

Gabby's Growing Grudge

Night blanketed the city, the rain poured, and the thunder echoed through the concrete and steel monoliths, mostly dark as the city's power grid had long since been extinguished. In the gloomy half-light of a building lit only by flickering emergency lights from the building next door, Jonas Franklin huddled with a ragtag group of survivors, their breath misting in the chilly air. The rain lashed against the cracked and shattered windows with a fury that seemed to match the turmoil inside Jonas' mind. He hugged his knees to his chest, rocking slightly as he listened to the ominous rhythmic thuds that shook the very foundation of the building.

Thump... thump... thump...

Each impact sent a shudder through the walls and floor, rattling the few remaining windows until it seemed certain they too would shatter. The survivors exchanged terrified glances, their eyes wide with a fear that Jonas knew all too well. They were trapped, not just in this building, but in a nightmare of his own making. Only he knew that. The rest were terrified but remained ignorant of the truth.

As the rain continued to pelt down like the fists of an angry god, Jonas couldn't help but think of Gabby. His brilliant, beautiful research assistant, Gabby. The one person he had trusted above all others, and the one person he had betrayed in the cruelest way possible. She was so excited to work with him. She viewed him as more than a teacher, hanging onto his every word like a worshiper to a god. He had only thought of the glory and accolades that would come with a successful test. He had been blinded by ambition, deaf to the warnings of his own conscience. Jonas squeezed his eyes shut, trying to block out the memories and the guilt that threatened to consume him. The other survivors murmured in confusion and fear, but their voices were drowned out by the relentless pounding of the rain and the earth-shaking thuds.

Thump... thump... thump... THOOM...

With each impact, Jonas felt the weight of his actions pressing down upon him, as heavy and inescapable as the storm raging outside. He had created a monster, and now they were all paying the price. As the night wore on and the storm showed no signs of abating, Jonas couldn't shake the feeling that this was only the beginning. That the true extent of his folly was yet to be revealed, and that the world would never be the same because of his actions. He had reached for the stars, and in doing so, had unleashed a force that would reshape the very fabric of reality. He pissed in God's eye, and God had blinked.

And so, huddled in the darkness with the booming sounds growing ever closer, He thought back to what brought him, and the rest of the world, here.

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A few days prior, in the sterile and fluorescent lit confines of Jonas Franklin's lab, the air buzzed with a palpable tension. Jonas, tall and gaunt, his dark hair disheveled from running anxious hands through it, paced back and forth in front of the sleek, metallic contraption that dominated the center of the room. It was a marvel of modern science, a device designed to transform raw energy into matter - a modern-day Philosopher's Stone. Jonas had poured his heart and soul into this project, and now, after countless sleepless nights and mountains of coffee, it was finally ready for testing.

Gabriella Ramirez, Gabby to her colleagues and friends, watched him with a mix of concern and admiration in her deep brown eyes. Her long, curly black hair cascaded over her shoulders in glossy waves as she leaned back in her chair, her curvy figure draped in a white lab coat that strained slightly against her ample chest. At 5'2, she was a petite thing compared

to Jonas's lanky 6'4 frame, but her presence was anything but small. She had a way of commanding a room with her quiet confidence and sharp intellect.

"Dr. Franklin, are you sure about this?" Gabby asked, her brow furrowed. "I know how much this means to you, but... I can't help feeling like we're overlooking something. The safety protocols, the potential risks..."

Jonas stopped his pacing and turned to face her, his pale complexion illuminated by the harsh fluorescent lights. He offered her a reassuring smile, but it didn't reach his eyes. "Gabby, we've been over this. The tests have been promising, and the data supports the theory. This is going to change everything. We don't have much time left, and our backers want results."

Gabby sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. "I know, I know. I just... I worry."

Jonas stepped closer to her, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Gabby, I promise you, I'm being careful. I'm not going to let anything happen to you or anyone else. I gave you my word."

Gabby looked up at him, her expression softening. She knew he meant well, but she also knew the weight of his ambition. She could only hope that his brilliance lived up to hers and his expectations.

"It'll definitely be a big accomplishment," she said with a nod.

They agreed to prepare for another diagnostic run before the main test. Jonas would go to the control room while Gabby double-checked the connections in the lab. In the control room, Jonas hunched over the console, his fingers flying over the keyboard as he ran the final diagnostic checks. The machine whirred and clicked, its components whirring to life as Jonas made the necessary adjustments. He was so focused on the task at hand that he didn't notice

the sudden increase in power surging through the device, the containment shell glowing an eerie blue as it struggled to contain the immense energy being generated.

