

She Got Way Too High Part 1

Kayla's mind was a whirlwind of confusion and lust as she slowly regained consciousness, her heavily tattooed body still tingling with the unquenchable desire that had consumed her as she lit up that last bit of bud that her friend had procured. The friend had told her that she shouldn't smoke it. He was vague about the real reasons, just saying that it would get her way higher than she could fathom. She thought she could handle it, but it was way stronger than anything she'd had, and it was making her weirdly horny. So, she'd retired to her bedroom. This wasn't anything that smoking a bit more and using her favorite dildo couldn't fix. But as Kayla's eyes adjusted to her surroundings, she realized with a shock that something was very wrong. Firstly, she was naked and outside in the cool afternoon air. The street she was lying on was eerily small, and the houses that remained standing were like tiny toys compared to her own body. She blinked her heavy, bloodshot eyes and tried to focus, but all she could make out was a sea of destruction and debris stretching out before her as far as she could see. The once quaint houses and neatly manicured lawns of her suburban neighborhood were nothing more than splintered wood, shattered glass, and crumpled metal scattered across the landscape like a child's discarded toys.

"How strong was that shit?" Kayla muttered, thinking back to the weed she had pilfered. She planned to get high, but this was ridiculous. As Kayla pushed herself up to a sitting position, she couldn't help but let out a low moan as her sensitive nipples brushed against the rough asphalt beneath her. She looked down at her naked body, taking in the sight of her voluptuous curves and the way her pale, tattooed skin seemed to glow in the dim light of the setting sun. Her long, raven hair was tangled and matted, falling in waves down her back and over her shoulders. She wondered how many of her neighbors who had talked about or lusted after the short goth girl were now recognizing her at such a big size.

Kayla stumbled to her feet, her legs trembling with each step as she tried to get her bearings. She could feel the ground shaking beneath her as she moved, and the air around her seemed to shimmer with heat. As she looked around in disbelief, she saw that the destruction extended in all directions, and she could see the distant skyline of the city she had once called home, now on the horizon.

Suddenly, a wave of dizziness washed over her, and she stumbled back, falling to her knees on the crumbling pavement. She could feel a strange sensation spreading through her body, starting at the base of her spine and radiating outwards. It felt like a tingling warmth that grew hotter and more intense with each passing second, and she could feel her skin beginning to stretch and tighten. Kayla watched in awe through her drug-fueled haze as the world seemed to shrink around her. No. She was actually growing. She HAD grown! She was hundreds of feet tall and swelling bigger.

As Kayla's growth continued, she became increasingly aware of the crowd gathering around her, their tiny forms scurrying about like toys or scared rodents at her feet. She could see them pointing and shouting, but their voices sounded distant and muffled, like the buzzing of insects. Kayla's heart raced as she watched the terrified and amazed expressions on the minuscule faces below, their features indistinguishable from this great height. The people on the streets looked no bigger than small action figures to Kayla now, their bodies no larger than her outstretched thumb. She could still barely see the dots of color that were their faces as they stared up at her in disbelief. Kayla's mind reeled at the realization of her new size and the power she now held over these diminutive creatures.

As the growth continued, Kayla could feel the heat building between her legs, the throbbing ache of her arousal intensifying with each passing moment. She squirmed and

writhed on the asphalt, her massive thighs rubbing together as she desperately tried to relieve the pressure. The sensation of her own skin stretching and tightening only served to heighten her lust, and she could feel the dampness of her dripping pussy smearing against the rough surface beneath her.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the growth began to slow and then stopped altogether. Kayla stood tall, her head now nearly three hundred feet above the ground, and looked down at the tiny world below. The people on the streets looked like a sea of colorful Lego figures, their forms no larger than the tip of her pinky finger. She could see them running and shouting, trying to flee the destruction and chaos left in her wake, but to Kayla they seemed as insignificant as the ants she had once watched scurrying beneath a magnifying glass. As she gazed upon the world from her new vantage point, Kayla could feel the full force of her newfound lust consuming her. Her nipples were rock hard and aching, and her pussy throbbed with a desperate need for release. She knew that she would have to find a way to satisfy her cravings, and soon, before the hunger inside her consumed her completely. But for now, she reveled in the sight of the tiny world below and the knowledge that she was the most powerful being in it.

