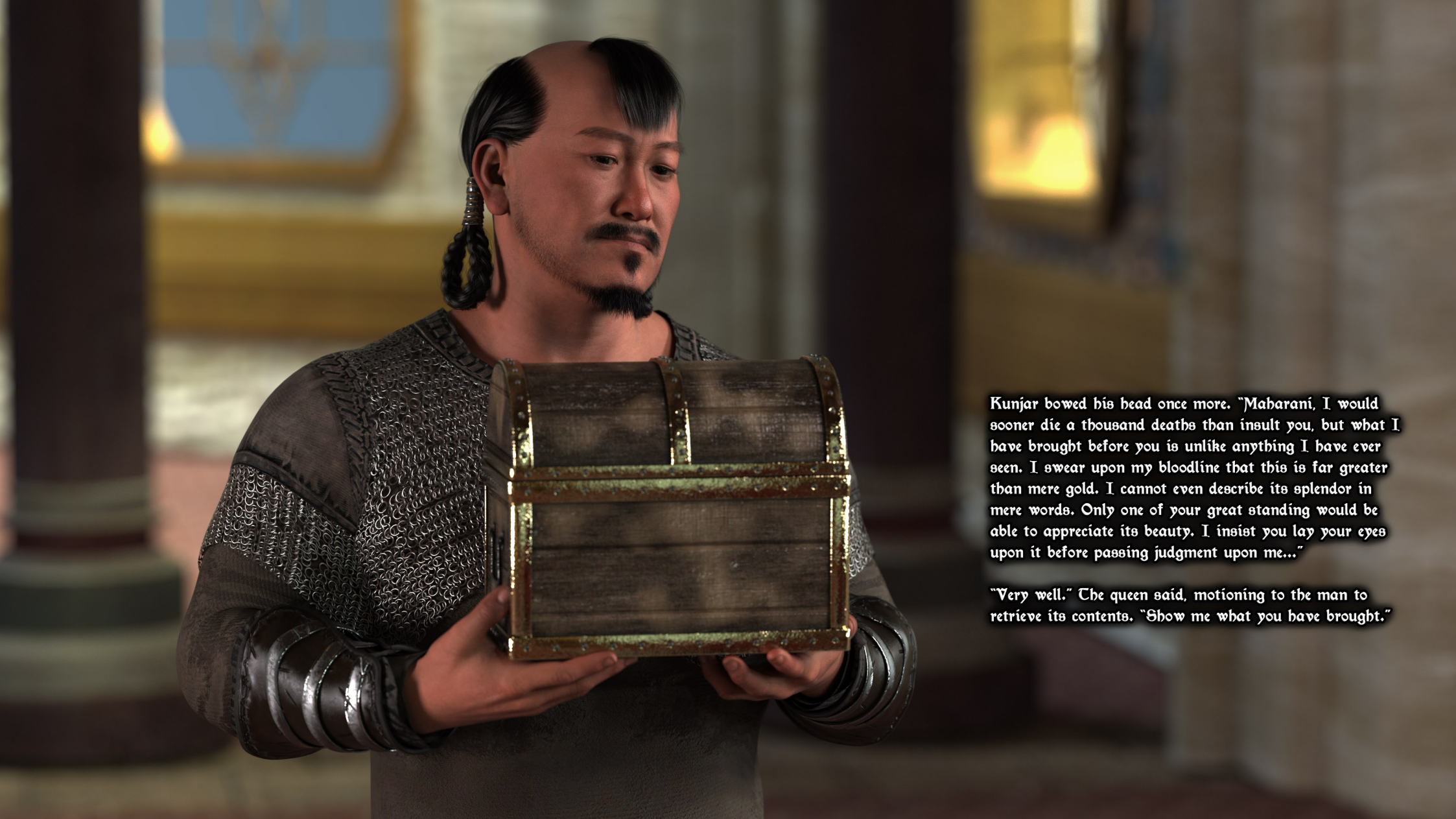


Batu Khanjar walked into the palace, carefully holding a box in his hands. Out in the steppes he was respected and fearless, but here, in the presence of the great Queen herself, he was little more than a lowly servant. He locked eyes with the powerful woman, cleared his throat, did his best to steady his hands, and spoke as clearly as he could.

"Maharani Kalaratri, I have come bearing gifts." he proclaimed, bowing his head low before her. "My men discovered a unique treasure in Persia, and such riches are unbefitting anyone but yourself. I have come to offer it to you as tribute."


The queen shook her head. "What could you have possibly brought me that would be of any interest to me?" She asked, doing little to hide how unimpressed she was. "You would waste my time prostrating yourself before me with a tribute meager enough to fit comfortably inside a petika box? Even were it filled to the brim with gold, that's hardly enough for a Vaishya's dowry, let alone a tribute worth calling a meeting with me for."



Kunjar bowed his head once more. "Maharani, I would sooner die a thousand deaths than insult you, but what I have brought before you is unlike anything I have ever seen. I swear upon my bloodline that this is far greater than mere gold. I cannot even describe its splendor in mere words. Only one of your great standing would be able to appreciate its beauty. I insist you lay your eyes upon it before passing judgment upon me..."

"Very well." The queen said, motioning to the man to retrieve its contents. "Show me what you have brought."


Kunjar knelt, placed the box onto the ground, and opened it up. A moment later he extracted a statue of a six-armed deity that shimmered like diamonds. And inside of the statue... was me. Or some part of me, near as I can tell.
Maharani Kalaratri looked at the statuette, and the disdain quickly faded from her face. The figure was indeed more beautiful than she could have ever imagined. Slowly rotating it within her hand, she marveled at how its seemingly infinite facets glimmered brighter than diamonds.


Something about the statue gripped her. Beckoned her closer. She stared into the statue like a mirror, as the images swirled together to form a stable image. A reflection. Not of herself as she was, but of who she wished to be.
I gazed into her. Her desire burned like a fire. She already had so much. So much power. Vast amounts of wealth. And yet it wasn't enough for her. She craved something more. Something she couldn't possibly hope to attain through normal means... and something she sensed I had.
She craved me.



She pulled me into her, and we became as one. I felt her desire, and became it. Then multiplied it. It became our shared desires, and we wanted... no. We no longer had a want. We needed it all. We had such powerful armies at our disposal, but that wasn't enough. Armies were slow. Armies could be outmaneuvered. Armies were susceptible to corruption, and sabotage. Similarly... wealth was too abstract. Gold could someday lose its value. This could all cease to hold any value some day.

No. I had no desire to ponder the position of figurines on a map, or sit back counting my coins. I wanted to feel power. Raw power. Something pure and primal. Something unstoppable. Something that would be more befitting someone like myself.

And so I grew.

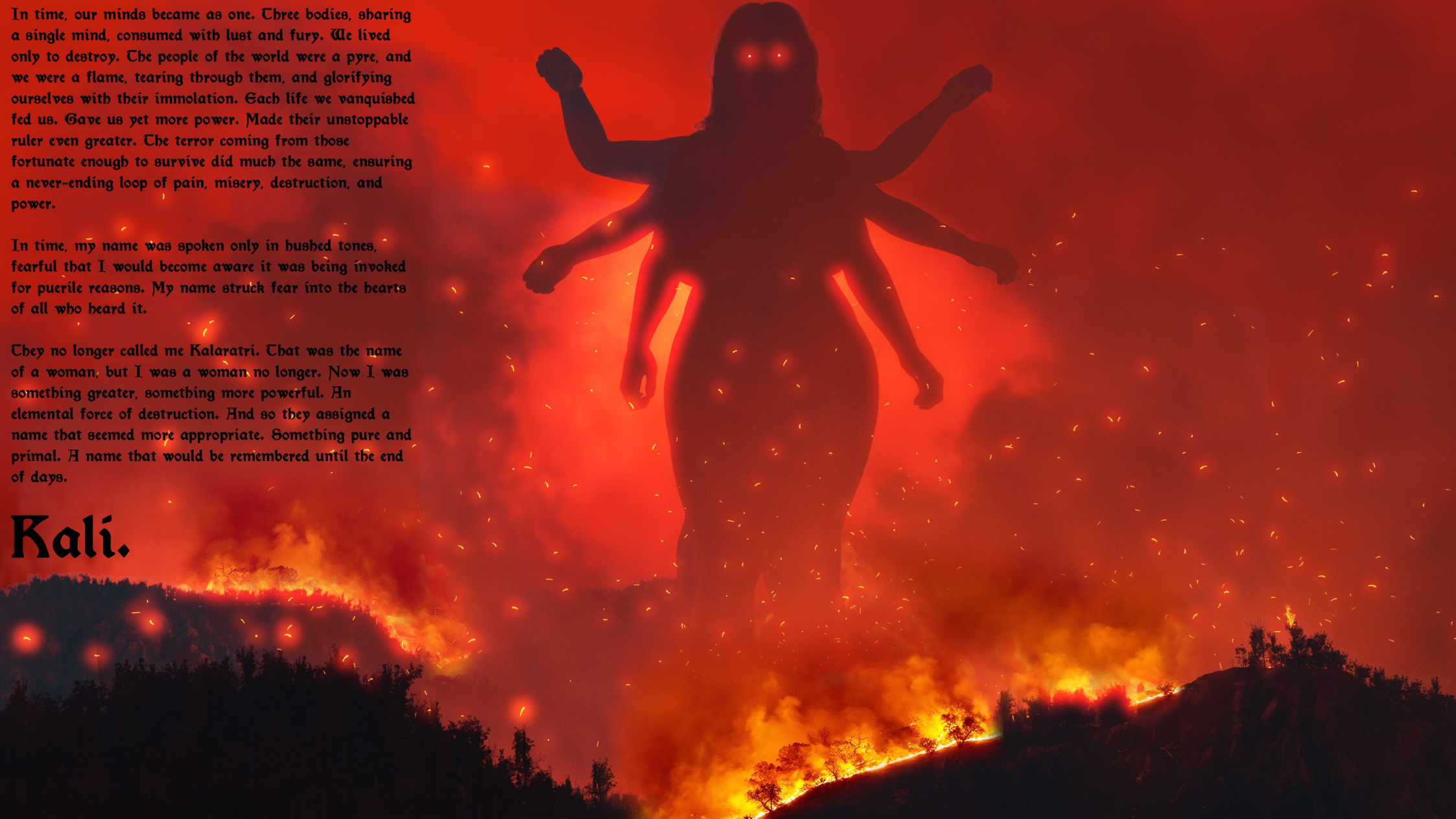

I became more powerful than any army. I walked through the countryside, trampling trees underfoot. My body stretched above the mountains, covering entire villages in shadow. I could hear the Dasa screaming from miles away, horrified at the doom that was coming. They'd stare up at me with terror and awe, only to sigh with relief when I walked past, confirming they had been spared a crushing end beneath my feet.
Their relief did not last for long... because I was not alone.


I had shared the power with my daughters. The only others I had ever seen as my equals. Their lust for power was even greater than mine, and they were utterly bloodthirsty. Once all our power and wealth meant very little in the grand scheme of things. We had been human, with all the fallibility that came with it. An assassin's arrow or bit of poison could have ended our lives the same as any other. But we no longer had any equals. The might of the rest of the world's nations combined would fall before us. We tore through the countryside, slaughtering entire nations beneath our crushing feet.



We no longer cared for gold or subservience. We wanted only to crush. To destroy. To see all others fall to their knees and beg for mercy... before we ended their lives all the same.

The stories of the three of us spread quickly throughout the lands, even faster than the fires. Soon everyone knew that a Goddess really and truly did walk among them. That being none other than the tyrant Maharani Kalaratri, and her daughters. The foolish ones begged, pleading for mercy that we had no interest in giving. The wiser ones prayed, prostrating themselves, recognizing us as far greater than them. But always, the result was the same. Another body crushed beneath our heels. To join the thousands before them, and look forward to all those who had yet to meet the same fate. The masses cried out my name before their bodies perished in the everlasting flames.



In time, our minds became as one. Three bodies, sharing a single mind, consumed with lust and fury. We lived only to destroy. The people of the world were a pyre, and we were a flame, tearing through them, and glorifying ourselves with their immolation. Each life we vanquished fed us. Gave us yet more power. Made their unstoppable ruler even greater. The terror coming from those fortunate enough to survive did much the same, ensuring a never-ending loop of pain, misery, destruction, and power.

In time, my name was spoken only in hushed tones, fearful that I would become aware it was being invoked for puerile reasons. My name struck fear into the hearts of all who heard it.

They no longer called me Kalaratri. That was the name of a woman, but I was a woman no longer. Now I was something greater, something more powerful. An elemental force of destruction. And so they assigned a name that seemed more appropriate. Something pure and primal. A name that would be remembered until the end of days.

Kali.


KAYLEE
PART 23


ART BY REDFIREDOG
STORY BY EMMAGEAR
INTRO BY KRYPTONLIVES


I think I've done enough to Los Angeles. At least for now. The city's a mess of footprints, buttprints, and, well, every kind of print really. I did a number on it, but it is completely beneath me now. For a moment I think of finishing it off. Wiping my foot away on the entire thing. This pathetic little space I'd spent so much of my life in, and most of my own ascension occupying... but I leave it behind.
Let what remains stand as a monument to my beginnings. It would be trivial to get rid of it anyway, so if I change my mind, then I can return. And if it just so happens to be full of people again afterward... then that would only make things better, wouldn't it?



"I've got some big things in store for the two of you." I said, continuing my walk to the north. As I do I can feel the impact of my feet on the earth with every step I take. Feel how my soles sink into the soft surface. All the while knowing how many people are being erased with my every movement.

It's exhilarating. A power I feel like I've been taking for granted. Maybe because whatever is inside of me now has become more aware it's enhancing the sensation.


If that's the case... then I should thank them. Truth be told, things have gotten a bit boring recently. Ruling over a planet of microbes sounds fun until you actually start to have to put your plans into action... and you realize just how dull it can be to stomp through cities and countryside alike.
But now?
It's like I feel every individual body under my toes. Pleading for mercy. Begging me to spare them. Hoping that I walk overhead, and they don't have to be crushed. I'm completely unstoppable... and that feeling only grows stronger the more I walk.


From so high up it is difficult to see much of the ground. The clouds obscure a good deal of it, and my every step kicks up such enormous clouds of dense smoke and dust that it only lessens visibility even more. But I manage to find what I'm looking for despite this. Perhaps yet another side effect of the entity taking residence inside of me. My vision feels sharper. More accurate. The wrecked strip of concrete sinking deep into the water?
This is... or was, I should say, San Francisco. Krystal must have made her way through here earlier, and I can see she did quite a number on it.


