
KRYSTAL


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Everything started with the big showcase of my late husband's collection at a renowned museum in New York. It was supposed to be perfect... but the whole thing was a disaster. We'd barely gotten there on time and there was a mix-up with our wardrobes, but those seemed like small problems. Issues we could get past so the show could proceed as planned. But all of that paled in comparison to the problem that came up once I arrived to the museum...


"What the hell is this doing out here on the floor?" I asked the event coordinator. "This Kali statue is invaluable! My husband's foundation included specific instructions not to remove it from its specially-designed container, under any circumstances. And now you have it here? Out in the open? In a case that isn't even locked, much less shielded? What are you thinking?!"


He gave me a look that I'm sure was meant to reassure me, but came off as condescending. "I'm terribly sorry for the misunderstanding, Ms. Kloss. I'll have someone take care of that right away. In the meantime, if it would make you happy... I can have a member of our staff stand by it to make sure no one gets too close."


"I'm afraid I don't have much faith in the competence of your staff right now," I told him while pressing a finger into his chest. "No, that won't be necessary. I will have to keep watch over the piece myself, if that's what it takes. Unless you'd rather I shut the whole thing down and call your manager to get it taken care of?"


"We'll take care of everything, won't we, Carol?" the coordinator said, motioning to his assistant.
"You'd damn well better." I said, looking away. I didn't even want to look him in the eye.


He walked off in a huff, taking his assistant with him. I didn't have much time to worry about the two of them, however. Not a moment later, a couple wandered over to get a better look at the statue.


"Look at that," the old man said, pointing at the statue. "It looks almost as if the eyes are glowing red..."
To my amazement, it did look like that. It was strange. I could have sworn it didn't always... and that fact certainly made me uneasy.


"Please, don't get too close," I told them. "It's not supposed to be outside of its case. It could be dangerous..."
I should have stepped back myself, but for some reason I wasn't even thinking about my own wellbeing. Maybe I should have been... But I've always felt like something of a protector. Like I could survive just about anything. I can't help it. I have a tendency to worry about the well-being people who aren't so strong... Like my beautiful daughters.


Sure enough, the two of them showed up a moment later. The pair casually strolled right in, wearing two extremely revealing dresses. As usual, Kaylee didn't look happy.
"Can you believe this shit? We look like sluts!" Kaylee muttered. "My tits are practically popping out of this dress!"


A second later, she turned towards the event coordinator. Whatever concerns I had about impoliteness, Kaylee clearly didn't share. "What the hell do you think you were doing, giving us these fucking skirts to wear?"
"I'm terribly sorry Miss Kloss, but there must have been a mix-up." the coordinator said. "Were these not your outfits?"


"Of course they're our fucking outfits!" Kaylee said, her voice gradually beginning to raise. "Our outfits for when we hit up the clubs later! Not for going to a fucking museum showing! I spent hours picking out a nice, classy black dress specifically for this event. What made you think anyone would wear a dress this slutty to a fucking museum expo? Now get the fuck out of here before I get your useless ass fired!"


After an outburst like that, you'd expect every eye to be on Kaylee. But whether they'd just tuned her out or the Kali statue was simply that alluring, it didn't happen. More and more flocked to the glass case, and in no time at all a crowd had gathered with enough people getting close to make me uneasy.
"Everyone, please stand further back!" I told them. "I don't know why the statue is glowing, but it could be dangerous. Everyone, stand clear of it!"


Kaylee, as usual, seemed to take my warning as an invitation, and walked right up to me. "Why the hell are you so worried about this stupid statue?" Kaylee asked. "What is it even made of? Plastic?"


I sighed. "This statue is over ten thousand years old, Kaylee. I don't know what on earth would be making its eyes glow like that... But it's nothing we should be toying with!"
"You're scared because the eyes are glowing red? Seriously? Don't tell me you actually believe in that stupid supernatural shit, mom. They probably just wired it up with LED's to make it look nice in the case."


"Kaylee, are you serious? You really think the museum would tamper with an artifact this old just to put some damn Christmas lights into its eyes? It's a historical piece, not a haunted house prop!"
"Well it makes a lot more sense than whatever garbage you're worried about," Kaylee said. "God, I forget how superstitious you are!"
I was so caught up in our argument, I took my eyes off the statue. I didn't even notice Kayla was opening the display case until it was too late.


"Dammit, Kayla, get back!" I told her. I shoved her back with a forcefulness that surprised both of us.
"Jesus, what the hell has gotten into you?" Kayla asked. "Are you fucking crazy?"


The statue's eyes suddenly began glowing significantly brighter. I don't know how to explain it, but I could feel that glow penetrating into me. The sensation was hard to describe... but it wasn't pleasant. It felt like a deep, burning hatred bubbling up inside of me. Call me superstitious, but the thing just felt... wrong. Evil, even. Evil like I'd never experienced before.
"Both of you, get away!" I shouted.


"Yeah, yeah, whatever," Kaylee groaned with an impossibly sarcastic roll of her eyes. "I'll go find someone who isn't crazy to hang out with."
"I don't care what you think," I told her. "Just get away from here, please! Save yourselves!"
Kaylee walked away, and Kayla followed. They didn't seem to be in much of a hurry, but they were at least walking away. Hopefully that meant nothing would be happening them.


"Come on, Kayla, let's get out of here," Kaylee said, her heels clacking on the floor as she walked away.
"I thought you weren't worried about the statue?" Kayla asked.
"Of course not. But I need a drink," Kaylee said. "Feels like mom's on the verge of another mental breakdown, and I do NOT want to be sober when I'm dealing with that."


So that was that. I'd scared off everyone in the vicinity. It was just me now. I should have walked away, and let the museum workers put the statue back in its container... But somehow, I couldn't bear to do that.
It took me far too long to realize the obvious. I wasn't special. I wasn't unique. The statue had the same pull on me that it did on everyone else. That eerie glow, it beckoned me. I yearned to hold it... And with no one else around, I did exactly that.


Without a moment of hesitation, I opened the case, and picked up the statue. It was surprisingly weighty, and smooth to the touch. It took a bit more effort even getting it out of the cage than I had expected, but once I did, I was rather proud of myself for doing so. Those hours in the gym were paying off!
Then... I wasn't sure what I expected to happen. I held it in my hands, wondering if I had just been overreacting like Kaylee had said. At first, I felt nothing... And then it hit me.


I could hear sounds coming from the statue. Sounds that were chilling. Unpleasant. Screams.
Not just one scream, either. A symphony of them. Like millions of people crying out in agony all at once in the face of some unspeakable horror. The sounds melded together into something that pained my ears... But it didn't stop there.

I saw her.

A vision of Kali, as she had been depicted in ancient writings. She towered over a landscape, her figure blotting out the sun. The scene felt apocalyptic. It was like I was witnessing the end of days... something that would come to pass.

And stranger still, it all felt familiar somehow.




I felt as if the world was ending. I could sense devastation on an almost unimaginable scale. Feel the terror and despair in millions of people all at once.
And worst of all... Some part of me seemed to revel in it. Whether it was an intrusive thought or sheer curiosity, I felt myself drawn to that feeling, wanting to explore it further...
I suddenly snapped back to my senses. I couldn't take another second of it. I cast the statue away, throwing it onto the ground.


The statue shattered instantly, breaking into thousands of pieces. That was to be expected... But something stranger happened next. I could see some kind of symbol glowing in red right where the broken statue fell. It looked like a circle with some kind of strange symbols I didn't understand scrawled all around it.

I was trying to make sense of it, but just as quickly as they appeared, they vanished, taking the broken shards of the statue with them. I stood there in silence for several seconds afterward, staring down at the fragments of glass. Dark thoughts ran through my head. That vision... had felt too real to be ignored. It felt like I had genuinely caught a glimpse into the future. Which left me with only one question.

How long until that would come to pass? Years? Months? Days? I had no way of knowing. There was only one thing I knew: no one would believe me.






