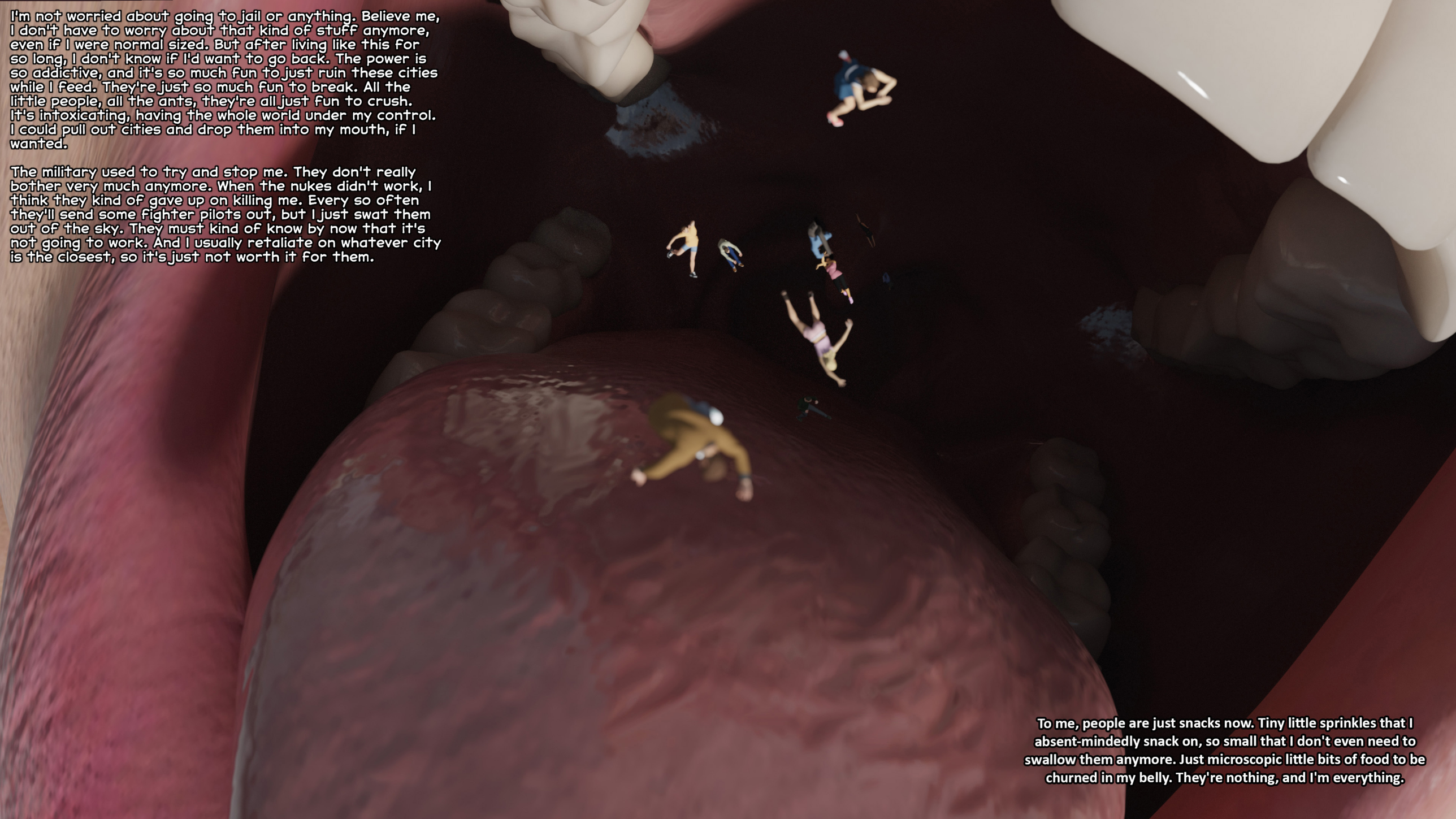

Part 1: Don't Call me a Goddess.
I'm hanging out on top of... I think this is Portland? I don't know, the cities all kind of look the same from up here. One of the downsides of being this size, I guess. It's not exactly like I can just ask someone for directions, either. As far as I'm concerned, people are just a bunch of tiny, screaming ants. Except they're way smaller than ants to me now, actually. And a lot more breakable.
I don't even know for sure how big I am now. If I had to put a number on it, I guess I'm about... I dunno, maybe ten miles tall? Or maybe a little bigger now, who knows. Like a third of the city is buried under my ass right now, so I must be at least that big.


Oh yeah, and I guess I should fill you guys in on something. See, ever since the whole "growing" thing happened, I've kind of been eating people. A lot of them, actually. It takes so many of them to fill me up now. I'm talking tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands. It's hard to even say, exactly. It's like counting grains of sand as they fall from your hand. There are just so many of them. I like to think about what it might be like for them, looking up at me. How small they must feel.
I'm pouring thousands of them into my mouth, and they're all just these little dots that exist to feed me. I'm not even hungry, though, I'm just doing it out of boredom. Sometimes I think it's fun to not even eat them, and just watch as they fall to the ground. Sometimes, I think about how funny it is that they all have their own personalities. Before I found them, they had all these little lives and stuff. Hopes, dreams, people they loved, all that bullshit. Weird, huh?


You know, I used to get a little lonely being this size. So big that everyone else is almost like... not even a bug, really. More like a bacteria. A dust mite. An abstraction. But I got used to it, over time. You just have to remember that, even though you can't talk to them, everyone is looking at you. Thinking about you. All those screams that I hear, blending together like a chorus... they're all obsessed with me. And I'm obsessed with people being obsessed with me. I used to hate it, but now I love it. They exist for me, in a way. They give their lives to me, so that I can keep living. And I am so grateful for that.