Meanwhile, in the lab, Gabby was hunched over a workbench, her brow furrowed in concentration as she double-checked the calculations on a complex formula. She was so engrossed in her work that she didn't hear the rising hum of the machine, or the way the air seemed to crackle with an unseen energy.

Suddenly, a blinding flash of light erupted from the device, the containment shell fracturing with a deafening crack. A bolt of pure energy, easily the size of a baseball, arced out from the breach and slammed into Gabby's chest with the force of a freight train. Gabby flew backwards, the impact of the energy blast propelling her across the room, end over end, like a toy tossed by a careless child. She crashed into a bank of shelves, the metal clanging and shaking from the force. Stacks of equipment shattered, shards of glass raining down around her.

In the control room, Jonas heard the explosion and the resulting chaos. His heart leapt into his throat as he leapt to his feet, his chair clattering to the floor behind him. He slammed his fist down on the emergency shutoff, the machine shuddering to a halt as the lights in the room flickered and died. As he burst through the door, he found Gabby lying on the floor, her dark green sweater and white lab coat singed and tattered at the chest. Fear gripped his heart as he rushed to her side, dropping to his knees and cradling her face in his hands. Jonas raced across the lab, his heart pounding in his ears. He skidded to a halt beside Gabby's prone form, his eyes wide with horror as he took in the scene of destruction. But as he knelt beside her, he realized with a wave of relief that she was alive.

"Gabby! Oh God, Gabby, talk to me. Are you alright?" Jonas asked, his voice trembling with a mix of fear and guilt. He gently brushed the singed fabric away from her chest, half-expecting to find searing wounds, but instead, he found only unblemished, tanned skin.

Gabby blinked up at him, her eyes wide with shock and confusion. She tried to sit up, and Jonas quickly helped her, his hands shaking as he brushed the tangled curls away from her face.

“What... what happened?” Gabby asked, her voice hoarse. She looked down at her singed clothes and then back up at Jonas, realization dawning in her eyes. “The machine... did something go wrong?”

Jonas swallowed hard, his mouth dry as the Sahara. He knew he had to tell her the truth, but he feared her reaction. “Gabby, I... I’m so sorry. I don’t know how, but... the containment shell fractured. A bolt of energy... it hit you.”

Gabby’s eyes widened further, and she looked down at her chest again, running her fingers over the undamaged skin. She seemed to be searching for any sign of injury, any hint of pain. But there was nothing.

“I... I’m okay,” she said softly, her voice still tinged with disbelief. “Dr. Franklin, I’m okay. I don’t feel any pain.”

Jonas let out a shaky breath he didn’t realize he’d been holding, relief flooding through him like a tidal wave. But even as he felt the tension ease from his shoulders, a new concern began to take root.

“Gabby, I swear to God, I didn’t mean for this to happen. I’m so sorry,” Jonas said shakily. He was thankful she was okay, but was also worried about the ramifications, such as what if she sued? “Let’s get you up.”

He helped her to her feet and guided her to a chair in the lab. Huh, she seemed a bit bigger. Granted, he’d never held her close before. Maybe the proximity and his nerves were

messing with him. She sat down wearily, the chair sinking a bit. She breathed heavily, coming down from the shock, her chest rising and falling. Had her clothes always looked so tight?

“Gabby, I need to run a few quick tests on you, just to make sure you’re okay,” Jonas said, trying to keep the tremor out of his voice. He led her to another chair near a series of equipment banks. He hurried and applied some diodes to her skin, his hands shaking slightly as he prepped her for the tests. As he ran the scans and checked her vitals, his eyes widened in disbelief.

“What the hell...” Jonas muttered under his breath, staring at the readings in shock. Gabby was absorbing electricity, the energy from the blast integrating into her cells at an astonishing rate. And with each passing second, her body was growing, her DNA rewriting itself to accommodate the new energy source. She was even absorbing ambient energy from the computer monitors nearby, causing them to flicker and waver.

But Jonas couldn’t bring himself to tell her the truth, not yet. He was too panicked, too worried about how she would react. So he simply told her that everything looked fine, that she had escaped with no major injuries.

