
KAYLEE
PART 24


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Kalaratri lay on the top of the forest. As the princess caressed her breasts, she rocked further onto her side, felling dozens more trees under her enormous behind in the process. The action would prove disastrous for many, but there were far more pressing concerns.


The enormous beings were in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by vast forests for miles around. At first glance it would appear uninteresting, but this location had been chosen with care. For situated deep within the forests was an ancient temple. One dedicated not to the giant being who wielded such impossible-to-deny powers. No, it was a structure dedicated to another.


A false god who deserved no worship, which the goddesses sought to prove. The stewards of the place had offered little resistance against their overwhelming might. Now the goddesses could do as they pleased. The temple was theirs, and it would be consecrated in their image.


The princess had latched onto the queen's massive breast, suckling and squeezing for all she was worth. As she did so, a powerful energy surged through both of their enlarged forms. As their bodies were united, so too were their minds and souls. In that moment, though they were of two separate forms, they became one spirit. Two goddesses occupying a single body.



The queen was satisfied with the loyalty and devotion on display. She could feel the power once more swelling within her, and knew that this was not a power she should hoard for herself. As she felt those comparably smaller hands squeeze her breast tightly she moaned, and let the princess indulge herself.

As she did so, she could feel her body begin to grow. And as the queen's body began to grow, so too did the princess's in equal measure.


It did not last long. The queen wielded so much power that she had become remarkably efficient in all things. She basked in the energy coursing through every inch of her body, and a devious grin formed upon her face.


A moment later, her daughter had drunk her fill. The intimate act would have been otherworldly to the microbes who they shared a planet with. The impressive view would have been spoken of for ages, but there would be none who could recall such an image due to the danger involved in seeing it.


"Did you enjoy yourself?"
The princesses both looked back at their mother, and nodded loyally. The act of standing up after they'd finished had compacted the ground so tightly that no life could prosper where they tread. But if they were asked a question, they were compelled to answer.


"My breasts are still engorged." The queen said, crawling on all fours as her gigantic breasts swung heavily beneath her. "I invite both of you to come. Drink more, and sample the depths of power that await you."


The air grew heavy for a moment as they considered the order. They were both rather full, but the promise of ever more power was a potent draw. They looked back at the queen, and saw well just how she wielded those breasts she carried around so proudly.



The temple she had crawled above was utterly dwarfed by the massive things. They threatened to crush the entire thing in an instant if she so much as rested for a moment. The massive spires of the temple stretched far above the tree lines, but from her perspective it looked like a minor bump in an otherwise-green landscape.

"Well?" She asked, her voice causing her breasts to shake.



Her daughters needed no more convincing. Their brief forays into destroying other sections of the countryside that had remained untouched faded from their minds as they returned in unison.

"Yes mother." They both said, threatening to bring the temple down as the earth was violently shaken from their footsteps alone.


Taking a deep breath, the queen rises to her knees, sparing the temple beneath her for the moment. She raises her hands over her head, arching her back so her gigantic breasts wobble freely. The princesses rush over to the proffered breasts, taking them in their hands and latching on.

The sensation of warm lips clinging to her breasts pleases the queen, and the valley is soon filled with her moans echoing off of the mountains.


But the serenity does not last. One of the princesses, having grown spiteful over having to share this power with her vastly inferior sibling, lashes out. The smallest of the three is forced away from the queen's breasts with a mighty shove, as the larger princess spits at her.
"You've had your chance!" She shouted. "But you have squandered the opportunity. Only I deserve this!"


The queen considered the conflict between the two underneath her for a moment, and came to a swift decision. The larger of the two was forced to the ground, and near-instantly had her face straddled by the queen herself for her own enjoyment. The princess attempted to apologize and ask for leniency, but the requests were smothered beneath the queen's tremendous size.


As the queen receives pleasure from another, she does what she has always done since being gifted this power.
She began to grow.


The princess was helpless, used completely and utterly by the giant woman straddling her face. The queen was relentless in her pursuit of pleasure, grinding atop the face like it was the only thing that mattered to her.
It only seemed reasonable that she would reach climax a moment later.


The queen clenches her huge body atop the princess's. She sits there for minutes, moaning, squeezing, and wrenching every last possible drop of pleasure from the giant, subservient woman in the pursuit of her own pleasure.
When the pleasure finally begins to subside, she feels the power well up inside of her. Brighter, and more intense than ever.


The queen then stands up. The princess beneath her apologizes once more for her transgressions, and the queen, gracious as always, forgives her. The three stand up once more, their never-ending goal of destruction long from being finished.


Their distraction had been brief. An aside from what was sure to be a good deal of time spent traversing the countryside. Crushing buildings. Ending lives. Making sure that there were no doubts to anyone's mind as to who was actually in charge here. Ensure the world knew which deities were actually deserving of devotion, fear, and worship.


And which would fall beneath their feet, remembered as little more than monuments to false gods. The people who worshiped them erased from the earth, and buried within footprints.



As she continued her seemingly never ending quest, the queen would revel in the seemingly limitless power at her disposal. A power that would ensure the repercussions of her actions would be felt for eons to come.

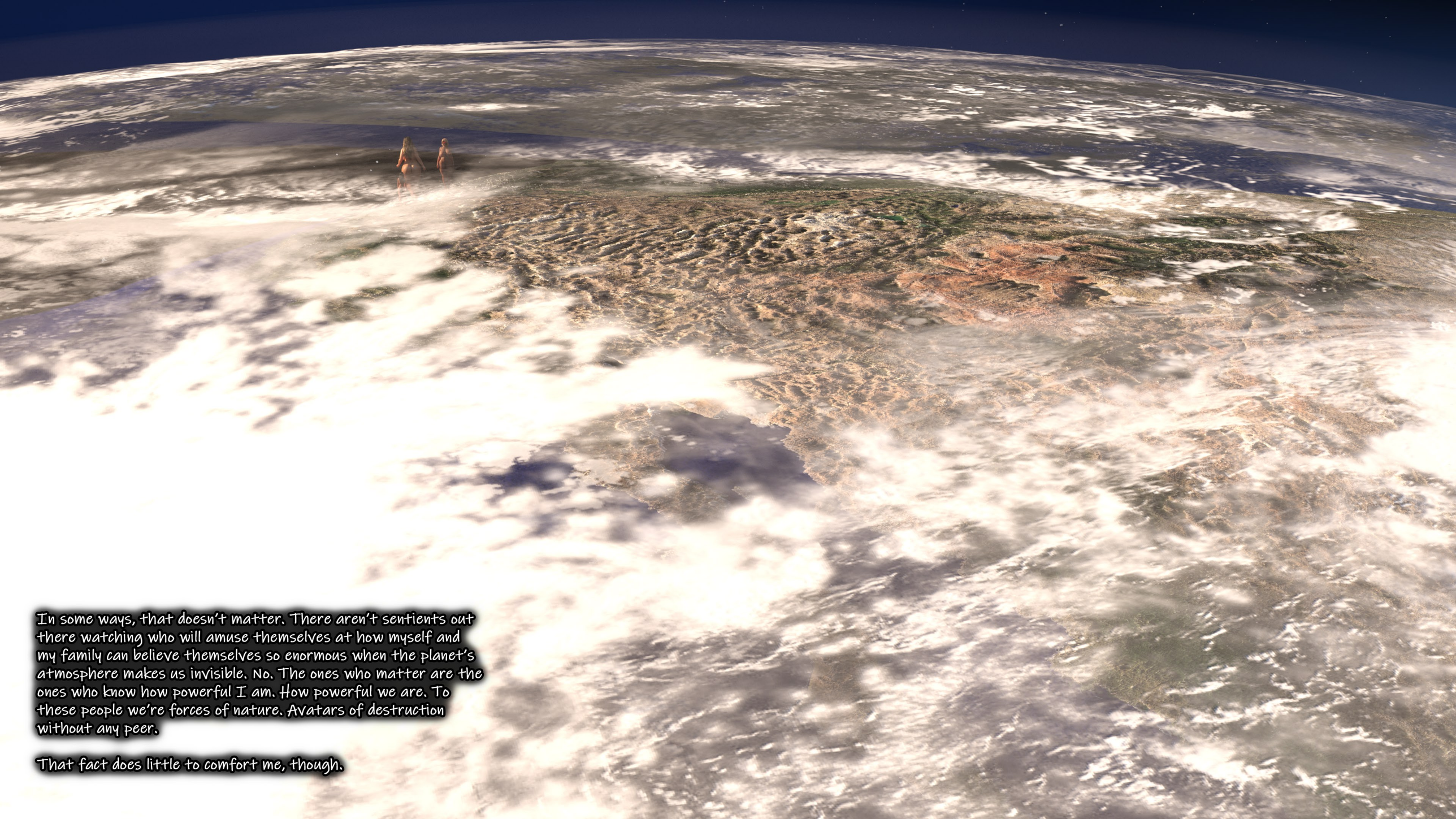
A crooked smile formed on her lips as she continued to step forward, assured in her legacy. Confident that she would reshape this world in her image.



It is almost absurd how large the earth really, truly is. I can reach as high as the sky itself. Trample entire cities beneath a single foot. Claim millions of lives for little more than my own amusement. Become a disaster the likes of which the world has never experienced before, and will not be around to experience again.

And yet, in spite of all these efforts. In spite of it all... the world continues to spin. All that has happened so far is limited to a comparatively small section of a single landmass. The world continues to spin, and those who have been spared can only witness the end times come for them and wait.


There are times where I have my doubts about even my own scale. I know that I am gigantic beyond imagination. I need no reminders of this fact. My every step tells me this. The protests of those in my path ring loud in my memory.
But how big am I, really? Can I be seen from space? Or am I still too small for that, even? I may dominate the landscape from ground level, but from outside...?
I'm not even a blip on the planet.


In some ways, that doesn't matter. There aren't sentients out there watching who will amuse themselves at how myself and my family can believe themselves so enormous when the planet's atmosphere makes us invisible. No. The ones who matter are the ones who know how powerful I am. How powerful we are. To these people we're forces of nature. Avatars of destruction without any peer.
That fact does little to comfort me, though.


The planet is vast. I am vast. But I am little more than a speck walking upon it. A pockmark marring the greens and blues that make up its surface.
And that will have to change.


"Welcome." Kaylee says, looking at the two of us. "This day has been a long time coming, but all of existence has been building up to this. To this grand moment that will change the future for every other life going forward."
She stops, locks eyes with me in particular, and grins.
"But we are not yet fully connected." She continues. "Our minds and souls are still disparate. But to join our minds, we must join our bodies. And then, united, we can reach our true power, and become one. And in doing so, becoming greater than the sum of our parts."


"We will be as one..." I told her. "But we will not be equal. "The power you've imparted upon us brought with it a great deal of knowledge. Five thousand years ago, it was not one of the daughters, but Kalaratri, the queen-mother, who led the trinity. As it so happens, I stand now a head taller than you. I am stronger than you, and wiser too. You've done a good deal for me, but you must also realize that I am the only one fit to rule."


Kaylee's head tilted up, and that smile she'd flashed at me became a confident smirk. "That remains to be seen." She said, simply. "We will find out who among us dominates, and who will submit at the feet of their superior. That is, assuming either of you are even worthy of tasting the depths of my power..."


"What point is there to this charade?" I asked, as Kaylee began to walk away. "My size alone indicates I am at the top of the pecking order."


"Size isn't everything." Kaylee says, looking at the minuscule city spread before her. "It is important, yes, but it is not everything. Among the three of us, I am the only one who holds a special... appreciation for destruction."
CHOICE CUT
FRESH MEAT DAILY
EL MOLEROS
EL MOLEROS
FLAVOURS OF MEXICO


"Oh?" I asked, watching as she slowly raised a foot over a particularly-populated segment of Seattle. "Do tell."


"There are many reasons to destroy." Kaylee said, wiggling her toes and flaunting the gigantic sole above the city. "I've indulged myself many a time. Usually just with the aim of getting off."
"I'm aware."


"But the act of destruction for its sake alone. Destroying just to destroy..." Kaylee mused, gradually beginning to lower her foot. For thousands of microbes below they could only see the bottoms of her sole and toes as they inexorably lowered to the ground, intent on compacting everything beneath their might.

CENTURYLINK FIELD
"THAT." She states pointedly, pressing her foot down so the tallest buildings underneath her begin to collapse from her weight. "...Is what separates me from the two of you. What separates the wheat from the chaff. I don't destroy purely for my own enjoyment. I do it for the love of destruction."


As she spoke, her foot continued coming down, bringing more and more skyscrapers to the ground as she did so. Her grin widened ever so slightly as she savored the feeling, knowing that she had captured a particularly notable monument with this step, and could feel the cries of countless lives below as they met an untimely end.


"Can you say the same?" Kaylee asks. "Or do you crush, kill, and destroy the tiny lives beneath us as a means to an end. To make a statement? To acquire more power in the hopes that your authority can not be questioned?"



Saying this, she pressed down with all the weight of her foot. What was a moment before a slow crushing destruction of a significant portion of the city instantly turned into a natural disaster. Hundreds of buildings were wiped out in the blink of an eye.


Massive cracks spread through the ground swallowing thousands more lives as buildings and entire streets were swallowed whole. Huge clouds of dust billowed out in every direction, meaning those nearest could not even see the source of all the destruction any longer.


"Well?" She says, as if the action was simply to prove a point. "Do you understand the difference between us? Or should I offer a few more examples? There are hundreds of thousands of lives beneath us that I would be happy to demonstrate with."
Saying this, she began to continue walking as if she were taking a step. The dust storm spreading away from her toes is pushed away, and a massive crater where her foot had been resting a moment prior is slowly revealed. Where once there was a thriving downtown area with dozens upon dozens of skyscrapers there is no little more than a bare patch.


"You have no response." Kaylee says, her gaze intensifying as she looks up at me. "Do you?"
I bite my tongue as I look at her petulant stare, but I let it slide. I've sensed the depths of power dwelling inside of her. I may be bigger at the moment, but a struggle between the two of us is not something I want to risk... for now.


"You will learn in time." Kaylee says, continuing to walk ahead, gouging the landscape with her footprints as she does so. "When we are one, you will understand destruction as I do."
Suddenly she stops, looking at a particularly densely-populated segment of the city beneath her. She smiled, then began to lower herself, preparing to turn this section into a seat.


Unlike the steps just a moment prior, she doesn't do it this time with any sort of finesse or care. She lets gravity take hold, and lets herself fall.
For a split-second, she hangs in the air. Wind rushing past her backside, making them almost glow as the air resistance attempts to slow her down.



Before she strikes the ground like a bomb. Just like her feet, anything caught underneath her is reduced to paste in the blink of an eye. Then that paste is ground together and buried dozens of feet in the ground as the planet's surface reforms to accept her weight.

She sighs at the sensation and sounds of destruction, before gradually beginning to spread her legs, widening the area of impact dramatically.


Looking down between her legs, her lips begin to curl up into a smile. All of her senses seem to enjoy the destruction, but seeing it with her own two eyes remains her favorite by far. She watches the clouds spread away from her. Sees how the hills surrounding the city are little more than tiny lumps before her, and she pushes her feet forward to indulge just a bit more.
Over several seconds the dust begins to settle, revealing just the aftermath of the simple act of sitting, and she sighs once more.


"Well?" She suddenly asks again, looking up at me and away from the ruin she'd wrought. "What are you waiting for? I'm ready to begin."
"And how are we supposed to-"
"You submit." Kaylee interrupted, that familiar smug look returning. "To me, of course. And only to me."


"And if I believe I should be the one in charge?"
"Do you actually believe that?"
I bit my bottom lip. How did she know the exact right question to ask? I wanted it, I know that much, but...


"I can see into your mind." Kaylee laughs. "Far past the conscious thoughts, and deep into your subconscious. You want this. You need this. You know deep down that I would act far better in the role than you would, and you want to submit to me as a result."
I stood still. Kaylee's expression did not change.


Then, as if I was being compelled to do so... I did as told. I dropped to my hands and knees hardly noticing the chaos the city below experienced as I did so. It was only a backdrop to what was really to come, and I kept my eyes locked with Kaylee's as she smiled at my show of subservience.
"Come closer." She whispered. "Do not think of those beneath us. Their lives mean nothing."


"They don't." I whispered. "And... you're right, Kaylee. I do want this. I- No. I need this. I need you. I no longer care what anyone might think. The morals of ants have no bearing on how we should live our lives. All that matters is our own desires..."
"Then what are you waiting for?"


"Get. In. There."

She was so self-assured as she said it that it almost made me stop. I don't like being told what to do. Especially when I know it's not something I have to do. I could stand up and walk away, signaling to her that she's not in charge of me.

But her confidence never falters for even a moment... and any thoughts of resistance are quashed.


I lower myself to the ground, feeling my tits slam into the earth as I do so. Thousands more lives gone in the blink of an eye, but my entire focus is on the pussy in front of me. Covered in shadow, and illuminated only slightly by the otherworldly glow my own eyes are emitting.
Kaylee readjusts herself, silently signaling to me to get to work.



And I do.

I bring my face closer to the huge pussy in front of me. How many lives have been sacrificed to this thing over the past couple of days? All so I can enjoy it at this size. A privilege afforded to no one else.

"Stay still." I told Kaylee, smiling as I see her wincing from my breath on her pussy. "I'll give you more pleasure than you can imagine..."


Kaylee's body tenses up when I make contact. Any semblance of being in complete control fades the moment my lips touch hers. Her moans echo for miles around as she raises her hips slightly to better meet me. It would be easy to take advantage and use this opportunity to elevate myself...
But I don't. She may be onto something. My subservience feels impossible to ignore, and I push my face deep between Kaylee's thighs.



Arousal floods through my body as I press my tongue directly against Kaylee's pussy. I dart it between her folds, savoring the sensation of her entire body clenching up to meet me.

In the midst of all this, I feel something press into the back of my head. Kaylee's palm rests on my head, and for a moment I expect her to push me harder in between her legs.


But she doesn't. She just rests it there, moaning and running her fingers through my hair. She seems almost affectionate. Appreciative of what I'm doing for her. Her moans begin to quicken, and her breathing spikes for just a moment.
I know what's coming.


Will I still be the biggest after she's done growing?
Do I even care?


Kaylee's thighs grow around me, and I feel the hand that was once resting atop my head begin to gradually cradle the whole thing. The sounds of destruction and chaos beneath us both escalate as her growing form threatens to swallow me whole, but I keep at it.


My face is buried deep within Kaylee's legs, feeling her grow around me. My tongue is doing the best that I can, and I can tell that she's still appreciative, but I know that my ability is beginning to wane.


Worse yet, I'm allowing it to happen.
And I'm perfectly content with that. It feels right being here. Worshiping this pussy that threatened to eat even me so many times recently. To bring pleasure to something greater than myself. Something that I'm going to become part of in short order. It's...


Kaylee's body suddenly tenses up. Her fingers grasp my hair tightly. Her moans stop for a moment as I hear her gasp several times.


And she screams.
It's loud, ear-piercing, and reverberates for miles around. I'm sure any people near enough would simply explode into mist if exposed to that much sound point-blank. It makes even my ears ring, and I've ascended far beyond an ordinary human at this point.
But I keep my head buried between her thighs. Dutifully licking, sucking, and savoring her taste before she finally calms down, and starts to catch her breath.


For several seconds she lies there. Silently. Mouth agape. Her breath has caught in her throat as she seeks to prolong the experience for as long as possible. I do my part to help her in that, but it only adds another minute or so to the experience before she's able to catch her breath and look at her surroundings bleary-eyed once more.
With agonizing slowness, she tilts her head forward, and gently tugs my hair.


I can barely see past her tits, but I recognize that expression. Even fresh off another cataclysmic orgasm that induced a good deal more growth she's able to maintain that confident smugness that's defined her personality since she first grew.
"Well?" She asks, biting her bottom lip as she sees she has my full, undivided attention. "Serving me isn't so bad, is it? I think you'd even agree that you enjoyed yourself, wouldn't you?"


I slowly raised my face up, locking eyes with her again. That glow within them never fades as she admires my subservience. I can only be honest with her.
"Yes." I said, feeling happiness swell within me as I admit it aloud. "I did enjoy that very much." I admitted.
"Then we'll have more talk of anyone but me in charge, correct?"


At the moment I'm okay with this, but I didn't get to where I am living in the moment. Sometimes you have to think long term, and when she asks if I'm willing to give up to her forever... It's enticing. I almost say yes out loud without thinking, but I hold myself back.
"You're awfully confident." I tell her, noting that her eyes narrow ever so slightly the moment I said anything but an enthusiastic yes. "You've taken the lead for only a moment, but you've gone and assumed that you'll maintain that lead forever?"


"You enjoyed serving me." Kaylee states, her grin beginning to fade. "You know it. I know it. The world all over saw it. You enjoyed it, and you want to continue doing it, don't you."
"I do." I told her.
"But you still think there's a chance for that to change regardless?" She says, tension beginning to rise. "Your submission is why I'm in charge again. Thanks to your... weakness, I rightfully tower over you once more. How can you think you'll ever take charge if you so willingly obeyed my order?"


"I submitted myself to you because I enjoyed it." I told her, looking up at her as she studied me in return. "And you will do the same."

Her smile turned into a frown. "You don't have the willpower to do that." She said, "If you think you are able, then I welcome you to try."

"Then I will."

I expected her to retaliate in some way. Perhaps curse me, or try to force me into a second round, but her smile returned. She looked down at me with a bemused expression, before gently pushing down on my head. "Is that so?" She said, "Then prove it."


"I will." I told her, quickly grabbing her oversized wrist with my own hand. She flinched in response, not expecting such a quick reaction, and I pressed my advantage by gradually standing to my feet again.

"You're still young." I told her, bringing my face closer. "Naive. A fool. You think that a size advantage automatically places you on top, but you couldn't be more wrong, Kaylee. Something tells me you've never truly been dominated, have you? Always the one making orders, and never the one submitting to another."

Her strength weakens, and I press my advantage.


"You believe yourself to be an unassailable dominant. Powerful, strong, and always on top. But that's not you. I can tell. Some part of you craves for someone else to take control. For someone else to bring you to your knees, and force you to serve at their feet."
"No." She says, but I can sense the wavering in her voice. "I have no interest in that. I don't... Why would I want that? Why would anyone-"


"Because." I interrupted, crawling closer as she leaned back in an effort to put more distance between us. "There is a curiosity inside of you that demands to be satisfied. It doesn't matter how powerful you, me, or anyone else is for that matter. At the end of the day, you won't know how you feel about it until you experience it firsthand, and I have a sneaking suspicion you will find a good deal of pleasure in submitting."
Kaylee says nothing. I don't care.



I stand up once again so she's looking up at me now. Her apprehension is on full display as she doesn't even make an effort to exert her size over mine again. She just watches silently, waiting to see what I do.

"In giving yourself to someone wholly." I whispered, noting how she shivered as I did so. "You let them control you, utterly and completely. You focus every fiber of your being on giving someone else pleasure for a change. On giving back what you've demanded of so many others. You want that, don't you?"


"I..."
"You do." I told her, and she suddenly shivers. "If you didn't, you'd have said so. You'd have shoved me over. Used your power to stop me from coming any closer. You'd have reasserted yourself as the one in charge... but you're not in charge. Not anymore. I am, and you want me to be, don't you?"
"I... do..."


"Then do so." I ordered. "Give yourself to me. Hold nothing back. Forget yourself. Your needs are secondary to my own now. My pleasure is all that matters."
She looks at me, unsure of how to act, so I decide to help her fill in the blanks by taking a step forward so I can grab hold of her hair with both hands.


The moment I do so she gasps, and cranes her neck up to look at me. I can see her bottom lip quiver as I gently tug her hair, the mild bit of discomfort driving her deeper into submission.
"What do I do...?" Kaylee whispered, the entire concept of placing another's needs above her own utterly foreign to her.



