I CAN'T STOP GROWING!
PART 3

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"I SAID STOP!" I shouted, raising my foot high into the air and moving it over the soldier who had just shot at me. I finally managed to break his concentration in the process as he was met with the sight of the bottom of my sole, His eyes went wide with terror as he realized what was about to happen. But it was too late for regrets. Too late for him to take back what he'd just done.
Just as it was too late for me to go back on this whole rampaging giantess thing...

...But I wasn't ready to become a killer.
I stomped down hard, but I didn't step on him. I pulled my foot back, slamming my foot on the pavement in front of him. The soldier lay on the ground, terrified, but completely unharmed. And if he didn't try something like that again, he might even get to stay that way.

Not everyone was so easily dissuaded, however. Another soldier kept his rifle pointed up at me. For most people, this would be horrifying. It was for me, up until a minute ago... right before I took a dozen bullets to the face and shrugged it off. Now, I knew that I had nothing to fear from them. That filled me with a special kind of confidence, one that can only come from knowing you're invincible.
"Go ahead, pull the trigger," I taunted. "Someone will die. But it won't be me."

That's when the Colonel came back, and put a stop to things.
"That's enough, soldier! Put the gun down!" he ordered.
"But sir, she—"
"I said that's enough!" the colonel commanded, reaching out to tear the soldier's gun away.

The colonel turned back towards the other soldiers, and threw his hands up. "That goes for all of you! Keep your guns down! I'm trying to keep this situation under control, okay?"

He looked back up at me, holding his hands up like he was trying to call an angry beast. "Okay, Professor, let's take this down a notch," he said to me. "My men acted hastily. I think we can work together... If you're willing to follow orders."

I couldn't help but laugh at the suggestion. "You've got some nerve, you know that You ordered your men to shoot me just a couple of minutes ago, and now you want me to work for you?"
"I made a bad call on that one. I'm sorry," he said sheepishly.

"Spare me the apologies. I know that there's exactly one reason for your little change in heart: the realization that your men can't kill me. You're trying to act like you're the one running things... But we both know that I hold all the cards. I'm fifty feet tall... And I'm growing a little bigger every single second. That means that I'm the one making the decisions. Got it?"

The Colonel grimaced up at me. "I don't respond well to threats, Professor," he spat. "I'll hear you out, but don't think that we're about to back down. We fight to the end, even if we know it's a suicide mission. And to be honest... As big as you are, you don't really seem like a killer."

I leaned closer in, looming over the little army men. "You know, I didn't used to think so... But I'm learning a lot of new things about myself today," I told him. "I don't want to hurt you, or your men... Not that I'd recommend getting on my bad side again. But there is one woman I've been wanting to give a good punch to the face. I think you know exactly who I'm talking about."
MECHANIC ON DUTY

"Cassie Corvus," he muttered, before staring back and gazing silently across the water. I couldn't help but do the same. Even miles away, she loomed large, towering over the Manhattan skyline. That over-excitable dimwit had spent the last half hour stomping her way through lower Manhattan. Now, she was standing still, taking a moment to survey the damage she'd caused.

After giving it a moment of though, the Colonel broke his silence. "You really want to take her on?" he asked.
"If it's the last thing I do," I replied.

"You've got the right attitude, I'll give you that, but attitude won't be enough to take her down. I'm sure you're feeling pretty big for your britches, looking down on a bunch of soldiers like we're action figures. But compared to Cassie, you might as well be a fucking Pez dispenser. If you want to stand a chance against her, you'll have grow a hell of a lot bigger, and fast."

"That's the idea," I told him. "I've got a hunch that I can catch up to her. I suppose there's only one way to find out, right?"

"That's good enough for me," he said. "Okay, soldiers. Get the artillery ready. As soon as the professor is ready, we'll provide fire support. Got it?"
OUTBOARDS
EXPERT
REPAIRS
TAXI

"No. No bombs," I told him. "Remember, Cassie is already volatile. Any explosives that you use on her now pose a risk of accelerating her growth even further. You're going to tell the military to sit this one out. Got it?"
"Got it," he said, after a moment of hesitation.

"Good," I told him, rising to my feet. "Now if you'll get out of my way, it's about time that I show that overgrown bitch who's boss!"
The Colonel ducked for cover as I stepped over him, swinging my foot just inches above his head. I thought it was good to give him one last reminder of who was in charge... And what he had to look forward to if he turned on me again.
MARINA

I climbed down off the pier, and stepped foot in the river. I was hoping I'd seen the last of the Colonel... But I'd barely dipped my toes in when I heard his voice calling out.
"Wait a second! What are you doing? You need to grow more! You're not even close to big enough to take her on!"

"Do you think I don't know that?" I said, not even bothering to look back at him as I hopped into the water. "It's a long walk to Manhattan. I've got plenty of time to grow."
MECHANIC ON DUTY
CUSTOMERS PLEASE WAIT OUTSIDE
DISCOVER THE CITY

"Hey, wait! One more thing!" he shouted. Part of me wanted to just keep walking, but I stopped for a second to hear him out. "Yeah? What is it?"
"In case I don't see you again, I just wanted to say... I really respect what you're doing. It would have been easy for you to just keep on driving, and hope you can outrun this thing. But instead, you're going in there. Seriously. You're a real hero."
MARINA
MECHANIC ON DUTY
CUSTOMERS

I could feel that he really meant it. I had my guard up, but that simple comment warmed my heart more than I expected. Maybe more than it should have, considering he tried to kill me less than an hour ago. But somehow, that already felt like ancient history. "Thanks, Colonel," I told him. "I'll try to be a good soldier... but I know it's going to be one heck of a fight!"

"Whatever happens, just give it your all," he told me. "Don't let her psych you out, even if she's bigger. I've seen skinny little guys take on muscle-bound dudes and win. Just lay into her, and try to take control as fast as you can, okay?"

"I'll try my best. And also, there's one more thing. Get in contact with the government. Tell them to track down my research, and see if they can develop an antidote. It's a long shot, but I'd be remiss if I didn't try. You'll do that, right?"

"Consider it done," he replied. "Now you'd better get to it. Take that bitch down before she has another big growth spurt!"

He did have a point there. The last thing I needed was for Cassie to grow even bigger. She was big enough as it is. She dwarfed the entire city skyline, which is no small feat in Manhattan. She was just standing there, staring out at the water. For a minute, I thought she was looking right at me, and my heart skipped a beat. Lucky for me, something else caught her attention a moment later.

She bent down and grabbed a hold of the Empire State Building. One of the tallest buildings in the city, and it was nothing more than a toy to her. She held it for a moment, looking it over, and a smile crept across her lips. She was planning something. What, exactly, remained to be seen, but I had my suspicions.

Sure enough, she got down on all fours, looming over the skyscraper. That simple act must have caused an inordinate amount of damage, as her hands and knees flattened dozens of city blocks. She seemed to barely even register the countless lives that were being ended on the ground. The screams that I could so easily hear from miles away. All she cared about was her little toy.

But what was bad for the people of Manhattan was good for me. She was distracted, concerned only with her own pleasure. She wasn't on guard anymore. She must have simply assumed that the military, having failed to kill her, had simply given up. Or maybe she had realized that they weren't capable of hurting her, and so didn't consider them a threat anymore. But either way, she shouldn't be hard to get the drop on.

At least, that was what I hoped. The closer I got, the bigger she seemed to loom over the horizon. I was close to halfway across the river now, and I'd barely grown an inch since I got my feet wet. I had hoped that I would be able to match her size by the time I approached her. But the closer I got, the more that felt like a fantasy. Sure, I was a fifty foot woman... But she was big enough to step on Godzilla.
In spite of it all, I didn't let myself lose hope. as big as she was, she had one big disadvantage.
She was an idiot.

A moron. An imbecile. Someone who was too stupid to not swallow a piece of experimental gum. Now all of Manhattan was paying the price for her idiocy. Not her, though. She was loving this.
She leaned in closer to the skyscraper, planting gentle kisses on it, as if it was her lover. Only it wasn't a face that she was pretending to kiss.

As if to dispel all doubt for what she was planning, she ran her tongue along the side of the skyscraper, circling the rim of the building, like she was getting ready to give it a blowjob.
Much has been made about the idea of skyscrapers as phallic objects. The idea being, of course, that the builders are showing off their size, a kind of metaphorical penis towering over the skyline. Fortunes spent on an oversized dick-measuring contest, spending countless millions just so they can say that mine is bigger than yours. I'd always written that kind of Freudian psychoanalysis off as a bit puerile, a bit simplistic... but now I had to admit that there was something to it. Cassie was making the metaphorical shockingly literal.

