

Revenge of the Tormented

By Zombie Slave

1.

Kelsey didn't know what had set Naomi and Amber off today. To her knowledge Kelsey had done nothing wrong. In fact she always made a habit of steering clear of the two girls, never getting close to them and certainly never making eye contact. It was a beautiful fall day, a typical day at Lincoln High School. Nothing out of the ordinary had happened—at least not until the final bell of the day. That's when Kelsey ran into Naomi and Amber, or more accurately-they had run into her.

It started with a shove from behind as Kelsey made her way out of the school's double doors and into the bright afternoon sunshine. Kelsey, caught by surprise, pitched forward with a started yelp and fell awkwardly onto the lush lawn in front of the school. From behind she heard the laughter of Naomi and Amber and knew that her day was about to be ruined.

She wasn't wrong. A throng of teenagers spread into a circle around Kelsey, Naomi, and Amber. Naomi was a black chick who claimed to grow up on the mean streets of East Saint Louis and had moved to the suburbs when she was young. Amber was Naomi's best friend and the two couldn't have appeared more different. Amber was busty and athletic with pale skin and long blond hair. She had grown up in the suburbs right down the street from Kelsey but had adopted an urban twang to her speech, perhaps picking it up from Naomi or just from television in general. The one thing she had in common with Naomi was her penchant for cruelty. Kelsey had known the two since elementary school and had been bullied by them for as long as she could remember.

She got up from the lawn and stood to face her two lifelong enemies. Classmates grouped around the girls, expecting a fight. Some pulled out their cellphones to record the inevitable clash. No one stepped in to help. Kelsey knew that, like always, she was on her own.

Naomi started with the typical verbal abuse, calling Kelsey a bitch, whore, dyke, and a myriad of other slurs as Amber laughed beside her. Kelsey stood tall and bit her lower lip. Everyone was standing around, watching, enjoying the show. Tears welled up in Kelsey's eyes. She never understood why she had become the object of Naomi's and Amber's hate. Kelsey had never done anything to them in her life. That was perhaps the hardest part of the ordeal, even greater than the physical or verbal abuse, the simply not knowing *why* they hated her so much. Kelsey willed herself not to cry. She was seventeen years old, not a baby. She knew if she cried it would make it that much worse for her. Tears were like blood to a shark to Naomi and Amber; once they sensed it they went in for the kill.

Kelsey picked up her fallen backpack and slung it over her shoulder. "Leave me alone," she said, her voice quivering. A single tear leaked from her left eye. *Shit*, she thought. Amber's response was immediate.

"Awwwww, did baby fall down?" Amber and Naomi moved in closer in a clear strategy to intimidate Kelsey.

The crowd started to chant, "Fight! Fight! Fight!"

Kelsey, not knowing what had gotten Naomi and Amber's blood up today, but knowing what was about to happen, having gone through it countless times before, decided to make the first move. "Get the fuck away!" she yelled. She placed both hands against Amber's shoulders and pushed her hard.

The crowd gasped and cheered—but not for Kelsey. Amber was the school’s lead cheerleader, one of the hottest girls at the school and hence, one of the most popular.

The two girls adopted looks of fake outrage as if they couldn’t believe Kelsey would try to fight back. Then they laid into Kelsey, hands slapping, fists swinging, and feet kicking in a frantic flurry of blows. Kelsey was shorter than either girl. She was small breasted, petite and non-athletically thin. She knew she wasn’t going to stand a chance against the two girls. She never had been able to before.

A punch caught Kelsey on the left side of her face just under her jaw. She yelped in pain. Bright spots of light danced in her eyes as she fell to her knees. Hands immediately entwined themselves in her long red hair and pulled her roughly to her feet.

“Get that bitch up,” Naomi said. Teenagers whooped and yelled, “Get her! Kick her ass!”

Everything became a blur. Kelsey’s long red hair fell over her eyes as her head was gripped and shaken back and forth. She cried out as punches slammed into her face and stomach. She was tossed between Naomi and Amber like a ragdoll. She fought back as best she could but her awkward slaps were no match for Naomi and Amber’s well placed blows.

When the torment finally ended Kelsey found herself curled up in the fetal position on the grass. She didn’t remember falling to the ground. Pain exploded through her abdomen, the remnants of one of Amber’s painful kicks. She whimpered and cried as Naomi threw a few more verbal taunts at her before finally withdrawing. The fight now over, the gaggle of teenagers slowly departed, leaving Kelsey alone in the grass. She laid there until her crying stopped and the pain in her stomach subsided to a low throbbing. She slowly got to her feet, slung her bookbag over her shoulder, and started her long walk home.

It would be a long walk indeed—she had missed the bus.

2.

Kelsey gently poked her left cheek and winced. Her jaw hurt like hell where Naomi had punched her. She wondered if she would be bruised and swollen tomorrow when she woke up. She opened her mouth and wiggled her chin to stretch the sore muscle. She walked down the sidewalk, her frame slightly bent forward due to the pain in her stomach. It was a long walk home which gave her plenty of time to think.

She passed houses with children playing in their yards, parents washing their cars in the driveway. The smell of barbequed pork drifted through the air from an outdoor grill at a nearby house. Dogs barked. Cars drove down the clean suburban streets. It was a beautiful day in a beautiful neighborhood. Kelsey marveled at how beautiful the world was and how much she would be enjoying it—if not for Naomi and Amber. The world would be a better place without them in it.

A chill crept up Kelsey’s spine. She suddenly felt cold despite the warm spring afternoon. She never wished harm on anyone, had never wanted to hurt anyone. She didn’t understand how two people could be so cruel for no reason, but one thing was for certain—Kelsey wanted Naomi and Amber out of her life. Her misery quickly turned to anger as her mind conjured a myriad of murderous thoughts. As she walked she let her mind conjure fantasy after fantasy in which she would destroy Naomi and Amber in various ways, each fantasy becoming increasingly bloody. But she knew in real life she didn’t have the strength or the guts to do anything about the two bullies and she instantly felt ashamed of herself considering the rash of school violence that had been all over the news media for

the past few years. Kelsey sulked and kicked a stray rock from the sidewalk as a small terrier barked at her from beyond a nearby fence.

The dog's barks abruptly turned to growls which in turn changed to a low whine. The dog scampered off around the side of the house. Kelsey looked up. *I wonder what's wrong with him?* She thought. That's when she noticed the sound of a car pulling over to the side of the road beside her. Kelsey looked to her left and saw a long stretch limousine gently rolling along, matching Kelsey's speed. The limousine was freshly waxed and gleaming. Its paint, instead of the usual black or white, was a deep crimson. The windows were so black that Kelsey could see her reflection as if looking into a mirror. Kelsey stopped. The car did as well. There was a mechanical *whirring* noise as the rear passenger window descended.

"Kelsey," a deep female voice said from within the car.

Tucking a strand of loose red hair behind her right ear Kelsey leaned forward to look into the car. The limousine had its sunroof open, filling the spacious passenger area with light. Sitting on the black leather seat at the rear of the limo was one of the most strikingly beautiful women Kelsey had ever seen. She was at least twice Kelsey's age if not older. The woman wore a tight red dress that fit snugly over her curvaceous body. The neckline of the dress dipped low, exposing ample cleavage. Silky dark hair flowed from the woman's scalp and lay across her shoulders as if professionally arranged—not a hair was out of place. The woman's face was attractive yet commanding without appearing arrogant. Her makeup had been expertly applied as if by a Hollywood artist, her lips were colored the same crimson as the limo itself. Kelsey was taken aback for a moment. What was a woman like this doing here? She looked more like someone who belonged on the red carpet of a Hollywood movie premiere instead of out here in the suburbs. And how did she know Kelsey's name?