So why not finish the job?
Krystal and Kayla wriggle when I bring them down to the ground, before I place them down. Their frantic movements send powerful quakes through the ruins of the city, and bring dozens more buildings down, and open up immense cracks in the earth that swallow even more helpless people.
The image is arousing.
My toes clench as I put them down, and I feel the same thing happen again. If a lifetime of this is what awaits me then I am eager to see what's ahead.


Krystal and Kayla look at one another, uncertainty etched onto their faces. I want to get to my plans with the two of them, but the two seem to be having a moment. Best to let them work this out. I can't have distractions when they inevitably join me and receive their own great ascensions.
"I still can't believe it..." Kayla whispered, looking her smaller mother over. "You're... I mean, you're this big, and-"
"And I failed." Krystal said sullenly, trying to ignore the ruins of the city beneath her gigantic form. "I was trying to end it, and-"


"You did your best." Kayla said, looking down herself, and noting how her hands had been placed onto dozens of city blocks, wiping them out. "We both did. We tried, and we just came up short..."


"Short is right." I told them, a smirk forming on my face as they both whipped their heads up to look at me. "But if you two are done sharing a moment, then we need to talk."
The two of them looked at one another, then back up at me. It looked as if Krystal wanted to say something, but she kept her mouth shut.


But Kayla did speak up.
"What... What's going to happen now?" She asked, her voice quivering ever so slightly as she looked up. I could sense the fear coming off of her. Something completely unbefitting someone like herself. She should be taking advantage of her power and strength. Using it to make the pathetic mites at her feet kneel before crushing them, not looking up at me afraid of what I may do to her.


"All will be revealed after I take a seat.." I tell them, then finally find what I was looking for. Krystal may have done a number on the Golden Gate, but it wasn't the only bridge in the city. Two more thin ones crossed a small gap between San Francisco and Oakland.
And it just so happened that my ass was positioned directly over Oakland.

The entire city could only look up at my ass from tens of thousands of feet below. They may have been bracing themselves for an entirely different fate when they saw me approach from the horizon. Perhaps they thought that they'd be facing my bare feet like those numerous towns and smaller cities I'd walked over to get here had. Mapping out safe zones that could allow them to survive, whether it be between my toes, or under my arch.


But no such luck under my ass. One cheek is smooth. Flawless. A massive presence looming from above from which there is no safety. My ass comes down with frightening ease, utterly annihilating half the city in the blink of an eye.



Of course, I had done it this way to take advantage of my size. To better enjoy the feeling of annihilating so much with so little effort. Once I had my left ass cheek down on the ground... I finished sitting.

The entire planet shook as it struggled to accept the weight of my entire body hitting the ground. The city was ripped apart in the blink of an eye, powerful gusts of wind ripping through the areas just far away enough to avoid being crushed directly as a huge body came down to the ground.



But I was still holding back.

I lowered myself slowly. Gently. Enough to carve out an imprint of my ass, and not a lot more. With this latest bit of progress I grinned, and lifted my hands. Gravity took hold immediately, crushing my ass into the planet's crust with unimaginable force. The city of Oakland had been wiped off the map in the blink of an eye, just so I could use it as a seat.

"Anyway." I finally said, turning my attention back to the other two.


"Allow me to cut straight to the chase. I'm no longer simply Kaylee, as you may have guessed. There's... something else inside of me. Something that has taken root. It's provided me with more wonderful pleasure and power than I could have ever imagined before."
"Is that why you're... talking so weird?" Kayla asked, wincing when my eyes darted straight for her.


"You are correct." I said, lips curling up into a grin. "I have become an avatar of Kali, and it is not befitting for someone of my status to speak like a common valley girl. I do this out of respect, but you will find time to adjust, I am sure. What matters is that this power inside of me... the power that comes from being tied so closely to Kali herself is... it's unbelievable. I have no qualms about the changes it has brought, because what it has given me is a renewed interest in seeing the entire world burn. In destroying it to feed into my own amusement, and strength. But I would not hoard such power to myself. I would like to share it with you, too. Join me. Become avatars of Kali, and reign over the world in torrent of fire and blood."


The two of them seem unconvinced. I can sense their apprehension even from here. The way Kayla's toes clenched, erasing another few blocks of the city, as if she wanted to turn tail and run. The way Krystal's heart rate increased, her own fear feeding into me much the same as the others did.
"And if... and if we don't join you?" Kayla asked, bottom lip quivering.


"Joining me is an order, not a request." I told them truthfully. "Should you deny... then you would face the same punishment as any of the subordinates beneath me. Beneath us. You will perish like the rest, and your names will be erased from the annals of history."
Both of them tensed up.


"We... We can't do this, can we?" Kayla asked, unsure of which outcome would turn out better for the both of them. "I mean... we can't! There's so many innocent people, and-"


"We don't have a choice." Krystal interrupts. "I've come this far. I... I thought I lost both of you once already. I'm not going to let that happen again. If this is what it takes to survive, then I say we do it."



Kayla's shoulders slump slightly at her mother's answer... but she sighs, then looks back at me.

She relents.

"Okay... I'll do it."

There's a good deal of defeat in her tone... but there's something beneath that. A glimmer of hope, perhaps under the assumption that she'll find a way out of this. That this is only a temporary measure before some greater plan will be discovered that can be enacted upon.

I look forward to seeing whatever form this rebellion takes so I can snuff it out as easily as I have every other attempt.


"I'm glad the two of you are so agreeable." I said, then reached both hands forward. "Now relax... and let it enter you."
The effects are nearly immediate. Krystal and Kayla both stiffen up. Every muscle in their body tenses as the immeasurable power of a Goddess flows into them. Their hair stands on end, and their skin turns hot with the infusion.


Then the outward signs begin to show. Kayla's lips part as if she intends to scream... but no sound comes out. Her eyes roll up, and begin to take on an ethereal red glow. She begins to vibrate in place... before it subsides, and her entire body relaxes.


Then they both drop to their knees, wiping out a good deal of the ruins beneath them. For a moment it seems as if they need to catch their breath, before they reposition themselves... and move to their knees. Their heads bow in utter obedience, ready to do as told.
They may hold a fraction of Kali's power within them, like myself, but I remain their superior. In the end, they're beholden to me.


"Do you feel it? Enjoy it. It is a gift that none others are worthy of. Don't bother trying to resist. Just let it course through your veins. Let it enter every one of your muscle fibers. Every square inch of your being. You were already far above the peons beneath us, but now you've become greater still."
The two of them stared up at me for a moment before nodding obediently.


"I'm glad to find the both of you so much more agreeable now." I mused, before climbing to my feet again. "But what use is all this power if we're content to merely lie around and bask in our glory. Power is there to be used. Consequences be damned."
Their heads followed my face, craning up to get a better look at me as the earth rocked beneath my tread.


"Now rise!" I commanded, finally standing to my feet again and feeling them sink into the soft earth. "This is the beginning of your true ascension, and there is no turning back!"
They did exactly that. Rising from their kneeling position and standing to their full height. But it wasn't enough.
"Higher!" I ordered, wanting to catch their reactions.


"Higher...? But we are already standing!" Kayla complained. "We are not as big as-"
"Do you desire for us to grow?" Krystal asked, having caught onto my intention. She had adjusted to this far more quickly than I thought she would.


"Of course." I told them, arching my chest back and inhaling deeply. "When standing on two feet you are no longer your full height. Not anymore. Embrace the power coursing through your veins. Do you feel it? Embrace it. Make use of it. Kali has imbued you with strength and capabilities far greater than ever felt before. It just needs to be channeled, and released..."
They both looked up to me, then to one another. The glow in their eyes intensified for a moment, and I beckoned them to take advantage.


"In short order the size you've currently reached will be nothing. A mere speck before what you're truly capable of. Now embrace the power... and GROW!"


They did as told. Any hopeless souls trapped near their feet had hardly any time to adjust as they grow upwards and outwards in every direction at once.


No longer did they have to depend on triggers, or actively work for it. With but a thought their massive forms grew ever larger, and with a minimal amount of effort put forth.


That was, of course, as intended. The less energy expended upon non-destructive matters, the better. The more enthusiasm and joy they were able to conserve for future growth, the better.


The gap was almost closed in only the amount of time it took for me to raise my arms, and guide them up higher. Kayla had once stood below my hips, and was now just above my chest. Krystal's growth was even more impressive. Though she was still the smallest of us, she had been half of Kayla's height a moment ago, and now was less than a head shorter.


A loud, mirthful laugh escapes my lips as they are now considerably closer in size to me. Still small enough to remind all of who is in charge, but large enough that I am no longer in danger of crushing them by accident myself.


"That is only a taste of what's to come!" I told them, as they looked up at me. "There is so much to do, now! So much of this world that remains standing! Soon enough we'll reduce it all to dust and ash!"
Kayla seemed apprehensive. I could sense it immediately, and I was not impressed.


"What is the matter?" I asked upfront.
"I... what do you mean, Kaylee? The world? Turning it to nothing?"
"Civilization. Humanity. They exist only to be destroyed." I grinned. "Ruin is our only goal. Turn the entire planet into a wasteland. Leave no one standing. All cities must be erased. All people must die. When we're done, only we will remain."


"You're going to kill everyone?" Kayla gasped, terror tinging her voice. "I thought you would have just wanted to rule, not... not destroy it all!"
"If she only ruled, then she would never stop facing resistance..." Krystal added. There was clear shock in her voice as well... but hidden beneath it I could sense something more. A minor bit of curiosity over my grand plans. She wasn't all there yet, but she was interested in knowing more.


"Yes. Everyone." I said. "It's our destiny. We are unstoppable, and we will use that power to destroy, until there's nothing left."
Neither of them said anything.
"We'll start with the West coast." I said, looking out over the vast swathes of landscape we had yet to touch. "Separately we could handle it very quickly... but we must remain as one. A unified force that will raze their biggest cities to the ground. That should give us the fuel we need to grow again..."


"Now, if there are no further doubts... follow me."
Kayla and Krystal stood in place. They were having second thoughts. No matter. They will see my course of action is the correct one soon enough. I'll let them have their pointless little chat.


"We can't let this happen." Kayla whispers, unaware that I can hear it all clear as day. "What if... What if we try and stop her? We're close to her size now. If the two of us work together, then-"
"If we lay a finger on her she'll just grow bigger. Again." Krystal said, sighing deeply. "Kayla, I know you don't want to do this, but... our only chance is if an opportunity to outgrow her arises. I'm not sure if that will come anytime soon, but after that maybe the two of us can-"
"So what? We just do what she says? But what if... what if we start to like it?"
Krystal winced at the thought. The seeds of doubt had already been sown into her mind, and the confirmation that Kayla shared these thoughts only unnerved her further.
"Then... that's a risk we'll have to take."


They're plotting to undermine me. Fine. Let them plot. By the time they could hope to stand against me, it will be too late. It won't be long until I win them over, body and soul.


I stopped in my tracks, and turned to look back at them. "I know it can be strange to walk when the clouds themselves fail to reach your knees." I told the two of them. "But you no longer need to pay any mind to the world beneath you. Humanity only continues to exist because you allow them to. They will understand their place soon, and know that dying in terror beneath your feet is among the highest honors that their kind could ever hope to achieve."


Kayla clenched her teeth. Turned back to Krystal, and nodded. "Come on, mom. Let's get moving." She said, before taking a deep breath, raising a foot high into the air, and stepping down again, sending tingles running through her spine.


"I'm coming, Kayla." Krystal said, her arousal clearly beginning to take hold. "I think I will adjust to this new size very, very quickly."
She did much the same as Kayla, taking her first step on the ground, and turning yet another untouched patch of civilization into a crater. Her skin flushed as she did so... but she kept moving.


It didn't take them long at all to come to see things my way. Now it's up to the rest of the planet to suffer in our wake. To greet their new rulers, their new overlords. The beings that will grind them into the ground.
The new age of Kaylee begins now!


The triumphant moment isn't echoed by the peons beneath us. Not that their opinion matters. Let them run, and scream, and try to hide in their little hovels from our approach. Their strongest shelters would collapse under a single one of my steps, and I can certainly fit a lot more than one underneath each foot.
As for the city we're currently walking over? It's already out of my mind. The individuals who live there are near-microscopic, and we have bigger prey to move onto.



A single step wipes out half a city immediately. If it falls into my shadow it gets evaporated in the blink of an eye, crushed so thoroughly that no remains of what once stood there could possibly be recovered. The aftermath of every step is almost as devastating. Earthquakes far greater than any that could occur naturally rock the entire city, and I'm sure there's a small number of people who think themselves lucky. Hundreds, if not thousands who wound up in the small space in between my sole and toes.

But with a clench of my toes, that illusion of safety vanishes. We're here to destroy. No one is spared.


"It's incredible, isn't it? We're far larger than anything the planet has ever seen. The tallest buildings are weaker than small blades of grass at our toes. And yet, there's still so much more of it out there. So much to crush. We have taken so many lives, and done so much... but it is only a fraction of what we have before us."
The other two say nothing, but they don't stop walking, either.



If anything, they pick up the pace. Their massive feet rip the earth to shreds. We've left the more populated parts of the area, but that just means we're destroying other things. Acres upon acres of precious farmland. Resources that will be destroyed, and rendered unusable. Earth that will be compacted so tightly nothing could possibly grow there.

Consequences they will have to deal with, for what little time they have left.


"We'll begin with their biggest cities." I informed them, having spotted a number of smaller cities nearby. "Each one should take no more than a few minutes."
They're easy enough to spot, even from miles above. Small patches of cubic formations on the ground. Bright and shining next to the endless expanses of green and brown.


"Are you ready to begin? Ready to ravage this world, until nothing is left except for cinders?"


"Y-Yes..." Kayla said, a bit of hesitation in her voice.
"Yes." Krystal added, barely containing her eagerness.


"Then go. Choose a city. Which one does not matter, for they will all be eradicated in due time. Raze your chosen city to the ground. Crush the pathetic microbes inhabiting it. Revel in your power and destruction. Prove your worthiness, or our deal will be forfeit. Use the gift you have been given, if you do not wish to perish with the rest."


I can only hope that the threat is not one I have to act on. If it comes to that, then I will, because I must... but I have faith in these two. They will crush and kill and prove their superiority and eagerness to destroy. If they hesitate, I will see to it myself that they learn from their mistakes. I can only hope it does not come to that.


My mind feels... hazy. But not in a bad way. It feels as if the haze gripping my consciousness does not want me to feel bad. It only wants to please me. It makes it so I can feel my skin tingle when I take step after step, heading towards the largest city I can spot.
For a moment I try to place my location. Remember where I was with Kaylee... remember where the sun was when we started watching. What direction were we going? Where are-
The answer suddenly hits, as if I knew all along, but had been suppressing it. This is Portland. I'm back... and this time, I'll finish the job.



