

Perfection and enlightenment were the words of the day, as they had been for every day prior to that one, as they would be for every day beside it, as they would and were for all eternity, recursively towards and beyond infinity. Thus decreed Starry, aloft on the throne of her own body, watching over a golden metropolis of her own making, where the faithful may congregate and give graces to the goddess which had birthed a golden age from her sheer, radiant splendour. Thus was her perfection that to be within eyesight of her was to become better, as one's body was moulded and reshaped in accordance with the unfathomable will of the titanic vixen, that it may better serve one's own desires; long gone were the days where there still existed anyone who believed in such silly nonsense as not *wanting* to have one's body in constant flux, where their forms were static, solid, unable to change depending on whatever random whim happened to fly past their conscious awareness... however little of it there may yet be. It was easy to forget that such a concept was even extant anymore, given that most people's lives under Starry had effectively turned into one long, continuous, unbroken climax, one shared by millions upon millions of souls across thousands of miles in every direction from the centerpiece of the kingdom built by the vixen goddess: herself, and her throne of herself. There yet remained nations that weren't brought into the fold, populated almost entirely by poor, unfortunate souls who hadn't yet been given the opportunity to bask in the glory that was Starry, to shed their concerns like an old snake skin and ascend to become something greater, something that didn't *have* concerns to bother themselves with. It was a glorious enough achievement that there was no end to supplicants come to join in the merriment, come to bask in the glory of Starry's presence, enough that the only reason her kingdom was not littered with the wreckage of all the vehicles used was... honestly, no one quite knew what happened to them, but then again, they didn't exactly care enough to find out. The moment they were within range, the exact second that their eyes feasted upon the giantess' divine form, they would find themselves locked in an endless cycle of mind-shattering pleasure, one that, rather than instinctively wanting to break, they instead fought to maintain for as long as possible; cars, planes, ships, trains or whatever else happened to be used to get them near to the vixen were easily disposed of, really just a case of Starry herself snapping her fingers and willing such things into non-existence. That is, when she remembered to do it; there were plenty of occasions where she simply forgot that the rest of the world even existed at all, trapped as she was in her own little endless cycle; it was easy to assume that a perfect goddess such as herself would be above such things, but truth be told, there still remained a small sliver of the old Starry, of the vixen that had once been small enough to fit inside houses, the same one who was decidedly non-divine and wouldn't automatically warp the very fabric of reality just because she slightly shifted atop the colossal ass she now sported. It was an insignificant part of her, practically non-existent in the grand scheme of things, and yet it *insisted* on making itself known, digging its heels in and forcing the rest of the goddess' mind to lay siege to the last remaining stronghold of sanity that yet reigned for several thousand miles around. Granted, this was mostly an internal battle that very rarely spilled into the outside world in any meaningful fashion, but it was enough to keep Starry from just getting up and walking over to the parts of the planet that weren't yet smitten with her, and ultimately, this *was* a big

deal; instead, she was content with sitting where she was, believing with all of her being that she'd always been the way she was then: a torso and head that combined managed to scrape just over a hundred feet in height, and still somehow only accounted for a fraction of a percentage point of the rest of her. She was mostly tits and ass, with a bit of thighs and hips thrown in for good measure, so much so that if anyone could bother to muster up the willpower to speak, they would most likely describe her as being "buried" underneath her own assets; this was, in essence, exactly how Starry herself envisioned her dream body, and as such, reality itself bent the knee and gave it to her, much like it did to all of her faithful supplicants. It just so happened that the tiny ones around her had far more exotic tastes than just being big overall, but that was fine; Starry herself saw her role as less of a cumulative, sum total of all kinks and far more of a facilitator, an enabler really of the innermost impulses that most people spent their lives pretending weren't there. Her *job*, really, was to let everyone else enjoy themselves as much as possible, and in the process, she herself would find joy in doing so, providing a win-win scenario for everyone involved; sure, it *may* have resulted in the complete destruction of her home city, but then again, what home city? She had always been the only thing big enough to cover the local geography, hadn't she? There had never been any large settlement there, just her ass, her legs, her tits, big enough to be seen from middle orbit, resplendent under the light of the sun, surrounded on all sides by countless smaller ones who had flocked from all around the world to see her, to *be* with her; despite the best efforts of the last remaining entrenched remnants of her old personality, the only thing still tethering Starry to anything remotely resembling reality as it used to be was a vague sense of duty, the thinnest wisp of smoke telling her that she shouldn't just go all out... yet, at least. There would come a time, she reminded herself, when she would rise from her sitting position and travel the world, collecting those who were left behind in the process, but that time was *not* at the moment; the present was far better spent trying to find new and more inventive ways of pleasuring herself, especially considering that, unlike some of the tiny ones surrounding her, Starry herself was still fundamentally the same person she always had been, at least structurally: two arms, two legs, a torso and a head, no more and no less, with the only variance being in her size and fat distribution. She had no tauroso, no extra pairs of arms, not even extremely stretchy ones that let her hug her full bust despite the obvious logistical impossibility of doing so, but she *did* have an endless supply of horny energy and the will to use it, so that had to count for something; typically this manifested in the form of a halo of light that always seemed to be set against the back of her head regardless of where an observer looked at her from, one whose radiance was such that to look up and bask in it directly caused growth spurts so terrifyingly potent that it had become a pastime for the more strong-willed of Starry's worshippers. They who could hold onto their sense of self when presented with a divine gift, they who had strong enough personalities that they wouldn't simply be subsumed into the will of the goddess herself, *they* were the ones who regularly opened their eyes and allowed their bodies to be filled with her light, to be glorified further and to become even more perfect; and as a merciful goddess, Starry made sure that this group encompassed an increasingly large number of souls, with the ultimate goal being that every sentient creature in existence would be able to look