I heard footsteps, and the sound of a man's voice. "Excuse me, Mrs. Kloss? I'm with the NYPD," the man said. "You're not in trouble, this is just a safety check. We heard you were acting strangely?"
POLICE
OFFICER


The officer walked closer, reaching to get my attention. I know I should have just stood there, but I instead found myself lunging forward, surprising both of us. Why, I didn't know... It was like something overtook me.
POLICE
OFFICER


Before I knew what was happening I tried to pull back, but it was too late. We both lost our balance. He fell backwards, and I landed on top of him. I'd been on top of my fair share of men over the years, but never like this.
POLICE
OFFICER


I knew I should rush to stand back up, but I felt... strange. Like a sensation that coursed through every inch of my body. A throbbing feeling forming in my core that spread to my extremities. For a moment I feared I had hurt myself in the fall, but it wasn't just pain from the fall. Mixed in was something else... A kind of warmth, one that was almost orgasmic.


The sensations were all-enveloping. It was like my body was tearing itself apart, and being born anew all at once. I was enthralled by it. I couldn't move, and I could barely form a thought. Everything else was drowned out by the feelings that washed over me.
POLICE


I could feel the contours of the officer's body beneath me. What's more, I could feel them growing smaller beneath me, his frame diminishing by the second. An answer to what was happening popped into my head. One as obvious as it was impossible:
I was growing.
POLICE


I was... growing? Repeating it in my mind didn't make it any less absurd. It had to be real. I could feel it. A moment later, I had already accepted the impossible. My body was growing bigger. More massive. More powerful...


...And it felt good. As much as it hurt, I wanted more. I could feel the officer squirming beneath me. Already, he was struggling to move beneath my enhanced mass. My body was dominating his... But it wasn't enough. It was like I'd had a sample of something greater. Something I needed more of.


I've always been exceptionally tall for a woman, and I've always had a thing for shorter men. Or maybe short men had a thing for me. Either way, I've been with a number of them over the years. They weren't all meek little losers, mind you. Many were strong, confident, powerful men, and they could be dominating... When I let them be. But the moment I decided to take charge, I ran the show. I could overpower them, through size and strength alone. I had acquired a taste for that over the years. An interest in dominating men. And now, I yearned to take it to its logical extremes.


My body grew.
I could feel my body pushing against the confines of my dress. The fabric was straining to contain my curves. It wouldn't last for much longer.


I could hear the fabric tearing as I grew, and it filled me with satisfaction. The dress was one of a kind. It had been custom made, with a price tag five digits long. Tailors had spent weeks working on it... But none of that mattered. Just like all the expensive lingerie that I've had men tear off of me... Taking it apart was the satisfying part.


Another moment passed, and I could feel the back rip open, freeing my backside. All of the effort that had gone into making it was wasted in an instant, as it failed to contain my growing curves.


A moment later, my sandals followed. The straps snapped one after another, losing the battle against my growing feet. They clattered against the ground as the final scraps of my dress followed suit.


Then, the sensations slowly faded, bringing me back to my senses. The growth spurt subsided, leaving me all too aware of how massive my body had grown in such a short period of time. I started to get up, struggling under the weight of my own body.
The officer!
I looked down and was shocked to see him lying limp. I was only on top of him for a minute or two. That couldn't have been enough to kill him, could it?


I didn't have long to wonder about that. A second later, two more NYPD officers rushed straight for me.
"Holy shit, she's huge!"
"Put your hands where I can fucking see them!"


They both drew their tasers, and pointed them directly at me. I did as they said, and put my hands up in the air.
"What the hell happened here!? Answer me! Now!" The more composed officer shouted.
"I-I didn't mean to hurt him, I swear!" I told him. "I don't know what happened. I just lost my balance and fell on him... And then, I just started to... To..." My mind wavered, as my head started to hurt.


Oh fuck! It was happening again. This time it was all pain, no pleasure. My head throbbed, worse than any headache I'd ever had. It felt like my head was going to explode. Just when I felt like I was on the verge of blacking out... it happened again.


I began to grow. I could feel it again, my body being remade moment by moment, tearing itself apart and rebuilding itself anew. The cops didn't much like that, and kept shouting at me, but there was nothing I could do. I was powerless in the face of all the pain.


The growth accelerated. Within a matter of seconds, I'd grown several more feet with my head nearing the ceiling. I must have been at least ten feet tall by now! How much bigger would I get?


My growth only accelerated from there. I tried to fight it, but nothing I did seemed to have any impact. Whatever it was I had absorbed from that statue was compelling me to keep this up, and I felt powerless to resist.


The pain showed no sign of stopping. My head throbbed again, worse than before. The incessant screaming of the cops didn't make it any better. They were begging me to stop, as if I was in any control over this.
"This is your final warning, lady!" one of them shouted.
"Lower your weapon! Do you have any idea what you're doing?! You're going to-"
Then, I heard a loud bang, and felt a sharp pain in my wrist.


I opened my eyes, and saw one of the little cop's stun guns pointing straight at me. The little wires fell flaccid, falling onto the ground after they'd failed to pierce my skin.
That didn't mean I didn't feel it, though. The sharp prick felt like a bee sting, and made me angry. More than the pain, however, it was the insult of the act that angered me. The idea that they thought such a pathetic weapon could take me down. My face went flush with fury. I was going to hurt them.


Before I even realized what I was doing, I reached out and grabbed both of them by their heads. I expected to struggle, and was a bit shocked when I effortlessly lifted both of them off the ground like they weighed nothing. They flailed and clawed at my hands, but they weren't prepared for something like this. I could have simply held them there, but something compelled me to increase the pressure. To squeeze my fist tighter and tighter.


But a different, stronger urge told me to do something else. Instead, I threw them with all my might. Their bodies smashed against the walls with a bang, and their screams came to an abrupt end. A moment later they slid down the walls and slumped over onto the ground without making a sound.


I did not know if that was enough to kill them... But I did not care very much either way. If they had died, they shot at me first. They got what they deserved.
With the officers dealt with, the rage I felt was starting to fade. My mind returned, too. Now too tall to stand, I crawled on the floor. Not a terribly dignified way to get around for someone of my standing, but I needed to get out of that building before I got any bigger.


But somehow, against all odds, one of the officers was still conscious. I heard the sound of his radio blaring as he turned it on.
"This is Stevens at the Metropolitan Art Museum, requesting backup." He said, his voice echoing through the otherwise-empty room. "Krystal Kloss just killed one of our officers. She's... She's extremely dangerous, over!"
POLICE


I felt a flash of white-hot rage at his insolence, but I was more concerned with survival than revenge. If there were other cops were on the way I could expect to be met with real guns, not mere stun guns. I may have been big next to a regular person, but I didn't feel so big I could shrug off real bullets. That meant I needed to get out of this exhibit and back upstairs. My eyes darted around the room to try and find the best exit, when my vision went blurry and another intense pain rocked my body.


Fuck, another growth spurt. If I grew much bigger, I wouldn't be able to get out of this place. My claustrophobia was already starting to kick in. The museum was already starting to feel cramped, and it would only get worse the bigger I got.


My growth spurt continued, and I shot up in size with a sudden jolt. But as quick and jarring as it was, I could somehow tell this was only the beginning. The vision I'd seen when near the statue flitted through my mind. I don't know if that was my fate... but I knew I was going to get much bigger. How big I could only begin to fathom.


There had to be some kind of stopping point, right? Could a woman really grow more massive than an elephant? The idea seemed absurd, like it would defy some nebulous laws of physics, but I could feel I was already getting close.


The bigger I got, the faster my growth went. The momentum seemed unstoppable, with no end in sight. Try as I might, there was nothing I could do to slow it down. My body wanted to grow, and grow it did.


In mere moments, I'd almost doubled in size. Now even on all fours, my head was nearing the ceiling. It wouldn't be long before I was too big to move at all. I hoped that it would at least pause for a minute to give me time to leave, before that happened...


I couldn't have been more wrong. A sharp jolt of pain shot through my body, sending me reeling on the floor. I could tell right away this growth spurt was going to make the others look like a warm-up. I only hoped that my daughters would have time to get out of the building before I brought the whole place down. My sweet daughters deserve better than that...


Oh my god, it's Brett. I'm trapped in an elevator with my ex-boyfriend. This day couldn't possibly get any worse. Did he seriously travel cross-country just to stalk me? Is he trying to ask me out again after he broke up with me? I hope he doesn't notice me. Oh shit...
"Oh my God, Kayla? Ha! Fancy seeing you here! Really, what are the odds?" he asked.
"Probably better than you'd think." I told him while offering a weak smile. "What a surprise..." Christ that was awkward. This day couldn't get any worse...


