

Another day, another wall broken. It had started being a tradition as far as Starry could remember, which was odd considering she didn't really make enough money to justify going through multiple buildings' worth of brickwork every single month. Then again, how else was she supposed to live? One didn't simply go around each day being so massive that buildings started to look small next to them without breaking a few eggs in the process... or a couple of skyscrapers, all things considered. At the very least her compression field was still strong enough that *most* of her house managed to withstand the onslaught of yet another early morning growth spurt, even if it was strained to the very limit trying to keep the vixen at something resembling a workable size; she wasn't even fully aware of how that thing was supposed to work, given that the appliances and upholstery didn't really grow to match and her eyes were constantly swimming around barely able to focus on anything, but it let her make a sandwich for herself, so it had to be working as intended... surely.

With breakfast out of the way, Starry turned towards the sliding wall that made up one entire side of her home and clapped, the automated mechanisms that hadn't been there until just that moment popping into existence and grinding into action to let the colossal vixen out and onto the streets, where no amount of compression would help her blend in. She vaguely recalled a past in which she tried though, where her work uniform was woven with all sorts of high-tech size management solutions that were designed to keep her at a size small enough to walk around without destroying *something* inadvertently, but ever since she broke the fifty foot mark, both her and her boss had given up trying to contain her. Or at least that's how she remembered it; the memories themselves were fuzzy and inconsistent, with her struggling to piece together the sequence of events that led to her becoming so utterly gigantic that every passer-by had to give her several dozen feet of space just to avoid getting stepped on. It was as if a thin curtain separated her from her own past, allowing Starry to glimpse at the barest shape of it, but be unable to make out the fine details.

No matter; she was out and about and ready to go to work, and that was the only important thing in her mind. Yes, it did require a bit of lifting to keep her breasts out of the way of everything around her, so much so that she ended up giving her back one hell of a workout from how much it was bent; it was necessary in order for the vixen to lift those milk-stuffed orbs up high enough that they wouldn't strain the machinery placed on the buildings on either side of the road. *She* was too big to compress, towering over every structure around her and making short work of any vehicle that, for whatever reason, had been left parked out in the street itself, but the *buildings* could still be equipped with whatever spatial distortion technology their owners could scrounge up. It was a kind of active defense against her, casting a field around the structure in general that warped whatever part of Starry got too close for comfort, giving her *some* breathing room when it came to moving about; not a lot, but *some*, which was more than enough to handle the slight issue that was her butt.

That thing was about as pillowy as her tits were colossal, and unlike her milk factories, the vixen couldn't really lift her ass out of the way of the city. The distortion generators thus served as a wonderful means of keeping her from wrecking everything that she walked past, even if they cost a small fortune to install and made short work of the property value thanks to how ungodly ugly they were. Then again, *she* was there to raise it right back up, because while having your home covered with industrial machinery might be a dealbreaker for some, knowing that they could wake up to the sight of Starry every morning was something that most people would practically kill for. Was it any surprise, then, that so many of those apartments around her were owned by *very* wealthy individuals who had all flocked to live next to hers, in the vain hope of some day being granted a little titbit of attention by the giantess? Starry certainly didn't care too much about that, but what was she going to do, move out? She barely paid any rent as it was, plus her home was close enough to the café that she didn't put too much of a strain on reality on the way there. A little bit of ogling was a good enough price to pay.

Once arriving at her workplace, Starry was delighted to see that most of the chairs had already been left in place by the night shift; usually it fell to the folks opening the establishment to prepare the outdoor area for the influx of customers coming to see the vixen, so it was always nice to show up to a surprise like that. Ever since the operation was expanded to encompass a large area behind the building itself, where Starry herself was meant to sit down and serve as both the main attraction and principal source of nourishment, the amount of money that rolled in was frankly *absurd*, enough that her boss was thinking of opening several new locations by the end of that fiscal year. At no point did the vixen or anyone around her really question why the café suddenly had an outdoor area somewhere that had been a parking lot just the day prior, nor did they spend any time wondering how come Health and Safety ok'd the use of actual, "from the top" milk as a sellable product, but then again, why should they? It made perfect sense, because it had always made perfect sense, ever since the café was expanded... however long ago it happened to be.

