

As with all mornings, things started with Gigi waking up, turning to her left, and slamming her fist down on her alarm clock, signalling the start of a fresh day; not necessarily because the incessant noise still continued to irritate her even years after she got that damned thing (though that was certainly a factor), but mostly just to make sure that it started counting the time properly, lest she end up with a cycle broken and a big mess to clean up afterwards.

As with all mornings, Gigi had to struggle to get up, as a whole night of being pent-up and unable to deal with the rampaging production inside of her cumtanks left her barely able to walk, needing her to waddle over to the bathroom instead; each of her steps caused the whole house to rumble and her neighbors to don their noise-cancelling headgear, as there was no other way for the poor saps who lived next to the vixen. They could issue as many complaints as they wanted, but at the end of the day, there was absolutely nothing that they or anyone else could do when it came to how fast Gigi filled up, and the practical consequences of going a full eight hours without something, or *someone*, to vent that excess productivity into (or onto, depending on her mood). Thus, she had to make good use of the bathtub, heaving her torso-length cock onto its side and idly stroking the top of it, getting into a rhythm in order to coax out as much of her pent-up seed as possible, hopefully getting enough out that she wouldn't have to worry *too* much about it for the rest of the day. Emptying herself completely was nothing short of a pipe dream; it had been years since she'd last experienced *that* mythical state of affairs.

As with all mornings, after her routine self-care session in the bathroom, Gigi stomped over to the kitchen, trying not to bump her head against the much-too-small doorframes, and proceeded to empty out most of her main fridge when preparing her breakfast. Such was life for someone who was both as large and well-endowed as herself: things just weren't built for people of her size and metabolism, requiring her to spend quite a bit of money on food just to keep herself satiated. Her job wasn't enough the main source of income for that; she had to rely on selling her own milk whenever she could find some time to properly bottle it, seeing as its high potency ensured she could make a pretty penny whenever a buyer was lined up. It wouldn't be so bad if her trips to the supermarkets around town (yes, plural) didn't take so long, and didn't require her to rent out a van just to bring everything she needed back home; this would inevitably be compounded by the fact that she'd have to spend a good hour or so just sorting through the purchases and separating them between the three fridges, two freezers and about two dozen cabinets and shelves she had in her kitchen. At least it looked nice, if nothing else, and made for a wonderful ice-breaker.

As with all mornings, after she was done eating breakfast, Gigi hurried to get her work uniform on in order to get on the road as quickly as possible to avoid the early morning rush. Long gone were the days where she actually *fit* into anything decent; what she had on hand was a special something the company provided for her to walk around in, that being a shirt that rode up her torso ever-so-slightly more with each passing day, and a pair of work shorts that lacked a

front to them. After all, as much as she tried, there was just no way she was going to hide that monster of a cock and the accompanying set of cumtanks, so the best she could do is place some padding beneath them and then try not to slam into anyone whenever she wasn't looking. She was... usually successful.

As with all mornings, actually getting to work involved a lot more walking than it used to, owing to the simple fact that being about twenty feet tall didn't really gel well with the fact that most vehicles were built for people who were less than half that size; then again, being that tall meant the vixen could very much make some very good time by booking it down the street and into the main avenue, seeing as she could very much outrun any motor vehicle driving alongside her and was *just* big enough that she could manage to fit into a single lane, assuming she kept one foot in front of the other. If nothing else, the biggest problem was her cock and balls, given they were utterly uncontrollable at the best of times and had an unfortunate tendency to leave large trails behind her that inevitably had to be cleaned up by the city's maintenance services before someone got in an accident because of it. Gigi had gotten better at holding herself back though, and only really dipped into the road proper if absolutely necessary; months of working for the post office had given her a near-perfect mental map of the city's most unknown passageways, even if she had to squeeze uncomfortably into a few of them.

As with all mornings, the biggest deliveries were already there waiting for her, with her bosses having long-since decided that it was far cheaper to just use Gigi rather than waste a van taking one or two large packages somewhere. She didn't really mind; it was good exercise, she didn't have to worry too much about making the numbers, and it was always interesting to see just what she was expected to carry that day. Sometimes it was something as simple as an industrial-grade washing machine, other times it was a large oven for a bakery, and occasionally it dipped into the realms of the debauched with synthetic phalluses that put hers to shame. It was easy enough to get lost in her work, hours passing by until her watch began beeping, letting her know that it was time for her to head back and get something to eat.

