
KAYLEE
PART 9


POV:
FRANCIS


So me and my girl Amanda were chilling at Venice beach, right? I got the day off, so I figured we'd get some sun. We were having a great day, the weather was beautiful, and the beach was way less crowded than usual. We saw one guy who was acting crazy and talking about the end of the world or something, but I figured that's just typical Venice Beach, so I didn't really worry too much about it. We just strolled up and down the beach until we ended by walking to the pier by the marina, and that's when things started to get weird.

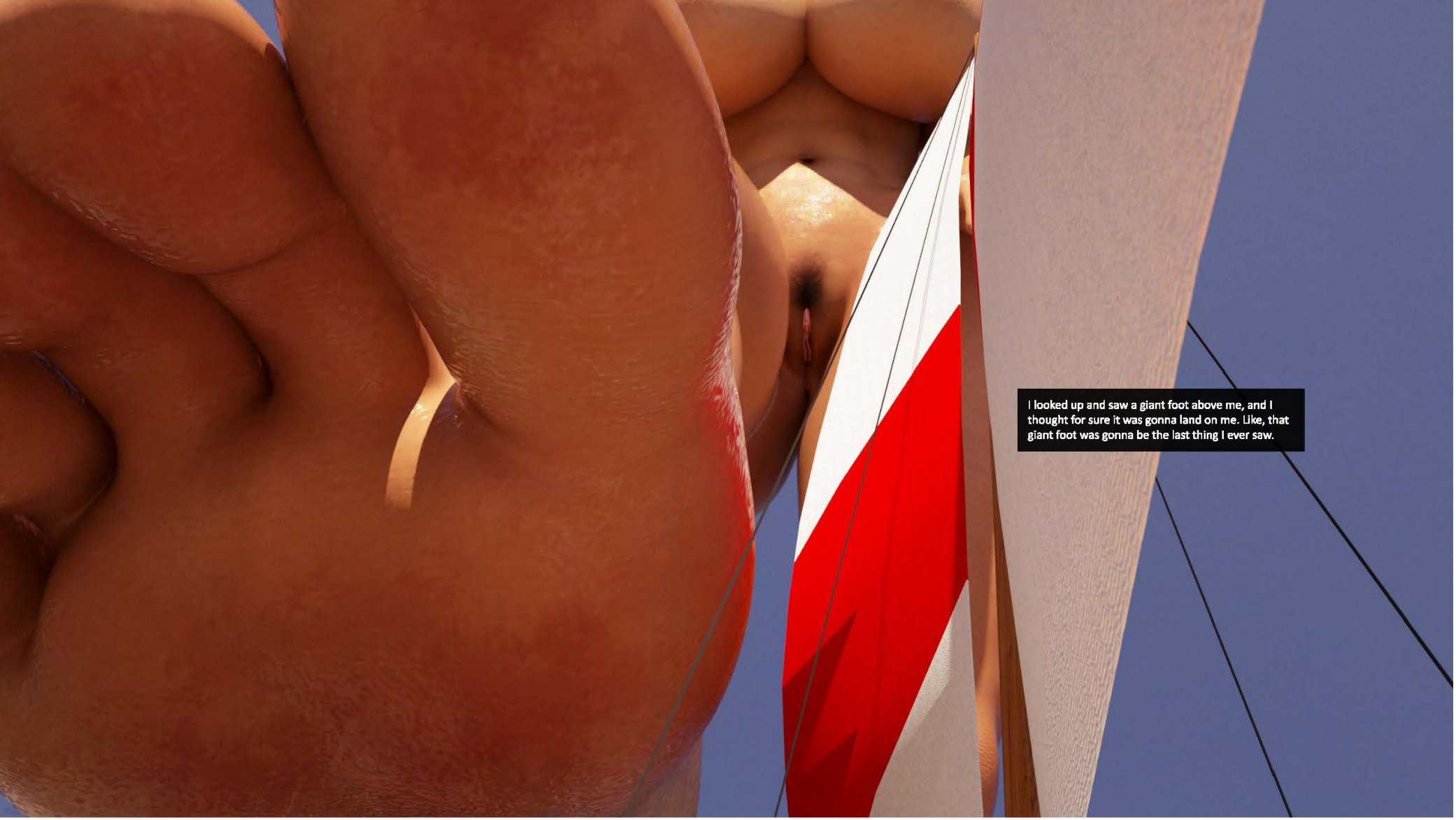


We were just looking at the ocean when I heard a couple of really loud noises that sounded kind of like explosions, and then this chick on a boat started screaming like crazy. I looked over and tried to figure out what was going on, but everyone was just staring off in the distance. At first I figured they were just some rich white dudes who got too high on coke or something, but then Amanda started freaking out, and she's not one of those chicks who loses it every time she sees a mouse or whatever. If she's worried, I'm worried.


So then Amanda pointed at at something up in the sky, and asked me what was going on. I looked up where she was pointing, and that's when I saw it. Saw *her*. I seriously couldn't believe what I was looking at. It was like my eyes were broken or something.


It was this giant chick, just standing there. Totally naked, too. She must have been like three hundred feet tall, easy! I didn't even know how a person could be that big, but there she was. Shit was wild, but the weirdest part was, I had this weird feeling like I'd seen her before.


I didn't have long to figure that shit out, though! She started walking towards us, and she was moving fast. Every step she took was almost like a whole city block. Before I could even think about running, she was already at the edge of the water.


I looked up and saw a giant foot above me, and I thought for sure it was gonna land on me. Like, that giant foot was gonna be the last thing I ever saw.


I was relieved when her foot crashed down into the water. It barely missed this red sailboat, and the wave knocked the whole boat over. The poor couple on that boat got knocked into the water. To be honest, I'm not sure if they survived or not. I was looking out for myself and my girl, you know?


The giant chick just stepped right over us, like she didn't even see us, and walked out into the ocean. I thought she was going to just keep walking, but thinking that must have jinxed it because right then she stopped and bent over. She crouched right in front of this old brick hotel that was right by the water.


I watch a lot of action movies. You always think you're gonna be the tough guy, that you can handle any shit that goes down, no matter how wild it is, but this... this was on a whole other level. I grabbed Marsha and we both ran for our lives. Not much else we could do. What am I supposed to do, try to punch her or something?
We'd only made it halfway across the pier when she planted her ass on that hotel. I heard some screaming, and the sound of bricks tumbling down. I turned back and saw her really throw her weight back on it. The whole building collapsed under her ass, with these big smoke clouds, and before I knew it she'd flattened the whole building as easily as if it was made out of sand.


All of a sudden, everything got really quiet. That's when I got this weird feeling. It was like a tingle on the back of my neck... I felt like she was watching me. I was scared of looking at her, but not looking back was almost worse somehow... So I did, and she looked back at me.
I kept running through my head, trying to figure out how I knew her, until it finally clicked. It was the chick from that show about the Kloss family, the mean one... Kaylee! I had a crush on her once. I creeped on her Instagram. I fucking masturbated to her on the reality show, man. And now she was like a thousand feet tall, and she was staring right down at me. And then she opened her mouth.
"Hey," she said, "can you tell me which way it is to Torrance Beach?"
Her voice was so loud it hurt my ears, but it was weirdly familiar, even more than her face was. I knew I'd heard it a million times before...


I froze up. I was too scared to run, and too scared to talk. It's bad enough running into your celebrity crush when they're just walking down the street. It's a whole other deal when they're naked and giant. But I didn't want anything to happen to my Amanda, and that's what gave me the courage to talk.
I told her, "It's...umm, like five miles South!"


"Oh yeah?" She asked. **"And, umm, that way is South, right?"**
"Yeah..." I said.
She got up on one knee, and looked down at us again. "Thanks for the help!" she said. **"Everything looks so different from this height, and I'm used to getting chauffeured everywhere anyway. I've got a friend out there with a beach house, and I wanted to pay him a visit." She raised her hand up, and no kidding, I thought she was gonna swat us like flies. But then she just waved goodbye to us. "You know," Kaylee said, "you're the first person all day who's actually helped me!"** Then she just stood up and walked away.



I couldn't believe it. My giant naked celebrity crush just asked us for directions, and then she just walked away. I could barely believe we survived, especially since she just sat on a hotel full of people like it wasn't any big deal. But just when I thought we were in the clear, she turned and looked back at me and Amanda.

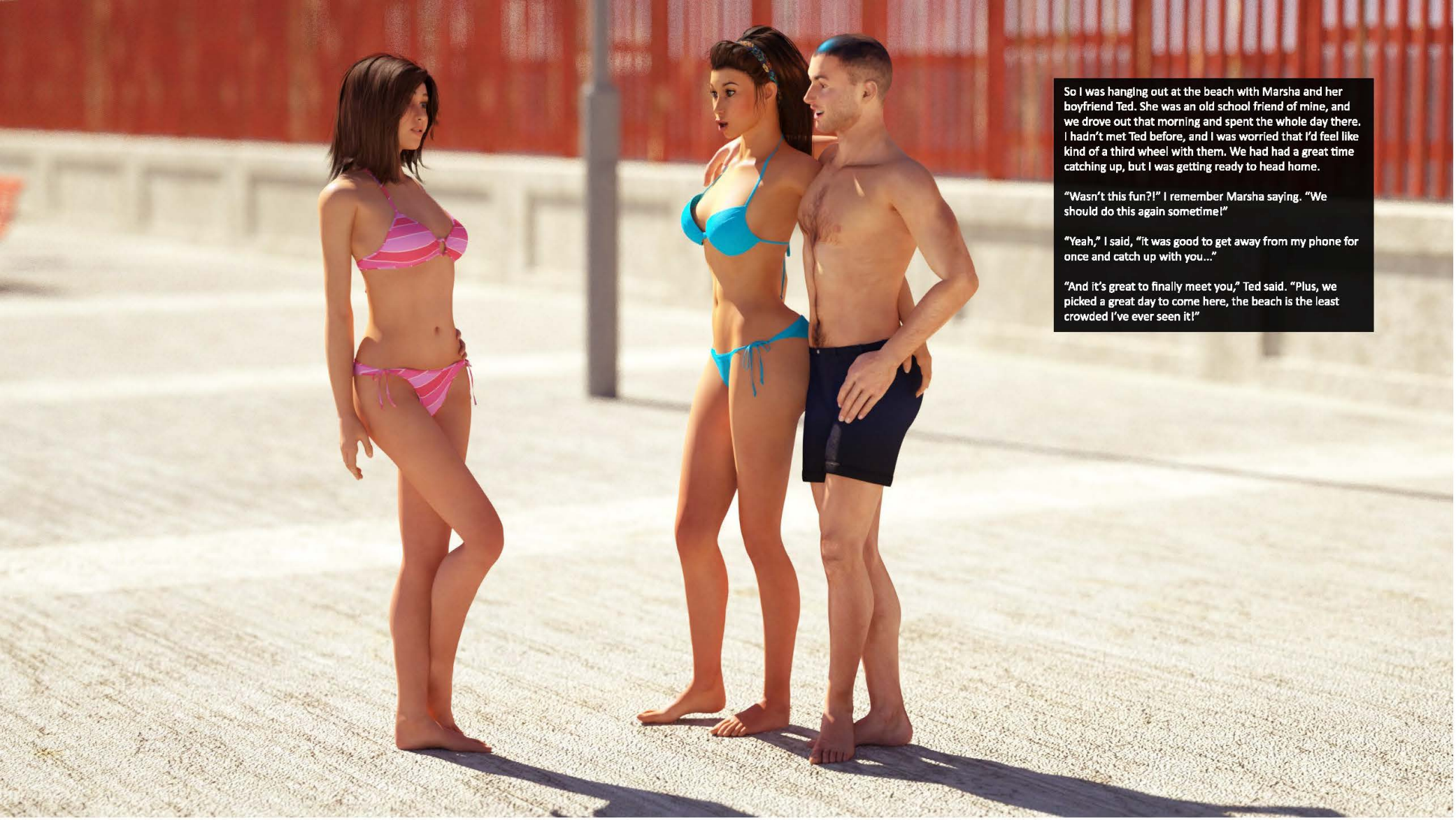
"Hey you!" she yelled, and my blood ran cold again. "Who do you like better, me or Kayla?"

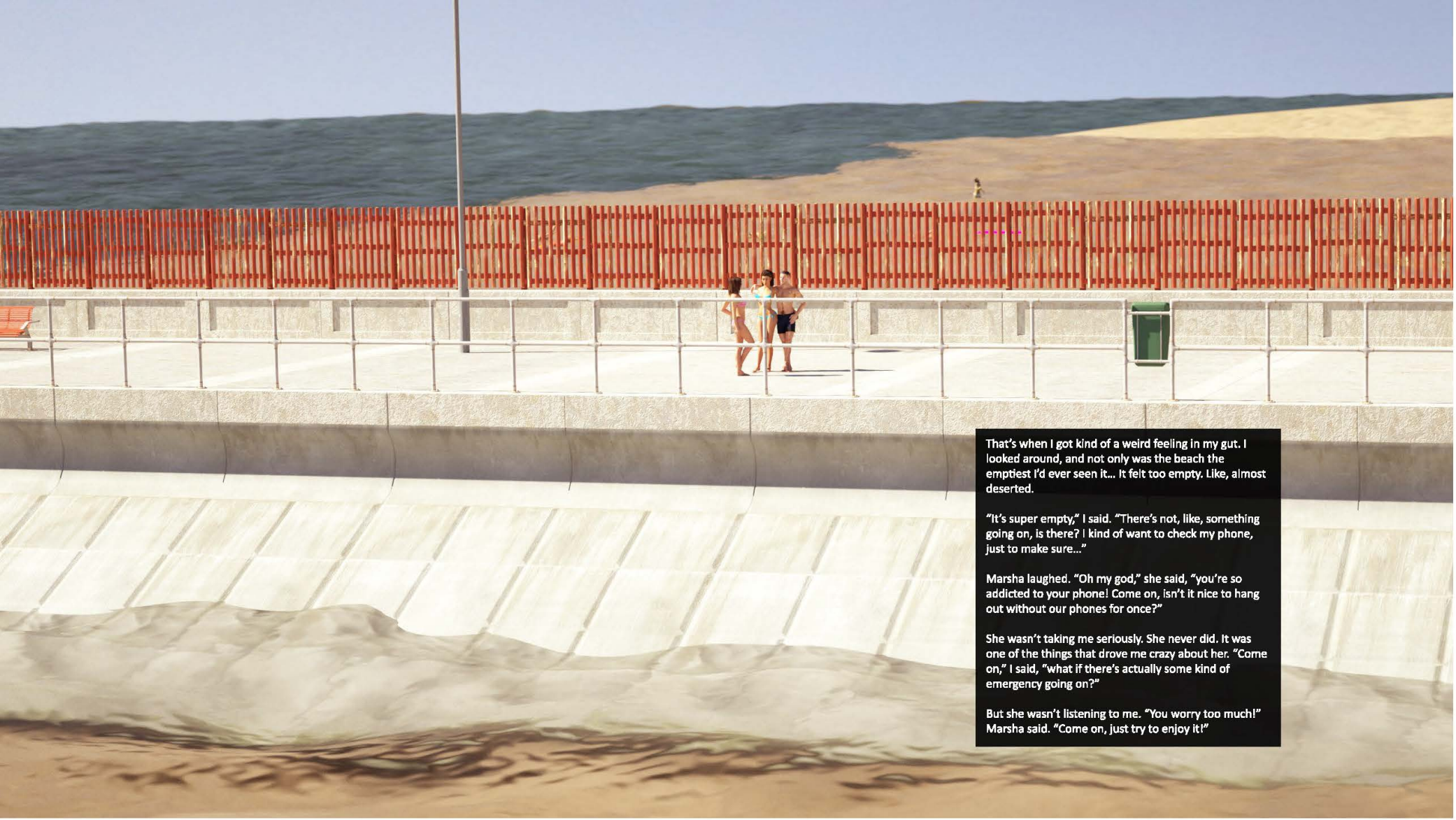
I shouted the only thing that made any sense. "You!"