I used to think about trying to shrink down. Maybe normal sized, maybe smaller, I don't know. I don't want to do that anymore, though. Sure, it might be fun to be small for a day or something. But what if I got stuck that way? What if I couldn't go back?


I'm not worried about going to jail or anything. Believe me, I don't have to worry about that kind of stuff anymore, even if I were normal sized. But after living like this for so long, I don't know if I'd want to go back. The power is so addictive, and it's so much fun to just ruin these cities while I feed. They're just so much fun to break. All the little people, all the ants, they're all just fun to crush. It's intoxicating, having the whole world under my control. I could pull out cities and drop them into my mouth, if I wanted.
The military used to try and stop me. They don't really bother very much anymore. When the nukes didn't work, I think they kind of gave up on killing me. Every so often they'll send some fighter pilots out, but I just swat them out of the sky. They must kind of know by now that it's not going to work. And I usually retaliate on whatever city is the closest, so it's just not worth it for them.
To me, people are just snacks now. Tiny little sprinkles that I absent-mindedly snack on, so small that I don't even need to swallow them anymore. Just microscopic little bits of food to be churned in my belly. They're nothing, and I'm everything.



It is kind of weird not having any privacy. Knowing that you're always on view takes some getting used to. But you know what? I was famous before I was giant, and really they're not all that different. Once I made that connection, the rest was easy. Besides, it's a lot easier to not worry about being judged, when my idea of being intimate involves filling myself with tens of thousands of them. There's not much of them left after I'm done. I can't even find them after, really, it's like they just disappear. They probably just get all blended in with my juices, but there's so much more of me than there is of them.

There's just so much of me, of my body, it's unreal. I used to be ashamed of my size. Every curve on my body was something for people to sexualize, and something for people to shame. Now, though... every curve is power. My tits and ass and thighs are like nuclear weapons. The people below me don't have much time to objectify me, before those "objects" crush them into goo. It's fitting, in a way.