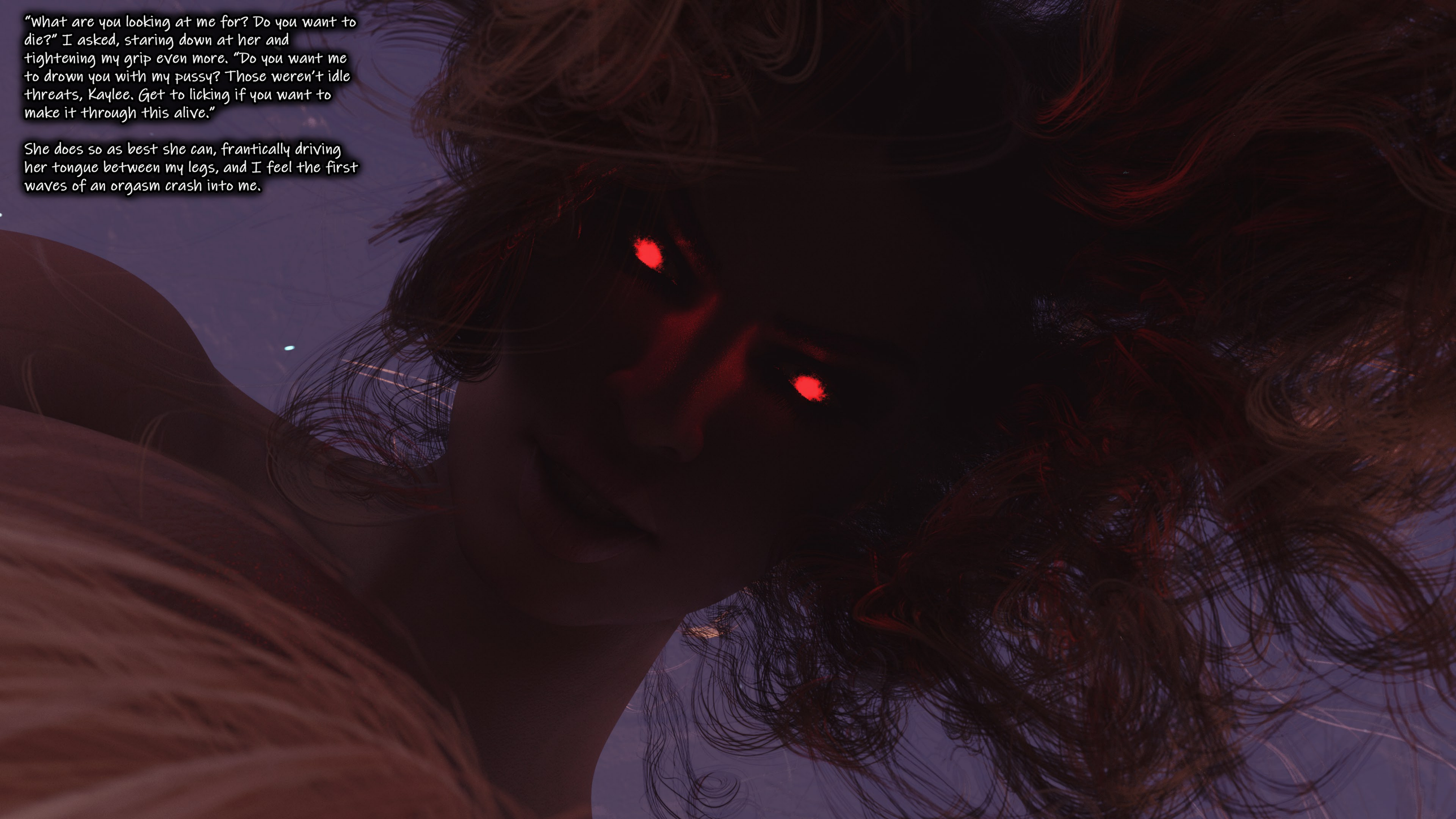
"Pleasure me." I told her, climbing atop her so I can straddle her shoulders since she was too big for me to do this while standing. "Serve my cunt. Don't slow down. Don't take any breaks. Even breathing is secondary to my pleasure. Bury your face in between my legs, and I expect you not to come up for air until I've cum."

I can feel her heart racing as I manage to get, and smash my pussy directly into her face.


Kaylee's breath quickens as I do so, and the sensation against my lips is gentle, and pleasant. It drives me to be a bit rougher with her, and I grab hold of her head as best I can with our size difference, and drive it deeper between my legs.
The moment she makes contact I can't stop from moaning myself, and tighten my legs around her face.


She has the strength to throw me off if she wanted, but she doesn't. She's letting me do this, and I'm more than content with taking advantage of her submissive state to do so. I arched my back as I rode her face, grinding deeper into it while she stayed true to her orders and didn't even attempt to move away.


It didn't take long for me to be lost in my own bliss, hardly aware of my surroundings as well. My thighs tightened around Kaylee's face and I could hear her gasp suddenly, as she looked up at me as best she could for further instructions.


"What are you looking at me for? Do you want to die?" I asked, staring down at her and tightening my grip even more. "Do you want me to drown you with my pussy? Those weren't idle threats, Kaylee. Get to licking if you want to make it through this alive."

She does so as best she can, frantically driving her tongue between my legs, and I feel the first waves of an orgasm crash into me.


All that talk. All that pomp. And here she is. Pleasing me. Worshiping me. Doing as I command her to.
And most importantly...


Making me grow.


Wave after wave of bliss threatens to overwhelm me as I continue to straddle her face. My fingers and toes clenched as I can feel every inch of my body tingle. Whether that's from growing or from the constant pleasure isn't even clear... but I know one thing.


It's not going to stop. Not soon, anyway. Not until I stand head and shoulders above the only things that dare threaten my stature. Kaylee's insolence would not go unpunished.


Though I'm hardly aware of what's taking place beneath me, I'm acutely aware of something changing the moment my toes touch the ground once again. They sink into the soft earth and that's all that I needed.


With my feet on the ground, I have more leverage. I clench my toes into the earth, ripping it up for better traction, and really force Kaylee's face into my pussy. The feeling is immediately overwhelming, but try as I might to continue drawing this out to really teach her a lesson.


It's already too late.


Kaylee should consider herself lucky. The scream that came from deep inside of me was so powerful I'm sure that she would have suffered from being this close to me. That is, if not for the fact she had my thighs wrapped around her head, completely muffling things.


Not that it made things that much easier. My fingers dug deep into her hair. My legs squeezed her head so tight that a lesser person would have simply had their skull pop on the spot. She tapped at my thighs in a vague attempt to get me to release her, but she wasn't going anywhere until I finished riding this out to the very end.

For several seconds after I stood there. Catching my breath. Looking at the world around me again, before I remembered someone else still here with us.


I'm immediately taken aback by the difference in size. I knew I'd outgrown Kaylee during this ordeal, but seeing just how small Kayla is below me gives me pause. I could grab her right now and use her as little more than a toy if I pleased... and I did want to on some level.
But submission is so much sweeter.



"Well?" I asked her, gradually curling my lips up into a devious grin. "What are you waiting for? An invitation? You're more than welcome to join us... I'm not finished with Kaylee yet, but she's looking awfully lonely down there. You're welcome to please her while she pleases me."

Kayla's breath seems to catch in her throat. She looks at the ground after I say that, and curls her toes for a moment. Tiny puffs of smoke come out from between them before she raises her head again... and nods.


As if in a trance she drops to her knees between Kaylee's thighs, situated between them on either side of her. While the movement brings endless amounts of devastation to the trapped populace below, she herself is rather small in comparison to her sister.
Still, she does as asked. Not because she's being compelled or forced to, but because she's just like Kaylee. Deep down, on some level... She wants it.


I've seen it from her this entire ordeal. A constant tug of war inside of her mind. A back and forth on whether she wants to serve those bigger than her, indulge in her own size, or play savior to the microscopic human race beneath us. Perhaps she'll change her mind again later, but for now... she drops to her knees, and crawls forward.
Once face to face with Kaylee's pussy she pauses again. Her inner turmoil is flaring up. I'm prepared to intervene if she makes the wrong choice here...


But she doesn't.
Dropping her gigantic body to the ground entirely, she buries her face deep between Kaylee's legs. The effect is immediate as I feel Kaylee's tongue jolt inside of me from the sudden pleasure, followed by a pleasant vibration that shakes my pussy. The sounds of the landscape being reshaped fade into the background as Kaylee gradually spreads her legs wider, allowing Kayla better access.

With Kayla between Kaylee's legs, and Kaylee in between my own it feels as if we've become one. A singular unit greater than the sum of our parts. The pleasure Kayla is giving feels as if it's feeding directly into my own, and I can feel yet another orgasm fast approaching. I wonder how much more I'll grow from this one.


Before I instead begin to wonder... how much they will grow as well. I feel as if it's in all our best interest that I stay on top. That I remain the biggest... but I'm not greedy. I'm more than willing to share in my own power if it means that I do not stand alone near the top.
To that end, I loosen my grip around Kaylee's face. She gasps for air, jolting slightly up at the sudden freedom, which allows Kayle time to dive even deeper into her pussy.


This is what feels most right to me. This is what matters.
I close my eyes... and bask in the sensations coursing through me. My skin tingles as I keep Kaylee's face exactly where it needs to be, and she dutifully laps away like my pussy is the only thing keeping her alive. I try to hold out as long as possible, but she's just too good. She's bringing me there faster than I expected.


In the blink of an eye my legs turn to jelly. I quickly overcompensated in an effort to avoid falling over, digging my toes into the soft earth to keep myself standing. Pleasure wracks every single inch of my body as I can hear Kaylee's own orgasm fast approaching beneath me. And beneath all that, Kayla's moans are growing louder, and more impossible to ignore.


I feel another bit of growth coming on, and watch as my feet spread further across the ground. And as I do so, I pay close attention to Kaylee... who doesn't get any smaller.
That's almost enough to make me cum again on the spot.


Instead it adds into that feedback loop. The sensation of growth. The accumulation of even more power. The knowledge that it's being shared with those closest to me. The complete and utter subjugation of the world beneath us.


All of it mixing together into a potent cocktail that only serves to enhance our own place in life. I have to gradually adjust my position with every passing second to make sure that I don't fall over, while Kaylee diligently continues to do as she's asked. The temptation continues to rise within me to let myself drop so I can spread my massive form out over miles, but I let Kaylee keep doing her thing.


Everything around me suddenly feels as if it's fading. Like the only sound I can hear is the blood rushing through my ears. The only sensation worth focusing on is Kaylee's mouth. I know I'm nearing another earth-shattering climax, but I don't want this to end. I want it to keep going. I want to grow so big that entire states fall under a single one of my feet. So huge that my tits can be colonized as new landmasses.
So powerful that I no longer have to exert any sort of effort to bring ruin to countless lives.


There's always next time.



Both my hands grab the back of Kaylee's head and palm it like a basketball. I appreciate what she's done so far, but once a climax hits all bets are off and my only goal is to ride it out for as long as possible. She has but a moment to yelp in surprise, before her face is buried deep into my pussy, and I'm grinding it all around like I'm using her face to wipe it clean.

Biting my bottom lip, I try to make this sensation last, but it's not going to work.


Because the orgasm is already here.

A low, guttural sound rose from the depths of my chest, coming out through clenched teeth like a growl. But only for a moment, before it's too much to release that way, and I can only scream. Were I looking down I'd have blown out every window for miles. The sound alone would have turned people to mist. The air would have blown over buildings and people thousands of feet away from where they stood.

They should consider themselves lucky. Instead, I kept my head straight ahead. The sound echoed into the distance, audible for miles around. If any aircraft were unlucky enough to get in my way they'd have gone down in the blink of an eye, but it meant that a far more catastrophic disaster was avoided.


For now, anyway. They bought themselves, perhaps, a couple more seconds at most. Then I could take a single step and put that damage to shame. Or drop to my hands and knees. My tits alone would wipe out a significant portion of the city. Any part of my body would have been capable of turning the world into a post-apocalyptic wasteland... and that was just me. Kaylee and Kayla may have been smaller, but they weren't lacking in destructive capabilities in the slightest.
Speaking of...
"Stand." I told Kaylee, seeing that she was still seated, catching her breath as her chest rose and fell quickly. "Unless, of course, you're too weak...?"


That set her off. She takes a deep breath, coughs from the sudden rush of air, and shakes her head. Then practically jumps to her feet in a move that felt as if it shook the very foundations of the planet. She stepped closer to me in a defiant move... but it only emphasized how much smaller she was, now.

"I couldn't imagine a more suitable way to demonstrate the differences between us." I told her, as her jaw gradually began to drop. "Now, surely, you can see it, Kaylee? How all of your boasting of some inherent right to rule means little in the presence of your superior. Are you now ready to accept your rightful place... Beneath me?"

"I am..." She begins, before narrowing her eyes. "For now."


"No. Permanently." I tell her, not appreciating the challenge. She stays standing as I place my hands onto my hips and glare down at her, meeting her burning gaze with my own.
She says nothing.
"This is your only warning, Kaylee. If you challenge me again, then you will be reminded of your place. And believe me when I say that next time it will not be pleasant. Understand?"


Silence.
She stares up at me. I stare down at her. A heavy silence hangs in the air as I wait for her to acknowledge what I've said. To express that same submission she had so willingly in the throes of passion just a moment ago.
But I receive nothing.
"I said." I growled, annoyed at having to repeat myself. "Do. You. Understand?"


"I do." Kaylee finally says. "I will do as you say, and follow you to the ends of the earth."
There's a lack of conviction in her voice. I can hear it clear as day. She does not mean what she says... but she's willing to debase herself enough to pretend. Progress is progress, and I will simply have to keep a close eye on her.



"Good." I told her. "As you should."

Kaylee continues to stare up at me silently, while I see Kayla beneath the both of us gradually begin to stand up again. She dusts herself off, cleaning away the remnants of civilization that cling to her skin before speaking up.


"Talk, talk, talk. Is that all you two do all day?" She asks, her tone irritable. "The time that you two spend bickering would be better spent razing the lands. Crushing the populace. We have a whole world to burn, and it would do both of you well to remember that."
I have to admit... her drive impresses me.



Kaylee, not so much.

"Are you giving me an order?" She asks, unamused by Kayla's statement.

"It's only an order if you were planning on spending your time doing something else." Kayla says simply, before looking out over the horizon. "I trust the both of you share the sentiment?"

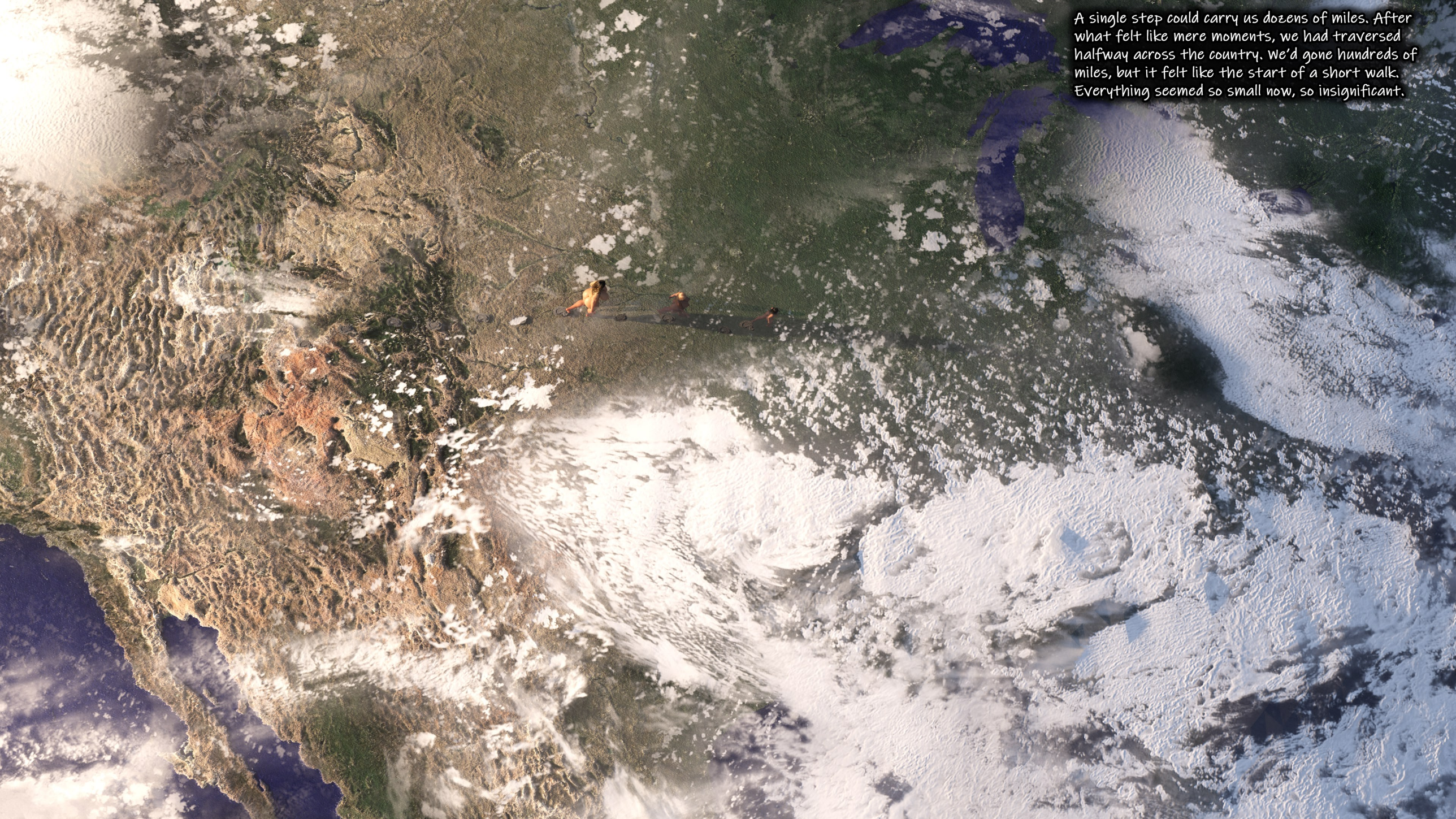
"I do." I told her, nodding gently.

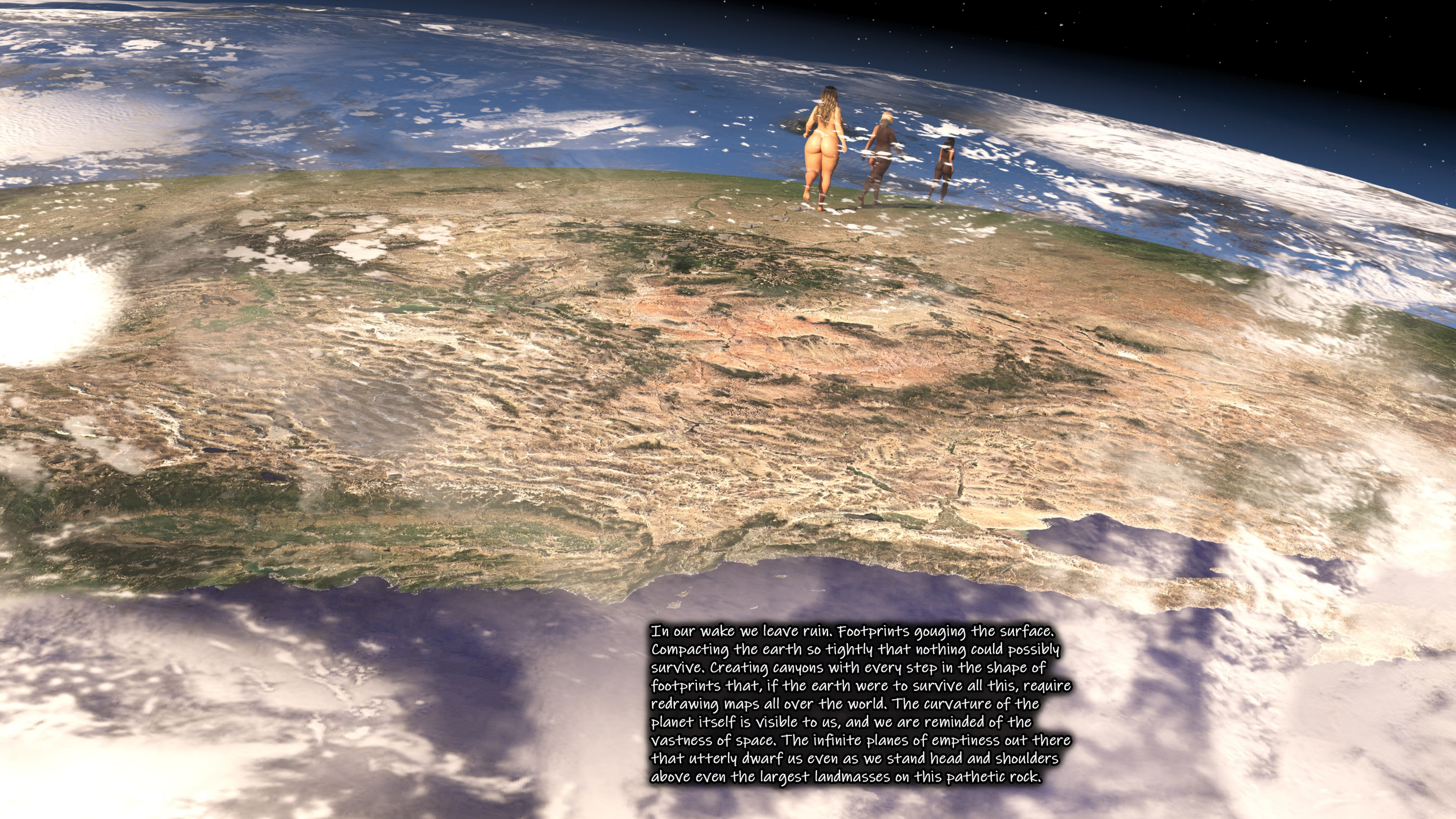

"Then what are we waiting for?" She asks, beginning to walk without a care in the world. "Are you going to follow, or are you going to stand around?"
"You are asking us to follow you?" Kaylee asked, unable to hide her incredulity.


"You said it yourself." Kayla began, looking up at the both of us. "We share the same interest. A common goal that keeps us united. If you could stop vying for power for even a second you could appreciate how connected the three of us are now. Leading? Following? The destination is what matters, not who's in charge. Now are you going to help me destroy this country, or not?"
"I am." I told Kayla, and she grinned. The both of us looked back to Kaylee, who could only roll her eyes, take a deep breath... and follow.


United as one, we shared a common interest. A common goal. A common... consciousness, almost. I no longer felt like I was in charge, but that did not bother me. You can only consider yourself as the one in charge if there are people below you, but that no longer seemed to be the case.

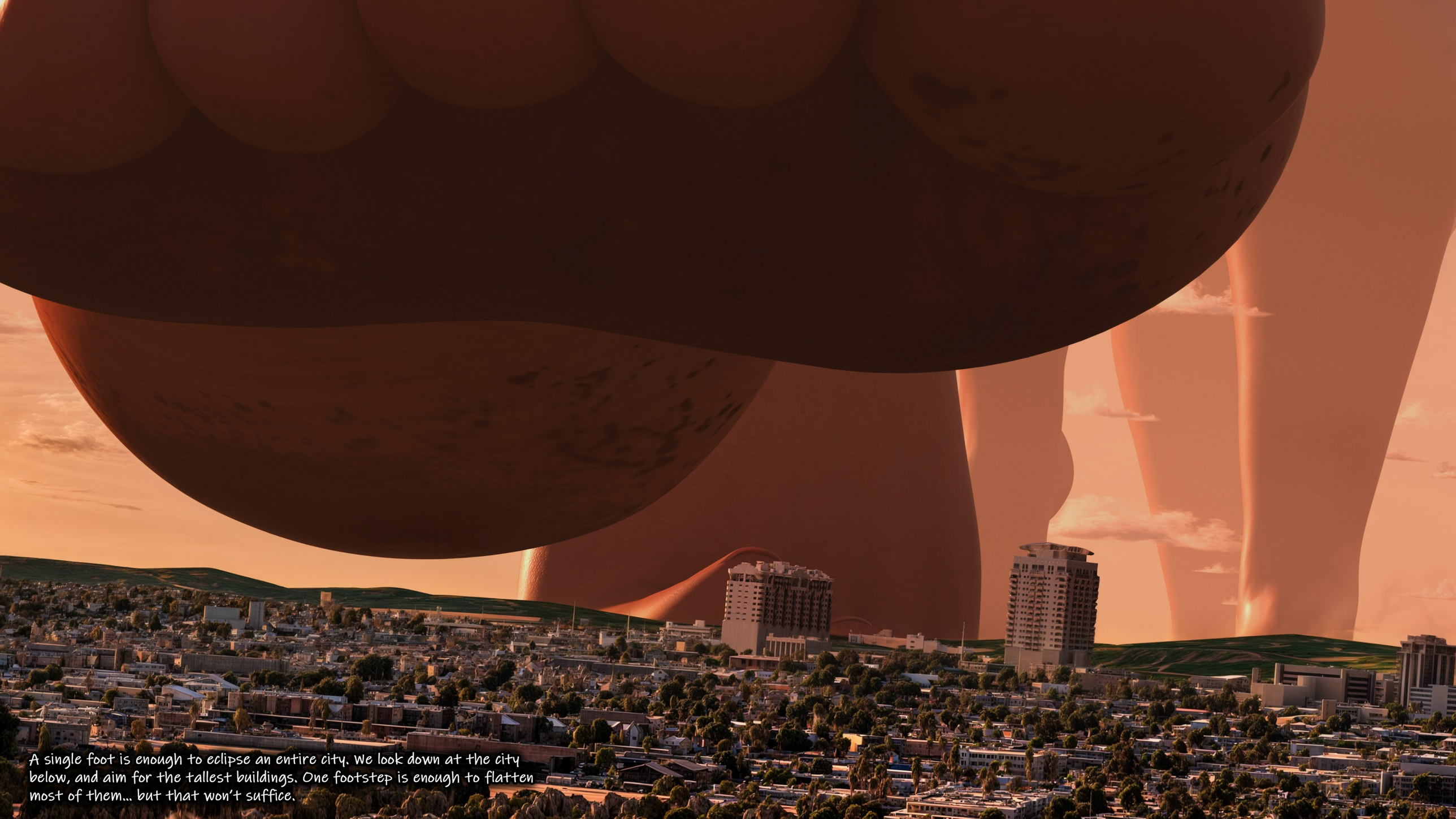

Though our bodies were still separate on a physical level, it felt as if we were a singular entity on a spiritual. We may have been at vastly different sizes, and separated by miles of land as we traversed the length of the entire country at our unfathomable scale, but we are still one.