And now... it's my next target.

To arrive I had to walk mostly through trees and farmland. They snapped and crushed beneath me, but they weren't particularly satisfying. The occasional stray house piqued my interest, little more than a speck beneath the oppressive size and weight of my feet.

But this was my first major target at this new size. My left foot swung forward, hovering above a huge swathe of the city, but before I completed the step it felt as if something stopped me.


Not out of mercy. Or justice. Or empathy. Nothing so plain as that.
But to savor the moment before I stepped down. The destruction is important. It's the most important part, even. It can not be ignored, and it should not be delayed for too long. But the destruction only happened because it was exciting. It was thrilling. Just days ago I had been the same size as the peons below. Now I could fit thousands of them under a single foot, and there was no mercy to be found.


The sensation urged me to finish the job, now that I'd drank in the potent fear my presence had inspired. I could have tried to fight the urge, but I wasn't interested in doing so. Even if I had once been like them, they were so far beneath me that wasting a moment to consider things from their perspective was a waste.
My foot came down. Hundreds of buildings fell with it. Thousands of lives. Massive waves of smoke spread around. A significant amount of western Portland had been erased, replaced with my foot.
I clenched my toes, ripping the earth up further. Spreading more cracks capable of swallowing people and buildings alike through the ground.


The urge inside of me seemed sated by the destruction, but it was fleeting. As soon as I finished that step and laid eyes upon all the areas that were still untouched I was filled with another urge. To do more. To...
To raze it to the ground, like Kaylee had said.


Was I really no better than her now? Treating lives as dispensable amusement? Or is this simply a fact of life now. I can't not exist at this size without crushing people. It's Impossible. It's...
I fell to my knees, shaking the earth. My pussy was getting hotter and hotter.


It took me so much longer to grow than the others. I should have more qualms about this. I spent the most time comparable to these people's size. When Kaylee was toppling skyscrapers I was still able to squeeze inside buildings. When Kayla was ripping up airports I was still able to fit inside a plane.
But here I am, completely dominating the landscape for miles in every direction, hotter than I've ever felt in my life. My size is incomprehensible. I can't be fully appreciated by the people at my feet. I'm otherworldly. I'm...


My fingers grazed against my pussy, and my entire body jolted upwards. Existing at this size is incompatible with civilization. And as soon as I made a move to touch myself I could feel the urge to go further. There's no looking back. Not just because of Kaylee's threat... but because I want this.

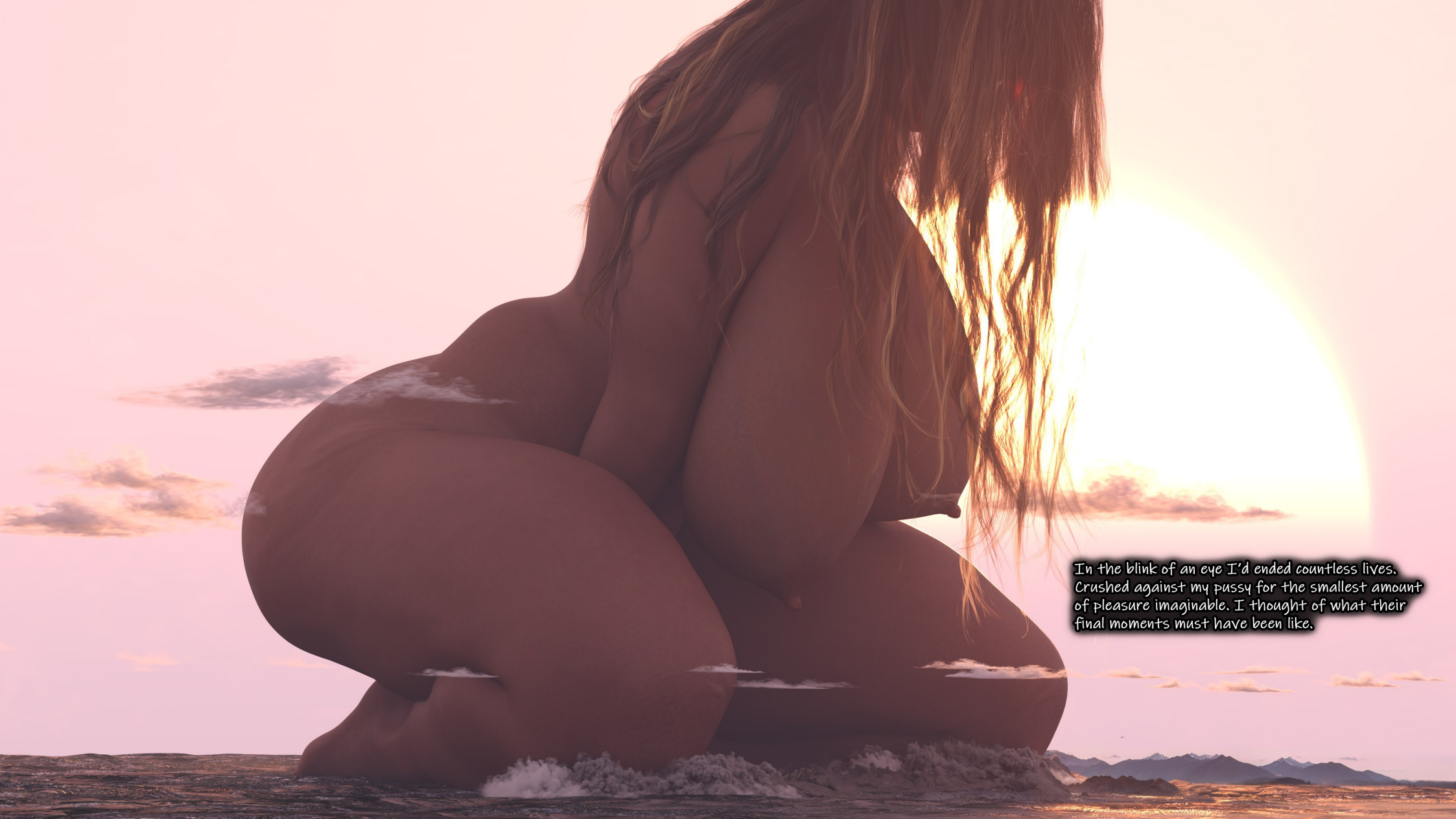

My heart races in my chest while I look at the land spread out in every direction around me. It all looks so samey from this high up. The little details and intricacies that I'm sure exist on each individual street are basically a nonentity when I'm like this.
I focus my vision on the city below. My eyes grow hotter from the effort, but the image clears up. I can see specks now. Thousands of them. Filling the streets. Running through alleyways. Standing on rooftops. All looking for the secret way to survive this situation they'd found themselves in.


And I remembered what Kaylee said.
There will be no survivors.
My nipples stand on end when I finally make a movement. A hand comes down, casting hundreds of city blocks in shadow. Thrusting thousands of lives into darkness.
I could press my hand down, and wipe them all out. I could try to carefully extricate a small sliver of it using my nails to see what it looks like up-close. I could do a lot of things.


But I'm eager to feel my strength, and how it deforms the world around me. My fingers press into the city, then a bit more pressure is all it takes to dig them hundreds of feet into the ground, through dirt and stone alike. It feels positively exhilarating when I pull a massive chunk of the city straight out of the ground, and raise it thousands of feet into the air.


Only to then shove it right into my pussy. The chunk of land big enough to house thousands of people weighed next to nothing. And when I rammed it against my pussy it similarly didn't feel like much. It was like pressing a dirt clod against my skin. It held its shape for a moment, attempted to resist, then lost.


My fingers ripped through the chunk of land. Pubic hair pierced the ground and tore apart the ground. And the entire thing failed to do much more than last a second against me... which turned me on something fierce.


In the blink of an eye I'd ended countless lives. Crushed against my pussy for the smallest amount of pleasure imaginable. I thought of what their final moments must have been like.


How many of them even survived long enough to experience anything resembling terror? How many were still on top of that chunk of dirt, screaming at the top of their lungs for help that would never come? Watching as a pussy bigger than their entire city came straight for them.


And now they're gone.


How many had sifted between my fingers while I was rubbing the earth against my pussy? How many had been denied the opportunity to experience my pussy directly, if only for a moment? How many were crushed by strands of hair thicker and more durable than homes?


It was like I could feel their final moments myself, but their terror didn't scare me. I was the thing they were afraid of. The end of their world. The heartless monster with a body count in the millions. The thing that they were hoping would never come for them... but had.


I could feel myself growing while trying to focus on the pleasure. The remnants I was masturbating with were devoid of life, but my growing form ensured I continued causing damage regardless. The destruction fueled me. Kept me going. Kept me turned on. I could have fought it... but I didn't.
I embraced those desires.


Maybe I had ascended. Direct stimulation felt like nothing compared to the knowledge of what I'd done. The keener awareness of the terror those people had felt in their final moments. Having every one of their senses overwhelmed by my presence.


I tried to hold back, but couldn't. An orgasmic scream escaped my mouth, echoing through the entire city. Windows burst from the impact. Weaker buildings collapsed. The ground shook as if there were a localized earthquake right then and there.

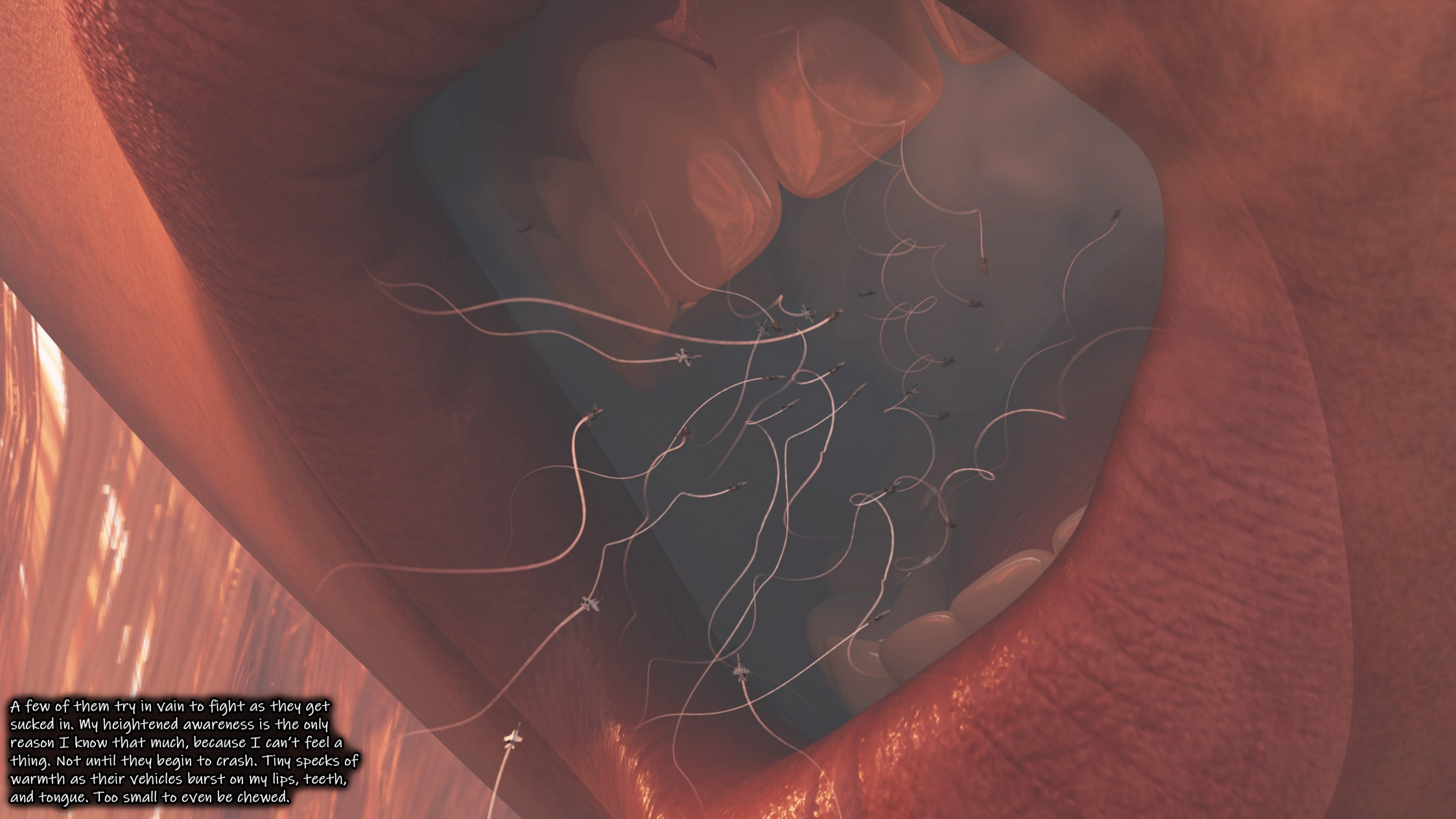

But like all good things, it began to fade. I could feel myself panting with the weight of what I'd just done. I looked down, peering over my massive tits, and caught sight of the ruined city beneath me. It was still mostly intact. I still had work to do... but it was already devastated. This sort of damage couldn't just be shaken off and ignored.


I pulled my hand away from my pussy... but there wasn't anything there. Any remains of the chunk of city that had brought me to orgasm sifted between my fingers, raining onto the ground like a waterfall. I brought my fingers back up to my face and looked at them, hardly able to make anything out.
I hated to admit it... but Kaylee might be onto something with whatever it is inside of me that's making destruction so much hotter than it had been. I could only imagine how satisfying it must feel for Kaylee...