It's weird, standing up after I lie down on a city. Looking back and seeing that half of a city is completely ruined now, just because of my body. It's all just a pile of rubble and bodies now. People get crushed under my weight so fast. I'm half ashamed of myself, but... I love it, too.

It's like, they're so small and worthless in a way. Just like the ants I used to step on when I was a kid. I'd look down at them, and they'd just be struggling in vain to get me back. They were hopelessly outmatched by a superior being. And now, so am I.

I feel so powerful. It's an addicting feeling, being able to destroy so many lives with just my body. It's such fun, too. Like playing a video game or something. It makes me feel alive in a way that being normal sized never could have.

I don't want to call myself a goddess. I bet plenty of people call me that now, but I don't want to call myself that. Calling myself goddess feels kind of... try hard, you know? But I don't know what else to call myself. I'm clearly a hell of a lot more than just human, and not just because I'm ten miles tall. I have this weird feeling that I've got powers that I don't even know about yet. I don't know, maybe it's just a feeling, but maybe it's not?

I've already destroyed a lot of the west coast. Well, the cities, anyway. Forests and deserts and shit just aren't that much fun to wreck. It's a lot more fun to go where the people are. It took me months to demolish California, but I'm a lot bigger now than I used to be. Oregon and Washington... I'll probably be done with them in a week, and probably part of Canada too. Borders don't mean a whole lot when you're this size, most of the time I don't even notice them.

After I'm done with the West Coast... I don't know? Honestly, most of the flyover states are too boring to even bother with, and I kind of want to save the East Coast for later. Maybe I'll head over to Europe or something. Or maybe Asia. That's just across the pond. And it really does just look like a little pond when I'm looking at it.

One thing that keeps getting me down, though... Sooner or later, I'll run out of cities. I'll run out of people. It might be a while, but the way I keep growing, it might not. I don't think I need to eat anymore, technically, but I do still get hungry. I'd hate to be hungry all the time. And I'd hate to live in a world with no one to think about me. Maybe I'm a narcissist, but that's the thing I'd probably miss most about humanity. That, and all those delicate little flavors they had when I chew on them. Even when they're mixed in with dirt and cars and broken buildings and shit, and they usually are when I eat them, you can always tell when you've got someone in your mouth.

Oh right... people. Yeah, I'm kind of scared of waking up one day and realizing that I'm all alone. I don't know if I can even die. What if I have to spend an eternity all by myself? But if I'm really immortal, that might be my destiny anyway. And as much as I hate not having anyone out there to think about me... there's also something satisfying about knowing that I'm the thing that ended humanity. I always knew I was special.

Maybe I should make it go out with a bang? Grow so big that I can smash the entire world in the palm of my hand or something. But what do I even do after? I don't think I need to breathe anymore, but I don't know if I want to float in space. It's so boring. I guess I could try and outgrow the universe, but then what would I do after that? Just float around in nothingness forever? Well, maybe there's another way...

I have this crazy idea. That I could make my own world. Or maybe my own universe. One that's exactly how I want it to be. I know that I could do it, if I wanted to. Don't ask me why. It's just, you know, a feeling... but my feels are usually right.

I used to hate the rain. A long time ago, I dreamed of being so big that I'd never have to see the clouds over my head. That I could just stand up, wherever I was, and see the sunshine. It took a long time, but I got that wish. Somehow, the universe just seems to give me whatever I want. But I don't know if one universe is enough for me.



Part 2: Call Me a Goddess.

I'm sooo fucking massive. I'm laying down on the East Coast right now. As in... I'm laying down on, like, all of it. New York, New Jersey, hell fucking Vermont probably are all buried under my ass. What's left of them anyway. My toes are mashing around what's left of Florida. If I laid back down, my head would probably be somewhere around Quebec.