That's when the lights flickered, and the elevator started shaking like crazy. The elevator fell silent, and we all worried there was some kind of earthquake. I feared the whole elevator was going to crash and kill us all... But a second later it stopped, and everything was just fine. Probably nothing to worry about. Just a little earthquake. We had them all the time in L.A., nothing to worry about...
FAILURE
NO SMOKING
OSTI


That's when my chest suddenly started to hurt. It felt like someone had punched me right in the solar plexus. It stung so bad I could barely even draw breath. I remember thinking that that the earthquake had shaken me so badly I was having a heart attack.
"Oh my God! Kayla? What's wrong!? Do you need mouth to mouth?" Brett asked, stepping closer.
MOKING
OSTI
MUM CAPACITY
1500 Kg.
PERSONS


"Get the fuck away!" I told him, as he abruptly backed away.
A second later, my head started to pound. Getting a migraine during a heart attack would really add insult to injury... Or maybe I was having a stroke? I could see my vision grow blurry and felt as if my legs had turned to jello. Was I really going to die in this damn elevator next to Brad of all people?
Thankfully... that wasn't the case. I wasn't having a stroke. Or a heart attack. Or some obscure combination of both at the same time. The bad news was... It was something a whole lot bigger.
NO SMOKING
OSTI
MAXIMUM CAPACITY
1500 Kg.
12 PERSONS


A second later, my clothes started to feel really constricting. It was like my skin had gotten hypersensitive all of a sudden, and I had no idea why. My whole body felt like it was being drawn and quartered. With my eyes closed tight, I had no way of knowing what must have been obvious to everyone else in that elevator...
NO SMOKING
OSTI
MAXIMUM CAPACITY
1500 Kg.
12 PERSONS


I was growing. I remember when I finally opened my eyes, and saw everything shrinking around me I thought the movement of the elevator had disoriented me. But... they just kept shrinking, and the lights above my head came closer. Growth seemed like the only way I could make sense of what was happening. Any alternatives somehow seemed even more insane. I couldn't really be growing like that, could I? People didn't just grow!
NO SMOKIN
OSTI
MAXIMUM CAPA
1500 Kg
12 PERSO


"Wha- Kayla, sweetie? What are you doing? Y-You need to stop! You're scaring everyone!" Brett shouted. "You need to stop before you break the fucking elevator!"


"You think I'm doing this on purpose?!" I shouted back. I was racking my brain, trying to think of something, anything that would make sense of this. What could possibly explain something so completely impossible? Had someone spiked a drink of mine? Poisoned me? No, I hadn't eaten anything today!
NO SMOKING
OSTI
MAXIMUM CAPACITY
1500 Kg.
12 PERSONS


Wait.
Fuck.
The statue! Maybe Mom wasn't so crazy after all! And now some stupid mystical curse is going to turn me into a giant freak, and there's nothing I can do to stop it!
NO SMOKING
OSTI
MAXIMUM CAPACITY
1500 Kg.
12 PERSONS


I couldn't believe this was happening to me. It was too much to take, and I let myself drop back onto the floor. I wanted to take a second to breathe, but the other people wouldn't even give me a moment to gather myself.
"Kayla! I'm ordering you to stop right now! You can't be doing this!" Brett screamed.
1500 Kg.
12 PERSONS


"Shut the fuck up, Brett!" I screamed back. "I told you, I'm not in control of this! I don't know how-"I tried to say, before another stab of pain threatened to overwhelm me.
"Well it's happening to you, so you have to try!" he shouted back.
"You're right, Brett! I'll just stop because you asked nicely! Wait, I fucking can't! NOW STOP YELLING AT ME!" I screamed, losing my temper. All I wanted to do was strangle the annoying little man, but the feeling of growing was too overwhelmingly potent. I could hear my clothes ripping. My dress was practically shredded...


...But my growth continued, with no signs it was about to stop. Pretty soon, I bumped my head on the ceiling. I was running out of space, trapped in a tiny room that was getting smaller by the second... and the other idiots in the elevator had joined in, and wouldn't stop screaming at me. I couldn't imagine a worse possible fate than this: dying in an elevator, surrounded by stupid people, with Brett as the worst of them all.


I can't believe this. I'm going to die in a basement, surrounded by idiots. These cops think yelling at me will solve the problem as they swarmed my location. "Lady, you need to stop growing before you bring this whole place down!"
"Will you shut up?!" I screamed. "I would have already stopped it if I knew how, and I can't think if you keep yelling at me!"


If anything, all the aggravation was making it worse. Another jolt of pain shot through my body, and I started to grow more rapidly than before. I could see the ceiling getting closer as I rocketed towards it at incredible speed...


In a matter of seconds, I was so big that the room was beginning to feel more like a coffin. A comparison that seemed all too appropriate given the circumstances. The way things were going, it seemed I would be doomed to be crushed inside of this shrinking white box. I had but a single twisted comfort... I wouldn't be the first to die.


My final moments could have been scary. Trapped and alone in a room that was closing around me. Instead I had to deal with these officers who kept screaming at me to do something I didn't even know how to do, and now it was too late. They were trapped in a confined space with a giant, growing woman and it wouldn't be long until there was nowhere left to run.


I felt my heel press against one of the officers, pinning him against the wall. I thought of killing him, when a flash of anger overtook me as I remembered his earlier actions... but it felt like it would have been a wasted effort. Not because he didn't deserve it, but because it would happen regardless. I was powerless to spare him. I couldn't pull myself back, my knee was already pressing against the ceiling, and my legs were lengthening by the second. Even if sparing him was the only thing on my mind... it was no use. The pressure mounted, and steadily rose until his weak little body couldn't take any more of it.


His struggles didn't last long. Another sudden growth spurt shattered his spine and crushed his body like jelly. For a split-seconds he painted the wall behind him bright red, before they too broke apart from the pressure of my foot. Plaster and concrete alike were shattered by my foot, and piled up on the floor beneath me.
That gave me a glimmer of hope. I hadn't even considered that my strength was growing with my size. If I had to... I think I could break myself out of here.


I imagine this revelation was less reassuring to the police, whose bodies were substantially weaker, and would be stuck here until I outgrew the building. My body was blocking off their only route to the exit, and I was growing at an incredible rate. Their fates were all but sealed. Even if they weren't crushed by my body directly, they'd be buried under falling concrete when I broke through the ceiling.


I must admit, I only considered their fate for a fleeting moment. I didn't have the luxury of worrying about strangers when my own life was on the line. I was growing at an incredible rate, with no signs of stopping... And the building was already starting to lose the battle against me. My leg smashed through the ceiling, sending splinters of concrete raining down onto the ground. My breasts weren't strong enough to break through yet, but I could feel the ceilings begin to bulge upwards from the pressure I was forcing upon them.


Soon, my whole body was pressing against the walls and ceiling and floor. It had become a battle between my body and solid concrete. I was trying with all my might to remain strong. All the while, the little cops were scrambling to climb over me, desperate to get to the only stairwell before the whole place came down around them.
It was a fool's errand. Their time would have been better spent praying to whatever god they worshipped... Or perhaps to Kali, the only god that felt real to me now. The only way they could possibly survive was if my body was too weak to push through... but I'd long since proven I was up to the task.


Not that I could do it easily. When all the walls were pressing around me I did my best to stretch my limbs, only to find considerably more resistance than I expected. Pain rocked through my body, and a part of me felt like this just wasn't worth it. I wanted to give in, and accept my fate... But I'm not a quitter. I've never quit a damn thing in my life, and I'm not about to start here. I'm a fighter. I came from nothing, and rose to the top.
I've felt like this before. Once, anyway... when I was giving birth to Kaylee. For hours, I was in agony. I pushed, and pushed, but she just wouldn't come out. But no matter what happened, the midwife told me the same thing, over and over...
Push. Push. Push. I pushed with every part of my body. My elbows. My feet. My legs. Even my face. I had to break through. I had to show this stupid pile of concrete and wood that it was nothing compared to Krystal fucking Kloss.


Breaking through happened quicker than I expected. One moment the ceiling was resisting my efforts, and the next I was pressing my face against the ceiling of the floor above. I let out something that was part scream of pain, and part shout of victory. That was one floor. But it only made me try to remember how many floors I'd taken down to get to the basement. How far underground was I still? How many floors would I have to break through just to breathe fresh air again?