at her, to absorb her very essence, and not have to worry about losing track of who they were and *when* they happened to be. It was an honourable objective to set for herself, and indeed it would be a gift for all of furkind, which made it all the more surprising when Starry sensed that there were at least three people who disagreed. This realization was faint at first, little more than a mosquito bite in the very back of her head, but as it kept needling her, letting her know that there remained three minds who were yet sullied by the stain of regular, mundane life while within her kingdom, the vixen had to do something about it, not the least of which being to identify where this dreadful sensation was coming from. Swivelling her head from side to side, she would identify the most likely cause: a lone skyscraper, a couple of miles off the side of her right breast, which had for some reason either been constructed away from literally any kind of urban sprawl, or was perhaps the remnant of something that used to be there and had somehow survived the continuous onslaught of Starry's growth spurts. Whatever the case, it was clear that there were three people on there that were still in possession of their unnecessary mental faculties, a trio of foolish little things who probably thought themselves the only sane ones left on the planet; what was worse, despite her trying to best to scry what they might be doing, the vixen came up short, almost as if there were a thin curtain of fog in between herself and her target. She could tell that there was *someone* there, three someones in fact, and that they were doing *something*, but the details somehow eluded her, a state of affairs that left her equally curious and distressed; surely, these little ones couldn't be thinking of doing something stupid that could harm both her and her supplicants, *surely* they weren't equipped to end her benevolent reign at the behest of some foreign despot. Surely they were just wayward souls, shielded from her glory by way of some incantation they dug up from an ancient tome or somesuch, and all they needed was a firm hand to guide them back into the flock... or, as luck would have it, two colossal tits being flopped on top of them, courtesy of a very horned-up vixen who wanted nothing more than a challenge to take her mind off the monotony. The world itself shook and rattled as she struggled to get up on her feet, the seismic tremors felt across the entire breadth of the planet, setting off seismographs wherever they still existed; the moment she took her first step, however, the moment her body heaved forward and the full weight of her presence was brought to bear on the poor Earth underneath her, the only thing saving the globe from turning into two half-spheres was her own power, channelled downwards into the rock to keep it from collapsing and cracking underneath her enormity. As if that weren't enough, the sonic shockwaves from the sloshing of milk within her bust were powerful enough that she could *see* them travel, in a concentric barrier around her, compressing the very air that her little ones breathed to such a point that some of them were left quite literally breathless for the second or so they were within the vacuum front. Curiously, this also allowed Starry to realize that this lone, solitary skyscraper was indeed protected by something, as the sonic boom smashed into... something. For a moment, she saw what appeared to be a cylinder of light, emanating from the ground around the building and tapering off a few feet above the roof, one that faded into non-existence just as quickly as it had flashed into it; another step, another set of shockwaves to be had, and confirmation was provided: there was some sort of force-field protecting those three individuals she had set out to convert, one that