Thus, it was with a smile that Starry squeezed herself between her workplace and the building right next to it, straining the distortion fields to their absolute maximum before emerging from the other side, her coworkers waving up at her and pointing to the large pillow pile that had been prepared for her shift. The vixen would've preferred it if it had been a single, large seat, but she had to admit that no one in their right minds would ever make something like that... yet. As soon as she saved up enough money, she was one-hundred-percent going to custom-order a pillow for those two pillows of hers, and probably another one for the blimps she had attached to her chest. Sure, her ass was already soft enough that it served as its own seat, but sometimes, one wanted for something a bit more luxurious than just dropping one's tush on the cold floor, or a pile of pillows as the case may be. Nevertheless, that was her job now (apparently), and with opening hours arriving quickly, Starry took up position and got ready to serve.

Quite literally, as well. Long gone were the days where she was embarrassed by the fact that so many people showed up exclusively to gawk at her and her more... intimate attributes, but months (years?) of working day in and day out at that café had given her a newfound appreciation for her own beauty. It was still occasionally weird whenever she truly stopped to think that thousands lined up every day in order to be the first in line to taste of her sweet nectar, but it was easy enough to just roll with and accept it as part of her everyday life. Besides, at her size, what was she going to do, squeeze into the establishment itself and try to serve drinks? Why, a single nipple of hers could probably give the café a run for its money, and her boss wasn't about to install the colossally expensive compression equipment required to keep her in there without destroying the whole place, not after the last time when Starry almost broke free from the entire building thanks to... something, it was hard to recall. Focusing on the past was proving to be a significantly harder task than usual that day, but that was fine; not like she was being paid to reminisce anyway.

Once ready, it was only a matter of time before the vixen's coworkers had everything ready to start the day, which of course meant placing the dividers and tourniquets in place to control the flow of customers walking straight through the café's main dining room and straight towards the back area without stopping at the counter. It was impossible to ask them to do otherwise; with Starry being perfectly visible from the main road even while sitting down, the staff might as well beg their customers to stop breathing, it was that absurd. What they *could* do was limit the number of people who could access the exclusive zone at any one given time, while spinning it as a necessity for *Starry's* sake, given that she needed to "recharge" in between "servings". This was completely untrue, as the vixen had more than enough milk and production thereof inside of herself to take care of the whole city and have enough left over to do it again a couple of extra times, but it served its purpose; very few people would listen to some random barista telling them they couldn't go and meet the gorgeous giantess of their dreams, but make it about the giantess instead and suddenly everyone bent over backwards trying to accommodate them. Starry herself didn't mind; as long as it got the job done and helped make her friends' day a bit easier, she wouldn't really object to a little white lie like that.

Nonetheless, the line of customers outside, which hadn't even been there when the giantess showed up, had reached a good mile in length, as it always did and as it always had, with the more impatient of the lot wondering if they should just leave and try again at a later date given how many people were waiting ahead of them. This was, of course, nothing but idle speculation; even the most rushed of individuals knew very well that giving up and going home was what everyone *else* wanted so they could take their spot in the queue, and everyone was far too smart for that... which of course played wonderfully into the café business model, which by that point relied mostly on selling stuff to people waiting in line than it did to anyone sitting down inside the establishment itself. It had gotten so bad that they had to open a secondary entrance for

“sit-in customers” in order to try and drum up more interest in something other than the vixen out back, but to no avail; that entrance was nearly always closed and left unused, with very few of the chairs within the café proper ever being pulled back those days. After all, if one’s spot in the queue was already so close to the end, why would they bother sitting down and risking someone fighting with them over their “open” position in line?

Starry herself didn’t mind too much; as noted previously, and as she was very well aware, her breasts were so full and stuffed on a regular basis that she could flood the whole damned city if she wasn’t careful with how much she allowed out. It wasn’t made any better by her self-denial either; it was easy enough to skip the worst bits right after waking up, given that her head was still trying to boot back up, but right about the time that her shift was about to start was when her neurons began to fire in just the right sequence for her to become acutely aware of just how *horny* she was. Going for so long without any kind of stimulation just wasn’t natural for her, and the thought of having to endure eight straight hours of similarly-aroused tiny ones all trying to clamber onto her while she plucked them from her form and gently reminded them that their place was on the *ground* was... well, suffice it to say that the vixen was wondering whether she *really* needed to get her would-be suitors away from her, or if she could get away with letting the customers get a more intimate touch in before she had to remind them of the few, small barriers that yet existed between them.

