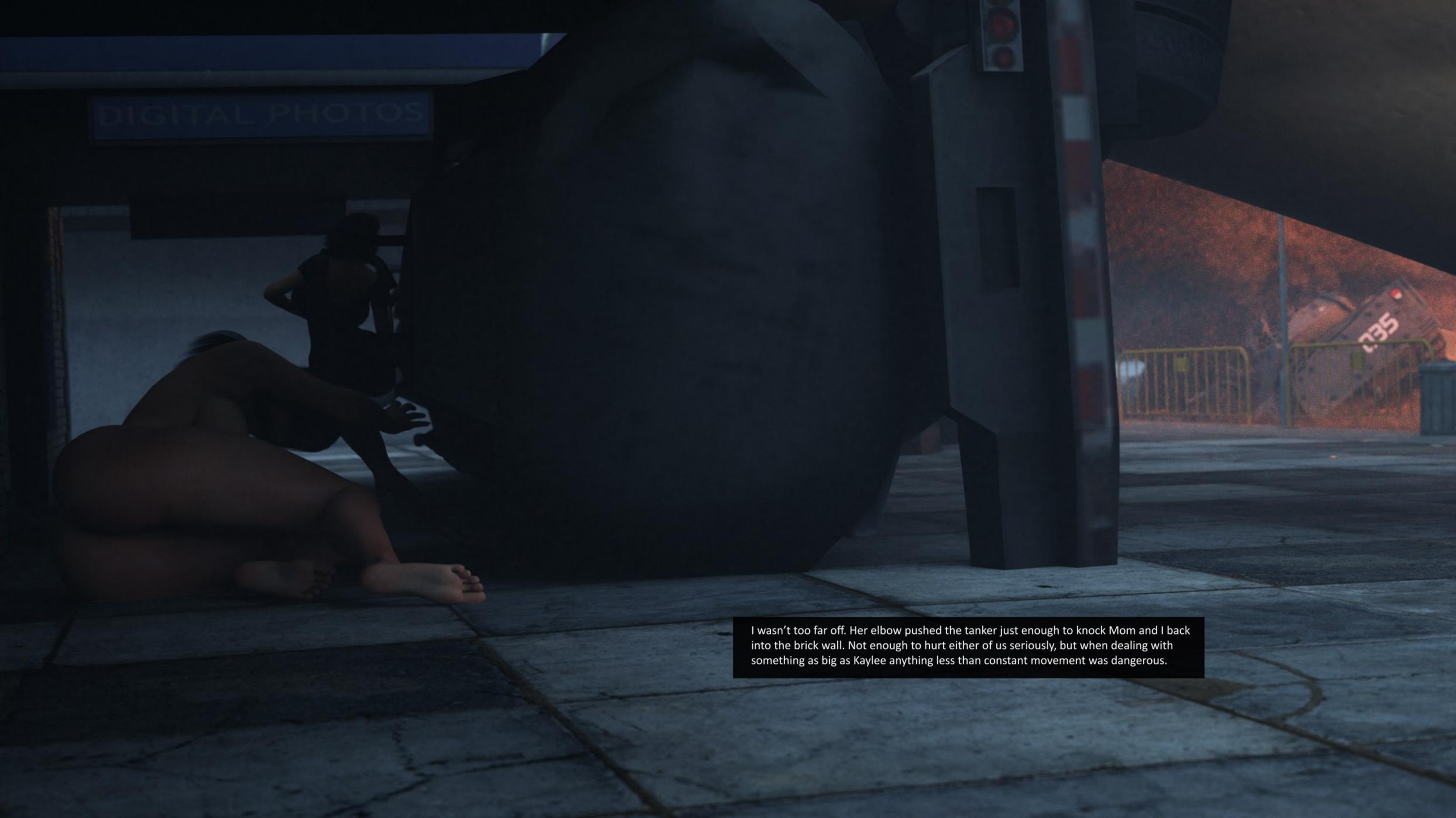
“Where the hell did you two go?” Kaylee asked, her fingers tearing up more of the street in frustration. **“Why are you still running? You know you can’t get away, right? No matter where you go, I’ll hunt you down! I’m bigger, and faster than any way you could escape! If I have to go to the ends of the fucking earth you won’t get away!”**

Of course she just had to keep monologuing. What did she say after that? Something about how, “And maybe I’ll be the one to end it?” God, she claims to hate drama but she’s always so fucking dramatic.


That’s when Mom pulled me by the hair. “Come on, Kayla, let’s go! There’s an alley over here we can take!” We made our way over, careful to stay hidden behind the tanker.



It looked like we were going to make it through when once again a tank shot her in the fucking tit. Given how much higher she was positioned this time it didn't seem to bother her too much, but the impact was enough to make the big thing jiggle furiously. I could feel the earth shake as the vibrations threw her off balance, and for a second I thought she was going to come crashing down right on top of us.



I wasn't too far off. Her elbow pushed the tanker just enough to knock Mom and I back into the brick wall. Not enough to hurt either of us seriously, but when dealing with something as big as Kaylee anything less than constant movement was dangerous.


“Come on!” Mom said. Before I even knew what was happening, she was on her feet again and rounding the corner. I felt like I’d be a little sore tomorrow, if there even was a tomorrow, but was otherwise unharmed As usual, she was in a way bigger hurry than me. I knew we needed to get away, but it would do us no good to tire ourselves out early. We needed to conserve our energy! Besides... I couldn’t help but look over at what Kaylee was doing.


There were two tanks directly in front of her. And she was... leaning over so she could crush them under her boobs. Ugh. Of course she fucking was. Typical Kaylee. Like, not to critique her or anything, but that's such an ineffective way of crushing things.
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At least, that's what I assumed. I thought it would be easy to escape her fat tits coming down considering how slowly she needed to move to accomplish that, but a bunch of guys in army uniforms seemed to only just realize that they were in danger. One of them wasn't so lucky, and he got caught under Kaylee's boob right before he finished making it out.



She pressed down really slowly, since I’m pretty sure crushing things like this would require way too much precision to be done any faster. Or maybe she was just drawing things out to mess with them. Either way, her tits pushed the tanks into the ground, and made them flip over.. The army guys who escaped probably would have been able to get away… but as she leaned forward further she carried the tanks with her. And I’d seen firsthand what would happen to a tank if enough pressure was applied like, three times today. There’s no way these guys were **going** to get away in time…



“You’re nothing! You’re all nothing! You’re all fucking garbage compared to me!” she screamed so loudly my ears started ringing again. I looked up and watched Kaylee’s face, hoping to see a sly smirk or something, like maybe she was just trying to scare them.

No such luck. No, her expression was best described as, “really fucking pissed.” But it felt like there was something else going on there. Like, she was getting off on it at the same time, or something? I dunno, but Kaylee’s a total sicko, so I bet she was.

“You think you guys are tough?” she asked. **“I’m gonna kill you all with my fucking tits!”**



Then Kaylee really pressed down. Like, as hard as she could. And literally like one second later, the tanks fucking exploded in unison. All the army guys who were still running away were consumed by the explosions. They didn't stand a goddamn chance as the fire force ripped right through them.

But… Kaylee's tits were totally fine. Not a scratch on them. Because of course they fucking were.



She wasn't satisfied with just dropping her tits onto the tanks, though. She started swinging her tits back and forth like she was twisting her heel out on a cigarette butt or something. Just to cause as much damage as she possibly could. I secretly hoped she was at least hurting her nipples by scraping them into the pavement like that, but given everything else I've seen her endure I had my doubts. Nothing seemed to hurt Kaylee anymore. Nothing physical, anyway.


“Kayla, come on! We need to be going!” Mom said. She was right. I’d spent far too much time gawking, but when I got back to my feet I couldn’t help but steal one last look. It was so hard to believe that what I was seeing was real… my sister’s big, stupid chest had just smashed a couple of tanks. The fires she caused in doing so illuminated her stomach, which stretched across the street like an archway. It was wild.
But not wild enough to continue risking my life on. I knew I couldn’t waste anymore time, so I followed after mom.


Kaylee was making so much noise I actually felt it before anything else. Great big gusts of air that, for once, wasn't Kaylee's fucking breath. It was the helicopter! Some kind of big military chopper, like you'd see in an old war movie. It was flying low, and fast.
"That's it!" Mom said,making sure I was still following. "That's our ride! Let's go!"



We cut through the alley to get to the helicopter, and by the time we got there it had safely landed. As the blades whirred to a stop a soldier stepped out, and motioned for us to board. “Come on, let’s go!” he shouted. “We’ve got to get you out of here, Krystal!!”