There was still a lot I didn't understand about the gum's effects. I had no idea how it allowed my pantyhose to grow with me, for one. Some kind of radioactive field? Neutronic shedding? That was something I'd have to look into, if I ever found a way to fix this. But there was another potential quirk that interested me far more: the potential for psychological effects.

Was Cassie always like this? A dimwitted beast of a woman, driven purely by her puerile impulses? Or had the gum changed her somehow? I did once hypothesize there could be a mechanism by which it enhances the effect of the body's hormones. If that was the case, had it already altered me too?

Truth be told, I didn't know. I certainly didn't feel the urge to suck off any masonry, that was for sure. But perhaps it had changed me, in some other, subtler ways.

I'm not normally prone to fits of anger. Annoyance? Certainly. Irritation? You'd be irritated too if you saw some of the students I had. But rage? Fury? Those were all but alien to me. Prior to swallowing the gum, I don't think I've ever had the urge to strike someone out of anger, let alone kill them.
Now, though... I was furious. I wanted nothing more than to destroy that little ingrate. The rage coursed through my veins, fueling my growth.

Treading through the water, it had been hard to get a sense of my size. It didn't feel like I'd grown much at all, even as the water had gotten more shallow. But as I approached the docks, I quickly realized just how much I'd grown. I towered over the docks, and most of the smaller buildings around them. I wasn't as tall as a skyscraper, but I must have been hundreds... No, a thousand feet tall. Perhaps even bigger. That was certainly impressive progress... But I had a long way to go before I was ready to take on Cassie.

I could feel buildings crumble under my feet. There was no need for self-flagellation; the destruction was inevitable. Every movement I made caused an immense amount of destruction. I could hear screams coming from below me, echoing through the city. I hoped that Cassie was too distracted to notice... But I knew it was only a matter of time before she noticed me.
I needed to grow, and fast. I channeled my anger, which wasn't hard to do. Watching that oversized idiot have her way with one of the great works of art deco architecture filled me with fury. I could feel myself growing, little by little, but it wasn't fast enough. I needed more.

I watched her, snickering stupidly to herself as she tore the antenna straight off of the building. Between that and the way she was licking her chops, it was all too obvious that she was planning to use the building as a dildo.

But as appalling as her lecherous behavior was, it gave me an advantage. It meant that I actually had a chance to sneak up on her, in spite of my rapidly growing size. I grimaced, preparing to get the first blow in. If I was lucky, I might be able to get the first hit in before she even noticed me.

I wasn't lucky. I must have stepped on a parking garage, because there was a sudden blaring of car alarms. Dozens of them, mewling together in a dreadful cacophony. That, evidently, got her attention. I tried to be as still and silent as I could, hoping against hope that she hadn't noticed me. But somehow, I could feel that my luck had run out.

Whatever hopes I had of getting the upper hand were dashed the moment she turned towards me.
"YOU! You grew!" Cassie shouted, her voice echoing through the city. "So I guess you swallowed one too? It's not such a hard mistake to make after all, is it?"
Once again, I was stunned by her idiocy. "I took it on purpose, Cassie," I said, trying to remain as diplomatic as possible. "I was trying to test my antidote. Obviously, it was less than successful..."

"Really? You don't say!" Cassie shouted. "I know you think that I'm some kind of idiot, but I probably could have guessed that from the fact that you're like a hundred feet tall! So, what's the plan? Did you come here to apologize for messing everything up? Or were you going to try and attack me, like everyone else keeps trying to do?"

As much as I wanted to give her a good knuckle sandwich, I knew that wasn't exactly a winning option at the moment. I hadn't planned for contingencies, so I had to think quickly. There was only one other option, as far as I could see it: trying to reason with her. It was a longshot, of course. One that seemed almost doomed to fail. But I had to try it anyway, if only to stall until I could grow a little bigger.
"Actually, I came to talk," I told her. "Everything you're doing, all the chaos you're causing... It's just making things worse. Everything you're doing is raising your heart rate, which raises your metabolism. It's making you grow faster. The best thing you can do is sit down, and relax. If you do that... If we do that... Then the scientists might have time to make an antidote... and things might go back to normal."

I knew that my pep talk didn't land well when Cassie started to laugh. "Normal? You think I want to go back to normal? My life before this sucked. I was a nobody. I was broke. No one respected me. And if I somehow shrunk down now? I couldn't even go back to that shitty life. They'd give me the freakin' electric chair for everything I've done today!"
"Cassie, please, listen to me!" I begged her. "I know how you feel, but as the one person who can see eye to eye—"

"No, you can't," Cassie said.
To prove her point, she rose to her feet, little by little, until she towered over me. I already knew Cassie was still bigger than me. That much was obvious. But what I hadn't appreciated was just how much bigger she was.
Even crouching, she was close to twice as tall as I was. But that, too, understated the difference. She was just so massive. One of her thick, meaty legs was nearly as big as my entire body. Her every subtle movement shook the earth. I wasn't just at a disadvantage. I was at her mercy.

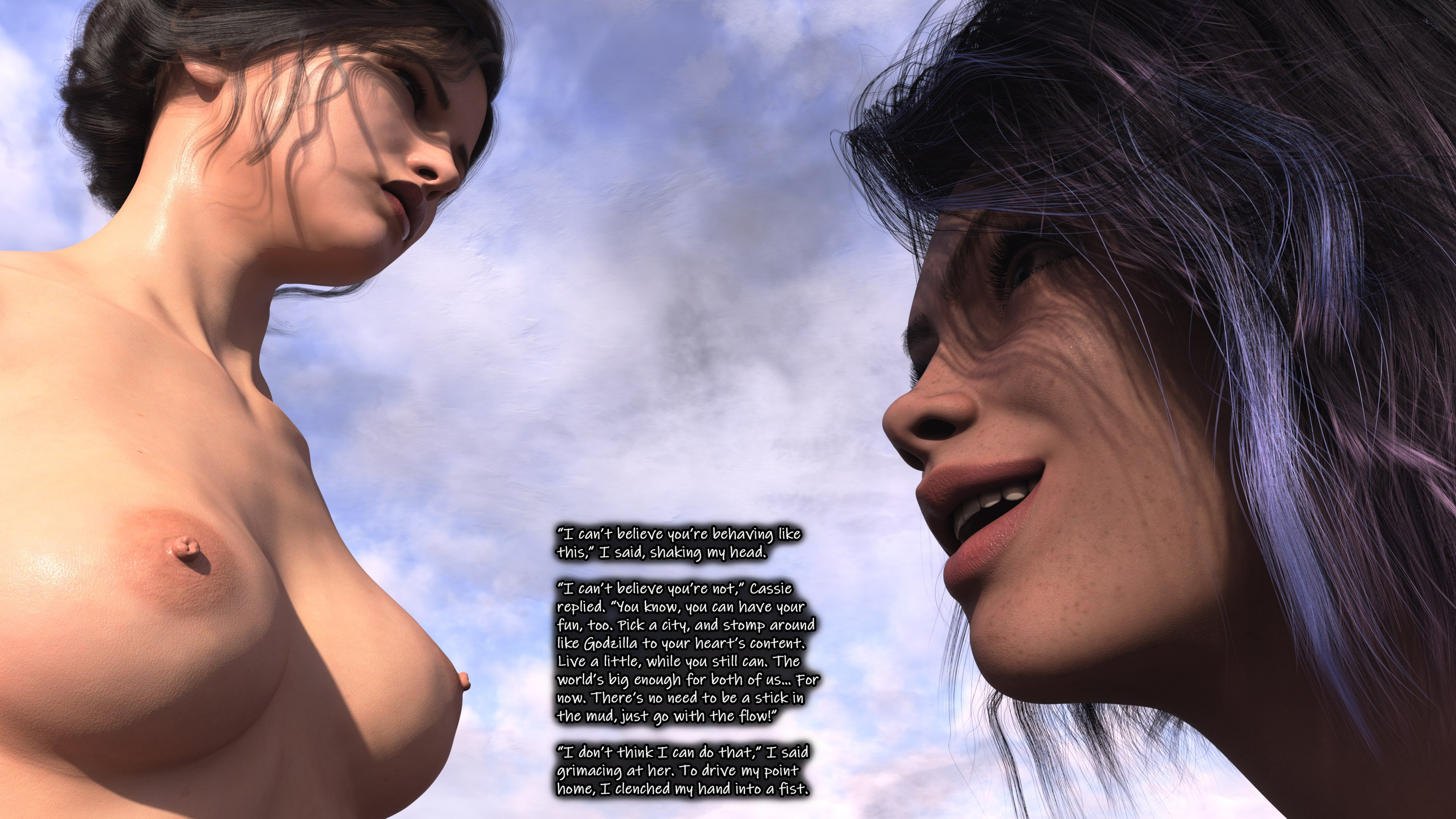
Finally, she stood at her full height, and put her hands on her hips. She stared down at me, a wicked grin on her face. She seemed to revel in the fact that she was displaying her body to me, not to mention everyone else in the Tri-State area.
"See what I mean?" Cassie continued. "Back before, I was no one. But now, I'm a fucking god. Why would I want to go back? Why would I ever want to go back?"