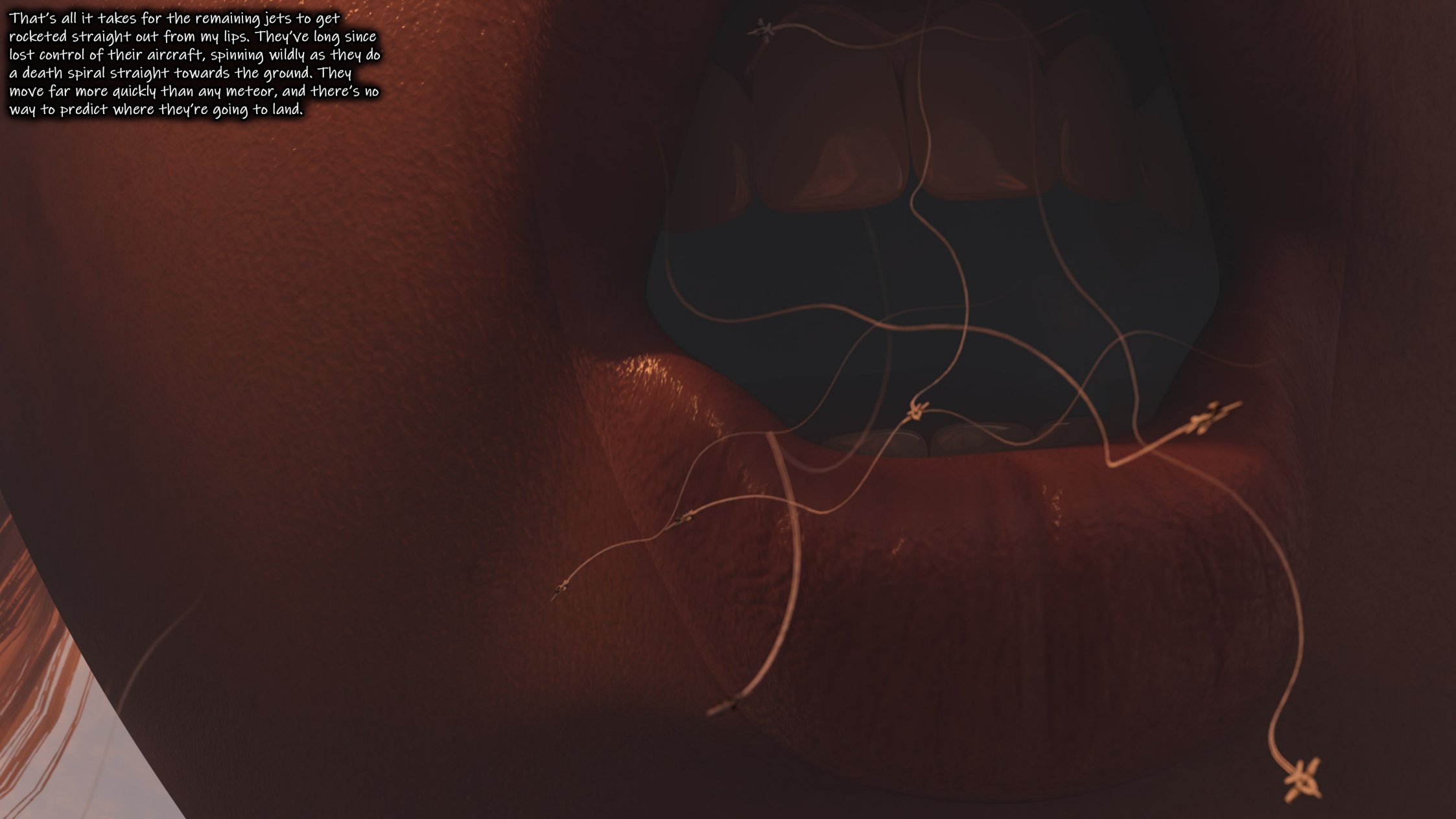

I hope the other two have their own fun with their cities. I almost wish I could be there and watch them destroy the places at their own place. Crushing millions of lives with little more than an order, trying to pretend that they don't enjoy every moment.
But I have my own city that needs to be destroyed. Sacramento, from the looks of it. A bit smaller than I remember it, but then again, what isn't?


But my appearance has summoned some resistance. Hardly noticeable from my point of view, a number of specks flying through the air as fast as they can. I probably would not have noticed them at all, were it not for the vapor trails they left in their wake.
That makes it easy to tell what direction they're moving, and easy to attack back. Were I smaller, I'd be trying to swat them out of the air.


But I don't even need to do that much anymore. Waving my arms is a waste of energy. They're defying gravity by flying this high up in the air, so they're susceptible to changes in wind, and other sudden shifts. All it takes to destroy their entire counterattack at once is opening my mouth, and inhaling deeply.
Gale force winds suck clouds down my throat, and pull the jets out of their own flight patterns. They spin wildly, continuing to leave trails as they are brought straight into my mouth.


A few of them try in vain to fight as they get sucked in. My heightened awareness is the only reason I know that much, because I can't feel a thing. Not until they begin to crash. Tiny specks of warmth as their vehicles burst on my lips, teeth, and tongue. Too small to even be chewed.


When my lips close, I think for a moment that I am done.
But I must have underestimated the sheer number of aircraft in play. For seconds afterward I can continue to feel them burst against my mouth. The exact number of them remains a mystery, but that just means I can toy with them more than simply swallowing them down.
I purse my lips, and force a bit of air out.


That's all it takes for the remaining jets to get rocketed straight out from my lips. They've long since lost control of their aircraft, spinning wildly as they do a death spiral straight towards the ground. They move far more quickly than any meteor, and there's no way to predict where they're going to land.

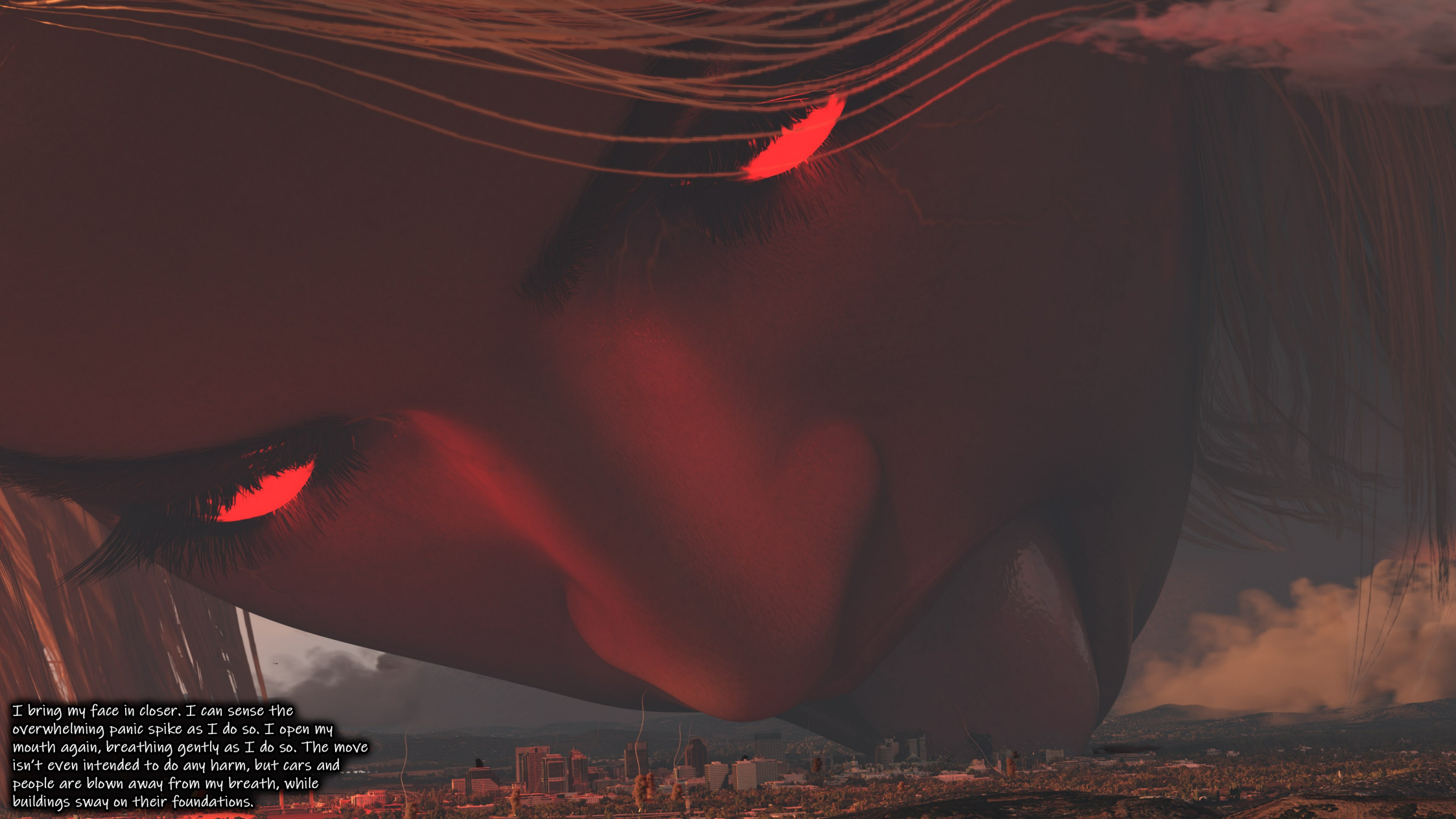

But from my perspective it looks almost quaint. Tiny little dots with trails running behind them spinning through the air. They almost resemble dandelion seeds the way they drift towards the ground with no rhyme or reason.



But for those below the scene must be nightmarish. The planes are trying desperately to course correct. Not a single one of them succeeds in any meaningful capacity. Some manage to stop a straight vertical descent, and spin wildly horizontally, putting every building in the city at risk.

But most of them fail. Falling to the ground like missiles. Bursting into flames and explosions when they land. This isn't a military strike deliberately aiming for a target. It's random, and that just makes it impossible to defend against.

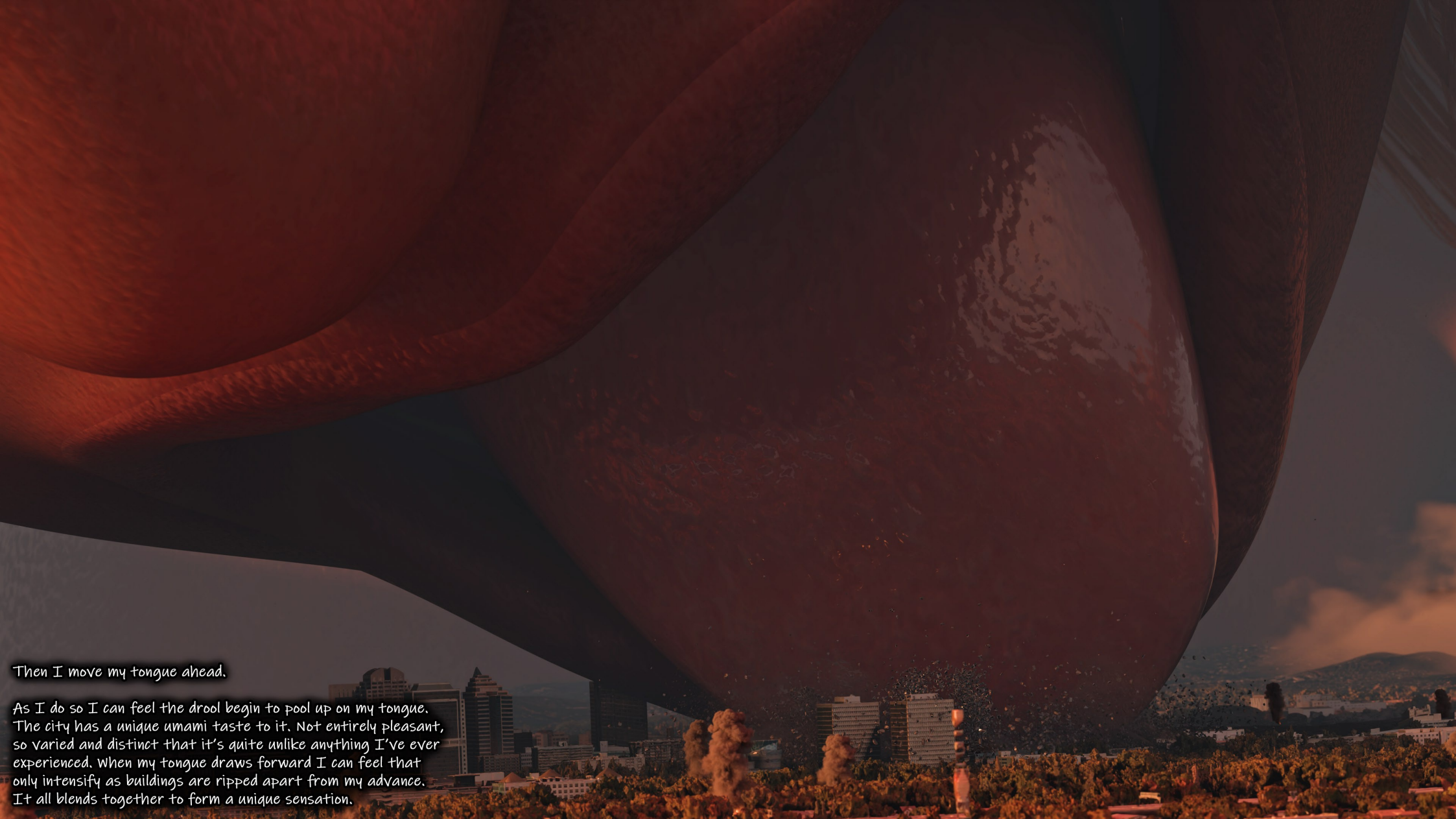

Were I anyone else, I could lay here for hours. Watching the chaos unfold. Observing from high above as they try to contend with what they're dealing with.
But I'm Kaylee Goddamn Kloss, and all I care about right now... is destruction.