"Ummm....hi. Do I know you?" Kelsey said, her bruised cheek aching as she spoke.

The woman looked through the window, her hazel eyes seeming to pierce right through Kelsey. "No you don't know me, but we know you," the woman said, her voice soft and sultry. "We've been watching you for a long time. "

"What do you mean you've been watching me? Who are you?" Kelsey said, her voice slightly slurred due to her swollen cheek.

"My name is Olivana," the woman said. "I represent some..." The woman paused and seemed to struggle a bit for the right word. "...*people* who are very interested in you."

"Interested in me?" Kelsey said. She couldn't fathom who could possibly be interested in her. She took a few tentative steps forward and peered into the car. Normally she wouldn't get so close to a strange car such as this but there was something alluring about the woman inside and Kelsey felt no threat. She did feel intense heat however. She almost recoiled from the open window. A hot breeze wafted from the inside of the car as if propelled from a furnace. The woman, Olivana, didn't look the slightest bit perturbed by the heat and wasn't sweating so much as a drop.

"Yes very interested," Olivana said. "We know a lot about you, Kelsey Chambers. Favorite color: pink. Favorite food: pepperoni pizza. Your hobbies are reading, bike riding, and gardening. You were raised with no religious affiliation, which helps me out tremendously. Your parents are divorced. Your father moved back to his native Ireland and you haven't seen or heard from him in over eight years. Your mother is a lawyer who works 60 hours a week and cares more for her law firm than she does for you. You are highly independent and motivated, friendly and personable, yet you have no friends and

spend most of your time alone. You've also been bullied and picked on since you were seven years old. Mostly by the same two girls as I understand. Looks like you've had a bit of a tussle with them again." Kelsey was speechless. Who was this woman? How did she know so much?

"Look, I've been instructed that I can be honest with you so listen carefully," Olivana continued. "I work for a very powerful organization, quite literally an underground organization that has chosen you as our avatar. My people are found and hunted too easily so we stay in hiding but we are now ready to come forth into the world. But for that to happen the world needs a new ruler, someone who will be the master of the earth under our guidance. That person is you Kelsey."

"A new ruler? Me?" Kelsey said. She backed away from the window. Now things were starting to get a little too crazy for her liking. Kelsey suddenly felt uncomfortable. The woman in the car was obviously crazy. But it still really bothered Kelsey that the woman knew so much about her. "Listen, ummm, I better be getting home now." Not knowing what else to say, Kelsey awkwardly turned from the car and started walking down the sidewalk once more. When she got home she would call her mom and tell her what happened. She knew her mom wouldn't pick up her phone and that Kelsey would have to leave a voicemail, but there was a slim chance her mom would call her back sometime this evening.

The blood red limo inched forward, matching Kelsey's speed. "Kelsey we can make you strong," Olivana said from inside the car.

"Just leave me alone okay. I don't know who you are and you're freaking me out a little bit."

"You'll never be weak again," Olivana said. Her voice was breathy as if talking to a lover. "We'll make you big, strong. Those two enemies of yours, Naomi and Amber? The ones that have made your life miserable? I can give you power over them. You'll never be bullied by them, or anyone, again."

Kelsey stopped. She couldn't help it. She looked over at the woman in the limousine. "Really—you could do that?" The woman in the limo laughed and Kelsey gasped. When the woman opened her mouth Kelsey saw that her red glossy tongue was forked.

"All I need is your agreement," Olivana said. "Just say a simple 'yes' and I'll make it happen. We'll give you a new life. We'll give you physical power beyond imagining. You'll never have to cower in fear ever again. People won't be able to ignore you anymore. People will flock to you and become your friends. Your enemies will be crushed, quite literally if you desire. You'll never be bullied or laughed at ever again. *Ever.*"

The pain in Kelsey's abdomen and jaw throbbed. All the memories of being taunted and beat up flooded her mind. Her eyes watered and tears leaked from her eyes. Nobody, not her teachers, parents, or fellow classmates had ever offered to help her but suddenly here was a woman, a stranger, coming out of nowhere with an offer. Panic welled up inside her. She feared that if she let this opportunity go that she would never receive an offer like it again.

"Yes," Kelsey said meekly. "I...I don't want to live like this anymore."

The beautiful woman in the limo smiled. "Excellent, then we have an agreement. Just remember, when my people come out of hiding we expect that you'll remember who gave you your power. Never forget who you were before you met me."

"And who are your people?" Kelsey asked. She felt like she was in a dream.

"Demons, witches, vampires, poltergeists, werewolves, just to name a few," the woman said. She waved a hand dismissively. "Never mind that right now. It's time to change the world. Are you ready?"

"What, right now?" Kelsey asked. Her mind was spinning. Demons? Witches? Was this lady for real?

"Yes, now." The woman reached with a delicate hand and picked up an object that had been hidden beyond Olivana's body up until now. The object looked like a very old camera. It was large, rusted, and instead of a lens in front it had a strange pinkish crystal at the iris of the shutter. "This is a camera obscura," Olivana said. "A very old one in fact. We just found it in a vault beneath Damascus. Once we learned what it could do we set out to find someone worthy to use it on. After many years of searching our diviners finally settled on you. Say cheese."

Kelsey didn't know what the hell the woman was talking about. But before she could ask any questions Olivana lifted the camera, pointed it at Kelsey through the window, and pressed the rusted lever on top of the device. Kelsey screamed as a bright red flash of light burst forth from the camera's crystal. The light stung her eyes. She winced and turned away from the bright flash, throwing an arm up to cover her face. Her ears rung and she suddenly felt dizzy. She blinked rapidly. The bright red flash slowly faded to a muted pink before disappearing altogether. Kelsey kept blinking as her eyes adjusted to the late afternoon sun.

"Naomi and Amber have returned from school," Olivana said. "Amber's parents are out and she and Naomi are going to take a little joy ride in Amber's mother's Mercedes. You can catch them on Clarkson Avenue in about ten minutes." Olivana leaned back in her leather seat and the dark mirrored window began to roll up. The car started to inch away from the curb.

"Hey wait!" Kelsey said as the car rolled away. "What did you do? What was that flash of light?" The car didn't stop. It steadily increased speed and rolled up the street. Kelsey watched it glide away until it disappeared around a corner.

A tingle crept up Kelsey's spine and spread across her skin. She suddenly itched. Her stomach fluttered. Her heart started to pound. *What the hell's going on?* She thought. Adrenaline surged through her veins and she felt energetic and hyper. Warmth seemed to spread throughout her body as well and then—Kelsey began to grow.

"What the hell?" Kelsey said out loud. She heard an electric crackling sound and looked down at her body. She looked down at her body and her jaw dropped in amazement. Her body was growing, clothes, shoes and all, right there on the sidewalk. She looked frantically to her right. Her eyes were directly in line with the top of the garage door of the house nearby. The small terrier that had run away earlier was back. He watched Kelsey from beyond a chain link fence, his head cocked in confusion as he watched the teenager grow.