But... sadly no. As much as that idea enticed her, it went against what her doctor had requested of her, and very much risked putting the entire process in jeopardy if she weren’t careful with it. She was told no sexual stimulation and that *meant* no sexual stimulation, even if she was left shuddering, quaking and positively gushing from the growing, gnawing void in both her heart and nethers. It was enough to get her breasts to produce extra hard, however that was supposed to work, her arousal spiking her productivity to the point where her teats were already beginning to swell when usually that took *at least* an hour of constant “servings” before it started happening. The drains placed all around her were going to have a good workout with how things were going; not just milk, but other, more intimate fluids as well as the poor vixen had to constantly remind herself *not* to think the sort of thoughts that would inevitably lead to an explosion of cream so powerful that every building in front of her would be reduced to rubble.

Perhaps it was for the best that she couldn’t reach the far end of her breasts (or even the halfway point, for that matter), because once the first customer rolled in and uttered a few choice words at her, Starry *knew* for a fact that she couldn’t be trusted with her own body. What was she to do with her hands? She couldn’t dig them into her tits, that would cause them to bloat and her body to react by secreting all those wonderfully-feeling hormones she couldn’t abuse for a week; she couldn’t place them on her butt either, because that would just end up causing the same reaction. Where else was she to put them, given that the ground was out of reach each time she sat down on those plump pillows of her and the synthetic ones beneath them? Usually she could

get away with just stuffing her hands directly into her soft breastflesh, but with her new limitations, Starry was left sweating as she struggled to come up with something, *anything* she could do with those grabby little fingers that didn't involve pleasuring herself in some way or another.

The solution she found was anything but elegant as well; with nowhere else to go, the only thing left to do was to just hold her hands out to the side and hope to whatever god she prayed to that she didn't rip entire chunks out of the buildings around her. Every single structure built around the repurposed parking lot had been outfitted with the proper distortion machinery, but that meant very little when the vixen herself was pressing her fingers onto them with such a tight grip that the concrete had begun to crack mere seconds into her shift starting, and she had *hours* left before being allowed to go back home. It was times like those that Starry wished she'd taken those meditation classes all those years ago when given the opportunity, learned how to induce a trance of sorts so that her perception of time could be modified at will or whatever it was one learned under the tutelage of some random health guru with questionable accreditation; stuck there as she was, she couldn't help but feel helpless, despite the fact that she could very much just get up and walk away. She had obligations towards her boss, towards her workplace, towards her beloved customers, ones she couldn't just ignore whenever it became convenient; as their goddess, she of course had to provide for them whenever they needed; Starry just had to figure out why exactly she believed herself to be a goddess in the first place.

Or would, if reality hadn't immediately readjusted after that slightly too ambitious of a change nearly broke the flow of alterations that had been wreaking havoc on the vixen's life for the past couple of days. The poor thing was so overwhelmed by the lack of gratification that her unique condition, the *other one*, had slipped from her mind completely; granted, it was easy enough to forget about it after a while, given she was used to keeping it suppressed for most of her time and managed to get around it via a complicated series of daily routines... ones that had conspicuously stopped being followed right after her doctor told her to stop fucking so much. Without these extra layers of protection keeping her from herself, or rather, the other versions of herself constantly trying to impose themselves upon her reality, it was nothing if not predictable that some cross-dimensional contamination would begin to happen. With so many Starries out there in the vast reaches of existence and meta-reality, a few *had* to eventually start poking through the veil the moment that it was made thinner or more fragile, and with our Starry being as vulnerable as she was in her deprived, self-denied state, it was only really a matter of time before the first few instances of multiversal power began to seep into her body... a couple of days prior, when her ascension towards the heavens had actually truly begun.