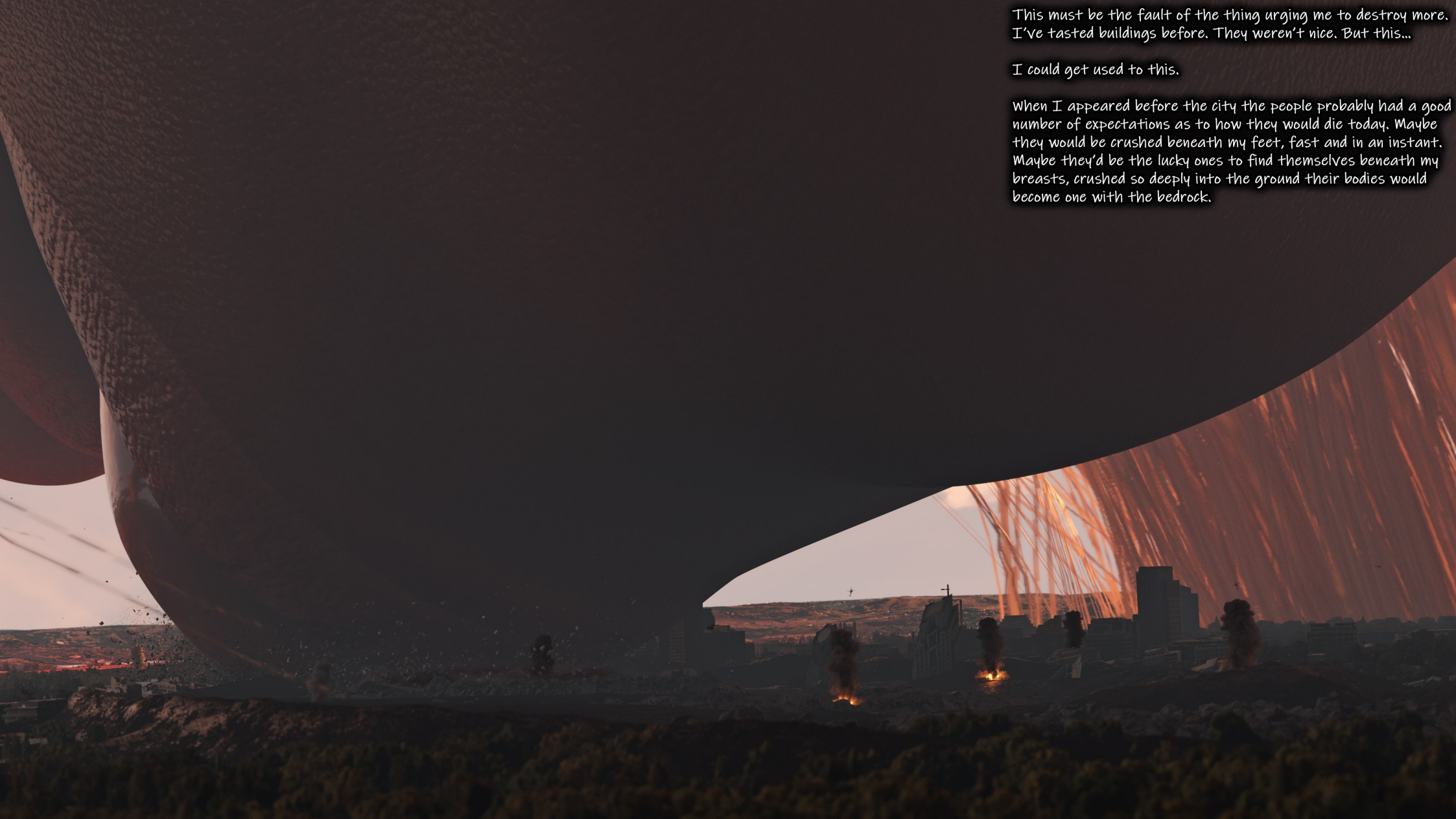

I bring my face in closer. I can sense the overwhelming panic spike as I do so. I open my mouth again, breathing gently as I do so. The move isn't even intended to do any harm, but cars and people are blown away from my breath, while buildings sway on their foundations.


But most things remain intact, which is good. Because it means they have a prime view of my tongue slipping out from between my lips, and pressing directly onto the city.



Downtown Sacramento was never my favorite place to visit, so this gives me a sense of catharsis. I didn't enjoy it in my old life, so it will cease to exist. When my tongue presses down onto the ground absolutely everything caught beneath fails to withstand the pressure, and collapses. My tongue digs a massive furrow into the ground, while thousands of lives are splattered against the squishy surface.

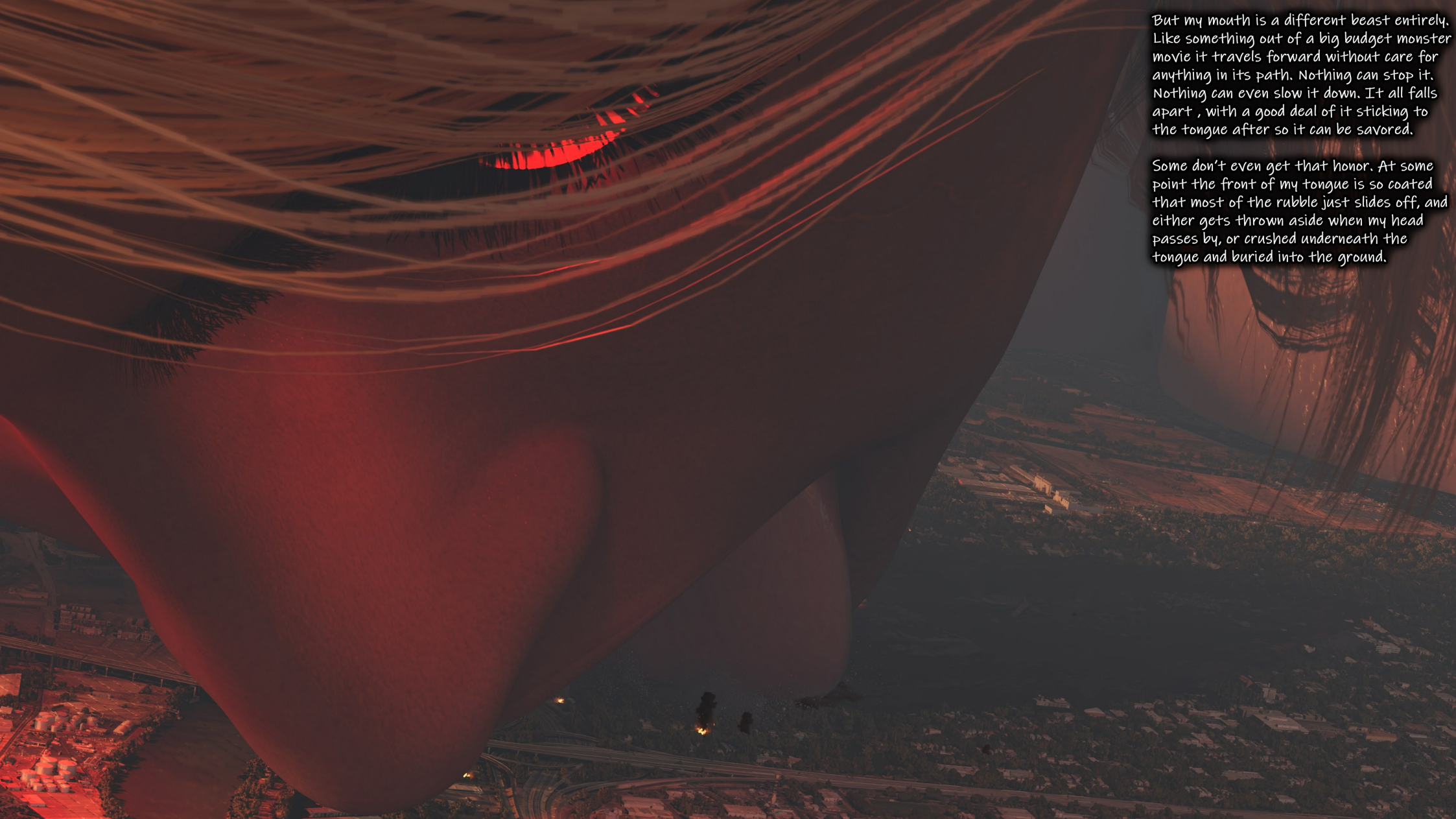

Then I move my tongue ahead.
As I do so I can feel the drool begin to pool up on my tongue. The city has a unique umami taste to it. Not entirely pleasant, so varied and distinct that it's quite unlike anything I've ever experienced. When my tongue draws forward I can feel that only intensify as buildings are ripped apart from my advance. It all blends together to form a unique sensation.



This must be the fault of the thing urging me to destroy more. I've tasted buildings before. They weren't nice. But this...

I could get used to this.

When I appeared before the city the people probably had a good number of expectations as to how they would die today. Maybe they would be crushed beneath my feet, fast and in an instant. Maybe they'd be the lucky ones to find themselves beneath my breasts, crushed so deeply into the ground their bodies would become one with the bedrock.



But my mouth is a different beast entirely. Like something out of a big budget monster movie it travels forward without care for anything in its path. Nothing can stop it. Nothing can even slow it down. It all falls apart , with a good deal of it sticking to the tongue after so it can be savored.

Some don't even get that honor. At some point the front of my tongue is so coated that most of the rubble just slides off, and either gets thrown aside when my head passes by, or crushed underneath the tongue and buried into the ground.


Finally after finishing off what I'm sure was most of downtown I bring my tongue back into my mouth, and move up. My body kicks into gear immediately, salivating to help me wash away the bulk of the debris stuck to my tongue, and while I can feel countless buildings, cars, and people slide down my throat I'm left staring at the city. Wondering how much of it is left. How much I finished off.
And how long would it take to erase the entire city this way?


How much indeed...
I almost do it without thinking. The thought occurs, and I can feel the inside of my mouth getting more moist. Before I realize what is happening I'm already in the midst of doing it. My lips have parted... and I feel something drip out from between my lips. It's too late to stop it by the time I realize it's happening.


Not that I would have done so anyway.
Time seems to slow as I can only barely see the flood of hot, sticky liquid drip from my tongue and onto the city below. It comes down in huge rivers that stick together, and for a moment I smile.
It's one hell of a way to put out the fires that the crashing jets had started.


The droplets smash into the city like bombs. They splash hundreds of feet into the air afterward, raining onto other things. Crushing smaller buildings in their wake. Spreading across the streets like a tidal wave.
CANTON
CHINESE RESTAURANT
CANTON


For a moment I amuse myself watching the devastation in slow motion. It's nothing at all like water. It flows slower. Consuming anything in its wake. Enveloping buildings and submerging them. Spreading through every nook and cranny of the minuscule streets as it attempts to spread out.


I think, for a moment, of spitting again. Doubling up on it. Watching it all play out again... before a different urge strikes.


I'm going to get my show.
But it's going to be in a decidedly different way.
I wonder, for a moment, what the consensus is down there. What people are thinking. What they see? How many of them saw me drool onto the city, and have predicted what's coming? How many of their minds will break when they see it happen firsthand? If it wasn't obvious enough, I'm sure it will become crystal clear once I've slid my hand between my legs once again, and began to rub.


They have to know what's coming now. This exact image has to have been broadcast all over the world countless times since I started growing. Every channel dominated by images of me getting myself off, and the growth that followed almost immediately after.
And now it's their turn. They get to witness it all firsthand... in more ways than one.


Or some of them do, anyway.
At this size there's going to be a lot of casualties no matter what I do. I so much as blink in the wrong direction and I've wiped out a town like this. And inconveniently for me, most cities aren't perfectly shaped to fit my pussy so I can grind directly on top of them. Who knows how many of them were only barely denied getting to watch me masturbate above them in real time, and found themselves crushed under my toes instead.
Who knows how many of them were happier to go that way?


whatever the number is, it's about to climb even higher.


For a moment I can't be certain it's started at all. Maybe I just straightened my back out too quickly, and disoriented myself. Maybe I'm so lost in the haze of arousal that I misconstrued the pleasant feeling of stretching with that satisfying sensation that comes with growing even bigger.


A second later, it's undeniable.


If there is one downside to growing this unfathomably huge. So large that I can see far past the curvature of the earth and into the sunset, it's the lack of things to compare to easily. With my tits in the way, seeing the world directly below isn't the easiest thing, and at this point even the clouds are so far down they can't clear my toes.


The upsides to growing this unfathomably huge?
Literally everything else.


The sensation of power that comes with it. Unstoppable. Unbeatable. Knowing that I stand alone at the top of the pecking order. All life on this planet bows to me, and is only allowed to exist because it hasn't yet gained my attention. For however long, or short, that may be.


It's almost become routine by this point. Rote repetition. Masturbate. Cum. Grow. Repeat ad infinitum.
Doesn't make it any less exciting every time. Every new repetition brings a whole new scale. New sensations that come with being so overwhelmingly powerful. Being visible from a distance isn't enough. Dominating a skyline doesn't cut it. Dwarfing mountain ranges beneath my ankles is more like it. Clouds that can't clear my shins are only better.


And cumming hard enough to wipe out a city is like the cherry on top.
Billions of gallons of cum squirt out, falling to the city below. As massive as I am, the city must be miles below my pussy, even when I'm kneeling down like this. That gives the people below just enough time to look up and appreciate their fate.


The hot liquid rushes through the streets, completely wiping out what my spit had done a moment ago. A monstrous typhoon of cum barrels through the city, with a deafening roar that drowns out screams and shatters glass. Buildings tremble and crumble under the onslaught. The scent permeates every inch of the city for miles around, unmistakably marking it as belonging to me.


The streets, now violent rivers of debris and despair, bear witness to the chaos unleashed, a testament to my undeniable superiority. It's like an apocalyptic beast, devouring everything in its path with a hunger that's both terrifying and awe-inspiring.


While I sit on my knees catching my breath, I have only one real regret. That it doesn't last as long as I'd have liked. It never does. I wish I could experience it endlessly. Growing nonstop. Cumming. Crushing.
A devious thought flits through my mind for a split-second, and I can feel a surge of cruelty rush through me. My skin tingles as I think about what I'm about to do. I'm still in position, aren't I? There's still some parts of the city that have survived everything so far.
I should fix that.


Gravity and physics controlled the rate at which a bit of my saliva annihilated a small section of the city. It fell slowly, and spread without any regard for anything in its path.



But when I relax my muscles, and feel the need to pee... the circumstances are entirely different. A torrent of liquid comes rushing out from far higher up than my mouth. Significantly faster than my drool, and in volumes so great they could create a sea all their own.

The torrent smashed into the city like a nuke. The ground was cratered on impact, wiping out absolutely everything in the immediate area. That crater was then filled near-instantly, and bombarded with more and more while it continued to pool up higher and higher.


All the while, the only thing I'm feeling is... relief. The contrast between my feelings and those beneath me are like night and day. I have no idea how long I'd been holding it, and I didn't even feel the need to go, if I'm being honest.
I did it to see what would happen. To watch the destruction unfold underneath me. To watch as my hot piss scorches the area below. There's no stopping, or even slowing it down. It moves like a tsunami, ripping through everything in its path.


In no time at all every single home and small building that had narrowly avoided being struck directly was buried. This was nothing like the slow-moving saliva that would almost wrap itself around things. This was like a dam letting loose, and flooding millions of gallons of acrid liquid onto the area. Hot, steamy, it scalded the skin of anyone who came into direct contact with, before submerging them under a tsunami that was simply too powerful to be natural.


But, like all good things, this too came to an end. I felt a profound sense of disappointment when I could feel my bladder run dry. When the roaring flood was reduced to a trickle. When the puddle at my feet had consumed most of the city, and was spreading out further into the countryside to no doubt ruin some poor country-living sap's day.
If there were more city left to erase, I'd have felt more disappointed at how quickly it came to an end. But with nothing left here... there was no destruction to be had.


Not that this was anything resembling a real problem. At the end of the day, it was a city. A settlement where people congregate, and held little value beyond that. From where I stand it looks very similar to the ones I'd visited before. And I probably wouldn't be able to tell what was different about the next one. Each one may have been unique to the people residing there, but all I see is future wastelands that just haven't been converted yet.


The fun was over here, but that was only one city. One down, with tens of thousands still to go. Maybe I should pay Kayla a little visit... and see how she's handling her task.