This can't be happening! Kelsey thought. The electric charge flowing across her skin and clothes increased and Kelsey grew taller. She looked directly into the second floor bedroom window of the nearest house and then rapidly grew tall enough to see over the roof.

She grew taller and taller.

Her massive Converse tennis shoes knocked over the nearest mailboxes along with two trash cans. The pavement buckled beneath her feet.

She grew taller and taller.

The neighborhood was looking more and more like nothing more than a model, a toy city. People were starting to take notice and to run from their backyards to see the giant sprouting up from

the middle of their neighborhood. The people were like action figures, little doll-sized men and women that Kelsey could hold in her fist, their cars and SUVs no bigger than her feet.

Kelsey continued to grow. She turned sideways and awkwardly stood in the middle of the street in an attempt to avoid her feet from growing right into someone's house. Traffic snarled to a halt. She grew larger...larger. The doll-sized people seemed to reduce to the size of insects. Kelsey lifted a foot and placed it in a bare patch of common ground behind a row of houses and then, scouting a good location, did the same with the other foot. She straddled a few rows of houses as best she could, but if her growth didn't stop soon she would have no choice but to start stepping on houses—there simply would be nowhere else to put her massive feet.

A few moments later the electric tingle left her body. The warmth emanating from within faded away. Kelsey stopped growing. She looked out at the world in shock and awe. Houses were so small that she could hold them in the palm of her hand as if they were an apple. Cars were so tiny that she could easily pinch a full-sized truck between her fingers. The people—they were like bugs. She could see them far below, little dots of running from houses and into the street to gaze up at her. Kelsey was stunned. She just stood there, not knowing what to do. Wind whipped around her head making her red hair flutter in the breeze. The air tasted moist in her mouth as if she were breathing in the wispy clouds at this height. The landscape stretched before her, a patchwork of subdivisions with rows upon rows of houses and cul-de-sacs. In the distance were the major highways and interchanges. Beyond that Kelsey could see the tall buildings of downtown.

Kelsey let the book bag she carried slip from her shoulder and fall to the ground. The impact of the bag as it hit the ground sounded quite normal to Kelsey's ears but to the populace down below it must have been as if a bomb had gone off. She saw gawking people scatter in all directions like ants. The shockwave caused pavement to buckle. Water mains broke and shot jets of water into the air. Streetlights bent, cars bounced, and windows shattered. Power went out along the street as underground power conduits were crushed.

"Oh shit, sorry," Kelsey said, her voice sounded thunderous even to her own ears. She looked out at the world, unsure of what to do next. Now Kelsey understood what Olivana had meant when she said she was going to make Kelsey big and powerful. She had turned Kelsey into a giant. Kelsey smiled and stretched. The afternoon sun felt great against her skin. She felt invigorated and strong. She was no longer meek, anxious, or nervous. For the first time in her life she felt confident and in control—and she knew exactly what she wanted to do first.

Olivana had given her a prophecy on where Naomi and Amber would be and Kelsey was eager to have a meeting with her two biggest enemies. Leaving her gargantuan backpack where it lay, she strode off in the direction of Clarkson Avenue. It would only take a minute or two to get there with Kelsey's massive strides. She placed each foot with care, giving the insect-like people down below time to get out of her way. Her feet caused massive damage but she did her best not to crush people or property for no reason. Her main target was Naomi and Amber. Once she found and dealt with them, then she would figure out what to do with the rest of the world.

3.

Amber pressed the accelerator of her mom's gleaming white Mercedes and the car sped along the entrance ramp onto Clarkson Avenue. Traffic going this direction was always light at this time of day.

Most of the cars would be heading in the opposite direction come five o' clock when people got off work. Amber's mother was out of town on business and her dad would be working late so Amber decided to take her mom's car out for a joy ride.

"Oh yeah crank it up!" Naomi said from the passenger seat. She reached down and turned the volume knob on the car's radio. A lewd rap song with a heavy bass beat drowned out the sound of the wind as it gusted through the open windows and open sunroof overhead. Amber's long blond hair swirled around her head. Naomi's long dark locks did likewise.

"*You ain't got nuthin' if you ain't my bitch,*" Naomi sang along with the chorus of the song. She snapped her fingers and writhed like a snake to the rhythm of the beat. She raised a can of Budweiser she had stolen from her parent's refrigerator to her lips and drank deeply.

Amber smiled and pushed the car's speed to 65 MPH. She checked her mirrors to make sure there were no other cars passing by before lifting her own can of beer from between the tight blue jeans of her thighs and taking a sip. She winced at the taste but felt warmth spread through her cheeks. She had just recently started drinking, getting whatever beers Naomi could sneak away from her parent's house. It didn't take much to get her buzzed. Amber knew that she shouldn't be drinking and driving but she just didn't care. She felt buzzed but perfectly in control. She was riding high from the fight she and Naomi had picked with Kelsey. She smiled, thinking about how it felt to kick and punch the pathetic girl while the crowd cheered her on. After the fight was over Jake Hollins, one of the school's star baseball players, had asked her out. Amber rolled her eyes and told him to get lost, which gave her immense pleasure. She loved the constant attention the jocks gave her. She would cheer for them on the field but always rebuked their advances. She preferred to string them along and make them beg for her attention. She smiled wider and joined in with Naomi to sing along with the blaring car stereo. "*Yeah my bitch—yeah, yeah—my bitch!*"

Music blaring, engrossed in their singing, the two girls didn't notice the gargantuan presence which had just made itself known. If Amber were to look out of her window she would see Kelsey, now a colossal giant, walking across town towards Clarkson Avenue.

WHOMP! WHOMP! The ground shook. Kelsey walked across town, her sneakers caving pavement, leaving the streets in a series of sinkholes to indicate where her feet had been. The two girls in the white Mercedes continued to sing, oblivious to the giant's approach.

"*If you get with me then you gonna be rich cuz you ain't got nothin' if you ain't my bitch,*" the two girls continued to sing. Kelsey approached, keeping her eyes downcast at the toy town below. She stepped over another line of houses, then a strip mall. Just ahead was Clarkson Avenue, the only major artery of the town until it merged with Highway 40. Kelsey's eyes went wide. Traffic was light and she easily spotted a tiny white Mercedes gliding along the street, just as Olivana had said. Kelsey was just in time to intercept them.

A shadow crossed over the street, blocking the sun. An intense rattle shook the earth. "What the hell was that?" Amber said, gripping the wheel with both hands. The street seemed to be undulating from some kind of shock wave. Amber fought to keep the car in the lane. Out of the corner of her eye she saw something moving, something large. Then suddenly an object crashed down directly ahead of the car, smashing through the lanes of the road, annihilating guard rails, billboards, and power lines.