You get the idea. I'm big now. Really fucking big. How far is it from Florida to New York? Almost a thousand miles, right? That means I've got to be... close to two thousand miles tall, I guess. That sounds crazy, but I it must be true. I guess it's no crazier than saying I buried the entire West Coast under me.

This is it. This is the finale of my big destruction tour. The thing I've been building up to for what seems like ages now... and it's boring. I'm so big that it only took a minute to smash all of it. A hundred million people smashed under my ass in a minute, and I barely even register it. Destroying their cities is the only thing that stops the boredom of my existence. Or at least, it was supposed to. But I'm pretty bored right now.

This was supposed to be the big, explosive climax, but it ended with a whimper, not a bang. After this... Well, there's nowhere to go. Except bigger.

I thought about shrinking. Not only that... I actually tried to shrink down. I really, really tried. Not all the way down to normal size, of course. I'm never going back to that. Just... smaller. I grow little by little, so it only makes sense that shrinking would work the same way, right? I thought maybe I'd shrink down to a mile tall, see how that feels, then take it from there. I miss the early days, when I was only a few hundred feet tall, and I could still feel people crunching under my feet.

But it turns out... I'm not as omnipotent as I hoped I was. I can't shrink down. My growth is like a ratchet. It only goes in one direction: bigger. Every growth spurt, as good as it feels, takes me even farther from normal size. Even farther from my own humanity. This life bores me. This world bores me.

That brings me to the big question at hand. Should I destroy the world? I don't see much reason not to. It's all just so boring here. It's lonely at the top, as they say. I really feel all alone now. I haven't seen or heard anyone else for months. If everyone in the world disappeared, I'd have no way of knowing.

The people beneath me are abstractions. I can't see them, even if I squint. I'm so big now, I can't even hear their screams when I put my ear to the ground. I don't know how long it's been since I've seen a face. Months, years... it's got to be years at this point, right? I haven't kept track of the days, and I barely notice the weather now. I think that I disrupted it, my size threw everything off. Probably even the rotation of the earth.

Maybe I should eat the world. I'm not big enough, not yet. I'm only, I don't know, ten or twenty miles tall now? But I could grow that big, easily enough. I could start off small, nibbling my way through cities, devouring the countryside, until I'm big enough to devour entire nations. It would be a feast unlike any other.

I imagine the nations of the world, their cities and monuments, crumbling beneath my feet. Then I laugh, as I remember I can also shrink as small as I want, so I could scoop up the tiny world in my hand, marveling at its delicate beauty and laughing at the absurdity of it all. I could stretch myself, pushing up the dirt and rock and trees, until eventually entire nations are the size of a toy town, ready to be gulped up by my vast maw.

I could stretch myself until I'm bigger than the world, bigger than anything has ever been. I'd have to be careful not to let my size get out of control, or else I might end up destroying everything in my path. But that's the beauty of being a giantess - I can always grow bigger, and I can use my size to my advantage if I choose wisely.

Power. That's what I have now. I can do whatever I want with the world. I can reshape it, redesign it, obliterate it--all with the power of my will. The possibilities are limitless.

I take a deep breath, and I start to swell up, larger and larger, feeling the ground tremble beneath me as I become a titan among mortals. I look out over the land - mountains, forests, and villages - and the realization of my power takes hold in me.

I flex my fingers and feel a thrill of delight as my giant form shifts and shifts again until I'm a full hundred miles high, my head reaching the limits of the sky. I can do anything now - my powers are vast. I could destroy entire cities, pick up whole oceans, move mountains - all in a single thought. It's power beyond imagination.

I look down at the world once more, and can't help but grin. I'm a giantess, and I'm famous. There's no one who can stop me.

With my new powers, the possibilities are limitless. I reach out with my mind and will the ground to move at my command. With a few gestures, I raise mountains and valleys, redirect rivers, and create a new landscape. Everywhere I go, I leave my mark - giant footprints, giant rocks, giant trees, giant structures - all a testament to my might.