As with all lunches, she was all-but forced to phone for take-out, though she did stick around the post office's delivery area rather than try and force herself into a cramped restaurant downtown. She was enough of a common sight that most of her coworkers barely even flinched when they walked out into the back area and saw the vixen gal sitting on a large stack of crates, munching down on what had to be dozens of cardboard boxes filled with some of the most horrendously unhealthy food imaginable; she had to do it though, because the worst was yet to come.

As with all afternoons, things began to take a turn for the worse. With her body having fully woken up, given fuel in the form of a hefty lunch and motivation in the shape of the world around her, it didn't take long before she began to... change. Gigi hadn't always been a

twenty-foot giantess with a rod as large as her torso and a pair of tits big and full enough to wrap around that thing and service it properly; she hadn't ever been *small* either, but it was really a matter of scale at that point. What mattered is that her size was nothing if not inherently unstable, because now that it had a good reason to start growing, her body wouldn't really stop until it became a legitimate nuisance. It was something she had learned to deal with in her everyday life, but that didn't necessarily mean she was particularly fond of it; sure, the first few times it happened she took it as a sign of great things to come, but after outgrowing... well, everything around her for the upteenth time and being forced to put it all back, the whole "explosive growth" thing just sort of lost its lustre. Then again, she was saying this while perfectly lucid; she wouldn't remain as such for much longer.

As with all afternoons then, Gigi began to fill. Not necessarily grow, that only came later, but *fill*, her breasts and nuts churning aggressively as their productivity was stoked and forced to higher levels by the sudden infusion of calories after her heavy lunch, the vixen's metabolism kicking into high gear as it worked to produce and overproduce, leaving her leaking from three very conspicuous spots so heavily that it was actually embarrassing, to a certain degree. Precum she could deal with, that was just inevitable, but Gigi still hadn't given up on the hope of one day being able to conceal the milk pouring out of her nipples; it was a fool's errand, as not even the world's biggest absorbent pads would be able to deal with *those* torrents for too long, but she tried. She failed, but she tried.

As with all afternoons, the effects began to take hold of her body almost immediately after she got up from her improvised lunch table and went to work picking up whatever was left to deliver until the end of her shift. By that point, her cock was already dragging along the floor, along with the two cumtanks keeping it well-supplied enough that it left a constant, unending trail of spunk behind it, while her tits were starting to push outwards against her work uniform, forcing it to ride further and further up her torso. Within an hour, at best, the first signs of underboob would be perfectly visible to everyone around her; an hour more and it'd be obvious even for any other hypothetical macro-sized individual looking at her from the front. Though, by that point, anyone underneath Gigi (that is, pretty much everyone around her to begin with), would've had plenty of time to delight themselves with the spectacle that was the vixen's bouncing bust... assuming that they weren't swept away in the currents, that was.

As with all afternoons, her growth slowly picked up the pace over the course of the last few hours of her shift, especially inside of her tits; not only were those things picking up on mass and growing outwards, but their productivity slowly rose as well, going from mere gallons per hour to gallons per *minute*! This not only left her so laden with cream that walking was starting to feel like a chore, especially when one considered how immensely heavy her nuts were getting as well, but it wrecked havoc on whatever was left of her work uniform; the endless flow of milk seriously damaged the fabric, weakening it until it was barely even there at all, more akin to

paste-like thing slapped onto the top of her tits and covering just enough of her nipples for them to remain halfway decent. From there, it was a simple, very small step towards her just getting rid of the remains of her shirt altogether, ripping the sodden, “water”logged cloth off from her and fully freeing her breasts.

As with all afternoons, this didn’t really... solve anything. Just like all the other times Gigi had decided to go completely naked (barring what remained of her shorts downstairs), all it accomplished was slightly reducing the pressure she felt on the outside of her bust, doing nothing to fix the interior one *nor* the root cause of it. She was still producing absolutely ludicrous amounts of milk, she was still leaking so much of it that any storm drain she walked past inevitably ended up clogged after just a few seconds, and despite this, she was *still* growing quickly, and at an ever escalating and accelerating pace. Her tits were already big enough to cover her entire torso and jut out several feet to the side, heavy to the point where she could use them as wrecking balls, but it wasn’t over; by goodness, it wasn’t anywhere *near* over.