Since then, her fate had been sealed. There was nothing the vixen could do that would ever stop her other selves from pouring their infinite selves into her in their mad rush to create yet another perfect Starry, yet another universe-filling goddess that would eventually come to help

with the eternal recurrence that some far-off, distant Prime Starry had kickstarted eons prior. Nothing was there to halt or slow them down, giving them all the time in the world to trickle in as much of their unfathomable might into this new version of themselves, until she had become a fifty-foot giantess with tits and an ass so large that reality had to start mangling itself just to try and justify her very existence. And yet, amidst all of this, Starry was utterly and blissfully unaware of anything wrong with her (or right with her, as the case may be); as far as she could remember, which granted wasn't that much given the amount of reality alteration going on, she'd always been big and getting bigger, with her current state being the natural end result of a body that was made to ascend to utter perfection. Everything that happened until then was just her trying to make the world a slightly better place before inevitably being forced to take it over as its resident deity.

That this didn't really mesh well with what her doctors told her, nor with the fact that the hormone counter was still there and still keeping track of what her body was doing, didn't really occur to Starry. The concept of godlike ascension co-existed with the understanding that she was supposed to go talk with her endocrinologist at the end of the week to solve her growth problem, and somehow the two ideas didn't cancel one another out; in fact, the latter served as the very last anchor that she still had to a reality that she'd left behind a long time ago, a reality that had never existed and never could exist again. It was doubtful that the doctor's office even *existed* anymore; given everything else that happened, it was quite likely her ascension process had gotten rid of that little loose end, but still Starry insisted on holding onto that belief, on truly and earnestly believing that she only had to go for a full week without pleasuring herself before her "growth woes" were solved... at the same time as she considered her plans for after she became the planet's goddess, and whether or not her growth would halt there or keep her going forever. It made no sense, but that was fine, because neither did she.

A consequence of this extra titbit of information being added onto the pile was what happened to her milk as well. Now that the concept of godhood had been sneakily implanted into her brain by, one presumes, reality itself, the rest of her had to follow suit, lest she end up disappointing her tiny little worshippers. As such, what had once been a highly nutritious and extremely caloric drink all by itself began to take on *different* properties; she was still an attraction, and people still flocked from all over the country and even world at large in order to get a taste of what she could give them, but now, rather than simply being so impossibly delicious as to be irresistible, it *improved* those who drank it as well. There was no time for escalation either; it wasn't as if it started off small before going big, it had to *start* at big and then just get more ludicrous over time, until even a single droplet was enough to leave anyone who drank it completely unrecognizable. In the immediate present, however, it had "merely" become enough to cause extreme growth spurts in anyone who so much as had a taste of it, extreme to the point where a single glass was often enough to leave Starry's customers immobilized by their

own size, and an extra-large portion was sufficient to get those who drank it to take several steps on their journey to becoming a giant themselves!

Not that anyone would become even remotely as large as Starry, of course, but that didn't preclude them sharing in her proportions on a smaller scale, on occasion even going so far as to surpassing her entirely; while the vixen kept her "simple" looks with merely a gigantic ass and an equally titanic pair of tits, a few of the tiny ones around her began to warp and shift into wildly variable forms while gorging themselves on her milk, becoming ever more exotic, for lack of a better word, the more they consumed. The worst ones were the few who absolutely refused to leave even when the staff asked them to, though mostly because by that point they were too far gone to really go anywhere at all; some had developed multiple pairs of breasts, several more cocks and even balls, all of which were so full and productive that even a minute or two without being in full flow ensured that their torso was completely enveloped on all sides. A select minority became half-equine, tauric in fact as their spines elongated and their body thickened until it turned into a brand new, quadrupedal lower half. Breasts were made to be bigger than bodies, nuts inflated until their owners were sitting atop them, cocks engorged until even Starry was starting to feel like she should go for some of them, until everything around her seemed to conspire to make her ignore doctor's orders and just *indulge*.

How exactly she managed to survive every day when this is what she had to deal with was a mystery with no answer, though thankfully the vixen wasn't very well aware of that last part; it served as motivation really, to "know" that this was "normal" and happened every day, yet she still managed to get through it and go home by the end of it... even if she had absolutely no clue how to do it without pleasuring herself to relieve all of that sexual tension in some way. It felt downright sadistic to be placed in such a situation without any way to take all that pent-up frustration and direct it somewhere more useful; she was just supposed to sit there, let her tits lactate freely without massaging or stimulating them, all while her hands dug deeper grooves in the apartment blocks around her and the crowd gathered around her immense body became more immense themselves. It was nothing if not maddening, and the poor vixen was left wondering if the universe was trying to play some kind of practical joke on her; so much so that, on multiple occasions, she had to catch herself before one of her hands unconsciously began moving towards her nethers, holding her muscle memory back from doing something she'd regret immediately afterwards.