Kayla stood tall above the fleeing crowd, her mind clouded with a haze of lust and inebriation from whatever it was that she smoked. She knew she needed to do something to alleviate the burning desire that consumed her. She looked down at the tiny people scattering below, and an idea popped into her head. She reached down, her hand the size of a small building, and scooped up a handful of the fleeing figures. They screamed and struggled in her grip, their tiny limbs flailing and kicking, but to Kayla, they were nothing more than squirming toys.

Kayla brought her hand up to her crotch, her fingers brushing against the slick folds of her dripping pussy. She could feel the heat radiating from her core, and she knew that she needed something, anything, to quench the burning desire inside her. She pressed the tiny, writhing figures against her clit, using them like makeshift sex toys. Their struggles and screams only heightened her pleasure, and she could feel her orgasm building rapidly. The crowd below watched in horror as the giant goth girl pleased herself with their friends and family. They screamed and cried for help, but no one could save them from the lust-crazed titan above. Kayla's moans and cries of ecstasy echoed through the air, drowning out the desperate pleas of the tiny people trapped beneath her fingers.

As Kayla's climax approached, she could feel the pressure inside her reaching a breaking point. She rubbed herself harder and faster, grinding the tiny figures against her aching flesh. She was so close, so very close to the release she desperately needed. With a final, guttural scream, Kayla came undone, her pussy clenching and spasming around the tiny, crushed bodies of the people she had used for her pleasure. The crowd watched in stunned silence as a flood of cum and bodies poured from between Kayla's legs, the viscous fluid raining down upon them like a sickening, sticky rain. Those who survived being crushed by her climax were now showered in the thick deluge of feminine juices. Kayla, meanwhile, was lost in the throes of her own pleasure, her massive body shuddering and rocking with the force of her orgasm.

As the last waves of her climax faded, Kayla stumbled back, her legs threatening to buckle beneath her. She gasped as another wave of pleasure rolled over her. She collapsed to her knees amidst the crowd. They tried to scatter from her as she bent over, her breasts swinging in the air over them. As Kayla caught her breath from her massive orgasm, she suddenly felt a surge of energy coursing through her body once again. It started in her core, a

searing heat that quickly spread to her limbs, making her skin flush and tingle. She could feel herself growing even larger, the ground trembling beneath her as she swelled in size.

The tiny people below looked up in terror as Kayla's form began to loom even larger above them. They had thought her a monster at a few hundred feet, but now they watched in horror as she crept towards the edge of the city's skyline, now appearing no bigger than a small hill to her. Kayla's breasts, once sizable for an average gal, now began to dwarf buildings as her body grew. Her nipples, hard and throbbing from her lust, were like red boulders protruding from the fleshy mounds.

While Kayla's growth spurt intensified, her arousal rose to new heights as well. The sensation of her body stretching and expanding sent shockwaves of pleasure through her nerves, making her want it even more. She could feel her pussy dripping with each inch gained, leaving a glistening trail of juices in her wake as she lumbered to her feet and stomped through the streets, crushing cars, houses, and people beneath her feet. These were once friends and neighbors, but in the increasingly clouded haze of her mind, they were nothing but toys for pleasure, and they were rapidly becoming too small for that. Somewhere in the back of her mind, a connection was made. She wasn't sure if she had made it before or not. Things were so hazy. Haze, right. The weed was making her grow and making her horny. The hornier she got, the more she grew. The more she grew, the more her mind continued to slip and haze over and made her hornier. She was getting baser, acting on instinctual desires rather than logic. And right now, that desire was so strong.

The tiny people below ran screaming in all directions, desperate to escape the advancing titan. They looked like colorful specks of paint on a canvas as they fled before Kayla's thunderous footsteps. To them, she had become a living, breathing earthquake, her

every movement shaking the foundations of the suburbs and sending the inhabitants scattering like ants or fleas.