But mom just yelled at him instead. “Was this the best you could bring?! How on Earth is my daughter supposed to fit in this little thing?!”

Ugh. That’s mom. I know I’m bigger now, but this looked like some serious military stuff. Surely I could still fit inside… right?


"I'm sorry, ma'am!" the soldier shouted, "We didn't know how big she'd gotten! There's not enough room in here for you! But we were ordered to make sure nothing happened to you, so your daughter's going to have to go on her own from here!"
I had a sinking feeling in my chest. "Umm, mom? Does… does that mean we have to say goodbye?" I'm a grown woman, but right now leaving my mom was the absolute last thing I wanted to do.



"Like hell you are!" Mom shouted. She stepped up to the soldier and jabbed her finger in his chest forcefully. "I will not leave my daughter behind, and neither will you! You find some way to carry both of us off in this thing, or I swear I will personally make sure you get court-martialed!"

She was really mad but there was something that seemed… off to me. Mom had to have been like, a foot taller than the guy. Was he just a total manlet, or had mom gotten taller too? Was that even possible?

I didn't have much time to worry about that. A low rumbling sound rumbled through the very earth beneath us, and I looked up at someone much, much taller than either mom or myself.



"There you are!" Kaylee shouted, her voice so loud I swear it nearly pushed me over. "You really thought you could just fly away, didn't you? Did you really think it would be that easy?"

Seeing her tower over that building made her look so much more intimidating. A fact made worse when I realized she wasn't even standing. She was just on her knees! She looked like something from a monster movie. A giant creature obscured by fog and mist. It's weird to say, since she's my half-sister and everything, but… it felt like a religious experience, almost. Like we were in the presence of a god. I could only imagine what things were like from her point of view.



POV: Kaylee

There better not be any more fucking tanks. I've had enough of the military's bullshit today, and now that I've finally spotted mom and Kayla once again I wasn't going to let myself be deterred by further distractions. Especially not after it actually took me a couple minutes to spot them. If that helicopter hadn't been so noisy there's no way I would've been able to notice them through all the smoke and fog.


But their time had finally come. I could have swatted them in the blink of an eye, but I was enjoying looming over them too much. The panicked, scared expressions on their tiny little faces… oh man. It was perfect! Their whole little plan had been ruined! I don't know how they managed to get a helicopter given everything going on, but it wasn't going to help them now. God, they must have really thought they'd pulled one over on me. They must have thought I was sooo stupid. But I'm not. I'm a hell of a lot smarter than everyone gives me credit for.



They weren't moving. Acting like a deer caught in headlights, and every bit as helpless. They must have thought they could pile into that helicopter and fly away. It didn't look like Kayla would fit, anyway.

I waited for them to run again. Just so I could take their latest escape away from them as well. I bet those blades wouldn't even break my skin at this size.

But instead… mom tried to talk things out. Or, rather, yell at me."Leave us alone!" she screamed. "You're not my real daughter! I don't want to have anything to do with you, Kaylee!"



I bet she expected that to hurt, but I was more confused than anything. I wondered why she thought provoking me, the 500-foot tall woman who could crush both of them with a pinky finger, was a good idea. Then it dawned on me exactly what she was trying to do, and I burst out in laughter. Just completely lost it, right there in the middle of the street.

“Oh, I get it now!” I said between chuckles. “You’re trying to get me so mad that I lose control and grow again! Then try to escape again while I’m distracted from growing! Well guess what, it’s not going to work this time! You can only disown me once. I’m fuckin’ over it! I don’t give a shit! Why would I care what a couple of little future corpses think of me?! I’m gonna tear both of you limb from limb, and I’m gonna enjoy it!”

That’s when I noticed the army guy was yelling something into his radio. “Attack Kaylee now! We need fire support as soon as possible!”

No… he wasn’t...



And that's when a tank shot me in the ass.

I've had enough of these things by now, but I really don't know what they were trying to accomplish. It didn't even hurt! And my ass was so big it didn't even knock me off balance! At most crushing these guys was going to distract me for a couple of seconds. Certainly not long enough that Kayla could stuff her fat ass into the helicopter and take off.

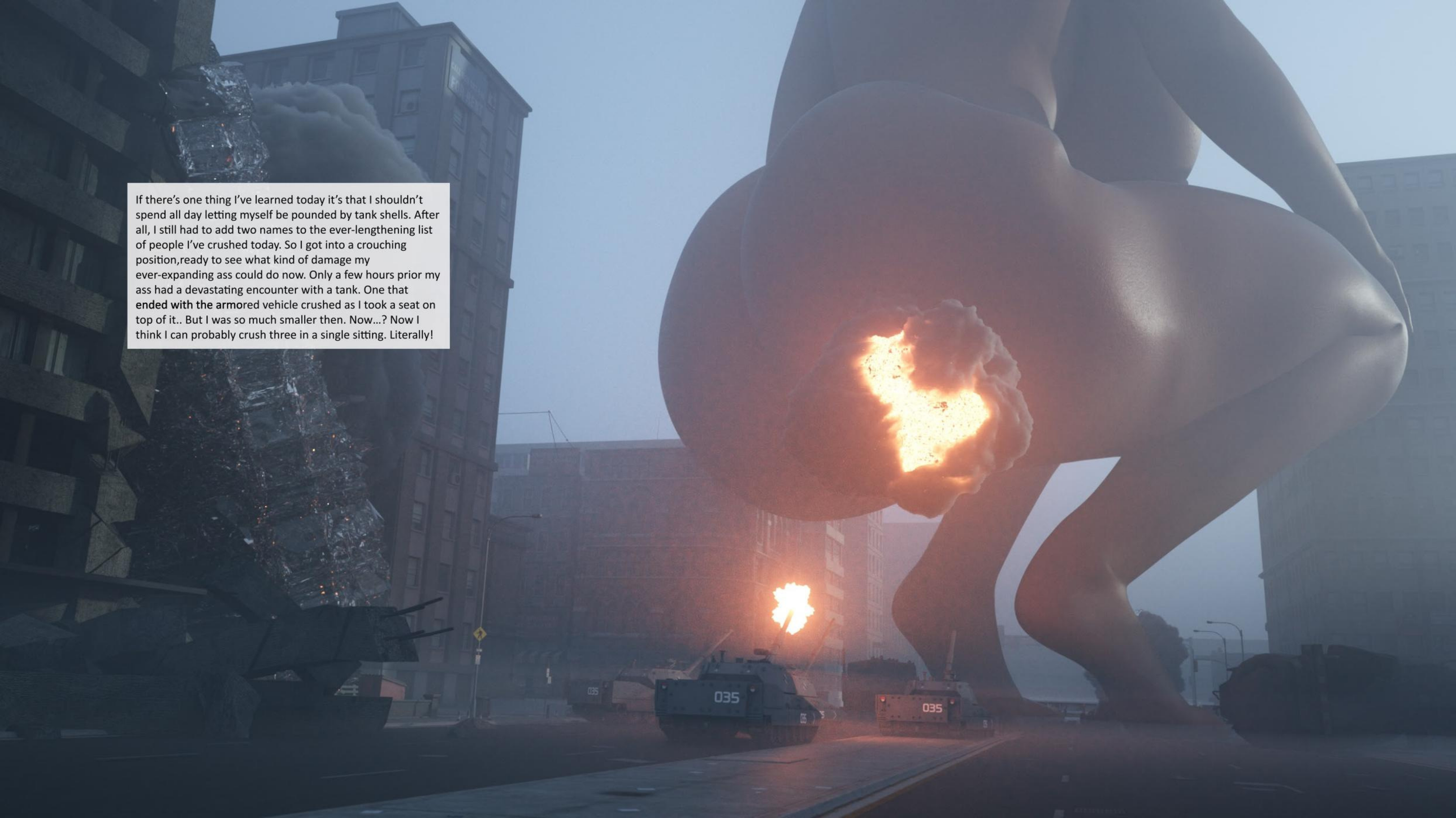

A single tank wouldn't have bothered me, but after another tank shell hit me in the ass I thought it was suspiciously quick. Turning back I saw that no less than three tanks were doing their absolute best to pound me in the ass. I could have continued ignoring them... but I've already gone and crushed every other tank I've met today. Why should these guys deserve special treatment above all else?


I had already resigned myself to crushing them when one of them actually managed to fire a shot directly into my pussy! It… didn't hurt, surprisingly. If anything… it actually felt kind of good. Kind of really good. Like, tingles through my whole body good.