Regardless, this was still a monumental achievement. I was not going to be defeated. I was a winner. A destroyer. A killer. I would break through this building, and survive. Because at the end of the day... that's who I am. And I always do whatever it takes.


Almost without realizing it, I grabbed ahold of one of the cops and crushed him in my palm. It was a reflex, an automatic response to sensing something pitiful and weak in my grasp. I was strong, and he was not, so I squeezed the life out of him. The strong have little use for mercy, and no one has ever been stronger than me...


I'm so fucking powerless. No matter what I do, I can't stop growing. The elevator is squealing as it struggles to support my weight. It's making all kinds of weird noises, and it's stopped in place but the doors won't open. Everyone in the elevator is begging me to stop, but there's nothing I can do. I'm just going to keep growing more and more massive, aren't I?


Before I know it, my knee was pressing this redheaded lady against the wall. It wasn't on purpose, and I tried to pull back, but there was nowhere to go. I shouted at her to get out of the way, but she must have been stuck... Because she just stood there, while my legs grew longer and longer. I knew what was coming, but that didn't make it any easier.


A second later, my leg squeezed her body against the wall. It was slow at first... But then all at once, I had another quick growth spurt. Her screams rose in pitch until they turned wet, then crunchy. All at once her body burst like a balloon, leaving red streaks to run down the walls of the elevator. It was horrible... But it was also when my luck started to change.


The whole time, I'd been pushing and pushing against the doors. It finally felt like I was big enough to actually make a difference on that front, and gave them another forceful shove. The elevator was technically between floors, but it was close enough that I was able to finally squeeze through that narrow doorway and onto the floor.


With both hands on the floor, I tried desperately to claw my way out of the cramped room. I didn't have long. I was growing faster than ever, which meant there was more weight pushing the elevator down. I could feel the elevator descending with the weight of the rest of my body, little by little. I didn't have long before it fell down, and dragged me with it. Not to mention the other people in the elevator... Wait a second, I almost forgot about Brett!


I looked back, and saw him clawing his way out of the elevator. He's lucky he didn't get crushed under my boobs just now. I reached down and grabbed him, pulling him out to safety. Then, I kicked off against the back wall, using my legs to thrust myself forward. I finally made some progress, only to realize that my hips were still trapped in the doorway... But I wasn't about to let something like that stop me. I pushed, and pushed, until I finally squeezed my body the rest of the way out, and...


I gasped for air, and collapsed when I was able to pull myself out of that shaft completely. Now that I was on solid ground again I tried to catch my breath, and looked down at Brett who seemed so tiny and fragile now. "Are you okay?" I asked.
"I'm alive," he said. "What the fuck is going on? How is this happening?"


Before I could answer him, the ceiling collapsed above me. Huge slabs of concrete fell onto my back. I held up my arm, and barely stopped one of them from falling on Brett. What the hell was going on? Was the building being bombed? Or was I so big that I was bringing the entire building down?
My heart stopped. What if... I wasn't the only one affected?


I got my answer a second later. Something burst through the floor, sending bits of concrete flying through the air. I looked over and saw mom's face rising from the floor beneath me. She had to be well over twice my size, easily! And if she was bursting through the walls like this, well... She was going to be even bigger soon enough.


As if that wasn't bad enough, I could feel my own growth spurt returning. I couldn't waste any time. I snatched up Brett, and crawled away as fast as I could. I just hoped that I could get out before the whole building came down...


God, how predictable. Everyone was acting crazy, and no one would tell me what the hell was going on. Well I was going to get my damn answers. I walked over to the event manager, who was hanging out with his stupid assistant and some slutty detective next to a van.
"What the hell is going on here? Why the hell is the ground shaking? And why are there cops all over the place?


"There's a... difficult situation evolving," Detective Skankface said. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to be able to answer my radio–"
"Nuh uh! You aren't going to ignore me! You don't answer that radio until you answer me first, bitch!" I told her. "My Mom and sister are still in there. And even if they're just the worst I want to make sure they're okay. Are they?"
"I can't say for sure," she admitted. "But I can say this... I'm a lot less worried about them than I am about everyone else who's in there."
ONE WAY


I was wondering what possible situation could be so hard to explain... When Kayla burst out through the glass doors at the front of the museum. I couldn't fucking believe it. She must have been close to fifty feet tall, and she was holding a grown man in her hand, like he was a little action figure or something! What the hell? How was this shit possible?


POLICE
POLICE
The cops that had gathered around started freaking out. They were shit-scared, too shell-shocked to do anything except stare while Kayla crawled out of the building as best she could.


I guess I couldn't really judge them. I wasn't exactly doing a whole lot better. What could I do except stare up in horror, while I tried to figure out what the hell Kayla was going to do next? For all I knew, she could be completely out of her mind right now. What the hell was going through her head?


Maybe this was meant to be. Not me growing, obviously. But running into Brett. As soon as I saw him I wanted to strangle him, but he seemed to have calmed down now... Maybe this was actually meant to be? I wasn't going to come crawling after him, but he showed he was willing to do the same for me. Who was I to disagree with fate?
"Why are you staring at me like that?" he asked, interrupting my train of thought.
"Like what?" I asked, taken aback. "I was just making sure you were okay!"
"Yeah, well I'm fine! Can you put me down now?"


I was about to set him down when I heard a voice blaring over a loudspeaker. "Stand still and put your hands in the air!" the voice shouted. I looked over, and saw a row of jumpy-looking policemen lined up behind a barricade.
PARKING
POLICE
POLICE


"My hands are up! My hands are up!" I told them. I didn't know why they wanted me to put my hands up. Did they think I was holding a giant-sized gun, or a knife? As if either of those things would do much to make me more dangerous than I already was!
"We saw what you did in there already!" The man on the loudspeaker said, his gaze hardening as he locked eyes with me. "Put the man down. NOW!"
"Put him- What?! Do you want me to put him down, or keep my hands up?" I asked.
ONE WAY
PARKING BY PERMIT ONLY


Before he could answer, the wall behind me exploded. Krystal's growing leg shot through the wall, sending bits of concrete flying everywhere. A second later, her arm burst through the wall behind me. She was absolutely gigantic now! Almost as big compared to me as I was compared to the others. She was flailing around wildly, and I could hear the sounds of floor after floor breaking apart inside. It was only a matter of time before she brought the whole building down with her.
MAIN ST
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE


Her arm reached out suddenly... Almost like she was trying to grab me. Screw the police and their stupid orders. I wasn't going to just stand there with my hands up, I was going to get the hell out of dodge. I really don't want to get shot... But their little guns scare me a whole lot less than Mom does right now.


I didn't make it more than a few steps before the whole building collapsed on top of her... but that wasn't what scared me. There wasn't a doubt in my mind that she was trying to grab hold of me. I don't know what was going on with her, but my fight or flight kicked in and I ran like hell. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me.


I didn't make it very far before something stopped me. I forgot about the stupid little barricades they'd set up out here. My leg caught on one of them, and made me lose my balance. Before I knew what was happening I clipped one with my toes, and faceplanted straight onto the ground.
"to protect and to serve"
POLICE
88624


At my size a fall like that was enough to crack the pavement. I'd hit my head pretty hard, and it knocked the wind out of my chest. It hurt... But I'd survive. That much I should probably be thankful for.


While I was still shaking the dizziness away a nearby van peeled out and sped away. Whoever was in there had the right idea. I'm sure that staying near me or mom right now was way too dangerous for anyone to handle.


MAIN ST
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
The whole scene was in utter chaos. Where a museum had once proudly stood was now nothing but a bunch of broken chunks of former buildings, and mom's huge body. Anyone who had been caught inside of there when it came down was long gone. Whatever curse made us grow like this had already claimed a whole lot of lives, and I hoped Brett wasn't one of them.


"Brett? Are you okay?" I asked. He didn't respond. His body felt limp in my hand. I was worried I might have claimed another life when I'd fallen just now... But as I slowly rose to my feet, I realized that something sticky was adhering to my stomach.
POLICE


"What is...? Eww! Gross!"
The sensation on my belly was a cop. One that had definitely been crushed underneath me. I reflexively swatted him away, throwing him to the ground. That was, like, tragic for him and everything... But it wasn't exactly a picnic for me either. As if it wasn't bad enough for my knee to get covered in the redhead's blood, now I had to deal with even more of the gross stuff on me.