"Right answer!" she said back. Then she just laughed and walked off.

There's no doubt in my mind that if I said Kayla, me and my girlfriend wouldn't be alive to tell that story. I thank God for that every day, because I know a lot of other people weren't so lucky.


POV:
JOSIE


So I was hanging out at the beach with Marsha and her boyfriend Ted. She was an old school friend of mine, and we drove out that morning and spent the whole day there. I hadn't met Ted before, and I was worried that I'd feel like kind of a third wheel with them. We had had a great time catching up, but I was getting ready to head home.
"Wasn't this fun?!" I remember Marsha saying. "We should do this again sometime!"
"Yeah," I said, "it was good to get away from my phone for once and catch up with you..."
"And it's great to finally meet you," Ted said. "Plus, we picked a great day to come here, the beach is the least crowded I've ever seen it!"



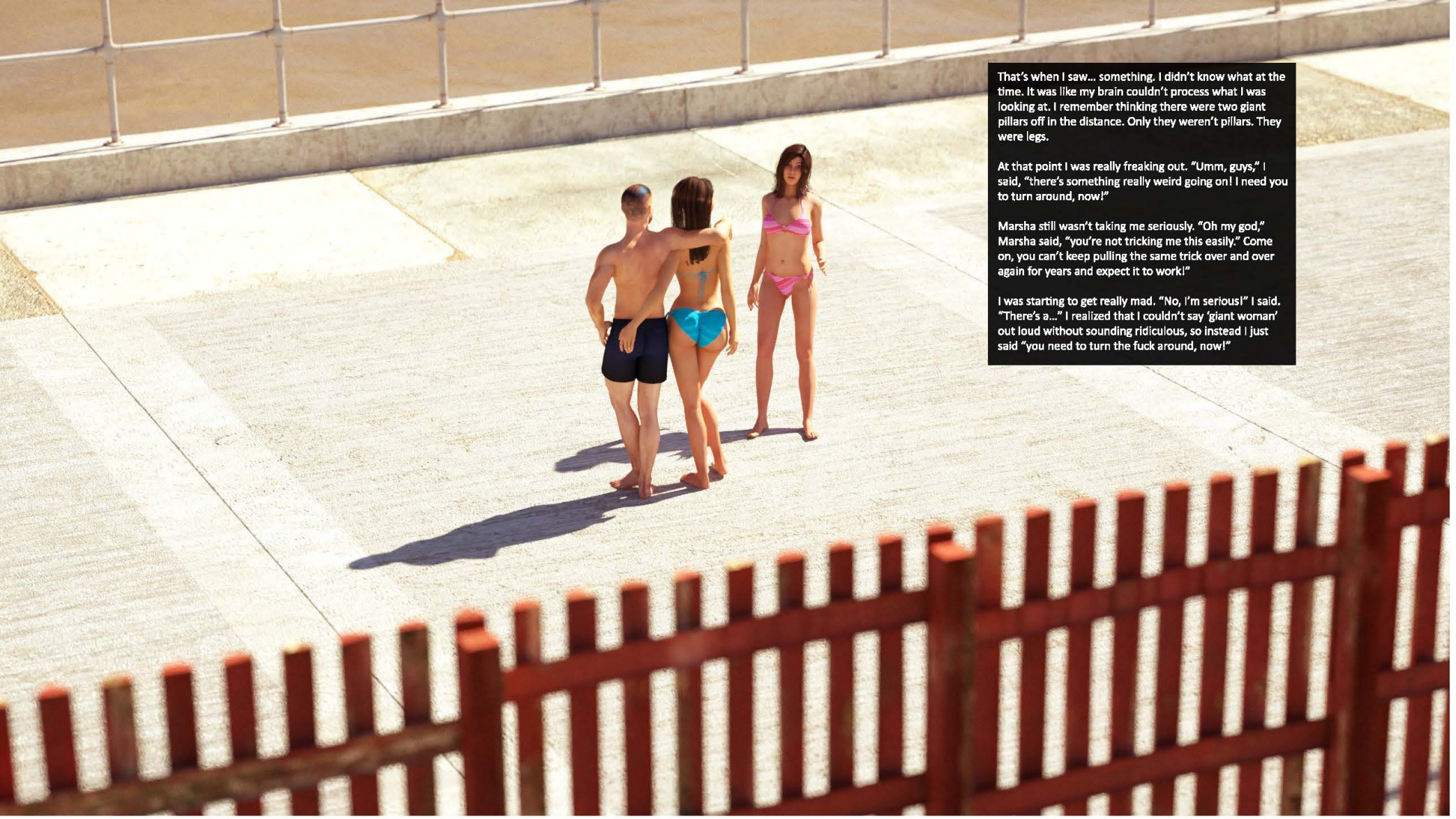
That's when I got kind of a weird feeling in my gut. I looked around, and not only was the beach the emptiest I'd ever seen it... It felt too empty. Like, almost deserted.

"It's super empty," I said. "There's not, like, something going on, is there? I kind of want to check my phone, just to make sure..."

Marsha laughed. "Oh my god," she said, "you're so addicted to your phone! Come on, isn't it nice to hang out without our phones for once?"

She wasn't taking me seriously. She never did. It was one of the things that drove me crazy about her. "Come on," I said, "what if there's actually some kind of emergency going on?"

But she wasn't listening to me. "You worry too much!" Marsha said. "Come on, just try to enjoy it!"



That's when I saw... something. I didn't know what at the time. It was like my brain couldn't process what I was looking at. I remember thinking there were two giant pillars off in the distance. Only they weren't pillars. They were legs.

At that point I was really freaking out. "Umm, guys," I said, "there's something really weird going on! I need you to turn around, now!"

Marsha still wasn't taking me seriously. "Oh my god," Marsha said, "you're not tricking me this easily." Come on, you can't keep pulling the same trick over and over again for years and expect it to work!"

I was starting to get really mad. "No, I'm serious!" I said. "There's a..." I realized that I couldn't say 'giant woman' out loud without sounding ridiculous, so instead I just said "you need to turn the fuck around, now!"


"Yeesh, fine," Marsha said. She rolled her eyes, but then she finally turned around... and her jaw dropped. She started really freaking out. She was shouting, "What the fuck?! What's happening? I'm scared, Ted, I'm really scared! Is this real?"


I knew it was real. My eyes followed the legs upward, but I couldn't believe what I saw. The legs stretched up to a body that was impossible tall. And not only that, but her body was completely naked, and with such thick, vulgar curves. It all seemed impossible... It was like an X-rated version of the statue of liberty suddenly appeared behind me, in the middle of Torrance Beach. But it wasn't a statue, and as I watched it, I could see it was breathing. It was alive, really alive.
I'd been staring at her for what felt like minutes, but there was one part of her I hadn't looked at yet: her face. I was terrified of what I might see. I was even more terrified that she might look back at me. But somehow, not knowing was almost worse... so I looked up at her.



My worst nightmare instantly came true. Her two huge eyes were staring right at me, and she had this evil grin on her face. I felt like her eyes were piercing right into my soul, but there was something else that disarmed me. The giant woman's face was weirdly familiar. I knew right away it was someone I'd seen a million times before, but I wasn't sure who at first.

It took a minute before the name came to me, and even as I repeated it in my head, it felt impossible. ***Kaylee... Kaylee Kloss? That rich bitch celebrity girl from that reality show?*** I'd seen her a million times in commercials, but the idea that she was standing there right in front of me, stark naked and taller than the Statue of Liberty... it didn't seem possible. It was all like something out of a nightmare.


The nightmare got more real when she took her next step. The water in front of the boardwalk, which had been calm before, started sloshing around. The swimmers were all staring at her too. They must have been just as terrified as I was.



She took another step. I could feel the earth shaking. I lived in L.A. my whole life, and I'd been through earthquakes before, but this was worse. I was having a hard time staying on my feet.

She moved so fast, it was unreal. She'd only walked a few steps, but she was almost over to us already. She covered more ground in one step that I could cover in a hundred. There was no way I could run away from that.


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She was getting so close now, it felt like her foot was going to land right on top of me. Her foot was bigger than a semi-truck, and I knew she could kill me with a single step. She stared right at me as she lifted her foot up...


She came to a stop just in front of the swimmers. It was unreal just how big she was compared to them, and I can only imagine how small the swimmers must have looked to her. Some of them tried to swim away, but most of them were too stunned to do anything except stare.


Me and my friends had more in common with the second group. We all just stood there dumbfounded. A five-hundred foot tall celebrity was just standing there, stark naked, staring at us. How could we not stare back?
As much as I wanted for her to be looking at someone else, anyone else, there was no mistaking it; she was looking straight at me. A chill went down my spine as I wondered what she'd have it in for me in particular. I didn't have to wait long to find out.

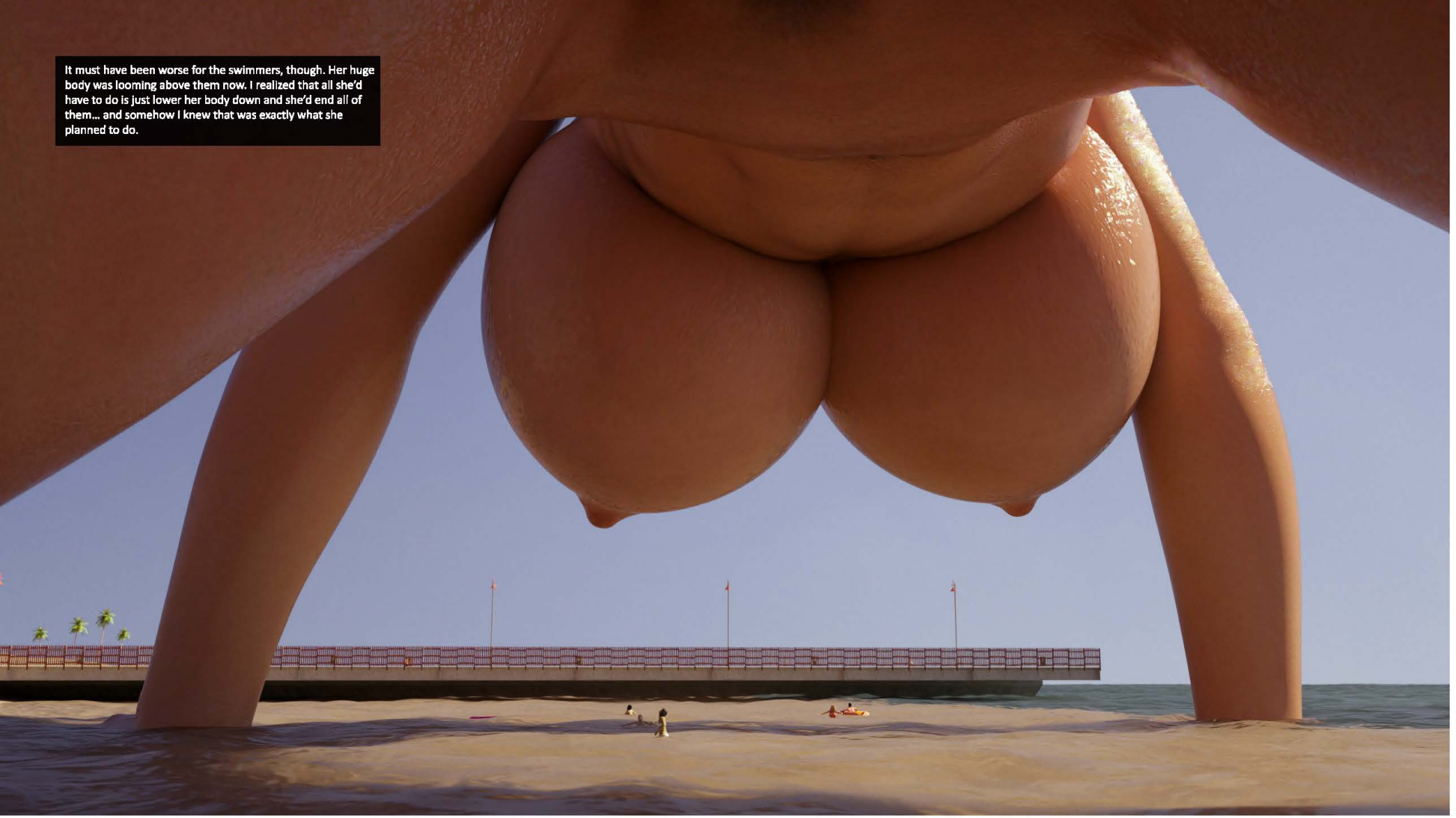

Kaylee squatted down in front of us and stared straight at me. She squinted intensely, like she was trying to get a closer look at my face. Having someone that big stare you down... I've never been more scared in my life. It was pure, white-hot terror. But it didn't make me want to run... it was like I was just frozen there. My legs might as well have been made out of jelly.
That's when she spoke to me. "Hey," she said with a smirk, "you look kind of familiar... I know what it is, you remind me of my sister Kayla! What's your name?"


Time seemed to stop. I found myself unable to speak for a minute, but the pressure from her piercing eyes was too much for me, and I eventually forced some words out:
"My name is, uhh, Josie..." But even if my legs were jelly, I couldn't help but run my mouth, and I just had to ask her a stupid question. "What happened to you?" I blurted out.
She laughed. "I got bigger! It was weird at first, but it kind of, umm, grows on you. So, 'Uhh Josie,' I wanted to play a little game, but I had some other business to take care of first. Do you and your friends mind just standing there for a minute while I do something?"


"Umm, yeah! Sure! Of course!" I said. What else could I say? If I turned her down, I can only imagine she wouldn't have reacted very well.
"Sounds good!" She said, and her gaze turned away from us and towards the swimmers. I feel guilty saying this, but I was relieved when she looked away from me, even if I knew that it was bad news for those poor people in the water. Kaylee eyed one in particular, a hispanic man in an inner tube. I didn't know what she had in mind with them, but my gut told me it was something bad...



With the loudest yawn I've heard in my life, Kaylee stretched her arms out towards us, before lowering down on all fours. It was so unreal watching someone so huge move around like that, and every movement made the pier we were standing on rumble.


It must have been worse for the swimmers, though. Her huge body was looming above them now. I realized that all she'd have to do is just lower her body down and she'd end all of them... and somehow I knew that was exactly what she planned to do.



Kaylee looked down at the swimmers with a curious smile. "Hey, you guys look like you're having fun swimming! Do you mind if I join you?" She waited for a response, and when none came she repeated herself. "Well, do you mind?"

"N-no!" the man in the inner tube shouted.
"No, you don't want me to swim?" Kaylee asked. "Because that would be pretty exclusionary to me, and I might get very upset..."