“Looks like you’re okay. Still, I have to report the accident. Don’t worry, I am totally at fault. Gabby, I think it’s best if you sit in my office for a while, until we can figure out what to do next,” Jonas said, ushering her out of the lab and into his private office. The room was small and cramped, dominated by a desk piled high with papers and books. He guided Gabby to a chair in the corner, his hands lingering on her shoulders for a moment as he helped her sit.

“Just... just rest here for a bit,” Jonas said, his voice strained. “I’m going to go make a phone call, try to figure out what our next steps are. I won’t be long.”

She opened her mouth to respond in her still-dazed state, but he did not give her the opportunity. He backed out of the office, his heart racing as he closed the door behind him. As soon as he was in the hallway, he pulled out his phone and started to dial the number of his colleague, his mind already racing with the implications of what he had discovered. As long as she was around something that produced energy, she could grow. He had no idea how to reverse this. He felt like such an ass. He could have at least given her a blanket to cover herself where her clothes had been burned.

He leaned against the wall of the next hallway down from his office and slid down it until he was sitting on the floor. He hung his head between his raised knees and closed his eyes for a few moments. He then pulled his phone up with great dread and guilt. He searched through his contacts until he found the number for the military agency that was backing this experiment. She was too dangerous, he reasoned to himself. It was the right thing to do. It did not make him feel any better when he made the call.

The MPs were there within twelve minutes. Eight armed soldiers escorted the gruff general who had backed this project for its defensive applications. Silently, Jonas led them to his office. When they opened the door, they found a nearly nude nine-foot-tall Gabby who was huddled in the corner of the office, terrified as she stared at the ruins of the crushed chair she had been sitting in. The clothes she wore had stretched and torn. Her short, curvaceous frame was now far larger and heavier, but still the same proportionately. She looked across the room at Jonas with tear-streaked eyes that flashed with relief for a moment before the MPs came into the room behind him. That relief turned to terror, then betrayal.

"Dr. Franklin! Please help me! Tell them you can fix this!" Gabby cried out, her voice now a loud, deeper, resonant tone that shook the walls of the small office. The analytical part of both of their brains made them observe that she was not used to the volume of her new voice. The

MPs startled at the sudden, thunderous sound, their weapons wavering slightly. "Don't let them take me, Jonas! Please, this is a mistake!"

Jonas flinched at the anguish in Gabby's voice, but he couldn't bring himself to look at her. Shame and guilt weighed heavily upon his shoulders, making him feel as if he might crumble under the load. He knew he was the reason this was happening to her, and the knowledge gutted him. But he was in too deep, too beholden to the general and the promises of funding and fame to do anything but comply.

The general stepped forward, his boots thudding heavily against the floor. He looked up at Gabby, his expression a mix of awe and calculation. "Miss Ramirez," he said, his voice echoing in the small space. "You are to come with us. We have much to learn from you. We may be able to help you."

Gabby shrank back against the wall, as much as she could at least, her massive frame trembling. The MPs advanced on her, their guns leveled at her chest. They grabbed her arms, the cords biting into her wrists as they lashed them tightly. Gabby struggled, but the cords held fast, binding her hands behind her back. Now at ten feet tall, wearing tattered rags of her former outfit, one she picked because she wanted to look cute for Dr. Franklin, she just looked at him with tear-filled eyes, but he would not look at her. She was forced to her feet, towering over the armed men who flanked her.

"Dr. Franklin, please!" Gabby begged, tears streaming down her face. But Jonas remained stubbornly silent, his eyes fixed on the floor. He couldn't bear to see the fear and betrayal in her eyes, to know that he had put it there. The guards led her out.

The general turned to Jonas, a cruel smile on his lips. "She will be taken to a secure facility for study and evaluation. With her unique... abilities, she could be invaluable to our

defense initiatives. Don't worry, Dr. Franklin. She'll be well taken care of. And in the meantime, we'll keep this little incident under wraps. Wouldn't want it getting out that one of our top scientists nearly killed his assistant with an experimental device. I'm sure you understand."

Jonas nodded jerkily, his throat too tight to speak. He watched them lead Gabby away; she was so tall that she had to hang her head to avoid scraping the ceiling tiles. Though with the way her body slumped, she may also be doing so out of rejection and betrayal. His betrayal. He sat at his desk and once more hung his own head in despair. He wondered if he would ever see her again.