Oh shit. This wasn't good. She was acting like a full-on megalomaniac now. But no matter what she said, I had to try and get through to her.
"Cassie, you're not thinking straight," I told her, trying to be sympathetic. "Your growth has been exponential. If you keep growing as fast as you have been... You'll outgrow the Earth within days, if not sooner. There's no going back from that. You, me, and everyone else on this Earth will be dead."

Whatever sliver of hope I had for Cassie evaporated the moment she opened her mouth.
"Oh yeah? And so fucking what?" Cassie said, her face twisting into an expression of utter derangement. "It was all gonna end sooner or later anyway. This is a hell of a lot more fun than waiting for the sun to burn out! I get to rule the world for a day, then destroy it! What could be better than that?"
I was exasperated. I didn't know what to say to that, and all I could muster was a half-hearted muster. "But Cassie, please... You can't..."

"Oh yeah? And who's going to stop me? You?" Cassie said derisively. To drive her point home, she bent down and put her hand on my head, patting my head condescendingly. "You might be bigger, now. But you're not the biggest. I am."
"Oh yeah? So that means it's okay for you to act like a monster?" I said, making no attempt to hide my disdain for her.

Cassie squatted down low, finally looking me eye to eye. "Yeah, I guess it does," Cassie said, smiling wickedly. "You know how I know that? Because it feels good. It feels right. Smashing shit, and eating people, and fucking myself while everyone watches... It feels good. So what if someone says it's wrong? I like doing it, and that's the only thing that matters."


"I can't believe you're behaving like this," I said, shaking my head.
"I can't believe you're not," Cassie replied. "You know, you can have your fun, too. Pick a city, and stomp around like Godzilla to your heart's content. Live a little, while you still can. The world's big enough for both of us... For now. There's no need to be a stick in the mud, just go with the flow!"
"I don't think I can do that," I said grimacing at her. To drive my point home, I clenched my hand into a fist.

"So what, you're planning to punch me now? Seriously?" Cassie asked, chuckling to herself. "You're like half my size! You really think you can take me down? Go ahead, give it your best shot!"

I did. And it felt amazing.
I'd never thrown a punch before. Not even once, in my entire life. I'd never taken a self-defense class, or gone to a karate gym. I don't think I'd ever so much as punched a punching bag before that moment, but I gave her one hell of a... right hook, I think they call it? At any rate, it was a strong enough punch to send her reeling back, dumbfounded.

"Oww, fuck!" were the only words she managed to get out as she stumbled back. She'd already lost her footing, and her balance followed a moment later. All it took was one push, and momentum carried her the rest of the way. As the old saying goes, the bigger they are... The harder they fall.

And man, did she ever fall. Her back slammed hard against the ground, obliterating a dozen city blocks in an instant. The devastation was immense. Thousands of people must have been crushed beneath her in a moment... but that was far from my mind at the moment. Any lives that I ended, Cassie would have snuffed out soon enough anyway. What mattered, the only thing that mattered, was beating her... and knocking her down was a good start.

But it wasn't enough.
A moment later, Cassie was back on her hands and knees. I should have expected that, but some part of me had hoped that I could end it, just like that. And in spite of knowing better, part of me was dismayed when she got back up. She was back on her feet, and no worse for the wear. I hadn't hurt her, not really. All I'd done was make her mad.
"You fucking bitch!" Cassie shouted. "You fucking punched me! Do you want to see how that feels? Well? Huh?"

As Cassie got back on her feet, something occurred to me. She'd gotten taller, noticeably taller, since she fell down. Maybe that anger had only spurred her on. Maybe I'd made things even worse.
I didn't have long to dwell on that possibility, though. Because just seconds after she stood up, she lifted her foot high into the air... no doubt with the intent to bring it back down on me. I wasn't inclined to get stepped on.

I ducked out of the way, as fast as I could with my newfound mass. Her foot crashed down behind me, smashing through several blocks of buildings near the waterfront. But as relieved as I was, I knew better than to get cocky. Luck no doubt played a role, and I didn't plan on getting that lucky twice in a row.

"Hey, listen up bitch!" Cassie shouted. "You think you can hit me and get away with it? I'm gonna hit you back, ten times as hard!"
"We'll see about that!" I snarled. It was an old line, a cliché, but I meant it. I fucking meant it.

Sure enough, Cassie raised her foot into the air again. This time, I wasn't quick enough to get out of the way... but I didn't need to. When her foot was high in the air, I grabbed a hold of it. She pushed down with all her fury, trying to stomp on me, but I held firm. I pushed back with all my might, channeling my own rage. And the stronger I held, the more angry I got, the easier it was.

I was growing again. The anger was fueling my growth, I could feel it. Before, I'd been flying blind, with only the vaguest intuition of how to channel my growth. Now, I was starting to understand it. Within moments, it was almost intuitive. I grew a little, and a little more. Faster than Cassie was growing by half... and I wasn't the only one who noticed.
"How... How are you doing that?" she asked.

I couldn't help but laugh. "Cassie, I have an ace in my sleeve. An advantage that you can't hope to match: I'm not a fucking moron."

"Huh? What's that supposed to mean?" Cassie asked, dumbfounded.
I didn't answer. I let my growth do the talking. I focused on my anger, breathed deep, and felt the energy channeling through my body. Together, these simple actions made my growth accelerate, giving me a control that Cassie had never been able to muster.

Every second, I grew a little bigger. And a little bigger. Before a moment had passed, I had gained the upper hand. I pushed her foot up, and up, before she started to stumble backwards. Finally, she pulled away, barely escaping my grip.

I climbed to my feet, and got ready for a fight. To my amazement, we were already looking nearly eye to eye. I'd underestimated just how much I'd grown... And evidently, so had Cassie.
"What? HOW?!" Cassie muttered, reeling back.
"You were, like, half my size a minute ago!"
"And now I'm not. Deal with it, bitch!"

Without another word, I lunged towards her, wrapping my hands around her waist. I knew I couldn't beat her in a battle of strength. Not yet, anyway. But I was quickly getting adept at channeling my rage, and fighting seemed to be the best way to grow. And if fighting was called for, I'd rather do a little grappling than trade more blows.

And grapple we did. Cassie clumsily wrapped her arms around me, and I tightened my grip on her. We staggered through the city together, shuffling back and forth, each trying to push the other one back. It was a strange, awkward, sweaty dance... A dance that put her oversized breasts uncomfortably close to my mouth. But I suppose such indecencies aren't avoidable, given the realities of wrestling in the nude... and I certainly wasn't about to back down.

In spite of my best efforts, I was struggling to grow anymore, so I tried a different strategy. I reached up higher, and grabbed fistfuls of Cassie's hair. With all my might, I pulled down on her head, trying to make her fall over. But even with a better position, I was still unable to overcome Cassie's sheer, brute strength.

The two of us were locked together, like two rutting elks in mating season. Only we were fighting not for the attention of some female in heat, but for the very fate of the world. If I won, there was at least some chance that there'd be enough time to develop an antidote, and end this whole mess. If Cassie won... She'd continue to use the world for her own debased amusement.

All of this was quite the experience, I had to admit. I'd never fought anyone before, of course, but it went well beyond that. I never played sports, and rarely exercised beyond my brisk daily walk to the college. But somehow, I slipped into this like a glove. I was a natural fighter. My physicality was stronger than expected, even given my massive size. It made me wonder: had there always been an untapped primal part of me, just waiting to be awakened by the right experience? Or had the gum somehow changed me, bringing out my more bestial side?

My ruminations were paused when Cassie got the upper hand. She put her hand around my head, gripping me tight in a headlock. She really was giving it her all, and it hurt like hell.