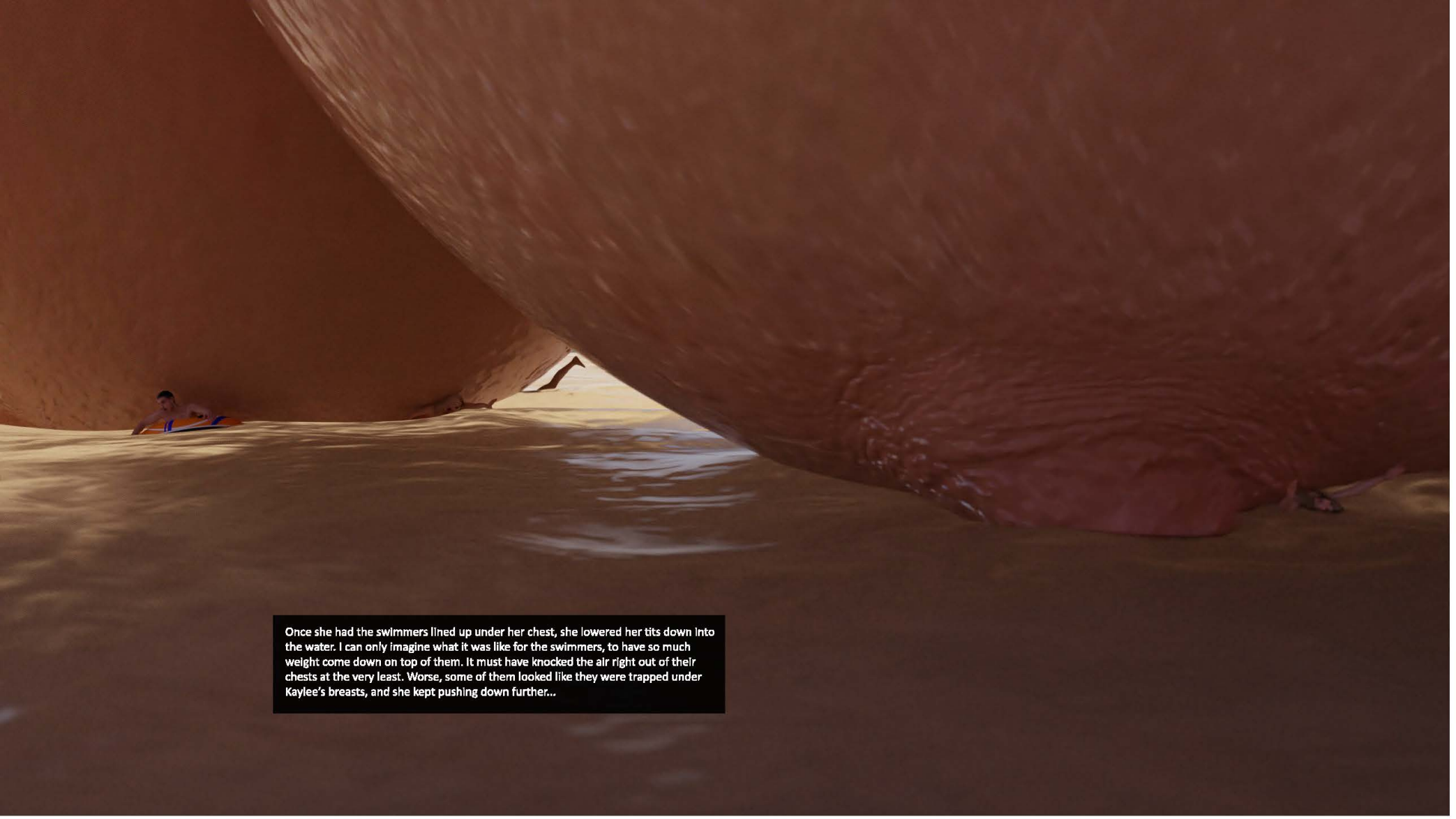
"Umm, no," the man on the innertube shouted back, "the other one!"

Kaylee's smile widened. "Good," she said, "because I could really use a swim! And this looks like the perfect spot..."


Kaylee leaned in and lowered her chest closer to the water. She was moving so much slower than before, she must have been doing it on purpose just to mess with them. The people underneath her started to scream. The man on the inner tube was desperately kicking his feet in an attempt to swim away, but with the currents he was barely moving.


Pretty soon her breasts were right above them. It was clear that she was aiming it specifically so that her chest would land on top of as many of them as possible. Still, I told myself that she was just toying with them. She wouldn't really hurt them, would she? I hadn't seen her hurt anyone up to that point, so as bizarre as it sounds to say now, at the time I didn't know if she was a killer.


I didn't know how far she was going to take it, but when her breasts finally made contact, it was clear she didn't mind roughing them up a little. She made a point of swinging her tits forwards and backwards, knocking the swimmers around. She did it lightly, like she was trying not to hurt them too badly, but she was still throwing around a huge amount of weight!



Once she had the swimmers lined up under her chest, she lowered her tits down into the water. I can only imagine what it was like for the swimmers, to have so much weight come down on top of them. It must have knocked the air right out of their chests at the very least. Worse, some of them looked like they were trapped under Kaylee's breasts, and she kept pushing down further...


She laid down and simply laid down and rest her head. Since I was finally out of her gaze, I went in to get a closer look. I couldn't see any of the swimmers, which I figured must have meant they were all trapped under her breasts. I was terrified that she might have crushed them to death with her oversized tits, but even if the pressure wasn't enough to kill them, they could only hold their breaths for so long.



Still I wondered if she might not realize what she was doing. Surely she wasn't killing them on purpose, right? Kaylee was always the bad girl on her reality show, but I still didn't want to think that she was a murderer. She was just teasing them, right? If I let her know she was genuinely putting them in danger, maybe she'd stop!

As the fear and anger built up in my chest, I couldn't help but say something. "You're killing them!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. "Can't you see that? They're going to suffocate!"

Kaylee shook the water out of her hair, spraying ocean water everywhere, before pressing her arms into the sand and lifting her head up. **"'I'm killing them?'"** She repeated. **"Am I killing the poor widdle swimmers? God, you're just as dumb as Kayla. They're already dead, idiot."**


" Do you know how heavy my tits are?" She continued. "Do you not see how the water turned red? They're already dead! Probably isn't much of them left at this point."
"But, but..." I found myself stammering, "w-why would you do that?"
"Because it's fun, idiot," she said. "It feels good to squish people. And why does it matter? They're nobodies. Who cares if a few losers die? You keep asking stupid questions, maybe I'll kill you like I killed my stupid sister."

That's when I really started panicking. There was no doubt she was a murderer. We were standing right in front of a giant monster who killed people for fun. I was in a state of absolute terror.

"She killed her own sister?" yelled to Marsha.

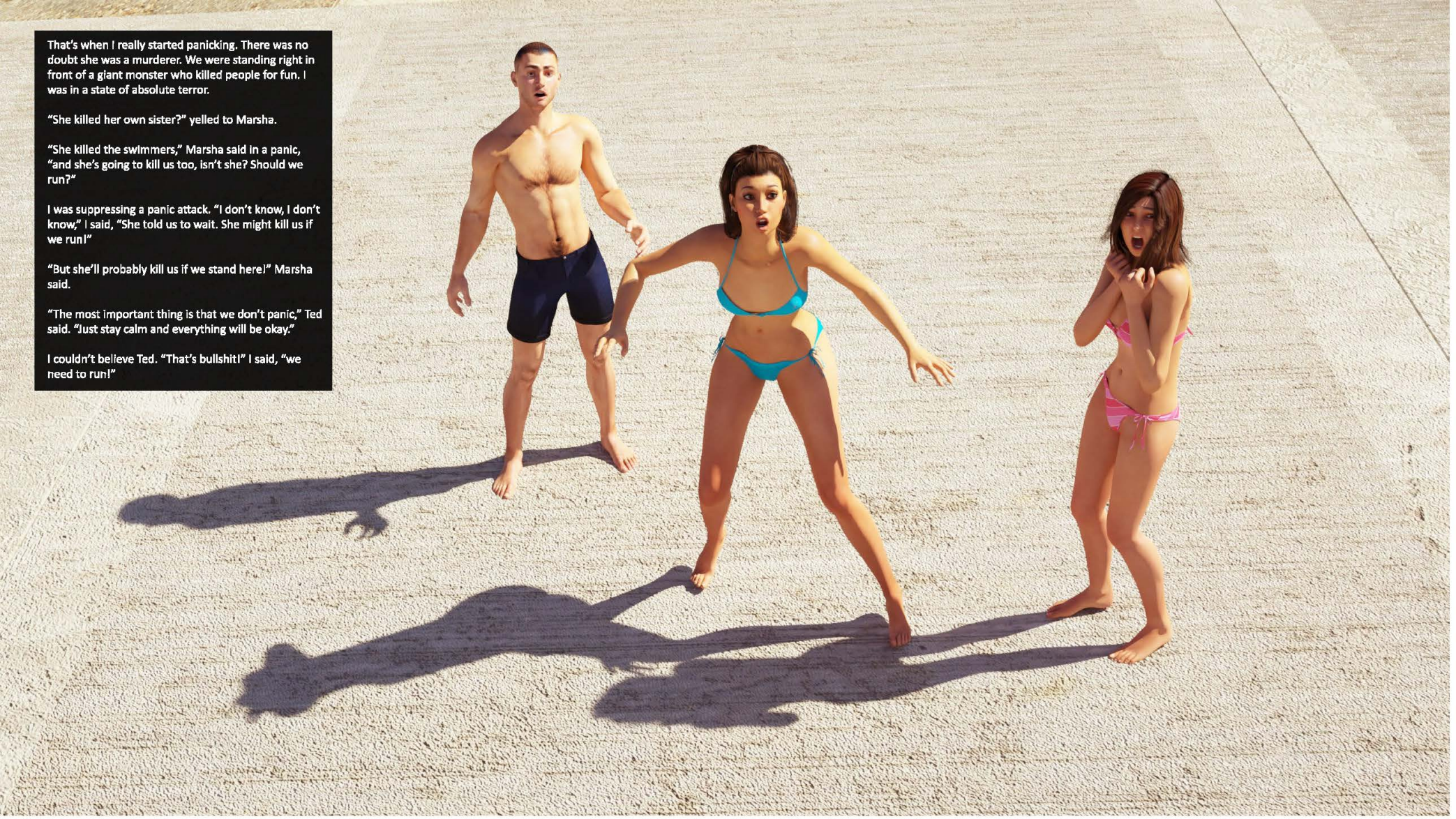
"She killed the swimmers," Marsha said in a panic, "and she's going to kill us too, isn't she? Should we run?"

I was suppressing a panic attack. "I don't know, I don't know," I said, "She told us to wait. She might kill us if we run!"

"But she'll probably kill us if we stand here!" Marsha said.

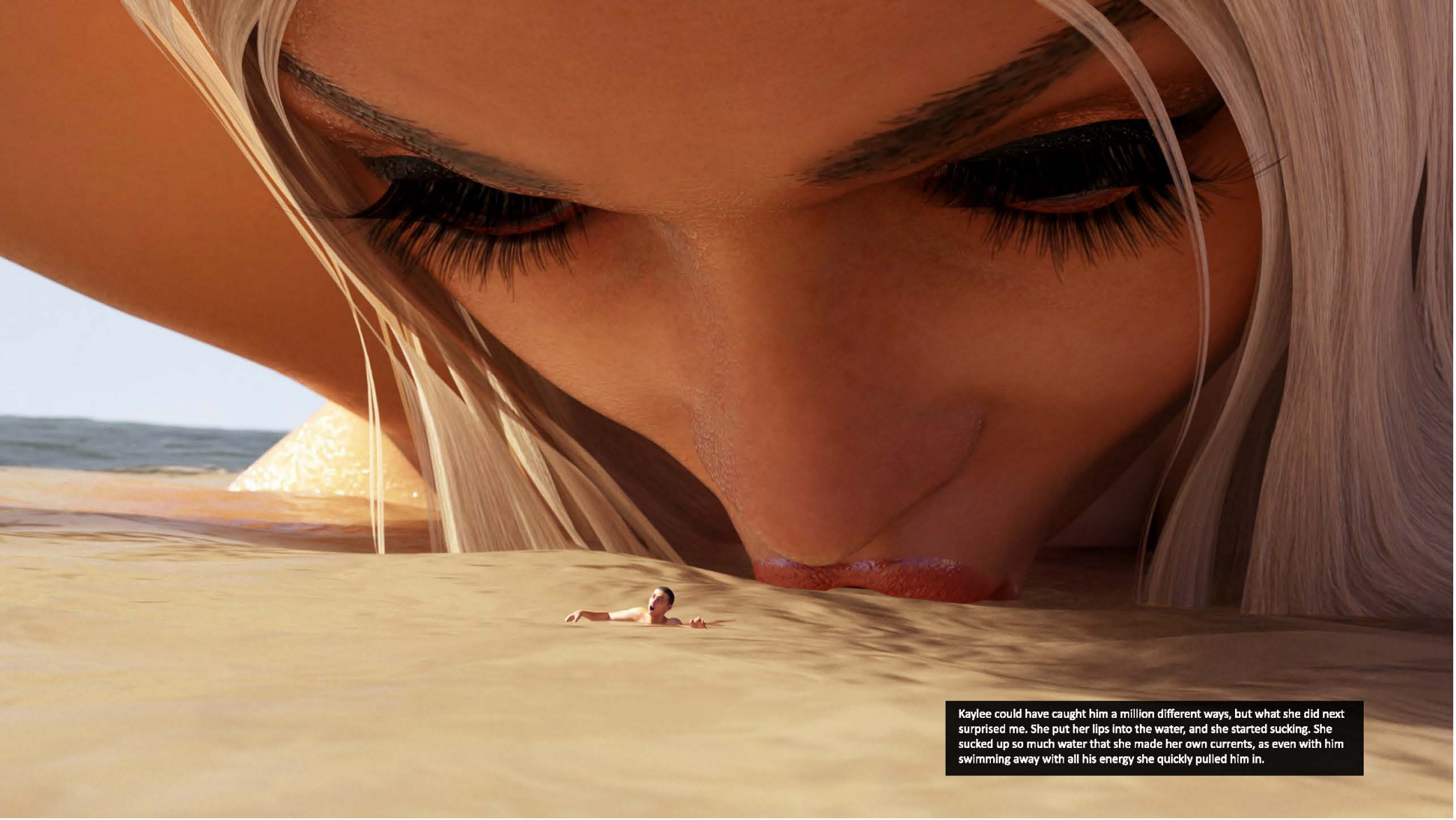
"The most important thing is that we don't panic," Ted said. "Just stay calm and everything will be okay."

I couldn't believe Ted. "That's bullshit!" I said, "we need to run!"





Our deliberations were interrupted by Kaylee. **"Huh?"** was all she said, but her voice was so loud it hurt my ears. She looked down into the water, where a man was desperately trying to swim away from her. It was the same guy who had been on the inner tube a few minutes earlier. The tube was gone, and now he was swimming away faster. He must have gotten out from under her breasts before she brought them down, but it wasn't going to do much if he couldn't get away!