"KAYLA..."
The sound of Krystal's voice made me suddenly leap to attention. I looked over, and saw her reaching out for me once again. She wasn't as aggressive as she had been before, but she was acting so strange. Something seemed different about her, and it wasn't just her size. I couldn't put my finger on it, but she was giving me the creeps.

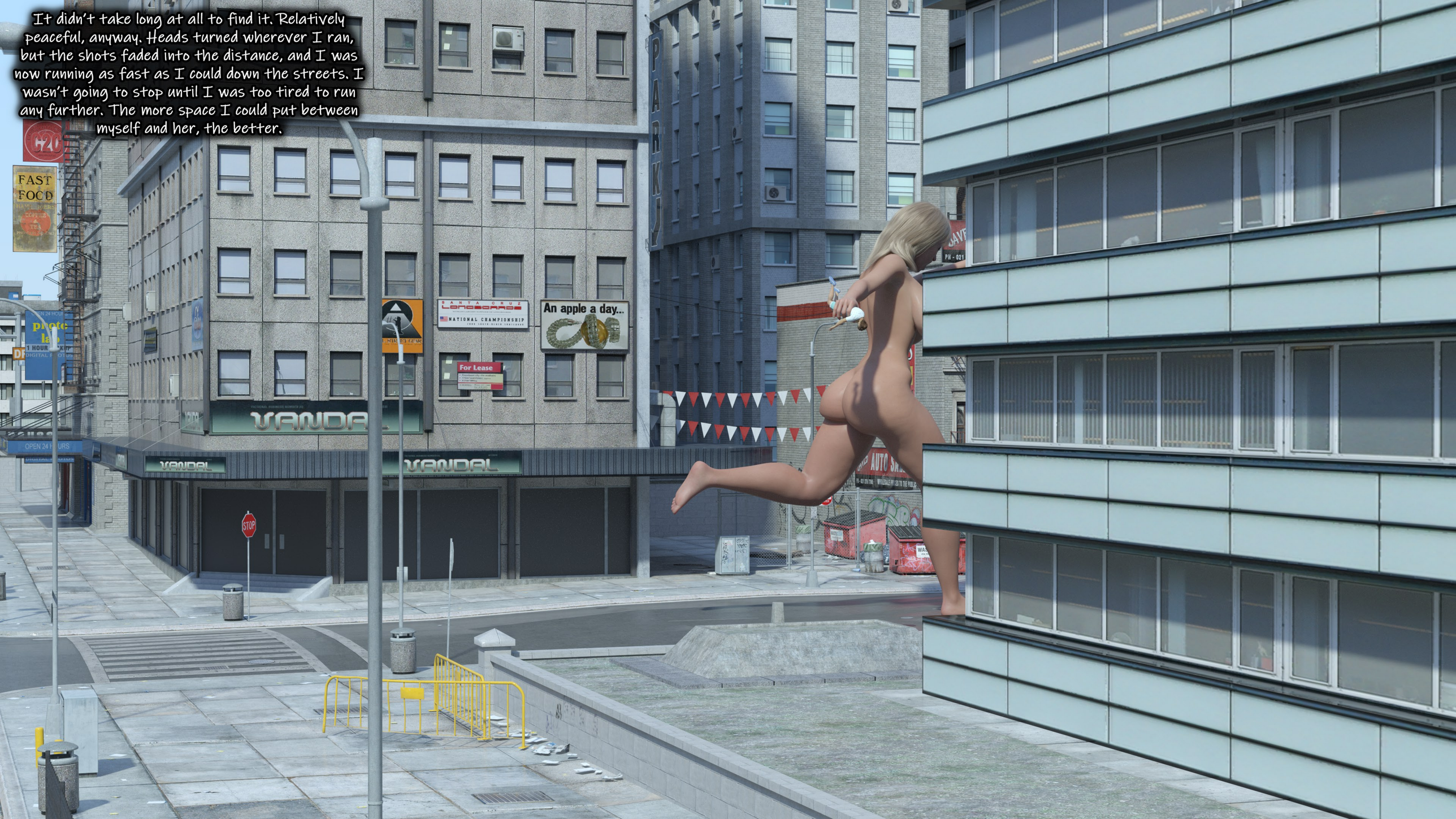

I wasn't the only one who was scared of her, though. The police had all but taken to ignoring me at this point. Their guns were all trained on mom, and they looked way more terrified of her than they ever had been of me.
"Remain where you are!" the man on the loudspeaker shouted. "That is an order! Do not move, or we'll be forced to use deadly force!"
POLICE


I couldn't believe these idiots. "What are you thinking?" I told them. "Don't threaten her! Trust me, you do NOT want to piss my mom off!"
& WINE
& GROCERY
TTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS
OLD STYLE BBQ


The sound of my voice seemed to have given her a bit more energy. She rolled to her side and looked up at me weakly, before reaching a hand in my direction. "Kayla... come here... please." She said in a strained tone.


Something about the way she said that chilled me to the bone. It was like it wasn't really Krystal saying those words... It was someone pretending to be her.
The cops didn't seem to take it well either. Her action was enough to set them off, and they wasted no time unloading their tiny pistols at her. The sound of the bullets was so loud it felt like it was going to make even my eardrums explode. They fired shot after shot at her, and at her size it didn't seem like any of them could possibly miss. I covered my face, terrified that a stray bullet might catch me in the eye.


Between Mom acting weird and the cops being trigger-happy, that was a bad situation, and I wasn't going to stick around a second to see how it unfolded. I turned and ran as fast as my legs would carry me, hoping for some peace and quiet after everything that had just transpired.
PARKING ON PAVEMENT
EMERGENCY PARKING ONLY
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE


It didn't take long at all to find it. Relatively peaceful, anyway. Heads turned wherever I ran, but the shots faded into the distance, and I was now running as fast as I could down the streets. I wasn't going to stop until I was too tired to run any further. The more space I could put between myself and her, the better.
FAST FOOD
An apple a day...
For Lease
VANDAL
STOP


"Wait! Kayla!" I shouted, but it was too late. I don't know if it was the guns that scared her off, or something I'd done, but she hadn't wasted any time fleeing the scene. I had to go after her! I couldn't let her wander the city alone. Who knows what'll happen if more cops find her...
POLICE
POLICE
NO PARKING


CRACK!
Speaking of... I heard a series of ear-splitting bangs, and felt a familiar stinging sensation on my skin. I looked down and saw some the small crowd of weak little cops firing their pistols up at me. The shots hurt no more than little pinpricks, but the idea of it still filled me with rage. "You scared my daughter away with your stupid guns!" I told them. "You think you can hurt me?"


I rose to my feet, standing tall over everything and everyone nearby. My every movement shook the ground, and it didn't take the cops long to realize just how hopeless their situation was. They scattered to the winds, running as fast as they could... but it wouldn't be fast enough.
POLICE


I wasn't as quick as I used to be, but at this size my stride was impossibly long. A single one of my steps would take me further than a hundred of theirs. Once I started moving, my momentum carried me at speeds they couldn't hope to match. Soon my foot loomed above them. All I had to do was bring it down...


...And so I did. I did not stomp. Why would I? There was no need. A single, effortless step was enough to eviscerate anyone caught beneath my heel. My foot struck with incredible force, crushing everything and everyone caught underneath. The men who once stood there were splattered into the pavement, their bodies destroyed beyond recognition. I had made my dominance clear. I could have stopped there... but my fury was not yet satiated.


I raised my heel high into the air once more. I stared down at the little cops with a burning hatred in my eyes, trying to decide on where best to place it. I was their destructor. I wasn't just going to kill them. I was going to erase them, and any signs they'd ever been here.
WAREHOUSE


I stepped down, bringing the meaty slab of my foot down upon them with crushing finality. It landed with a squelch, as a half-dozen more men were crushed into a red paste.
C2C
FAST FOOD
COFFEE & TEA
FAST FOOD
COLD BEERS
PARKING
OLD STYLE BBQ
JAKES DELI


I lifted my heel slowly, showing the remaining survivors what happened to their officers-in-arms. I'd get to the rest of them in time... But first, I had others to deal with.
OLD STYLE BBQ
POLICE
1268691


POLICE
POLICE
A lone cop had broken apart from the pack, and tried fleeing for his life. But the weight of my steps had caused him to lose his balance, and stumble helplessly to the ground. Pathetic. An old man, weak and feeble was on his back, begging for mercy. What was a disgusting specimen like him doing in a uniform? His weakness revolted me, and I had no choice but to give him an appropriate punishment. I raised my foot above him, and stepped down.