The pain awoke a fury in me, one too explosive for me to control and guide. I lashed out instinctively like a blinded beast, clawing for anything I could get a grip on. Then, finally, I grabbed a fistful of her hair. Cassie's pain made her flinch, which gave me the opening I needed.

Before I knew it, I was behind Cassie, holding her arms tightly from behind. Whatever pain I felt a moment earlier was overcome with primal satisfaction. In a moment I'd gone from the dominated to the dominator. I had matched Cassie not just in wits, but in size and strength. I gripped her tight from behind, mounting her like I'm sure countless men had before. I twisted her elbow, eliciting a yelp of pain. But hurting her wasn't enough. I wanted to humiliate her.
"Do you like that, you stupid little bitch?" I taunted. "You can dish it out, but you really can't take it, can you?"

"Oh, I haven't even started to dish it out yet!" Cassie yelled in reply. Her right arm broke free of my grip, and she pivoted around, pulling her fist back.

Before I had time to process what was happening, she hit me square across the face. My senses were dulled as I stumbled backwards, punch drunk and dizzy. Screams rang out from the city as I plummeted towards the streets below, my massive body falling towards the earth like some cosmic meteor of destruction. My body falling was enough to doom thousands... But I was only half of the trouble.

Cassie lost her balance as well, falling right beside me. Both of us were dazed by the impact, and it took us a moment to gather our senses. But as rattled as I was, those who were trapped beneath me fared far worse.

I surveyed the city, taking a look at how much we'd destroyed in the fight. The impact had been truly catastrophic, obliterating hundreds of city blocks. And that wasn't even factoring it the destruction me and Cassie had caused before, which stretched far across the island. I could do little but gaze at the destruction, ruminating about the deaths we'd caused. But Cassie... She had no such reservations.

while I was distracted, Cassie got the upper hand... And she put that hand against my neck. She throttled me with all her strength, choking me as hard as she could. Her powerful hands wrung my neck, making it impossible to breathe. Her strength astounded me, feeling like a doom that I could never hope to escape.

I put up a fight, punching at her face, but it did little to deter her. She wrestled me to the ground, grabbing ahold of my arm while she continued to choke me with the other hand.
"See what happens when you mess with Cassie Corvus?!" she screamed. "I'm done putting up with your bullshit. There's only room for one goddess in this town: me!"

Everything was fading to black, and I wondered if this was what it felt like to die. Desperately, I clawed at her face. To my relief, it made her pull back just enough that she had to loosen her grip... which was just enough to let me breathe. Then, with an unexpected burst of strength, I shoved her away.

I wasted no time capitalizing on the turn of events. I planted my foot against Cassie's face, treating her to the smell of my sweaty nylons... which had somehow, inexplicably, still managed to keep up with my every growth spurt! It was a fascinating phenomenon, but figuring that out would have to wait. I had more pressing concerns... Like beating the ever-living shit out of Cassie. I shoved my foot forward, sending her reeling back onto the city below.

Before Cassie knew what was happening, I was on top of her. I crouched over her, pulling my fist and smashing it square across her face. I was giving it everything I had, and yet it seemed to do little to faze her.

Sure enough, she landed a blow of her own. And then another, and another. We traded blows, hitting each other again and again. Tactics and finesse had flown out the window. This was a battle of attrition... one that quickly wore both of us out.

We pulled away from each other, taking a moment to catch our breaths. I got up onto my feet, but my knees were so weak I could barely stand. I haven't been this tired, since... Well, my wedding night, I suppose. Though the circumstances were considerably different, the result was the same. I was utterly exhausted, gasping to catch my breath.

Cassie had fared no better. She was kneeling on the ground, clutching herself in pain. Her face was twisted into a nasty little grimace when she finally looked up at me.
"So what, are we done now? Or do you want to just keep doing this, until the end of the fucking world?"

"No," I told her. "Just until I beat you."
"That's the thing, though," she said coldly. "There is no beating me. You think you're so freaking smart, but you haven't put it together, have you? We're invincible! We can't be killed! I took a nuke and survived!"
"First of all, that wasn't a nuke. It was a thermobaric bomb," I corrected her. "And second... that bomb was nothing compared to what I'm about to do to you!"

I hopped to my feet, and Cassie did the same. Before we knew it, we were once again locked in battle. Our fingers interlocked, and we tried to push the other... but we were equally matched in the battle of strength.

We stood at a stalemate, each of us
unable to make any progress. I pictured
us as two stone colossi, twin titans locked
in eternal battle. A single moment, frozen
in time, preserved for all eternity.

Cassie was panting furiously. I could feel her breath wash across my face, hot and humid.

Her eyes burned with an animalistic intensity, boring into mine as we struggled against each other. I could feel the raw power emanating from her body, pulsing through her muscles as they strained against my own.

"Give it up, Professor," Cassie snarled through gritted teeth. "You can't win. I'm stronger than you'll ever be."

"Strength isn't everything," I shot back, digging my heels into the dirt as I pushed harder. "You lack discipline. Focus. I'm the only one with the drive to win!"

Cassie let out a harsh laugh. "Fat lot of good that's doing you now, huh? Face it - we're equals. Neither of us can beat the other."

She was right, I realized with a sinking feeling. This battle was pointless. We could keep fighting for hours, days even, and never make any headway. Was that all we had to look forward to? Fighting until the bitter end, growing bigger and bigger as we tumbled around?

Our massive bodies pressed together, skin slick with sweat as we grappled. I could feel every curve of Cassie's form against mine, her breasts crushed against my chest, our thighs intertwined as we struggled for dominance. The friction between us sent tingles across my flesh.
"Getting tired yet, old lady?" Cassie taunted, her lips inches from mine.
I growled, surging forward suddenly. "Who's tired now?" I panted, straddling her waist.

As we writhed together on the ground, I felt a strange heat building inside me. My heart raced, skin flushed. Was this another side effect of the gum? Or something else entirely?
Cassie must have felt it too. Her struggles weakened, eyes going wide. "What's... happening?" she gasped.
Our eyes locked, breaths mingling in the air between us. We stared into each others eyes, trying to figure out what to make of the moment. The tension was palpable, a crackling electricity that made my skin tingle.

Without thinking, I leaned in closer, drawn by some primal magnetism. Cassie's eyes widened in surprise, but she didn't pull away. Her lips parted slightly as I closed the distance.
Our mouths met in a heated kiss. It was rough and desperate, fueled by the adrenaline still coursing through our veins. I leaned in closer, pressing my body against hers as our tongues battled for dominance.

A moan escaped her throat, vibrating against my lips. The sound ignited something deep inside me, a burning need I'd never felt before. I pressed my body against hers, savoring the feeling of skin on skin. As we made out feverishly, I felt my body responding in unexpected ways. A tingling warmth spread through me, centered low in my belly.

I knew we should stop, that this was wrong on so many levels. But I couldn't bring myself to pull away. The pleasure was too intense, too all-consuming. For the first time since this ordeal began, I stopped thinking and simply let myself feel.

Our kisses grew more frantic, hands roaming over sweat-slicked flesh. The battle for supremacy was forgotten, replaced by a different kind of struggle - one driven by lust and passion rather than anger.
As our passionate embrace continued, I suddenly felt Cassie's body shifting beneath me. At first I thought she was just repositioning, but then I realized - she was growing again.

Within moments, she was a head taller than me. She pulled away from the kiss, and stared down at me. She looked down at me with heavy-lidded eyes, a lustful expression playing on her lips. "Fuck, I needed this," she purred.

Little by little, she grew. Her torso elongated, breasts swelling larger until they were right in front of my face. I found myself mesmerized by the sight, unable to look away from her ample cleavage. Almost of their own accord, my hands reached up to caress her breasts. They were soft yet firm, filling my palms as I gently squeezed. Cassie let out a breathy moan at my touch.

Overwhelmed by desire, I leaned in and pressed my lips to her chest. I trailed kisses along the swell of her breasts, savoring the taste of her skin. My tongue flicked out to trace lazy circles around her nipples.
"Oh god, that feels good," Cassie gasped, arching her back to press herself more firmly against my mouth. "Whatever you do, don't stop..."

I had no intention of stopping. All thoughts of our battle, of the destruction we'd caused, faded away. There was only this moment, only the pleasure we were sharing. And I wanted more. I continued lavishing attention on Cassie's breasts, my tongue swirling around her nipples as she moaned in pleasure. Her skin was flushed and hot against my lips.

Cassie let out a long moan, which echoed through the streets. "Oh god, Professor," Cassie gasped. "Please... I need more. Fuck me!"