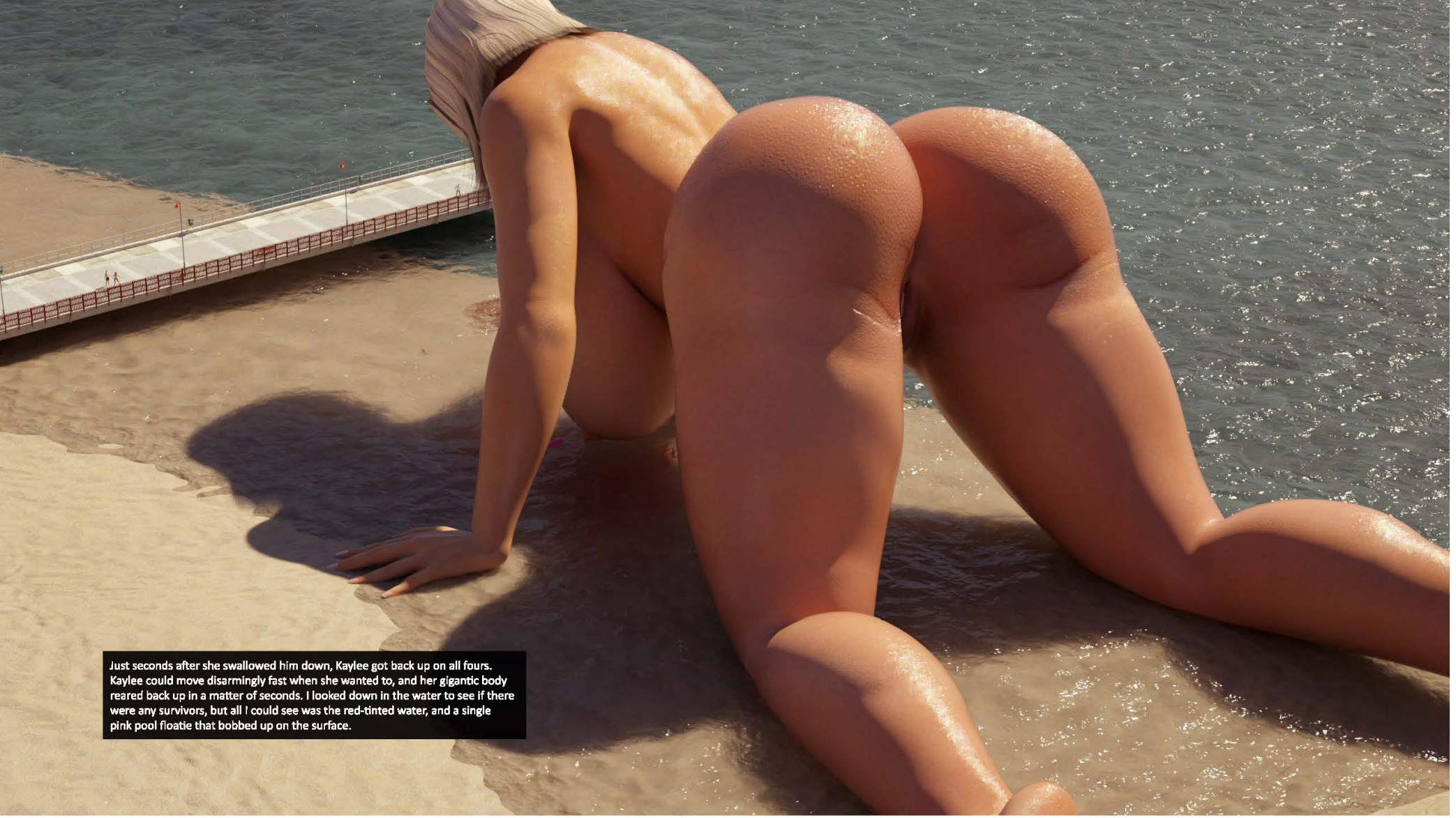


Kaylee could have caught him a million different ways, but what she did next surprised me. She put her lips into the water, and she started sucking. She sucked up so much water that she made her own currents, as even with him swimming away with all his energy she quickly pulled him in.



In just a few seconds Kaylee sucked him all the way back to her mouth. I watched him get pulled right under her upper lip. He reached out with an outstretched hand and looked at us, like he expected him to help him somehow. I actually felt bad about not trying to do something, but there was nothing any of us could have done at that point. Not with someone her size sucking him down.


There's no other way to put it: she just slurped him up. She must have swallowed hundreds of gallons of seawater, all so she could do what, mess with us? I don't even know, but I just remember when she reared her head back up and looked at us, she had the most infuriating, self-satisfied smirk on her face. He was still in her mouth, she just stared at us for a minute while she played around with him. She pushed his body around with her tongue like she was playing with her food. I remember his legs were sticking out of her mouth, and they were kicking like crazy when she finally swallowed him. One gulp, and he was gone.



Just seconds after she swallowed him down, Kaylee got back up on all fours. Kaylee could move disarmingly fast when she wanted to, and her gigantic body reared back up in a matter of seconds. I looked down in the water to see if there were any survivors, but all I could see was the red-tinted water, and a single pink pool floatie that bobbed up on the surface.



Kaylee looked down at us again, and she smiled. In any other context it would have been a friendly smile, but given the circumstances, it was terrifying. **"So,"** she asked, **"now that I've taken care of that business, do you want to play a little game?"**

Neither of my friends said anything, and Kaylee just kept staring at us, so I felt like I had to say something. "Fine!" I shouted. "Let's play your game!"

Her lips curled into a wide smile, and I immediately regretted saying that. **"Alright then,"** she said, **"we're going to have a little race. If you get away, I'll let you live. But if you can't outrun me, I'm gonna make all of you useless little peons pop under my toes with a single footstep!"**

How could we answer? This was all so unreal. A five hundred foot tall diva was messing with us. Ending our lives was just a game to her, and she was toying with us for fun.

Kaylee cocked her head to the side. **"What, are you going to just stand there?"** She asked. **"I wanted a challenge! Here, I'll even give you a head start. Ten... nine... eight..."**


Marsha broke into a sprint. She told us to hurry up, and I didn't hesitate. Me and Ted were right behind her, running as fast as we could.
Marsha turned towards me. "We're gonna make it out of this alive, right Josie?"
"Of course!" I told her. It was the only thing I really could say, even if I didn't believe it.


"Seven... six..."
Kaylee was counting down even more slowly than before, but it was still a rigged game. No matter how far we got away, I knew she could catch up in a few steps. Still, running away was the only chance we had...



"Five... four..."

As we ran off the boardwalk and onto the beach, Ted nearly ran into a blonde woman in an orange bikini. Dozens of other people who were running away from Kaylee too, and they were just as terrified as we were. I looked back, and saw that Kaylee was standing up. She wasn't following us, yet, but I knew it was just a matter of time...

"Follow me!" I yelled to my friends. I selfishly decided to follow the crowd. I hoped that if we could blend in, she might lose track of us. Even though I was putting dozens of strangers in danger, blending in with a crowd helped the odds that me and my friend would survive, and in that moment it was all I cared about.



“ThreeTwoOneGo!”

I looked back as soon as I heard Kaylee’s words, and I saw her foot flying forward. Her foot was moving fast, far outpacing me and my friends. In one step she’d already tightened the distance between us, and her foot hadn’t even hit the ground yet.


I heard a loud boom, and felt the ground shake. I looked back and saw her foot, which had just crashed down onto the ground not far behind the promenade. I saw blood splatter on the sand, so she must have stepped on a few people. Another few footsteps, and I knew we could meet the same fate.


I heard Kaylee's booming voice. "There you are!"
I looked up at her face, and saw her staring down at me. She had a goofy smile on her face, which made it all worse somehow. If she looked angry, that would have almost been better. But for her to stare me down with a smile on her face... it was like we weren't even people to her. As far as she was concerned, this was all just a game.


Her right foot slammed down onto the beach just past the promenade. Some more unlucky people were caught under her feet, but that all barely even registered to me, I was too busy running for my life to worry about random strangers.Can you really blame me? Kaylee was only one step away from me and my friends, and her foot could come crashing down any second...



Just a few seconds later, that same foot was right above me and my friends. Her toes were above my head, and I thought they were going to fall on me, but to my surprise, they didn't. She could have ended our lives at any second, but she just held her foot there, keeping it just over our heads as we ran away.


Was she toying with us? I asked myself. *Was she drawing it out for fun? Or was there something else to it? What had she said earlier? That she'd crush all of us with 'a single footstep?'* I realized that's why she was hesitating. She was trying to see how many of us she could get with one step. If we split up, she could only get one of us.


I ran off to the side as fast as I could, and I tried to get my friends to do the same. "Split up!" I shouted. "Split up!"
But it was too late. I watched as Kaylee's enormous heel came down on them.

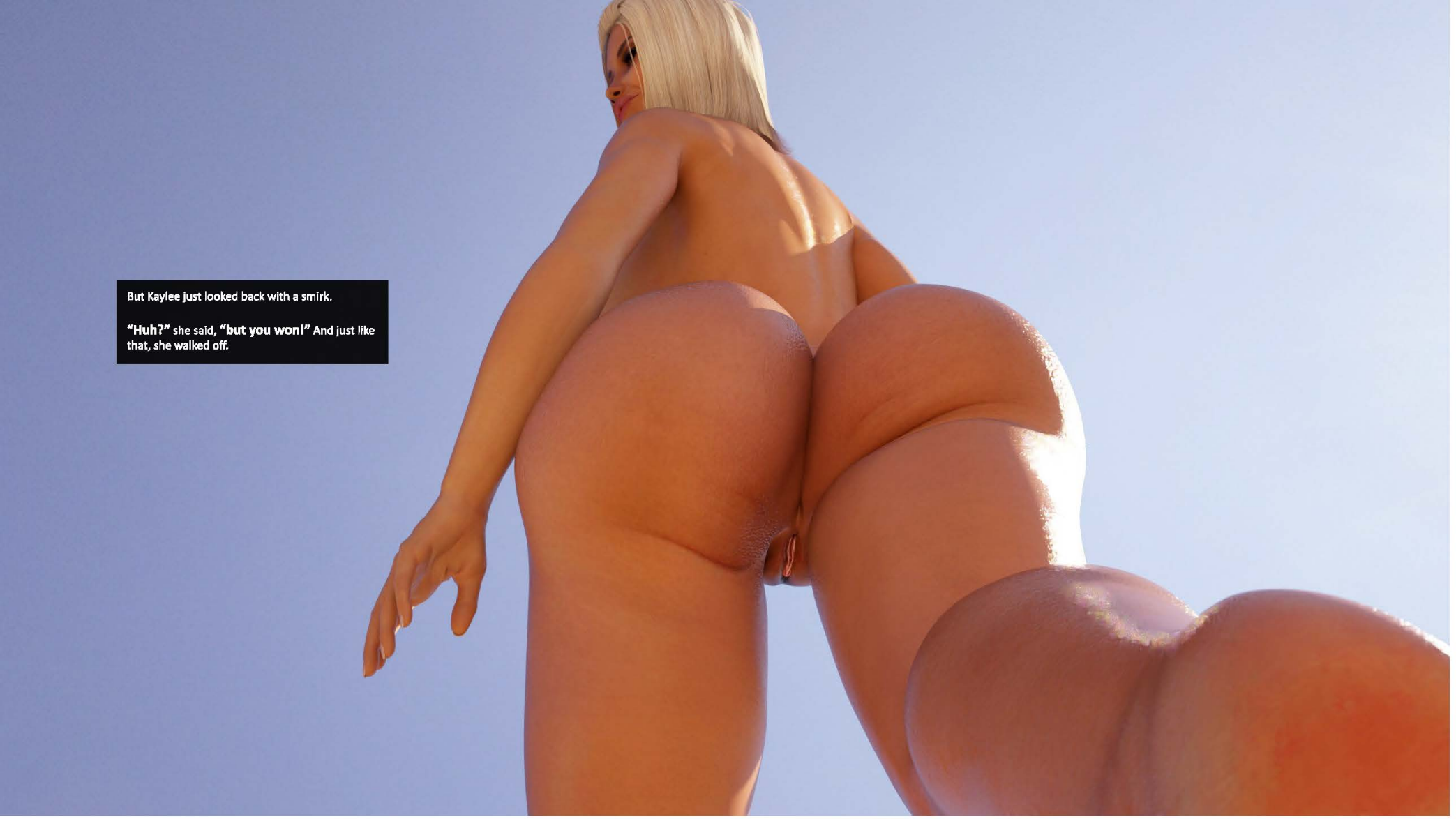

Kaylee's heel flattened them instantly, along with a dozen or so other people. A dozen screams of horror were instantly silenced. I could see the blood splatters in the sand, painting the cracked sand red. And just like that, two of my friends were gone.


Kaylee slowly twisted her heel. I rushed over to her foot, hoping against hope that somehow they'd survived. *Maybe they ducked into a hole in the sand at the last second? I mean, it's pretty unlikely that would happen to both of them, but surely it could happen to just one of them, right?* If even one of them made it, I would have been so relieved. But as her foot lifted up, I realized all hope was gone.


Kaylee slowly lifted her foot up, and my worst fears were confirmed. At the top of her heel were Marsha and Ted, crushed almost beyond recognition along with a few others. I fell onto my knees and let out a scream of despair.


"Why!" I screamed as loud as I could. "Why would you do this to me?! What could I possibly have done to deserve this?!"


I couldn't believe what had just happened. How cruel she'd been to me and my friends. My life was derailed. It took years of therapy to get over that moment. It was the defining moment of my life. But for her, it was a single step. I doubt she even remembers it.
"Take me too!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. "Take me too!"


But Kaylee just looked back with a smirk.
"Huh?" she said, "but you won!" And just like that, she walked off.


POV:
KAYLEE


I did what? No, that doesn't ring a bell. I don't remember every single step I take, okay? Like, I've killed millions of people, I'm not going to remember every single one! That is a pretty hilarious story, though! Sounds like something I'd do!


So maybe my memory isn't perfect. If I don't remember every single person I killed, so what? Big deal! I do remember something else that happened on the beach a bit later, though.
I was walking down the beach when I saw a big group of people. Probably a couple dozen or so, at least? I don't know, I never bother to count them. I'm not the type to worry about my kill count like it's a high score in some kind of video game. You just do it for the fun, you know?


I could have stepped on them so easily, like I apparently did with the others before... but that's just so easy, you know? I wanted to do something different this time. Something special.
I stepped clear over them, and walked past the group. Walked over all of them in a single footstep. They probably thought I'd just ignore them and keep on walking. They were wrong.


I turned and looked behind me. My butt had grown to such enormous proportions that it eclipsed my view of most of the people on the ground. That fact... it gave me some ideas.


I laid down on the sand next to them, and got nice and comfy. I knew I didn't have to hurry. The amount of distance they could cover in a hundred steps, I could cover just by leaning over... and that was exactly what I was going to do.


Slowly, I lowered my ass down on them, bit by bit. I watched as they did their best to sprint away, or gave into their terror.


I drew it out nice and slow. It was so satisfying, watching as they tried to run away from my slowly encroaching butt cheeks. And right when some of them were about to escape...


I lowered my ass cheeks down to the ground. I didn't put any effort into it, I just let gravity do the work. As it turns out, gravity plus however many thousand tons my ass weighed was more than enough to flatten every poor bastard who was caught under it.


That's when, for the first time all day, really, I took a minute to lay back and really relax. The cops and the army seemed like they'd given up on killing me, and I didn't have my stupid family to worry about anymore, so why be worried? What's the point in being an invincible giant if you can't enjoy yourself?
It was so nice, just lying on the beach. The weather was nice and warm, and the cool water felt so nice on my toes, even if it did clean off the beautiful blood splatter...


But when I finally got up, I was dismayed. I realized some of the people on the ground were still alive. And if they were alive on the ground, I knew it was possible there were some survivors stuck to my butt, too.
I wanted to make sure to finish them all off. Not because I was worried about them suffering or anything, like duh. I just thought it would be gross to have some people just touching my butt like that! It's kind of like having little bugs on you. I dunno, it's weird. Like, dead bodies still gross me out, but if you mash them up really good, they're not really a body anymore, are they? They're just a splatter! And really, pretty much everyone is a waste of air at the end of the day. I think turning them into a red splat on the ground is a huge improvement!
So I bent over and crouched down on top of the impact crater. I made sure to position myself perfectly...