Naomi screamed. Amber joined in as she mashed both feet against the brake pedal. The road ahead was blocked. Through the front window Amber could see what appeared to be the sole of a

tennis shoe and the cuff of a pair of jeans. The foot was so massive it had stomped right through the road cutting off all east bound and westbound lanes as if a solid wall had descended from above. Thick white smoke poured from the wheel wells of the Mercedes as rubber bit hard into the pavement. The car's seatbelts bit harshly into Naomi and Amber's shoulders. Amber's beer flew forward and sloshed liquid against the floorboard. The car screamed as it slid to a stop, leaving long, dark streaks of rubber on the highway. To the left and right, cars likewise braked roughly or veered off the road altogether, crashing along the sides of the road or directly into the giant's foot. Both Amber and Naomi's were shaking and breathing heavily at the sudden appearance of the foot. They both felt like their hearts had leaped into their throats. Amber, mouth agape, reached forward with a shaking finger and turned off the car's stereo. She looked out the front window, ignoring the sounds of chaos all around her, and gazed at the shoe that had landed across the highway. It was so immense that if it had come down on top of the car instead of in front of it, the Mercedes would have been crushed as if it was nothing but a cockroach. Amber tilted her head and looked out through the open sunroof.

"Oh. My. God." Amber said. Naomi saw where her friend was looking and turned her gaze skyward as well. She gasped as she saw the giant towering as large as a skyscraper above them. She recognized the giant.

"No, this can't be real, this ain't possible," Naomi said. The towering giant turned her massive head and looked down. Then she bent at the waist and reached down toward the road with enormous fingers.

Cars choked the road. Traffic had come to a stop. People sprang from their cars to check on each other, the damage, and to stare unbelievably at the giant towering over them. Kelsey ignored them. She reached down and gently plucked the white Mercedes from amongst the carnage.

"What's she doing?" Amber said a split second before fleshy pads of fingers gripped the car on either side and lifted it from the road. Both girls' stomachs lurched as they were lifted swiftly into the air as if propelled upward by a rocket. The acceleration was dizzying. Through the front window Amber saw a blur of movement. She saw jeans, a t-shirt, silky red hair and then the skin of the giant's neck. She glimpsed huge lips, a nose with nostrils like caves, and then an eyeball.

The car's upward motion came to a stop. Naomi felt like she was going to vomit. She couldn't see the ground below but she could sense that the car was high above the street. Outside the front window a huge eyelid with long eyelashes blinked over a wet eyeball. A blue iris with a dark hole looked into the car. Naomi leaned forward, straining against her seatbelt. She wanted to confirm what she thought she had seen down below. "That—that's Kelsey!" she said.

Amber leaned forward to look up through the front window. She gripped the steering wheel tightly in both hands, unable to let go. "Holy shit," Amber said, awestruck. "How did she get so big? Is this real? This can't be happening. Oh fuck, did I crash the car or something? I knew I shouldn't have been drinking! Maybe I'm lying in a coma in a hospital or something and this is all some kind of fucked up dream."

"I..I think this is real," Naomi said. She was gripping the passenger side emergency handle tightly. Her face was a mask of misery. "I'm scared of heights and this feels very real to me. She's holding us between her fingers and we're waaaaaay up off the ground."

"YES THIS IS REAL," Kelsey said. Her voice was like thunder. Naomi and Amber screamed in unison and put their hands over their ears. Kelsey's voice made their skulls rattle and their heads

immediately began to ache. "I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING BUT I CAN READ YOUR LIPS WELL ENOUGH." Kelsey had closed one eye and was using the other to peer into the tiny car as if looking through the eyepiece of a microscope. First she had to confirm she had the right car. She had. Now, satisfied with that, she needed to determine what to do with the two girls. She felt a strange sort of calm settle over her body at seeing the stunned faces of her two most hated enemies in the world. For the first time in her life Kelsey felt like she was in charge. She was strong, powerful. For once she had the upper hand. She literally held Naomi and Amber's fate in her hands—or more accurately, between her fingers.

"Kelsey this ain't cool, put us down!" Naomi shouted.

"This is my mom's car, if you so much as scratch it I'm going to..." Amber started to say until she realized that her usual threats were not going to work against someone Kelsey's size. For the first time in her life, she was at a loss. She had always gotten her way through fear and intimidation, but what was she going to do now? How do you threaten someone who could crush you between her fingers as easily as squishing a pea? A chill crept up Amber's spine and she felt another new emotion—fear. "What do we do?" Amber said, turning to Naomi.

Naomi, the tough as nails girl from means streets of East Saint Louis looked back at Amber, her eyes wide. "I...I don't know."

"NAOMI. AMBER. YOU BOTH HAVE MADE MY LIFE A HELL." Kelsey boomed. "I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE WITHOUT YOU IN IT. BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH YOU NOW THAT I HAVE YOU? I'VE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT FOR SO LONG. HMMM." Kelsey tapped a finger against her lips as she thought for a moment. She could simply flick the car away. The car would sail through the air and crash down somewhere in town, destroying the two girls inside. Or Kelsey could put the car back on the ground and smash it to a pulp with her foot. Or maybe she should just squeeze her fingers and smash the car right now? Kelsey scowled. She didn't like any of these ideas. She didn't want to just destroy her enemies; she wanted to make them disappear. She tapped her finger against her lips and as she did so an idea suddenly came to her.

Yes that's perfect! She thought. *That car is so small I could swallow it whole. Naomi and Amber would disappear into my body forever, like they never even existed.* Kelsey smiled despite the painful throb in her jaw from the punch she'd taken from Amber earlier in the day.

"OKAY I'VE MADE UP MY MIND," Kelsey said. The two girls in the car winced and held their hands over their ears. "YOU WILL NEVER BULLY OR HURT ANYONE AGAIN. I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU TWO DISAPPEAR. HAVE A NICE TRIP DOWN MY THROAT. GOODBYE."

The car dipped as Kelsey moved it into position. "What's she doing?" Naomi said, her head pounding from Kelsey's powerful voice. "Did she say something about her throat?"

"I don't know...wait. Look!" Amber raised a finger and pointed out the front window. The car was hovering in front of a pair of moist, full lips. The car was so close that Amber could see the fine lines and fissures in the lips' plush surface.

"No, she's just fucking with us," Naomi said, her voice shaking.

"What do you mean?" Amber asked.

"Do you think she's going to—eat us?"

As if in answer to Naomi's question Kelsey's lips parted and her mouth began to open. Sunlight flashed across massive, gleaming white teeth. Amber gasped and grabbed the steering wheel, hardly able to breathe as sunlight poured into Kelsey's slowly widening maw.

"Kelsey don't you *dare*!" Naomi screamed. "Kelsey!"

The giant teenager's mouth kept opening wider, her jaw dropping low. The view through the windshield of the Mercedes was of nothing other than Kelsey's mouth. It was a cave, a cave larger than anything Naomi had ever seen before. The walls of Kelsey's cheeks were a smooth pink, glistening with saliva as if polished to a high sheen. Her teeth were white and enormous—her molars were almost as large as the car itself. Her tongue was massive and wriggled gently on the floor of her mouth. The muscle was a smooth lavender color with a faint centerline fissure running up the middle of its length. Sunlight gleamed off the teen's tongue, revealing its velvety texture and a myriad of small bumps dotting its surface. At the back of the giant's mouth the archway of Kelsey's throat stood open wide and waiting, as if it could swallow everything in sight. A hemispherical tonsil stood at each side of Kelsey's throat, glistening wetly and standing guard in front of a pink throat wall. Between the tonsils was an immense uvula which hung low, almost touching the back of Kelsey's tongue. The uvula fluttered in the breeze of Kelsey's breath. Sunlight reflected off the hanging tentacle making it glimmer with tiny flares of light.