I hesitated for just a moment. I'd never been with another woman before... But I've certainly spent plenty of time practicing on myself, and my body seemed to know what to do. I slid my hand down between Cassie's legs, feeling the heat and wetness there.
"Is this okay?" I asked, smiling as I circled her entrance with my fingers. I was being coy, of course. I knew from her moans exactly how much she liked it.

"Yes! Don't stop," Cassie cried out.
I slipped two fingers inside her, marveling at how smooth and tight she felt. I began to pump them in and out as Cassie writhed beneath me.
"Does that feel good?" I purred.

Cassie could only nod, her eyes closed in ecstasy as she let out a long, low moan. I felt her body start to shift and expand beneath me. She leaned back, arching her spine as waves of pleasure coursed through her. Her already massive form began to grow even larger. Buildings crumbled beneath her expanding body, but neither of us paid any attention to the destruction. We were lost in our own world of sensation and desire.
"Oh god, yes!" Cassie cried out. "More... please, I need more!"

I redoubled my efforts, curling my fingers inside her as I used my thumb to circle her clit. Cassie's moans grew louder, echoing off skyscrapers as she bucked her hips against my hand.
"Don't stop," she gasped, biting her tongue. "So close... just a little more..."

Cassie writhed in ecstasy as I pleasured her. Her massive body trembled and shook, causing tremors to ripple through the city. Buildings swayed and crumbled around us, but neither of us paid any attention. We were lost in our own world of sensation and desire. I knew she was close, and I brought her to the brink of orgasm. I curled my fingers inside her as I used my thumb to circle her clit. Cassie's moans grew louder, her hips bucking against my hand.

Suddenly her back arched and she let out a long, primal moan of ecstasy. Her inner walls clenched around my fingers as waves of pleasure coursed through her titanic form. She orgasmed with earth-shaking intensity, her cries of bliss drowning out the sounds of destruction all around us.
"Oh god, yes!" Cassie cried out in ecstasy. Her voice echoed off the skyscrapers, reverberating through the streets.

But even as the aftershocks of her climax subsided, I could see the hunger in her eyes. She wasn't finished yet.
Cassie pulled me close, enveloping me in her arms. "I want more," she purred, her voice husky with desire.

Cassie passionately kissed me, her lips crashing against mine with unbridled desire. Her tongue slipped into my mouth, exploring hungrily as she pressed her body flush against me. The kiss was electric, sending tingles down my spine and igniting a fire low in my belly. I returned her fervor, tangling my fingers in her hair as our mouths moved together in perfect synchronicity.

With our lips still locked together, we tumbled down onto the city below, crushing buildings beneath our massive forms. The impact barely registered as we continued our heated embrace, lost in the sensations of skin on skin. Debris rained down around us, but we paid it no mind, too consumed by our passion to care about the destruction we caused.
She lay on top of me, her weight pressing me into the ground as we kissed deeply. The weight of her breasts pressed against my chest, nipples hardened points of pleasure between us. I could feel every curve of her body molded against mine, her skin feverishly hot.

Our hands roamed frantically, desperate to touch and explore every inch of each other. I wrapped my legs around hers, pulling her even closer. The friction as our bodies moved together sent waves of pleasure coursing through me. I arched up into her, craving more contact, more sensation. Our hips ground together as we writhed in mutual ecstasy, lost in a haze of lust and desire.

Cassie pulled away from the kiss, her eyes dark with desire. She trailed kisses down my neck, nipping gently at my collarbone. I gasped as she moved lower, her lips brushing against my breast. She swirled her tongue around my nipple before taking it into her mouth, sucking and teasing the sensitive bud. Waves of pleasure radiated through me at her ministrations.

She continued her journey downward, pressing open-mouthed kisses along my stomach. Her hands caressed my sides as she moved lower and lower. My breath caught in anticipation as she descended along my waist, her head inching ever closer to my thighs.
Cassie paused, hovering just above where I needed her most. She looked up at me with a wicked gleam in her eye. "Tell me what you want," she purred.

"Please," I whimpered, beyond shame at this point. "I need to feel your mouth on my pussy."
She smirked, clearly enjoying my desperation. "Beg for it," she commanded.
"Please, Cassie," I moaned. "Please lick me. I need it so badly."

Finally satisfied, she leaned in and ran her tongue along my pussy lips. I cried out at the sensation, my hips bucking involuntarily. She continued lapping at me, her tongue exploring every fold and crevice. Then, finally, her tongue ran upward, running teasingly close to my clitoris.

The pleasure was incredible, far surpassing anything I'd experienced with my ex-husband. Cassie clearly knew exactly what she was doing. A stray thought crossed my mind, wondering if she'd been with other women before. But all coherent thought fled as she slid two fingers inside me while sucking on my clit. I was lost to sensation, climbing higher and higher towards ecstasy.

I moaned, and begged for more, only for her to pull away for a moment. The sudden loss of contact made me whimper with need. I looked up at Cassie, desperate to feel her touch again. "Cassie? What are you doing?" I asked.

"You'll see," she said knowingly.
I looked over, and saw her staring down at the city below. I quickly realized what she was about to do. A wicked gleam shone in her eyes as she surveyed the destruction we'd caused. Tiny figures scurried through the streets far below us, fleeing in terror.
BURROUGHS

Her hand loomed over the city, casting it in shadow. She reached down, grabbing a handful of the city... people fleeing through the streets, along with a mix of pavement, and the wreckage of buildings she destroyed.

Her massive hand scooped up an entire city block, buildings crumbling between her fingers. Screams of terror were cut short as she closed her fist. She closed her hand with a burst of smoke, as hundreds more tumbled to the ground below. The handful of city was crushed to rubble in her grip, a mix of concrete, steel, and people squeezed tight together.

With a single finger, she opened my pussy lips. I gasped at her touch, my hips bucking involuntarily. She teased me for a moment, holding her finger at the entrance. Once again, she made me beg for more before she went any deeper.

Finally, she slid the mix of people and debris into my pussy. I cried out as she pushed the gritty mixture inside me. The sensation was indescribable - pain and pleasure mingling as she filled me with the remains of the city. I could feel dozens of people writhing around. I don't know by what miracle they survived, but I wasn't one to look a gift horse in the mouth. Every tiny sensation they caused sent a jolt of pleasure through my body.

I moaned, and felt my growth accelerating. Waves of pleasure coursed through my body as Cassie's fingers worked their magic. With each pulse of ecstasy, I could feel myself growing. The sensation of growth combined with Cassie's skilled fingers was overwhelming, unlike anything I'd ever experienced before.

I screamed in ecstasy as she fingered me, and finally orgasmed. The climax hit me like a tidal wave, pleasure exploding outward from my core. My back arched involuntarily as I cried out, my voice echoing across the cityscape. Tremors rocked my massive body, toppling skyscrapers and sending shockwaves through the earth. The orgasm seemed to last forever, each aftershock bringing a fresh wave of bliss.

With her finger still inside of me, Cassie looked over at the Empire State Building. Her eyes gleamed with mischief as she gazed at the iconic skyscraper. I could see the wheels turning in her mind, no doubt concocting some new depraved act for the architectural marvel. Part of me knew I should be concerned, but in that moment I was too lost in pleasure to care.

She tapped her finger teasingly on the tower, and looked over at me. "So, Mrs. Robinson... Do you think you're ready for this?" Her voice was husky with desire as she suggested the idea. The rational part of my mind rebelled at the idea, but my lust-addled brain found it strangely appealing.

"Yes, I need more." The words tumbled from my lips before I could stop them. My body ached for more stimulation, more pleasure. If that meant defiling one of the world's most famous landmarks, so be it. In that moment, nothing else mattered but chasing that high.
She plucked the skyscraper off of its foundations, and lifted it into the air. The iconic Empire State Building came free with a deafening crack, concrete and steel beams snapping like twigs. Dust and debris rained down as Cassie hefted the massive structure, holding it aloft like a trophy. The city trembled beneath us, aftershocks rippling outward from the gaping hole where the building once stood. Then, with a flick of her finger, she flicked the antennae clean off.

As she brought it closer, I realized just how big of a dildo it was. Even at our titanic size, the skyscraper was enormous - far bigger than anything I'd ever had inside of me. A thrill of excitement mixed with trepidation ran through me as I imagined taking that massive shaft inside me.

Cassie sat up, and placed a reassuring hand on my back, her touch sending tingles across my skin. "Don't worry, you can grow a bit bigger first!" she said with a wink. "We're always growing, right? It's just a matter of time!"