So I bent over and crouched down on top of the impact crater. I made sure to position myself perfectly...


When I was ready, I threw my ass back! This time I could guarantee there wasn't going to be anything left of them.


When my ass finally hit the ground, the impact sent out a shockwave of sand. The force was so intense it was like a bomb going off. Everyone underneath me was instantly pulverized. It was beautiful.


I twisted my hips and slammed my butt against the ground until I was confident there was nothing left of them but I little red goo on my butt, and then I did it a little more just to make sure.


A bunch of worthless losers ground into paste by my perfect ass. Another job well done.


I looked back to make sure I didn't miss any, but the beach was pretty much all clear. With all those the lowlives cleared off the beach, I remembered why I came to the coast in the first place.


As much fun as I was having slaughtering my way through the nobodies on Venice Beach, I had more important scores to settle. And so I headed down South, to a certain beach that was calling my name. And the stupid asshole who lived there. And his dad's stupid beach house. And his stupid, stupid boat.


POV:
CHAD


I wasn't going to let anything get me down today. A fun day at my dad's beach house was quite rudely interrupted when the TV started blaring all these alarms about who knows what. Really killed the whole vibe I'd been so carefully curating all afternoon. So I made the executive decision to move this little shindig outside, know what I mean.
Now here we were. Outside, surrounded by sun, surf, a bunch of cute girls, and my dad's boat. A few games of volleyball, a quick dip in the ocean, then we'd head out into deeper waters to really have some fun. This was shaping up to be a most excellent day in a long line of most excellent days.


"Serve!"
That's my cue. I leap gracefully into the air like a gazelle to the awe of my numerous female companions. I can hear them gasp afterward they're so impressed with my form. Even the girl on the opposite side who just served can only watch in awe.
Yeah. I'm awesome. They know it. And they love me for it.


A perfect return. As usual. I swear I could hear a round of thunderous applause after that. All the girls are gasping in awe, no doubt admiring my perfect return. It's not often that a member of the fairer sex gets to bask in the greatness of a true man. Hell, even my kid brother on the opposite side of the net is stunned. He's not even sure how to deal with it for a second. Like, a ball slapped back over the net with such grace, and so effortlessly? He might as well be playing against a God.
A God. Yeah. I like the sound of that.


But it doesn't seem like the moment was meant to last. I catch sight of my bro doing what I'd consider a pretty solid jump myself to hit the ball, but my all-important attention has been turned elsewhere. The girls all gasp around me, and I watch as the absolute biggest pair of legs I've seen in my entire life appear over the rocky outcropping surrounding my parent's beach house.
That's right. My parents have a beach house.


I've always been a leg man, but this is a bit much, if I'm being honest. I find it hard to believe I actually have to crane my neck up to look at the owner of those gorgeous, completely naked legs. I'm like, six five, dammit. I never have to look up to anyone! Especially not a woman.
But this girl... she looks familiar. A bit too much in the chest area if you're asking me, but those legs are lookin' fine.


Doesn't look like she's happy to just stand and stare at us for much longer, though. And before I could place her face she started walking again. Thankfully, this huge beauty didn't go out of her way to step on the beachfront property or I'm sure I would've gotten in huge trouble. Only problem is it seemed like she was heading straight for me, and my lady friends!
So not cool.



I could swear it started with a K... Kimberly? Maybe... Katherine?

Aw, fuck it. Whatever. Much as I'd love to stay in place and draw her attention down so she knows who she's dealing with, I doubt she'd be able to see us under those big stupid tits of hers. And she's so big that what looks to be her casual walking speed is way, way faster than any of us can run! In just a few seconds she's already stepping onto the rocks, and only a single step away from us.

Still, though. She's got great legs. And her tan is lookin' nice! Bet she'd love to have me rub oil all over them.

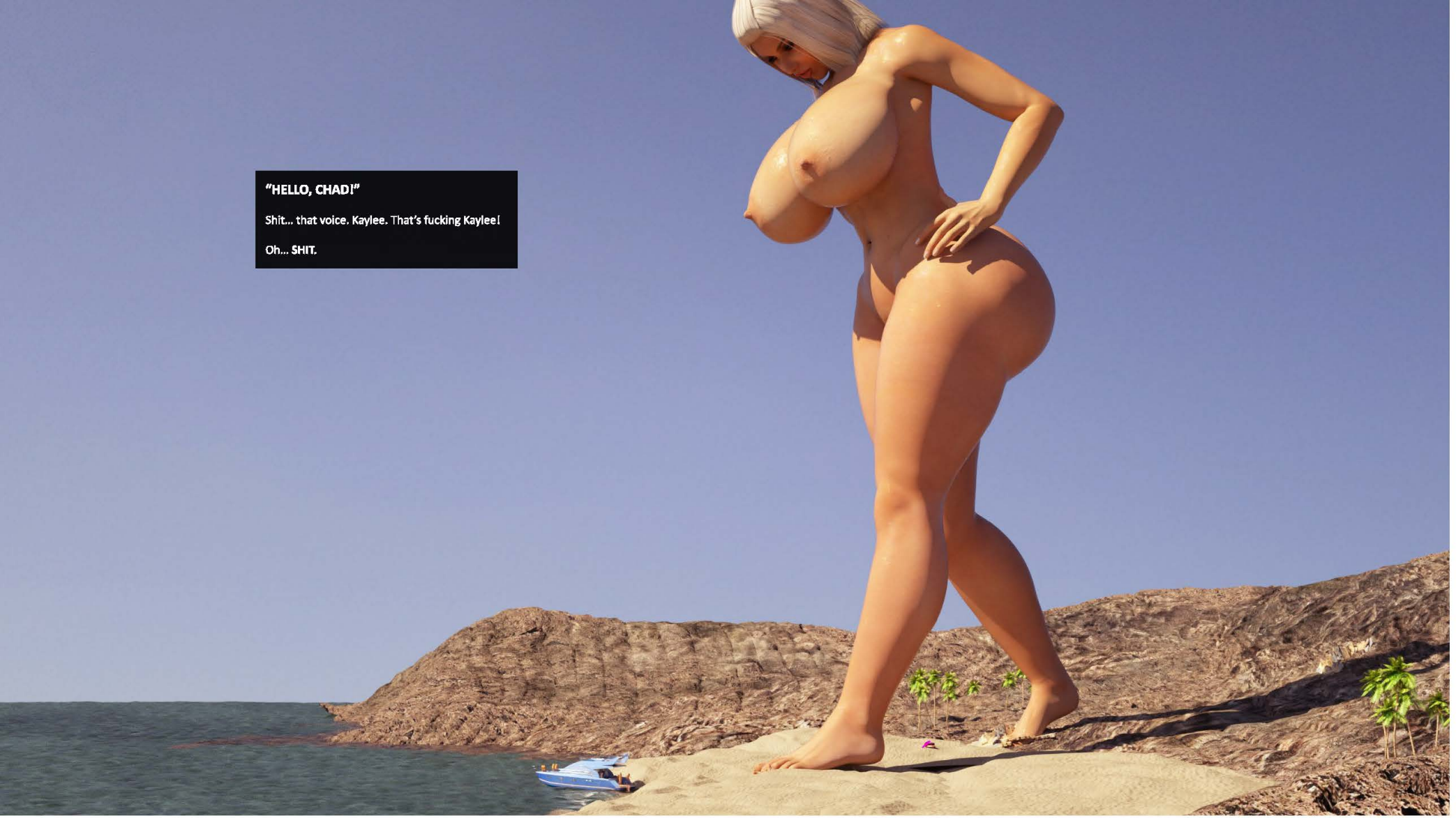

THUD!
Aw, no way! This huge lady stepped onto the beach and almost popped all of the inner tubes we'd brought with us! Those things cost money! I'm sure she's just jealous she couldn't make use of them to join our party, but that's no reason to treat other people's property so disrespectfully!
But if I'm bein' honest... things were startin' to look a little dicey. Like, it was pretty obvious she was big a few moments ago, but now that she was on the beach itself I was startin' to get a feel for how big she really was. And I didn't want her to accidentally step on any of us. That would've been no bueno, catch my drift?


I could see her lean forward to get a better look at us. Well, I suppose it's a good thing she wanted to be aware of our position. I wonder who she was? Probably some overzealous fan I'd find the misfortune of opening a night with before bouncing the following morning. I'm a free spirit! I can't just stick to one female. I've gotta spread my wings.
Still, maybe we could work things out? I didn't approve of everyone else gettin' to look at her! If she was gonna parade around naked like that, but I bet she'd love to spend a night with yours truly.


"SHE'S GONNA FUCKIN' STEP ON US!"
"RUN FASTER, BRITTANY!"
Ugh. Drama. Here I am jogging at a brisk pace while these slow girls just can't keep up. But they don't have to make so much noise. I mean, what's the worst that could happen? It's sand. It's not going to hurt if she steps on anyone. Maybe if we were out on the rocks, or if she was stomping thjere would be something to worry about. But jeez.


Her lips were curling up into a smile. A real mean lookin' one, too. It's real familiar. It's conjuring up some memories that I can't quite place, other than to know I've seen that face before. Though the tits weren't nearly as big. So she was way prettier than, too.
I bet she recognized me, though. That's why probably why she's smilin' right now.


THUD
"AHHHHHHH!!! HELP"
Oh... SHIT! She stepped on one of the girls! The... blonde one! In the pink! She's screaming and flailing and the fuckin' sand is turning red around the giant lady's toes! She didn't...
The giant bitch didn't step on the cutie on purpose, did she? Shit. I don't like the sound of that! I've gotta get the fuck out of here! I'm a lover, not a fighter! And though six inches of steel has been more than enough to please any woman I've ever been with, I get the feeling it's not going to have much of an effect on someone this big!


"HELLO, CHAD!"
Shit... that voice. Kaylee. That's fucking Kaylee!
Oh... SHIT.



I gotta get the FUCK out of here! Luckily the countless hours I've spent going back and forth in my parent's pool has given me the kind of toned physique needed to move at speeds that would put any normal man or woman to shame. There's no way I can outrun Kaylee on foot, but that's what the boat I got for my 20th is for!

While some of the girlies are still trying to make their way up onto the ladder to board the vessel I'm already sprinting up to the rooftop with the steering wheel. I know what Kaylee's like. I don't know how she got so big, but she did always have a knack for belittling people. And I wasn't about to stick around and see what new things she could get up to when she's fifty thousand feet tall.



No sooner am I up in the cockpit that I'm beginning to wonder if this was actually the smartest move to make. I know that Kaylee would have caught up with me in seconds on foot, but now I was kinda, like, stuck. What was I supposed to do if I needed to get off of the boat? Swimming was definitely slower than running. And Kaylee was so big that I'm sure none of the water around here would have come up past her ankles.

I suppose the reason I'm so concerned is the fact the boat is rocking violently, nearly throwing me off when Kaylee takes another step in my direction. I can't stick around and wait any longer. I just hope all the girlies are on board before I take off.



A big huge shadow comes down from above, and I'll admit, even a man as choice as myself can find themselves scared occasionally. I could see Kaylee's expression from here, but with those balloons on her chest I'm not sure she could even see me.

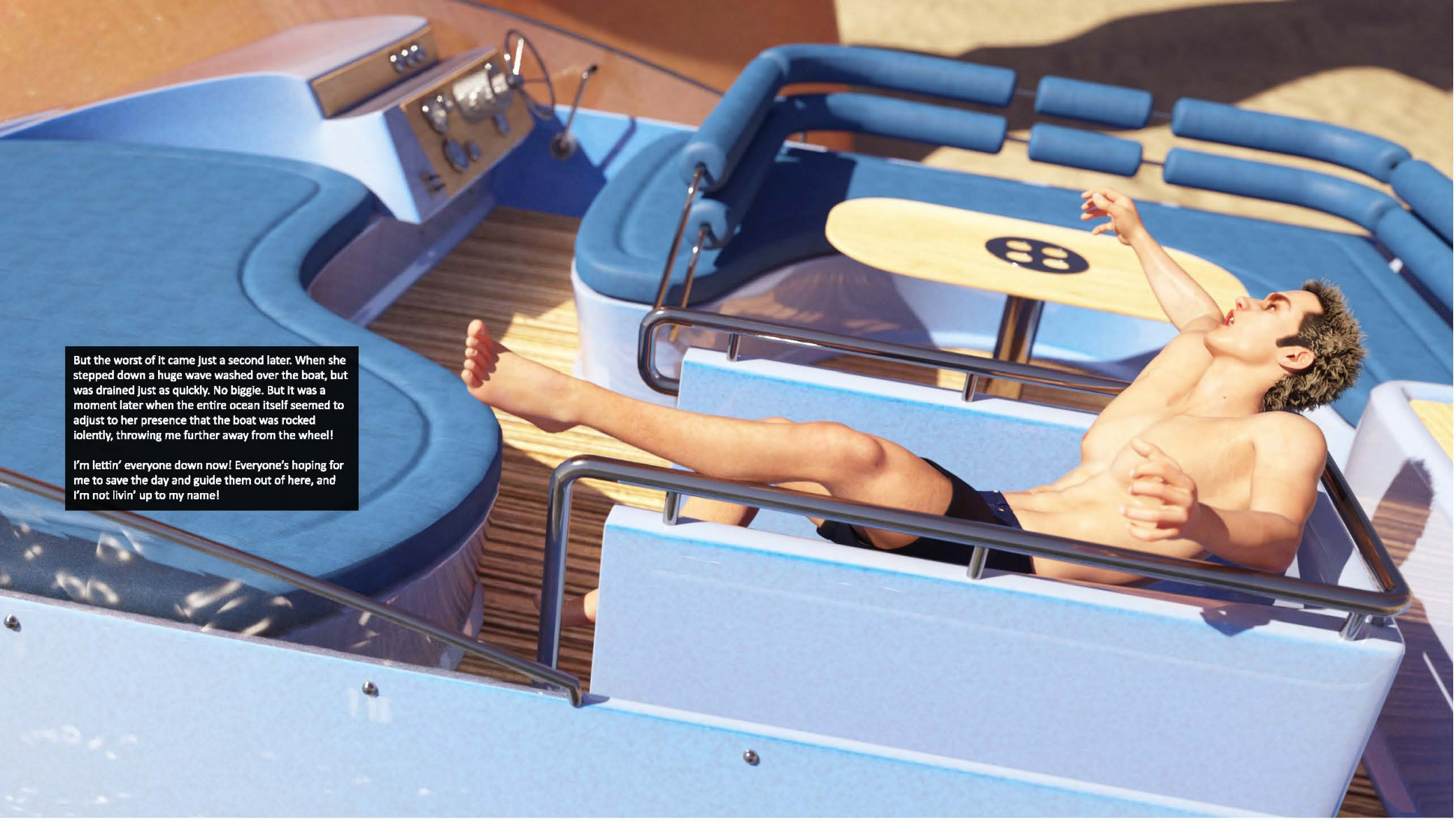
That only made it worse. Her foot was headin' straight for me, and I didn't want to think about what would happen if it actually hit. I may have been able to bench press a couple hundred pounds with enough spotters, but there's no way I'd be able to stop her from crushing me with just her toes if she really wanted.


Thankfully, it seemed like she was more interested in walking past. And when I looked up and saw Kaylee's huge pussy moving directly overhead I was finding it hard to remain strong.
I mean, I still was, of course. If anyone asks I definitely wasn't on the verge of pissin' myself then and there. I held strong! Hell... if anything I thought about how I used to slam that pussy! It was big enough to swallow this entire boat whole, but once upon a time it had trouble fitting my steel rod inside!