"Is that the best you can do?" I asked as my nipples stiffened. "Threaten me with a good time? Well I don't mind, I just wish you would have asked first!"

Another shot nailed me in the same place, and triggered the exact same rush of endorphins. They had to be aiming there on purpose, right? Did they think that was my weak point? That I was a boss in some lame video game?

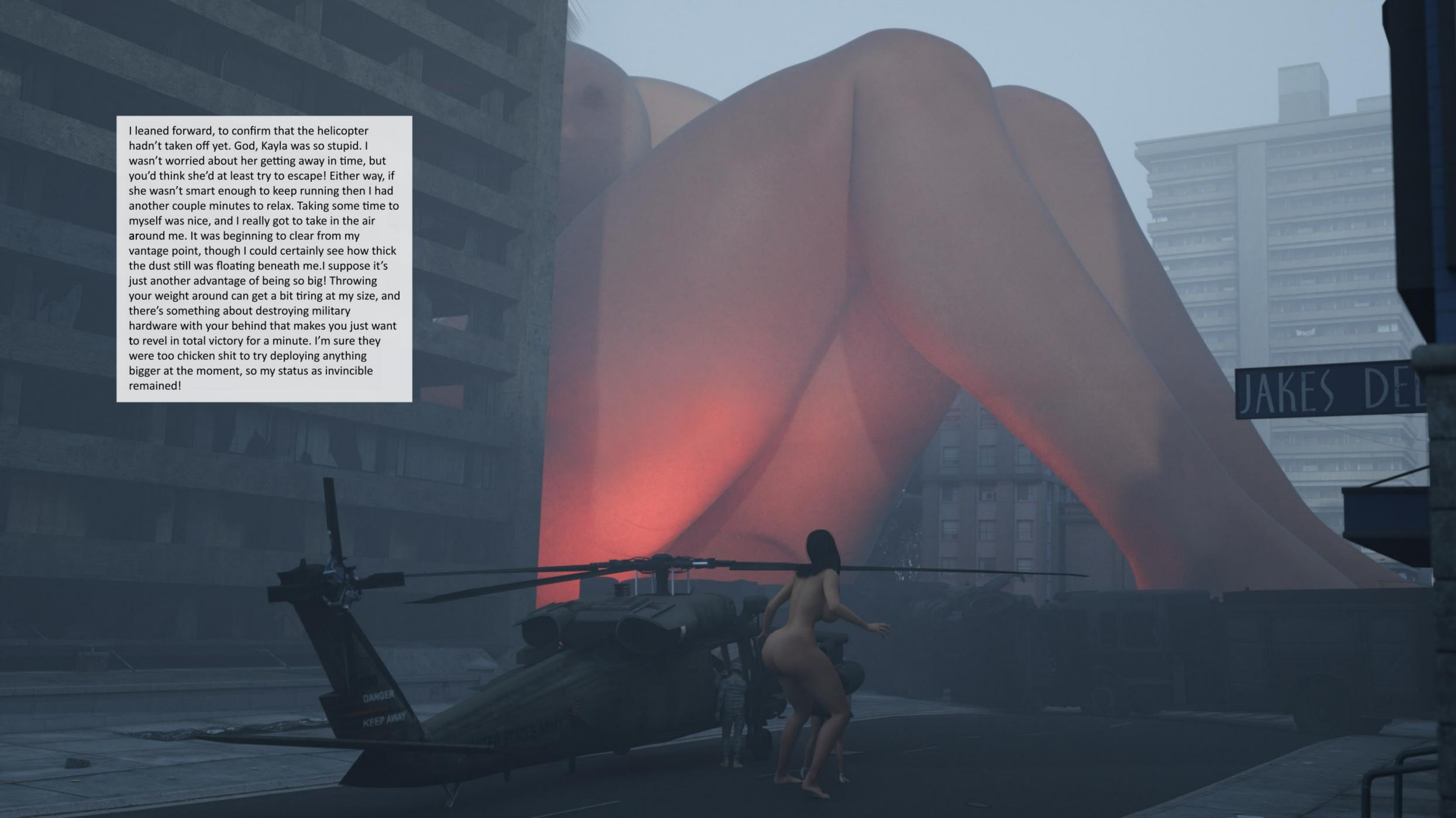


If there's one thing I've learned today it's that I shouldn't spend all day letting myself be pounded by tank shells. After all, I still had to add two names to the ever-lengthening list of people I've crushed today. So I got into a crouching position,ready to see what kind of damage my ever-expanding ass could do now. Only a few hours prior my ass had a devastating encounter with a tank. One that ended with the armored vehicle crushed as I took a seat on top of it.. But I was so much smaller then. Now...? Now I think I can probably crush three in a single sitting. Literally!


I don’t know what they were hoping to accomplish when they lobbed yet another shot directly into my pussy. Surely they didn’t think that one was going to be any more effective than the ones I’d already endured? Oh well, I suppose that was a nice parting gift as I leaned further back to drop my ass on them. Sayonara fuckers!



Not two seconds later I threw my weight back onto them. My ass hit the ground, and wham! I had honestly expected needing my entire ass to crush all three… but it seemed like they all fit nicely under just my left cheek! The second my ass crashed down onto them they exploded beautifully, leaving the pavement to totally collapse under my weight. I'm sure from their perspective it looked like something straight out of a disaster movie. And to think, just a few hours earlier my ass was barely bigger than a single tank! I didn't even know how poor and deprived I had been.



I leaned forward, to confirm that the helicopter hadn't taken off yet. God, Kayla was so stupid. I wasn't worried about her getting away in time, but you'd think she'd at least try to escape! Either way, if she wasn't smart enough to keep running then I had another couple minutes to relax. Taking some time to myself was nice, and I really got to take in the air around me. It was beginning to clear from my vantage point, though I could certainly see how thick the dust still was floating beneath me.I suppose it's just another advantage of being so big! Throwing your weight around can get a bit tiring at my size, and there's something about destroying military hardware with your behind that makes you just want to revel in total victory for a minute. I'm sure they were too chicken shit to try deploying anything bigger at the moment, so my status as invincible remained!



But… just to be sure I checked behind me. I don't know how many times today my mood has been ruined by a sudden explosion somewhere on my body. But, surprisingly… the coast was clear! There weren't any other soldiers or tanks, and I had a feeling they'd have a hard time bringing more. The whole area where the towers collapsed was a giant heap of ruins. Nothing but broken buildings and cracked pavement, all of which would be hard to drive over. I had to admit I was a little impressed by how much I'd done! Which was especially impressive considering most of it wasn't even intentional!


I don’t know how long I was sitting there but I do know the exact moment I was knocked out of my reverie. That familiar, chopping sound of a helicopter taking off broke the silence and I whipped my head to the side. It was the same helicopter that had been on the ground just a minute earlier! Shit, I didn’t think Kayla could climb inside that quickly! Or that it could even take off with her fat ass inside!



The coast was completely clear. The visibility was low. And they were within reach. They weren't going to fucking get away this time. Even the thought of losing them after getting so close filled me with rage. I crawled over the building, tits smashing into it like a wrecking ball as I reached for the helicopter.

This is it. Nothing short of a nuke was going to stop me this time. With a flash of anger I closed a fist around the helicopter as tightly as I could manage. The blades snapped against my fingers, not even breaking the skin as metal began to bend and deform from my strength alone. I fucking had them!



And as quickly as it began, it was over.

Fuck.

I wanted to draw this out. Minutes. Hours, possibly. Even days if I felt like it. I talked about smashing them in the blink of an eye to scare them, but my intention had always been to torment them for as long as I could. Really let them know how much they fucked up by wronging me. Kaylee. Instead I underestimated my new strength and the helicopter exploded in a massive ball of fire.


For a split-second I felt a scorching heat all over the inside of my palm. An embarrassing scream came out of my mouth as I quickly dropped the helicopter.
It shouldn't have bothered me. Killing them was the plan all along, right? Maybe it was because it happened by accident that I was so shocked. The undeniable immediacy of it just smacked me in the face. I had done it. I really killed them. If there was even anything left of mom and Kayla after the explosion it was being burned away in the flaming wreckage right now.


I'd killed thousands of people already. Probably more like tens of thousands, really. Not a single one of them affected me negatively. I had enjoyed killing most of them. But looking down at the smoldering pile of steel I was forced to confront that I'd murdered the only people I'd ever been close to. There was a damn good reason I gave them so many opportunities to join me. Why couldn't they have just accepted?!