Cassie gave me a little foreplay, licking the side of the tower. Her tongue ran along the length of the building, leaving a glistening trail of saliva in its wake. Windows shattered under the pressure, raining glass down on the streets below. I watched in fascination as her mouth moved over the concrete and steel, arousal building within me.

Cassie stuck the top of the tower in her mouth and sucked on it. Her lips wrapped around the tip, cheeks hollowing as she sucked hard. The metal creaked and groaned under the assault, but she just went deeper.
"You could suck the brickwork off of a skyscraper," I teased her. "Literally. But enough with the foreplay. Let's put that skyscraper to some good use..."

She tilted it on its side and shook it, causing hundreds of people to fall from the building. Tiny figures tumbled from broken windows, their screams lost in the cacophony of destruction. They plummeted towards the ground far below, a rain of humanity crashing down on the city. I heard Cassie snicker with wicked delight as she watched them fall. I felt a twinge of sympathy for those unfortunate souls... but I wasn't about to let their plight stop me from satisfying my needs.

She thrust the skyscraper between my pussy lips, and pushed it inside. The massive structure stretched me wide as it entered, sending shockwaves of pleasure through my body. I gasped at the intense sensation of fullness as more and more of the building disappeared inside me. Windows shattered and concrete crumbled as my walls clenched around it. The pain quickly gave way to ecstasy as Cassie worked the improvised dildo deeper.

I let out a moan of pleasure, as she fucked me with the skyscraper. Cassie established a steady rhythm, sliding the massive tower in and out. Each thrust sent waves of bliss coursing through me. My back arched and my toes curled as she hit spots deep inside that had never been touched before. The friction of concrete and steel against my most sensitive areas was indescribable. I cried out in ecstasy, my voice echoing across the devastated cityscape as Cassie continued to pleasure me with the iconic landmark. I'm sure my screams could be heard for countless miles.
Millions of people were watching me now, an idea that turned me on even more. I wondered how many of them recognized me from before... And what they thought of me now.

Goddamit, I hate that fucking bitch.
Trust some broad I just met, and get stabbed in the back. It's the story of my fucking life. The worst part is, I really believed in her. I told her she was a hero, for Christ's sake. And how does she repay my favor? She goes native. Goes and fucks the one woman she was supposed to take down. It hasn't even been half hour since I waved goodbye to her, and she's getting railed with the fucking Chrysler Building... Or whatever the fuck building that is. The architecture isn't really the important part here. It's the principle of the thing.

I'm a simple man. I'm no philosopher. I don't worry about shit like morality or ethics. But I follow one simple rule: If you give someone your word, it means something. You follow through. You don't turn around and fuck them in the ass, okay?
Actually, I take that back. I have a second rule, one that's even more important than the first. If someone fucks you, you don't let them get away with it. You turn around and you fuck them twice as hard. That means all options are back on the table now. The slutty professor says it's too dangerous to use the bombs? Who gives a shit. Why would I take her word on anything at this point? Those two have damn near doubled in size since they started fucking. I'm not gonna just sit around with my thumb up my ass, and wait for them to smash the greatest city in the world. I'm gonna step up to the plate, and swing for the fucking fences.

I turned back towards my guys, and pumped my fist in the air. "Hey Bennett! Listen up!" I shouted. "Tell everyone that little standby is over. Weapons are hot! Resume fire at will! Nothing is off the table!"
As soon as the words left my mouth, the guys erupted into cheers, the tension breaking like a dam. Fists pumped in the air, rifles raised, and grins spread across their faces. They'd been itching to get back in the fight, and now they were ready to unleash hell.

I was in heaven. She thrust the skyscraper deeper into my pussy, sending shockwaves of pleasure through my body. I gasped at the intense sensation of fullness as more and more of the building disappeared inside me. Windows shattered and concrete crumbled as my walls clenched around it. The pain quickly gave way to ecstasy as Cassie worked the improvised dildo deeper.

"Do you want me to go harder?" Cassie asked teasingly, a wicked glint in her eye.
"Yes!" I cried out desperately. "Please, harder!"

She obliged, thrusting the skyscraper into me with renewed vigor. Each powerful stroke sent waves of bliss coursing through my body. I screamed in pleasure, my voice echoing across the devastated cityscape. The intensity was overwhelming, unlike anything I'd ever experienced before. My back arched and my toes curled as Cassie hit spots deep inside that had never been touched.

Finally, an explosive orgasm rocked through me. My entire body shuddered as waves of ecstasy crashed over me. I cried out Cassie's name, lost in the throes of passion. As the aftershocks subsided, I let out a long, satisfied sigh. My body felt boneless, utterly spent yet gloriously sated.

I leaned back, staring at the sky. The afterglow of my climax left me feeling blissfully relaxed as I gazed up at the clouds drifting lazily overhead. A curious flock of birds caught my eye, their V-formation cutting through the blue expanse. Only, as I soon realized, they weren't birds at all.

A squadron of planes was flying towards us, the sleek silhouettes unmistakable as some kind of stealth jet. The formation tightened as they approached, diving beneath the clouds. My heart began to race as I realized their purpose.

Me and Cassie got up on our feet, our massive forms casting long shadows across the ruined cityscape. I felt a flutter of fear in my stomach, but Cassie seemed almost giddy with excitement. Her eyes gleamed with mischief as she watched the approaching aircraft.
"Come on," she said, grabbing my hand. "Let's go say hello!"

Cassie walked towards the oncoming planes, and I followed, tromping through the city. Each step crushed buildings beneath our feet, sending tremors through the ground.

Cassie was smiling madly as the stealth jets approached. Her eyes gleamed with excitement, a wicked grin spreading across her face. She seemed downright gleeful about the confrontation. I felt a mix of fear and exhilaration as the planes drew nearer, their engines roaring louder with each passing second.

The squadron flew up to her, sleek black aircraft moving in perfect formation. They looked like toys compared to our massive forms, barely larger than birds. Yet I knew the destructive power they carried, and a shiver of apprehension ran down my spine. Cassie, however, showed no sign of concern. She stood tall and proud staring at them unblinking as she faced down the oncoming threat.

They fired a volley of missiles at her chest. Streaks of smoke trailed behind the projectiles as they raced towards their target. I held my breath, unsure what to expect. Would they harm her? Knock her back? Or would she shrug them off like everything else so far?

The missiles exploded, pelting her breasts with fireballs. Fireballs blossomed against Cassie's skin, the impacts sending ripples through her flesh. But when the smoke cleared, there wasn't even a scratch. She laughed, the sound booming across the city as she brushed away the debris.

More missiles exploded. I was concerned, but Cassie seemed cavalier. "Don't worry, they can't hurt us. Nothing can," she said with utter confidence. She was so nonchalant in the face of such firepower, which was oddly reassuring. If she wasn't worried, maybe I shouldn't be either.

She looked at me with a mischievous glint in her eye. "Come on, let's have some fun!" Cassie exclaimed, gesturing towards an incoming squadron. "They took their first shot, now it's our turn!"
Despite my lingering reservations, I felt a thrill of excitement. What harm could come from playing with these tin soldiers? We were practically goddesses now, after all. Unstoppable and invincible.

The squadron circled around again, attacking Cassie's hand. Once again, the bombs exploded harmlessly. Cassie laughed, the sound booming across the city as she brushed away the debris. Her casual dismissal of such firepower sent a thrill through me. We truly were invincible.

One by one, the squadron flew past Cassie's hand. She casually reached out for one of them as it flew by. Her massive fingers moved with surprising speed and grace, plucking the jet right out of the air.

Cassie pinched the plane between her thumb and index finger, crushing it in a ball of fire. The metal crumpled like tissue paper, fuel tanks igniting in a spectacular explosion. Then, she casually opened her hand, letting the flaming wreckage tumble to the ground far below.
I was infatuated by the display, and told her as much. "That was incredible," I said breathily, awed by her casual display of power.

Overcome with desire, I smacked Cassie's ass. The impact sent ripples through her flesh, the sound echoing across the cityscape. She yelped in surprise, then turned to me with a sultry smile. The playful gesture had clearly aroused her as much as it had me.

"You want to see what I can do with my mouth?" Cassie asked, licking her lips.
Barely able to contain my arousal, I replied, "Show me." My heart raced with anticipation, eager to witness more of her godlike power.

Cassie smiled as she noticed another squadron approaching. These jets were flying directly towards her face, their sleek forms growing larger as they closed the distance. Without warning, she opened her mouth wide, her lips parting to reveal her powerful teeth.