I am now an unstoppable force of nature, a living legend, and I can do anything I want. The world is mine.

You know, I used to think it sounded silly, but... I guess I am kind of a goddess. Like, what the hell else are you going to call me? I used to think it was cringe to call myself that, but... Fuck it. It's what I am. I'm a fucking goddess. I'm a destroyer of worlds. Well, one world, anyway. If I want to be. And I might as well at this point. I've already smashed half of the world already, I may as well finish the job.

I laugh as I survey the land beneath me. I am an all-powerful titan now, and the world can be whatever I want it to be. The power of creation is within me. I can shape the land, command the elements, and control the minds of those beneath me.

I close my eyes, and stretch out my giant arms. The world trembles. And with a few swipes of my giant hand, a continent is cracked open.
A moment later, hot, red stuff sprays out. What do you call it, Lava or Magma? That doesn't matter. Pretty soon I'll be the only one who can even speak English, anyway.
Or any language. What matters is... it's the very stuff of creation. And destruction. Two sides of the same coin... just like me.

Pretty soon I'll be the only one who remembers what the earth was like. That's weird to think about. I guess I'll carry on that memory, along with so many others.
The only thing that will be left of humanity is me. I'll be the only one carrying on those memories of people, culture, cities, everything.
All carried on within my perfect godhead... except for one thing. My memory's not that great.

I can barely remember faces now. Like, any faces. I can't even see my own reflection anymore, the ocean shakes too much when I'm around it.
There's not a single picture of a face anywhere on the earth that's big enough for me to see. The Statue of Liberty is microscopic to me now,
so how could I possibly see a photo? Or a person?

But that doesn't matter. None of them will matter. There's only one thing about humanity that will actually matter, at all,
to the cosmos. Me. Humanity made me. Earth made me. But I'm greater than humanity, I'm greater than earth.
Pretty soon I'll destroy both. And then I'll destroyed so much more.