“Oh shit. Oh fuck, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it....” I muttered to myself. I got down on all fours to get a closer look. Maybe… this was just another trick. Maybe the pilot was a coward and took off without them, and they were running down some alley right now?

No, of course not. Don’t be stupid, Kaylee. There was no doubt in my mind that the helicopter had come to collect them specifically. Why would it just up and leave without the VIP’s?



But I couldn't quite shake it. Kayla was obviously too big to fit into that helicopter, right? I looked around the streets and alleys, but the visibility was still poor. I feel like I would have seen any movement anyway, but the streets were silent. I looked through the windows of burnt-out buildings, and behind cars. Nothing. Not even any trace that someone had been moving nearby. Anxiety continued to mount but after a few minutes I knew I was chasing a ghost. I was denying the truth. They had to be dead.

But I kept looking anyway. Maybe I felt like if I looked hard enough, I could somehow undo it. Maybe I thought there was something I'd overlooked. Another helicopter, more tanks that could have carried them. Something! Maybe I just hoped that I'd fallen asleep after crushing those tanks, and this was just a dream before I woke back up.


All of my searching turned up fruitless. I didn't find them. They might as well not have even existed. No trace left. They were probably turning into jerky inside of the helicopter.
I did, however, find something that made me feel better. As I was working through a lot of stuff I caught sight of dozens of soldiers and cops running away. The same kinds of fuckers stupid enough to load Kayla and Krystal into a helicopter with me around!
DRUGS
COSMETICS
PHARMACY
NORTH
LAST EXIT
50
EXIT 25
NYPD



I just couldn't let them go. "You!" I shouted, clenching my fists in anger. "You fuckers just killed my family!"

Sure, maybe I was the one who actually crushed the helicopter into a million shards of metal. But I wouldn't have done that had they not put me into a position where I had no choice! The least they could have done was drive off in a humvee or something! You have to grab something flying in the air forcefully to stop it so it's all their fault!


I tried to calm myself, but it wasn't working. I was apoplectic with rage just thinking about the indignity of it all. And, as I so often have when overcome with rage today… I grew.
AUTO SALES



Normally growing even more was cool. That wasn't working this time. Growing just made me angrier. Maybe if I wasn't this fucking big I wouldn't have crushed the helicopter when I tried to grab it. I didn't want to be totally overcome with rage, but it was getting more difficult to keep things under control. If I lost it I could end up passing out again, and I didn't want to let those pigs get away. Not after what they'd done.


So I focused the rage and the painI guided it to where it needed to be. I focused more than I've focused on anything in a long while. I could feel it coursing through my body. And all that anger was channeled into personal growth. Literally.
AUTO SALES



I thought about how big I was getting. I may have just been cursing my size but now that revenge was on the menu I needed more. I craved it. The bigger I got, the more of those fuckers I'd be able to kill at one time...



It wasn't long before the growth gradually petered out. I opened my eyes, and saw that someone was staring back at me as they ran.



Fuck that guy. I don't know who he is or what his deal is, but he was dead. I took a step forward, and all of the crowds below cried out in terror. I'd been standing and sitting around so long they must have thought they'd have been able to put more distance between us in the meantime. Now that I was moving again, it was clear they hadn't moved nearly far enough.

I wasn't going to waste any time. I was gonna kill that little fucker. I know I said I was going to deal with the pigs and the army guys first, but I really didn't like the way that creep was gawking at me. Just getting an eyeful of my naked body. Who spies on a woman like that? He had to be put in his fucking place.



My first step at my new size was as revealing as it had been every other time. With every growth spurt I felt more massive, more powerful. I could feel the pavement rupture under my toes with every little step. It used to take my entire foot to crush a car. Now my big toe was almost as big as the shitty white sedan that I had just flattened into the ground.


It was hard tracking the little guy in the gray hoodie, and not just because he was well-camouflaged with all the debris still drifting through the air. It's probably cliche to say that people look like bugs when you're this high up, but hey, cliches exist for a reason, right? And the thought of letting a creep like him live made me feel sicker than I already did. Targeting a specific ant in a crowd might have been a weird thing to do, but I didn't fucking care at this point.


INTERSTATE
495
EXIT 25
SPEED
LIMIT
50
Though he was difficult to track he was not impossible. As soon as I managed to find him again, I got back on the move. Seeing him try to run away was... actually pretty funny. How does he, no, how does anyone seriously think they can evade me on foot? My casual walking speed has to be over fifty miles an hour by now! And I haven't tried running since I grew but I'm sure there's no car that could outpace me if I did!



There was a road sign in the way. Well, it was only technically in the way, as there was no fucking chance it was going to slow me down. I bet it couldn't even trip me up if I walked right into it at this point. It would just be ripped from its foundations, torn apart like it was made of paper!

I'd psyched myself up for this. Now I had to try it! Once I reached the stupid sign I just pushed my foot forward. And, as expected, the sign conformed to the shape of my moving foot. The little people far below had to obey the traffic signs, but the traffic bowed to me! As my toes came down right above the little guy, he fell back and cowered in fear like a little baby. That shit was hilarious!


INTERSTATE
495
EXIT 25
LAST EXIT
SPEED LIMIT
50
I brought my foot down, but I certainly didn't require the entire thing to take care of him. Not even my big toe was required! I nailed him with my fucking pinky toe! How funny is that? My little-ass pinky toe was enough to squish this guy!


I started cooling down now that he was gone, but my anger spiked back up when I heard someone screaming. I looked down, and saw that he was somehow still alive. I guess I only got his lower body, so he was still punching my toes and begging me to let him go and everything. I could have finished him off, and some would argue I probably should have finished him off... but nah. It was way more hilarious to just leave the little guy the way he was!



I couldn't let myself enjoy his torment for too long, though. I had other targets to take care of, like a bunch of cops and army dickheads running away.I wasn't planning on leaving any survivors! Not after what they'd done! I took another step forward. There wasn't going to be any finesse or fanciness in their deaths. No toying with them. Just clean, efficient, destruction. I raised my foot above them, signaling the end.


There must have been half a dozen of them running around in the shadow of my foot. Had I been in a more playful mood that was six distinct steps to get them all. Right now? All I wanted to do was try and hit them all at once. Should be easy, right?


Not as easy as you'd think. I may have been plenty big and had excellent positioning, but these guys weren't prepared to just run in a predictable path. Once it was clear they were being targeted they scattered in unison. After it was clear I wouldn't hit all of them I instead changed to focus on just one as I wasn't about to waste this step. I couldn't see what he looked like. How are you supposed to tell one ant from another, after all? Also because I couldn't exactly see through my foot, and he was completely under there.


I brought my foot down with brutal efficiency, and he popped like a grape. I may have missed all of the others, but they knew what was up. The impact of my foot certainly got their attention as they all turned to look at my toes in unison.


I lifted my other foot and took another step forward. I was eager to start popping some little guys... but I felt something weird on my toe. I was just about to lift my foot to take a look when I heard a familiar squealing. The guy in the gray hoodie was still stuck to my toe! Gross, right?



Gross, but not unexpected. It didn't bother me all that much because I knew the next step would take care of him and a bunch of other deserving people. I held my toes above a group of cops, and they tried to scramble again. That wasn't going to work on me again! All it took was a little shift from my foot and…



SPLAT! I smashed everyone underneath me into the ground as hard as I could! I barely even felt their bodies crunch; they were so puny! From what I could tell I had smashed at least three of them, not counting the hoodie guy who would probably count as like… half a guy, I guess. So I crushed three and a half guys, but a couple army dicks jumped to the side. One of the cops, a lady I think, managed to make it directly under my heel. Oh, sweetie, that's not exactly a safe place to run to if you're dodging my foot, and I had to admit I didn't care for the way she was looking at me...



As it turns out, that particular problem had a very simple solution. I took great care to calculate the angle, look at her escape options, and-

Oh who am I kidding. I didn't care enough to put any thought into it beyond bringing my heel back down with pulverizing force. The pavement shattered, and I heard a shrill scream. Again. Did I not finish the hoodie guy off?