A look of disgust flashed across Naomi's face as she looked into the wet gaping mouth in front of her. Amber's eyes went wide. She had never seen anything so terrifying in her life. The throat beyond the back of Kelsey's tongue looked like it was just large enough for the car to slide right down. She stared between the moist tonsils. Beneath the hanging uvula was an area even the afternoon sunlight couldn't reach—a pit of shadows leading down into the recesses of Kelsey's body.

Kelsey's tongue surged forth from her mouth. It flowed across her lower teeth and bottom lip and hung in the air, wide and flat, like a finely textured road leading to her throat. Warm air blasted from Kelsey's gullet. The two girls in the car could feel the heat of the giant's breath as it entered through the open windows and sunroof. They could even smell the sharp scent of Kelsey's saliva mixed with the faintest hint of the turkey sandwich Kelsey had eaten for lunch.

"Kelsey stop, you can't do this!" Naomi yelled.

"Don't!" Amber screamed.

"Look we're sorry okay?" Naomi pleaded.

"Don't eat us!" Amber screamed.

The car pitched forward, moved by Kelsey's slender fingers. As if savoring a fine chunk of dark chocolate, Kelsey placed the Mercedes on her outstretched tongue.

Amber felt the car jostle as it came to rest on the soft surface of Kelsey's tongue. Then the fingers on each side of the car disappeared. "Oh shit we're on her *tongue*," Amber said. "Naomi what do we do? Think of something before she fucking eats us!"

"I...I...I don't know," Naomi stammered. She was looking out her open window at the distant horizon. Amber didn't know which her friend was more scared of, heights or being eaten alive.

"I have to do something," Amber said. She was on the verge of a full on panic. Realizing the car was still running, she moved her foot from the brake to the gas. "I'm driving us out of here," she said.

"Wait, stop, we're too high up!" Naomi shouted. "If you go in reverse we'll fall!" Naomi reached across her seat to grip Amber by the shoulder in order to stop her but Amber's foot was already in

motion. She pressed the accelerator, not realizing she hadn't put the car in reverse. The car lurched forward, the tires spinning and searching for grip against the slippery tongue. "No you idiot!" Naomi screamed. Amber screamed as well as the car surged forward into Kelsey's mouth. They passed under Kelsey's huge upper lip and front teeth and sped along the center of the giant's tongue, the trademark Mercedes hood ornament pointed directly at Kelsey's throat.

"STOP!" Naomi yelled frantically, beating on the car's dashboard with her hands for emphasis. Amber finally came to her senses and slammed on the brake. The car skidded, slipping along the tongue's slick surface as if it were on ice. Both girls screamed as Kelsey's throat loomed ever closer. The car mercifully stopped before it tumbled into Kelsey's throat. The giant's huge uvula fluttered and danced directly ahead of the car's grill.

"I can't take this, I have to get out of here," Amber said. Arms shaking, she unbuttoned her seatbelt and turned toward the door. Her lips were quivering. Her eyes were wild. She began to paw at the door handle in a state of absolute panic.

"Amber you can't get out of the car," Naomi pleaded.

"I can't stay in here," Amber thrust the door open. "I'm not waiting in here for her to swallow us or chew us up. I have to try to escape."

"Amber there's nowhere to go," Naomi said. "Don't leave me here!" Amber stepped out of the car and instantly slipped and fell due to the tongue's slippery surface. She got back up, slammed the driver's side door, and fled towards the rear of the car. "Amber, please! Maybe she's just fucking with us. Amber!"

Walking on Kelsey's tongue was extraordinarily difficult. The surface was slippery and soft. It was like trying to run on a mattress coated with oil. Amber fled the car, her heart pumping, her tennis shoes slapping against the wet surface. She ran up the centerline of Kelsey's tongue, which was still held outstretched over the giant's lower lip. Directly ahead was the back of Kelsey's front teeth, her wet lips, and the wide tip of her tongue. Beyond that was nothing but clear blue sky. Amber stopped for a moment. Warm breath gusted past her body, then back again as Kelsey exhaled and inhaled. *What do I do? Shit, what the fuck do I do?* She thought. If she kept going straight ahead her only option was to jump, which would mean certain death. But if she stayed here inside Kelsey's mouth she could be eaten at any moment. As Amber scrambled to think of a plan of escape, Kelsey's tongue suddenly shifted. Amber yelped, pitched forward, and fell face first against the surface of Kelsey's tongue. Saliva soaked into her jeans and t-shirt, then into her panties and bra. The tongue beneath her wriggled and rolled, constantly changing shape. Amber dug her fingers into the fibers of the tongue's surface in a desperate attempt to maintain her position and not get tossed across Kelsey's mouth like a ship on a stormy ocean. She craned her neck and looked behind her to see what was happening. *Oh shit, oh my God*, she thought. *She's trying to swallow my mom's car—and Naomi's still inside!*

Naomi had never been in an earthquake before but she imagined it had to be something like this. The car bucked and lurched as the tongue beneath it dipped and changed shape. The resulting movement and change in angle had the effect of bouncing the Mercedes forward towards Kelsey's throat. The reeling movements shoved at Naomi; the only thing keeping her firmly in her seat was the fact that her seatbelt was still fastened. She screamed as the sides of Kelsey's tongue curved upwards to form a 'U' shaped channel for the car to slide down. The back of her tongue dipped low and the hood of the car angled downward towards darkness. The car bounced forward and slid between Kelsey's tonsils.

"No! Oh no no no no no!" Naomi yelled. She unbuckled her seatbelt just as something large smashed against the front windshield of the car causing spider-web like cracks to streak across the glass. Naomi, startled, shrieked louder than she ever had in her life. The object that had smashed against the windshield was Kelsey's uvula. It stuck to the window like a monstrous blob. Mucus and saliva dripped off the tentacle and poured across the hood of the car. Naomi turned to the door and frantically pulled the handle. She pushed the door and—*thump*—the door impacted against the soft wall of Kelsey's tonsil.

"Let me out!" Naomi yelled. She pushed the door with all her might but she could only open it a few inches. Her escape was blocked completely by the wall of Kelsey's tonsil. Naomi had waited too long to make try and escape. She now regretted not leaving the car along with Amber. Naomi futilely continued to try and shove the door open. It banged against the soft wall of the tonsil. Warm saliva splashed into the car. Naomi screamed as the liquid splattered against the side of her face.

Hot air from Kelsey's exhalations wafted through the car making it seem like the heater was on. Kelsey's uvula continued to lie heavily against the car's front windshield. Saliva and clear goopy mucus dripped into the car through the open windows. The liquid ran over the fine leather interior and began to puddle on the floor. A rope-like strand of saliva fell through the open sunroof and dripped like honey across the console between the driver and passenger seats.

Sounds filled the air: the wet wriggling of Kelsey's enormous tongue, the wind of the giant's breath as she inhaled, and the low hum of Mercedes' still running engine. The car tilted downward a sharp angle. The car's electronics sensed the darkness ahead and automatically turned on the car's headlights to compensate as if it thought it was heading into a tunnel. Bright light illuminated the back of Kelsey's throat. Naomi leaned hard against the back of her seat and inhaled sharply. Even though Kelsey's uvula blocked most of her view, Naomi could still gaze in horror at a wet, pink, smooth wall that descended down into a chasm beyond the back of Kelsey's tongue.