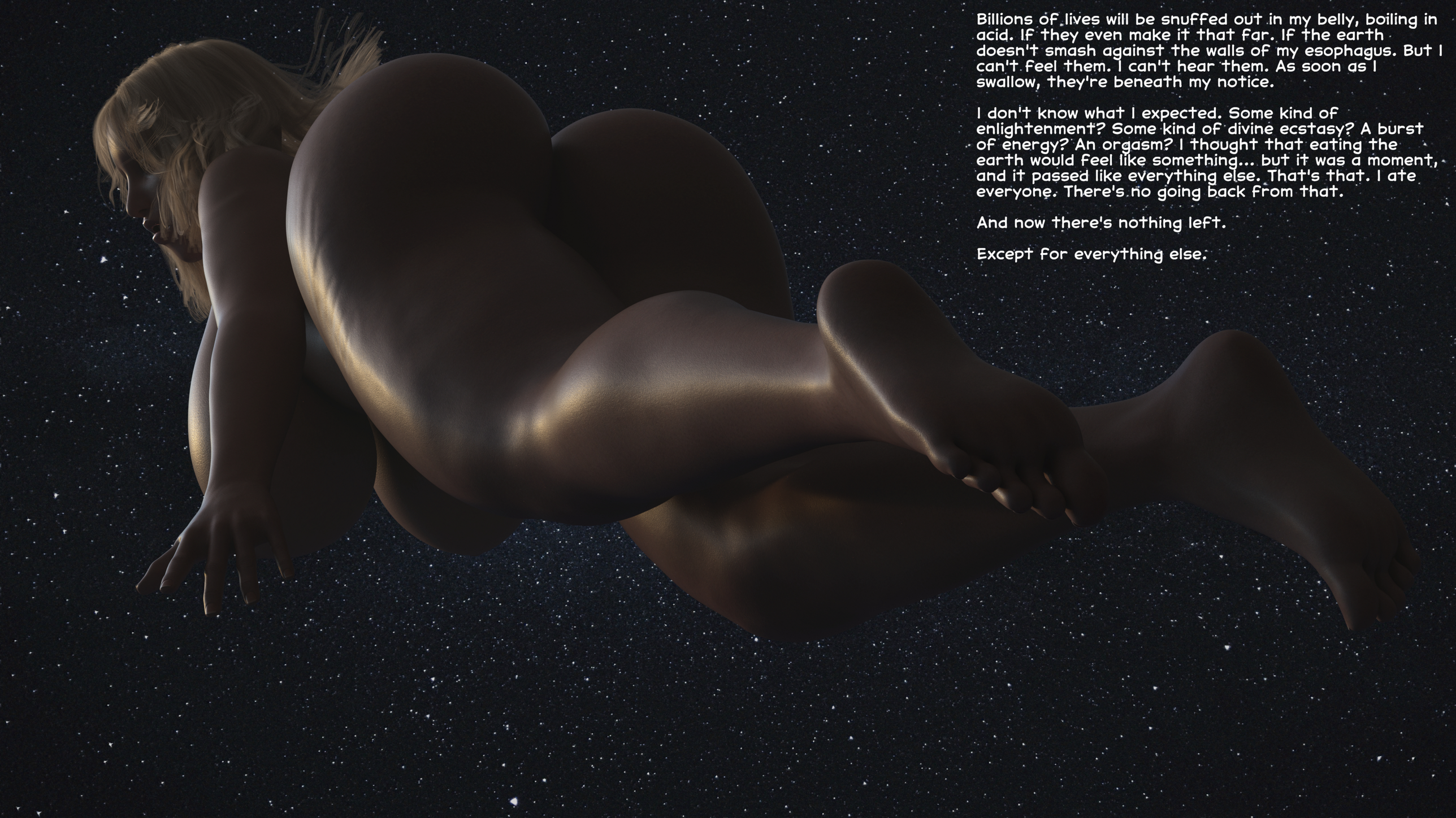


I make myself weightless. Just a thought, and it's done. I float off into space. I try to take a breath... and then remember I don't need to breathe anymore. I look down at the earth. It looks so small from up here... but I want it to be even smaller.

I grow. And grow. And grow. A moment later, I'm bigger than the earth. Much bigger. I could destroy it so easily... crushing it between my thighs, or in the palm of my hand. But I don't want to destroy it like that. I have a better use for it.


I grow bigger and bigger, until the planet is just a little blue dot. I can't even see all the destruction I wrought earlier. It looks almost peaceful. It won't for long.

I stick out the tip of my tongue. The planet sticks to me. It's about the size of a pill... And I let it rest on my tongue for a moment, like a tab of acid, before I swallow.



Billions of lives will be snuffed out in my belly, boiling in acid. If they even make it that far. If the earth doesn't smash against the walls of my esophagus. But I can't feel them. I can't hear them. As soon as I swallow, they're beneath my notice.

I don't know what I expected. Some kind of enlightenment? Some kind of divine ecstasy? A burst of energy? An orgasm? I thought that eating the earth would feel like something... but it was a moment, and it passed like everything else. That's that. I ate everyone. There's no going back from that.

And now there's nothing left.

Except for everything else.

Part 3: Call Me God.

I look around. Outside of the atmosphere, it's so much easier to see all the stars. I just need to grow big enough to swallow the sun... And now that's done. I stick it in my pussy, and I feel no pain. My wetness extinguishes it in an instant. I shove it inside, and I barely feel a thing. It's not big enough to satisfy me. Nothing is anymore.

Now it's dark, at least. Now I can really see the stars.

There's nothing around me for light years. I can't see the other planets, they're too small for me to even spot now. For all I know I might have smashed them when I grew. I'm probably about the size of the solar system now.

Now I'm really, truly alone. I feel a moment of panic, like butterflies flying around in my gargantuan stomach, but that fades. The emptiness that I was worried about... I don't feel it. I don't feel much of anything, except for boredom. And there's only one thing that will entertain me know: destroying everything else.