This time, I was almost gentle. I pressed my foot down slowly, catching him under a single toe. But he was hopeless beyond reason. Even that one toe was more than a match for his entire body, and in a split-second I felt the distinct cracking of tiny, microscopic bones. I didn't stop, though. The pressure built and built, until he burst like a grape. People were so fragile now that it was hard not to end them, even if I tried. Not that I saw any reason to put forth that extra effort.




I looked for my next target, and saw a man running for his car. It was the man who had the loudspeaker earlier. He had the temerity to issue commands to the others. Commands they had followed, and rained hot lead upon me for. Now I saw fit to punish him for his impudence.


I moved after him, but he was a quick little insect. Before I knew it he'd gotten inside the car and forced the key into the ignition. Tires squealed and the smell of burning rubber invaded my senses as he sped off, driving between my legs. He probably thought he was in the clear... But he was wrong.
MAIN ST
RIGHT LANE BUS ONLY
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
1268691


I took a step forward, chasing after him. This wasn't as easy as chasing the little runners, but it would still be laughable to call it a challenge. The debris on the ground had slowed him down... and made him easy pickings. He was the prey, and I was the hunter. I wasn't about to let my quarry get away without a fight.


Another step, and I was upon him. I raised my foot above the car, barely matching its speed. Soon, my foot was looming right above it. I could have stepped on the car, crushing it under my heel the way I would an empty can, but that would be letting him off too easy.
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE
POLICE




I stomped down in front of the car. The car slammed into the back of my heel, a surface as unyielding to him as a brick wall. A crash at that speed should be enough to hurt him, but he hadn't gathered near enough speed for it to prove fatal. I was counting on it.


I bent down and picked up the little car. It was strange, picking up a real car that felt like a toy... Only toys were a good deal sturdier than the real thing. I could feel the thin metal denting under the touch of my fingers. Cracks spread through every inch of the windshield as soon as I'd only grazed a finger over them. My innate superiority wasn't just over people. No. Everything in this world was too fragile to withstand my presence now.
WAREHOUSE
PARK
JAKES DELI
DELI & GROCERY
COLD BEERS-CIGARETTES-SANDWICHES-SODAS
BREAKFAS
AND
LUNCH
FREE DELIVE


I held the car up to my face, staring at the driver with a look of utter hatred. To think such a weak little thing had been shouting orders at me only a few minutes prior. He should have used his megaphone to encourage the others to bow down in worship to me. He should have been on his knees, praising me for allowing him to continue to live. Recognizing my obvious superiority and giving in could have saved him... but he had failed to do anything of the sort.
As punishment, his death would be slow and painful... But I wasn't going to finish him off, not just yet.
POLICE
STORAGE
LONG-TERM AVAILABLE
Lipton Bros
WAREHOUSE


The pathetic little thing sat in his little seat, begging and pleading for his life. He was too stupid to see that his fate had already been sealed. His pathetic mewling revolted me. It almost made me want to kill him swiftly, just so I wouldn't have to continually endure his whinging.
POLICE
CA EXEMPT
1268691
PARKING


"I will kill you last." I told him. "But do not mistake this as preferential treatment. You will die last, because I want you to watch as I massacre the others. Then, and only then, will I start to truly torment you. And only after you learn to be silent, will I grant you the mercy of death. Rest assured, you will not be spared."
POLICE
88624A
88624
POLICE


Without even meaning to, I'd stepped on another car. The slightest movement of mine was enough to cause such wonderful destruction. I longed to cause more... To see what this greatly-enhanced body of mine was truly capable of.
MAIN ST
POLICE
10


I looked around, searching the street for survivors. There were a few more, scattered around the street, hoping that I'd just forgotten about them. I promised that I would kill them all, and I intended to keep my word.
STORAGE
WAREHOUSE
EAST BROADWAY
DRY CLEANERS
PARKING
OLD STYLE BBQ


I lifted my foot above one of them, and reveled in the power that I felt in that moment. It felt righteous, crushing the weak into nothing beneath my heel. This is the price that those who defy me pay, and I intend to collect in full.
POLICE




I brought my heel down upon the man. He was caught in the open, with nowhere to hide. All I had to do was step down, and he'd be crushed into gristle. It would feel so wonderful. It would reinforce my strength. It would remind me of how great I am.

...So why hadn't I done it yet?


The man in the car pleaded with me. "You don't have to do this! You don't have to—"
I silenced him. I squeezed the car in my fist, shattering the glass. Little by little, the car's frame crumpled. Soon, he'd be crushed too. A slow, painful death. It was what he deserved, and bringing that fate would bring me pleasure. It would even come with the added benefit of betraying him, by killing him early on... And yet, his words still echoed through my head...


You don't have to do this.
Once again, I had a throbbing pain in my head... But I wasn't growing. This was something different. It was like there was something else inside of my psyche with me, fighting for control. The pain grew worse, and worse, until it felt like my skull would split apart. The worse the pain got, the more that my face was flush with anger. And then, just when it felt like the pain couldn't get any worse...


It vanished. The pain, the hatred... All of it. I looked down at the city around me with clear eyes. I had caused so much suffering... And for what? I felt disgusted with myself... but even if it was my body, I wasn't the one that had done those things. Not really.
It was her.
FAST FOOD
COLD BEERS -CIGARET
AUTO SALES
PARKING
OLD STYLE BBQ

I heard a voice begging for mercy. I looked down and saw the officer in the car, begging for his life. I'd never seen someone look up at me with such fear before. It was a strange sensation, knowing that I was doing this without even making an effort to do so.


I reached out for him with my other hand, eager to help him out. The door handle was too small, but with my nails I managed to dig into the metal itself, and ripped the entire door off its hinges without even meaning to. Everything was so fragile, and I knew that a slight mistake could kill him. I had to do this right, just to prove to myself that I could. I was still gentle. I still had a conscience.
I was still human.
STORAGE
LONG TERM AVAILABLE
Lipton Bros
WAREHOUSE


"I'm sorry," I told him. "Something overcame me. I wasn't myself..."
"to protect and to serve"


"Not yourself? You just killed more than a dozen officers!" he screamed. "I don't know what the hell is happening, but you and your daughters need to put a stop to this before you kill anyone else!"
10
624


Kayla and Kaylee! I had been so overcome with rage that I had almost forgotten them. I needed to catch up! Without a moment of hesitation, I turned and walked away from the museum. The memory was fuzzy, but I'm fairly certain Kayla had run in this direction, hadn't she? I needed to catch up to her!
MAIN ST
POLICE
"to protect and to serve"
1268691
EMERGENCY DIAL 911


To think that my poor, sweet daughters were all alone somewhere in the city. To think they might be frightened of me... I could barely stand the idea of it. I had to find them and prove that I wasn't a danger to them... And more than anything, to keep them safe. After all, that was my duty...
021-566-322
PARK
JAKES DELI
OLD STYLE BBQ
POLICE
"to protect and to serve"


"Any sign of 'em?" the detective asked.
"Still nothing." I told her. "I think we're in the clear."


Finally, I felt like I could breathe. Whatever was happening with Mom and Kayla was way too much for me to deal with. I had no idea why this was happening.
Well... that wouldn't be entirely true. I did have one idea. It must have had something to do with that statue, right? I mean, how could it not? If it was somehow the statue that made them grow... Did that mean that it was going to happen to me, too? I'd always thought I would enjoy being a little bit taller, but not like that! I couldn't even imagine the idea of growing into some kind of giant freak like they did! God, the tabloids would never let me live that down...


I practically started hyperventilating thinking about the idea. My heart was pounding in my chest, and my top started feeling really tight all of a sudden. I could have sworn that the car was getting smaller, but that had to just be my nerves, right?
It wasn't until the event manager started freaking out that I realized it wasn't just in my head.
"Good God, she's growing too!" he shouted.


"Kaylee too?! Shit! What are we going to do now?!" The assistant asked.
"Stop the car! Stop the fucking car!" he screamed.
"We can't stop! We're still too close to Krystal!" the detective shouted.