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Now, he wished he'd never seen her again as he lay huddled in this newly derelict building with the constant booming outside. The rain buffeted against the roof of the building where he and the others were hiding. It turns out that the general did not heed his warnings about keeping her away from electricity and energy. They wanted to see how different types of energy would affect her growth. They soon found out. Gabby had erupted from the military base at nearly two hundred feet tall. She loomed on the horizon as the sun set and the storm began. Her first target had been the power substation that provided electricity to the area. That put her at over four hundred feet tall.

Once the city was swathed in darkness, she began searching for him. His name thundered from her lips as she angrily and mockingly called for him to reveal himself. Surely he'd be man enough to face his little graduate assistant, she declared with venom in her voice. It turns out he was not man enough for that. Something she bellowed for all the people in the city to hear as she thundered through the streets, her ample hips and breasts causing shorter buildings to crumble around her. All the while, actual thunder crackled in the distance.

Gabby's voice boomed through the darkness, a thunderous roar that shook the very foundations of the city. "Dr. Franklin! I know you're out there somewhere. You can't hide from me!" Her words were punctuated by the crash of splintering concrete and shattering glass as she rampaged through the streets, her massive form shaking buildings with every step.

In the distance, Jonas huddled with the other survivors, his heart pounding in his chest as he listened to Gabby's enraged cries. He couldn't bring himself to go out there, to face the consequences of his actions. But he knew he had to see it, had to witness the destruction he had wrought. He peered out through a cracked window, his eyes widening in horror as he saw Gabby's titanic form loom over the city. She was a colossus, a goddess of wrath and vengeance, her once delicate features now twisted in a mask of fury. Jonas watched in dread as she shoulder-checked a towering office building, the structure exploding into fragmented debris that rained down around her like a deadly hailstorm.

"I trusted you!" Gabby screamed, her voice a physical force that pummeled against the buildings and sent people diving for cover. "I believed in you, and you betrayed me! Handed me over to be a lab rat! Now you're all less than that. You're hiding with the other bugs, the other specks!"

Jonas flinched at the accusation, guilt and shame churning in his gut. He wanted to look away, to hide, but he couldn't tear his eyes from the cataclysmic scene unfolding before him. Gabby's rage was a palpable thing, a storm of fury that threatened to consume everything in its path. She grabbed a massive power line, her fingers wrapping around the thick cable like it was a piece of hair. With a roar of triumph, she ripped it from its tower, the line snapping and sparking as it whipped through the air. Jonas watched in awe and terror as Gabby's form began to swell, to grow even larger as she absorbed the residual electricity coursing through the line.

“Dr. Franklin!” Gabby bellowed, her voice now a deep, resonant thunder that shook the earth. “Face me, you coward! Face what you’ve created!”

Jonas shuddered, pressing himself back against the wall as Gabby’s cries grew louder, her rage more intense. He knew he should intervene, but he was too scared. He cowered in a ball as the thunder of her steps drew closer and threatened to drown out the rain. Then... the rain stopped. He looked up through the cracked windows above and nearly collapsed from fear. Gabby’s eyes and snarling mouth filled the window as her hair draped down around her like a soggy curtain.

“There you are. Too cowardly to face me. Too stupid to find a better hiding place.” She said in a booming hiss. Her hand reached towards the building. “Come here, you little shi-”

Then, in an instant, lightning struck her, and she seemed to disappear! A loud clap of thunder and devastation shook the area. People stood nervously and looked at where she once stood. Jonas and a few others stepped outside, nervously. Had she exploded? He wondered if receiving so much energy at once had overloaded her cells, destroying her. Then, he noticed it wasn’t raining anymore. Then, he looked up, and up, and up. The clouds had dispersed, but instead of the moon hanging in the night sky, a different celestial body dominated the far horizon. An ass that could crush countries and a cunt that could consume states hung distressingly far overhead.

Displaced air surged around them, blowing the building they had just exited away as if it were a pile of sand. He looked further ahead and saw debris flying through the air at alarming rates. He realized she was still in the stance she was before, and this devastation was simply from the startled titaness exhaling in surprise and relief. A simple breath leveled blocks of a city small enough for her to crush with her toes

A deep, resonating rumble echoed through the city, the very foundations trembling beneath the weight of Gabby's titanic form. It was a sound of pure, unbridled laughter, a thunderous roar that shook the world and sent people diving for cover. The laughter grew louder, more intense, until it seemed to fill the very air around them, a symphony of dark mirth that set their teeth on edge. At least it did for Jonas.