The floor, Kelsey's tongue, heaved like an ocean wave and the Mercedes slipped forward. The uvula slid up the cracked window. The car turned almost completely vertical and started to fall over the back of Kelsey's tongue as if slowly driving over the edge of a cliff.

"Wait, don't swallow me!" Naomi screamed. She felt the pull of gravity tugging at her fiercely. With her seatbelt off she had fallen forward against the front dashboard. Through the broken windshield she could see the brightly lit area beyond the back of Kelsey's tongue. A wet epiglottis hovered just below the car. Beyond was Kelsey's trachea which gently expanded and contracted as Kelsey breathed. Kelsey's esophagus was closed off at the moment but Naomi knew enough about anatomy to realize that when the giant girl swallowed the area below the car was going to open into a tunnel whose muscular movements would send the car down into Kelsey's stomach. "Kelsey I'm sorry, okay?" Naomi yelled. She beat the palms of her hands against the dashboard for emphasis as she gazed wide-eyed into Kelsey's larynx. "Kelsey I'm SORRY! Don't do this to me! Don't eat me!" *Is this what It feels like to be helpless?* She thought. *Is this how I made people feel when I bullied them? Being this frightened—it feels....awful.* Quivering from head to toe, her pleading left unanswered, Naomi could think of nothing else to do but reach out with trembling fingers and press the buttons next to the door handle to roll up the windows. As soon as the whirring of the window's mechanical motor stopped—Kelsey swallowed—*hard*.

The car lurched forward violently, pushed from behind by Kelsey's enormous tongue. Kelsey's epiglottis slammed shut to cover her trachea. This caused her esophagus to open exposing a round smooth tunnel leading down into darkness. "Aiiieeeee! NO!" Naomi screamed as the car sped downwards as if it were a roller coaster making its descent from a high track.

Back on the surface of Kelsey's tongue, Amber watched these events with increasing horror. She saw her mother's car slide between Kelsey's massive tonsils. Her heart raced as the whale-like tongue tilted and dipped low, causing the car to slide downward towards Kelsey's gullet. Her mother's \$63,000 luxury car tilted vertically so that Amber could see the muffler and drivetrain underneath. Then Kelsey's glossy tongue heaved again. The archway of her throat spread open like curtains being drawn from a window. Then the Mercedes, with Naomi inside, flipped beyond the back of Kelsey's tongue and disappeared as if it were nothing but a large pill.

Oh my God! Amber thought, hardly able to believe what she was witnessing. Her heart hammered in her chest. She could barely breathe. Warm saliva soaked her thoroughly now, but she didn't care. She was too horrified to be disgusted by the increasingly abundant liquid. Kelsey's tongue slid back fully into her mouth. Then the back of her tongue lifted to entirely block her throat. Without even closing her mouth all the way Kelsey swallowed.

SHLUUGUULP! The sound was loud and wet. It was the most frightening sound Amber had ever heard—the sound of her mother's car being swallowed whole. Seconds later Kelsey's tongue dipped back down again and relaxed. Her throat, open once more, showed a dangling uvula and moist tonsils—but the car, and Naomi, was gone. Amber let go of her death grip on the fibers of Kelsey's tongue and spun around onto her back. She gazed deeply into Kelsey's mammoth throat, completely unable to think of what to do next.

In the tunnel of Kelsey's esophagus, the Mercedes glided downward along with a swirling torrent of frothing saliva and mucus that the car had scraped from the lining of the tunnel. Naomi's stomach lurched and she had the awful sensation of being in free fall. Even though she had rolled up the car's windows she had neglected to close the sunroof. As a result, bubbly liquid swirled through the cabin like the turbulent spray of a dishwasher. Naomi closed her eyes and put her arms across her face to in an attempt to keep the liquid away from her nose and mouth, but as more and more of the slime-like mucus and saliva mixture pelted her body she couldn't help but belt out a long scream.

The way ahead, illuminated by the car's headlamps, showed a tight tunnel of pink walls that moved rhythmically with the beat of Kelsey's heart. The car rocketed down the circular corridor at an alarming rate. It only took a few seconds to reach the end of the tunnel. A glistening circular doorway stretched open and the car plummeted into Kelsey's stomach. The foul smell of bile combined with the intense furnace-like heat caused Naomi to open her eyes. The headlights illuminated a slimy, yellowish-white pool of bubbly liquid directly below.

The car plunged into the pool. It was a soupy mixture of the remains of Kelsey's lunch, mucus, gastric enzymes, and mouth-loads of saliva which had been swallowed throughout the past couple of hours. The car slammed into the surface of the pool as if the car had driven off a bridge and into a lake. However this pool wasn't made of water; the liquid was thicker, causing the car to stick into the surface like a chocolate chip dropped into cookie dough. Naomi gasped in pain as the sudden stoppage caused her body to slam forward violently against the dashboard.

She groaned, her left shoulder throbbing painfully, and wiped strands of goopy, wet hair away from her eyes. *Ka-clunk, ka-clunk, rrrrrrgulll*. The car's engine sputtered, rattled, and finally came to a stop. The headlights remained on however. Sitting back in her seat, Naomi looked out the front window. The car was right-side-up thankfully and, even though it had been swallowed nose first, it had somehow twisted as it had fallen and had landed tail first in the pool. The car floated on the surface, its nose angled slightly upward, its beams sending light into the dark chamber.

Naomi couldn't see much beyond the cracked, mucus smeared window. But her other senses were being assaulted. *KA-THUMP! KA-THUMP! KA-THUMP!* Kelsey's massive heartbeat was like a drum thundering in Naomi's ears. This sound was accompanied by a *gurrurrglurrgle* noise produced by Kelsey's churning stomach and the sound of liquid lapping against the sides of the floating car. The heartbeat wasn't so bad but the squelching sounds of Kelsey's stomach were disgusting to Naomi, but even worse than the sound was the smell. The air was humid, pungent, and foul. Naomi wretched loudly and by sheer force of will was able to keep from vomiting due to the stench. She needed fresh air—badly. It was so hot and humid! Sweat broke out on her saliva dampened skin from the near 99 degree Fahrenheit heat.

Frothy bubbles pressed against the car's side windows. The car floated like a boat on the surface of the rippling pool—but how long was it going to stay that way? Hot liquid was already finding its way into the car through the seams of the bodywork. The seepage started to fill the well in front of the passenger seat and to soak into Naomi's shoes. She gasped as she felt a strange tingling, burning sensation on her skin as the liquid soaked into her socks.

The feel of the acid on her toes spurred Naomi into action. Trembling with panic she pulled her legs up and crouched on her seat. Then, knowing she wouldn't be able to open the doors of the car, she decided to take the one escape route left to her: through the sunroof. She stood and poked her head and shoulders through the roof. Then, grunting and fighting to get a grip on the mucus smeared roof, she awkwardly pulled herself from the car. She crawled over the front windshield which cracked even further under her weight and then onto the long, slippery hood of the car. Sweat dripping from her brow, her gut roiling from the stench, Naomi craned her neck upward, her long wet hair drooping down from her scalp in long tangled ropes.