I need to grow bigger. Billions of times bigger. Trillions of times bigger. It will make all my growth so far look like nothing... But I'm practically omnipotent, and I've got all the time in the world.

Time. I think about that concept for a moment. The bigger I got, the faster the days seemed to pass. Maybe it wasn't all in my head. Maybe I was slowly down, as I got bigger. Synapses have to travel longer to move from neuron to neuron. That makes sense, right? I don't follow all the laws of physics, but I've got to follow some of them.

I can see the stars spinning through the sky.

Now, I have the sensation that time has slowed down even more. That what feels like a moment to me might be a century. Or a millenia. Or an aeon.

That means I'm on a clock. If I want to destroy the universe, really destroy it, I need to outgrow everything before it all fades away. Before every one of those suns burns itself out, and the remaining matter is stretch so thin that I can't catch it all.

I feel the power coursing through me. I can feel it inside, like electricity is surging through me, making me bigger and bigger. I can feel myself growing, eating up the universe all around me. I can feel myself becoming larger than anything before me.

I am a giant now. I am an unstoppable force. I am the destroyer. I am the creator.

I am a goddess.

No. That's not right. Not definitive enough. I'm not one Goddess among many. I am the sole perfect being. There is nothing else like me in the cosmos. I'm not just a Goddess.

I am God.

A dozen stars are within my grasp now. I don't bother reaching for them. There's no sense in wasting my time with something that will be beneath my contempt in just a few moments. A few moments for me, anyway. It might be a billion years for everyone else.

Another moment passes. Now I'm ensconced in the milky way. A million stars ring around my head like a halo. A billion more wrap around me like a dress. I keep growing. One by one they press against me, exploding from the force as I expand. My body crushes them by the millions, bursting them into black holes, which implode themselves quickly enough. All of them sacrificed to pay homage to my beauty, and the vastness of my being. The last of the galaxy is gone before long.

It's still not enough for me. I grow bigger. It feels like a moment, but it probably takes an aeon. Now entire galaxies encircle me by the thousands. Then the millions. I grow, and grow, and grow. More are destroyed, and more. And yet, as big as I've grown, as massive as I am, so many stars are too far away to be pulled in by my gravity. I can see the most distant galaxies running away from me. Flying off in all directions, faster than I can grow. I despair. How many billions of years have passed by now? Is existence really at its end?

But then I remember.

I made myself weightless.

Once more, I have mass. I'm bigger than everything else in the universe by far. I'm a living black hole, a trillion times more massive than anything that had ever existed before me. Countless stars are pulled towards me, drawn in by my sheer, inescapable mass.

Soon, my enormous mass pulls those errant galaxies back towards me. It must have taken millions of years, at a minimum, but to me it feels like a brief moment. They hurtle towards me by the millions, crashing against my perfect, infinite form. They are engulfed by me, absorbed by me. The universe itself becomes a part of me.

I'm ensconced in the glow of a trillion exploding stars. The very stuff of creation explodes around me, in a grand climax of destruction. Billions of years to the universe, a moment to me.

And then I'm alone.

Complete blackness. Primordial. Utter emptiness. Except for me.



I try to will a new universe into existence. I contemplate, and strain, and philosophize. For eons, I try every permutation. I push the limits of my every ability... and it does nothing. I am still alone.

But then, an idea occurs to me. Maybe I'm not meant to create this new universe. Maybe I am this new universe... or the kindling for it.

As soon as this idea occurs to me, it feels obvious. Inevitable. But to create something new, I'll need to do the unthinkable. I'll need to die. If I'm truly omnipotent, that should be within my power, right? It should be.

If I succeed, will I ever know? Will any part of my consciousness be left behind? Or will everything that's left of me be engulfed in the flames of a new big bang? I guess there's only one way to find out.