As the laughter subsided, Gabby moved, her colossal body shifting and twisting above the tiny city. She squatted down, bringing her massive, glistening pussy closer to the devastated streets and buildings below. Jonas stared in awe and terror, his eyes widening as he took in the sight of her most intimate area, now a chasm of slick, pulsing flesh that could swallow entire city blocks whole.

"Dr. Franklin," Gabby's voice boomed, a deep, resonant purr that seemed to come from everywhere at once. "Look at you, hiding like a mouse in a maze. Or an ant in a colony. I always admired your mind, your brilliance. I even considered... fucking you." Her words were punctuated by a shuddering laugh, her pussy clenching and fluttering at the thought. "Instead, you fucked me. Betrayed me. Handed me over to be a test subject for the military. Well, look at me now, sir. Look at what you've created."

Jonas could see the glistening of her folds, the way they seemed to pulse and throb with a life of their own. He couldn't tell if the wetness was from the rain or from some other, more primal source. The air around him shimmered with the heat and humidity radiating from Gabby's core, the scent of her arousal thick and cloying.

"I should crush you," Gabby purred, her voice a deep, rumbling growl that seemed to reach into Jonas's very bones. "I should grind this pathetic little city into dust beneath my heels. I could fuck this whole place like the toy it is. Fuck you like the toy you are. Hell, you're barely a

toy. You're not even a miserable worm anymore. You're a parasite, always were. Just leeching off of others! I wouldn't even feel you now, you're just so pathetic."

She shifted her hips, her massive ass and cunt moving closer to the city, casting the tiny buildings into shadow. Jonas could feel the displaced air rushing towards him, the wind whipping around him like a gale force storm. He clutched at the rubble around him, hoping to shield himself from the dust, debris, and whatever else might blow past him. He looked up and saw a single long strand of her cum oozing from her cleft, slowly dripping down as if reaching for him alone. The thin strand of fluid snapped, and the droplet fell. It impacted the city several blocks over with the force of a bomb, entirely engulfing one of the largest skyscrapers in the city. It slowly spread out for blocks, engulfing every building and person nearby. He watched in horror, and Gabby simply watched in amusement.

"Look out below?" She questioned sarcastically. It may have been cute, were she not thousands of feet tall.

Jonas stared up in utter disbelief and horror as Gabby's massive hand, the palm alone larger than the entire city, reached down towards him like a descending storm cloud. Her fingers, each one a colossus, splayed out and curled around the edges of the city, the buildings and streets crumbling like sand beneath her touch. They were so big. So unbelievably big. He had no frame of reference for the scale of even her fingernails.

He watched in what almost felt like slow motion as her hand turned and embedded itself in the ground beneath the city, the structures and people being shaken by the incredible pressure. The city's skyline was soon dwarfed as Gabby's thick fingers emerged from the ground and curled slightly in, eclipsing the sky. She cupped the entire city in her palm as she lifted the entire metropolis into the air, the hand rising higher and higher. The pressure and force of her simple movement left everyone in her grasp unable to move.

Jonas could feel the blood rushing to his head, the gravity of Gabby's grip nearly crushing the life from everything it touched. The people around him screamed and clawed at the air, their cries fading into silence as the pressure intensified. He could feel his own lungs compressing, his heart struggling to beat against the immense force. The world started to turn slightly, and he saw that they were being raised between her gigantic, lovely thighs. There, where those colossi met, was the endless canyon of her labia. Gabby's other hand, just as massive and powerful, reached down and spread her glistening pussy lips apart. Jonas could see the wet, pulsing walls of her cunt, the folds slick and inviting, a fleshy abyss that seemed to beckon him towards his doom. With a deep, rumbling laugh, Gabby tilted her hand, allowing the tiny city to spill from her palm and tumble towards that waiting, hungry hole. Jonas felt himself falling, plummeting through the air alongside the crumbling buildings and panicked people of the city.

He hit the slick, fleshy wall of Gabby's cunt with a splash, the impact knocking the wind from his lungs. Around him, the people and buildings of the city bounced and ricocheted off the undulating walls, the force of the impact shattering them into ever smaller pieces. He was trapped in the layer of mucus that lined her slick canal, mired in her juices. He and the others around him sank deeper into the dark, endless abyss of her womanhood.