Oh... I did. It looks like I only got the bottom half of the lady cop underneath me. I am being awfully careless, aren't I? I took a minute to marvel at my sheer scale, and admired the screaming little body pinned under my heel. Each of my feet were as long as a city street now, if not wider! But my gaze shifted to the two army guys who'd survived two of my attempts to stomp them now. And, making matters worse, they were very rudely staring up at my perfect body. I definitely had to do something about them...
JAKES DELI
POLICE



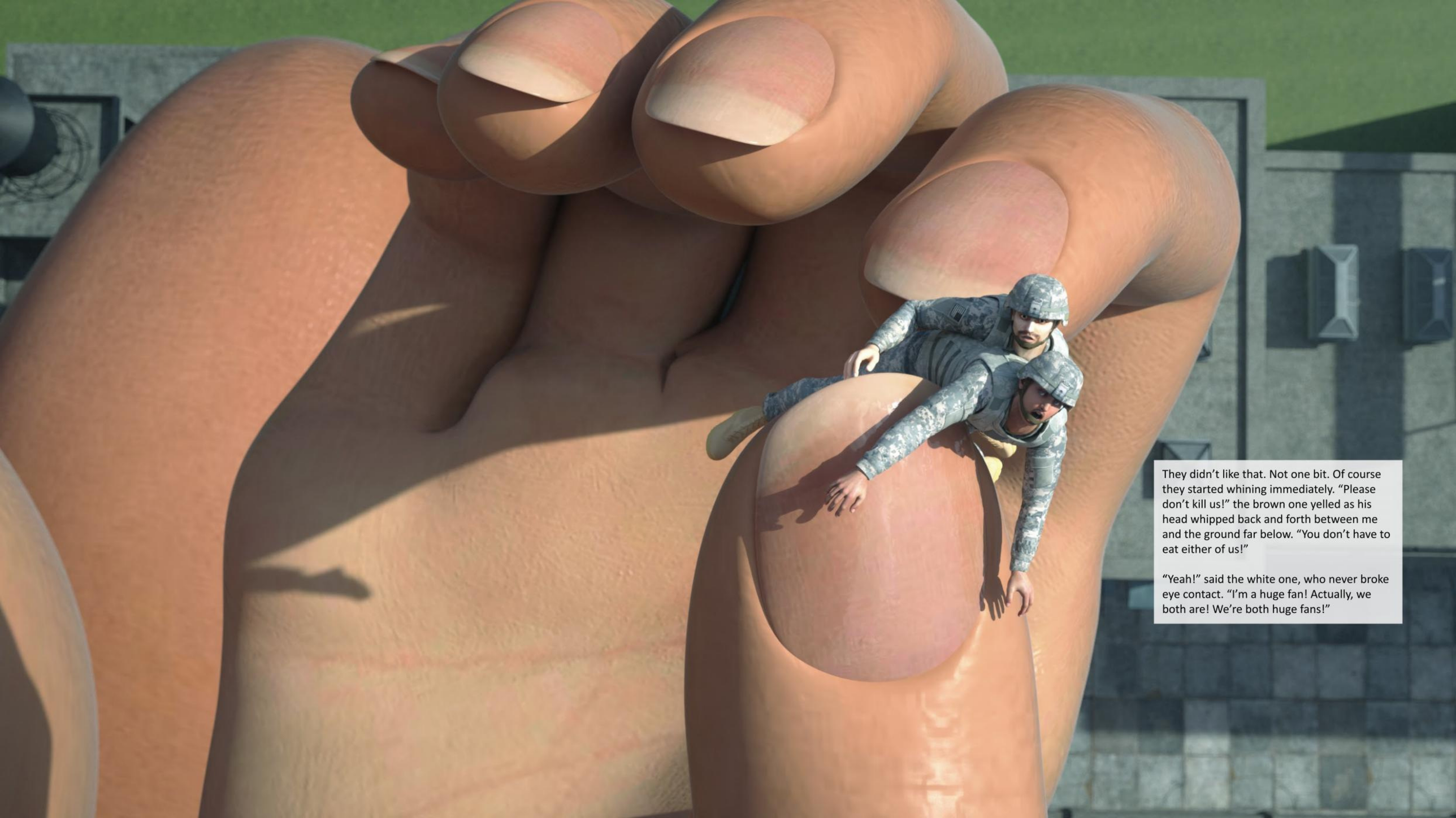
I loved this. This rush of power as they were so obviously helpless to do anything to stop me. I crouched to grab them and they ran from me as fast as they could.

They never had a chance.



I could have squished them under my toes as easily as I had their friends. But I wanted to pick them up. Maybe it was a sign that they were special for managing to avoid being crushed twice. Or maybe I just wanted to see the terror in their eyes, a thing I'd lost after growing so much. Picking them up was incredibly easy. The hard part was making sure not to inadvertently crush them between my fingers. Dealing with such delicate little things was not my forte, a lesson that I'd just had a painful reminder of. But my rage was gone, now. In its place was hunger, and I wasn't interested in licking my fingers for some form of sustenance.

I know it's rude to play with your food, but who was going to stop me?"So," I asked, "I'm feeling a little hungry and you two just look so good. But I can't decide! Which one of you do I eat first?"



They didn't like that. Not one bit. Of course they started whining immediately. "Please don't kill us!" the brown one yelled as his head whipped back and forth between me and the ground far below. "You don't have to eat either of us!"

"Yeah!" said the white one, who never broke eye contact. "I'm a huge fan! Actually, we both are! We're both huge fans!"



Ugh. I hate that kind of transparent desperation, but I decided I'd play along anyway. Just a bit, at least.

"Oh? You are? Well, I'm always pleased to meet a fan. No matter how tiny they are." I said, flashing a winning smile. "So since you two are such big fans of mine… you want to help me feel good, right?"

"Umm… yeah, of course!"


"Well that's great!" I said, "Because I'm really hungry, and after giving it some thought I think I'd rather just eat both of you at once!"
"No! No, wait! Not like that!" they screamed.
EAST BROADWAY DRY CLEANERS


“Food doesn’t talk.” I said. My fingers separated, and that was enough to send them away. One managed to hold onto my fingernail for a split-second, but quickly lost his balance and joined his friend inside of my mouth.



Both of them fell between my lips slightly out of sync, and bounced off of my tongue. I had to hold my breath, as the last thing I wanted was to inadvertently inhale one of the little guys they were so small and start choking. I didn't want them to slide down my throat just yet, though. I wanted to try chewing on them a bit. Sure, they were pretty bland and flavorless right now, and I mostly ate people this way for the way it made me feel, but I'm sure actually biting down would mix things up a bit.


While scouting the city to figure out my next move I absent-mindedly gnawed on them. At first I chewed on them as lightly as I could. Just enough to break bones, and really make them squirm to give me that good mouth-feel. Then I tried to just barely break the skin, so I could get just a taste of their blood. But my thoughts were a bit too engaging, and as I found myself thinking about the helicopter again my blood started to boil. And as my blood started to boil, I found myself chewing harder.
DRUGS
COSMETICS
BEER



“How could they have been so fucking stupid?!” I muttered to myself. “I mean, if they would have just waited there for me, and not tried to fly away in the helicopter they would still be... “ I trailed off.

I was definitely trying to kill them at the time. And they definitely knew that.

But I’m positive I would have changed my mind before actually going through with it if I’d had the chance! I mean, I probably would have made them my slaves, or lick my feet, or something messed up like that. I wanted to keep them around as, I don’t know, slaves or something. Not actually *dead*!”

I probably should have kept these thoughts inside of my head, but by saying them out loud I inadvertently started chewing as I talked. Neither of the army guys seemed to appreciate that much, but one in particular was screaming and being super fucking annoying. He was all, “Aaagh, stop! Please stop! Waah!” Fucking pussy. I thought you were supposed to be tough to be in the military.

“Will you shut the fuck up?!” I said to him, right before realizing how stupid it was to talk to him.



I was five- hundred goddamn feet tall. He was, quite literally, inside of my mouth! Why bother engaging with him on any level when I could just bite down on him, so that's exactly what I did! I made sure to bite down as hard as I could, and instantly split both of the little fuckers in half. Their little helmets and armor sort of resisted for a moment, and the sensation reminded me a lot of chewing on pistachios. I've always liked pistachios!

Sadly, the taste was not quite up to snuff. It wasn't quite steak... or unagi? No, this was something else. Then I remembered! Steak tartare! I wasn't usually much for European food, but it's some kind of a delicacy in, like, France or something? And you wouldn't think they'd know much about food, what with how they can't even speak English, but it's actually pretty good! Weird, I'd always heard people taste like pork. Maybe that's just cops? I'm pretty sure the cops I've already sampled tasted like pork, anyway.



After everything that had happened, I wanted to take some time for myself. Just try to relax, and think things over. I leaned on a nearby building, and thought things through as I chewed on what was left of the army guys. Maybe… there was a bright side to this whole thing I wasn't considering. I tried thinking outside of the box. Tried approaching the situation from a different angle.

