

She Got Way Too High Part 2: How High is TOO High?

By the time Kayla reached the heart of downtown, her mind was a complete haze of lust and the intoxicating rush of her own power. Haze. Something about haze, she thought to herself. She stumbled and swayed through the narrow city streets, her hips and ass now towering above many of the once-mighty skyscrapers. The people below looked up at her in abject terror, their voices rising in a cacophony of screams and pleas for help as they realized the true extent of the danger they were in.

As she squeezed through the increasingly tightening streets, Kayla's hips and ass rubbed against the sides of the skyscrapers, the rough brick and steel scraping against her soft, tattooed skin. The sensation sent shockwaves of pleasure through her body, stoking the fires of her lewd desires to new heights. The people below watched in horror as the goth giantess wedged herself between the towering structures, her massive cheeks and thighs pressing against the walls and sending cracks racing up their facades. The buildings shuddered and quaked, the glass and steel of their windows and frames splintering and shattering under the immense pressure.

She didn't even seem to notice the destruction she was causing, her eyes glazed over and unfocused as she lost herself in the deepening brain fog of desire and growing power that consumed her. Kayla could feel the heat once again building between her legs with each passing moment, her pussy throbbing and aching for release. She stumbled and fell against the sides of the buildings, her massive tits and ass slamming into the concrete and steel like wrecking balls. The structures swayed and shook, the people inside screaming as they fled for their lives, knowing that they were powerless to stop the destruction that Kayla wrought.

Some towers still rose above her for now, but the ones nearest her were roughly hip height; one such building caught her attention. Her eyes, glazed and unfocused, fell upon a particularly impressive skyscraper, its tapered dome stretching towards the heavens like a phallic monument to human ingenuity. In her addled state, Kayla saw it not as a marvel of engineering, but as a potential plaything, a means to sate the raging inferno between her legs. She lurched towards it, her movements erratic and uncoordinated, her tongue lolling from her mouth as she drooled in anticipation.

Reaching the base of the skyscraper, Kayla grabbed the sides of the building with her hands, the concrete and steel groaning in protest as her fingers sank into the material like it was nothing more than putty. She hoisted herself up, her muscles straining and flexing as she swung her leg over the building, so her wet vulva was resting on the roof of the dome. The structure shuddered beneath her weight, just brushing against it, the glass and metal frame creaking ominously as it struggled to support the immense load. Within seconds, she had grown so that her feet were touching the ground, even if she was on her tippy toes.

Kayla flexed her massive thighs as she settled over the dome, straddling the tapered spire like a lover. She could feel the heat radiating from her core, the ache between her legs demanding to be filled, to be stretched and stuffed in ways she had never experienced before. She needed this, needed to feel the hard, unyielding steel of the skyscraper stretching her to her limits, pushing her towards new heights of pleasure. The people inside the observation dome could only look on in horror at what was about to engulf them.

Slowly, tortuously, Kayla lowered herself onto the dome. She could feel the cold metal pressing against her, the chill a stark contrast to the searing heat of her dripping pussy. She gasped and closed her eyes as the tip of the skyscraper kissed her entrance, her slick folds parting around the intruding structure as she sank down further. The building shuddered and

shook, the people inside screaming as they fled for the exits, but it was a tall tower, and it would take some time for them to make their way down. Even then, her feet had disturbed enough debris to block the main exit.

As Kayla settled more of her weight onto the skyscraper, the building let out a deafening groan, the metal and concrete straining against the immense pressure of her girth. The people inside could feel the structure shaking around them, the walls and floors trembling like a house of cards in an earthquake. Panic erupted within the tower as the inhabitants realized the true cause of the tremors: a colossal, drooling goth girl was using their workplace as a personal sex toy.

Kayla's pussy lips stretched around the building's dome as she sank further down, engulfing the tapered spire in her slick, scorching sex. The sensation was beyond anything she had ever experienced, the hard, unyielding steel of the skyscraper pressing against her most intimate places in ways that made her see stars. She could feel every ridge, every seam, every detail of the building's construction grinding against her sensitive flesh as she slowly impaled herself on it. Inside the tower, the people were in chaos. The building's frame shuddered and rattled with each movement of Kayla's hips, the metal frame creaking and groaning. The structure swayed and rocked, throwing the occupants off balance and sending them crashing into the walls and furniture. The elevators screeched and shuddered, the power flickering on and off as the building's systems struggled to cope with the immense strain being placed upon it.

The people inside could feel the heat radiating through the walls, the temperature climbing with each passing second as Kayla's arousal intensified. The air grew thick and humid, the scent of her musk seeping into every corner of the tower through cracked windows, filling lungs and nostrils with the heady aroma of pure, unadulterated lust. Those trapped inside could

only gag and retch, their eyes watering from the overpowering stench as Kayla's pussy clenched and spasmed around the skyscraper, dripping her juices down the sides. Surprisingly, her softer insides had not shattered many windows in their sapphic embrace, but the trapped people knew that would not last once the woman put on the pressure. The building's occupants were forced to endure the building's shuddering, juddering movements, the structure creaking and groaning like a ship caught in a tempest. With each thrust of Kayla's hips, the skyscraper rocked and swayed, the people inside being thrown from side to side, smashing into each other and various pieces of office furniture. It only worsened as she went deeper with each thrust.