The beams of the tiny car inside Kelsey's stomach pierced the darkness. The walls of the massive chamber were a strange orange-ish hue and were folded in on themselves making their glossy surface look like scrunched hills and valleys. The walls pulsed to the rhythm of Kelsey's heartbeat as the giant's blood pumped through her massive body. Naomi looked to the left, then to the right. "Oh my God," she said out loud as Kelsey's heartbeat hammered in her ears. The walls sloped upward to create a large dome above Naomi's head. Far above she could see a tightly puckered area that must have been the sphincter the car fell through when it plummeted into Kelsey's stomach. The doorway was tightly closed—and so high above—there was no escape back the way the car had come.

BUBBLUGUGUG! The sound of Kelsey's stomach churning brought Naomi's attention to the pool she was adrift in. The light of the car's headlights pointed roughly upward, but there was enough backsplash of light in front of the car to illuminate the steadily stirring, foamy waves. "Kuh—Kelsey?" Naomi said timidly as she watched huge bubbles form and then burst on the surface of the pool. The liquid was really stirring now, almost like boiling water. The bubbles came frantically to the surface, exploding one after another, filling the air with fouler stench. "Huh—help!" Naomi shouted. "Kelsey

don't leave me in here! KELSEY!" Suddenly, without warning, Naomi's ears popped as there was a tremendous rush of wind and change in air pressure. The gas that had built up from the bursting gastric bubbles rushed upwards like a whirlwind.

On Kelsey's tongue, Amber saw the arch of Kelsey's throat widen. Her giant uvula contracted high up into the air and then Amber slapped her palms over her ears as Kelsey belched loudly.

URRRRRRRRRP!

Amber screamed and gritted her teeth. The sound was monstrous, like nothing Amber had ever heard before. A massive gust of wind blew from Kelsey's throat making Amber's wet skin break out in goosebumps. What little was left of Amber's sanity fled her mind as she turned, got to her feet, and began to run forward. *Got to get out, got to get out, got to get out!* She thought hysterically.

The belch had even taken Kelsey by surprise. She almost laughed but maintained control as she focused on the girl who was still in her mouth. She didn't know which of the two girls it was, Naomi or Amber, but she could feel a tiny tickling sensation on the surface of her tongue which meant one of the girls had escaped the car before she swallowed it. Kelsey desperately needed to swallow the gathering saliva pooling in her mouth but she kept her mouth partly open. She wanted to know what the girl on her tongue was going to do. And besides, it felt wonderful to finally have the upper hand. Let whoever was still her mouth experience the fear and helplessness that Kelsey had felt her entire life.

Inside Kelsey's mouth, Amber was frantic with fear. *Splash, splash, shplut!* Amber's feet slapped the wet surface as she ran along the centerline of Kelsey's tongue. She tripped on a small dome-like taste-bud and pitched forward onto her chest. "Oof!" she cried as she flailed on the slick surface of the tongue. She spent the next few seconds awkwardly trying to get back to her feet. The tongue was constantly wriggling and its surface was slippery as if coated in cooking oil. It took a great deal of effort to regain her footing but once she did, Amber was off and running again, although this time a little more slowly.

She ran forward, her eyes wildly looking to the left and right at Kelsey's teeth—teeth that were so unbelievably big! Amber could see every harsh angle, every sharp surface. Those teeth could grind her up as if she were nothing but a breadcrumb. Amber couldn't stop her frazzled mind from conjuring images of herself being sliced to pieces between those teeth, her insides bursting and coating the healthy pink gums.

"Kuh...Kuh...Kelsey," Amber stuttered. "Luh—let me out of here." Her voice was weak. She was so scared she could hardly say anything above a whisper and she doubted Kelsey would be able to hear her. She walked forward, the wind created by Kelsey's massive lungs gusting all around her, until she finally reached the tip of Kelsey's tongue. She stopped and stood there like a tiny insect below Kelsey's upper front teeth.

Past Kelsey's moist, silken lips Amber could see the city stretching out to the horizon where it met with the blue of the late afternoon sky. It was then that Amber truly realized how high up in the air she was. Her stomach did a somersault and she felt dizzy. She could practically feel the tug of gravity pulling at her, wanting to yank her from Kelsey's mouth and make her plummet all the way down to the ground far, far below. Amber recoiled and took several hastened steps backward. She slipped and fell onto her buttocks; Kelsey's tongue wriggled beneath her. She buried her face in her hands as tears of fear and frustration leaked from her eyes. She wanted desperately to leave but she just couldn't bring herself to try and leap or crawl out of Kelsey's mouth—not at this height.

"Kelsey, please, I'll never make fun of you again!" Amber said, mustering the strength to shout through her sobs. She realized what Kelsey was doing, what Kelsey had become, was her fault. All those years of abuse and molestation—Naomi and Amber had created a monster. Amber looked up. Not being able to look Kelsey in the eyes, she settled for staring up at the giant girl's rigid hard palate.

"Kelsey listen, I've bullied you my entire life," Amber said. "Naomi and I—we didn't have the greatest parents. She's from the ghetto and I'm a spoiled rich kid. Yes, we're horrible and nasty and we enjoyed fucking with people. It wasn't your fault, Kelsey. We just singled you out because you couldn't stand up to us." Amber wondered if Kelsey could hear her voice. She continued, "But all of that's done now. I'm *sorry*, Kelsey. Please believe me. Don't swallow me like you did to Naomi. Please, I'm begging you! Let me out of here and I'll promise I'll never say a word to you again."

Amber's voice was so tiny, so miniscule, that it was lost in the wind. Kelsey didn't hear her pleas.

The tongue beneath Amber suddenly heaved upward. Amber screamed in surprise and rolled into the middle of Kelsey's mouth. Kelsey's tongue then pitched to the left and Amber rolled down its sloping surface and onto one of Kelsey's lower molars. "Ow!" she cried as she fell onto the hard enamel surface. She twisted onto her back, her body fitting easily in the rocky depression in the center of the tooth.

"Aiiiiiieee, Kelsey no!" Amber screamed as loud as she could. For a moment she was frozen. She couldn't get her muscles to move. Directly overhead was one of Kelsey's upper molars. If Kelsey were to simply close her mouth her teeth would come together and mash Amber into pulp. The thought broke Amber from her paralysis. She scrambled to her feet on the tooth and watched the mammoth tongue wriggling next to her. She waited for the right moment, her heart hammering in her chest so fast that she could feel her pulse pounding in her throat, and when the constantly moving tongue dipped low she jumped back onto its sleek surface.

Kelsey, sensing this, lifted the back of her tongue high, forming a steep angle toward the front of her mouth with her tongue. Amber, helpless against the pull of gravity, rolled all the way down the length of Kelsey's tongue and came to rest against hard interior surface of Kelsey's lower front teeth. Amber coughed spit out a wad of warm saliva that had flooded her mouth as she rolled. She felt dizzy and disoriented—and Kelsey wasn't about to let her rest.

The tip of Kelsey's tongue lifted upward, carrying Amber along with it. The tiny girl, helped by the thick coating of saliva, stuck to the tongue's surface as if held by glue. Kelsey stretched her tongue and extended it out of her mouth as far as she could. She tilted her head back slightly and angled her tongue upwards.