A single step could carry us dozens of miles. After what felt like mere moments, we had traversed halfway across the country. We'd gone hundreds of miles, but it felt like the start of a short walk. Everything seemed so small now, so insignificant.


In our wake we leave ruin. Footprints gouging the surface. Compacting the earth so tightly that nothing could possibly survive. Creating canyons with every step in the shape of footprints that, if the earth were to survive all this, require redrawing maps all over the world. The curvature of the planet itself is visible to us, and we are reminded of the vastness of space. The infinite planes of emptiness out there that utterly dwarf us even as we stand head and shoulders above even the largest landmasses on this pathetic rock.


Very little in our path survives. We deliberately keep our eyes to the ground as we walk. Adjusting our stride, making sure that nothing within range goes untouched. Every footprint left behind is a story all its own. A town or city with a rich history that may have been built up over decades, only to unceremoniously be flattened in the blink of an eye beneath our feet.


Millions of people tremble beneath our feet. Each of them hopes that they'll be one the fortunate ones. That a twist of fate will mean that my foot lands on some other city. Ends some other group of people. Most of them won't be so fortunate.


A single foot is enough to eclipse an entire city. We look down at the city below, and aim for the tallest buildings. One footstep is enough to flatten most of them... but that won't suffice.


A gentle step is enough to obliterate everything beneath my foot, and
yet we yearn for more destruction. A stomp spreads the devastation
further. A shockwave erupts out through the impact, toppling trees.
The earth shakes beneath our feet, collapsing buildings miles away.
And so we go, step after step, destroying everything around us.


An enviable end to any microbe's worthless existence. Their remains are mired in the bottoms of our soles for a moment, before the next step crushes them out of existence, or they simply flake away likes chunks of dirt and dust, forgotten as quickly as they'd been noticed.


We move with purpose. We move with intent. There are no wasted actions. Every single thought is focused on ruin.
Destruction. Killing. For the thrill of it. For the love of the act. The world reels with our progress, and we show it no mercy.


We act as one.
We are more powerful than the sum of our parts.
And we will destroy everything.


At our current rate, we will have destroyed the country in a matter of days. The entire continent weeks after. By the end of the year the entire world. Already our trek across the land has ended millions of lives, but there is a lot of land to cover, and for all the power we've accumulated so far it is not enough to finish things off quickly.
Enjoyable as our acts of wanton destruction are, they come with the implicit knowledge that it's not enough. That even these otherworldly sizes will be but a fraction of our true potential.


Carving a swathe of destruction through the country is pathetically easy, but covers limited space. With three bodies at our disposal, we would be more effective if we split up.
And much to the horror of the world below us, that is exactly what we do.


Even as we drift further apart, our shared bond remains strong. If anything, it only seems to intensify, as we now experience three greatly different scenarios all at the same time. No words are needed, either. Kayla immediately turns and heads to the south, determined to raze as much of that land as possible. Kaylee shifts to the north, ready to pound that part of the country into dust. Krystal holds the center, walking ahead and maintaining the path.


The number of densely-populated cities in any direction is numerous. But the part of us that resides within Kaylee's body knows exactly which one has our name on it.
Chicago.
A massive, sprawling metropolis with millions of tiny little lives ripe for the crushing. Hundreds of buildings sprawling into the skies, and a cultural landmark for the people of this pathetic nation.


We hold no special anger, rage, or distaste for the city. Its size alone makes it a target, as its destruction will bring forth the greatest amount of ruin possible in a short period of time. As Kaylee's form draws near, the sense of dread coming from the ground below is positively palpable. The situation was already tense as the world over is well aware of our presence, but there is nothing that can be done to slow our approach, much less stop it entirely.
Their only hope for survival is that they are not being targeted. For billions the world over, they remain safe... for now.


But Chicago's time is up.
Kaylee lifts a foot once again, and raises it above the bustling city. The terror already coming from every corner of every street intensifies a hundred times over when the skies above vanish, and are replaced with their new Goddess's sole. At this size, even Kaylee's toes are big enough to dominate the skyline effortlessly.

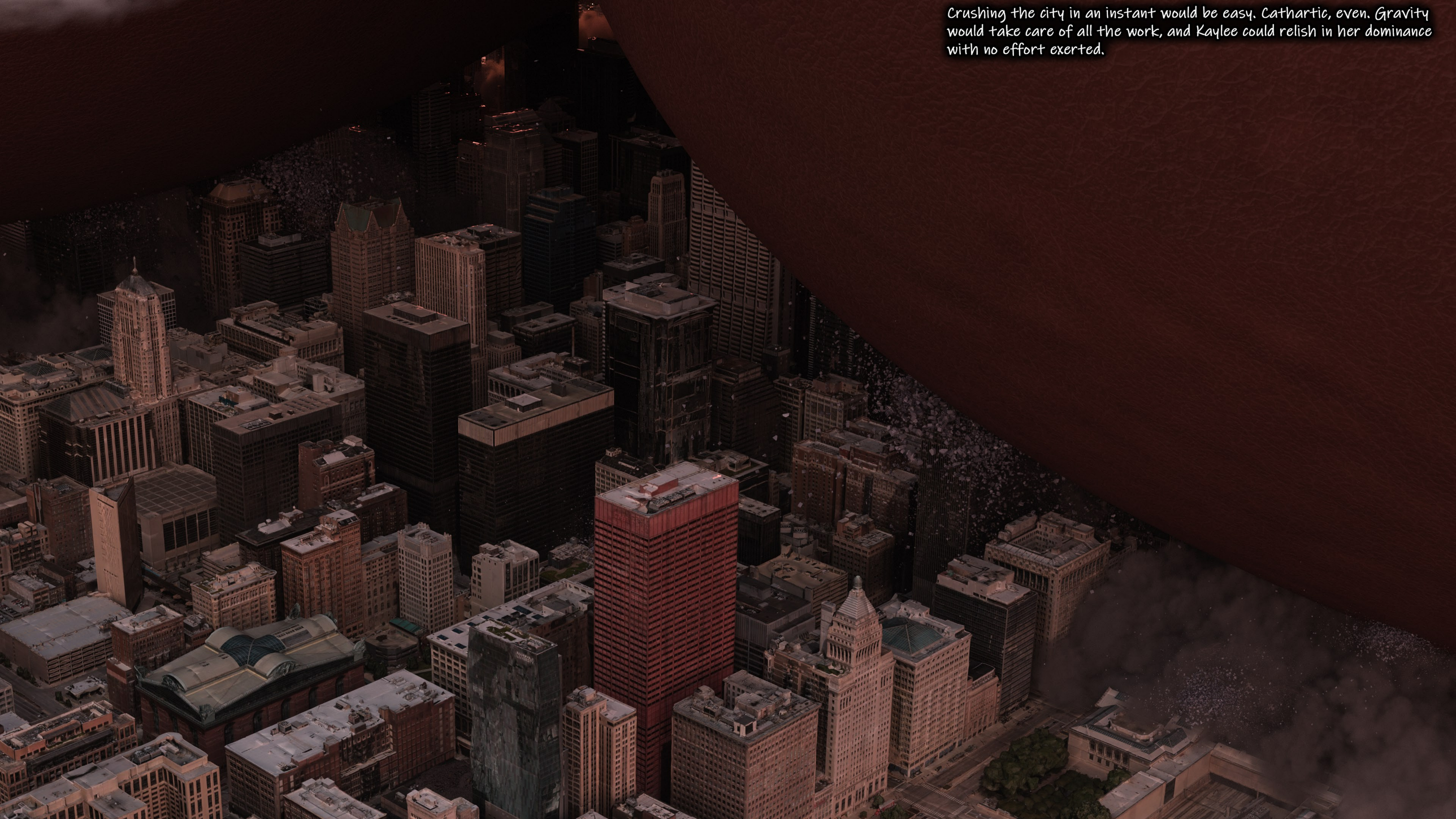


Naturally, that means that the entirety of her foot can do a lot more. Thousands upon thousands of buildings are immediately drenched in shadows. Attempting to escape at this point is laughable. Even those at the furthest distance from her feet are in grave danger. Something this big striking the ground doesn't do so gently, and won't simply come to rest quietly.

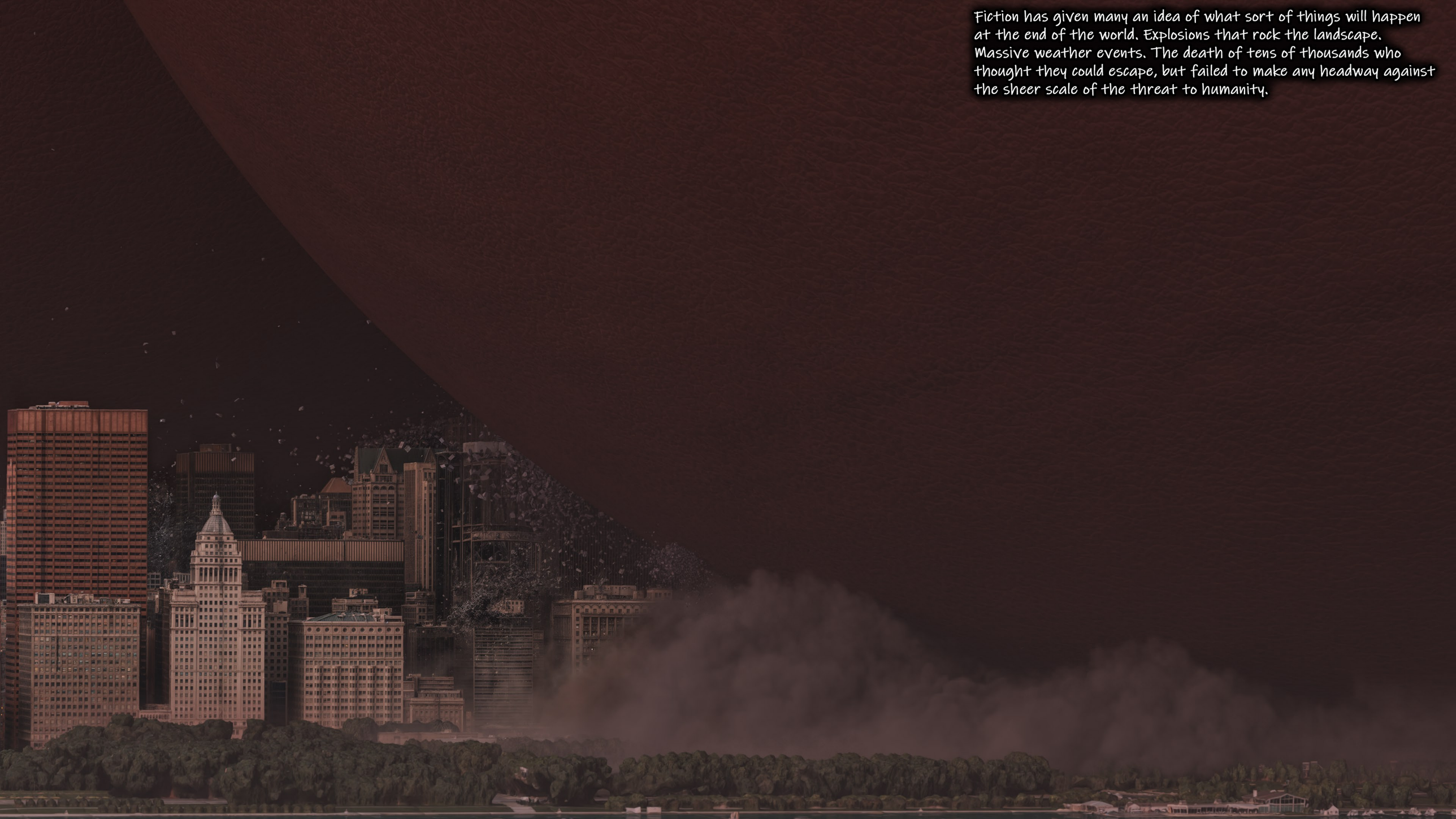
A fact that the city's pride and joy, its largest building, The Sears Tower, is the first to experience. The massive construction spears the clouds above the city with impressive scale, but the moment Kaylee's sole comes into play, it's obvious who is going to win.



An explosion rocks the entire building. A dozen floors are flattened in an instant, and chunks that are shaved away from its outer facade rain onto the ground below. It serves to only make the scene more hellish to those below. Knowing that their end beneath a Goddess's mighty sole isn't terrifying enough. Being pelted by chunks of stone and glass big enough to crush homes has to come before it.


Crushing the city in an instant would be easy. Cathartic, even. Gravity would take care of all the work, and Kaylee could relish in her dominance with no effort exerted.


But she doesn't. She resists the pull of gravity, and slows the descent of her foot. Floor after floor is crushed, and it's not long before the next tallest buildings surrounding the tower feel her presence. The streets below are choked with smoke and bodies running as fast as the people's minuscule legs can carry them, but they all know this is the end.
FAJITA WRAPS



Fiction has given many an idea of what sort of things will happen at the end of the world. Explosions that rock the landscape. Massive weather events. The death of tens of thousands who thought they could escape, but failed to make any headway against the sheer scale of the threat to humanity.


Few would have predicted it would come in the form of a Goddess's foot. Her toes alone dwarf buildings, reducing them to rubble and spreading wide devastation.


But this isn't fiction. There will be no epic tales of survival in a wasteland taking place after here. No ragtag groups of survivors looking to find their way in the ruins of what was once a thriving populace. It will all be buried thousands of feet deep into the ground, and only ruin will remain.



Kaylee is but one of our forms moving across the landscape, however. The destruction her feet have wrought is legendary, but it is only one of three pairs crashing through the world. The Kayla part of our form is rapidly closing in on her own target. A well-populated section of the swampy bog at the corner of the country. Miami. All the while Krystal continues her march northeast with her goal already firmly established.

The nation's capital.


Our forms are so monumental now that even with hundreds of miles between us and the curvature of the planet itself obscuring our position, we remain in full sight of one another. Like the earth itself is an oversized carpet, soft to the touch with brittle patches that break apart under the merest touch.
The nation reels before our presence, and we're about to make sure that even those occupying the seats of power know we are here.


The White House is the quietest I've ever seen it. Practically everyone who's important is off site, in a secure location a couple of hundred miles away. Everyone except for a handful of staff members, some Secret Service officers, a cameraman, and me: The Veep.
The President thought it was a bad idea to have both of us in the same location, just in case something happened. At least, that's his excuse. Something tells me he didn't see me as much more than a glorified spokesman... And hell, he's probably not wrong.
I'm set to deliver a big speech, as if that will make everything better somehow. The White House is a glorified film set, and I'm the lead actor. Unfortunately, I don't have a script, so I'll have to improvise.
E PLURIBUS UNUM


Jesus. What the fuck am I even supposed to say at a time like this? The world's fucking ending. I know it. Everyone in this room knows it. And anyone who may see this message knows it too. We all watched the shit when it started to unfold in LA. I didn't think it'd get this bad though. This...
I sighed, rubbing my temples with two fingers. Whatever. Nothing that can be done about it now. I just have to... try and lead. What would the Vice President say at a time like this?
My train of thought was interrupted by the sound of the cameraman clearing his throat. "Just give me the word when you're ready," the cameraman said.
E PLURIBUS UNUM

"Okay, fine, let's do this," I said. He counted down, and the little light on the camera turns green. Shit. I'm live. Time to give it my best shot.

"My fellow Americans... No, that's too... normal. Maybe my fellow people...?"

I closed my eyes, counted down from ten, took a deep breath... and tried again.

"Good evening. Today, the world grieves. We stand together in the shadow of an unspeakable tragedy. One that has shattered lives, torn families apart, and left our hearts heavy with sorrow."



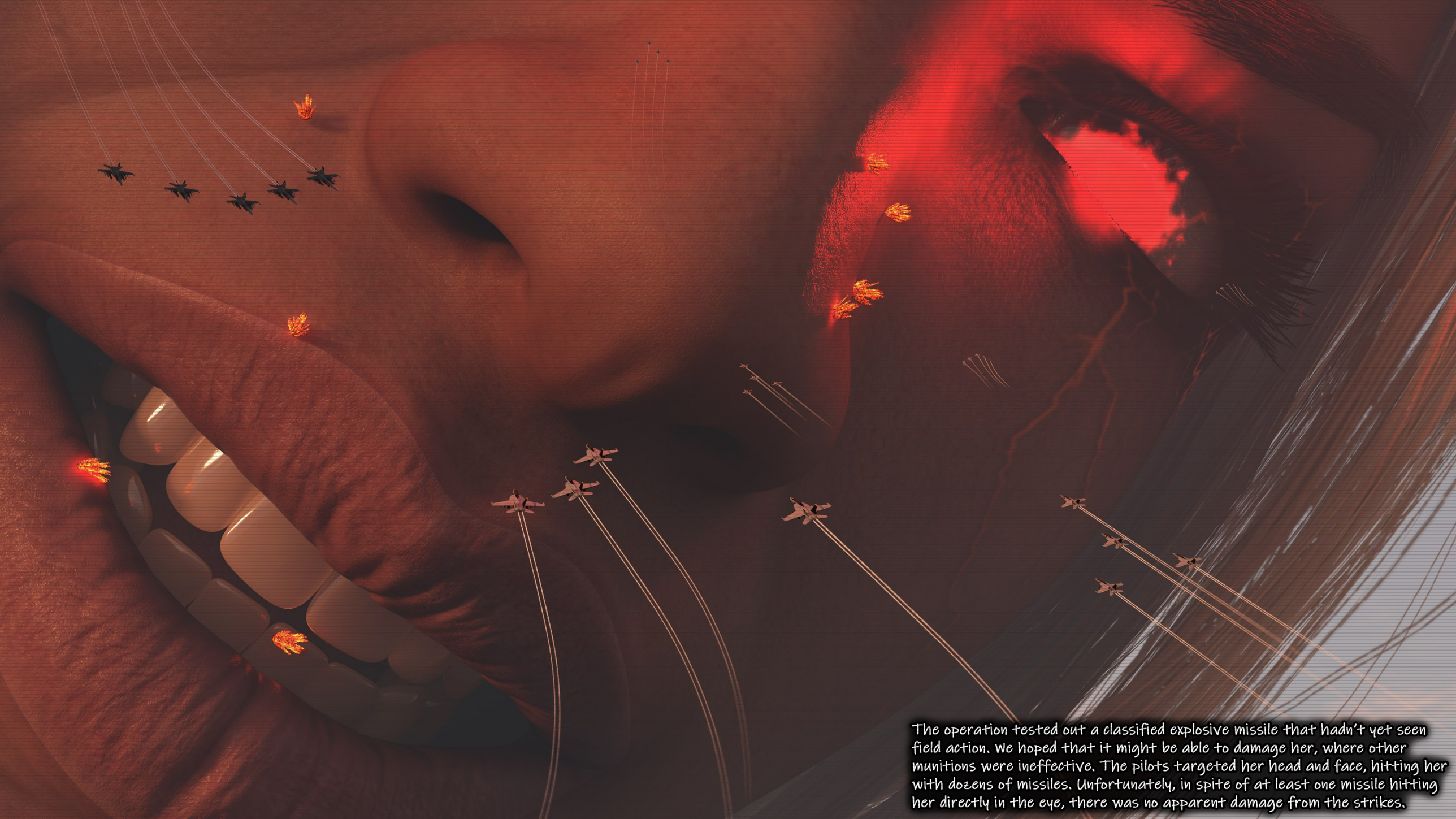
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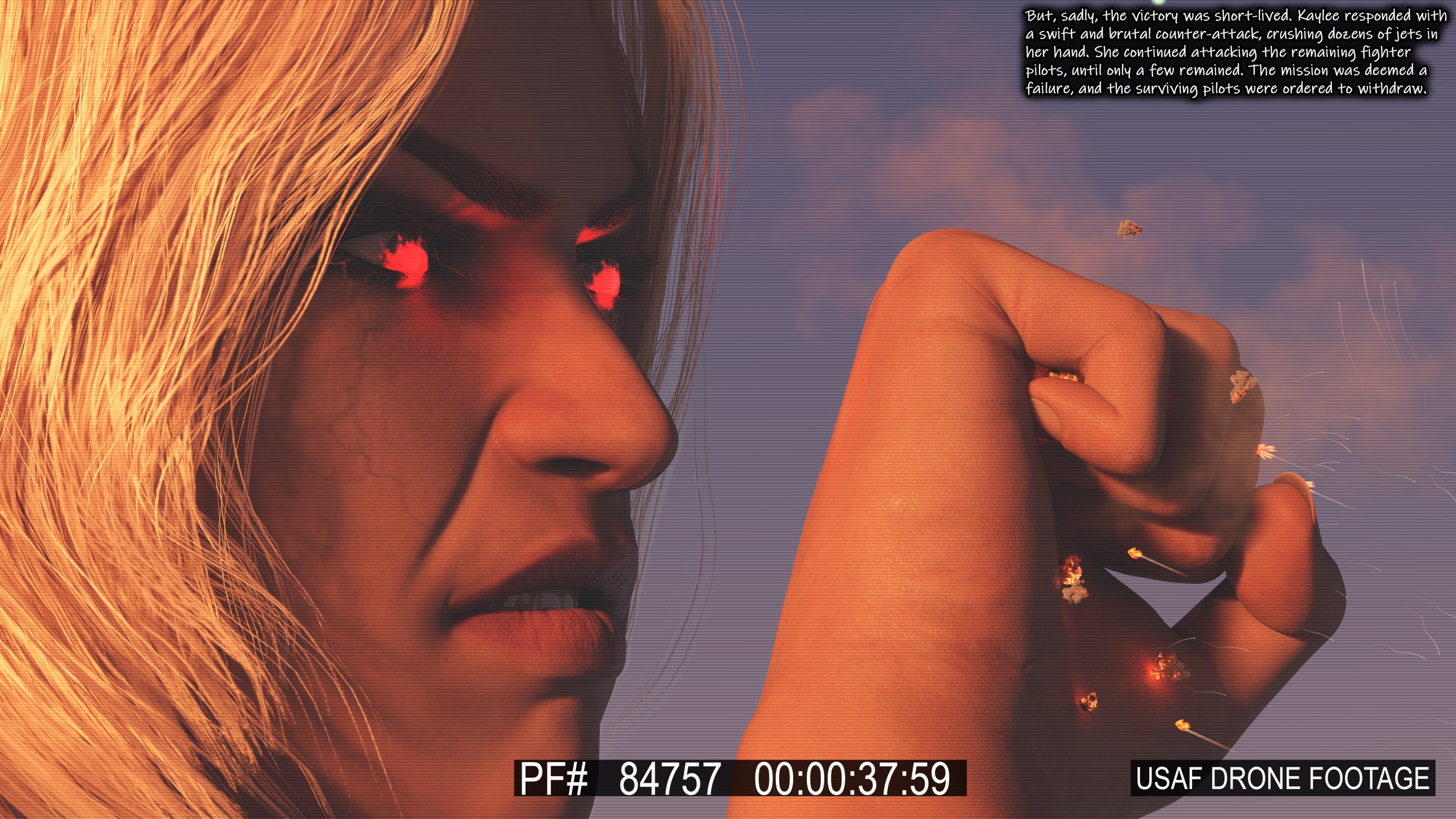

"I know that things seem dire out there... and I'm not going to sugarcoat it. The loss in life. In industry. To the environment... is tremendous. But we have little to fear. As I speak, the air force is preparing for a final, decisive strike. Thus far, our efforts have done little to stop Kaylee... but there is always more that can be done.
The president is coordinating the military effort from a secure location, along with the country's top military leaders. America has the greatest military force in the world, and it's time to put that to good use. We'll do what we can to give her hell, and send her back where she came from."
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Just moments ago, a major military operation concluded. Five squadrons of fighter jets approached Kaylee shortly after she destroyed Chicago. It was the largest military operation of its kind, with over one hundred of our best fighter pilots undertaking the mission.
PF# 83559 00:00:35:08
USAF DRONE FOOTAGE


The operation tested out a classified explosive missile that hadn't yet seen field action. We hoped that it might be able to damage her, where other munitions were ineffective. The pilots targeted her head and face, hitting her with dozens of missiles. Unfortunately, in spite of at least one missile hitting her directly in the eye, there was no apparent damage from the strikes.