It wasn't made any easier by how bold some of her customers were getting, especially those who hadn't yet partaken of the lactic bounty and were *desperate* for a richer, creamier taste of it. Rumor had it that the closest one was to the "source", as it were, the more powerful the rich nectar became; it was complete nonsense of course, the sort of idiotic tall tale that circulated among those who really didn't know better, but did it really matter if people believed in it wholeheartedly? Starry herself certainly didn't think so, considering that every day she had to

deal with the braver souls trying to climb onto her in an attempt at making the perilous journey towards the free-flowing teats providing the crowds below with their delicious, nutritious manna. There were dozens of those on a bad day, hundreds on a good one, and while usually Starry was happy to pluck them from herself with a smile on her face... things weren't so simple now that she was interminably horny all the time.

Why *should* she remove them from her body? They were providing worship, in their own unique and slightly less than adequate way, giving her exactly what she wanted while asking for nothing more in return other than her own continued presence. They were reinforcing her belief in her own divinity, paying tribute to a fertility goddess in the only way that they really could, making it well-known that she was nothing less than perfect and deserving of every last ounce of their strength. And, beyond all that, they were very energetic too; the amount of squeezing and squishing that went on during their frantic attempts at climbing the mountainous curves of their godlike vixen, together with how much their own proportions rubbed up against Starry's, all conspired to leave her nerve endings *shouting* as loudly as they could for the giantess to give up and give in, and just appreciate what her supplicants were doing to her. It felt like dozens of hands all working to knead and grope her, stimulating her in ways that she hadn't even thought possible before; Starry's eyes were left half-lidded, her breathing labored and her arms limp by her side, no longer having to worry about where her hands were when she could barely even feel them anymore. All that mattered was those tiny souls climbing up her body, at once reaffirming how enormous she was while providing her with raw pleasure on a scale unimaginable to even those brave little things trying their luck at reaching their goal. It was a haze of lust so thick that Starry didn't notice that one of the climbers had actually managed to reach the top of her left mound's curvature, and decided the best course of action from there would be to throw themselves off of it and slide down until they reached the nipple below, hoping to grab it before falling onto the ground a good hundred or so feet down.

It would've been bad enough if they were regular-sized, but this was a transformed taur, and one whose undercarriage was stacked with at least twenty or so rows of milky udders that made it extremely confusing as to how they even managed to climb anything at all, *especially* with those five cocks or so constantly pumping into their many cleavages. What this meant in practice, though, was that once that lucky bastard hit the sweet spot, once their descent was halted as they slammed straight into Starry's nipple and caused their full weight to trigger a storm of serotonin to crash into and throughout the vixen's whole body... well, the vixen suddenly had a very big problem on her hands, because she really, *really* felt like cumming. She felt like letting loose, giving up on the doctor's instructions and allowing her body to experience climax purely from that half-second nipple play, to let it burgeon outwards and *explode* with renewed size, to unleash her godlike power and not just cover the city completely with herself, but become so utterly massive that the very nipple that caused it would be able to overshadow



the entire *country*, a single drop of her milk enough to flood entire oceans. She really, *really* wanted to do that.

But she couldn't. Not so soon at, least.

The poor thing was left panting and gasping for breath, unable to think properly as her chest heaved upwards and downwards, her mind focused like a laser beam on *not climaxing*, fighting back against the flood of neuroreceptors telling her that yes, that was exactly what she should be doing, she should be giving up and *orgasming* for the first time in *three days*, something that should never have happened in the first place. But she was stronger. She was Starry, goddess of fertility, and it wouldn't be a random little thing landing on her nipple that made her lose her mind.

Besides, she still had her whole shift ahead of her, and the rest of the week to hold out for.

Better to wait. Better to endure. It would make the pay-off so much sweeter in the end...