Kaylee stepped down directly next to the boat this time. I can only assume she was tryin' to scare me, as there's no way she'd miss a step that easy. Unless her big fat tits were in the way. I suppose that's possible. They're probably more of a handicap at such a big size, really. Here she is trying to step on something directly beneath her, but she can't hit! She's been robbed of one of her senses!

That... or she's playing around with me. Trying to draw it out. Like she used to when we would go out together. Shit. Why'd it have to be Kaylee? Why couldn't it be Pamela Anderson, or something?


But the worst of it came just a second later. When she stepped down a huge wave washed over the boat, but was drained just as quickly. No biggie. But it was a moment later when the entire ocean itself seemed to adjust to her presence that the boat was rocked iolently, throwing me further away from the wheel!
I'm lettin' everyone down now! Everyone's hoping for me to save the day and guide them out of here, and I'm not livin' up to my name!


Of course, the fact I only momentarily lost my balance is a testament to how fuckin' jacked I've gotten over the past few months. With a core this strong and jogging half a mile every day there's no way I was down for long. But directly below I could hear a much more chaotic struggle takin' place.
"The girlies were screamin', and I could tell my little bro was scared out of his mind. Rosher had always made it a point to tease him when we were dating, too. (REMOVE THIS LINE IF IT DOESN'T WORK) The two of them would always go off to another room while we were dating and start screaming at each other. I always felt so bad when he'd come out of the room drenched with sweat from all the things she put him through.
I feel like I should say I'm sorry.



"Ugh, you still drive this thing around, Chad?"

Was... Was Kaylee talking to me? It felt like the sky itself was falling as she crouched to get a better look at me without her giant tits blocking the view. She looked down at me with a smile, and pressed her finger into the front of the boat.

I feel like that's a sign. Is she tryin' to take me back? I mean, maybe I've been overexaggerating things. She is still pretty freakin' hot. And how jealous would all the guys be if I was dating the tallest girl in the universe! She would need to get used to interacting with us more, though. Even pressing her finger into the boat sent me sliding forward and threw me off my feet once again.

"This thing is SO cheap."
"That's my dad's boat!"
I don't know why I responded like that. I just... couldn't deal with her insulting the thing I'd wanted for years and only just got within the last decade! Sorry we can't all afford our own personal yachts! But this was a pretty sweet boat, and dad still gives me plenty of money!
"It's still cheap."



She was tryin' to prove a point, now. And when her finger pushed down harder I could feel the entire thing moving to the side until it was pointed straight at the shore. But more than that, it was really startin' to freak me out just how big she was. On the beach we'd avoided her. When she walked over the boat she was still pretty far away. But now, with her finger on the thing, pushing it around so casually, I could really get a sense for her size.

And it scared me.



"Sorry, Chad. Your trip's been canceled." Kaylee said, smiling as she pulled her finger away.

Not like I thought I could get away with her directly over us, anyway. No, she wanted to make sure that the boat couldn't make a speedy escape, and she'd done so pretty effortlessly. I'm more just relieved that she wasn't touching the thing anymore. I swear her index finger is almost as long as the entire thing, and when she was pushing down on it she probably could have crushed the entire thing between two fingers.

I'm not equipped to deal with those kinds of odds! Sure, pit me against a black belt, or a gang of half a dozen troublemakers and I'll handle things easily. But against a 50,000 foot tall Kaylee I couldn't do much more than hope she gave up on me sooner rather than later.



"Besides, you can't leave yet..." Kaylee said, standing back up and bending over us. **"You forgot some of your passengers."**

I wanted to say something along the lines of, "Survival of the fittest, babe!" but I had the distinct impression she wasn't talking about me ignoring one of the cute girls I had been partying with. I recognized that mischievous glint in her eyes. She was going to do something that ended up with something I own broken.


"Everyone's accounted for!" I shouted up while moving to the lower section of the boat. I could hear the girlies around me, screaming for their lives as they looked up at the giant woman that put every last one of them to shame. They shouldn't be so worried. I was more into girls I was a bit taller than. You know, nothin' better than havin' a little lady around. There was no way I could be tempted by Kaylee.
Besides. Her tits are way too big for me. Especially now.


"Oh you DEFINITELY forgot some people." Kaylee said, turning around and wiggling the gigantic globes of her ass over us. It would have been a really sexy show if not for how big she was. I appreciated a big ass as much as, if not more than the next guy... but I had a feeling if she sat on my hips right now things wouldn't end well for me.
Then again, maybe it wouldn't? Sure she was too big to ride me, but at her size she could probably fit a whole body into that ass. It was an... interesting idea. One that would probably be coming with me every night for the next week, now.

I swear it's like she was reading my mind. Kaylee slowly turned around and showed off that huge ass of hers, making sure to spread wide so everyone below could get a good look. Had every part of her grown to match her new size? She'd always had a big ass before but now... wow.

Each half looked like a goddamned planet. She could probably stuff the entire boat between those huge round things if she wanted. Or at the very least hold all of us between them like she was bobbing for apples. With her ass. I swear it felt like I could...




Oh... SHIT!
There ARE people between her ass! How are they holding on there?! I don't recall making a noise after noticing them but Kaylee's loud, rumbling laugh made me think otherwise. Was she going to squish all those people?! There had to be at least five of them but it looked like she could fit a dozen more. Easily. All of us out on the boat wouldn't even make a dent! She could just sprinkle us all in-between, and just by pressing her ass together...


I... I didn't like thinking about this anymore.
"There's nothing to worry about, Chad! I'll just drop off everyone you almost forgot directly onto the boat." She said, giving her gigantic backside a firm slap. It was hard to take my eyes off as the soft mountain of flesh rippled from the casual strike. There's no way even a fit guy like me could achieve those kinds of results. She had just been so casual and completely showed me up. I don't know if I'll be able to stop her from doing anything she fuckin' wants.



I was so lost in thought it took me a moment to notice that Kaylee had dropped to her knees. Even this close to the shore the surge of water was enough to nearly capsize the entire boat, but it was protected. When the bobbing little thing bumped into Kaylee's ankle it righted itself, stopping from falling over.

But that just meant that her enormous fuckin' legs were framing the boat from either side. She'd completely trapped us, and with that ridiculous ass coming down I had a sudden idea of what she might have meant by dropping her ass-passengers off onto the boat.



Kaylee started dropping her ass closer to the boat. I don't know what I expected. Part of me was hoping that maybe, just maybe this bad boy would be able to support her. But as that huge thing came closer and closer I could tell that even one of her mighty cheeks making contact would send us all to a watery grave.

"KAYLEE! YOU HAVE TO STOP!" I shouted. I knew it was futile. I knew she wouldn't ever stop. She didn't have a kind bone in her body. And I knew, deep down, that we hadn't ended things on the best of terms. But that was her fault! She was the one who pushed me into the arms of-



My brief moment of introspection is cut short when Kaylee successfully sits on the boat. The people trapped inside of her ass come dangerously close to slamming into me while the entire thing struggles to hold her up. I tried opening my mouth to scream up to her again, but a half-second later her ass is my entire world.

There's only screaming and terror now. I can't even imagine it what it'd be like for the girlies down below. They were probably facing Kaylee's pussy full-on and trapped in pitch black in the middle of the day. All I could do was try my best to slide back and stay as far away from that huge, destructive ass as possible.



"Alright, Chad! We're ready to go any time!"

I'm surprised I was able to make any of that out considering how much of it seemed to only translate as low rumbling sounds to me. Kaylee was obviously enjoying herself and didn't seem to give a damn about the well-being of anyone caught beneath her. That probably should have been obvious already, but I'd liked to have believed there was some semblance of humanity left in her. But I suppose getting fifty thousand feet tall makes it hard to sympathize with ant-sized people.

Even if she was one of us just a couple days ago!

"What's the hold up?"

I didn't think she was expecting an answer to her previous question, but after that I wondered if maybe I should say something. I started to do exactly that, but Kaylee started to lean back and I was probably the only one who could see she slammed her elbows onto the beach after. She was directly addressing me and wanting to know why we hadn't taken off yet!

I'm not the smartest guy around. I know that. Kaylee never let me forget it, either. But surely it was obvious why we weren't going anywhere, right?

"Come on, Chad! I don't have all day! Wait... I think there might be a problem."





"No shit." Is what I wanted to say. It's hard for a boat to take off when someone fifty times bigger than it decides to tag along for the ride. I didn't say anything, of course. I was fuckin' scared of Kaylee. I'm not afraid to admit that anymore. And I could only breathe a sigh of relief when she rose from her position, dropping all of the people she'd been carrying into the water, along with my bro and the rest of the girls we'd been partying with!

I took a moment to look back and see what she was doing. Kaylee had only been back in my life for a couple minutes now, but she was already dominating it as much as she had been when we were together. Only this time I feel like the consequences of ignoring her were going to be much more severe.


"CHAD! HELP US!"
I don't know what to do anymore! I can't just dive out into the water to save them! Kaylee's watching us directly and there'd be no way of saving myself if I had to do that. As it is I can already feel some droplets of water raining down from her face onto the people swimming beneath her.
Am I supposed to play the hero here? Or is Kaylee just playing around?! I don't know what to fuckin' do!



"Oh my, look at all these little things swimming around..." Kaylee said, dropping into the water. At first I hoped she was just talking about, like, some fish or dolphins or something, but then I realized that some of my girls fell in too!

I didn't like the way she was looking at them, but what scared me most was what she was sayin'. Was she threatening to hurt one of the girls if I didn't do anything? Hell, knowing Kaylee, their fate was probably already sealed and even if I did dive out there I couldn't do anything to stop her.

Was this still Kaylee, though? She seemed... different. And not just in size! The old Kaylee would have probably kicked them around, not threatened to seriously hurt them... or worse.


"LEAVE THEM ALONE, KAYLEE!" I shouted up. I didn't know what to expect. I was scared. I can admit that. The old Kaylee would have probably kicked me around at this size for fun. Maybe stored me inside a purse or something to really scare me. But this Kaylee Kloss was a terrifying force of nature. As she locked eyes with me from so far above I couldn't see an ounce of sympathy for my plight, or any of the people swimming around her.
And then her lips started to part.


POV:
KAYLEE

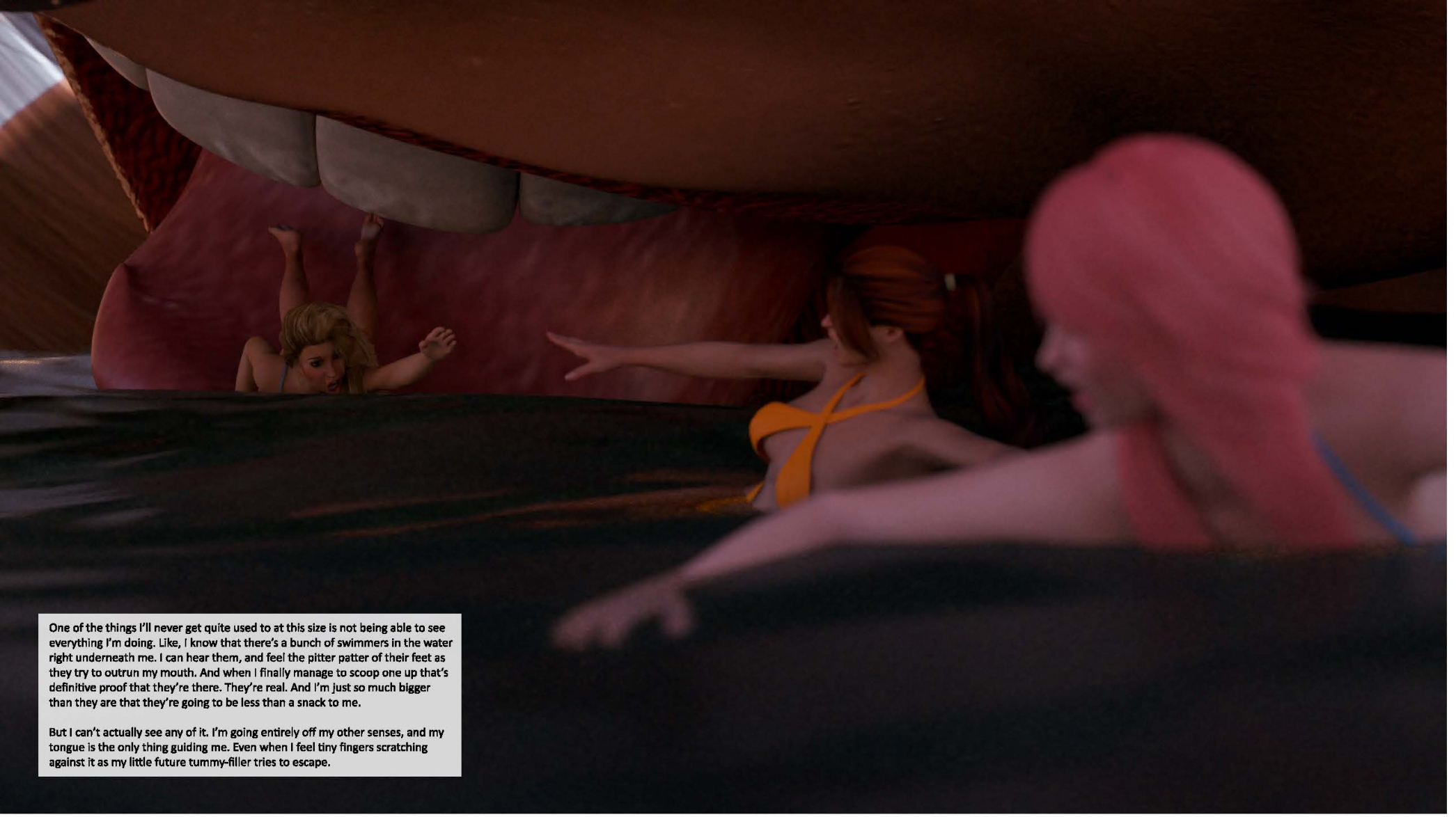

Ugh. I can't BELIEVE I dated that guy for a while. Too much of a chicken shit to get out of his boat and try to do something to stop the big bad Kaylee. I only came here because I wanted to drive the fear of God into him. And maybe snack on a few of those girls he was always surrounding himself with to make himself feel better. What was it he would call them... his sweeties? He tried calling me that once and he got a bloody nose for it.
All I can say is I hope they taste as sweet as they sound.



Hanging my tongue out of my mouth I can hear Chad start to cry and blubber from atop the boat. But he still wasn't making any moves to try and do something about it. That's SO him. Just sit by and pretend he cares about something, but not actually do anything about it. But I'll give him a few more chances.

It would be so, so easy for me to scoop my head down and slurp up every last one of these pretty little things at once. Maybe swish them around, and rest my neck over the boat before I swallowed so he got to see their final moments before they vanished into my stomach to serve as fuel for me. But I was going to start slow.

Kaylee can have one girl. As a treat.



One of the things I'll never get quite used to at this size is not being able to see everything I'm doing. Like, I know that there's a bunch of swimmers in the water right underneath me. I can hear them, and feel the pitter patter of their feet as they try to outrun my mouth. And when I finally manage to scoop one up that's definitive proof that they're there. They're real. And I'm just so much bigger than they are that they're going to be less than a snack to me.

But I can't actually see any of it. I'm going entirely off my other senses, and my tongue is the only thing guiding me. Even when I feel tiny fingers scratching against it as my little future tummy-filler tries to escape.