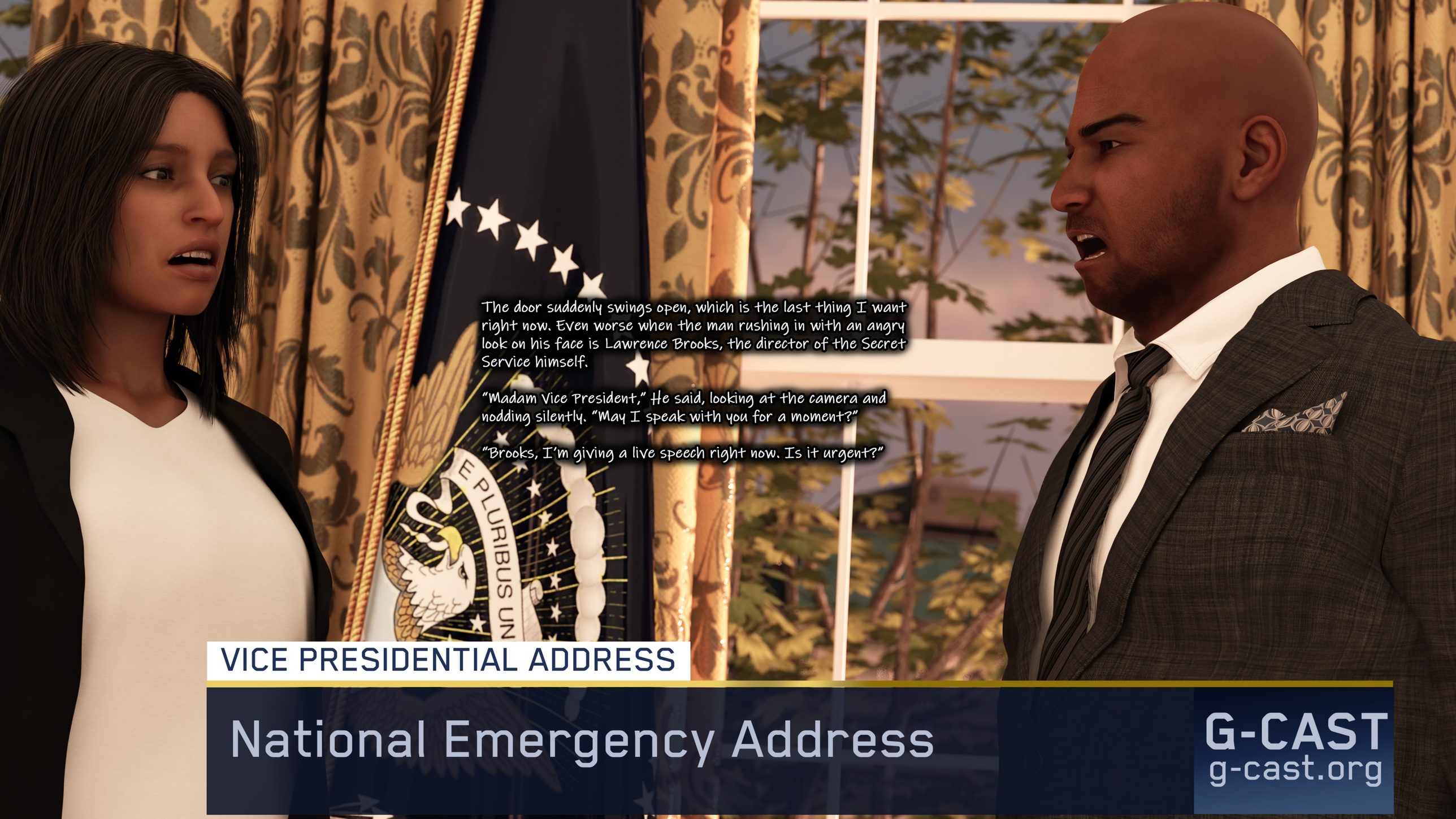

Just moments after the strike began, Kaylee exhaled sharply at the bulk of the jet formation. The incredible force of the wind proved too much for even the skilled fighter pilots. Some of them were destroyed instantaneously, and many others were unable to recover.
PF# 84757 00:00:37:59
USAF DRONE FOOTAGE


Yet in spite of the setback, the second strike team continued undeterred. They attacked without hesitation, focusing their fire on Kaylee's eye. Although no tissue damage is visible, the footage appears to show Kaylee reeling in pain.
PF# 84322 00:00:36:18
USAF DRONE FOOTAGE


But, sadly, the victory was short-lived. Kaylee responded with a swift and brutal counter-attack, crushing dozens of jets in her hand. She continued attacking the remaining fighter pilots, until only a few remained. The mission was deemed a failure, and the surviving pilots were ordered to withdraw.
PF# 84757 00:00:37:59
USAF DRONE FOOTAGE


But in spite of everything that happened, we will not give up. The President is in a secure location with the top air force generals, planning a final strike. But until those operations have concluded, I want to take a moment to honor the brave men and women who have died fighting Kaylee and her family. They knew the risk, but they still put their lives on the line to serve this country in its greatest time of need. They knew all too well what's at stake... as do I."
E PLURIBUS UNUM
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The man behind the camera gives me a thumbs up. Okay. I'm doing this as best I can right now, but lying through my teeth to millions of people just... it just feels wrong. Nevertheless...
"In moments like these, it's natural to feel overwhelmed by pain and sorrow. Yet, even in the darkest of times, we find strength in our unity. We see it in the acts of bravery and compassion that emerge amidst the chaos. We see it in the outpouring of support from communities near and far, coming together to offer aid and comfort to those in need. To our first responders and emergency personnel, who have worked tirelessly in the face of danger to save lives and provide aid..."
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The door suddenly swings open, which is the last thing I want right now. Even worse when the man rushing in with an angry look on his face is Lawrence Brooks, the director of the Secret Service himself.
"Madam Vice President," He said, looking at the camera and nodding silently. "May I speak with you for a moment?"
"Brooks, I'm giving a live speech right now. Is it urgent?"
E PLURIBUS UN
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"I'm afraid it is Ms. Cortez. We need to leave immediately. Satellite readings show that Krystal Kloss is headed in our direction. She's less than six hundred miles away right now, and moving fast."


"Six hundred miles... So we have a few hours? Did you really have to interrupt me in the middle of my speech?"
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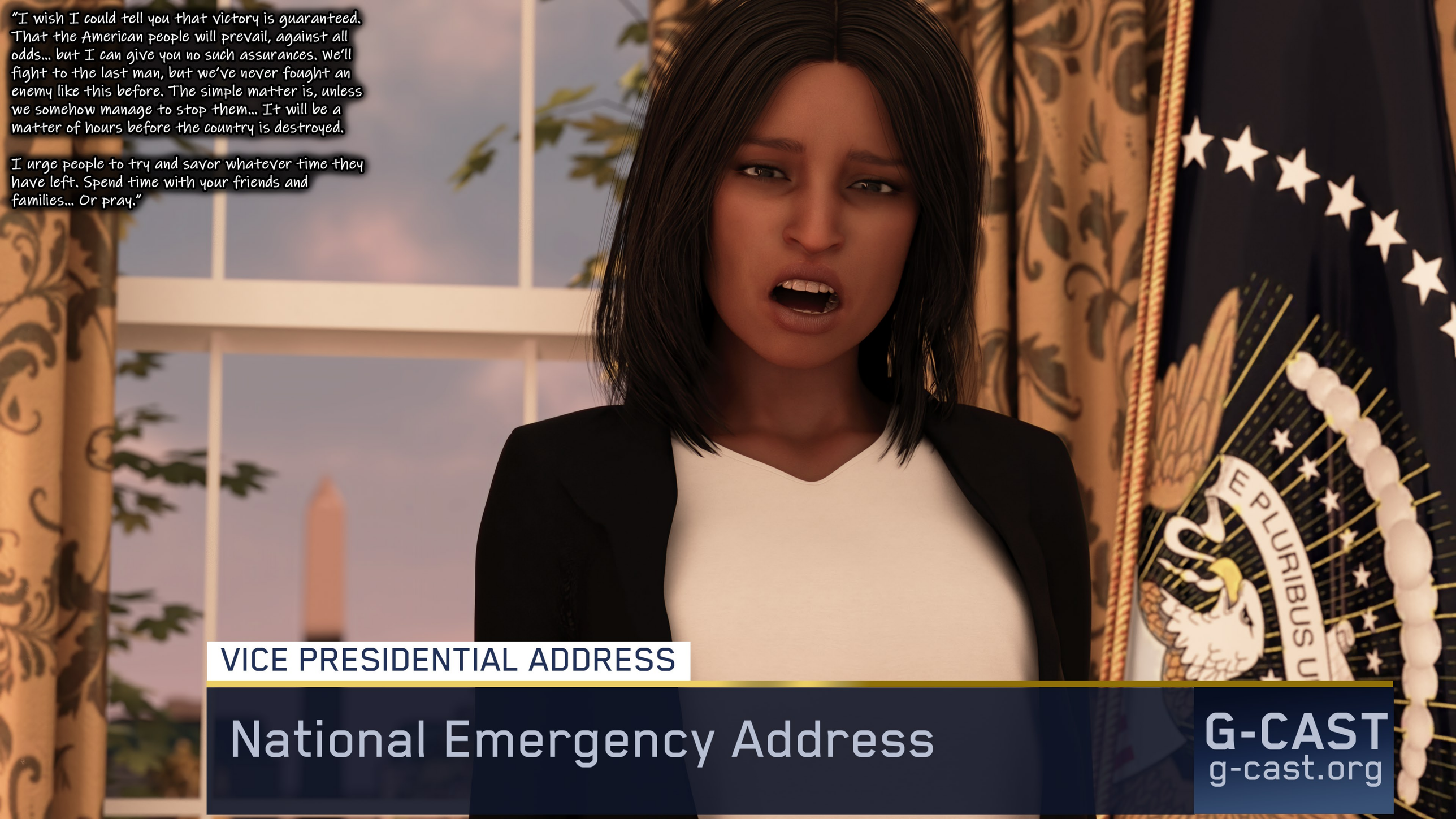


"Not a few hours." He said abruptly. "A few minutes. Ten. Fifteen, if we're lucky. An evac chopper is already on the way."

"Fine, I'll make it quick."


"I apologize for the interruption." I said back at the camera, feeling my heart race at this new information. "I don't have long, so I'm not going to waste any more of your time. I'll put it bluntly for anyone who doesn't have a full grasp of the severity of the situation."
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"Most of the West Coast is gone. They're moving way faster than anyone can hope to run. We're doing everything we can, but so far our weapons have little or no effect. What little info we have suggests they're deliberately targeting cities so you may be safer in the countryside, but at their size there is nowhere truly safe."


"I wish I could tell you that victory is guaranteed. That the American people will prevail, against all odds... but I can give you no such assurances. We'll fight to the last man, but we've never fought an enemy like this before. The simple matter is, unless we somehow manage to stop them... It will be a matter of hours before the country is destroyed.
I urge people to try and savor whatever time they have left. Spend time with your friends and families... Or pray."
VICE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS
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I breathe a sigh of relief. Thank god that's over. I don't know if I could have kept my composure for much longer. I nod to the cameraman, and he shuts off the feed. And not a moment too soon, because that's when I feel the earth shake.
E PLURIBUS UNUM

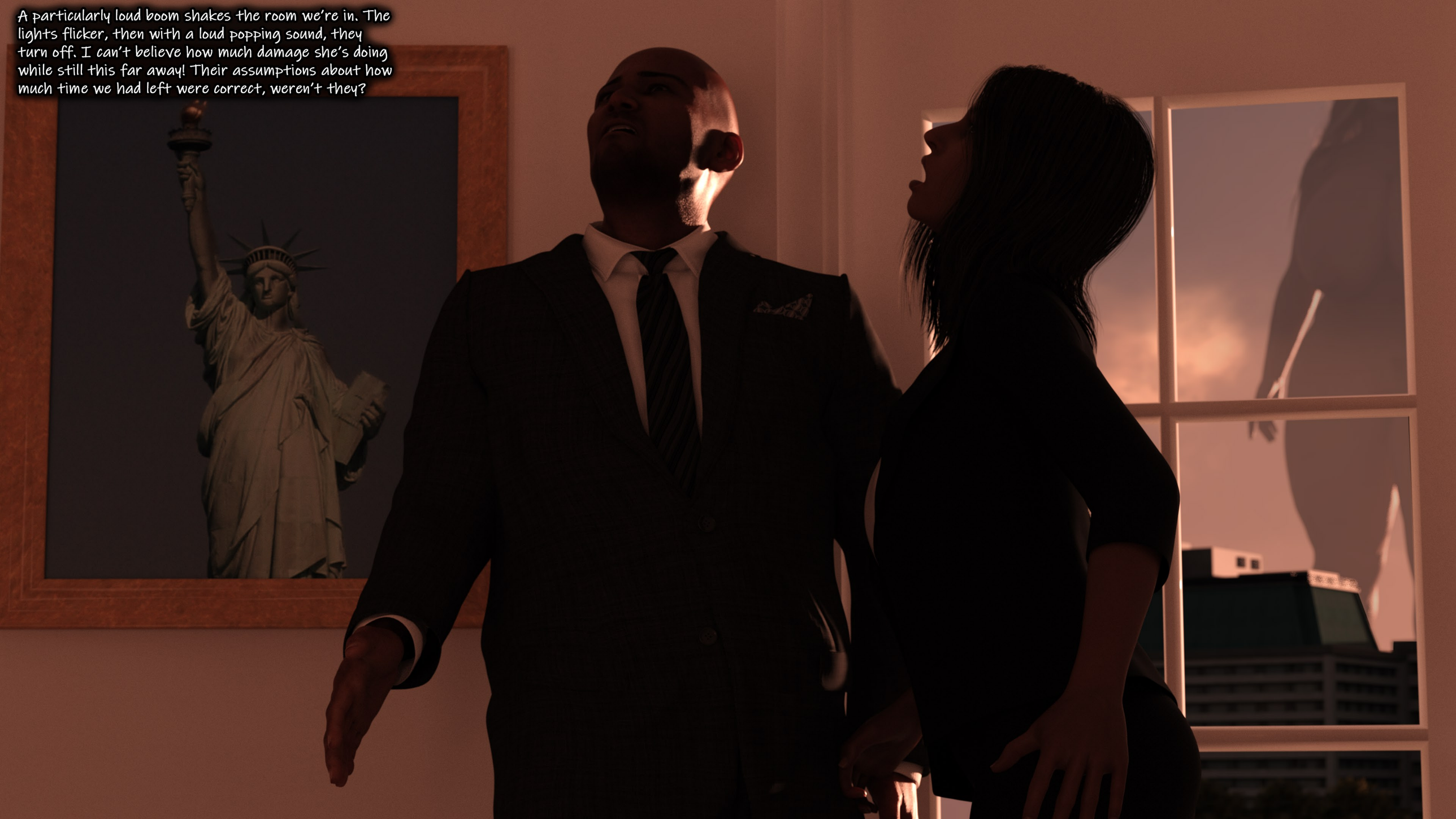


I spin around to look outside, and feel my heart sink into my stomach. I can see her even from this far away. Krystal is supposedly hundreds of miles away, but I can see her grow larger with every step she takes. Her true scale must be...

I don't want to think about it.

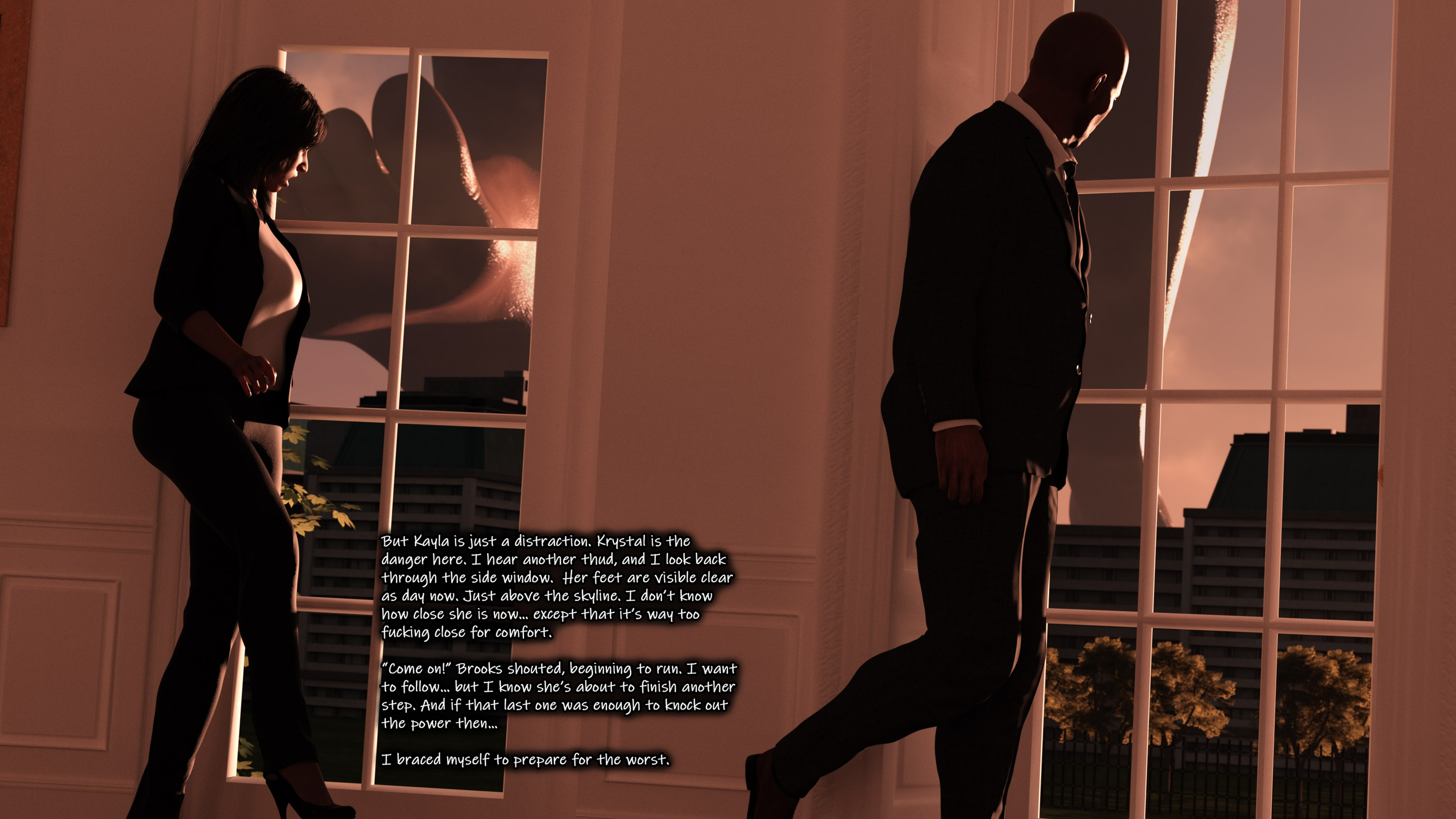
"Come on." Brooks said, grabbing me by the arm and yanking me away from the window.


"Shit! You're right. Sorry. Okay! Where the hell is that helicopter?"
"It's not here yet, but it's on its way. It should be landing on the White House lawn within a few minutes, tops."
"A few minutes?! At the rate she's coming, we don't have a few minutes!"


A particularly loud boom shakes the room we're in. The lights flicker, then with a loud popping sound, they turn off. I can't believe how much damage she's doing while still this far away! Their assumptions about how much time we had left were correct, weren't they?



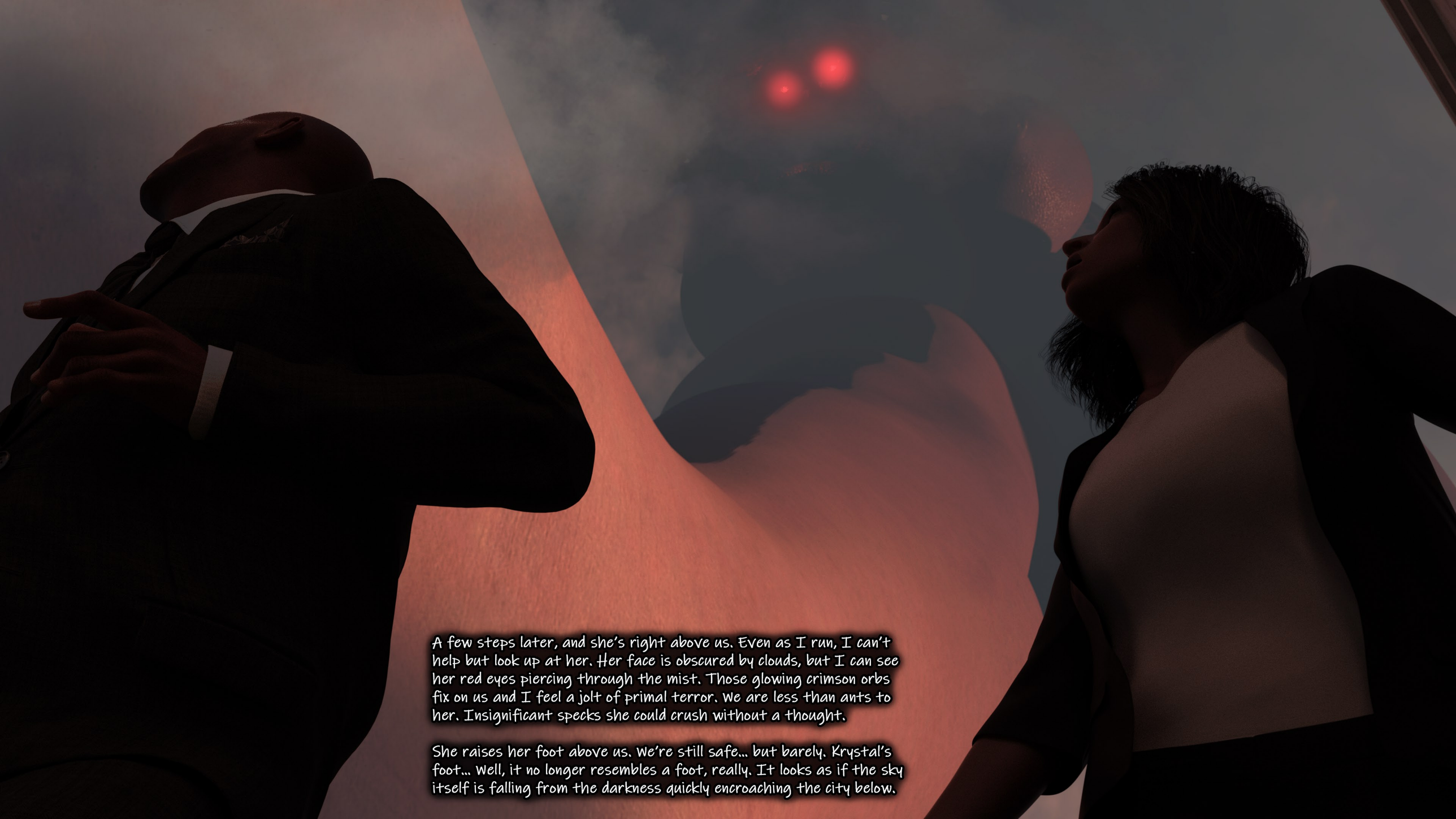
Another thud draws our eyes in the other direction. Through the other window, I see another one of them. I recognize her as Kayla, the smallest of the three, and yet she still looms over the city. She towers over the Washington Monument, even with hundreds of miles of distance between the two of them. I've stood next to that monument. I know how big it looks when it's directly over you. If we're seeing Kayla like this...


But Kayla is just a distraction. Krystal is the danger here. I hear another thud, and I look back through the side window. Her feet are visible clear as day now. Just above the skyline. I don't know how close she is now... except that it's way too fucking close for comfort.
"Come on!" Brooks shouted, beginning to run. I want to follow... but I know she's about to finish another step. And if that last one was enough to knock out the power then...
I braced myself to prepare for the worst.


BOOM!
This one is so much louder than the ones that came before. Loud enough that the glass in every single window shatters, and even my attempts to brace myself fail and I fall down. Brooks shouts something above the cacophony, but I can't hear a word of it. Only the sound of chaos outside now a hundred times more clear without the windows blocking it, and the sound of blood rushing through my head.