Kayla could feel her mind hazing over even more, the marijuana smoke and the twin rushes of growth and lust combining to cloud her thoughts. She tried to hold onto some semblance of reason, but it was no use. All she could focus on was the aching, throbbing need between her legs, and the desperate urge to fill that void with anything she could find. She reached down, her hand now the size of a ball field, and grabbed dozens of fleeing people, bringing them up to her dripping snatch. The tiny people screamed and kicked as Kayla rubbed them against her engorged, throbbing slit. Their struggles only served to heighten her pleasure, and she could feel another climax building rapidly. She rubbed herself harder and faster, the tiny figures disappearing between her slick folds as she chased her next high. They were just specks, too small. She had to concentrate more than she wanted in order to feel them. She looked up at the city skyline and saw something that would fill her if she continued to grow. Unless she grew too quickly. She started towards the heart of the city.

The crowd below could only watch as she tried to play with herself as she mindlessly thundered through the streets of the neighborhood. Each step broke through and crushed homes and businesses. She didn't even look down at her feet. These people whom she saw every day were now little more than insects under her feet. They were too weak to please her. Why should she even look down? They were ultimately beneath her.

Kayla staggered towards the heart of the city. She knew at some level this was wrong, yet she could feel her mind growing increasingly hazy, the insane high and overwhelming lust clouding her judgment. She weaved and stumbled with each step, her massive form swaying like a drunkard as she made her way towards the towering skyscrapers of downtown. The

people below looked up at her in terror, their voices rising in a cacophony of screams and shouts as they realized the true extent of the danger they were in.

Kayla's movements grew more erratic and unsteady with each passing moment. She careened through the streets, her feet even sometimes catching on the rubble and debris left in her wake. She could feel the ground shaking beneath her, the concrete and asphalt cratering under the weight of her thunderous strides. The once orderly streets of downtown were quickly descending into chaos, with cars and buses being crushed like tin cans beneath her feet. As Kayla approached the sprawling mall at the heart of the city center, she could feel her balance beginning to fail her. She stumbled and wobbled, her arms pinwheeling as she struggled to keep herself upright. The people below watched in horror as the giant pale, tattooed girl teetered near the edge of the mall's entrance, her massive ass hovering above the building like a fleshy moon.

With a final, drunken lurch, Kayla lost her footing entirely. She let out a yelp of surprise as she tumbled backwards, her enormous ass slamming into the facade of the mall with a deafening crash. The building groaned and shuddered beneath the impact, the glass windows shattering and raining down onto the streets below. Kayla's plump, tattooed cheeks engulfed the entire structure, her ass crack swallowing up the mall's entrance like a fleshy abyss. While the mall collapsed beneath her, Kayla's orgasm crashed over her like a tidal wave. She threw her head back and screamed in ecstasy, her voice echoing through the streets and shattering the remaining windows of the surrounding buildings. The people below could only watch in awe and terror as the giantess rode out her climax, her massive body convulsing and shaking like an earthquake. The mall, now nothing more than a crumpled pile of metal and concrete, was ground into dust beneath her gyrating ass as she came harder than she ever had before.

Kayla settled back against the remains of the mall. She could feel the ground trembling beneath her once more. But this time, it wasn't from her movements. She looked down and saw

a sight that filled her with a mix of fear and excitement. The ground was cracking and splitting, the earth heaving as if reeling from the grips of a massive tremor. Kayla's heart raced as she realized that her growth, her very existence, was causing the earth to unravel around her. She had become a force of nature, a goddess of destruction and pleasure, and she knew that there was no turning back now.

“Fuck,” she muttered, slurring a bit. It was turning her on again. Growing her again. She could only keep moving forward, keep growing and exploring the depths of her own depravity, until she had consumed everything in her path. With a deep breath, Kayla pushed herself back up to her feet, her massive form looming over the city like a fleshy mountain. She looked out at the skyline, her eyes scanning the horizon for her perfect toy.