Jonas could feel the heat and moisture surrounding him, could see the light dimming as he sank deeper into Gabby's depths. The air grew thick and heavy, the scent of her arousal overwhelming. He could feel the muscles of her pussy clenching and fluttering around him, massaging the city into smaller and smaller pieces. Debris shattered and rained about him as people screamed in horror. This was just the natural movements of her muscles, he realized. What would happen to them when she really got going?

He knew he was going to die here, crushed and suffocated in the fleshy prison of Gabby's cunt. He had brought this upon himself, had betrayed her, and set this catastrophe in motion. All because of his hubris and cowardice. He didn't even try to visit her when she was imprisoned, even though she'd apparently pleaded to see him. Now it almost seemed fitting that he would be imprisoned inside of her. Inside of the woman who only sought his approval, to please him. Inside of this monster he made.

Then came the fingers...

As Gabby's fingers plunged into her dripping cunt, the walls of her pussy clenched and rippled around the trapped city and its doomed inhabitants. The increased rate of her very pulse was enough to ripple and tremble through the bodies of Jonas and every other poor soul he had condemned to this fate. It only worsened as the gigantic Gabby began to finger herself with gusto, her massive digits plunging deep into her hungry hole. They were so large that at this close range, Jonas's rational, scientific mind could not even comprehend that they were simply two fingers on the hand of the diminutive woman he'd patted on the head a week prior. They were monolithic, godlike, worthy of worship alone by he and the other wretches trapped in her fleshy hellscape!

Each thrust of her fingers sent shockwaves through her cavernous insides, the force of which crushed buildings and shattered lives with ease. The juices swirled and rose around them with each plunge of her divine digits. Jonas could hear screams around him fading into silence as the fluids rose and the pressure intensified. In the meager light the powerfully pumping fingers allowed to seep inside of the chasm, he could see the remnants of roads and buildings in the depths below him being crushed and dissolved in the pressure of her juices until they were a slurry. The city was being reduced to mush, its people to paste, all while Gabby brought

herself closer and closer to climax. Then, the walls shuddered, and the loudest sound in recorded history shook the world as Gabby came.

Her juices flooded the chamber, the slick flood rising fast and swift. Jonas wasn't even treading water. He was trapped like a fly in sap, about to be overtaken, gasping and choking as the air grew heavier with her scent and the fluids rose higher. The wet heat was stifling, the air thick with the scent of Gabby's arousal. He could feel his lungs burning, his heart pounding in his ears as he struggled to keep his head above the rising tide. The sheer pressure of her walls convulsing, so much flesh moving so quickly over such distances, nearly crushed him alone.

Gabby's moans and cries of pleasure echoed through her body, a symphony of lust that threatened to deafen those still alive across the planet. Her pussy clenched and spasmed, the muscles rippling and undulating, grinding the remains of the city into an unrecognizable slurry. Jonas could feel himself being pulled down, down, down, the current of Gabby's juices and the suction of her climax dragging him into the abyss.

As her orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave, Gabby's pussy convulsed violently, the walls clamping down like a vice. The force of her climax was cataclysmic, a storm of sensation that threatened to tear the very fabric of reality asunder. The flood of fluids erupted from her in a gush, a torrential downpour that swept Jonas and the remnants of the city away in its wake. Jonas gasped and sputtered, inhaling mouthfuls of Gabby's cum as he tumbled through the churning liquid, the pressure crushing the life from his lungs. Buildings exploded around him, people's bodies disintegrating from the force, the city and all its inhabitants being ground into a fine paste or sludge between the undulating walls of Gabby's cunt.

Jonas's vision swam, his head pounding as the last of the air was forced from his lungs. He could see her twitching cervix in the distance as her orgasm rocked her and her cum overtook him. Dr. Jonas Franklin was never expelled from her body with the rest of her climactic

climax. Sure, some buildings and people were sprayed over the landscape for many miles, but he was entombed deep within the woman whose life he forever changed. The last question to cross his mind was how big Gabby would grow? What would she become once she began to absorb energy directly from the greatest power plant of all, the sun? Were she to reach beyond the atmosphere, would she ever stop growing? Alas, he would never know anything beyond these last few moments lost within the depths of a spurned grad student.