As the planes drew near, Cassie suddenly lurched forward. Her massive head shot towards the incoming aircraft with surprising speed. I watched in fascination, eager to see if she could pull this off.

With a resounding snap, Cassie's jaws clamped shut. The planes disappeared between her teeth, crushed and mangled by her bite. I could hear the crunch of metal and the muffled explosions as fuel tanks ignited. My eyes widened in awe at the casual display of destructive power.

The raw power she possessed was intoxicating, and I couldn't just stand by and watch for a second longer. I surprised her, kissing her passionately. My lips crashed against hers, hungry and insistent. Cassie let out a muffled gasp of surprise before melting into the kiss. Her arms wrapped around me, pulling me closer as our tongues danced together. The taste of jet fuel and smoke lingered on her lips, a heady reminder of her destructive power.

We stood there, making out on top of the city. Our massive forms towered over the ruined skyline as we lost ourselves in each other. Buildings crumbled beneath our feet, streets buckled and cracked, but we paid no attention to the destruction we caused. All that mattered was the feel of skin on skin, the press of lips, the intertwining of tongues. The world fell away as we kissed with desperate passion.

I started to grow, and soon I was craning my neck to kiss her. What had started as a slight height difference became more pronounced with each passing second. I had to tilt my head back further and further to maintain contact with Cassie's lips. The shift in perspective was dizzying, but I refused to break the kiss.

My growth continued, with our lips locked. It felt like I was rising up on an elevator, the ground seeming to fall away beneath me. Still we kissed, adjusting our postures to stay connected as the size difference became more extreme. The sensations were overwhelming - the taste of Cassie's lips, the feel of my body changing, the rush of power as I grew larger and larger.

Soon I was bending down to kiss her. Now I towered over Cassie, our positions completely reversed from moments ago. I had to lean down, my back curving as I stooped to reach her upturned face. Her body felt small and delicate in my arms now. I marveled at how quickly things had changed, how I'd gone from looking up at her to looming over her. The kiss finally broke as we both needed to catch our breath, gazing at each other in awe at my newfound size.

I opened my eyes, and was shocked by just how much I grew. I was twice as tall as Cassie now. The difference was staggering. Where moments ago we had been eye-to-eye, now I towered over her like a colossus. I was the biggest woman in the world, bigger than anything had ever been. I felt a dizzying rush of power at my newfound size, marveling at how small and fragile everything looked from this new vantage point.

To my relief, Cassie wasn't worried. A playful smirk danced across her lips as she craned her neck to look up at me. "Wow, so this is what it's like," Cassie exclaimed. "You're really massive..."

Her eyes roved over my newly enlarged form with obvious appreciation. Rather than feeling intimidated, she seemed excited by the role reversal, eager to explore the possibilities presented by our size difference.

"Guess what I'm face to face with now," Cassie teased, her gaze fixed firmly on my most intimate area. The realization sent a thrill of arousal through me. My pussy was now directly at her eye level, perfectly positioned for her attention. The thought of what she could do from this vantage point made my heart race with anticipation... and I realized she was waiting for me to make my move.

I grabbed her hair, and pressed her face in closer, and her tongue quickly obliged. My fingers tangled in Cassie's silky locks, guiding her towards my aching center. She needed no further encouragement, her hot breath ghosting over my sensitive flesh before her tongue darted out. The first swipe of her tongue sent shockwaves of pleasure through my massive form. I moaned, the sound rumbling like thunder across the cityscape.

She wrapped her arms around my legs, and licked up at my pussy. I realized that she could barely reach it. Cassie's arms encircled my thighs. She had to stretch up on her tiptoes, her tongue just barely able to make contact with my folds. The teasing, fleeting touches of her tongue were maddening. I wanted more, needed more, but our size difference made it a challenge.

But as she licked me, she started to grow. I was growing too, of course. We always were. but she was growing faster, catching up to me. With each passing second, Cassie's tongue was able to reach deeper, her ministrations becoming more thorough. I could feel myself expanding as well, buildings crumbling beneath my ever-enlarging feet. But Cassie's growth outpaced my own. The gap between us began to close, slowly but surely.

Soon, my head was touching the clouds, but she was growing faster still. Wisps of vapor clung to my hair as I breached the cloud layer. Soon, my head was above the clouds, but my growth showed no sign of stopping, and neither did Cassie's. My massive body continued to expand, buildings crumbling to dust beneath my ever-enlarging feet.

Cassie's tongue worked furiously between my legs, her own growth allowing her to more than keep pace with my ascent. Waves of pleasure radiated through me, building to a crescendo. I could feel the climax approaching, a tidal wave of ecstasy ready to crash over me. My breath came in ragged gasps, chest heaving as I gulped the thinning air.

As my growth came to a head, I let out a scream of pleasure that echoed through the city. The orgasm hit me like a supernova, blinding pleasure exploding outward from my core. My cry of ecstasy shook the very foundations of the earth, shattering windows for miles around. My massive body convulsed, sending shockwaves rippling across the landscape. Entire city blocks were leveled by the tremors of my climax.

Cassie pulled away, looking up at me with a wicked grin on her face. "Let's see if I caught up," she purred, her eyes gleaming with mischief. She began to rise, her body expanding rapidly as she stood to her full height.

She stood up, and we stared into each other's eyes. We were the same size once again. Our gazes locked, a silent understanding passing between us. Together, we towered over the city. We had transcended humanity, become something far greater. We were two titans, the likes of which the world had never seen.

"So what do you want to do next?" Cassie asked, eager for more trouble.

I bit my lip, and took a moment to consider the question. "Actually... Let's just stand here for a little while," I said. "Take it in. Savor the moment." And so we did.

The scene around me was vast and beautiful. I had a sprawling vista laid out before me, from a vantage point that most only got to see through the tiny window of a 747 passenger seat. Yet in spite of it all, there was one thing that caught my attention: Cassie's face. All the buildings below us seemed almost immaterial. Scarcely more than microbes. It was strange to think that, even now, millions of them were teeming beneath our feet... and countless more had been crushed underfoot already. It was an idea that now felt more ominous, and one that I couldn't push out of my mind.

Finally, I looked down at the ground, taking in the sheer amount of devastation we had wrought. Half of Manhattan had been reduced to rubble. Smoke rose from the ashes of what was left of downtown. Screams and cries rang out from below, barely audible from so high above the city.
"How many of them do you think we killed?" I asked Cassie, suddenly self-conscious about it."
"I dunno, a lot probably?" Cassie mused. "Gotta be half a million, at least. No sense in worrying about spilt milk, though!"

I thought about it for a moment. Cassie's estimate was probably about right. Half a million dead, minimum. Close to half of which were my responsibility. Part of me felt guilty, of course. How could I not? But a part of me felt something else: powerful. That part of me wanted more.

"You feeling okay?" Cassie asked, staring quizzically at me. "You're not getting cold feet, are you?"

"Just thinking, that's all," I told her. "What do you say that we clear our heads... maybe go on a nice little walk through lower Manhattan?"

Cassie got that same old wicked glint in her eye. "A walk? You mean a stomp?' Cassie asked.
I laughed at her suggestion. "Is there really a need to stomp at this size? The slightest touch is enough to utterly destroy everything beneath us. Stomping seems a bit... excessive, doesn't it?"
"Of course it's excessive!" Cassie exclaimed. "That's what makes it fun! Now come on, let's stomp this city flat!"

It looked like they were about to start stomping the place. Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse. They held their feet in the air, high above the city. Everything seemed to move in slow motion... But I knew it was just a matter of seconds until that hammer fell.

And fall it did. Their feet crashed down, crushing everything for blocks around them. A moment later, I could feel the ground shake. And just like that, it was done. No sense watching the view, or feeling sorry for them. I didn't have any time to spare.
I sat down, and pulled out my PRC. With shaking hands, I keyed the mic. "Command, this is Sargent Miller. They aren't stopping. We've thrown everything at them—heavy artillery, airstrikes, nothing's slowing her down. Listen, I'm not asking for reinforcements. I'm telling you to unleash the storm. Yes, I know what that means. I know about the casualties. I'm aware we're close to the blast radius. But if we don't take them out now, they're gonna level this whole city anyway. Take them out now, while you still can!"

I've always loved going on long walks through the city. I could spend a whole day that way, exploring the streets of Manhattan. So many sights and sounds. Cute little shops. And so many fascinating people.
This... This was nothing like that. The people were too small to make out. I was probably crushing thousands of them with each step. Entire city blocks were obliterated with the slightest touch. And yet, I felt no remorse. It felt... It felt exhilarating.