The roar of the wind outside of Kelsey's mouth was almost deafening. Amber screamed and desperately tried to grip the fibrous surface of Kelsey's tongue but it was so wet her tiny fingers could no longer penetrate the membrane of saliva that coated it. Stuck out on the tip of Kelsey's extended tongue, Amber felt like she was going to fall at any moment. It was like standing on the parapet of a skyscraper with no safety ropes, with nothing at all to protect her. Her eyelids fluttered. She felt lightheaded. All of this—giant Kelsey, Naomi devoured, it was all too much for Amber to handle anymore. The constant stream of fear and adrenaline was taking its toll and causing her body to shut down. She suddenly felt weak, lethargic. She still wanted to scream but couldn't. She wanted to get crawl away from the tip of Kelsey's tongue but just couldn't muster the strength to do it.

Angling her head back even more, Kelsey waited for the inevitable. At some point gravity would become too strong a force and the girl on her tongue would simply slide along her tongue and into her throat. Kelsey smiled inwardly. It was time to end this. It was time to make the remaining girl she'd captured disappear forever.

Ka-choom, ka-choom, ka-choom! Amber's heart raced in her chest as she felt her balance shifting. Kelsey was tilting her massive head slowly backward. Her tongue was like a long, wide slide which led directly into her waiting throat. When the angle became too great, Amber's body broke free and began to tumble back into Kelsey's mouth.

With the grace of a crashing skier Amber twirled, slid, and somersaulted down the length of Kelsey's tongue. Ready to devour the girl, Kelsey took a sharp intake of breath and pulled down the back of her tongue down so far that the tip of her epiglottis poked into view beneath her uvula. All Amber saw was a blur of motion—a twisting twirling vision of pink walls, tongue, teeth, tonsils, and then—darkness. A flood of liquid surged around her body, flooding her mouth and nostrils. Amber choked and her eyes rolled back in her head as she passed out. Kelsey closed her mouth and swallowed.

Deep inside Kelsey's body, Naomi heard the distinctive wet sound of Kelsey swallowing. Still perched on the floating Mercedes' hood, Naomi turned her eyes upwards towards the pulsating ceiling above. The circular doorway at the apex of the ceiling stretched open and a flood of liquid squirted into the chamber. Naomi's eyes widened as she saw a prone body falling into the stomach as well.

"Amber!" she shouted. She watched her friend's body fall into the thick lake with an audible *gloop* sound. "Amber?" she said. She strained her eyes and tried to see into the shadows beyond the light of the car's headlamps. "Amber?" she called a third time. She received no reply. The surface of the gastric pool had been calmer since Kelsey belched. It should be easier to spot Amber among the bubbles but Naomi didn't see her friend floating out there anywhere. Naomi hung her head. Sweat dripped from her face and neck. She gulped humid air, which was becoming more and more difficult to breathe. She morbidly wondered what had just happened to Amber. Did she drown? Had she dissolved instantly the moment she plunged into the acid? Or had the journey down Kelsey's powerful esophagus broken her neck? After all, she hadn't been protected inside a steel car like Naomi had.

Glug glug glug glug glug. Startled, Naomi spun around at the bubbling noise behind her. "Oh fuck...oh shit!" she said. The back of the car was slowly and steadily sinking. The noise she heard was gastric liquid flowing into the car through the open sunroof. The weight of the invading fluid helped to hasten the car's sinking descent.

The car settled into the sea of gastric acid. "No, no, no, no!" Naomi screamed. She hysterically crawled to her left, then to her right, but there was nowhere to go. The car sank beneath the waves and hot liquid sloshed across the hood of the car. A prickling burning sensation seared the skin on Naomi's fingers and then as she sank into the gastric lake her entire body felt as if she had instantaneously been given a severe sunburn. "Help!" Naomi shouted. "Helll—gurrrrg—" Naomi's cries were silenced as hot gastric juices flooded her mouth and stung her eyes. She sank beneath the waves, her skin tingling, her vision fading. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she began to lose consciousness. She sank into the murk along with the sinking Mercedes, her skin bubbling as Kelsey's stomach took her apart and converted her into vital nutrients. The last thing Naomi heard was the beating of Kelsey's enormous heart.

Ka-thoom! Ka-thoom! Ka-thoom!

Energy surged through Kelsey's body. The sounds of helicopters, crashing cars, and sirens filled the air. Kelsey ignored the insect-like populace below and took a deep breath. The air tasted good, so fresh and clean. She put a hand over her belly and felt a rush of excitement. Naomi and Amber were gone. She had made them disappear. The woman, Olivana, had said she could make Kelsey strong and powerful, and boy did she make good on her claim.

"I'm big. Nobody can hurt me." Kelsey said. She looked down at the ground. "Nobody." She raised a foot high in the air. The people below who were stuck due to the traffic jam her foot had created all started to scatter. Kelsey laughed as they all scrambled from the highway. Then she brought her foot down and crushed at least a dozen cars beneath her shoe. She felt the metal crunch and could hear the glass breaking. It was an amazing feeling.

I can crush buildings. I can stomp cars. I can eat people by the handful. I'm...I'm all powerful.

Kelsey spread out her hands and addressed her new world. "Listen up everyone. I'm in charge now. This...this is my world and you're nothing but bugs, do you hear me? Bugs! I've been pushed around my entire life and you all didn't care. Well now...now I'm in charge." Kelsey laughed and her voice could be heard for miles and miles.

Epilogue

Olivana's crimson limousine rolled to a stop at the end of a gravel road at the top of Sutter's Hill, just three miles outside of town. A man in a dark robe stood just ahead, his back turned towards the car. He didn't turn as the car glided to a stop. He seemed too intent on watching the giant teenager in the distance.

Despite the fact that the man didn't turn, Olivana knew that he sensed her approach. Olivana licked her lips nervously, her forked tongue gliding across both corners of her mouth at the same time. The man outside the car, her master, was the only person, human or otherwise, who could make her nervous. He was the Man of 1000 Masks, Nyarlathotep, and he had been roaming the earth since the time of ancient Egypt. If Olivana disappointed him she knew she could be banished to the Dreamlands, fed to the beast Tsathoggua, or given as a plaything to the alien Mi-go race.

Knowing that showing any sign of weakness would be to her detriment, Olivana exited the car and walked confidently to her master. His hooded robes were black and shiny, as if coated in oil. The folds stayed still despite the slight afternoon breeze. His hooded head tilted ever so slightly, noting Olivana's approach. Olivana walked to the man and stood at his side. She kept her eyes straight ahead, looking at the giantess Kelsey in the distance. She didn't look beneath the hood at her master's face; she knew never to look at him directly.

"So this is the new overlord of the earth?" Nyarlathotep said, his voice a deep drone, dark and menacing.

It was hard to tell if he was pleased or angry. Olivana summoned all the willpower she had to remain calm. "Our efforts over the years to raise the Old Gods from the deep and to return our kind to dominance have failed. The girl, Kelsey, has a passion and a need to lash out. I feel she can be dominant.

While the world deals with the giant in their midst, we can continue our work to bring our true masters out of their sleep and to bring our kind out of the shadows once more.”

There was a long pause. Olivana held her breath.

“Well done,” her master said. “But can she be trusted?”

Olivana practically sighed with relief and felt an inward warmth at pleasing her master. “I believe she will help us, when the time is right.”

“*la fhtagn*,” Nyarlathotep said. The words were an ancient language, long dead, but Olivana knew the proper response.

“*la Cthulhu*,” Olivana responded. “*la Kelsey*, the new destroyer of worlds.”

The two stood still and watched as Kelsey announced herself to the world. Kelsey’s voice thundered, the ground quaked, and the world changed forever.

THE END