But it's too late for her. I pull back to get a stock on who's still in the water. There's the brunette... the pink-haired girl... and that must mean that I've got the tiny blonde in my mouth right now. I don't know who any of these people are, and I probably never will, and I'm not about to ask. What kind of a weirdo asks food what their day is like before eating it? I doubt Chad knows any of them by name either, and I don't see much chance of anyone making it out of here.

Not that they're not trying. Oh, sure, I can't see the blonde girl, but I can hear and feel her. Her teensy little hands are pulling at my lips, reaching for her friends who seem more interested in saving themselves than her. And even Chad finally got down from his perch to watch what was unfolding.



Well all my time in front of the cameras tells me that an audience demands a show! Slurping the little blonde up like a noodle is enough to remove her from everyone's view entirely. The panic beneath me starts to rise, and I swish the little thing around a bit. Really letting them get an idea of what's going on inside of there. Am I going to start chewing, and let them hear her body crunch and pop under my teeth? Or will I just spit her out along with a couple gallons of saliva to really let them feel it.

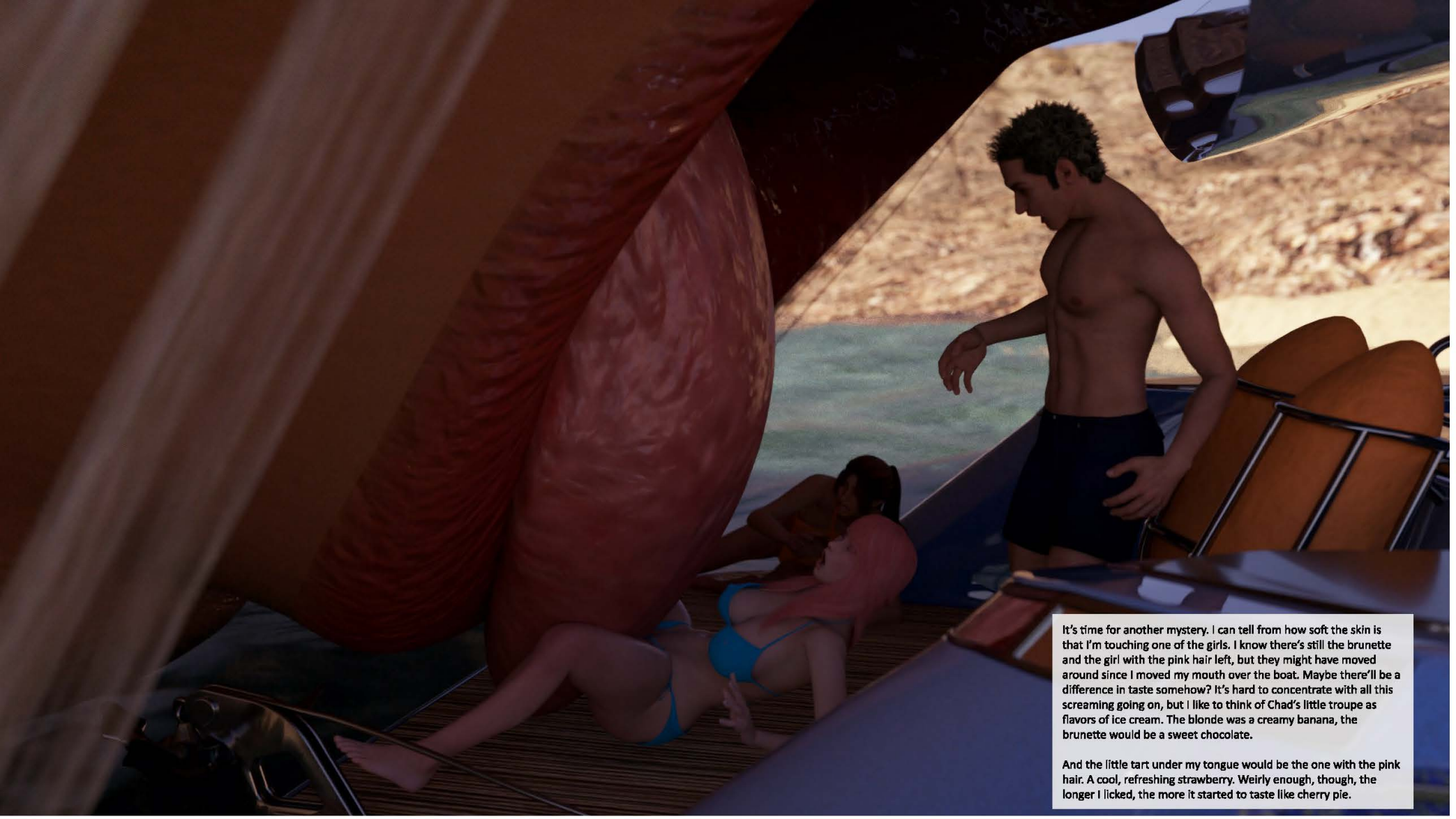

I got a little too lost in thought imagining their stunned reactions to either angle. And in doing so I kinda sorta inadvertently swallowed her whole. It went by a little too quickly, and when I opened my mouth to catch my breath it let Chad and his girls know that their little blonde companion was gone. Forever, probably. They could just sit and look up at me and wonder when they were going to go.
Fuck. I love being this big.


"I'm still hungry, Chad." I whispered needily.
That really got the little lowlifes going. I opened my mouth wide and held it over the back of the boat. They start saying, "No, no! Don't hurt me!" or something and I realize that they really think I'm going to bite on the boat. Just shear straight through it with my teeth and chew them all up like I'm some kind of shark, or something.
Maybe I should be offended.



First off, boats seem like they'd taste like shit. Me and Chad fucking dated. He should know that I wouldn't just eat random pieces of fucking plastic or whatever! Second off I think it's pretty clear given what just happened to their blonde friend that I planned on snacking on one or more of them at the moment.

I always knew Chad was an idiot with an opinion way too high of himself. My mistake for assuming all that time in the gym would give him some thoughts on how nutrition works. And how a woman my size can only get a decent amount of it from little people like him. A lot of them.



It's time for another mystery. I can tell from how soft the skin is that I'm touching one of the girls. I know there's still the brunette and the girl with the pink hair left, but they might have moved around since I moved my mouth over the boat. Maybe there'll be a difference in taste somehow? It's hard to concentrate with all this screaming going on, but I like to think of Chad's little troupe as flavors of ice cream. The blonde was a creamy banana, the brunette would be a sweet chocolate.

And the little tart under my tongue would be the one with the pink hair. A cool, refreshing strawberry. Weirly enough, though, the longer I licked, the more it started to taste like cherry pie.



While lying down in the water I wind up nudging the boat forward until the tip of it is running aground. This makes things considerably easier as I can now line my mouth up with the backside and place a bit more pressure without risking the thing spinning out of control.

There's no hope for them now. With my mouth wide open I can hear them scream as my breath washes over them, and I hope they enjoy the sensation. I bet there's so many guys and girls out there who'd love to get this close to my mouth even when I'm this big.



It doesn't seem like my next snack is eager to get on board, so I give the boat a little nudge with my lower lip. Though I can't see exactly what happened I can tell from the sensation that the girl who'd up to that point been successfully avoiding me fell forward.

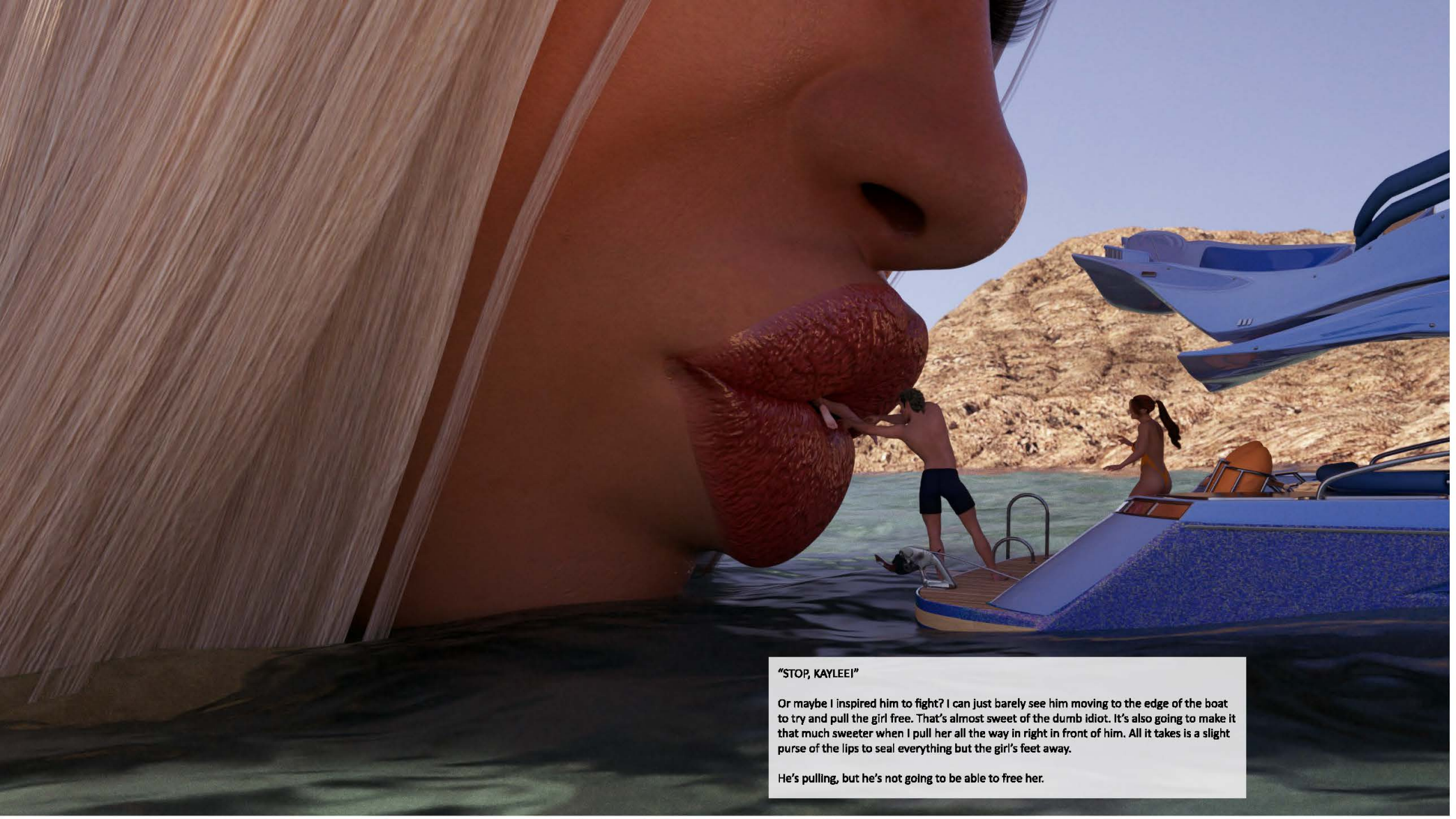
Directly onto my tongue. Oh she started screaming again, begging for Chad to pull her free. That poor little thing. If she only knew how selfish the guy she was begging to save her really was.



I could have snapped my jaws shut then and there to seal her away like I had the blonde. But I wanted to wait. I wanted to give Chad a chance to fail at rescuing her, and let the pink-haired woman know that she could have been saved if the guy she'd been paid to hang around with actually cared about her.

Chad wasn't doing anything. There was no attempt to grab the woman's legs and pull her free. She just kept screaming and screaming, echoing around the inside of my mouth as I curled my tongue up to draw her in. If Chad was going to make a move he should probably do it pretty quick!


Typical. He couldn't fight his way out of a paper bag, much less protect anyone.



"STOP, KAYLEE!"

Or maybe I inspired him to fight? I can just barely see him moving to the edge of the boat to try and pull the girl free. That's almost sweet of the dumb idiot. It's also going to make it that much sweeter when I pull her all the way in right in front of him. All it takes is a slight purse of the lips to seal everything but the girl's feet away.

He's pulling, but he's not going to be able to free her.


In fact, I think it's probably time to test his grip.
"STOP! KAYLEE! LET HER GO!"
No, Chad. I don't think I will. In fact, I think it'll be fun to watch him squirm for a bit. So I move my head further away from the boat. He tries to hold on and pull the girl's feet back away... and then it's too much. With a piddly little splash he falls into the water directly in front of my lips while I send the strawberry morsel down my throat.


"You fucked up again, Chad."
Can you believe he started wailing and crying after that? The guy used to always brag about how tough and strong he was directly to me, and always talked about how many fights he got into. But all I do is swallow someone right in front of him and push him into the water and he's ready to give up. I think he's broken now. He just can't handle any of this.



Good. I prefer him that way.

"Don't worry, Chad. You can help in a different way." I taunt, pulling back further so I can get a good look at him. The brunette is looking up at me with wide eyes as well, waiting to see what's going to happen to her. It's tempting to just complete my little neopolitan treat and swallow her down as well, but I'd prefer to strike while the iron is hot. Keep bearing down on Chad while he already can't handle it. Let him know that he was always beneath me.

God. I'm getting hot just thinking about it.



Maybe I've been too hard on Chad. Sure, he spent most of our time together talking about his "incredible workout routine". And showing off how much he can lift. And talking about how many guys he could take in a fight. And paying girls to hang around with him. But the one thing he brought up most often was this damn boat.

He loves this thing, and the more I look at it the more I think maybe I can find some use for it too. And, if I can give Chad a second chance at the same time, I doubt he'd want to complain about that.



"This boat is really cool, Chad." I say, while plucking him up and moving him to the front. "Do you mind if I use it for something?"

His eyes lit up after the words left my mouth. He really doesn't have a lot going on up there. I step on a bunch of people, eat a couple more, and all I do is sling a compliment his way and he's all smiles again. There's a lot of reasons to want to get rid of Chad, but making sure nobody else remembers we were ever involved with one another is definitely near the top of that list.



"Hold on tight now, or you might get hurt."

He gets the idea pretty quickly. I nudged him into position so he was wrapped up in the front grill while I pushed the boat around with my fingers to let him know what he would be in for. I think it's pretty obvious what's going to happen, but Chad's probably still clueless. Just like when we dated. A couple honeyed words and he's putty, willing to do anything for me. And being a hundred times bigger doesn't hurt things, either.



I don't want to hurt him yet, so I pick up the boat carefully. The brunette still in the back holds on tight to stop herself from falling out, but I bring Chad right up to my face to see if he's holding onto the front as I'd ordered him to.

Something doesn't seem right...

Then it hits me! His trunks! If we're going to fuck again he definitely won't be needing those, and with my free hand I tear them away completely, exposing his naked body to the hot afternoon air. He's looking around wildly now, probably not sure what to think about this new situation he's found himself in. This is probably going to be the kind of thing he doesn't forget about the rest of his life. If he even has one after we're done.



"KAYLEE, CAN YOU PUT ME DOWN, PLEASE? CAN'T WE TALK ON THE BEACH, OR-"

I think he's embarrassed he's got a huge boner right now. He's acting like he's not into it, but that thing is pointing straight up and waiting to slide into something. Too bad for him he might as well be attached to an oversized dildo. It could be worse. I could have showed him, his stupid brother, and the rest of the girls he was with into my pussy all at once in an attempt to get off. At least this way there's a chance he won't get jacked ten seconds after going inside of me.