When Kayla's climax approached, her body began to tremble and quake, her massive form convulsing with the force of her impending release. The skyscraper shuddered violently in response, the metal and concrete groaning in agony as it was squeezed and compressed by the vice-like grip of her pussy. The people inside could only scream in terror as they were thrown about like ragdolls, the structure around them buckling and warping from the sheer, unrelenting pressure. With a roar that shook the very foundations of the city, Kayla came hard. Her pussy clamped down around the skyscraper with a force that defied comprehension, the muscles rippling and pulsing as they contracted around the building's dome. The steel and concrete screamed in protest, the metal twisting and bending like taffy in the hands of a cruel child. The structure could not withstand the onslaught, the immense pressure crushing the top floors instantly.

Kayla threw her head back, screaming in ecstasy. The skyscraper crumpled around the dome, the uppermost floors collapsing in on themselves and crumbling to dust. The people inside had mere seconds to realize what was happening before the building's frame shattered around them, the walls and ceilings caving in and burying them beneath a mountain of rubble and debris. Their screams were cut short as the structure impacted, the sheer weight and force of Kayla's orgasm crushing the very air from their lungs and the life from their bodies.

Through the haze of her climax, Kayla could feel the skyscraper being ground to dust, the once-mighty structure now nothing more than a crumbling dildo for her to ride out her intense orgasm on. She could feel the building's framework shattering, the metal and concrete crumbling away until nothing but a stump remained, the dome now buried deep inside her twitching, hungry cunt. The people inside had no chance, their lives snuffed out like candles in the wind, their broken bodies entombed within the ruins of the skyscraper as it was consumed by Kayla's ravenous snatch.

And she was still growing. If anything, this accelerated it. She reached down and gripped the building, shoving more of its wider base into herself. Mere minutes before, the base of the building was nearly as wide as her hips; now it was as small as its domed tip was. She pressed the dwindling building inside of her, pumping it in and out at a speed that basically liquified any survivors within. She came again, turning this mighty tower to powder. She screamed again when she came, shattering windows for miles.

When she came down from this euphoric rush, she fell back, her dark hair splaying over several city blocks as she collapsed atop a major metro area. She looked up through dazed eyes and saw the towers around her growing smaller and closer. What a strange image, she thought for a moment before passing out atop the ruins of her home city.

Kayla drifted back to a state of semi-consciousness, her mind still hazy and unfocused from the all-consuming lust that had driven her to such staggering heights. She slowly opened her eyes and gazed out at a world that had become her personal playground. She blinked in disbelief as she took in the breathtaking sight before her, a landscape that had been forever altered by her unchecked growth and insatiable desire. Her lithe and fit body had swollen to truly titanic proportions, stretching across the better part of several states like a living mountain

range. The cities and towns that had once stood proudly, filled with the bustling lives of millions, were now little more than specks and smudges beneath her splayed form. Entire metropolises were trapped in the tangled web of her long, dark hair, the skyscrapers and buildings crushed into the concrete and asphalt that matted her locks, people stranded on hairs the size of suspension bridges.

Kayla's massive breasts heaved with each breath, the mounds of flesh rising and falling like mountains, casting shadows across the ruined cities below. No, they were far larger than mountains. Her nipples, each alone dwarfing any mountain on Earth, ached with a need that could not be sated. The same could be said for the throbbing, pulsing hunger between her legs, her pussy now a yawning chasm that stretched for countless miles, its walls glistening and dripping with the evidence of her unending arousal.

As she lay there, basking in the afterglow of her orgasmic high and building a want for more, Kayla's mind struggled to process the sheer scale of her growth. She had always enjoyed being the center of attention and desire. And now, here she was, a goddess among mere mortals, her body a landscape unto itself. The once-great cities of man were now little more than playthings, trapped in her hair, crushed beneath her ass, or splayed out beneath her feet. All this was too much for her to comprehend, so what was left of her mind beyond craven fulfillment didn't even bother trying to understand this. She just was. And she was horny again.

Kayla sat up, the earth shook and trembled from the sheer mass of her body shifting. She gazed down between her legs, her eyes falling upon the once-great city of Denver, now a mere speck nestled below her crotch. The skyscrapers and sprawling suburbs of the city were little more than glowing flecks of sand to her. Kayla's tongue licked her lips as she beheld the urban sprawl that was smaller than the tip of a finger, and a wicked grin spread across her face as a new idea took hold.

She reached down with a hand that could now easily engulf countless cities, her fingers stretching for miles as she approached the tiny metropolis. The people of Denver looked up in horror as a fingernail larger than the city descended upon them, the shadow of it blotting out the sun and casting the city into darkness. They had mere seconds to scream before the titan's finger crashed into the earth beneath them. Kayla's finger tilted, the nail scooping under the tiny metropolis, as she lifted Denver from the earth. She could imagine the people below, tiny and insignificant, writhing against the unyielding pressure of her moving as she brought the city up to her dripping, aching sex. The heat radiating from her folds was intense, the scent of her arousal thick and overpowering, choking the life from the trapped inhabitants of the city.