Shit. They were right, weren't they? My top definitely felt tighter, but it was hard to tell beyond that. If I was actually growing, it seemed like it was so slow that it was practically impossible to notice.


That changed a second later. A sudden growth spurt hit me like a jolt. I was growing so fast I could see it with my own two eyes now... And yet I couldn't quite believe it.


I'd thought being a few inches taller would make me hotter, sure... But I'd already shot past that! At best, I was going to be an amazon, like one of those weird-looking women on the basketball teams. And at worst, I was going to end up as an actual giant, like Mom or Kayla...


It was all just too much to deal with. "Why me?" I cried out. I hadn't done anything to deserve this! I'd made some mistakes, sure... but I'd donated literally hundreds of dollars to charity! That's more than like, most billionaires! I was a good person, I know it! Maybe even the best person? And now my life was going to be ruined just because I stood too close to some ugly statue? It just wasn't fair...


I started to think about what this all meant. Would I be stuck as a giant forever? How much would I be giving up? If I grew much bigger, I'd never be able to fit into normal clothes again... or sleep in a normal bed again... Or have normal sex again. I'd never be able to fly on a plane, or swim in an infinity pool, or wear a Rolex. What was the point of living if I couldn't enjoy some basic fucking amenities?!


I tried to think. There had to be some way to stop this. Some way to stop the growth from happening. I took a deep breath, focused, and tried my best to relax.


Come on, Kaylee. Think! Just relax. You're the master of your own body and mind. You can stop this. You own your body, not some stupid six-armed goddess from a million years ago. No one can make you grow except for you!


Was it... Was it working?
Another jolt confirmed that no it was not. I could feel myself growing bigger by the second. In fact, I seemed to be growing faster now! Was trying to resist just making things worse?


Maybe it was? Maybe that was my mistake! I had to try. Closing my eyes again I put everything I had into focusing. This time I leaned into the anger, letting out the rage. None of this was fair! It was all bullshit, and I wasn't about to take it! I could feel my heart thumping in my chest, and my head throbbing. Something was happening. That was a good thing, right?
"Shit! She's growing even faster! Someone has to stop her!"


"What do you think I'm fucking trying to do, you idiot?" I shouted at the damn event coordinator who'd broken my concentration! "All I need is some fucking peace and quiet! So either you let me concentrate, or I'm going to fucking kill you! Now which one is it going to be?"


"Jesus Kaylee, I'm sorry!" the coordinator said. "I didn't mean any harm, I swear! It's just–"
"I didn't tell you to fucking apologize, I told you to shut the fuck up!" I shouted. "I swear if I end up growing fifty feet tall because of you, I'm going to personally stomp you flat, you understand me?"
That outburst seemed to trigger another growth spurt. I could see my cocktail dress starting to tear at the seams and felt my head bounce off the roof. I had to be close to ten feet tall already, and there wasn't any sign I was about to stop.


"She's growing faster!" the even manager shouted. "Fuck Krystal, we're going to die if we don't stop the damn car right now!"


"I'm fucking trying! I've been trying!" The detective shouted, the panic in her voice palpable. "I think Kaylee's added too much weight to the back so the fucking brakes are failing! Hold onto something!"


While the van barreled down the street, I was quickly running out of room. My head was pressed against the ceiling so hard that I actually left a dent in the metal. I was starting to feel really fucking claustrophobic. I wanted out of that fucking van, and I wasn't going to wait another second. I don't care if this thing is moving, I'm not letting myself get squished inside of a metal box!


I slammed my hand against the doors on the back of the van. Just one shove was enough to make them bulge obscenely, but they stayed shut. A few more hits was all it took to send one flying off its hinges entirely, and soaring through the air. I had my way out. Now all I had to do was... get out of a still-moving van. I had no idea how to handle something like this!


Another growth spurt hit and pretty soon my body was filling up the whole van. I was forced to lie down just to stay inside, but even that was proving inadequate when I felt my toes press into the dashboard. The detective must not have liked that very much, because she started slapping at my ankle while screaming. "Dammit Kaylee, move your fucking foot!" she shouted. "I can't drive with your foot fucking– Oh shit!"


I don't know what I did, but the van started swerving all over the place after that. Maybe my foot broke something in the car, or got in the way of the steering wheel... Or maybe she was just so impressed by my $500 pedicure that she took her eyes off the road to admire my toes for a split-second. Either way, she lost control of the car and the inevitable happened.


CRASH
The car plowed full-speed into a wall, and came to a very sudden stop. I was a little rattled, but I was still in one piece... And I was determined to get the hell out of that stupid blue van before I got trapped by it.
POLICE
NYPD
POLICE


But even crawling out of the van wasn't easy. The stupid thing clung almost as tightly to my body as the skirt I'd worn at the museum. I was more than a little stuck... which meant I'd have to force my way out. Lucky for me, I couldn't care less about whether I broke the stupid van in the process. And at this point I didn't care much more about the other occupants, either.


I must have kicked the detective pretty good in the process because she started cursing loudly. "Dammit Kaylee, your stupid foot almost killed me!"
"It's not my fault you're still in the fucking van, idiot!" I shouted back.


Finally, I got loose, and stumbled out of the van. I was finally free... And I was going to get as far away from this place as possible. I'd seen how the cops reacted to both mom and Kayla. The last thing I needed was that same kind of attention from the detective.


But not a moment later, I heard the sound of a radio blaring. "This is Detective Chao requesting back-up! Kaylee is growing too, I repeat, Kaylee is growing! I'm right outside the 53rd Precinct Police Department, over!


Did she just say what I think she...
Shit. That's when I noticed the NYPD cars that were parked right in front of me. The one thing I wanted was to avoid the cops, and the dumbass detective had the gall to crash into a fucking police station! I needed to get the hell out of here, and fast.
NYPD
POLICE


I started to stand up, when I heard a scream coming from underneath me. I must have stepped on the intern, who I forgot was even down there in the first place. I hadn't done it on purpose... but after all the whining she'd done inside of the van I wasn't in a hurry to get off of her, either. "You should have watched where you were going." I said dismissively.
NYPD
LOANS


I should have just gotten up and walked away right then, but something stopped me. There was something else I had to take care of first. I turned back towards the detective, and stared her down. "What the fuck is wrong with you? Did you really think you could rat me out and I would walk away and ignore it?" I asked her. "I should show you what happens to people who disrespect me..."


She scrambled backwards as quickly as she could, but it was immediately obvious the car crash had affected her more than it had me. I crawled forward, and reached out for her in no time at all, and, as expected, she began pleading for her life.
"Wait, wait, no! You don't want to do this, Kaylee!" she shouted. "Be reasonable! We can make a deal!"
"You're going to die now. Deal with that!"




I was ready to give her the business... But before I could do anything, I heard the sound of footsteps pounding on the pavement behind me. I would have ignored it... but it sounded like there were a hell of a lot of them.


"Freeze! NYPD!" A voice shouted. "There's no getting away, so step away from the detective, or... Or else!"
PARKING
COOPER
NYPD
POLICE


"Oh yeah? Or else what?" I asked, while turning slowly. But my tough guy attitude quickly faded when I saw the glint of dozen pistols pointed right at my face. I was big... but I wasn't confident I was big enough to tank a few dozen shots to the face and walk it off. And I wasn't interested in finding out the hard way.
NYPD
POLICE
NYPD
POLICE


The rage that had been bubbling beneath the surface evaporated in an instant, and I dropped to my knees. Fear had overtaken me as I looked between all the guns, and raised my hands.
"I won't cause any problems, I swear! Just tell me what you want me to do, okay?"
NYPD
POLICE
POLICE


"We've got enough shit to deal with today. If you're willing to cooperate, we'll overlook that little remark just now and won't use any extra force." the lead officer said, relaxing as he lowered his gun. "You can't blame us for being a little jumpy, after what's already happened with the others..."
POLICE


I'd been running for blocks, and the sounds of gunshots had long faded into the distance, but I still felt like Krystal was right behind me. I don't know what it was about her eyes that had put the fear of God in me, but she looked like some kind of otherworldly monster. A dangerous killer who shouldn't be trusted... and I had no interest in being around her. I wasn't taking any chances... but I was getting close to running out of breath. I couldn't keep running for much longer.
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WASTECLEAR