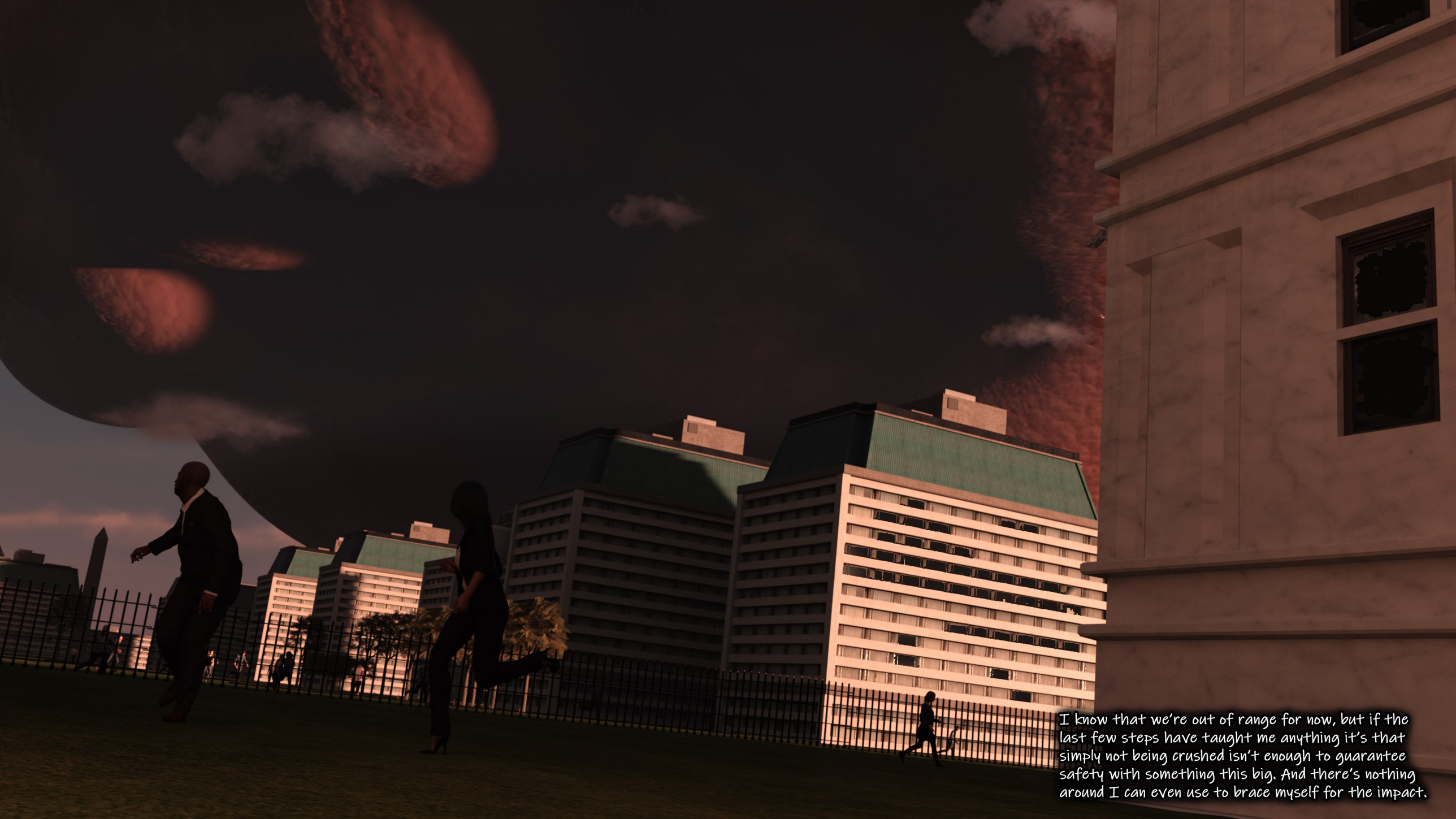

"You're not getting left behind!" He shouts, yanking me back up to my feet by the hand. "Let's go, Ms. Cortez! NOW!"
I'm inclined to agree. The shock and awe of her approach wears off in an instant, and I'm instead flooded with so much adrenaline I can hardly see straight. The two of us run out of the room as quickly as we can, and make our way outside.


Right into the thick of it.
Krystal is behind us. She must be dozens of miles away, but she's so big that it defies all belief. She's moving so fast. Far faster than anything should be able to move at that size, or any size. Her body stretches up high into the sky, like some mythological titan. I read reports about groups of people spontaneously coming together to worship her as a goddess, and it's not hard to imagine why.



A few steps later, and she's right above us. Even as I run, I can't help but look up at her. Her face is obscured by clouds, but I can see her red eyes piercing through the mist. Those glowing crimson orbs fix on us and I feel a jolt of primal terror. We are less than ants to her. Insignificant specks she could crush without a thought.

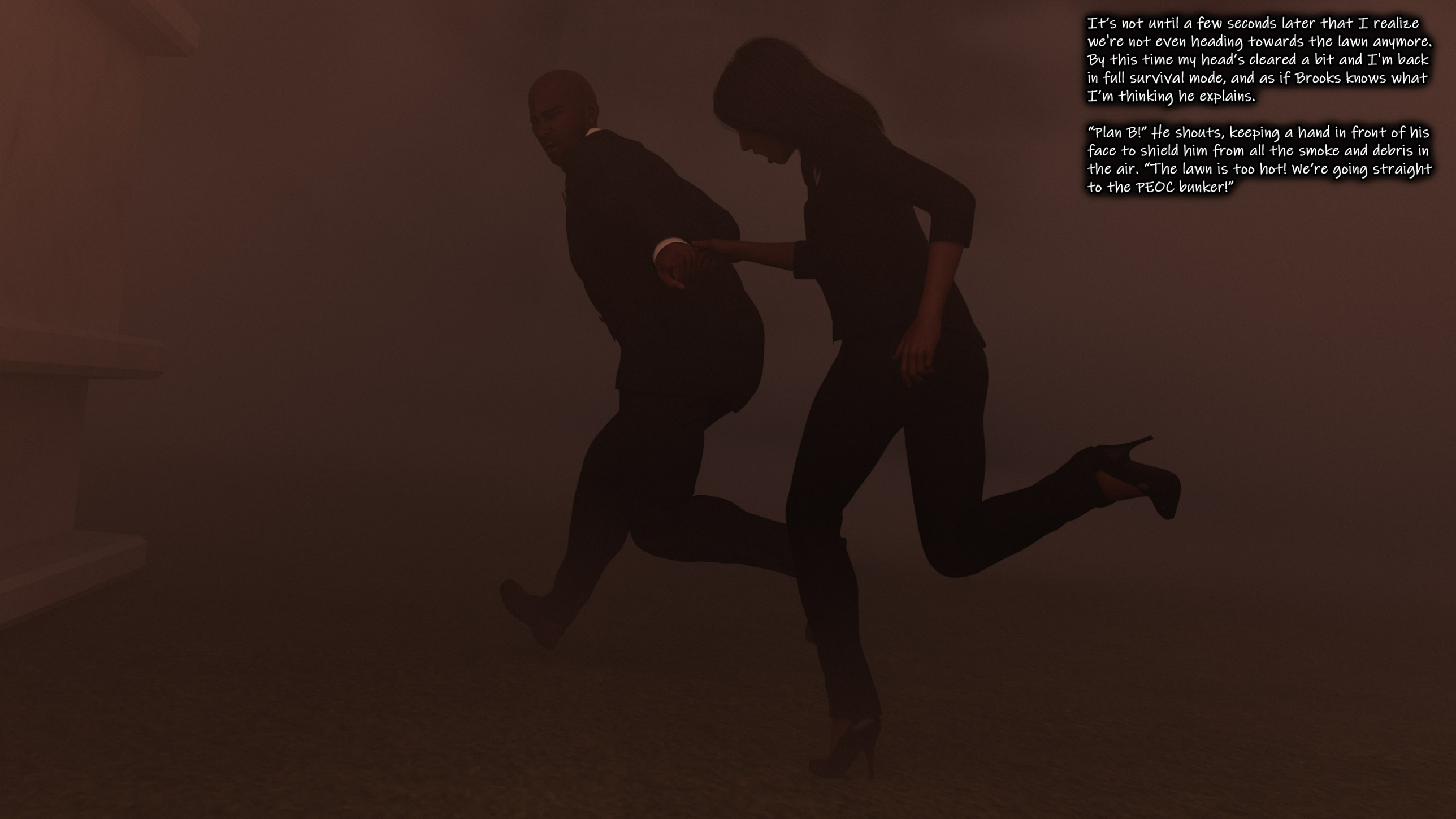
She raises her foot above us. We're still safe... but barely. Krystal's foot... Well, it no longer resembles a foot, really. It looks as if the sky itself is falling from the darkness quickly encroaching the city below.


I know that we're out of range for now, but if the last few steps have taught me anything it's that simply not being crushed isn't enough to guarantee safety with something this big. And there's nothing around I can even use to brace myself for the impact.



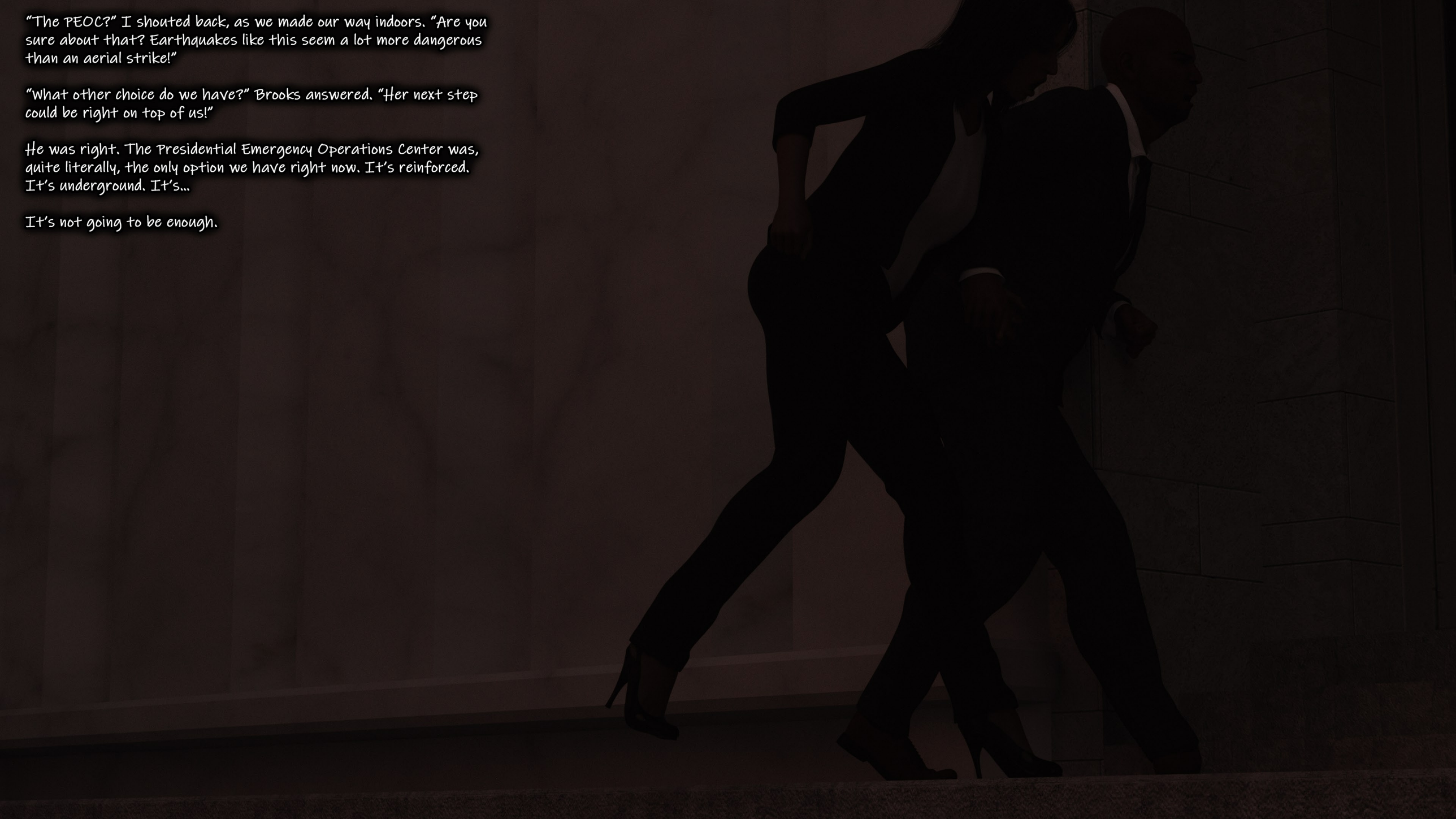
The sound is so loud this time it defies description. My ears start ringing instantly, and the earth shakes so violently I'm launched straight into the air. Before I even hit the ground a powerful gust of smoke blows through the area and it immediately feels like we're in the middle of a war zone, when this was a perfectly fine evening just a few minutes ago.

Brooks shouts something at me, but I can't hear it. All I know is he's quick to his feet, and grabs me by the hand again.



It’s not until a few seconds later that I realize we're not even heading towards the lawn anymore. By this time my head’s cleared a bit and I'm back in full survival mode, and as if Brooks knows what I’m thinking he explains.

“Plan B!” He shouts, keeping a hand in front of his face to shield him from all the smoke and debris in the air. “The lawn is too hot! We’re going straight to the PEOC bunker!”

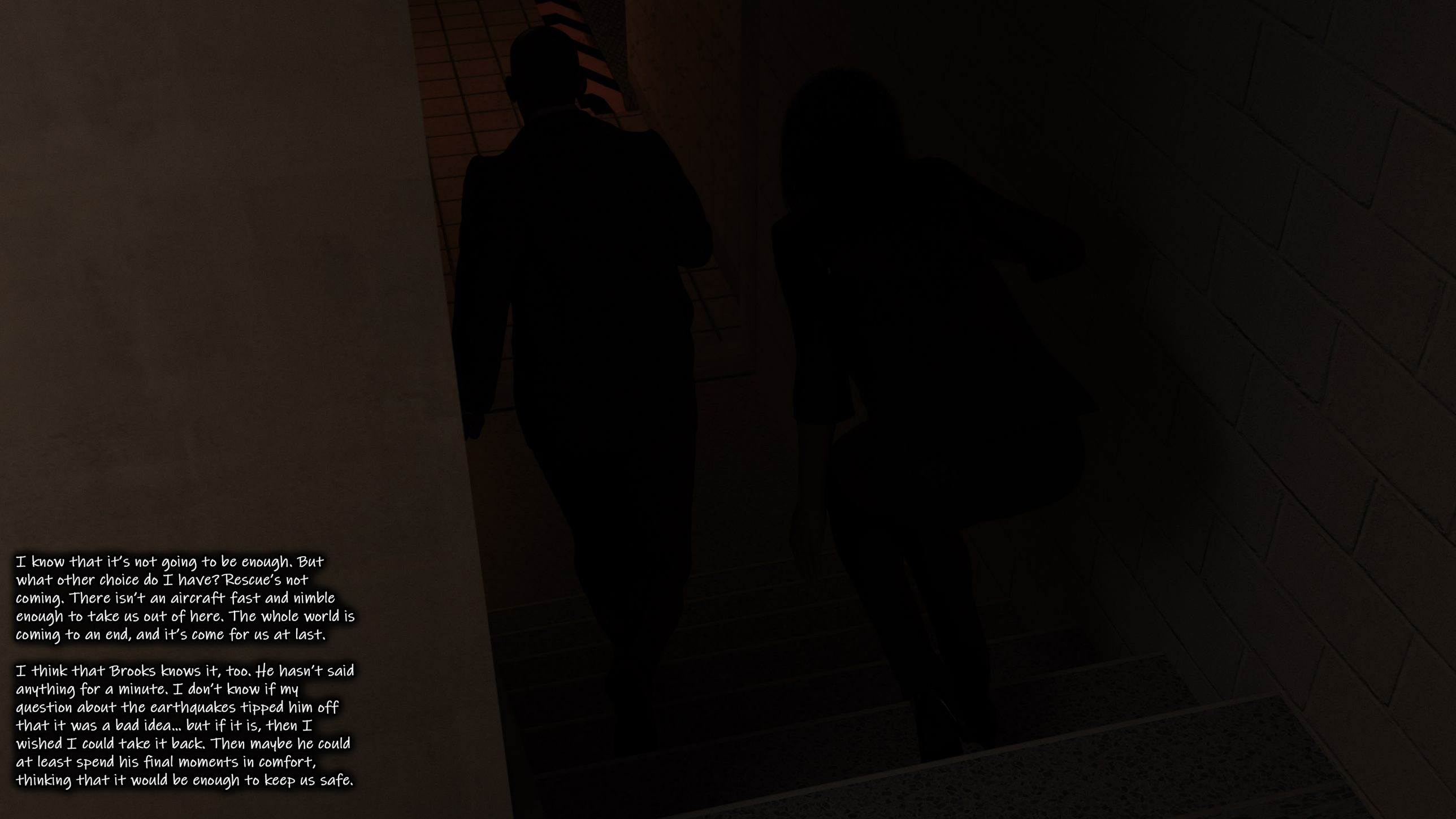


"The PEOC?" I shouted back, as we made our way indoors. "Are you sure about that? Earthquakes like this seem a lot more dangerous than an aerial strike!"

"What other choice do we have?" Brooks answered. "Her next step could be right on top of us!"

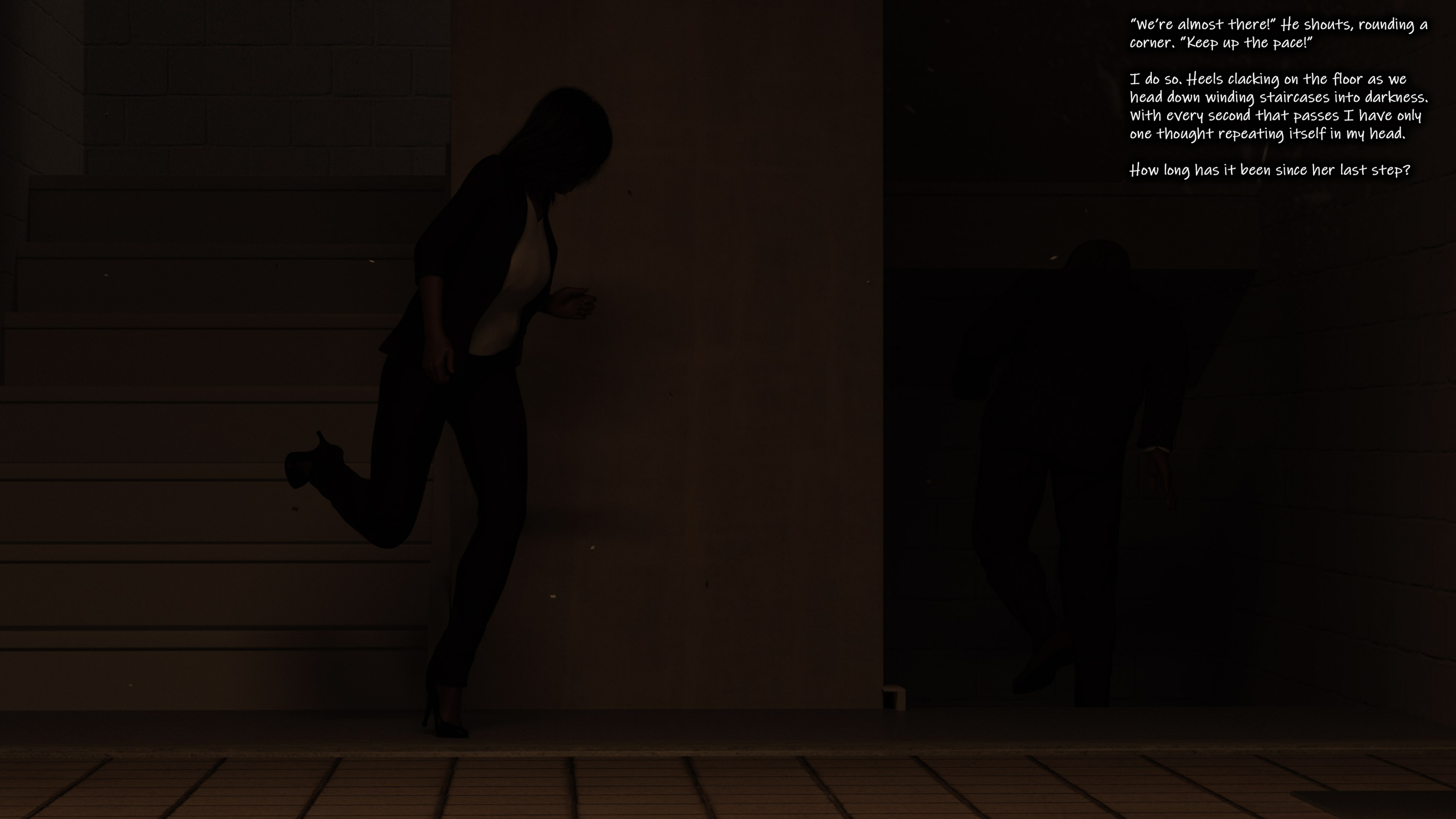
He was right. The Presidential Emergency Operations Center was, quite literally, the only option we have right now. It's reinforced. It's underground. It's...

It's not going to be enough.



I know that it's not going to be enough. But what other choice do I have? Rescue's not coming. There isn't an aircraft fast and nimble enough to take us out of here. The whole world is coming to an end, and it's come for us at last.

I think that Brooks knows it, too. He hasn't said anything for a minute. I don't know if my question about the earthquakes tipped him off that it was a bad idea... but if it is, then I wished I could take it back. Then maybe he could at least spend his final moments in comfort, thinking that it would be enough to keep us safe.



"We're almost there!" He shouts, rounding a corner. "Keep up the pace!"

I do so. Heels clacking on the floor as we head down winding staircases into darkness. With every second that passes I have only one thought repeating itself in my head.

How long has it been since her last step?



I don't have to wonder long. The ground shakes, and I fall onto my back. I look up and see the concrete above me cracking and splitting. A chunk of concrete breaks free, and comes down on top of me. I shield my face, but it's not enough. That's when everything went dark...


It's hard to comprehend our own sheer, colossal size. The slightest movement can have incredible effects. A single footstep might cause earthquakes hundreds of miles away. Those earthquakes might cause fires and pile-ups that kill more than even the initial step. Perhaps it's not even strictly necessary to crush these cities beneath us. Perhaps they're doomed purely by the arithmetic of our own, exponentially growing size. Logically, it might be best to ignore the cities altogether, and focus our efforts on the fault lines.
We have little patience for such so-called logic. There's something so satisfying about feeling entire cities crunch beneath our feet. We're only going to destroy the world once, so we might as well enjoy it.


From our impressive height this city that is so important to the microbes below is near-indistinguishable from the surrounding areas. Little more than a discoloration on the land around it. Hardly worth any notice. The seat of power itself is little more than a speck within a speck, and even Krystal's toes alone stretch far higher into the sky than anything else.


I stare down at the wasteland below. The areas surrounding the city are gone. Turned into endless expanses of uninhabitable land. The city itself, however, has largely gone untouched during all this.


A mistake that we see fit to correct at once.
Simply lifting our foot away from the ground rocks the world. Structures that had miraculously remained standing before this shudder from the movement, and a good number of them collapse. Once the foot is lifted away, chunks of the previous step's victims rain onto the ground below, forgotten and ignored.
Before moving up over the city itself, and making it clear that time is up for those inside.

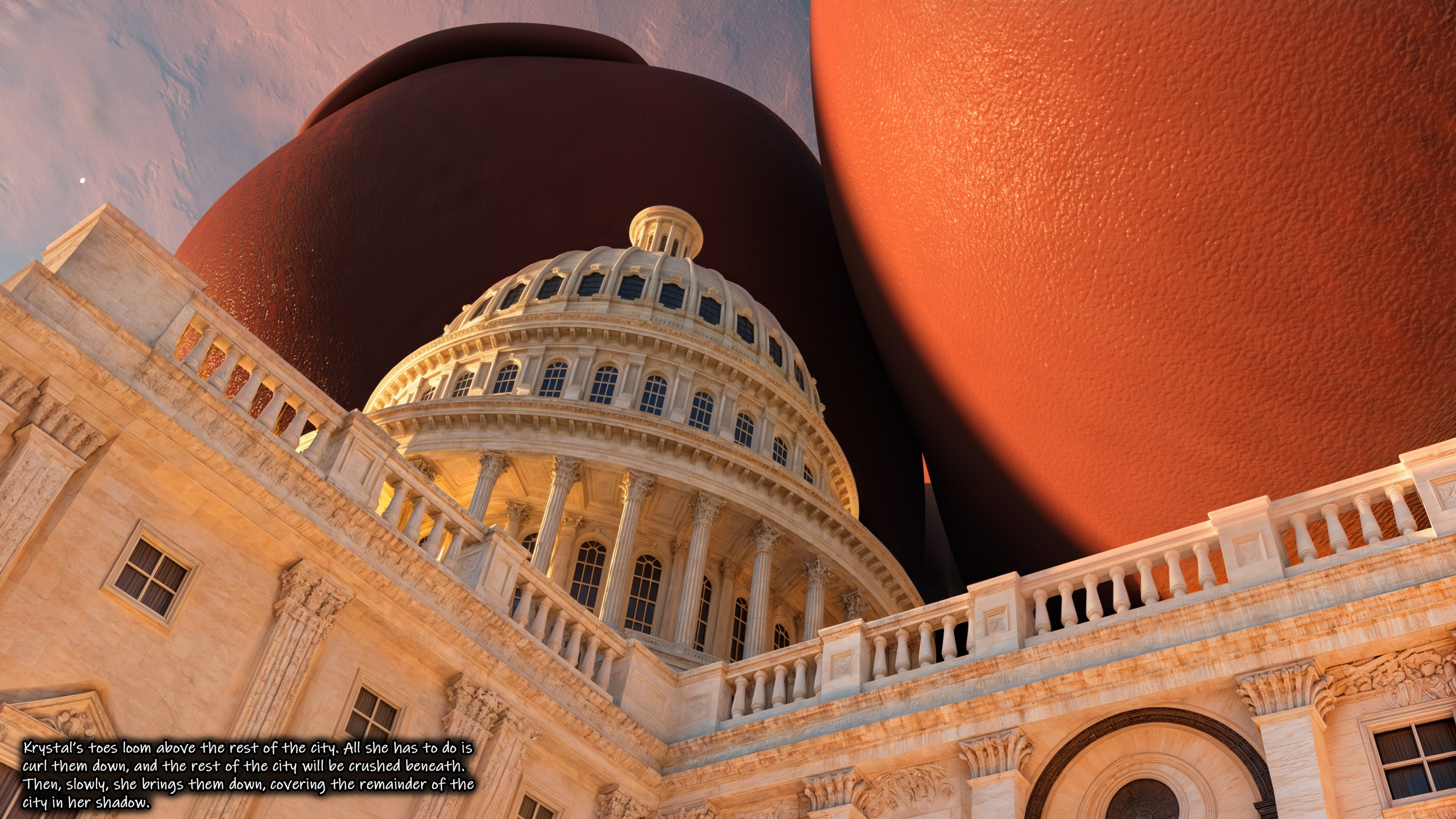

She thinks about the White House, the seat of their power.
It's down there somewhere, too small to make out... but
that hardly matters. It's just another little building, utterly
insignificant in the face of her incomprehensible vastness.
Soon it will be crushed, along with countless others.