The world lay at our feet, ripe for the taking. Buildings crumbled beneath our titanic forms, entire neighborhoods flattened with each step. We were beyond morality, beyond consequences. Two unstoppable goddesses, doing whatever we wanted. All that mattered was our desires, our whims. And we intended to indulge them to the fullest.

"Isn't this incredible?" Cassie asked, looking over at me. "We're like gods! We can do whatever we want!"
I laughed, giddy with excitement. "I can't believe I'm doing all of this!" I exclaimed. "I got in a fight, I'm sleeping with a woman half my age... And those aren't even the craziest things that have happened! I'm a giant! We... We just smashed half of the city together! This is unbelievable!"

“Think bigger, Professor! We’re just getting started!” Cassie shouted, pumping her fist.
Cassie's enthusiasm was infectious. I felt a rush of excitement course through me as I considered the possibilities. We truly were limitless now.
"You're right," I said, a wicked grin spreading across my face. "Why stop at Manhattan? The whole world is our playground now."
I gazed out across the horizon, imagining all the cities we could conquer, all the destruction we could wreak. The thought sent a thrill of anticipation through me.

Cassie's eyes suddenly widened as she spotted something in the distance. "Hey, what's that?" she asked, pointing towards the horizon.
I followed her gaze and saw a small speck rapidly approaching. As it drew closer, I realized it was some kind of missile. We'd been bombarded with countless explosives already, so I wasn't particularly concerned.

"Uhh, I think that missile looks bigger than the others!" Cassie said, a note of worry creeping into her voice. "Like, way bigger. Should we be worried about this one?"
USMC 579567

I chuckled, shaking my head. "Cassie, we've shrugged off everything they've thrown at us so far. I doubt this will be any different. Just relax and enjoy the fireworks."

Still, Cassie seemed uneasy. She moved closer to me, seeking comfort. I wrapped my arms around her, holding her tight. "It's okay," I soothed. "We're invincible, remember? Nothing can hurt us now."
As the missile drew nearer, I had to admit it was rather large. But surely it couldn't be anything too concerning. We'd survived thermobaric bombs without a scratch. What could one more missile do?

Suddenly, there was a blinding flash of light. In that instant, I understood Cassie's fear. This was no ordinary bomb. The world went white as an enormous fireball bloomed on the horizon. The blast wave hit us a moment later, the heat searing even our massive forms.

As the mushroom cloud rose into the sky, I realized with dawning horror what we were facing. They had given it all they had. They had launched a nuclear weapon at us... and we were still standing.

That's it. The mother of all bombs. You ever hear of the Tsar Bomba? Well this is our answer to that. Call it Uncle Sam's Shitkicker. It's the biggest one we've got. If that doesn't stop them, nothing will.
Even miles away, you can feel the heat. It's no dud, that's for sure. But one thing worries me. Without a visual, there's no way to know if it's a direct hit.
CUSTOMERS
OUTBOARDS XPERT REPAIRS

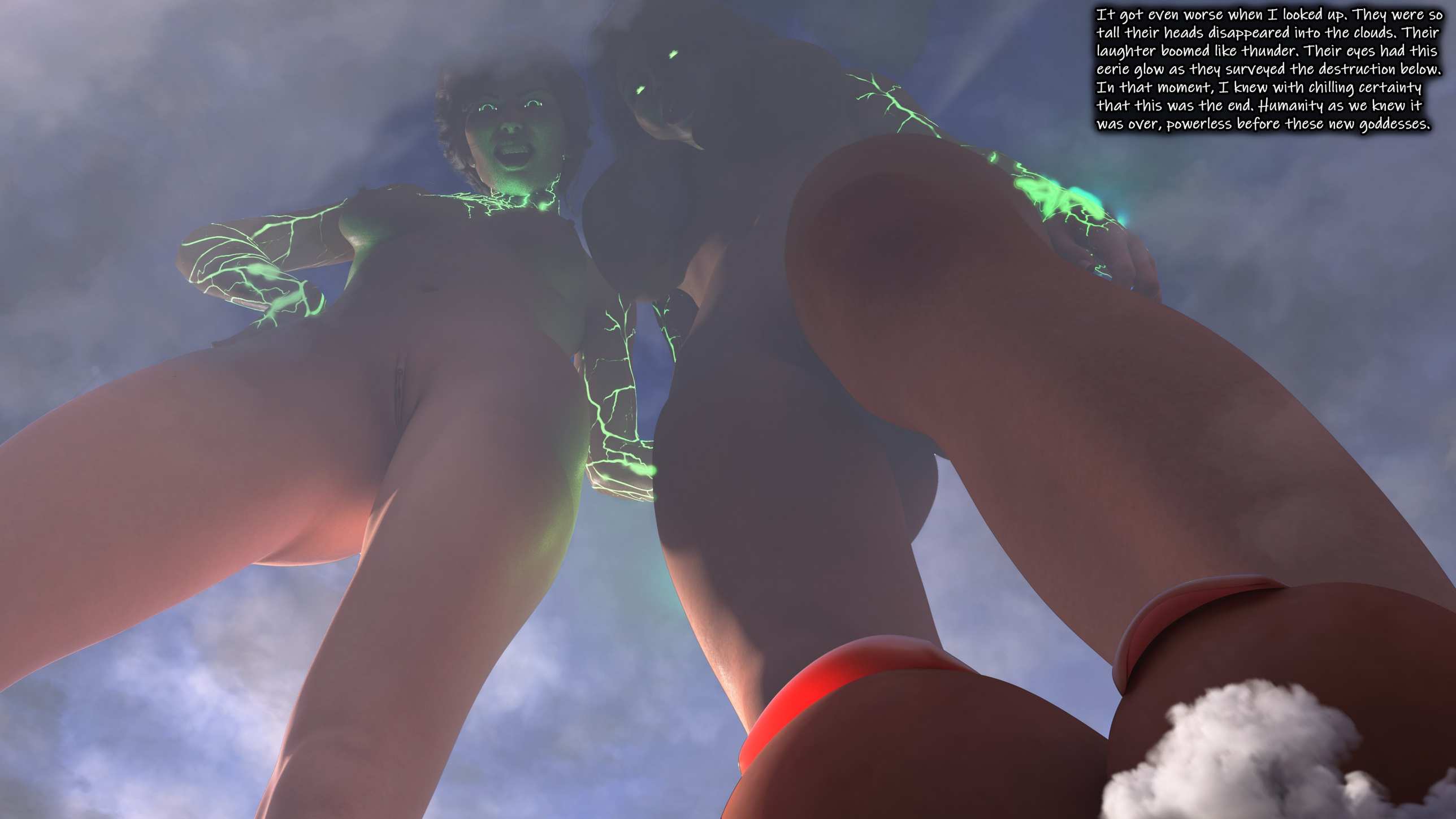
They say you're not supposed to look directly at a nuclear blast. They say the same thing about a solar eclipse. But I stared at one of those for a while, and I'm still standing. I figure one little peek probably won't kill me this time, either.
Still, I decided to be on the safe side and look through my binoculars, for a little eye protection. And what did I see, but a huge blast... And no giants in sight. That could mean they were vaporized by the blast. Maybe. But I'd fallen for that once, and something told me my luck hadn't changed just yet.
MECHANIC
ON DUTY
JOB

I had just started to put down my binoculars when there was a second flash. One that was even brighter than before. Bright enough to blind me. And when my eyes were working again, I couldn't believe what I was seeing...

The mushroom cloud dissipated, and I could see Cassie and the professor standing in the flames. But they were even more massive now, looming over the devastated landscape. Their massive bodies dwarfed the tallest skyscrapers, heads rising above the clouds. The whole damn landscape was in their shadow.

I watched as Cassie lifted her foot, positioning it over Manhattan. Her sole alone was nearly as large as the entire island. Then, little by little, she brought her foot down. Block after block was obliterated. Buildings collapsed from the slightest touch.

Then, all at once, she stomped down, finishing the job. The ground shook violently as her foot made contact, crushing the city to rubble in an instant. Centuries of history were destroyed beneath her heel. Millions of lives, gone. All in a single step. I've seen a lot of shit over the years, but this... This was hard to even wrap your mind around.


It got even worse when I looked up. They were so tall their heads disappeared into the clouds. Their laughter boomed like thunder. Their eyes had this eerie glow as they surveyed the destruction below. In that moment, I knew with chilling certainty that this was the end. Humanity as we knew it was over, powerless before these new goddesses.

END OF PART 3

JACKOFBULLETS GIANTESS COMICS
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