It's just a chance though. Not a guarantee. His likelihood of survival depends on how well he performs while inside of me. And as it is I can already tell he's having a hard time holding onto the front of the boat while I swing it behind me.
I wonder what I look like from his perspective. He's probably complaining about the size of my boobs, as if any other guy wouldn't consider themselves the luckiest on the planet to be around them.



"Hope you're ready back there, Chad. Make sure to hold your breath!"

He's screaming some more, but I think he's too scared of what I'd do to him if he lets go so he just hangs out there. Waiting for the inevitable while the front of the boat is being brought closer to my pussy. He's clearly not taking my advice, though. With all that screaming he's going to run out of air pretty quick, and of the many things I've learned about being so big today I'd say one of the most fun was finding out how difficult it is for people to survive in my pussy.


Oh well. It's his funeral.



It's fairly easy for me to slide the tip of the boat into my eager pussy. The combination of still being wet from my numerous excursions into the water today and the arousal from getting to fuck up Chad and his stupid boat make for a relatively smooth glide inside. I don't know how Chad's doing it there, but I think I can feel something on the tip of that boat still moving around.

But more importantly than that, I feel a slight shift at the back of the boat. I've been so focused on fucking with Chad for so long I totally forgot about the brunette! She's still hanging around back there, trying not to fall off the boat as I work the tip around my pussy.


God I'd love to be able to shove the entire thing inside of me and get the brunette all the way up inside along with Chad. But for as big as I am I'd need even more size to do that.
It's a stray thought at first... but I've grown a dozen times already today. I may not have the exact specifics down, but I'd bet any amount of money that working myself over like this is going to trigger yet another spurt. And if that's not enough I could just do it again. And again. And again. Until...



A shiver ran down my spine. I don't know what I'd do with all that size. All that power. I'm already completely unstoppable to normal people. A literal force of nature that the rest of the planet's just going to have to learn to deal with or face a quick death. Hell, I'm working an entire stupid boat inside of my pussy right now, and all I can think of is getting bigger so the entire thing can slide in.

"Keep screaming, Chad!" I shout. I want to hear his cries for help more. He needs to know he means nothing to me, and will live or die on my whim. Following my orders is the only chance to make it through this, as I wasn't even sure if I was going to let him live or die yet.


Chad did exactly as told. His screams echoed around, turning him into the weakest vibrator on the planet. It wasn't much, but the combination of that, the intoxicating sensation of being so big, and even my tits dipping my nipples into the cold water below are enough to finally send me over the edge.
I clenched my fingers, slightly deforming the outside of the boat. The sound that immediately followed is what pushed me over the edge.


There were still people inside! I assumed they'd been crushed earlier when I walked through the water but they must have made it onto the boat and run inside. Now I wasn't just fucking Chad, but his stupid little brother was probably still inside of there, along with any of the survivors I'd so carefully carried in my ass earlier.
And now they were all plumbing the depths of my pussy. My left arm grew weak, and I nearly fell onto my face as my arousal reached an explosive climax right there on the fucking beach!


I wasn't sure which was more intense. The feeling of what I was doing to that stupid boat, it's mewling occupants, and Chad himself, or the latest growth spurt coming over me. Would it be another short one, or would I be standing among the clouds when this one came to an end?
I couldn't fucking wait to find out.



The growth began again. Slowly, but surely. Almost as soon as it started I found I could drive that boat just a bit further inside of me than I'd been able to before. A fact I naturally took advantage of to make sure Chad got a good damn look inside of me. This was already further than he'd ever been before so this was all uncharted territory for the pathetic little thing.


This was also my first time growing on anything that wasn't a city's streets. Out in town I'd feel the street buckle and crack underneath me as I grew, and had a decent reference for how much bigger I was getting with every passing second.
Out here it was just me, the boat, and my body slowly sinking further into the wet sands.


How long would it be until I could leave perfect indentations of my body on harder streets the way am I with the sand right now? I've always been a big presence far more important than the people around me. They've always been nothing. And I've always been waited on hand and foot by lesser people.

But I still looked like them on the outside. Way hotter, but still helpless if they ever decided they'd had enough of me. Now that wasn't even an option. I not only couldn't be stopped, but I could get rid of any who opposed me without lifting a finger.


"FUCK!"
Chad's doing a great fucking job back there. For once in his miserable little life. I think he got his legs loose and started kicking around inside of me. I hope he doesn't think he's hurting me by doing so. Because not only does it feel really fucking good, but I can't let him live if he was choosing to be rebellious.
Just to make sure, I drove that boat in a little bit further.


There we go. Really let him see what it's like. Surrounded completely by his ex. Every little bit further I push this in gets me a little hotter and I'm panting before I know it. I can't believe this. How the fuck is Chad actually getting me off? Is it even fair to say it's his doing when I'm doing all the work?
I suppose that means it's not too different from when we were actually together, then.


More growth means my nipples dragging across the ocean floor. It's a pleasant sensation that I'm sure no normal person would ever be able to replicate on me given my new size, but it's still the screaming occupants in that boat that are doing most of the work.
I clenched my pussy, wondering if I was yet big enough to deform the entire thing that way. My hands and feet would have no problem turning this piece of shit boat into a hunk of twisted plastic and metal, but it looks like it's holding its own against my pussy.


Nothing a bit more size can't fix, though. I'm taking this as a personal affront, now. I deserve this. I'm fucking Kaylee Kloss. Nothing is out of my reach, now. I'm rich, sexy, and now unbelievably powerful. Hell, there's probably half a dozen people inside my pussy right now, hoping that I won't be strong enough to crush their flimsy little boat every time I clench.
"FUCK!!"


I've gotten off half a dozen times already today. Most of them in public, and with a fairly high body count every time. This one's positively tame compared to the rest.
But then why does it feel so much better? Maybe it's the personal part. Having so many people inside of me at once is exciting, sure. But doing so with someone I know. Someone who deserves this. Chad isn't just a random I'll turn into a red splat on a whim. He's a shitty ex-boyfriend with a small dick who wasn't worthy of Kaylee Kloss in the first fucking place!



Time seemed to slow down for a moment. I could feel absolutely everything taking place right now. The cool water brushing against my nipples. My growth slowly coming to a stop as my fingers touched dry sand. The boat still very much filling my pussy. The stupid brunette hanging on the back of it, screaming for her life just outside of my pussy. The people inside, probably fighting the walls and hoping they don't cave in all over them.

And then there's Chad. Still moving as my entire body was rocked from an explosive climax. Probably the biggest one yet, and I don't just mean that cause I'm so much fucking bigger now!

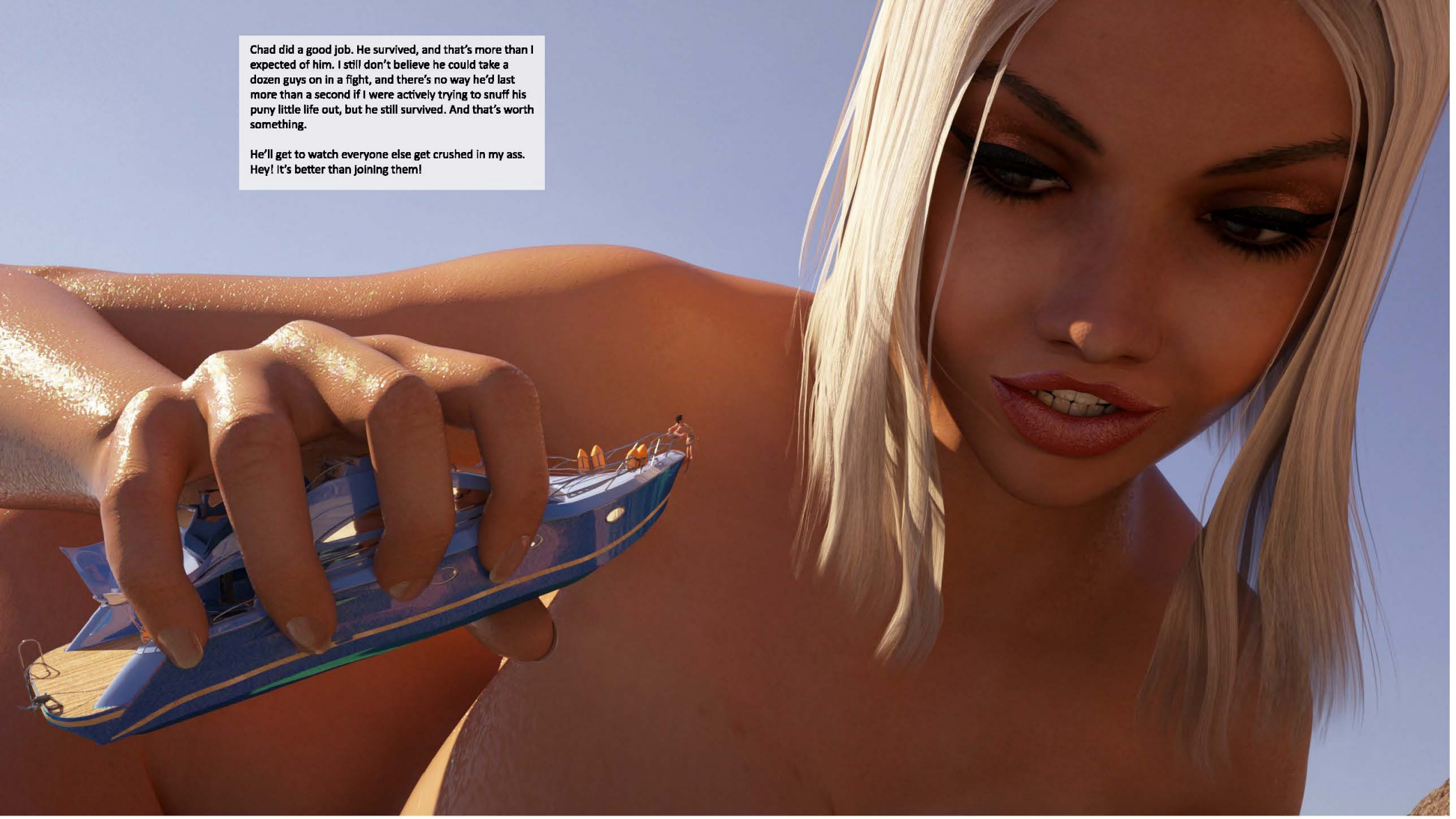

It is so, so tempting to leave the boat inside of me. Or try and push it all the way in and really give these useless little things a ride they'd never forget. Maybe try to get another little growth spurt out of it so I can be big enough to actually crush the entire thing inside of my pussy.
But using the same group of people to get off more than once? As if. When I can take anyone I want for any reason there's no way I'm going to give someone the opportunity to do it more than once.


I'm not gonna let them go, of course. Fuck no. They may have done well, but it was what they were asked to do. They didn't go above and beyond what was asked. They whined and cried the whole time, even.
And don't even get me started on the useless plebs hiding inside of the boat the whole time. I had to use my own imagination to get off using them. They contributed nothing! So they're going to help out afterward the only way they possibly can.



After all, they'd narrowly avoided being crushed in my ass earlier. I don't want word getting out that anyone who crosses Kaylee Goddamn Kloss can live to tell the tale. I don't even have to have look back. Just feel around for the little door keeping the boat sealed, break it open with a finger, and tilt the entire thing upside down.

That... is more like it. There's more screams now. At least a half a dozen of them. And tiny little sensations of people falling into the depths of my ass again. I think even Chad has a view of what's going on, as I can hear him above the rest. Though I'd also assume my ass is absorbing most of the sounds of the rest begging for help.


Chad did a good job. He survived, and that's more than I expected of him. I still don't believe he could take a dozen guys on in a fight, and there's no way he'd last more than a second if I were actively trying to snuff his puny little life out, but he still survived. And that's worth something.
He'll get to watch everyone else get crushed in my ass. Hey! It's better than joining them!



"Watch closely, Chad. And consider yourself lucky you're not joining them."

Waah waah blah blah blah. I don't know what he started saying after that, but he knew what was coming. He probably could have tried to free himself and do something about it, but he was so scared shitless of me he didn't even do that much. Just kept himself locked up and staring up at me with what I'm assuming was a mixture of terror and devotion. Ugh, maybe I should just crush him after.


Everything on me is bigger after growing, but my ass has grown so much I can hold a crowd of little people between with minimal effort. And it's grown significantly easier after that latest growth spurt. I had to kind of waddle around like a humongous fucking dweeb earlier.
Now? Now I can strut. The only way a woman of my standing should ever be moving!


More eager to show off my new size than anything else I dropped to my knees to show off what I'd done. If I wiggled my ass too much they would have all died. If I turned too quickly they'd die. If I gave my ass a teasing slap then, you guess it, they would all die.
I looked down at Chad. I wonder what's going on in that little pea-brain of his. He has his eyes glued on my backside as I kneeled over the beach, but whether that's cause he's admiring the view or because he's scared of what's about to come I don't know. Probably a mixture of both.
Let's tilt the scales in one direction, then.



"Get a good look at your little friends, Chad." I made sure to announce. What most surprised me after that was the squeals of terror from those trapped in my ass. Tiny little fists and feet beating against my skin, begging for mercy. If they'd showed some initiative things might've gone differently, but as it was I don't have any sympathy for lazy workers. They knew what was happening, and they should have willingly put their lives on the line for my pleasure.

They didn't step up then, so I'm forcing them to contribute now. I think I'm starting to quite like the sounds of people begging for their lives before I squish them anyway. It's nice.



Especially because if there's one thing I know for certain, it's that I'll never be on the opposite side of this. And when I gently squeezed my ass cheeks together I could feel the outcome in an instant.

Total annihilation. A dozen limbs fighting me went silent at once. I'm not even sure if I even felt them pop, or I was just so prepared for it that I imagined it. The only thing I know for certain was feeling the slight wetness their bodies left behind after.


"Oops!"
Chad didn't seem to like that. I never knew he could scream that loud.


Satisfied, I decide now's as good a time as any to start heading on out of here. I've had my fun, and given my stupid ex a day he won't forget anytime soon. With the remains of his brother and the rest of the girls still wet on my ass I start walking away. Maybe I'll take the time to kick over his stupid asshole dad's beachfront house while I'm at it. I bet Chad would be able to see the whole thing from his perch.
I could just tear down the beachfront house. Leave him stranded out here. Miles away from the city. No car, no phone, no home to go back to. Not even any clothes... would that make me petty?
Fuck if I care. I need to work off this steam somehow. If he's going to live, then I'm going to claim his stupid house. And after I'm done tearing the entire thing down... who knows how I'll feel!


That's when Chad screamed at the top of his lungs. He said something like,"That was my dad's house, you bitch!" He seemed even madder than he was when I killed all his friends. Some people really have messed-up priorities, you know?


I looked down and realized Chad was right; I had already stepped on his dad's beach house, without even realizing it! My foot had turned into a pile of cinders and wood scraps, and I didn't even notice. Oops!



In the blink of an eye I whipped my head around and looked down at him. He's stopped holding on and is sitting there quiet. Just on the tip of the boat, looking up at me with watery eyes, just barely holding back his rage.

I could leave him like this. Just walk away in silence, and leave him confused as to what to do next.

I could turn around and go finish him off. Just raise a foot over his stupid boat and bury the entire thing in the sand along with him. He did stop holding on, after all.

I almost felt bad for him. For a second, I thought about going back to get him... either to take him with me, or to finish him off. In the end, though, I decided to just leave him there.

It's not like he matters. There's only one person left on this entire fucking planet that matters.

And that's Kaylee Goddamn Kloss.


END OF PART 9

KAYLEE'S GROWTH PART 9




DELETED
RENDERS