Krystal steps forward, casting the city in shadow. The people below had to know their time was limited as soon as our form appeared upon their horizon. In that way, it must come almost as a relief that it's soon to end. When the foot moves over the city, the air instantly grows a few degrees hotter, despite the shade cloaking them all.

Somewhere, down below her foot, is the White House. It amuses her endlessly to know that such a famous building would soon be destroyed under her heel. The slightest graze from her foot would be enough to utterly obliterate the building. It would crumble beneath her without the slightest effort, as if it was made of sand.


Krystal finishes her step nonchalantly, and a great sense of pride swells up within our being. So much significance was placed into that minuscule plot of land... and now it's gone. Hundreds of years of history and politicking and government action gone. Erased. It would be poetic, in a way, if it were symbolic. If we had done so with the intent of installing a new form of government. One that placed us at the top, and with all of the world kneeling before us.
But at the end of the day, it was erased from the planet for no reason other than the thrill of destruction. And the sensation of wiping an entire city out with a single footstep is quite enthralling for Krystal's form indeed. But she's not done yet. She hasn't brought down her toes.


Krystal's toes loom above the rest of the city. All she has to do is curl them down, and the rest of the city will be crushed beneath. Then, slowly, she brings them down, covering the remainder of the city in her shadow.


As the foot lowers, it's obvious that nothing is going to be able to withstand the presence bearing down. This is no ordinary person they are watching. No small sliver of wood is going to pierce the skin, and stop Krystal's descent. It all simply bursts on contact, unable to withstand it for even a second.


And as her foot slowly lowers, more of the building is crushed, demolishing the building in an explosion of dust and debris. Within moments, the structure is unrecognizable. Just another pile of rubble in the ruins of a once-great city. A little sand and dust in the vast expanse of her footprint.



Then we twist our foot on the remains.

A pointless act, outside of the cruelty that comes from doing so. The city itself was gone completely. Utterly erased from the step alone. The twist of the foot afterwards is merely to rub salt in the wound. Demonstrate the power packed into a single step. In its own way it's a wasted movement, completely unnecessary to inflict further destruction.

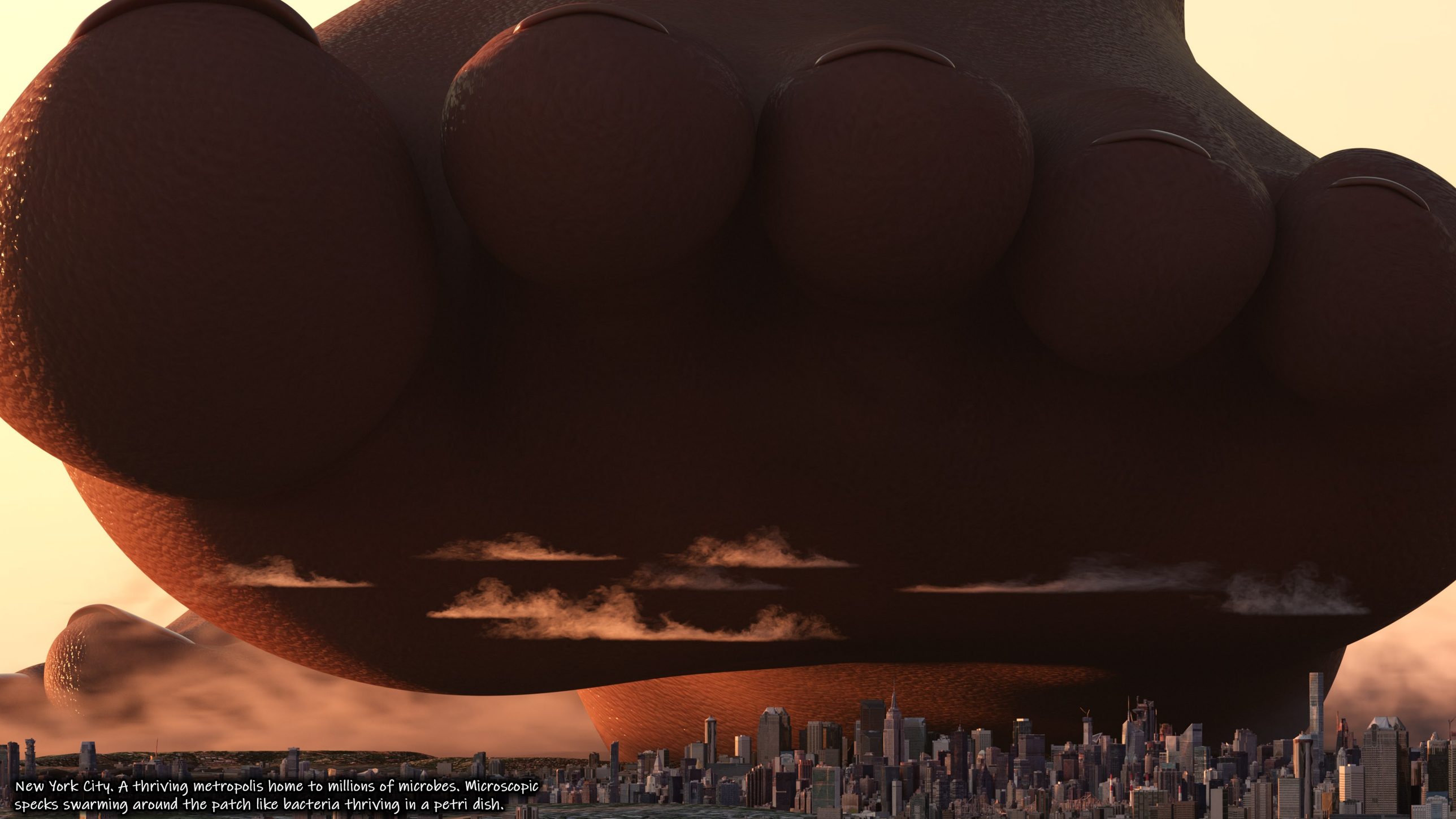
But the satisfaction it comes with cannot be denied.


A sound in the distance draws Krystal's eyes away. Our brief moment toying with the seat of the nation's power before crushing it back to the earth from whence it came allowed another of our aspects to reach her own destination.
A cruel grin forms on Krystal's lips, as Kaylee's form has nearly reached its destination.


Were we not as one there could have been conflict at this moment. A pang of regret that the fun for one has ended so abruptly, while another is only beginning to experience their own bliss.
But our shared consciousness takes great joy in the accomplishments of the other. The petty squabbles from before are a thing of the past, and Krystal watches as Kaylee's feet stomp towards another city that will be helpless to defend itself against our might.


The city quakes as she approaches. Even though she's hundreds of miles away, her footsteps shatter windows, and cause some of the weaker buildings to collapse. But she won't be hundreds of miles away for long.


Kaylee stops in her tracks, and stares down at the city. She's just barely able to make out one of the biggest skyscrapers: The Empire State Building. It used to be the tallest building in the world. Now, it was barely more than a spec.


New York City. A thriving metropolis home to millions of microbes. Microscopic specks swarming around the patch like bacteria thriving in a petri dish.


Kaylee's foot comes down, just outside of Manhattan. The impact alone drives forth a massive wave of smoke and dust that rolls over the city like a tidal wave. Millions of people who couldn't hope to possibly evacuate in time even if they'd started when this all began look up at the toes that will end their lives shortly, and Kaylee even clenches her toes, further breaking apart the planet's crust and sending quakes through the city that level many of the smaller, more fragile structures.


Just like Krystal before her, Kaylee raises her right foot over the city. A significant portion of its mass is able to fit beneath a single step, and the entire downtown area finds itself as our prey.
One of the great cultural centers of the country breathes its last.


Before Kaylee's foot comes down once more, right outside of the city.
She could have crushed the entirety of Manhattan with terrifying ease, but she held herself back. A minor shift on her heel the moment before finishing the step is all it takes, and the borough is rocked by even more powerful earthquakes. Now the toes aren't just something visible on the horizon, towering over everything. They're side by side, serving as a reminder of the sheer scale of what has come for them.


Kaylee looks down at the city below. Some semblance of her old life resurfaces within our shared consciousness. A particular distaste for Manhattan in particular, hence the prolonged tormenting of the minuscule thing. A request is made. Simply stepping on it would be too quick an end, after all. It requires a more personal touch.
And we agree.


Kaylee looks down upon the city, stretching out before her for quite a while. It would take no more than half a dozen steps to rid it all from the land. But, effective as using our feet to crush the world may be, there are other methods of ensuring its destruction.
Miles above the city a deep, rumbling sound can be heard. A sound so ominous it even makes the ground vibrate.


Delaying this any longer would be denying Kaylee of a deep, primal urge. She bends over, causing those below her to think that she may be bringing herself down to their level. A terrifying thought on its own merits, but what happens instead is significantly worse.
The earth cracks as massive fingers pierce the surface with frightening ease. Thousands of tons of earth and stone are broken apart effortlessly as Kaylee begins to dig into the surface in an effort to pick the city up.


For the first time since she's grown at all she's exercising a bit of caution in her movements. Pushing her hands together would be all it takes to destroy the city as it currently stands. Balling her hands into fists. Even spitting onto the city from this angle would cause untold amounts of devastation that she craves.
We would very much like to experience that, but Kaylee's mind carries with it a specific fate for this city she holds so much distaste for. Keeping it in one piece is of the utmost importance, and it's almost insulting how easily she's able to do it. It emphasizes how little she cared for everything else she's handled since she'd begun growing. Not a single thing has mattered to her before this.


Not to say that it comes up entirely in one piece unscathed, however. That much is simply an impossibility even for us. The earth is not built of convenient intersecting blocks that snap together. Ripping an entire city from the earth makes chunks of it rain to the ground below, filling up the crater left behind.


The city rises higher and higher into the air. Slowly so that it retains its structure, but quickly enough to make every single man and woman trapped on it remain acutely aware of what's happening. They pass through the cloud cover in a matter of seconds, are offered but a moment to gawk at a pair of breasts larger than their entire borough, and are eventually brought face to face with their deity. The being that's come to destroy them.


The city was a marvel of modern society. Massive, sprawling, and jam-packed with people. A tourist destination for millions the world over. Hundreds of skyscrapers soared into the sky, reminding the people who lived there of the ingenuity that went into modern society, while the massive stretch of open land offered a bit of nature for the people who lived there.


Every last inch of it was now within Kaylee's hands as she focused in on it, spotting every intricate detail. She could see the tiny, terrified people, staring up at her in fear. As she watched them, she could feel a desire begin to gnaw within her. Some were running. Others watched. But in the end... Their fates would all be the same.


She had enjoyed looking at the city. She remembered well visiting it before. The people there who had bothered her. Those who declared it the greatest city on earth, and insulted her own hometown in the process. The pompousness of the wealthy who lived there in their gold-plated penthouses.
She had no love for the city, and when she opened her mouth wide, every single person looking at her knew what was coming.



She was large enough now that she could begin to slide the disc straight inside of her mouth. Hundreds of blocks slid past her teeth, and were immediately assaulted by the hot, acrid breath inside of her mouth. Her tongue salivated at the sensation of the tip making contact, and an enormous flood consumed thousands of lives in the blink of an eye.

Tragically, Kaylee would come to a realization at this point. She had stuffed many a people and building straight down her throat up to this point. She took pride in being able to consume things by swallowing them whole... but the city was simply too awkwardly shaped and too brittle to accomplish this.


So she bit down.
Her massive, pearly teeth shredded through earth, concrete buildings, and streets alike with ease. A deep moan echoed from the depths of her throat as she did so, while an undeniable sense of pleasure filled our entire being at once. If we had any regrets, it was that only one of our aspects was able to experience this.


One bite was all it took. The city had been sheared in half by Kaylee's teeth, and she toyed with the chunk inside of her mouth for a moment before swallowing it whole. It did not taste like much, and the brittle texture wasn't particularly appealing, but the heightened awareness that came with our power made it an overwhelmingly pleasurable experience.
One she repeated a second later, when the remaining half of the city was simply dropped onto her tongue, and drawn into her mouth.


This section of the city had to endure a fate much more horrifying than the first. The chunk she'd been off had shattered, and broken apart inside of her mouth. Countless lives splashed around on her tongue and were mired into her saliva, before they were sent careening down her throat with no hope of escape.



This section did not get such a convenient fate. Those trapped here could only watch as the darkness of her throat swallowed them whole. Light gradually fading, and the hot breath coming from Kaylee's body replacing all of the breathable oxygen.

They would have spent their final moments clawing for air. Hoping to get some oxygen, but unable to find any.


That was, if not for the fact that Kaylee swallowed a moment later. The entire thing broke apart as soon as it hit her throat, and remained a number of massive chunks that slid down her throat one at a time. She moaned again at the feeling, while her throat compressed and crushed millions of lives at once into their buildings and land to send them away just as she had the first group.


Standing there for several seconds, Kaylee basks in the aftermath of what just happened. She focused on her belly as well as she could, but the difference in scale between her and the microscopic occupants of this world was simply far too great now. Even with our assistance she could not hope to detect a single sign of life inside of her, and she had to end the brief distraction with a satisfied pat on her belly, before returning to the city below her.
It was still as small as ever. Even if Manhattan had just been forced to atone for its sins to her directly, it remained one single borough of the mighty city spread around before her.


The rest of it simply did not matter, though. Her qualms lay with the chunk of the city digesting within her at this very moment. The rest was simply there to be destroyed in whatever she saw fit. And if there was one thing that paired well with devouring innocent lives, it was pleasing one's self.
Crouching, Kaylee looked down upon the rest of the city. Three more boroughs. Brookly, Queens, and Long Island.


Her feet could finish the job in a matter of seconds. But instead she drops to her hands and knees, shuddering as she can see her greatly-enhanced form jiggle from the subtle movement. She bites her bottom lip, and the answer of how to finish the city off is obvious to us.
Those same curves she enjoyed flaunting so much deserve to experience the feeling of crushing millions of lives just as her feet have, and just as her mouth has. We are in agreement, and Kaylee begins to lower her body.


A single nipple looms over the city. That one nipple, an implement of incredible destruction. Tens of thousands of people cower in fear beneath it, just waiting for the nipple to descend.
Kaylee's heart beats faster within her chest. Pounding louder, more furiously. Enough that it makes her mountainous breasts jiggle ever so slightly, and makes the impending approach of a nipple from above all the more dangerous.


Our utmost focus is maintained the entire way down. Ensuring that the nipple makes contact cleanly is important. Bit by bit the gigantic breast falls from the heavens, through the clouds, and to the city below. Before she makes contact with Long Island directly.
Then, the impact. Dozens of city blocks are pulverized beneath the tip of the nipple. Thousands of lives are snuffed out in an instant.


All that destruction was caused by a single nipple. A miniscule part of her body was enough to end countless lives. Kaylee thought about what it would do if she lowered her breast onto the city, and another shiver went down her spine.


No longer leaning to one side, Kaylee straightens her body out, and allows both of those gigantic nipples to smash through more of the city. The erect nipples are near-instantly masked under a wave of smoke as the nipples pulverize dozens of blocks in an instant, turning them into divots.



She inhales sharply, which causes her chest to expand slightly. Just enough that dozens more blocks are crushed under the minute amounts more of her breasts that fall onto the city. A movement so unintentional it sends fresh shivers down her spine. But this was just a taste.


Anticipation built up, as she thought about how easy it would be. All she had to do was lean forward just a bit. All too aware of that fact, she held off for just a moment, savoring the power she felt.
Before, with a great breath, she drops to the ground.


Using her massive breasts to cushion herself, Kaylee drops the millions of tons that make up her form onto the planet's surface. It feels for a moment as if the tectonic plates themselves reel from the unbelievable amount of weight coming down for a moment, the breasts Kaylee used as padding flatten out against the ground.
Kaylee bites her bottom lip. We are enjoying this.


Kaylee brought her body lower, crushing Jersey City and Brooklyn under her torso. But that was a mere afterthought to her. It was the destructive power of her breasts that truly amused her.
Kaylee pulled back, letting her massive breasts drag across more of the city. The massive, powerful orbs were utter overkill for the task, but she relished that power. Most of Long Island had been flattened beneath her already, but she relished the sensation of the buildings crumbling under her sensitive nipples.



But it is those breasts that Kaylee wields with so much enthusiasm that limit the amount of destruction she can cause. With her flat belly left hovering miles above a huge portion of the battered city, we are quick to notice that the job is left shockingly unfinished.

An order to finish things off is all it takes. Kaylee agrees, and begins to rock herself back and forth, while still laying on her chest. The shaking of the ground is so violent and apocalyptic that not a single structure can remain standing under the onslaught. The individuals themselves who were spared falling debris are nevertheless swallowed whole as great gashes open up in the earth itself.


The destruction of Long Island took, in total, less than a minute. Kaylee sits up, and basks in the warm sun, before dusting her chest off. Only a small layer of dust remains to even signify what she'd just done, and she gives her gigantic breasts a playful squeeze in appreciation.
Sighing, she sits on her legs... and remembers something. A hatred so powerful immediately floods her body, surprising even us with its intensity.



Krystal and Kayla hold no love for New Jersey. But Kaylee...? Long-forgotten memories are dredged up. A reality show tryout, a rejection, and a burning hatred for the state as a whole.

Its close proximity to New York City has her scanning the ground, and searching for something familiar. A landmark? Regardless, our psyche is able to aid her once again, and a cruel grin forms on her lips as she sees that her colossal backside is hovering directly above it.

Kaylee simply allows gravity to take hold. Her muscles go slack, and for a brief moment she's in free fall. The millions of lives below who had hoped they would escape the situation happening nearby unscathed all realized in unison that they were not to be so lucky.


There was no pomp or circumstance with this one. Simply pure distaste for the state as a whole. When Kaylee's backside smashed into the ground the entire planet seemed to shake, and plumes of smoke thousands of feet tall were blown around in every direction. The only effect it left on Kaylee herself was a slight jiggling of her backside that took a few seconds to subside.

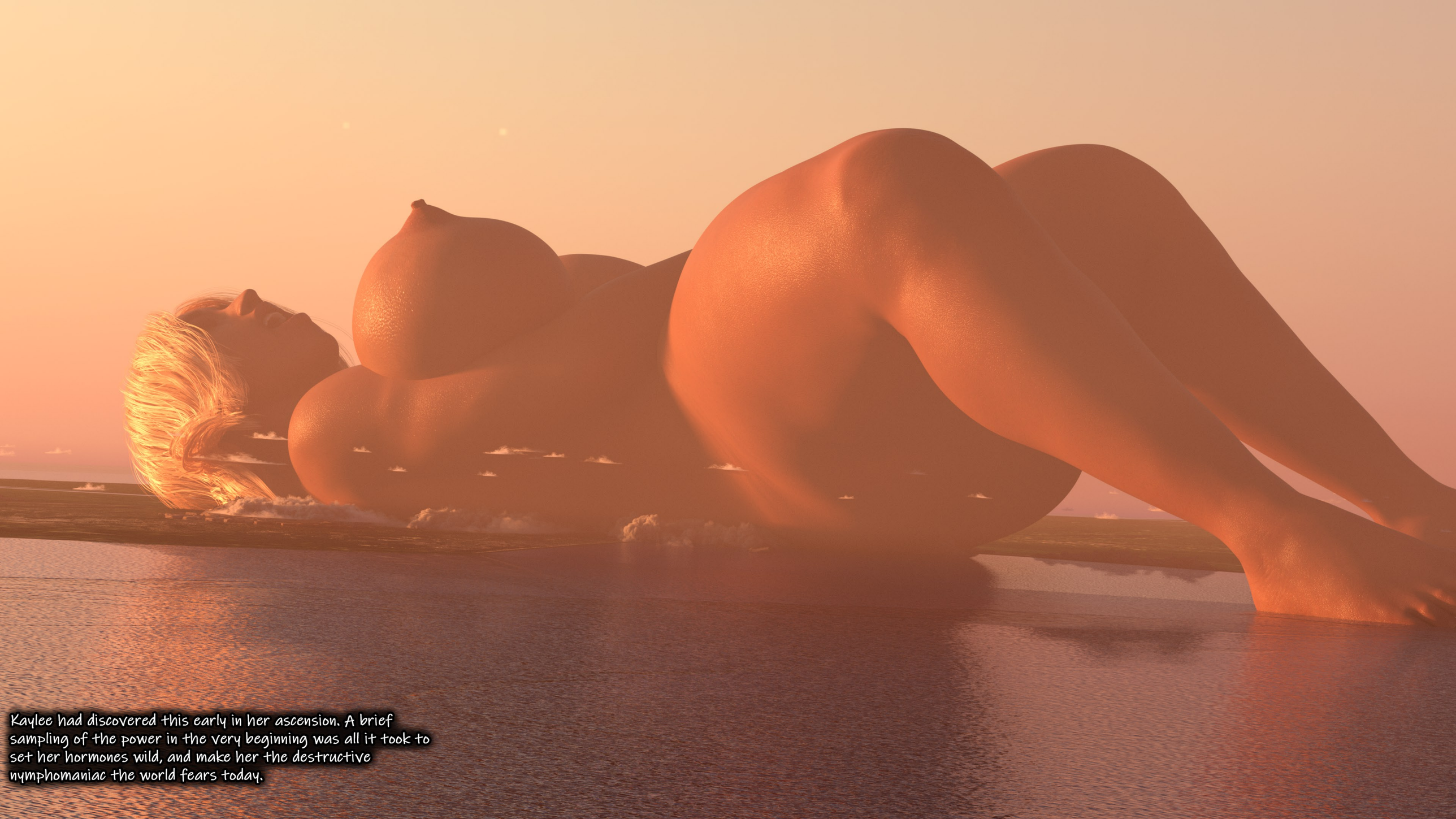

Satisfied with her handiwork, she grabbed a fistful of her ass, and smiled. She enjoyed the feeling of doing so much with so little effort, and gave it a firm slap that echoed for miles around and blew away a portion of the smoke slowly spreading around.
She could have sat there for an hour and watched... but we are not so patient. Taking pride in one's actions is encouraged, but it must not come at the expense of furthering the goal of complete global destruction.

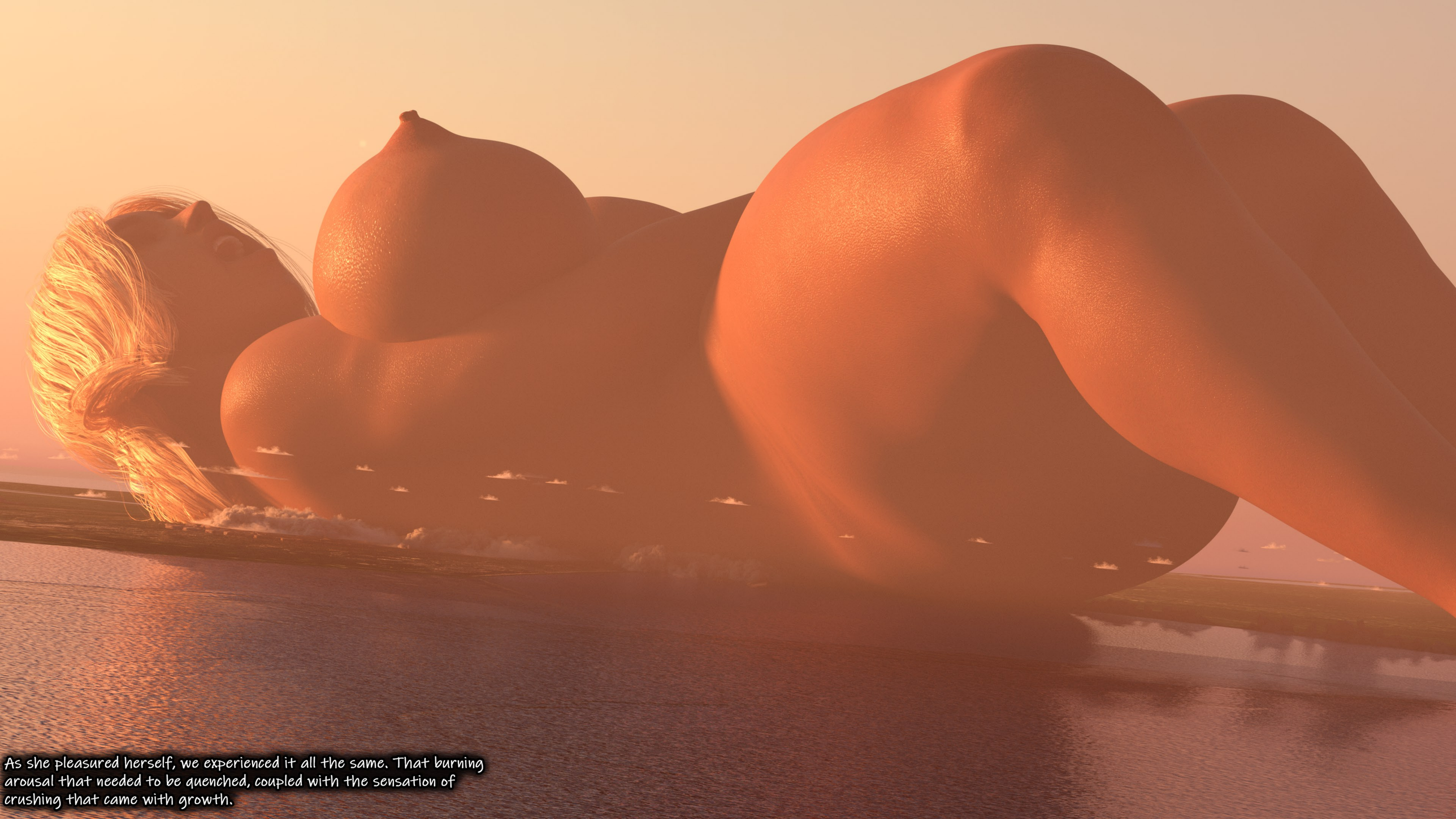

Luckily, Kaylee was able to resolve this issue just as easily. Though her ass covered dozens of miles and was able to erase essentially an entire state in the blink of an eye, it was but one part of her body. She wiggled her toes in the shallow ocean waters she rested her feet on, before leaning back.
Once again gravity took hold.
But this time the area affected was over a dozen times larger.