"Wait... if Mom and Kayla are dead, then that means I should get their money, right? Those bitches better have put me in their will… " Did Kayla even have a will? That was such an old person thing to do. I could see mom doing it, but Kayla was so stupid she probably didn't even know what that was. Either way, even billions of dollars felt like an empty victory if I was still alone. "Ugh. Besides, what the hell am I going to do with a billion dollars when I'm like this?" I asked myself **aloud.** "I'd probably burn through a billion in a month with how much I have to eat now! And what does all of that money mean if I can't even see the look on Kayla's face?"


Sadly, my contemplation was cut short, thanks to L.A.'s shitty architectural standards. I might have been five hundred feet tall, and weighed... I don't even know how many tons, but that's no excuse for having a building collapse *just* because I leaned on it! What use is any of this if it can't even serve as a worthwhile seat?



I tried, but wasn't able to catch myself so I slammed into a nearby building. When you're as big as I am with… assets as big as mine you have so much more momentum when losing balance than a normal person. I hoped that it would hold long enough for me to catch myself and sit back up, but no such luck. My body colliding with it toppled half of it in the blink of an eye, **and the building I** was leaning on did even worse. They just fell apart like they were made out of sand. God, everything in this city sucks so bad!

As the smoke began to clear I looked down in front of me. There had been a small part situated there that I just… hadn't been paying any attention to. There were a bunch of people running away from me, as usual. I swear it's gotten to the point where I feel like I can identify people better from behind, since that's all I see of most of them now.

Well, most of them were running away, that is. All except was this one guy in a white shirt. How many fucking creeps lived in this city?! While I was falling through a couple buildings like nothing he just stared up at me. He probably had a total fucking boner, and I have no idea how long he had been staring! What a creep! I really, really hate creeps…





Luckily, I've gotten used to a few special privileges that my size allows. For example, if someone's bothering me I can just turn them off! He was close enough now that I didn't even have to move quickly. Just a calm, gradual movement of the arm as I reached towards him. He tried to block my finger with his hands, a gesture that would have made me laugh if I hadn't been so intent on squishing him.

"Wait! Wait!" he yelled.

"Oh?" I asked, stopping suddenly and tilting my head to the side as if I were at all interested in hearing him out..

"Don't hurt me! I didn't-"

"Bye bye." I interrupted



Then I just pushed my finger down. I didn't press especially hard. Didn't need to. That, and he certainly wasn't worth the effort of doing so. Without even trying my fingernail sliced him in half, and the tip of my finger flattened everything below his midsection. Just like that, he went from being an annoying creep to an inanimate mess, and all it took was one little tap of my finger! Just pressing him like an off button. One that every person naturally had built in. Talk about convenience! God, how did I manage to go my whole life without being able to do that?

You wouldn't know it from my face, but I was starting to feel better. A little casual killing of those more deserving helped me relax. Just another lesson I wish I'd learned years ago. Maybe I wouldn't have been able to do so with just my finger, but I'm sure I could have used my thighs, or something. Mom probably would have been able to cover it up for me!

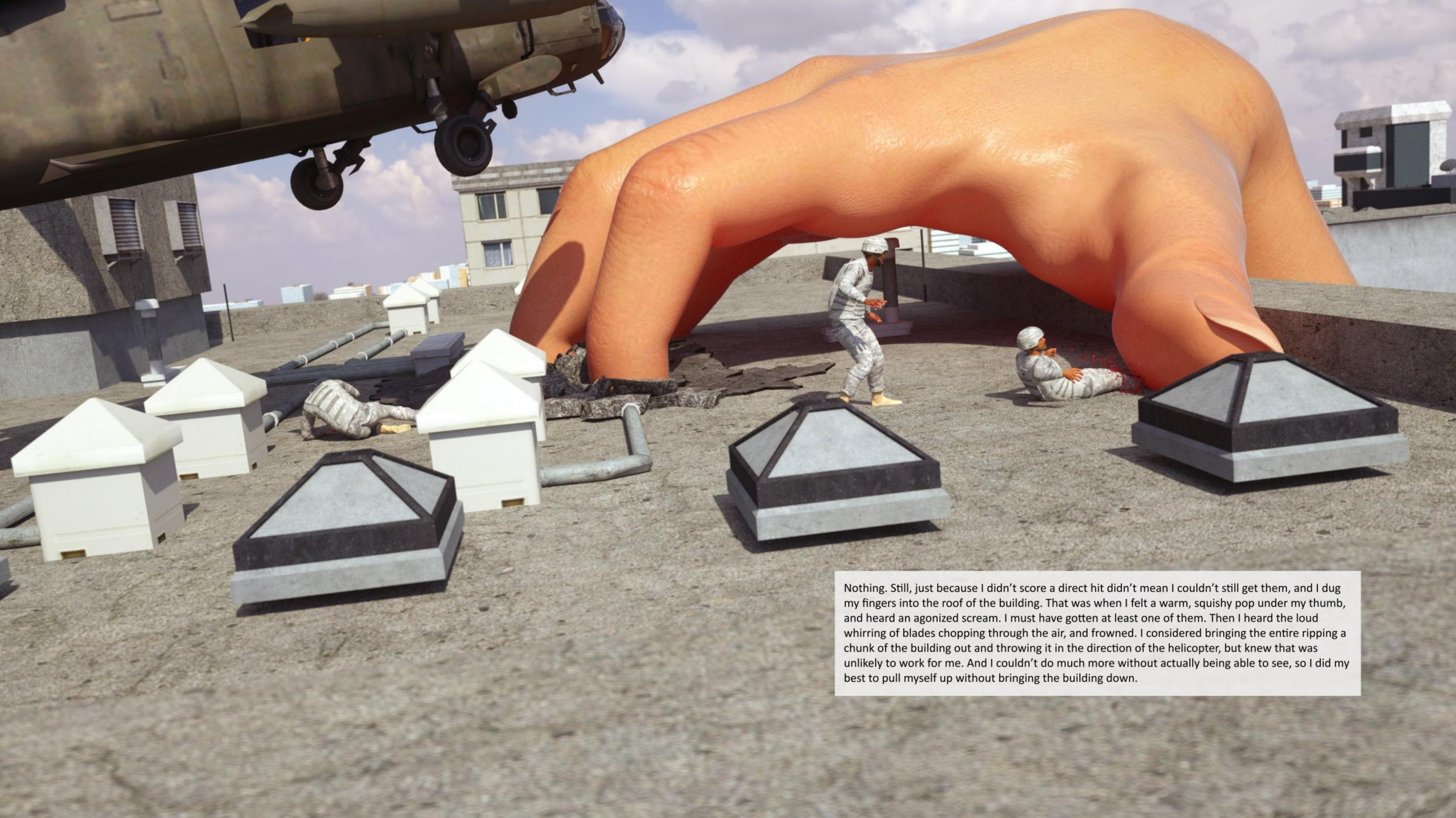

I missed them. Sighing, I thought about just lying there for a minute and relaxing. The military was probably going to show up for another ass kicking eventually. Why bother stressing myself out anymore until then? But as much as I wanted to relax, something felt wrong. The smoke was thinning, the sun was coming back out, and I had the whole city to torment... but I still felt sad.


Ugh. Seriously? I thought I'd have a few minutes to myself, but these army dicks were *relentless*! It wasn't more than a few seconds before I heard a chopper approach and looked behind me. Another army guy was staring down at me from the roof of that building. What, was he a sniper? Or just stupid?
"She sees us!" he shouted into his radio so loud I could hear him clear as day. "You're coming in hot!"


“Did you idiots seriously think you’d be able to spy on me up there? Give me one good reason I should let you live! I was insulted that they thought they could just retreat back into their chopper and fly away after this! But I rather enjoyed the current position I was in, and didn’t feel like getting up.So I lazily reached for them like I was slapping the snooze button on the world’s biggest alarm clock.


After they'd stepped away from the edge I couldn't see them so I had to make an educated guess as to where they were positioned. I could only imagine how terrifying the site must have been for them, though. A giant hand reaching out for them, so big that a single fingernail was almost as tall as them! Perfectly capable of bisecting them with minimal effort if they were **unlucky enough**!


“Fuckers thought you could get away…” I lazily muttered. As I felt around blindly trying to guess their location I heard a sudden scream. Bunch of pussies, I haven’t even touched them yet! But I figured that meant I was close, so I slammed my hand down.