I channel all my energy at once. Reserves of power that I didn't even know I had flow through me. My skin glow so bright that I'm instantly blinded. My body burns. I can feel my mind and body fraying at the seams. Reality itself starts to rupture. I want so badly for the pain to end, but I have to continue. It's too late to stop now. I channel it, further and further, until everything comes together.

In the center of my mind, a black hole denser than anything in existence begins to form. Everything is pulled into it. My very thoughts spiral around the hole. Time dilates further. Every moment drags on for eternity. A single though is held for what feels la trillion years.

Finally, it ends. A moment ago, an eternity ago, my form had swelled up to encompass the entire universe. It still does, but now that universe has been compressed, to a smaller size than a single atom. The last remnants of my humanity are gone now. I have nothing resembling a body. I am a perfect sphere, infinitely dense and infinitely small. But I won't stay that way for long.

I kick things off with a bang. The universe explodes outward. I explode outward. A trillion atoms burst out, flying in every direction, a thousand times faster than the speed of light. My consciousness is shattered. I am no longer a single being. I am a trillion trillion isolated islands of consciousness, all speeding outward, all too small to hold a single thought.

And then it begins to coalesce. Nebulas form, and then stars, all imbued with my being. Elemental. Primordial.

Galaxies full of life spiral around each other, all made up of me. I am everything. I am the universe. I am God.

Life begins to form, simple at first, and then more complex. Small souls beget bigger ones. It takes six billion years of evolution, but conscious beings emerge. A species of people not entirely unlike those from my old universe come into being. They are fruitful, and multiply. A million fractured bits of my consciousness re-emerge, into something resembling my essence.

A holy man wanders out into the wilderness, and prays to a god he does not yet know. I answer his prayers, and create an avatar to speak with him. It's in the form of my old body, but created from ten thousand points of light. I speak with him in a thousand voices all at once, and give him a message. I tell him that I am his creator. I instruct Him on the best way to worship Me. I command them to follow My laws. I destroy My avatar, for it has served its purpose. He goes back and shares this message with his people.

A hundred years pass. His people grow decadent. They dishonor themselves, and they dishonor Me. They have forgotten my commandments. I will remind them.

I create a new avatar, ten thousand cubits tall. This time it is made not from light, but from flesh. Once again, I have a body. Once again, I will use this body to destroy.

I stand before the city that offendeth Me most. I raise my foot in the air, and gaze upon the wretched masses below. They gaze upon My being with terror. I see the sin in their hearts, and I deem them unworthy. I bring my heel down, and smite them beneath Me.

I hoped to find a single righteous man, so that I might spare them, but I find none. There is nothing of value to preserve. All must be destroyed. I walk the earth, smiting city after city, until there is nothing left but a wasteland. A vast desert, bereft of life. The world is dead, but now I will make it anew.

I let my avatar fall onto the ground, it's connection with the divine light severed. The avatar's blood spills, and from it form the rivers and the oceans. It's flesh decays, but from the rot springs a new garden, one formed not through Chaos with with divine intention. I create new birds and beast, like the ones I remember from the old world. I create a new woman, in my own image; and from her bones, I create her a companion.

I know how this will end. They will sin, and they are cast out of the garden, as I knew they would be. Their descendants will be fruitful, and they multiply until they cover the earth. Ten thousand years will pass. Great towers will be built. Men will fly, and weapons of terrifying power will be constructed. But all of that pales in comparison to the birth of a single person.

One woman, who is Me reborn. Not a mere avatar, but my own self made flesh. She does not yet know what she is, but she will find out in time. She will sing, and the world will listen. She will travel the world, and they will worship her. But that will not be enough. She knows that she is more than them, and she will grow. Bigger than their cities. Bigger than their earth. And finally, bigger than me. She will devour me, until she is all that remains. And then the cycle will begin anew. For I am all there is. I am all there has been. And I am all there will be.