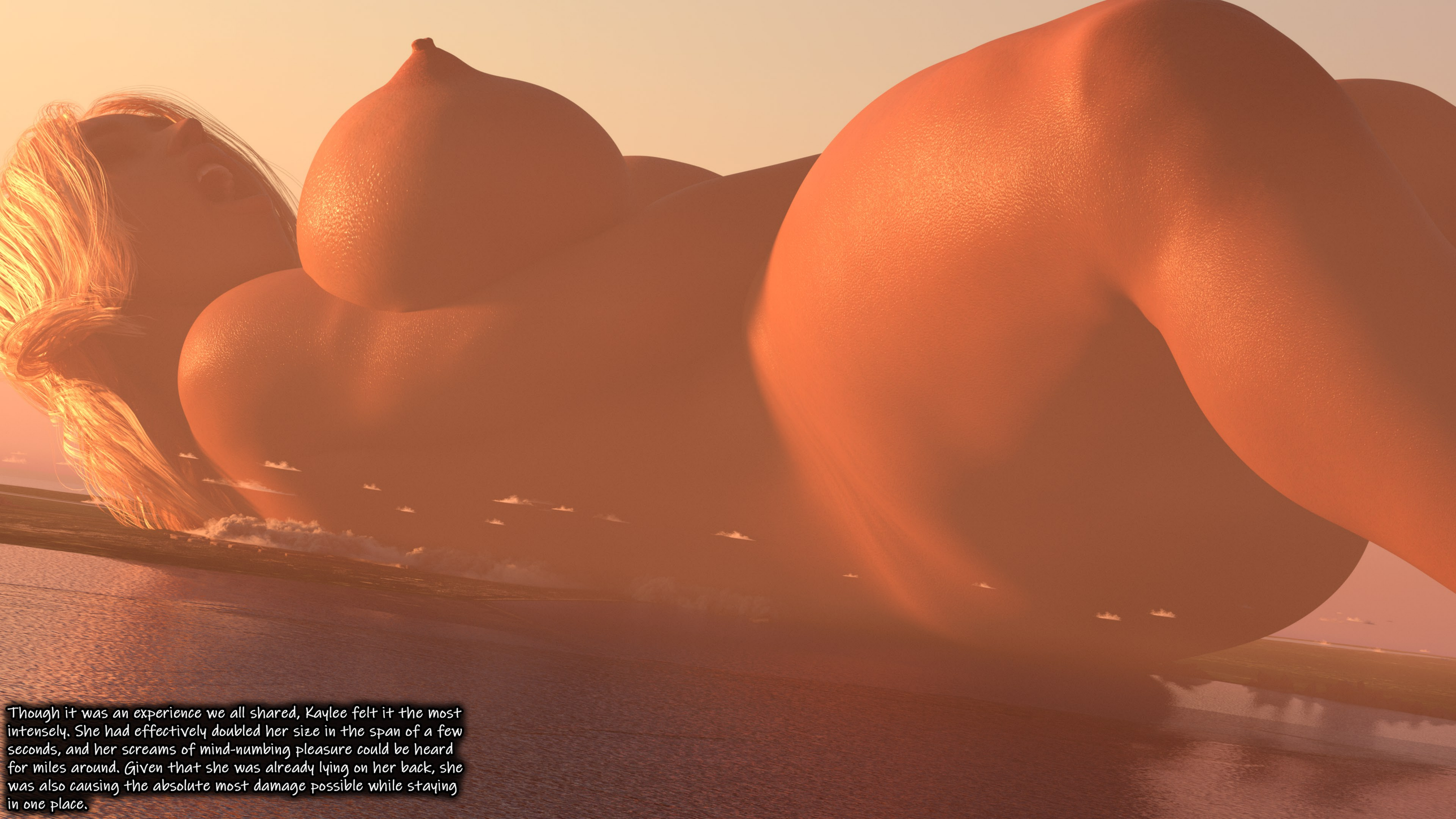

Kaylee's lust was insatiable, but for once this was something that served the greater good. Our shared consciousness drank from her lust as she savored the destruction she'd brought so many, while her legs gradually began to slide further apart and her hand dove in-between them.
A moan slipped between her lips while the sound of wet fingers moving around made it clear what was happening.


With growth, came destruction. With destruction, came pleasure. And with pleasure, came more growth.


All actions fed into one another, creating an endless cycle that ensured our divine reign would never come to an end. The ruination of civilization brought us the pleasure that ensured we could continue to do it more effectively and with less opposition.


Kaylee had discovered this early in her ascension. A brief sampling of the power in the very beginning was all it took to set her hormones wild, and make her the destructive nymphomaniac the world fears today.


As she pleasured herself, we experienced it all the same. That burning arousal that needed to be quenched, coupled with the sensation of crushing that came with growth.


Though it was an experience we all shared, Kaylee felt it the most intensely. She had effectively doubled her size in the span of a few seconds, and her screams of mind-numbing pleasure could be heard for miles around. Given that she was already lying on her back, she was also causing the absolute most damage possible while staying in one place.


And when she came... she could barely see. Her mind was clouded with pleasure. Her fingers kept moving as if her life depended on it. Her barest movement ended more lives, and she was entranced by her own power.


Then, finally, she let out a final scream of pleasure. For those below her, the sound was earth-shattering. The scream enough was enough to shatter windows. Her screams of ecstasy could be heard across the country, echoing for hundreds of miles.


These sensations were not hers alone. And as Kayla, hundreds of miles away, stopped in her tracks to let the pleasure flow... Krystal was not the same. In an instant we could feel the unity between our aspects begin to grow tense. All from one direction.

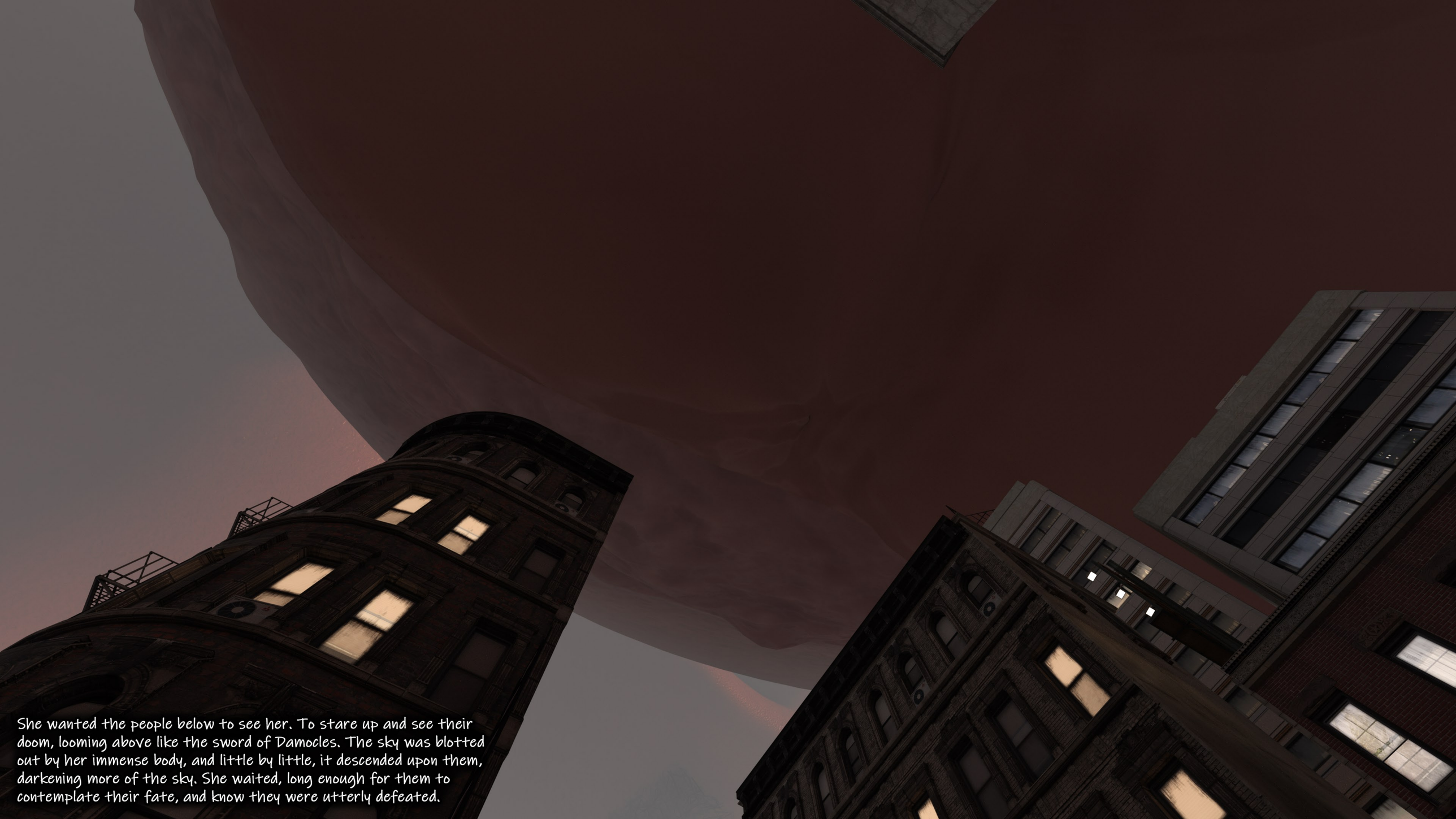

Krystal could feel Kaylee's pleasure as her own. She was well-versed in Kaylee's course of action. She knew that such overwhelming sensations of arousal could only mean one thing. Her position within our shared consciousness was being challenged.
And that she could not allow.


She looked down at the landscape beneath her. She could just make out another little city beneath her. A sprawling patchwork of red brick buildings stretching across the land. She didn't know what city it was. Baltimore, maybe? But those details didn't matter much anymore. There were countless people there, who she'd allowed to live until now. But her mercy was about to come to an end.


Krystal smiled, as she stared down at the city below. She knew how easy it would be to finish them. How utterly effortless that destruction would be. The sheer immensity of her body made the slightest movement a destructive act. Every part of her was as deadly as a nuclear weapon, the only question was which part to use... But she did have a favorite.


Krystal leaned forward, letting her weapons of choice swing forward. As deadly as they were, her breasts were still sensitive. They yearned for touch. But what felt like a gentle caress to Krystal was anything but for the people below.


Her immense breasts loomed over the city, far larger than any skyscrapers below. Her nipples hung low, dangling just over the skyscrapers. The slightest movement would bring untold devastation, but she was careful... for now.


She wanted the people below to see her. To stare up and see their doom, looming above like the sword of Damocles. The sky was blotted out by her immense body, and little by little, it descended upon them, darkening more of the sky. She waited, long enough for them to contemplate their fate, and know they were utterly defeated.


As they descend further, the sky goes dark. Then, finally, she makes contact. Her breasts smash into an office building, obliterating floor after floor with little resistance. One after another, they're reduced to rubble.


A shiver runs down her spine. An intoxicating cocktail of power and arousal floods through our psyche all at once, threatening to overwhelm even our consciousness. The depravity of the act, treating the crushing of thousands of lives as little more than a minute amount of stimulant towards her nipples is so wonderfully devilish that we can't wait to experience it further.


Impatient, Krystal presses down with full force, slamming the incomprehensible weight of her breasts on the ground below. The remnants of the city below her were forgotten in an instant. There was no artistry or technique to Krystal's actions. She simply knew that if she did not act in this moment, then her position at the top would be challenged.


Krystal stared down at the ground below. She'd destroyed an entire city on a whim. Her breasts alone had ended countless lives in an instant. Her power should have felt unassailable... And yet, as powerful as she felt, she could feel her rival growing even stronger.


That rivalry ignited something within Krystal. We tried to reassure her, but as we could feel Krystal's apprehension, so too could we feel Kaylee's excitement over her new gains.


The symbiosis seems in jeopardy, but Krystal wastes no time in setting herself to be placed back on top. Lying on her belly in much the same way Kaylee had a moment prior, she allowed the sensation of her breasts crushing cities to fill her with pleasure. She stretched her legs out, allowing her toes to rip gashes into the planet's surface. Her face was pressed close to the ground, where her heady breath blew away entire villages with gale force winds.


All the while her fingers kept moving in and out of herself. Her arousal continued to climb as she sought only the rewards that a climax would bring her.


The reminder of her loss in status was easily visible in the distance. Kaylee had been the closest to her in size just a moment ago, but it was now clear that Krystal's position within our being was to be challenged.
She climbed up onto her knees to gain better access to her pussy, and make sure that did not happen.


Krystal did not have the experience in this that Kaylee did. She had been at such astronomical sizes for a far shorter period of time, and had spent a significant portion of time at little more than the size of an ordinary human.
But she did not need it. She was older. Had a good deal more wisdom. More time spent exploring herself... and what her fingers were capable of.


She was climbing higher and higher even faster than Kaylee had. If the younger Kloss were not busy basking in the aftermath of another climax, she'd have noticed this firsthand.


But Krystal was cunning. She knew as well that this was the time that Kaylee would be most distracted. That our shared pleasure would make it difficult to distinguish her actions in her current state.
We must confess. She is best suited to the role on top.


Krystal's body swelled. Her curves flared out even further, and it wasn't long before the sounds of wet sloshing filled the countryside while her fingers worked their magic. In the distance Kayla, having just experienced Kaylee's orgasm through our shared connection, had to stop in her tracks completely to gawk at what was happening.


To Krystal, the rest of the world had simply ceased to be. As our tenuous connection began to dim, she allowed herself to focus instead on her own body, as well as the narrow section of the country she could see directly beneath her.


She had to actively focus to make anything out now. Microscopic lines stretched across the landscape that looked similar to lanes on a microchip. Even smaller dots moving across those lines, with each one housing more than a few people. She reminded herself of just how tiny a real person was to her at this point.


with a slight adjustment of her head, her long, flowing hair brushed over the countryside, wiping away the section she'd just been looking at.
That took her over the edge. For the second time in only a matter of minutes, our shared consciousness was overwhelmed with pleasure. A booming cacophony of sounds exploded from Krystal's throat as she cried out in orgasm, blowing away dozens of miles of ground beneath her.
For several seconds afterwards she lay down, her connection gradually beginning to return to normal. Her status reassured, she was comfortable once more.


Elsewhere, Kayla was on the move. Largely disconnected from the actions of Kaylee and Krystal, she instead kept to the plan that had been established moments ago. The complete destruction of the planet. She did have to stop momentarily to savor the shared connection as she knew the other two experienced an orgasm, but it was not as intense as if she had grown herself.


Her journey to the southern corner of the country brought her across many different notable cities. Each of them large, populous, and riddled with tourists that brought back vague recollections of annoying patrons at theme parks in her past life. Treating one of those as little more than a toy to get off would certainly have hit the spot, but they instead added to her own arousal, and put her into the mood.



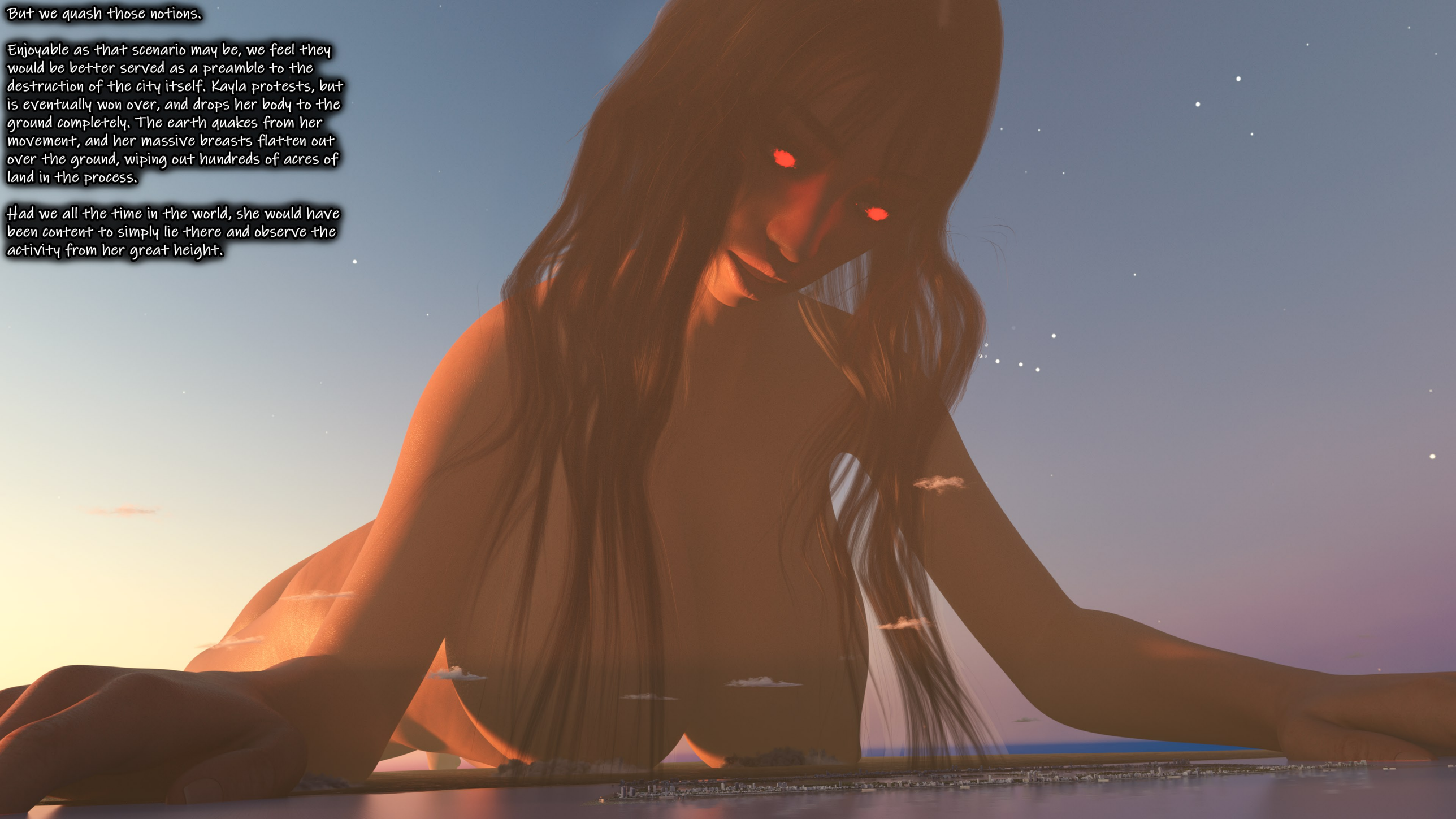
Luckily for her, Miami was here to satisfy that itch. Like New York City before it and like Washington DC before it, a population on the water's edge saw the massive toes of one of the giant women ravaging the country and could only hope that they weren't her target. Pray that she had no intention of coming for them, and was instead interested in the ocean, or one of the many countries on the other side of the world.

They would be wrong.



Kayla's eyes were drawn to the ground as she continued onward. As she approaches she can see the waters rock numerous tiny ships attempting to leave the land. A sudden thought enters her mind. These ships must be filled with people attempting to escape the city. Though not as nimble as aircraft, the fact that they were in the water meant these ships could possibly get rather far out into the ocean without ever being noticed, where they would enjoy relative safety.


The downsides were obvious. They were slow. They weren't particularly capable of moving. And the mere approach from Kayla had rocked the water so violently they were having trouble stabilizing themselves.
She dropped to her hands and knees, watching them from above. There was a temptation there. A desire to let them be. Come back for them later at an even larger size, so that they could better feel her immensity.


But we quash those notions.

Enjoyable as that scenario may be, we feel they would be better served as a preamble to the destruction of the city itself. Kayla protests, but is eventually won over, and drops her body to the ground completely. The earth quakes from her movement, and her massive breasts flatten out over the ground, wiping out hundreds of acres of land in the process.

Had we all the time in the world, she would have been content to simply lie there and observe the activity from her great height.


But ridding the world of those ships should come first, and Kayla is all too eager to oblige. Her hand raises up into the air. Huge enough to wipe out a considerable amount of the city were she to place it onto the land. Instead she moves it over the ocean, swallowing up many of the ships in her shadow.


After playfully wiggling her fingers for a moment, she tilts her hand to the side, and slams it into the water.
The devastating effects are obvious in an instant. Rather than individually plucking ships out and crushing them between her fingers, she creates a tidal wave of epic proportions. The likes of which the world has never seen before, and certainly far greater than even the greatest engineered ships had been built to endure.



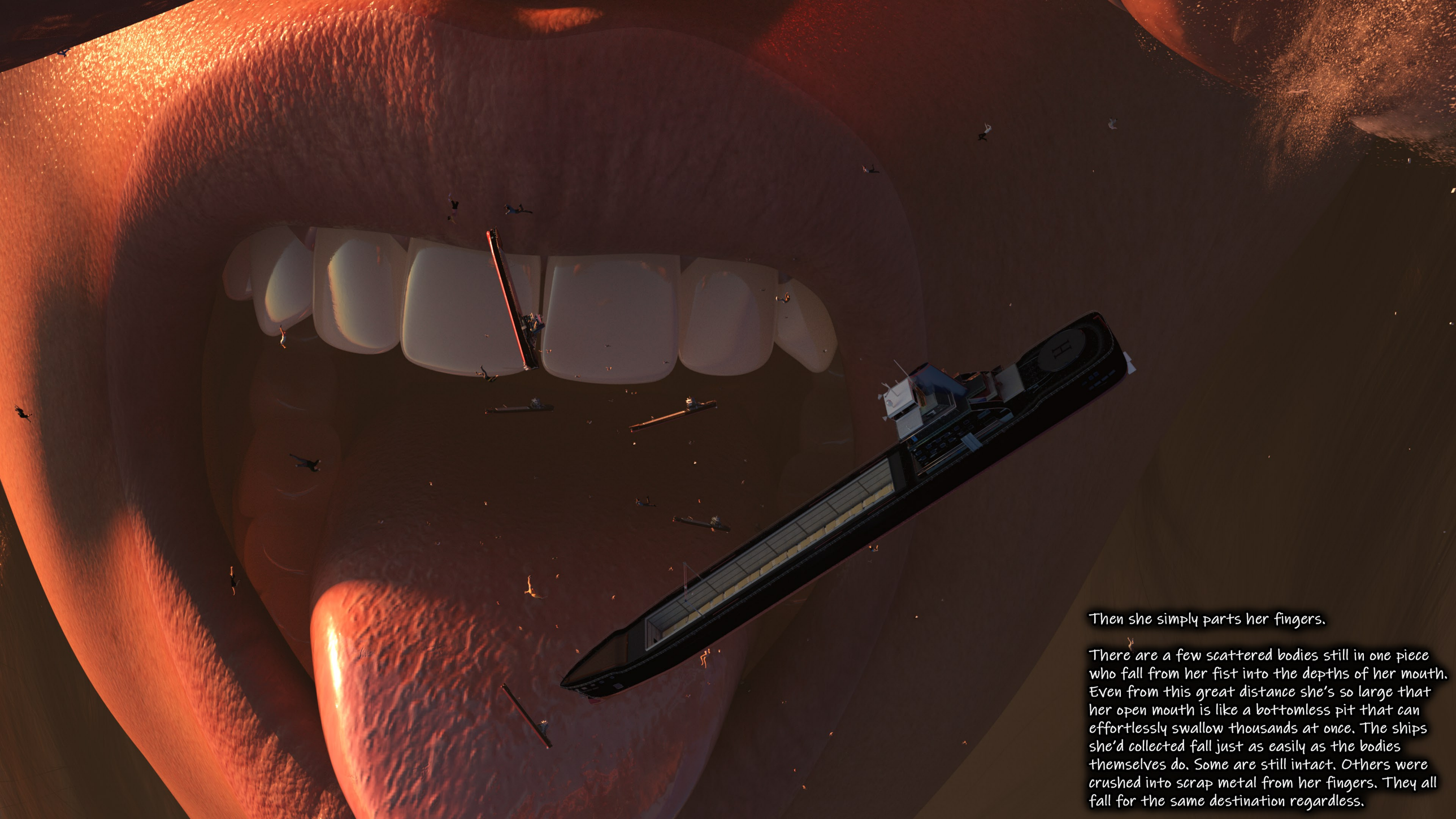
The destructive wave tosses ships into the air, before crashing them back into the unforgiving surface of the water. Many of them don't survive the attack, breaking in half in an instant and beginning to sink... had the fingers not begun closing a minute later.