Nothing. Still, just because I didn't score a direct hit didn't mean I couldn't still get them, and I dug my fingers into the roof of the building. That was when I felt a warm, squishy pop under my thumb, and heard an agonized scream. I must have gotten at least one of them. Then I heard the loud whirring of blades chopping through the air, and frowned. I considered bringing the entire ripping a chunk of the building out and throwing it in the direction of the helicopter, but knew that was unlikely to work for me. And I couldn't do much more without actually being able to see, so I did my best to pull myself up without bringing the building down.


Miraculously, this building was sturdy enough to hold. As I rose to my feet I felt the sudden need to glance inside of the helicopter's windows. I don't know why, but some part of me expected to see Mom and Kayla in there. Here with a fresh batch of soldiers to try and kill me. Then we'd restart our game of cat and mouse.
But, of course, it was empty. Except for the pilot, that is.


Well, since there was no one who mattered inside I reached out and grabbed the tail end of the helicopter. I hated feeling like I had something to prove. I just… wanted to find out if I could catch it without blowing it up. It didn't matter anymore, of course. I could crush every helicopter I ever saw from now on without any regard for the occupants now that I knew they were gone. But some part of me just wanted to prove that I could have done it. Maybe I just wanted to fucking guilt trip myself some more.



Either way, the results spoke for themselves. It was actually easier than I thought it would be. I just had to wrap my fingers around the back of the helicopter, and squeeze. The helicopter blades groaned violently, then stopped moving. This thing was grounded permanently. It was my little plaything now.

I... couldn't help myself. I looked at the interior one last time just to make sure. Nothing had changed. It was still completely empty save for the pilot, so I decided to have a little fun with him at his expense.


I exhaled loudly, fogging up the windshield of the machine. The pilot squealed in terror while I parted my lips, and slipped the front of the helicopter between them. I've tried eating a lot of new things today, but I haven't yet sampled a helicopter. If I can eat something as bizarre as raw meat presenting itself as gourmet cooking I could try anything at least once, right? Of course, I wasn't going to swallow the entire thing at once. I don't have a throat like Kayla did, and my gag reflex wouldn't appreciate that. But why not take a nice, big bite out of the front?



I was kind of glad that the blades had stopped now. If they were still going there's no way i would have heard the pilot screaming inside. At least that's how I felt for a few seconds. Then it got annoying. Really, really annoying. Luckily I'd already planned how I was going to put an end to it, so I took a nice big bite. At the last possible moment I wondered if maybe biting into solid metal would be a bad idea, like chewing on tin foil, but my teeth sheared straight through the front of the helicopter. The consistency was honestly more like cake, or something else light and airy. Just came apart so easily I'm pretty sure I got most of the pilot with it. But I only got to experience it for a second before my teeth clacked together, with nothing but a thin sheet of metal between. Not a whole lot of flavor, really. It was strangely... spicy, though?

Shit! Shit! That wasn't spice! Biting through the control panel must have started some kind of fire!



It… didn't actually hurt. It was more the shock of thinking there was an active fire in my mouth that panicked me for a moment, but now that I knew it was nothing dangerous I figured I'd swallow. That was what you did with food, after all.

It was only afterwards that it occurred to me that maybe that wasn't the smartest thing to do. But hey, if I can get shot in the head by a fucking tank without getting hurt, swallowing some superheated metal should be fine, right?



An interesting texture with a nice bit of heat, but overall bland, and pointless. Not something I'd recommend eating. Not that anyone but me could feasibly do so. I was about to throw it away when something about its shape and size caught my attention.

With the front completely sawed off, the rest of the helicopter was about the same size and shape as a beer can. Probably embarrassing that I can recognize something that similar at a glance, but there was only one way to dispose of an empty beer can in my book. Flattening them against my head!



I instinctively braced for impact, which was probably pointless since I was invulnerable to basically everything now. I guess it's totally possible I can smash a helicopter into my head with more force than a tank could fire a shell, or maybe old habits demanded I treat the aluminum can with respect. It probably wasn't going to break a bone, but I didn't want to get any cuts on me at this size!

With probably way-too-much-force considering my size, I smashed the front of the helicopter into my forehead. The passenger compartment flattened near instantly, and the entire thing crumpled up slightly. I knew I could do better, though. A slightly more crumpled helicopter was not a flat helicopter!


I pulled it away from my head to get a better look. The front of the helicopter was still glowing from the embers, but it was pretty weak. There was nothing to worry about! I knew I could do better! I was willing to bet the gas tank was somewhere in the back, and there were two big things on the side that I could only assume were some kind of explosive. I bet with one good hit I could detonate them all at once, so I wasn't going to hold back this time!



Grunting, I slammed the flaming wreckage into my head as hard as I could. Almost instantly my vision turned black as hot smoke erupted from every side. I hit the fucking mother lode! The whole... hull? Is that it? The shell exploded like I had hoped it would, but even though I could clearly see fire mixed up into it all, there wasn't any pain. Nothing seemed to hurt anymore. Maybe I should have found that distressing.

But I didn't.


I tossed the smoking wreckage of the helicopter away nonchalantly. I had to admit, I was pretty impressed with myself. How many people can honestly say they've smashed a helicopter against their forehead like a beer can? Unless there's some weird shit going on in like, China or something, then it's literally just me. I'm the only one who can say that.
UNITED STATES ARMY


The helicopter was a fun distraction and all, but I had some army guys to deal with. I probably would have even forgotten them if they didn't gasp in surprise when that helicopter exploded. And since my hand was still resting on the roof, there was still one stuck under my thumb! Incredibly, or maybe just stupidly, his squadmates were still trying to pull him out. What, did they think real life was some kind of inspirational action movie?


“Having some problems? Let me help you out!” I said to them. Playing the role of the benevolent Goddess, I lifted my hand away, freeing the injured soldier. You would have thought that at least one of them would have the decency to thank me. Even a simple, “You’re great, Kaylee!” would have sufficed.
But, incredibly, not a single one seemed to actually be appreciative! They just kept screaming and cursing as they tried to pull their half-crushed friend away from me. How rude!


“Where are your manners? You know, you’re supposed to say ‘Thank you’ when someone helps you out. Were you raised in a barn?” I stuck my pinky finger up and waved it in the air. “Well, I was going to slap my hand down to kill you all… but I guess that’s not a fair fight if one of you is already injured. So to make it fair, I’ll use just my pinky finger! You guys look pretty big and strapping for soldiers. I’m making this easy for you!”


The little soldier who couldn't even stand seemed to think the winner of this fight was predetermined. As I moved my pinky finger over him he started screaming and begging me to stop. It's just a pinky! He didn't really think he was outmatched, did he?
I guess from his little perspective the tip of my finger alone was bigger than his entire body, so I could see where he was coming from!



Obviously I was going to win. But I did want to see how much of a fight a fully grown man could put up against me right now. So to be extra fair, I decided to use only the lightest touch I could manage. I tried to press down so lightly it could barely even be considered a touch. It would probably register as something closer to petting, really. But.. it turned out even my most gentle nudge was too much for his puny little body to handle. No sooner had I made contact that he exploded into a bunch of blood and giblets. You should have seen the expressions on his squadmates faces. The one guy just yelled “Holy shit!” as loud as he could, and I think the other started crying.It was hilarious!


Dealing with buildings, helicopters and tanks has desensitized me some. I just need to remember what it's like to interact with actual people for a change! It's easy to forget how much I could do to a person without even trying until I actually tested things. Like, I knew I was taller than any of the buildings around me, but the idea that my pinky alone is so much bigger than a full-grown man is kind of mind-blowing!
FOR RENT



"Round one, Kaylee." I said, sliding my finger across the rooftop towards the soldier on his back. The trail of blood that followed in my wake must have been pretty intimidating. The soldier could see what was coming and tried to pull himself away, but the slightest adjustment of speed on my end outpaced him. When my fingernail made contact with his crotch I stopped, and smiled down at him.


It would have been so, so easy to absolutely ruin him with the little fingernail of my pinky. Just a quick press and squish! Now he's two halves! But… I had some other ideas.
He was terrified out of his mind, so I decided to calm him down. "Oh, come on. You didn't think I was going to kill you with my finger, did you?"
"Y-yeah, I did!" He said, trying and failing to crawl back further.


“Oh, you shouldn’t worry so much! I respect the troops!” I told him. “It would be so undignified to treat a soldier that way. No, I’m going to crush you with something way better, instead!”


Moving my hand out of the way I stood again, and made sure to position my tits over the edge of the building. He figured out what I was talking about in an instant, and managed to climb back to his feet. Both soldiers turned to run as I just leaned forward, casting them both in shadow.