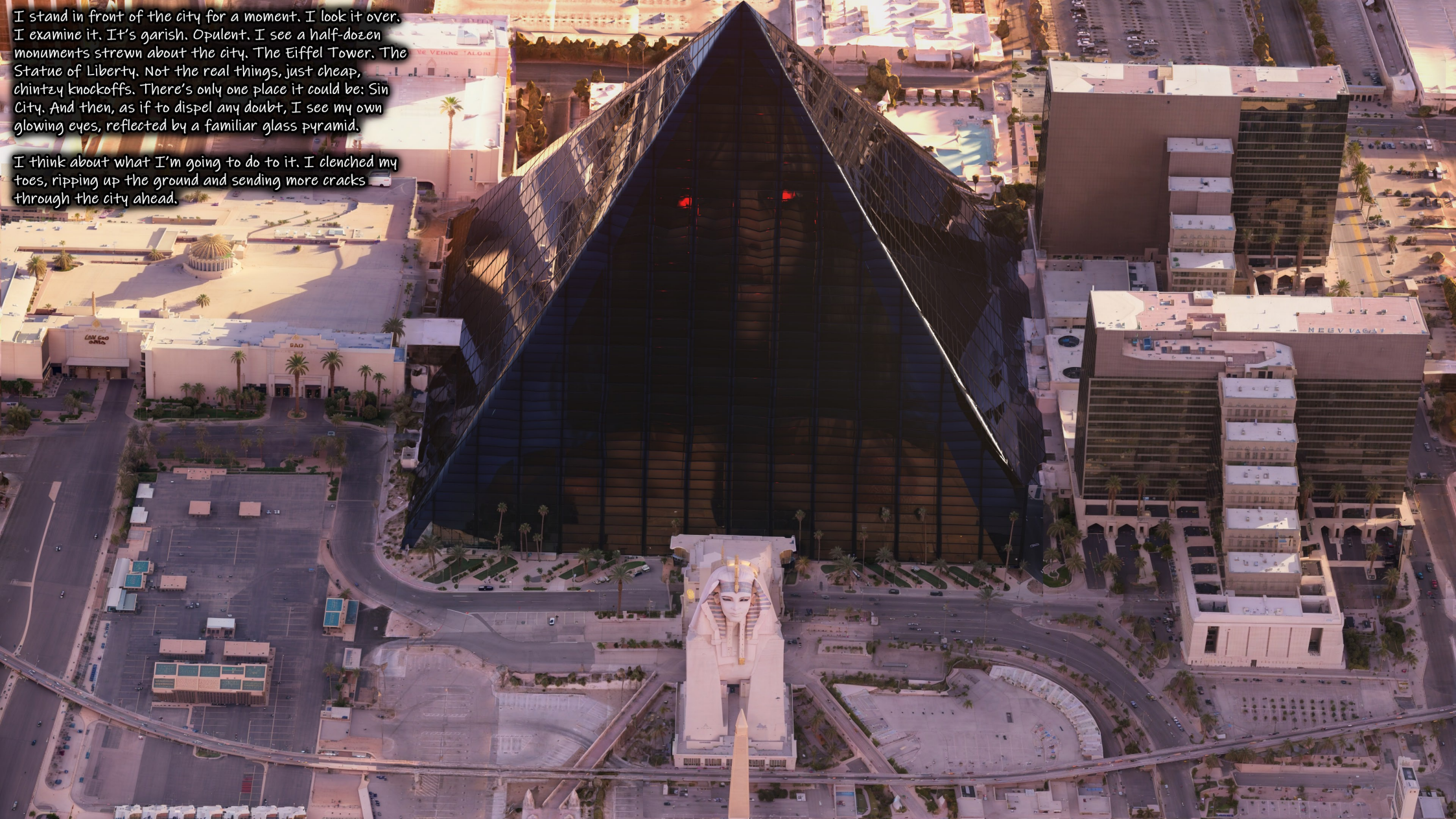

It didn't take nearly as long to get here as I had thought it would. How many miles did I cover with each and every step I took? How long would that same trip have taken for a normal-sized person?
I stopped for a moment, looking down over the city. I tried to focus on what I was seeing, but it all seemed so bizarre, and foreign. Like none of it made sense.
LOVE


I raised my left foot again, took a deep breath... and took a step forward. Far below me an exorbitantly expensive sphere the size of a city block spins a cartoony face around, and seems to almost look up at me in awe.
Before I finish the step.
LAS VEGAS



Well. Here I am.

Dammit... This isn't easy, but it is? I don't want to, but knowing that I don't have much of a way out... at least it's not a difficult task, I guess. The ground around here is hot, and when I step down I can feel the surface buckle and crack underneath me. There's no going back from this. Just walking here I already must have killed so many people.


I stand in front of the city for a moment. I look it over. I examine it. It's garish. Opulent. I see a half-dozen monuments strewn about the city. The Eiffel Tower. The Statue of Liberty. Not the real things, just cheap, chintzy knockoffs. There's only one place it could be: Sin City. And then, as if to dispel any doubt, I see my own glowing eyes, reflected by a familiar glass pyramid.
I think about what I'm going to do to it. I clenched my toes, ripping up the ground and sending more cracks through the city ahead.


Nothing I do will save people anymore. So I guess my only recourse is to march ahead, and maybe... try not to think too hard about it. I take a deep breath, and swing my right foot forward, casting a sizable chunk of the city into inky shadows.


But I can't.
Not... Not this fast, anyway. I try to pivot at the last moment, but I don't entirely move out of the way. My foot comes down on the outskirts of the city, saving the center for now, but causing no small amount of damage in the process. Rolling clouds of smoke erupt around my sole, and spread throughout the city. I can't see or hear people anymore at this scale. If I just ignore it... maybe it won't be so bad.


Yeah... ignore it. This isn't a city. It's a map. I'm staring down at an open map laying out on the floor. A bird's-eye view of Vegas... that just so happens to be moving. And my every step tears up the ground. And-
Fuck it.
Let's get this over with.


My left foot comes into the air just like my right did. I think I should hit the city square in the center. Place my feet next to each other, and turn the vast majority of the city into two huge footprints.
But a devious thought snakes its way into my psyche. A jolt of pleasure hits me square in the pussy, and I move my foot to the left instead.


The scene from earlier is repeated. The earth fails to support me and breaks apart. The ground itself heaves, and a shockwave sends dozens of buildings flying further apart. Huge clouds obscure my toes from those unfortunate enough to be nearby, but far away enough that they were unharmed.
The bulk of downtown is right in front of me. Mostly untouched, save for the residual aftershocks of my approach.


It's all just so... small. So weak. Fragile. In the real world, something this small wouldn't be allowed to exist. It would be preyed upon by those bigger. Its minuscule crystalline structures break apart just from a dirty look. I almost feel something resembling pity for them down there. Trapped in a world that they no longer own.
And they're facing down me. I don't even want to crush them! But here I am... doing it anyway. The reluctant destroyer. Powerful beyond belief. Huge beyond imagination. It's...
That same jolt runs through my pussy, and my legs quiver.


This has to be Kaylee's fault. On some level, I know it is. But I should still be in charge of my own body. I could have stopped myself from dropping to my knees, and demolishing miles upon miles of the city in the process. Maybe reconsidered pushing my feet aside, knowing that the suburbs would be eradicated in the process. Something else put those thoughts in me, but I acted on them.
And now I'm the one who's horny as all get out, with a city full of helpless individuals acting as my partners.


When my fingers brush against my pussy my breath catches in my throat. I tensed up, toes curling, and observed. I had to move aside to even see past my... huge tits. My massive, destruction boobs. These things could wipe out entire cities all on their own, and I'm carrying around two of them like nothing.
Likewise, my fingers are plunging in and out of an endless pussy right now. Getting myself off using nothing but my size for material. The hairs on my body stand on end, and suddenly even the warm breeze on my nipples feels icy.


I think of how best to tackle this. If I'm going to grind my pussy against Vegas how do I do so while causing as much damage as possible. Ruining as many things as I can, and satisfying Kaylee, as well as these destructive urges in the back of my mind.
I look around for an answer... and find something else instead. The city is a lot wider than I anticipated, and there's a whole segment of it that I hadn't even noticed. Every bit as dense as the one situated between my legs, but without the footprints framing it.
It's perfect.


Why settle for a half-crushed segment of the population when I can get the whole damn thing underneath me. It takes a bit to reposition myself but when I do so I lower my ass directly above the city, and feel that part of me one more time. A hesitation.



I can stand up right now. Turn around and throw a punch at Kaylee. She'd never see it coming. I hesitated, leaving myself squatting over thousands upon thousands of lives. Hanging overhead like the sky itself, threatening to fall on them at any moment.

Can I justify this?

I mull it over. Consider every variable. Think about what else I could do... and eventually decide yes. Not like there's a damn other thing I can do, here. I feel my heart swell in my chest as I start lowering my ass again.

Right before I hit the ground, that last bit of resistance demanding I stop what I'm doing and try to fight Kaylee vanishes like a wisp in the wind. In its place I'm filled with unbearable excitement. A sensation telling me to not hold back. But the worst part is...

I agree.


I had been lowering my ass, but fuck that. I let myself lose my balance, and fall that remaining distance to the ground. Rather than a slow descent my ass strikes the city like a dozen nukes at once, evaporating everything caught directly underneath in the blink of an eye. The sheer force of the air being expelled from underneath me in the process rips through the area, spreading chaos even for those just outside of my range. And the clouds that fall a moment later make sure that they can't even get a good grasp of where they are when the worst parts of it all are going down.


All that from sitting.
I spread my legs, toes tingling as I watch them rip apart the landscape. A simple action, not comparable to the impact of my ass striking the ground, but pleasant nonetheless. My fingers dance between my legs, each touch making me feel like I'm going to cum already.


And, more than that, I think about how destroying this city is seemingly the only way it can help me get off. I'm too big for anything else. It's not like they're going to load up dozens of commercial airliners with bodies to feed to my aching pussy. They're not going to launch an entire country's worth of weapons at me just to help me get off.
But my fingers alone do that job. Strong enough to part my lips. Nimble enough to stroke every part of my insides. I feel my toes curl again as I begin to think even smaller.



My pussy could swallow the city, and I was using a couple of fingers to get off.

But what if I used those same fingers on the city? A shudder ran down my spine at the thought. I slowly pulled one out, glistening and wet as it shone in the sun. I looked at all the fluid coating it, and was tempted to suck it off with my finger I was so turned on.

I didn't. Instead I brought my hand down.


My heart raced as I saw the size comparison more directly. I'm in full control of my finger, unlike my ass or my toes. I'm dextrous enough to minimize casualties and damage, or even attempt to pluck up entire buildings if I so desired.
But I don't want to.
I want to fuck the city up, and my shiny finger descneds upon a particularly densely-populated section of the city, heart racing as I do so.


I made contact. The tiny structures attempted to resist, but completely failed to do so. They burst apart as if they were made from dust, and exploded outward the moment I made contact. A surge of arousal flooded my entire body when I saw the city reel just from the tip of a single fingernail.
And I hadn't even touched the ground yet.
COSMOPOLITAN
PARK MGM
NoMad
Aria


I finished that a second later. Pressing all the way down until I felt something resembling actual resistance. Not so much that I couldn't press down even further, but I knew that every single thing underneath my finger was crushed beyond recognition now, and the exploding chunks of the buildings sacrificed to my finger were still raining down from the brutal blow.
Then I started to drag my finger along the ground.
DOJO TOWER



Absolutely nothing could stand in my way. Nothing could even resist. Anything caught under my finger collapsed in the blink of an eye as I dug a new furrow all the way through a segment of the city, leaving nothing behind in my wake.

Even now, I could feel it bunching up against my finger. Some of it was collecting under my fingernail. I had considered trying to draw something on the city. Maybe sign my name or something but... fuck. I was too fucking horny.


The moisture sticking to my finger let some of the building pieces stick to me while I dragged it through the city. Dozens and dozens of buildings that had to be housing hundreds of microscopic people scared for their lives had collected under my fingernail, and had to endure being lifted thousands of feet into the sky.
Just so I could plunge it all straight into my pussy. I arched my back at the feeling of my finger sliding inside of me once more, hardly able to believe any of this was real even after all I've been through.


A thought flitted through my mind once more.
What if I just kept growing. Big enough that I would make even Kaylee look pathetically tiny. Big enough that my toes alone could wipe out countries. Huge enough that I could grind my pussy onto an entire continent. Enormous enough that the earth itself would be smaller than me.
I felt like I was forgetting another reason that growing so much bigger than Kaylee would be beneficial... but it has completely slipped my mind.


"More..." I moan, the thought so strong in my head that I can't help but vocalize it. It's true. I want more... of everything. More of this. More power. More size. If I grow big enough I won't even have to move my finger to wipe out the rest of the city. I could rip the entire thing from the earth's surface with a single fingernail.
The ground rumbles as I slide my feet around further, amusing myself with the casual act. It's so...


The rumbling wasn't from me.
I looked up as I see Kaylee has interrupted my alone time. I immediately feel small before her. All this size, and yet she's still on top. Nothing I can do about it... except grow more. I can grow more. I must grow more. I have to grow more.


"Are you enjoying yourself?"
Yes. Obviously. But I don't want to say that. I don't want to give her the satisfaction.
"You don't want to admit it." She said, seeing straight through me. I clenched my teeth at how easy I was to read, but she only knelt behind me.
"Mind if I help?"


I wanted to tell her to leave. That destroying the city was my responsibility, and I wanted to do it alone. But she wasn't content to just sit behind me. She pressed her enormous body against mine, and I felt myself sinking into the pillowy softness of her tits. Enveloped in their warmth and support, while she brought one of her big hands up to grope at my own chest.
A moan escaped my throat as she wasted no time leaning close and whispering into my ear.
"Crush them."



The order sends a surge of arousal through me. I nearly came right on the spot.

"Do it." She continued. "It is your right. They are weak, and only continue to exist because you allow them. Take advantage of your size. Use it to grind them into the ground. You're so much better than them. Our entire family is."

Her big hand let go of my tit, and for a moment I moaned, wanting her to put it back. But instead that same hand slid down my belly, and wrapped around my own hand. She clasped my wrist tightly, and helped me rub my own pussy.


"Do you feel that?"
I tried to answer. I felt compelled to answer honestly. To say yes... but all I could manage was a soft moan. A moan that spurred her onto do more, and released my hand, before lowering it back to the city.



"Look at how big you are." She said, "Even sitting, you're sparing so many of them. Every small amount of your body that isn't touching the ground directly means lives are being spared. You can do better."

I wanted to ask how I could do better, but she answered that for me. Her big hand came down to the city in front of me. A section untouched by my previous actions. Completely intact, despite being surrounded by thighs bigger than mountains.