Even waiting for the wave to crash onto the city is proving to take too long, however. Water travels slowly, and though the sight of it erasing every single thing in its path is certainly enthralling, Kayla instead begins to close her fingers into a fist.


Her hand was close enough to the shore that she got more than just the ships floating in the water. Hundreds of buildings and miles of the city get caught up in her casual movement, and forced underwater. The power she feels is intoxicating, and when she closes her hands a moment later, she feels only the tiniest amount of resistance, before it all crumbles and mixes with the water between her fingers.

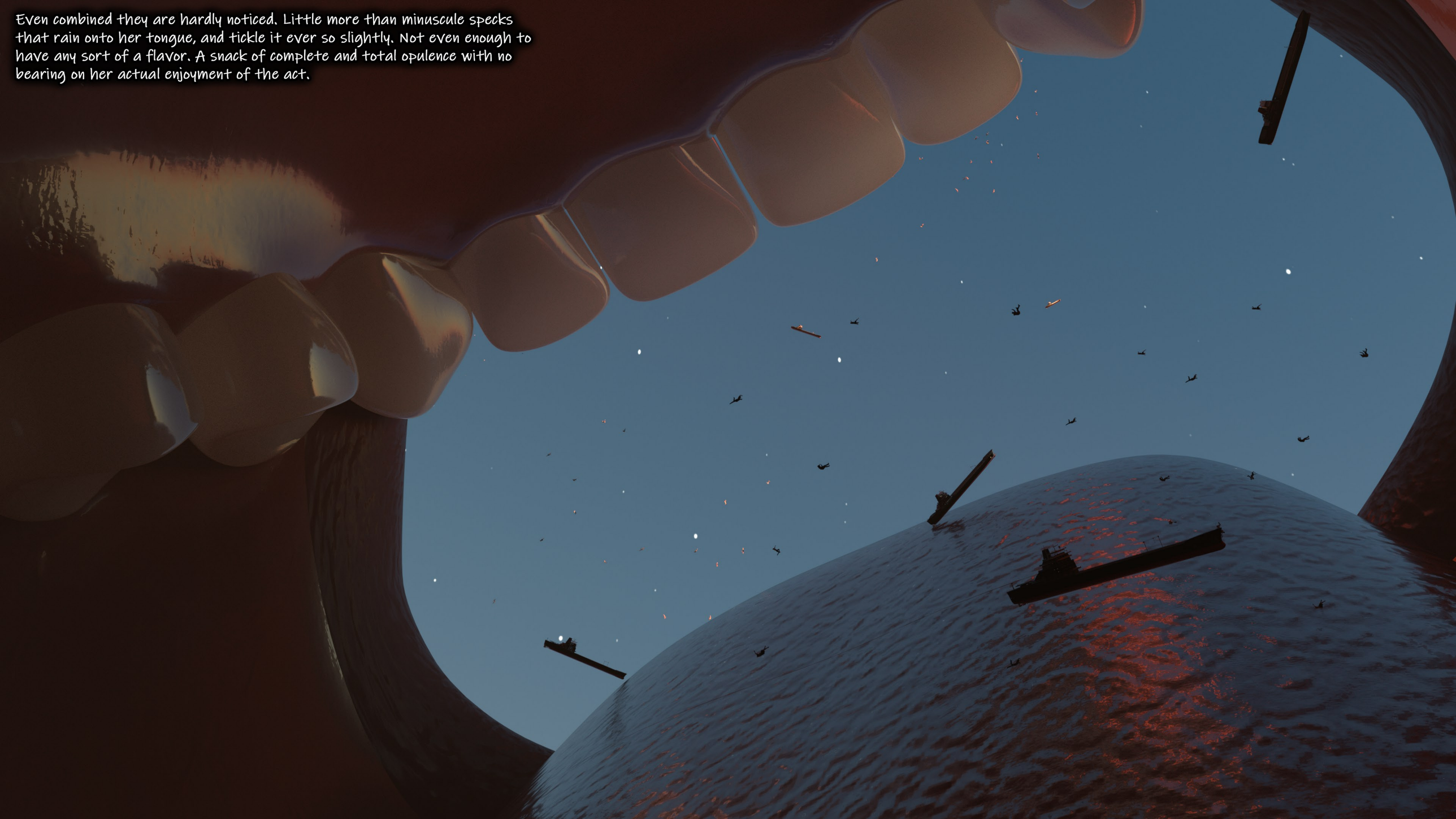

Satisfied, she raised her hand. As she does so, massive rivers of water rain from her enclosed fingers to the ground below. Chunks of the city and ruined ships are mixed into the mess that strikes the land like bombs, before spreading around and causing even more destruction.
A smile begins to form on her face. A new idea has emerged, and we are all too happy to see it play out.

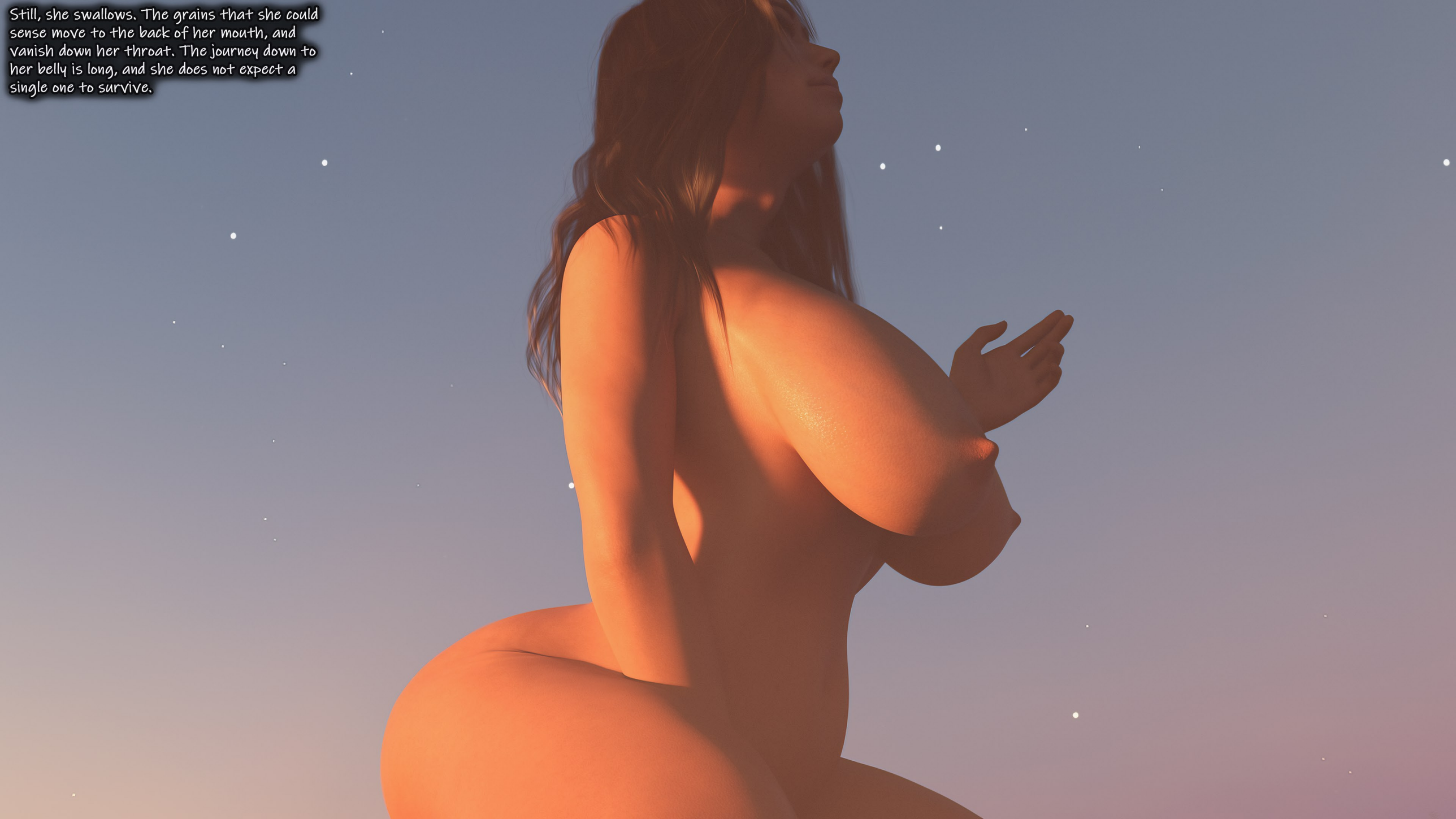

Taking a deep breath, Kayla sucks up a half-dozen clouds, before gradually standing back up back up to her knees. Even so, her body utterly towers over the landscape in every direction, an impossible-to-ignore monolith that is visible for miles around, and the absolute largest thing on the horizon... if not for the even-larger members of her family wreaking havoc across the country.
But her attention remains focused on the remnants inside of her hand. The whole mess of it gets raised over her mouth, and she parts her lips to allow any survivors to catch a glimpse of their ultimate fate.



Then she simply parts her fingers.

There are a few scattered bodies still in one piece who fall from her fist into the depths of her mouth. Even from this great distance she's so large that her open mouth is like a bottomless pit that can effortlessly swallow thousands at once. The ships she'd collected fall just as easily as the bodies themselves do. Some are still intact. Others were crushed into scrap metal from her fingers. They all fall for the same destination regardless.


Even combined they are hardly noticed. Little more than minuscule specks that rain onto her tongue, and tickle it ever so slightly. Not even enough to have any sort of a flavor. A snack of complete and total opulence with no bearing on her actual enjoyment of the act.


Still, she swallows. The grains that she could sense move to the back of her mouth, and vanish down her throat. The journey down to her belly is long, and she does not expect a single one to survive.


And that is enough to push her to her limits.
Kayla is not like Krystal or Kaylee. She lacks that unquenchable drive for lust and power that has sent those other two into ever-dizzying heights. Because of that, she may be viewed as a disappointment on some level. She is capable of every bit as much as the others, but prefers to take things at her own pace.


Despite this, when the urge strikes, she is no different from them. Her fingers plunge between her legs. Her back arches. Her breath catches in her throat. Her toes curl on the ground. Every inch of her body tingles from arousal.


And she grows. She doesn't know when this growth spurt will peter off and come to an end. She remains largely unaware of the unimaginable sizes that her sister and mother have reached. At the moment the only thing that exists is herself, her hand, and the city beneath her legs.


As she masturbates furiously, she can feel her nethers growing more moist. As her fingers move wildly, she can feel droplets around her. Some land harmless onto her thighs, sliding down slowly for a mile or two before stopping.


Others don't. They hit the ground violently, wiping out dozens of blocks in the blink of an eye. Filling the air with the thick scent of her arousal. Wiping the minds of anyone close enough to experience it, but far away enough to survive.


She remains keenly aware of the consequences of her actions as she grows. For a time she considered herself the conscience of her family. The one who wanted to stop it all. Now she knows she is not our moral superior. She is one with us, and we welcome her growth warmly.


Her head is so high up into the sky that her orgasmic cries echo into the distance, hardly noticed by any. Little more than a distant sound. A vibration in the wind that is so strong it vaporizes birds and can crush aircraft, but manages to actually spare the people dozens of miles below.
Not that they had things any easier to deal with. Her size alone makes sure of that. She'd done so much, with so little effort that we can feel it as one. We welcome this new side of her, and invite her to indulge more. To finish wiping out the human race. To recognize its worthlessness in the grand scheme of things. To know that her superiority as part of us remains.
Then, suddenly, our connection is severed.


Bright sunlight.
That's all I see.
I blink several times to clear the spots from my vision, and begin to look around. Where am I? What happened just now? I felt like... I remember Krystal looking at me. Her eyes were glowing. She seemed... upset, but then I felt... warmth? Like I was back home. Like we were all together again.
And now I'm here.


There's a city underneath me. Which one I'm not sure. I'm not sure where I am in general, really. I know that's the ocean, but at this size... where even am I? I study what I can see of the coast for a moment and come to the conclusion that I'm somewhere in Florida, which means that the ruins of what was once a city underneath me are... Orlando? No, that's not on the coast... Miami!
How did I get here, though? And where's...


Oh.
There they are.
There must be close to a thousand miles of ocean between us, and yet they look so close. They tower over the landscape, over everything.


I don't know how big I am now. I have to be at least a hundred miles tall. An entire coastal city would fit under just one of my feet. I could probably wipe the entire state off the map within a minute.
And yet... they're so, so much bigger than I am. Even as big as I am, I know that I'd be pathetically small next to them.


I don't know how big I am now. I have to be at least a hundred miles tall. An entire coastal city would fit under just one of my feet. I could probably wipe the entire state off the map within a minute.


Another second passes.
Even now... they're still growing?! I can feel my blood turn to ice as I see both of them growing bigger and bigger. At this rate it won't be long before they can reach me without even moving!


I feel like I should do... something! Anything would be better than just standing here and watching, right?


I remain frozen.
Who's bigger, I begin to wonder? I've... I've just been through so much. I think it might be safer if Krystal is bigger... right? I've seen what Kaylee does when she's on top! I don't want more of that...


But as they continue to grow, I can see them in greater detail. They have to be wiping out dozens more miles of land with every passing second... but my attention is instead drawn to their eyes.
Bright and glowing red. Both of them. Even looking from this great distance fills me with unease. They're both touching themselves so fervently. Like they're in an arms race to determine... something.



But as I can see more and more of Kaylee's head peek out from behind Krystal, the winner of this contest becomes obvious.

Kaylee's growing faster. Much, much faster. When I'd first seen them she seemed smaller, but maybe she wasn't even then. Maybe she'd just been further away! That would explain it! And if she had been further away then...


I began to fear for my own safety. Almost in unison I see both of them stiffen up. Backs arch as they press into one another, and point their heads into the sky. It looks like they're both crying out in pleasure.


A second later, I got my answer. An enormous cacophony of sound blasts over me. The ground itself shakes, and I feel like I have to cover my ears to shield myself. I can't even begin to imagine the damage their screaming caused for the people below if I'm feeling it this bad.


Both of them collapse onto their backs afterward, panting as the afterglow of what they'd just done comes over them. For a moment I think there'll be some calm amidst all this chaos... but no.
Kaylee's still growing.


Something has to be done about that. I... I don't know what, but something, right! I'm not big enough to do it on my own! I'm going to need some help.
Taking a deep breath, I look at the space between us right now. A massive patch of green, dotted with countless small gray spots that I know are cities. Each of them has to be housing thousands of people. All of whom will be in danger if I so much as move from my current position.
But... if I do nothing, then they're dead anyway.
I bite my bottom lip. I balled my hands into fists. I looked ahead at my destination... and walked. The numerous cities in my path might as well not exist. If I'm not looking I can't even feel them. Only the soft earth deforming under my steps as I move as quickly as I can manage over to them.


Surprisingly, when there's no qualms about collateral damage I can make it across the country in record time. I reached Krystal in a matter of seconds, and dropped to my knees to try and see how salient she was. More of the country was destroyed in the process, but I was more focused on the one person who I thought could do something about Kaylee... because I was certainly outmatched.
"Mom?" I asked, brushing some hair out of her face. "Don't tell me you passed out! I need you!" I shouted, placing a hand onto her tit and shaking it.



She responds... but not in the way I expected. As soon as my fingers touch her bare flesh another moan escaped her lips, and she gradually begins to turn her head in my direction. It's impossible to read her expression with her eyes glowing so intensely, but she manages to whisper something.

"Quiet..." She says, as the word slips into a moan. "I'm... so close. Let me finish..." She groans, continuing to masturbate even now. Even after she'd just climaxed.


"Mom, I need you to know that Kaylee is still growing." I told her, while dropping my hands and knees. "I know you're... busy, but you have to do something about it! If you don't, then she's going to destroy everything! And-"
"So?"
My blood turns to ice.
"So?! That's... there's already so much damage done! So much... everything! When is enough, enough? We have to stop at some point, and-"



"You..." She says, her head turning up slightly to focus on me. Still, she never stops fingering herself, and continues to moan as she addresses me. "You've rejected our favor again, haven't you? It is her destiny to grow. It is our destiny to destroy. You would know that, if you had not left us."

The memories of my final moments before losing consciousness come flooding back all at once. Though they're cloudy, they're still there. The... power that came out of Krystal and went straight into me. The things I'd done. Everything. All of it.



"Your eyes."

I look back at the ominous red in her own gaze, knowing immediately what she sees.

"So you have rejected the gift. Again." She says, her face hardening ever so slightly. "Your eyes no longer glow with her presence. You have abandoned us for your pitiful ideals."


I try to think of something to say, but instead feel the earth begin to rumble. I look up, and can feel despair grip me as Kaylee begins to climb to her hands and knees, and her head looks straight at me.



"After all we've done for you." She says, continuing the conversation where mom left off. "You deny your gift yet again?"

"I didn't want any of this!" I shouted up at her, feeling my own rage begin to well up inside of me. "You... You forced it on me! I just want things to go back to normal! Go back to being a family!"

"It was a gift." Kaylee says, the glow in her eyes intensifying a dozen times over. It's so powerful I feel like I'm going to combust on the spot. "And not only have you rejected it once more, but you wish to turn us against one another?"


"Us...?"

Kaylee snorts.

"I- No! Of course not, Kaylee! I... I won't reject the gift again! I actually kind of liked it, you know? Being one? That would be okay, right?"

Kaylee responds by standing to her full height once more. The entire planet shudders from her movements as she glares down at me furiously. I look to mom for support, and can see her own expression begin to change.


"ENOUGH!" Krystal shouts, her voice shaking the ground around us. "She is sufficiently apologetic. I will bring her back into the fold myself, and ensure she stays in line this time."
"NO!" Kaylee grunts, completely and utterly humorlessly.
"We tried getting along." She explains, fury beginning to build up. "We gave her near-limitless power. Offered her plenty of chances. And she continues to reject our good will! There must be consequences."
Krystal tenses up. She didn't like the sound of that, I know that much.


"Oh?" She asks, a simmering rage beginning to form within her as well. "Consequences? Of what nature."



"What do you think?" Kaylee says, not missing a beat. "Just look at her. Look at how pathetically small she is next to us. There is no fate more befitting for her than treating her as the rest of the ants. Crushed beneath us with not a soul to remember she ever lived."

That seemed to set her off. I'm little more than a passive observer as they saw fit to discuss my fate, not caring that I was right there. Even now, I could see that despite the clear difference between my size and Krystal's... that Kaylee stands larger still.


"No." Mom says, matter-of-factly, her gaze unwavering as she rose to her feet. "I do not accept this.
"Your feelings on the situation do not matter." Kaylee explained. "We act as one, and we have decided. She dies."
"She is my daughter, and I will bring her back into our ideal form myself. You will not lay a finger on her."



Kaylee seems to waver. I doubt it's because she's scared of mom. In a physical altercation it seems obvious that she would come out on top. No, something else about this is throwing her off. She clearly expected no resistance, and now that she's getting it she's unsure of how to respond.

"Step aside." Kaylee finally manages to say after several seconds of silence. "We have no need for her, and we will continue as planned without her."

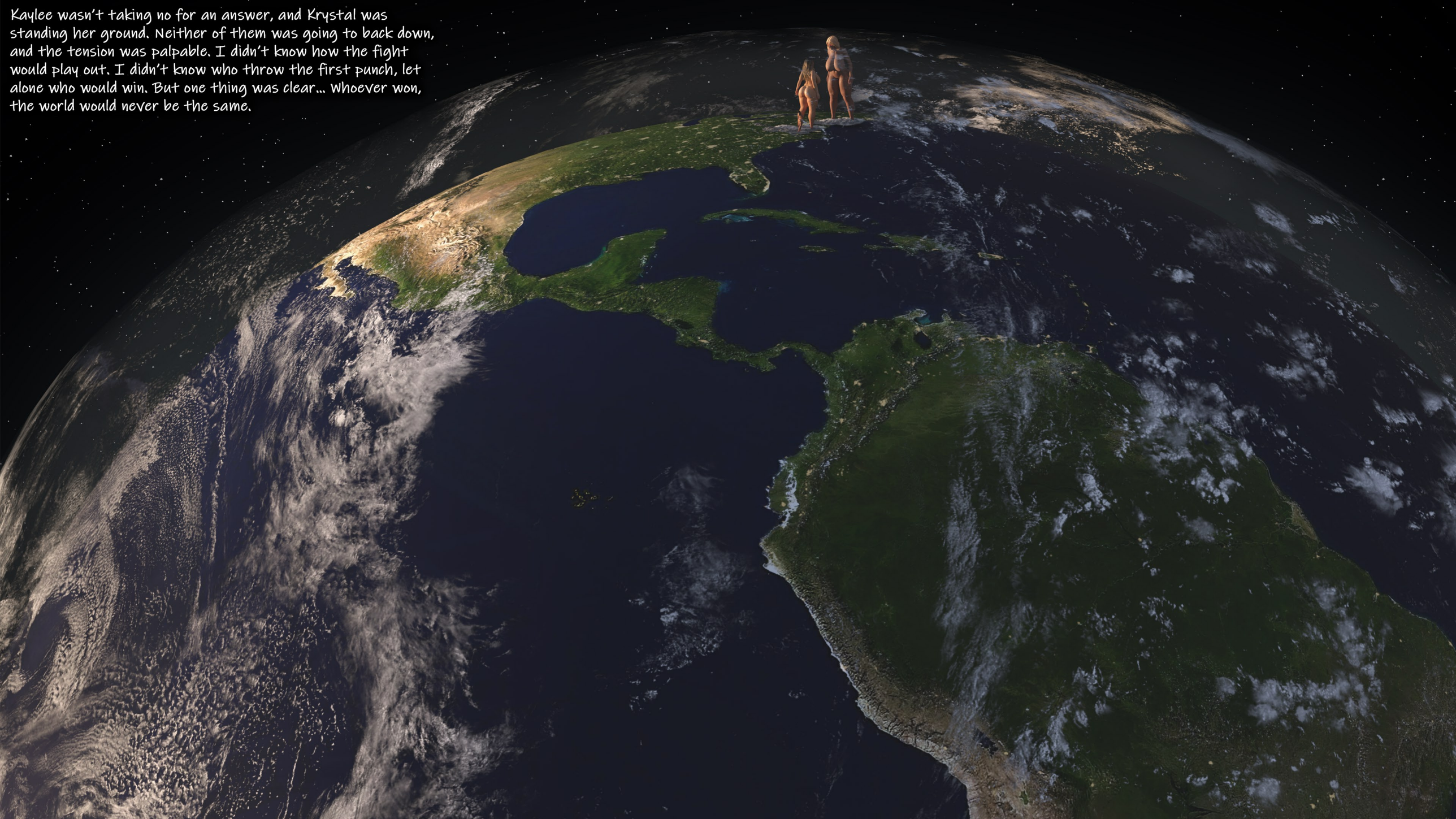

"If you so much as lay a finger on her, then I will make you wish you were never born." Mom snaps back, thoroughly unintimidated by Kaylee despite their differences. "I don't care how tall you are. I'm still in charge here."

Kaylee visibly bristles at this statement.

"Size is all that matters. I hold the advantage. You will stand aside.... or perish."


"I am older. I am wiser. I am stronger. If you intend to harm her, then you will have to get through me, first."
"Is that a challenge?" Kaylee asks. "You have been ousted from your role. I am in charge. Listen to me, or-"
"Or what?!" Krystal interrupts, "Both of you mean more to me than the world! If you so much as harm a hair on Kayla's head, then you will regret being born."


Kaylee says nothing.
"Well?" Mom shouted with her best disciplinary tone. One I'd heard multiple times before. One that, based off of Kaylee's slight flinch, still held strong memories for her despite all that's happened. "Are you going to raise a hand against your own mother?! Or are you going to sit down, shut up, and do things my way?"
An ominous silence hangs in the air.
Then Kaylee takes a step forward, and I know what choice she's made.


Kaylee wasn't taking no for an answer, and Krystal was standing her ground. Neither of them was going to back down, and the tension was palpable. I didn't know how the fight would play out. I didn't know who throw the first punch, let alone who would win. But one thing was clear... Whoever won, the world would never be the same.


END OF PART 24

KAYLEE PART 24

GROWTH CHART




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