“Don’t do it!” One screamed. “We love your tits, but we’d really rather not die under them!” The other said. At least I think that’s what he said. It came up to my head as little more than confused blubbering, so you can understand why I’d want to squish them quickly.

They ran, but they didn’t get very far. I don’t know where they thought they were even going to go. Through the locked door and into the building itself? Or were they just going to jump off? I guess I’ll never know, and I didn’t care enough to find out. Swinging my tits towards them was going to end this in just a second. As the distance between us was swallowed by my tits I could hear their terror turn into desperation.



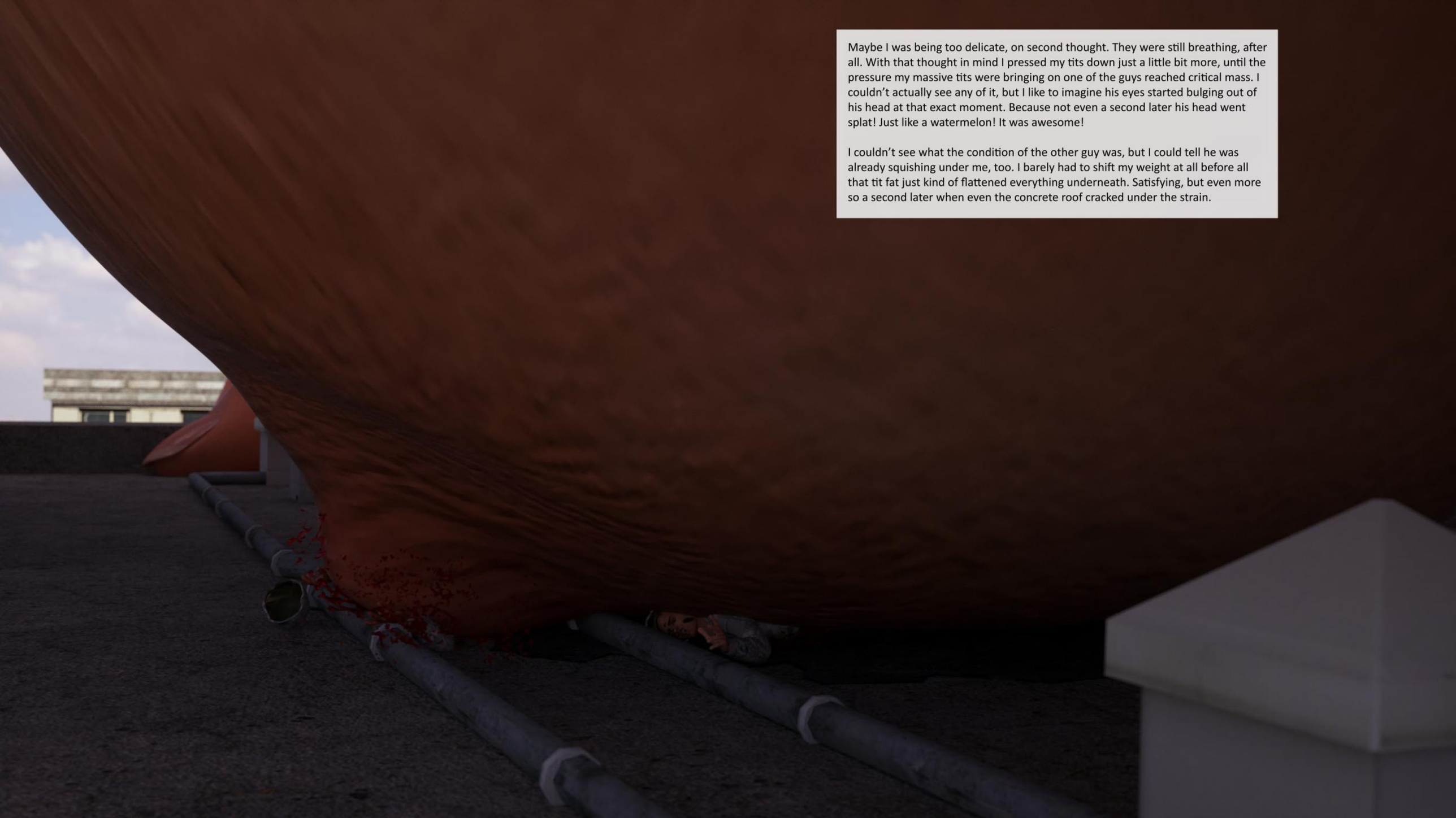
I touched down, feeling their bodies press into my nipple. They were so weak I didn't expect to actually feel anything, but it turned out I was wrong. My size had only made me more sensitive. I could feel their little limbs kick against me tit, begging to be let go. I held my breath,not wanting the simple act of exhaling to crush them too quickly.



But it wasn't enough. Their little movements made my nipple stiffen, and that would prove to be their undoing. I watched with amusement as it slowly squeezed down on one of them. The idea of being able to crush someone's entire body with one nipple was... exhilarating. I wasn't even pressing down. Just the involuntary side effect of my arousal was going to be enough to do them in... it's even wilder than being able to splatter someone with a pinky! I'd already killed one person with my nipple today, but that had been an accident, And, at the time, my nipple was about the size of the person's head! But now... it was practically the size of their whole body! My nipple was as big as a person, now! Holy shit!


I could feel him struggling against it more than I could see it.. Why was he even still trying to push against it? How pathetic. God, people act so stupid. Can't they just accept that they're going to be killed by me? Must they always struggle? It should be plainly obvious by now that they don't stand a chance! It's so undignified!


Maybe they genuinely were all stupid. Maybe I was the smartest person on the planet, now. With all this growth I'd assume my brain got bigger too, right? Surely they would realize how powerless they were against me at some point. I was bigger than the entire building they were standing on! If I wasn't bending over so carefully I'm sure I could have brought the whole place down with my tits alone! I had to be delicate, as otherwise my tits would behave more like wrecking balls in this fragile little world!!



Maybe I was being too delicate, on second thought. They were still breathing, after all. With that thought in mind I pressed my tits down just a little bit more, until the pressure my massive tits were bringing on one of the guys reached critical mass. I couldn't actually see any of it, but I like to imagine his eyes started bulging out of his head at that exact moment. Because not even a second later his head went splat! Just like a watermelon! It was awesome!

I couldn't see what the condition of the other guy was, but I could tell he was already squishing under me, too. I barely had to shift my weight at all before all that tit fat just kind of flattened everything underneath. Satisfying, but even more so a second later when even the concrete roof cracked under the strain.


I’m pretty sure they weren’t doing anything anymore, but I pressed harder. I didn’t want a couple of dead men. I wanted to reduce their bodies to a thin paste under my massive tits. I grabbed hold of the edges of the roof, and pushed even harder. The concrete cracked and deformed from the relentless assault from my tits. Little by little the roof caved in until I finally felt like I’d done enough.



Exhaling softly, I looked down with satisfaction at the two circle-shaped indentations on the roof. Evidence that Kaylee had paid this place a visit. My wrecking balls had really done a number on the roof, and exactly as I'd hoped, there was hardly anything left of the soldiers!



Maybe I should start using my tits as a signature. It wasn't like I could handle a pen or pencil at this size, right? But my tits could certainly leave perfect boob-prints in whatever I wanted. I started to walk away, satisfied with what I'd just accomplished, but something didn't feel right. I turned back to the building, and frowned. No, this wouldn't do at all! After all, the building was still standing! And it would be downright embarrassing to leave it that way, wouldn't it?



While it meant I'd lose the nice imprint of my tits on the roof I felt like I had a reputation to uphold. So I thrust my ass back.

That was enough. It looked like everything was happening in slow motion as the building toppled over. That was seriously all it took! One little butt-bounce! The lower floors billowed outwards in a cloud of black debris, leaving another street choked in dust.



Not that it would bother me any. No, the air up here was clear, and crisp! My work here was done! I took a moment to admire my handiwork before leaving, though. There was just something so… satisfying about a job well done. Is this why Mom was always pressuring me to get a 'real job?' She might have been onto something… I was feeling better already.

But there was plenty more to get to. I'd only really had a chance to properly ravage Westwood, after all! There was plenty more city still out there! Perfectly pristine, and waiting for me to visit. It would be so nice to hit the big reset button and be walking through densely panicked crowds again. Dealing with buildings that were still full of people who hadn't had hours to prepare for my visit.

My body shivered at the thought.


END OF
PART 8
DRUGS
COSMETICS