And with frightening ease, she dug her nails into the ground. The effect was immediate, and I felt my heart flutter at the sight.


I was expecting more... resistance. Digging straight into the earth should have proved difficult... but it just didn't. Her nails bore straight through the city, into the earth below, and gradually began to scoop up a segment of a city.
A segment she carefully raised high into the sky, careful to keep it intact... and brought in between my legs.



"You want to destroy them, don't you? You want to stop pretending you're not loving this." She said, releasing my hand and stroking her fingers along my inner thigh and between my legs. The resistance melts away as I can only give myself both to her ministrations, as well as her argument.

"You're too small." She said, matter-of-factly. "So why don't you indulge, and grow?"


I looked up at her, hardly able to keep my face straight as my body was overwhelmed from every side with pleasure. Both from Kaylee's efforts, as well as the effortless destruction I brought to so many.
"You're not growing yet." She said, smile widening. "Is something wrong? You want to get big, don't you?"
"I do..."


She pressed her lips against my forehead, and whispered into my ear. "You don't need my permission. Just grow."
I arched my back as I sunk further into her tits, and she cradled me with her big arms.
"I don't know if I can..."
"You can." She said, almost insulted by my hesitance. "You can grow big. Really, really fucking big... Do it. It's your right."


"Really... Really... big?"
"Until you can break the atmosphere while both feet are firmly placed on the ground. Until nations will bow before your toes. Grow until you put both me and Krystal to shame. The only limits you have are those you've placed on yourself."
"Yeah... Grow really... really... big..."


It starts.
The first moment I feel my body slide across the ground without any movement on my end makes me ecstatic. I'm doing it. I'm growing!


The weight of Kaylee's body on mine lessens as my body expands further. I feel more capable as it happens. If I can grow, I can do fucking anything!


Even Kaylee jolts up suddenly when she has to start changing her own position just to keep leaning on me. For a second it feels like she wants to back away and give me some space, but I lock her into position with my other arm so she can ride this out with me the whole way.


She doesn't protest anymore after that. She embraces me more tightly if anything. Squeezing my hand while I masturbated on the backdrop of a microscopic city. The clouds far below help to both obscure my sight of the destruction I'm causing, while serving as a reminder of just how big I really am.


"Look at how fucking big you're getting!" Kaylee moaned.
I wanted to say something back, but at this point I'm incapable of making any sounds other than moaning while I speed towards another orgasm.


Every part of me is so massive now. My feet on their sides just dwarf the mountains ahead. The world may as well be flat next to either of us at this point. I move my fingers more quickly in an effort to get off quicker, but I can feel Kaylee's fingers pull my hand aside.


For a moment I almost felt angry that she would deny me my right to cum.
That fades when, a split-second later, Kaylee thrusts her own fingers into my pussy. I sink back into her body near-instantly. I was doing well enough on my own, but Kaylee's fingers are so much bigger... and fill me up so much more.



"Being this big is the greatest thing you've ever experienced, isn't it?"

I try to respond, but the only sound I'm even capable of making at this point is a moan.

"It's a special privilege only allowed to us." She continues, her fingers sliding in and out of me slowly. "Think about it. No one else deserves this. Only us. All that pointless resistance you put up for so long... just to accept your rightful place as one of the rulers of this world. You were given great power, so use it."

"I... I will..." I whispered between panting breaths. I just didn't want her to stop. I moaned quietly, begging her to keep going. Anything to let me finish.



"Prove it."

Before I can ask how, I suddenly feel Kaylee's immense strength lift me. The idea that, for as big as I am, there's still something, anything capable of lifting me into the air is unbelievable. She doesn't just hoist me straight up, though. She does it slowly. Letting me reacclimate myself in the process, so my feet bulldoze through miles and miles of the city. Absolutely nothing can withstand the destruction for more than a second before my feet finally find enough purchase to grab hold of the ground and balance.

"Look at what you did to that poor city..." She moaned, her fingers exploring my depths more savagely. "All those pathetic little lives that you needed just trying to catch your balance. You don't feel bad for them, do you?"


"I... I don't...!"

"You want to crush more of them, don't you?"

"I... I DO!"

"Then do it! Let their misery as they are crushed beneath you help you out! Let it pump through your veins, and fucking grow!"

"I- " The sentence caught in my throat, and instead I screamed in arousal. Loud enough that I'm sure every single window for miles around shattered. My legs quivered as Kaylee held onto me, causing my feet to slide around as I nearly lost balance and wiped away more of the city. I clutched Kaylee's hand tightly, making sure that it stayed inside of me while I rode the orgasm until its final moments.


It's too much pleasure to endure. Too much for anyone to endure. If it's doing this to me, I can only imagine how this much pleasure would instantly shatter the mind of a lesser being. I arched my back up and leaned further into Kaylee for support, letting her carry me as my pussy clenched her fingers tighter. I wanted to turn around and embrace her.


That's when she released me.


After a certain size you stop expecting to see certain things up in the air. Massive skyscrapers. Mountains. Entire islands. All things you expect to see firmly rooted in the ground, never to move under any circumstances.

Something as big as myself shouldn't be in the air at all. Shouldn't be freefalling to the planet. If I had fallen from higher up, it could have meant the end of the world entirely, and the people below could only look up as the sky itself fell towards them, blotting out the sun.

To me, it felt like falling a couple of feet. But for everyone else, it would be like a meteor crashing into the earth.


The sensation shocked me for a moment. I lost my support, and fell from the sky. Thousands upon thousands of feet straight to the city below. When I hit the ground it was like a dozen nukes going off at once. The entire planet must be shaking from such a blow. It's the kind of landing that is going to kick off changes in the weather.


But before I'd even hit the ground I accepted that this was worth it. This would be fun, even. This is what I deserved, and nobody is able to stop me. I felt an immense desire to be filled again, and wasted no time fantasizing about my continued, further growth.


"Imagine how much fun you could have been having if you had been doing this all along..." Kaylee whispered, squeezing my tit gently. I looked up at her, wondering about that myself. Thinking of how long I'd resisted just to give in... and how wonderful this had felt.
"Do you want to get even bigger?"
There wasn't any hesitation. I nodded.


She smiled, and gently lowered me to the ground. I lay on my back, looking up at her, wondering what was planned. Did she want me to grow while lying on my back? See how much of the city I could consume that way? That could be interesting... and incredibly hot.
"That comes later." Was all she said, running a finger down my cheek. "But first..."


"It's my turn."
Crawling across the ground, I gasped when I saw her face vanish from view. Then her tits did as well, before my entire field of vision was filled with her pussy and ass. I gasped in shock, before she sat down onto my face, sending a shockwave through the immediate area.


I could have thrown her off of me. I was big enough,
and she didn't ask. She just did it.
But why on earth would I ever do that?


I want to be more like her. Just take things that I can, because who is going to stop me? I lie on my back out in the middle of nowhere, and feel her grind over my face slowly, gradually picking up the pace. I feel my heart rate increase as it becomes apparent very fucking quickly that she's not doing this just to get off.


She's doing it to grow.


For a moment I felt something resembling fear. She was already heavy when she was atop my head. She could have smothered the life out of me if she wanted. And now I can feel that weight increasing. Her size increased even further beyond the unbelievable. The sensation driving me deeper into the ground as millions of tons of weight bear down on me all at once.


It quickly goes away though.
It's hard to admit... given everything I've gone through since this all began. All the back and forth. All the fighting. A lifetime of issues with one another that's culminated in the loss of millions of lives and wiped entire cities off the map.


But I trust her.
Implicitly. I let her ride me, and do my part to help her out. My tongue and hands wasted no time working her over, and I can feel her thighs squeeze tighter around my head as she tries to endure the pleasure.


It doesn't take long for her to finish off, though. Maybe she's more sensitive, maybe the fact that the colossal woman who'd crushed an entire city just a moment ago is now lying underneath her, servicing her gigantic pussy and ass that gets her off more quickly.
Either way, she quickly reaches her climax.


And screams.

It echoes through the landscape. I can feel the vibration through her legs. Every part of me shakes. I think of what I just went through, and what she just did to me... and I can only feel one emotion.

Envy.

I need to be bigger. I need to be able to do that. I need to be so big that I can take Kaylee herself the way she just did me.


Kaylee's outgrown me again. I can sense it. My growth spurt from earlier put me in the lead for a while... but it didn't last.
More. I have to grow more.


But first... I have to destroy more.
Crawling on all fours I can practically fit the entirety of the city underneath me. Dropping my body onto the ground and lying flat would probably wipe out millions of lives in the blink of an eye. I could do that. I could bring untold amounts of destruction simply by letting myself fall.


There's only one small problem.
Or two really, really big ones.


As I'm crawling along the ground, my tits are swinging around beneath me. My nipples are hard as they've ever been, and coming dangerously close to gliding over the ground and crushing chunks of the city in their wake. If I were to actually lie down, I would probably come to rest on those instead, and a large portion of my body wouldn't even touch the city.


But is that really so bad? The idea that my nipples alone. A small, sensitive part of my body is bigger than skyscrapers. Towers over the skyline. Is indestructible enough to be a threat to millions of lives is arousing on a level I've never even considered. I can do so much, with so little of my body.


But that's all from my perspective. I just see my tits swinging over a helpless city, before they smash into the ground and flatten out. It's a lovely sensation that I'm eager to try again.
The image has to be vastly different to the people trapped in those same cities I was hanging over. Seeing a woman enormous beyond belief in the distance and praying, hoping that she changes course, or moves to another direction. Coming to realize that your city is next, and she's too huge to possibly get away from. Looking up as it becomes strikingly obvious this is all just a game to her, as she swings her gigantic tits from side to side overhead.


A game that ends in a moment's notice, when the descent begins. The playful show becoming real in an instant when more of the sky is hidden from view by a descending tit. A nipple bigger than buildings coming down from the sky with no regard for anything in its path.
They'd have a moment to realize what's happening. Enough to scream louder. Maybe make a vain attempt to run.


All for nothing more than a moment's pleasure from the giant bitch having fun. It's almost enough to make someone empathize with their plight.

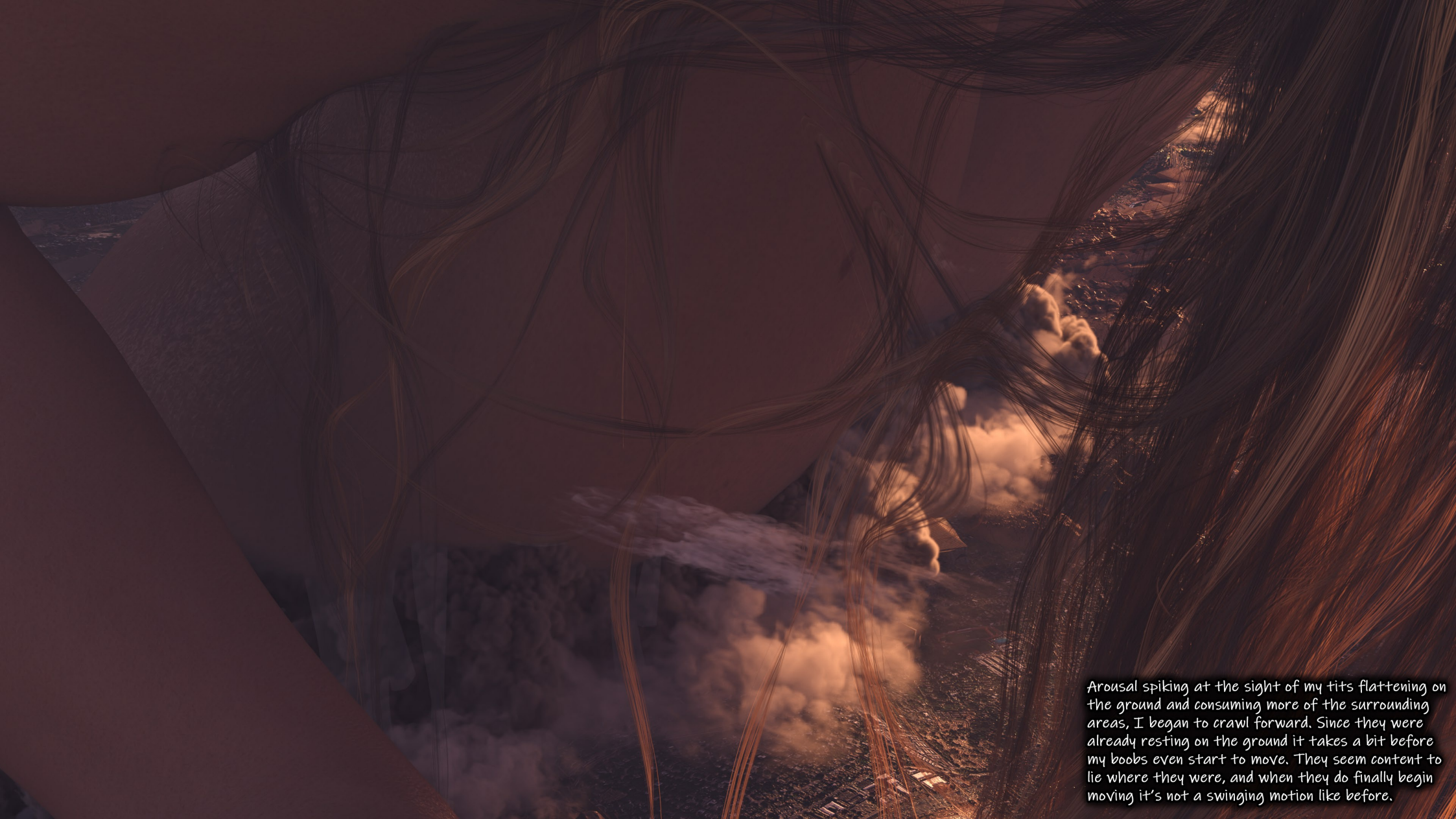

Not that my intention was ever to spare them. I was just looking for the right spot. I wanted something particularly dense, and when I felt like I was hovering directly over it... I dropped.
Wrecking balls don't do it justice. Wrecking balls don't wipe out dozens of buildings at once. There is no easy way to describe what happens when my nipples hit the ground... except for how it makes me feel. Jolts of pleasure traveling up and down my spine. The immediate surrounding areas looking like a scene from an apocalypse.



But it all vanishes quickly.

Sensitive as they are, my nipples are still but a small part of my tits. My big... heavy... soft tits. They've grown so much in addition to my own size, and now they're capable of this. Any destruction my nipples wrought when they came down is erased in the blink of an eye, smothered beneath an omnipresent blanket of tits.

Out of view, I can feel my nipples remaining undeterred, though. They burrow straight into the ground, and will no doubt make for a spectacular print... if I was interested in doing that.


