

Note: This story may contain bizarre, unrealistic and occasionally ridiculous content. It is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

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Kilgrave

Kiley Greyson, alias Kilgrave, reclined lazily in her seat as the limo crept slowly down a residential street. Kiley knew she was nearing the end of her proverbial road, and had chosen her next – likely last – host home, very carefully.

The past decade had been good to Kiley. Perhaps a little too good. From the moment she'd come into her full power at age 18, Kilgrave had been able to dominate anyone.

Not with strength of arms or body, nothing so primitive and crude. Kiley possessed the ultimate power of suggestion. No one in Kilgrave's presence could refuse her any direct request. Not her parents, not her neighbors, and certainly not the near-endless string of families that she had dominated for a roof and a meal. Well, several meals.

The power was in the spores. Given just a few moments of 'shared air' with Kilgrave, the average human found themselves fully under her control. The merest suggestion becoming an unquestionable command.

Being alienated from her parents and non-existent friends, feared and despised, Kiley did the only rational thing the mind of a lonely 18 year old with the ultimate power of suggestion could think of; she found a new family.

Their name had been Jones, and they loved and pampered Kiley until the finance charges on their credit cards forced them to declare bankruptcy.

The next family were named Park, and Kiley almost got out of their lives before she bankrupted them as well.

Then the Williams, the Bakers, the Foresters... Each new family embraced Kiley with open arms, ready and willing to care for her as one of their own. At her command, they loved her unconditionally.

But Kiley had a problem. Her problem wasn't that she was incapable of feeling love, she loved herself a great deal. Though truth be told she couldn't imagine loving another person half as much as she loved herself.

This should come as no surprise. After all, who would expect an 18 year old girl with the power to mentally dominate anyone and everyone around her not to become at least a little narcissistic?

Kiley's real problem was that she loved food. Or to be more precise, she loved eating.

Now, even in America, food costs a lot of money. And earning money seemed like a real drag to Kiley. Especially when she had the option of simply *asking* for money, and getting it. And she'd found that the least disruptive way to do that – the way that drew the least attention – was to find a family and become a part of it.

Annoyingly, families often had limited resources.

Sometimes only one of the adults worked. Sometimes even if they both worked, they had little enough left over to feed their children.

Kiley Greyson didn't particularly care about any of that. She was far too preoccupied with two things; feeding herself, and not drawing the annoying attention of law enforcement or other meddlers.

So she'd spent the end of her teens and almost all of her twenties moving from house to house, family to family. All she had to do was ring the bell, wait for someone to answer, then chat with them for the few short minutes it took for the spores to take effect.

"You want me to come in."

She'd say, and they'd invite her in.

"You have snacks to offer me."

She'd suggest, and be rewarded with treats.

"You have a bedroom I can use, your children don't mind sharing the couch."

And she had a place to live, for a time.

Eventually, the family's finances would grow as tight as Kilgrave's pants buttons. And unlike her first few attempts, Kiley had learned to recognize the signs, and move on before things got too difficult. Before the situation became something she'd have to spend a lot of time and effort dealing with.

Because that was a drag.

It wasn't something Kiley cared to spend her time doing.

Not when she could just move on to the next house, and be eating lasagna and fresh homemade cookies instead.

Over the years, as Kiley grew more proficient with her power, she grew more... Kiley. Having free and easy access to as much food and as many snacks as she wanted with no effort at all had let Kiley grow, and grow, and grow...

The limousine that Kilgrave had 'borrowed' turned in to the gated neighborhood, they were in a posh suburb on the outskirts of a real city. Not that Kiley cared for any of the distinctions of town vs city and all that crap. She just needed to find a place she could stay long term.

Truthfully, Kiley was annoyed that she hadn't thought of this sooner, but the more wealthy someone was, the more difficult she had found getting close enough to control them. But today, she had a plan.

The quarter-ton woman drummed her fingers on her stomach impatiently, annoyed that the houses here were so spread out but hopeful that that meant they had the resources to support her for more than the few months that the last few had lasted.

Seriously, after just two months in the Bryant house, she'd seen the parents start looking nervously at their grocery bill. It put a real damper on Kilgrave's mood and almost made her lose her appetite. Almost.

At last she reached her destination. The limo pulled up to the gate and Kiley lowered her window to address the intercom.

"I'm here to see Mister Abernathy, my mother was Amelie Duarte?"

The story was bullshit, but Kiley knew it was enough to get her in the gate and to the door. Once in the presence of the staff and the ancient geezer who owned the place, it was a simple matter for Kiley to gain control.

Abernathy had a vast fortune, and no living heirs.

"You're going to put your fortune in a trust, and leave it all to me."

"Of course I will, my darling, you're the daughter I never had."

Kiley smiled at the decrepit old man through a mouthful of peach cobbler.

The house had been staffed when she arrived, and now they all lived to serve the obese Kiley Greyson. She occasionally added to their number whenever she found it convenient or necessary, staging job interviews and casting calls, picking the most beautiful or snobbish ones to keep for her delicious harem.

In less than a year the 'master' of the house finally passed away, and Kiley was officially made heir and mistress to the Abernathy fortune.

It wasn't enough, of course, within two years the family fortune was running as thin as Kiley's waistline was not. But by then the young woman had so many attendants and staffers doing all the estate management for her that she was free to lounge in bed or on the enormous couch in the main sitting room. Aside from securing a few *generous* donations when she needed them, Kiley commanded a pair of lawyers and an accountant to take care of the boring paperwork stuff, freeing her up to spend her days being pampered and pleased by the servants, and of course, her live-in Michelin Star chef.

Billowing across a king sized bed, unable to move unaided, the massive Kilgrave reclined against a mountain of pillows and cushions.

"Would you like some cronuts, mistress?"

A gorgeous blonde, who might have been an actress or a supermodel in another life, held a tray of pastries out before the gigantic blob of a woman.

"They look delicious. Feed them to me."

The lithe and long-limbed woman climbed up on to the bed, and had to lean into a breast that weighed more than she did by half. Holding her tray aloft with one hand, she proffered a pastry to the mouth of her mistress.

Kilgrave tried to munch on the decadent pastry slowly, to savor it, but a lifetime of total control of others had left her with little to no self-control. She gulped down the cronut in big chunks and it was gone in seconds.

"More..."