After all, as with all afternoons, the changes weren’t merely to her upper half. Down below, Gigi was suffering through an ongoing wardrobe malfunction as not only did her cum factories and shaft continue to bulge outwards with renewed size, but her hips were thickening about as quickly as her tits were up above, to say nothing of what was happening to her rear, already so plush that most of her cheeks had overflowed from the top of... what used to be shorts, and were now barely more than a thin strip of heavily-ripped cloth. They still valiantly struggled against the giant vixen’s growth spurt, especially that almost-supernaturally tough belt that absolutely *refused* to budge until the very last moment, getting embedded into the concrete of the sidewalk for its troubles once it finally gave in and Gigi could breathe easy now that her whole body was exposed to the world. Her lower half *would* look disproportionately huge on her, but given the size of her shaft and nuts, not to mention the accompanying set of breasts upstairs... it complemented her figure. To a certain point.

As with all afternoons though, Gigi had to start holding herself back, lest things *really* go out of control. Yes, her clothes had given up the ghost, she was swinging around a pair of milk tanks big and heavy enough that she could move them clean through buildings, not to mention a rod that was longer than she was tall and a pair of nuts so large that the only reason she could even waddle was because she was dragging them behind her, rather than between her prodigiously oversized legs. Yes, she was already growing outwards in general, her frame too participating in the fun by granting her more height and a more imposing building, allowing her to traverse large parts of the city in much less time than usual... but this came at a very high cost, one that made her blush and beg her gods for mercy, that she may be go home and stop worrying about everything.

Because, as with all afternoons, there really wasn't much of a city for her to go through after a certain point. Sure, the buildings still stood (some of them, at least) and the overall skyline was still *there*, but given that Gigi very quickly topped out forty feet before three in the afternoon and only kept going further upwards, given that her assets were so egregiously oversized compared even to her height that she literally *could not* move without destroying something, the vixen wasn't really delivering anything so much as leaving a trail of destruction behind her. She still tried, still held onto the packages even when her nuts had grown so heavy that each step had them drag both sidewalks and the entire main avenue she was on, deepening the trench they had been digging already; she preserved, even when her milkers had bloated to the point where she couldn't even see in front of her anymore, left to push those things ahead of her and hope that her sense of direction wasn't as shot as her self-control. With her libido rising, her need for a release getting more and more prominent in her mind, all that Gigi could think about was going home and starting over.

Sadly, as with all afternoons, she still had hours left before she was allowed to leave. Hours in which she would continue to grow, continue to bloat, continue to thicken, hours in which her breasts flooded everything in front of her in thick cream while her cock, jammed between those two mounds, effectively created a whole new type of rain in the destroyed remnants of the city behind her. No one was hurt, there was at least that much; she was highly destructive, but for whatever reason her insane growth spurts never seemed to cause anyone any harm. Rather, the many tiny ones around her somehow always ended up on random parts of her body when she wasn't looking, climbing up the sides of her tits or trying their best to hold onto her ground-shaking nuts or asscheeks, only adding to the confusing avalanche of sensations pouring into Gigi's brain and leaving her a big, stumbling, drooling, hot mess. There was barely anything left of the vixen in there at all, driven more by pure lust rather than anything else, but there still remained a sense that something had to be done... mostly because she inevitably got stuck, immobilized by her own size, and forced to confront herself with what was happening to her.

As with all afternoons, her shift would end with the budding goddess unable to go anywhere, her body bulging and bloating and growing and swelling in every direction, her mind assaulted by countless neurons flaring in just the right sequence to leave her absolutely gushing. The city was being destroyed around her, erased from existence by her own burgeoning body, its inhabitants desperately trying to hold onto her in order to experience even a fraction of the heavenly bliss that was Gigi's mere *being*. And in the middle of all this, in between throwing herself into her own growth with reckless abandon and trying to put a brake to it, in the battleground of the vixen's mind, there was a single sound that still rang and echoed within her. One that took several hours before she tuned into it, by that point no longer afternoon, but deep night, the vixen having become so unfathomably huge that the planet was starting to feel legitimately inadequate for dealing with her sheer might. There, at the cusp of her ascension,

when her mind wasn't there anymore and muscle memory had to make do, there was a noise, one that left her so annoyed that there was only one thing she could do about it.

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