I was just about to call it quits when I ran past a secluded, quiet alley surrounded by tall buildings on all sides. It wasn't perfect, but it was about as good as I could hope for when it came to a potential hiding places. Both from Krystal and the cops.
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I gingerly stepped into the alley, feeling a sense of calm come over me now that I had a bit of protection. The whole place was spick and span. Not a single piece of litter or anything. It was almost too good to be true... The first decent bit of luck I'd had all day.
General Repairs


Unfortunately, Brett's luck wasn't so good. It had been a while since the fall, but his body was still limp. I told myself he might just be unconscious, but every second that went by without a sign of life from him made that feel less likely. I couldn't bear to look at him for another second. I wished I could hear his voice again... But I guess there were worse things than silence. Like the sound of two loud, drunken thugs rounding the corner.
DO NOT BLOCK
CITYCARE WASTE
0272602761


"Hey... lookathat! Itsh a naked lady!" one of them said, slurring nearly every word in that sentence. "And she's hot, too!"
"Holy shit, how ish that tha first thing you notished? She's fuarkin' huge! Bigger than your bitch of an ex-wife!" the other one said, elbowing his friend in the ribs.
DO NOT PARK


I looked over at the two little creeps. They both had beer bottles in hand, and something told me they'd been drinking since the sun came up. One of them was wearing a hoodie that had splatters of red all over it. Red that I was hoping was only part of a faded pattern, and not actual blood.
"Hey there sexy! You... You look kinda like that lady on TV!" he shouted. "The one with the... aw fuck it! I can't remember. You want sum fuck though? Or would you rather just give us some money?"


"Neither, you creeps!" I shouted, stepping back a bit. As small as they were compared to me, they still made me uneasy. I'm used to having a bodyguard with me whenever I'm around the general public. Now I was all alone, and naked, with two scary little thugs. Sure, they were no bigger than mice to me... But I'm terrified of mice too, so that doesn't make it any easier!
"Aw, whatsh wrong?" The bald one laughed. "Tellya what. You just give ush yer money, and we'll get right outta yer hair."
"Get back!" I warned them. "Get back right now, or else I'll..."
DO NOT BLOCK


"No way! This big bitch is scared of us!" the one in the hood shouted. "She's a big fockin' pussy!"
"I'll bet she's got a real big pussy too!" the other one chimed in. "How's that sound, love? The best fukken lay of your life, and then we'll leave ye be!"


I turned and crept away. Maybe I was a coward, but I didn't want to so much as touch those gross little guys, let alone fight them. I could find another alley to cower in. Besides, after losing Brett, I didn't feel like doing much of anything.
DO NOT BLOCK


But then, for a moment, I heard what I could have sworn was Brett's voice begging for help. At first I thought it was all in my head. But then I heard the voice again, calling my name...


"Brett? Is that you?" I asked, shouting his name.
"Yes!" he shouted back. "Kayla, come help me, now!"


I rose to my feet. Whatever fears I had about confronting these two before had completely melted away. Even if I felt scared... I had to remind myself of just how much bigger I was than them, now. I was going to do whatever it took to save Brett.


"Hey, assholes! Stop right now!" I shouted. "Put that fucking bat down, or you're really not going to like what I'm going to do to you next!"


"Oi! We'll get back to you in a right second!" The bald one shouted while waving his bat threateningly. "That big pussy of yours is in for the time of its life, but not until we deal with this other big pussy!"


I could hardly fathom just how wasted these guys were. They were completely fearless... not to mention shameless. Everyone else I'd encountered had been terrified of me and Krystal, but these guys were acting like they were literally invincible. Though I guess my cowering in their presence had emboldened them...


Well no more.
"This is your last warning," I told him. "Put the fucking bat down now, and get the hell out of here... Or I'm going to beat the crap out of you."
"You? Gonna pick a fight wiv ME? Go ahead, pussy!" he taunted. "Tell ya wot! I'll even let you get a free shot in! Go ahead! I dare ya!"


I wasn't going to say not to that. I swung my foot forward, and delivered a kick right to his midsection. The instant my toes made contact I felt a small snap, before he folded over like a cheap lawn chair, and was launched straight into the air... too far. Too fast.


SPLAT
His body slammed into a wall like a bug on a windshield. If the nasty impact hadn't made it obvious he was no more, the explosion of blood he'd created on impact cemented his fate.
Fuck. I hadn't meant to kick him THAT hard. I guess I don't know my own strength... But I can't say I felt too bad about it either. He was being a real piece of shit, and he got what was coming to him.


Making a thug splat against a wall turned out to be one hell of a confidence booster. I stared down the other punk, and watched as he stopped throwing punches at Brett instantly. Smiling, I gave him an ultimatum.
"I'm giving you one chance to get the hell out of here. If you don't want to end up like your friend, then I suggest you take it!"


He looked back to the broken remains of his friend, then right back up at me. "You... You're a fuckin' psycho bitch, you know that?!" He shouted, pointing an accusing finger up at me. "We were just gonna beat him up a little for some beer money! We never killed anyone! You're fuckin' crazy!"


I said nothing.
He kept pointing... but after a few seconds lost his nerve and ran, flailing his arms as he did so. "Hey! You run like a little girl!" I shouted as he didn't acknowledge the remark before rounding the corner.


With that taken care of I turned my attention back to Brett. I picked him up off the ground, and cradled him in my arms. "Brett? I'm so glad you're still alive. They didn't hurt you too bad, did they?"


"I'll survive..." he said. "Thank you, Kayla..."
His face was bruised and battered. He wasn't looking good... But at least he was still breathing. That was something, at least. I had to count my blessings...


...Because good things never seemed to last. I heard police sirens nearby, but that quickly became the least of my problems. A moment later, the ground shook. My body tensed up as I waited to see if it was what I feared... and then the ground shook again. And again. She was getting closer... And somehow, I knew she was looking for me.


With Brett in hand, I ran away as fast as I could. Maybe I should have stayed where I was, and hoped I could find some place to hide... But something told me there was no hiding from her. As if she knew where I was instinctually, and I could never truly get away.
DO NOT BLOCK


Me and the force within me have reached a sort of agreement. It lets me take the reigns... So long as I'm true to myself. For too long, I let society shape me into someone who was kind, and gentle, and self-sacrificing, but that's not who I truly am. I'm a strong woman by nature, not a weakling. I won't let empathy slow me down anymore. It's not controlling me. Quite the opposite, in fact... it's downright empowering.
There are so many little people scampering around in front of me. It's all rather amusing that there's so much commotion because of me when I obviously didn't have any bad intentions. Yet there they went. Running. Screaming. Begging. Crying.
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...And squishing.
Just because I didn't intend to crush them, didn't mean it wasn't going to happen. I don't have time to watch my steps or wait for the crowds to clear. Not when I don't need to. Besides, they seem to find their way into my path all the same. I do find it amusing, the way they squish beneath my feet. It might be wrong to hurt them on purpose, but if I do it on accident? I think that's what they call collateral damage. There's been a lot of that today... but it's worth the cost.
MAIN ST


I'm a mother. That means I have a duty to find my daughters and keep them safe. Their lives matter more to me than everyone else in the world... And I'm not just using that as a figure of speech. As far as I'm concerned, everyone else... Is just a little annoyance. And if anyone questions how gravely serious I am about that, they can take one look at the bottoms of my feet to find out more.


And speaking of serious... I told this police officer I'd spare his life if he helped me find my daughters. I'm no monster... but I do keep my promises, and he hasn't exactly been much help. Not to mention that his whining is starting to get on my nerves again. I could just set him down, and walk away...


...But I like to think that I follow my word. And if crushing him in my hand happens to feel good... Well, I can hardly be blamed for that, can I? I squeeze my hand into a fist, and crush his body a pulp in my palm. I do so while in full control of my body, and without any anger or malice... or guilt. Why should I feel bad about hurting an insect? It's my destiny to rule. Me... And my daughters.


I will find them. Of that, I have no doubt. I have a knack for these things. Call it a sixth sense...
Or a mother's intuition.
POLICE
CITYCARE WASTE




# END OF PART 1


KRYSTAL
SIZE CHART
KAYLA KLOSS
39 FEET TALL
19 TONS
KAYLEE KLOSS
19 FEET TALL
2,2 TONS

# KRYSTAL
# SIZE CHART