As she ground the city against her clit, the buildings and roads shattered into dust, the people inside pulverized into a red smear across her throbbing nub. Kayla threw her head back and moaned, her eyes rolling back in ecstasy as she used the city to grind her clit, the once-great Denver nothing more than a makeshift sex toy for the colossus. She could feel the city crumbling, the people screaming and dying, their lives snuffed out in an instant as she chased her pleasure, their sacrifices fueling her lust. Her other hand reached down to plunge three fingers into her dripping cunt, the digits stretching her open and scooping out a massive helping of her juices. She smeared the slick nectar across her body, coating her fingers and the remains of the city in her musk, marking them with her scent. The scent of her arousal was overpowering, and before long she came again, her juices flooding the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico as she grew and her clenching toes dug into the cold waters of the Pacific. She leaned back, one hand dropping to the ground above her head and only finding a damp puddle. She looked back with glassy eyes, and some remaining part of her realized she was stretched across the entirety of North America.

The concept was so overwhelmingly hot to her that she came again and passed out again.

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She did not know how long she had slept. Only that when she awoke, she was cool for the first time in what seemed like days. The broiling heat emanating from inside of her had gone, and her overstimulated brain could focus. She opened her eyes and saw nothingness. Infinite nothingness. As her vision focused, she saw pinpricks of light in the distance. Stars. She was floating weightlessly in the vast, cool embrace of space. She did not know how she was alive. She tried to breathe but couldn't tell if she did or didn't. Warmth bathed her back, and she realized the sun was behind her. She looked around in bewilderment and felt something hit her inner right thigh. She looked down and saw a smattering of grey dust. The moon, she realized. That means!

Yes, there it was. Nestled between her spread thighs was her home. Earth. It was darker than she expected, the size of a nickel in diameter. She realized the shadow cast by her ass blocked it from receiving the nurturing light and warmth of the sun. It just hung in orbit, trapped by the gravitational pull of the celestial bodies that were her thighs. Its entire existence is dwarfed, no eclipsed, by a single letter of the name of an early-2000's emo band tattooed on her thigh. From former groupie to growing goddess.

As the realization of her power and the insignificance of the world below washed over Kayla, a fresh wave of lust and desire crashed through her, drowning out any lingering rational thoughts. The fog of arousal clouded her mind once more, narrowing her focus to a single, all-consuming hunger: the need for pleasure and fulfillment. She gazed down at the tiny, darkened orb of Earth suspended between her spread thighs, a wicked grin spreading across her face as a new, depraved idea took hold.

"They should be warm," she purred to herself, the words rumbling like thunder. "They should be safe and warm, nestled in their true goddess's embrace."

With a giggle, Kayla reached down, her fingers stretching across the cosmos as she decided to pluck the world from its orbit. At her touch, a massive drop of cum the size of the Earth itself floated from her dripping pussy, nearly engulfing the planet before floating away into the void of space. The heat radiating from her sex was intense, the scent of her arousal seeping into their world, threatening to boil away the remaining atmosphere of the world below.

Kayla's fingers nearly closed around the Earth to bring it closer to her aching, hungry cunt. The people on the surface could only stare in awe and terror as the titan's hand descended, the shadow of her fingers blotting out the sun and casting the world into a deep, unnatural night. They had mere moments to pray to their gods before the hand closed around the planet, but that never happened. Instead, the sheer scale and size of her gave her body immense gravitational pressure that pressed the world along just from a movement. She never had to touch it.

"Come here, my little toy," Kayla cooed, not sure if they could hear her through the abyss of space, guiding the Earth towards the entrance to her dripping, drooling sex. "Come and be warm and safe in my cunt."

As the planet approached her waiting entrance, Kayla could feel the heat radiating from her folds, the scent of her arousal thick and overpowering. The people of Earth could only scream as they were engulfed in the intense, humid air of her sex. The continents and oceans were engulfed in the heat and pressure of her love. Kayla threw her head back and moaned in ecstasy as the Earth sank deeper into her folds. She was growing again from how absurdly hot her primal mind found the situation. The planet wasn't growing with her and was, in fact, dwindling in proportion to her growth. She never felt it touch her warm, shuddering walls as it drifted deep inside of her. The world eventually found itself near her dilating and pulsing cervix. The opening of this eldritch monstrosity dwarfed the vulva that had greeted them. She had

grown so much larger. The people could only watch fractured newscasts as they huddled in their shelters, wondering if they would slip into the opening of her cervix, into the abyss beyond, or if they would be crushed in her pending orgasm.

Kayla never knew their fates as her fingers pumped in and out of her, bringing her to a climax that washed away planets. In fact, concerns for humanity soon left what remained of her mind. She instead drifted along through space, consumed with a desire for pleasure, and eternity to experience it. Sometimes, the back recesses of her mind would think about the warning her friend, from whom she'd stolen the altered weed, had given her, and she'd chuckle. Her friend had told her she shouldn't smoke this stuff because it would get her way too high.