Arousal spiking at the sight of my tits flattening on the ground and consuming more of the surrounding areas, I began to crawl forward. Since they were already resting on the ground it takes a bit before my boobs even start to move. They seem content to lie where they were, and when they do finally begin moving it's not a swinging motion like before.


Now they get dragged along the city. It's inelegant.
Almost dirty. There isn't any degree of effort or skill to it.
Just crawling forward and letting gravity do the work.
But it's effective.


Bulldozing the city doesn't even begin to describe it. After my tits wipe over thousands upon thousands more buildings and people it's like there was nothing there beforehand. Just massive plots of wasteland. Built for nothing. Occupied by no one. A veritable new desert left in my wake.
It's no surprise that it takes hardly any time at all to reach the end of the city. Only a few seconds from my perspective, which must have been frighteningly fast for the microscopic people below. To stare down something so overwhelmingly huge that it dominates the horizon, and see it come towards you faster than you can possibly imagine. Being engulfed by the massive storms of dust smoke that serve as a prelude to my entrance.
I'm not big enough to fit the whole thing underneath my tits, but I can fit enough.



And what narrowly avoids being crushed is wiped out a second later, when I rest all my weight onto my chest. Thousands of feet in front of the section of the city that had been directly crushed gets erased quicker than anyone can realize. My tits flatten out as I lie down, spreading the devastation even further.

Then I can see it. Something I hadn't expected. The ground is shaking. Not from the aftershocks of what I"d just done. Or from my breaths. No... it's rhythmic. My heart is beating so fast and loud inside of my chest that it's vibrating the ground itself. It's not something I expected in my wildest imagination.


And it turns me on something fierce.

I keep my eyes locked straight down. Observing the city underneath me while my fingers explore my pussy again. A lifetime of this is absolutely something I can see myself getting used to. The loss of lives doesn't matter. I don't even see it, and I certainly can't feel it. Only some silly standard of morality that no longer applies to me would make me slow down, so why should I?

I should indulge. I should embrace this.


Kaylee... was right.
Even now. Miles of the country have completely fallen under me. Places I've never visited. Places I would never know about. Small towns. Remote homes. Miles upon miles of farmland. All gone, while their only compensation is the privilege of watching me masturbate over them.


And that's what fuels my growth once more.
I can't stop from grinding my legs against the ground, feeling it break apart and crack from the strain of holding me. I take a mental photograph of the area directly beneath my face when I feel the spurt come on, knowing that I'm going to be something entirely different when it's over.


The sensation of watching my view shift while not moving myself forward in any way never gets old, but this time is unique as well. I've grown so much that even my hair is a danger to the people below.


Like massive tendrils from an eldritch beast they drag through the countryside, crushing anything underneath. I can't imagine a more humiliating way to go.


And I never have to.
A fate so embarrassing is exclusive to things that small. I'm above that. I'm the cause of that. I'm something greater.


I can hear my pussy from here. I can feel how wet I am. I try to hold back to preserve as much of the land beneath me as possible...


But it's difficult. Or... maybe it's not, and I'm trying to convince myself it is. Whether it's because I lack the willpower, or I just want to see what happens firsthand, I give in to yet another urge. Another sadistic desire I want to see play out in real time directly in front of me.


I screamed.
The orgasm hits me like a train, and the sight of my voice and what it does sends shivers through my body. A huge blast of invisible energy smashes over miles of countryside. The scene looks like old stock movies of nuclear blasts going off just outside of the radius. Forests are ripped up out of the ground and sent flying. Stray buildings are blown to pieces. All while I cum to the thought of doing this and so, so much more.


Before I collapse, and fall to the ground.
I don't know how long I lay there. Panting. Eyes closed. Letting the waves of pleasure ride out as I wait to catch my breath... but that time is cut short.
There's rumbling behind me. Someone is approaching. I get on my hands and knees and look back to see if one of my progeny wants to join in the destruction, and I smile when I see Kaylee.


"You've grown." She says, strolling up behind me without a care for the world beneath us. Untold thousands more lives wiped out, just because she wanted to get closer... and run her fingers through my hair. The feeling provides me with a bit of warmth, and security. It comforts me, and I can hardly believe what she's saying.


"You're one to talk." I tell her, astounded at how close we still were, despite my obvious advantage. After that latest spurt I thought I'd have utterly dwarfed her, but she's clearly been busy herself. Something that she clearly takes great joy in as her lips gradually curl up into a smile.
"I get around." She says, eyes glowing intensely as they focus on me.



"Stand up." She says. "I want to see if you've outgrown me."

Is that... trepidation in her voice? I thought I'd make her proud for a moment there, but already I can begin to feel the dynamic change. There's something deeper there. Something she doesn't want to admit, but she does want to see firsthand.

Something I'm all too happy to oblige. I gradually get up fully onto my knees, and watch her expression closely.

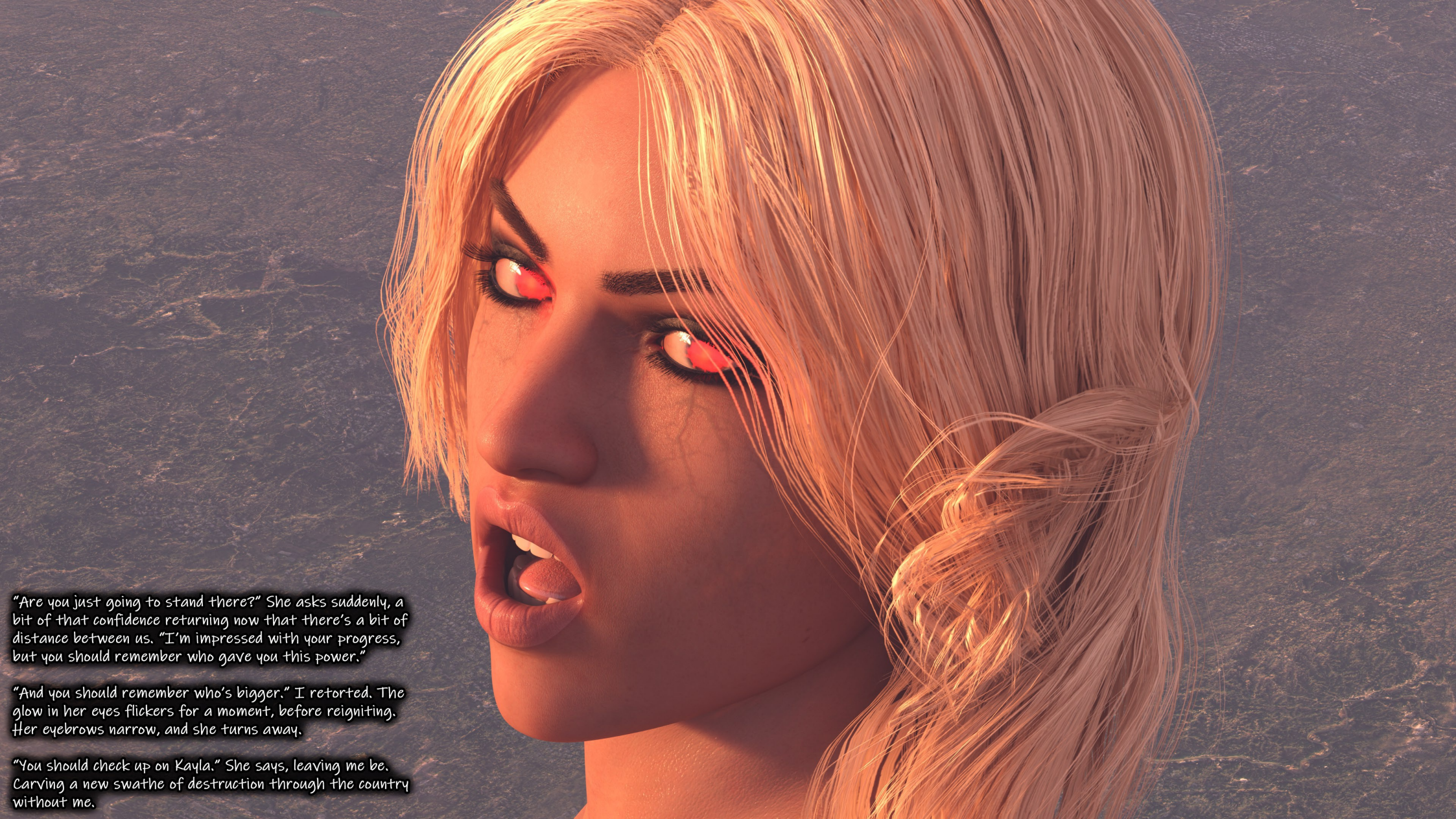

Her smile begins to fade. Even on my knees I reach as high as her shoulders, and she knows that the difference in scale is going to be enormous. To think that the last one to grow, and the one who had to spend so much of this adventure at minuscule sizes by comparison is now able to dwarf Kaylee gets me aroused.
I have to see how big I am.


The earth shakes more as I climb to my feet. Debris rains from my knees onto the tortured planet below, but I climb higher and higher into the sky. I don't stand up all at once. I do it slowly. Letting the true enormity of my scale sink in as I quickly meet Kaylee's eyes... then begin to tower above her.
My heart races once I'm up on two feet again. Her hand has retracted now, looking up at me for a change. She's lost the high ground, a fact that excites me.


"You've grown... a lot." She says again, hardly able to believe what she's seeing. She attempts to straighten herself out, and reassert her dominance, but the attempt at a display of power fizzles out. She's still a full head shorter than me, and I can see that insecurity in her face. I can feel it radiating off of her.
The glow in her eyes begins to dim. Not by a significant amount... but enough.


"Is this not what you told me to do?" I asked, utterly confident in my conviction. "Or is there something wrong? Maybe scared that you're not the one on top anymore?"
We may have both been monolithic giantesses, towering over anything else on the planet. Visible for all to see from miles away. Terrifying entities who enjoy raining death and destruction onto a helpless populace that can't even begin to defend themselves...
But between the two of us, it's like nothing's changed. The relationship is no longer deities crushing the population, but that of a mother scolding her petulant daughter for misbehaving.


And just like she always did, Kaylee deflects. She turns around, and walks away, the speed at which she does so betrays her feelings. Her head remains tilted back towards me, as if I'm going to magically ignore her, and let her keep staying on top like she had been this entire time.
I'll let her pretend. For now.


"Are you just going to stand there?" She asks suddenly, a bit of that confidence returning now that there's a bit of distance between us. "I'm impressed with your progress, but you should remember who gave you this power."

"And you should remember who's bigger." I retorted. The glow in her eyes flickers for a moment, before reigniting. Her eyebrows narrow, and she turns away.

"You should check up on Kayla." She says, leaving me be. Carving a new swathe of destruction through the country without me.


As soon as she says this, I hear thunderous footsteps behind me. Not nearly as loud as my own or Kaylee's, but powerful enough that there's only one other possible thing it could be. I turn to look down at my other progeny, and immediately notice something is off. The glow from her eyes has all but faded, and I feel a surge of anger run through me. Something inside of me is furious, demanding I strike her down for rejecting the gift she'd been given, but I'm able to maintain control of myself, and speak calmly.
"What's wrong?"


"Mom." She says, looking up at me, then down to the world at our feet. I see her paying particularly close attention to my feet, and I clenched my toes while she watches, making her visibly flinch. Something is indeed very wrong.
"What is it?"
"I... I need to talk to you about something." She says. She looks off in the direction Kaylee went, and I can only assume it's to make sure she's not privy to our conversation.


"Mom, if you're... I mean, if you're even in there... then just listen to me. This could be your best chance to take her on. You're bigger than her. You could overpower her. If you attack her now, maybe you can beat her. Maybe we can end this all, before everything is ruined. I... I heard how Kaylee was talking. She wants to destroy the entire planet. What are we supposed to do then? Can we even survive in-"
"Your eyes no longer radiate with her power." I said, cutting her off. "Why is that?"
"I-"
"Have you rejected the power you were given?"
"No, I- I don't think so, anyway? But listen to me! We can't just- the entire planet? Really? What kind of future is that... for any of us?"


"It is our destiny."
"Well it's a shitty destiny, and I don't want to-"
"You're not getting it, Kayla. This is our destiny. You are included in that. There is no alternative. If you are having second thoughts, then you must be reminded of the importance of your participation."
"What does that-"


In the blink of an eye I grab hold of her entire face with my fingers. Again that entity inside of speaks up. Demanding I pour all my strength into my hand, and crush her head like a melon. Telling me that I can find a replacement, and it doesn't need to be her specifically.
But I'm in charge here. No matter how much it may want to see me use my destructive nature against even my own flesh and blood, I'm not going to even approach that line. I instead focused on the palm of my hand... and felt the spirit within me grow weaker, while I transferred some of my energy back into Kayla. She'll adjust. I know her better than anyone.


The entire time, Kayla said nothing. Her mouth was open for a moment, and it seemed as if that same ethereal glow was coming from every part of her body, before it faded. Figuring that was enough, I released, and let her gather herself.
"Well?"
She stands there for a moment, blinking silently. She looks at her hands, then back up to me.


Kayla gradually regains her balance, then catches herself. She looks down at her hands, back to her feet, to the world around us... and finally settles on me again.
"You are part of us." I reminded her. "We are only whole together, and you will fulfill your destiny."
She nods.
"And you have realized the error of your ways, and accepted her gift graciously once more?"
She nods again.


"Speak." I ordered. "Look up at me, and tell me with your words. You understand the importance of your destiny, and are thankful for the gift I've bestowed upon you once more. Correct?"
"Yes." She says, her eyes reigniting into that brilliant shade of red once more. I smiled down at her, and placed a hand on her shoulder.


"Then you know what comes now, don't you?"
"I-, We destroy... everything. Leave nothing standing." She says, the excitement beginning to return to her voice.
"And after that?"
"We become as one." She says, nodding solemnly.


I'm surprised. I may have mistaken Kayla's apprehension towards her status, as well as the gift she's been given as weakness. But she remains strong in her convictions as ever. What matters now is pointing that strength in the right direction, and using it for something that benefits me. That benefits all of us.
The end of all things.


END OF
PART 23


KAYLEE
PART 23
GROWTH
CHART
KAYLEE- END OF PART 23
90 MILES TALL
50,000,000,000,000 TONS
KAYLA- END OF PART 23
60 MILES TALL
14,300,000,000,000 TONS
KRYSTAL- END OF PART 23
105 MILES TALL
80,000,000,000,000 TONS
KAYLEE- END OF PART 22
40 MILES TALL
4,300,000,000,000 TONS
KAYLA-END OF PART 22
14.5 MILES TALL
200,000,000,000 TONS
KRYSTAL- END OF PART 22
7 MILES TALL
22,800,000,000 TONS

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