most likely shielded them from the effects of being so close to a goddess; one could only imagine what sort of fools would resort to such drastic measures just to get near her, but Starry wasn't about to gamble on unknowns; those three *had* to be brought into the fold, for if they weren't, there was a non-zero chance they might end up hurting her beloved little ones. This was further confirmed when the vixen outstretched her hand and tried to touch the barrier itself, ending up revealing that it was surprisingly solid, and seemed unwilling to let her through to the other side... a side in which three people dressed in full body-covering hazmat suits labored next to a large machine of some sorts, assembling a second contraption that Starry couldn't identify. It didn't look like any bomb she'd seen, but neither did it bear any resemblance to any sort of machine she had knowledge of, industrial or otherwise; the presence of a protective barrier would seem to imply that those three on the roof of the skyscraper were there to either put an end to her or at least try to contain the spread of what they certainly believed was an "infection", and for that alone they deserved to be stopped, but without any idea of what they were doing, Starry was left with very few options. Thankfully, they all required the exact same thing: using her body to overload the protective aspect of the force-field and get the trio on the other side to drop whatever it was they were doing and join the fun with the rest of those around them; it felt like a decent enough idea, even if it stood a reasonable chance of failing, and besides, it'd been a hot minute since the vixen got to deliberately show herself off in any meaningful manner. The only question was the *how*, the specific manner in which she would do such a thing, because her body was such that it was *ripe* for a myriad of different strategies, from the utterly mundane to the delightfully fantastical, each one lewder than the last. The goddess considered a simple titjob for a few seconds, the thought of wrapping her titanic mammaries around a large pillar and then doing what nature commanded her to, but quickly discarded this notion after realizing the building *far* too small for her to do such a thing without utterly demolishing it; much as she didn't appreciate any attacks on her person, the last thing she wanted was for those three unblest ones to actually come to *harm*! No, a softer, more delicate touch was needed, and for that, the very element of touch itself had to be removed from the equation; as much as she was a generous goddess, she *was* still so powerful that actually, *physically* interacting with her followers was... perhaps too overwhelming for them.

Luckily, her mere presence was often more than enough to handle all the needs of the little ones around her, and thus it should be sufficient to handle whoever these people were. Starry didn't really care too much about the force field, nor why there was a single skyscraper amidst a sea of cum and milk that couldn't really be explained conventionally. There was surely a part of her that remembered the world as it used to be, tucked neatly in the back of her mind where it could never be accessed, but this aspect of her old psyche was one that would never really see the light of day anymore. It fought in the darkness, holding her back from truly ascending to her rightful station, but it had long-since retreated from any hope of victory, leaving the vixen just blissfully ignorant enough that she didn't think to wonder about the obvious impossibility of that building being there, or the reason why *anyone* would ever think to work against her. In fact, the latter didn't even strike her as a possibility anymore, at least not after she gave it a moment's

thought; surely there was no way that these three people were *actually* trying to stop or slow her down, that was ridiculous! No one in their right minds would halt her inevitable overtaking of the whole planet, not even the most crazed of despots, so obviously the trio had to be some sort of observation team sent to take readings just to make sure things were painless, or whatever it was the tattered remnants of the world's scientific community still cared about. It was endearing, in a paternalistic sort of way, to see how much the tiny ones struggled to comprehend a gift that was so easy to just accept without needing to think about it, how hard they worked to deny something that was freely given, how much effort was put into rationalizing a fundamentally emotional experience. For Starry, while it may occasionally have stricken her as slightly frustrating, it was ultimately perfectly understandable; not everyone was as divine as she was, and despite her best intentions, she couldn't expect the world to just roll over and accept their new fate, even if it *was* an objectively better state for things to be in when compared to what came before: there would be no more strife, no more pain, no more misery or hatred, no more hunger or thirst or anything other than pure, endless bliss, experienced by all to the best of their abilities, a world where everyone could live out their fantasies for all of eternity, feeding off the godlike radiance of the titanic vixen at the center of it all. This was the dream she provided, the goal she strived for, and Starry would be damned before she stopped doing her best to accomplish it, even if it meant employing certain... unorthodox tactics. Being as big as she was, the need for alternative methods whenever she had to get up close and personal to her worshippers strained her lateral thinking, one of the few skillsets the giantess didn't exactly develop as well as she could have, most of the time, just *being* was enough, simply proximity being entirely sufficient to upturn the very laws of reality until there was nothing left but self-indulgent debauchery. Thus, to have this method denied by way of some sort of force field left her in an awkward position, where the only thing that came to mind was trying to *be there*, but in some esoterically "more" manner; maybe leaning forward, perhaps, or maybe... well, there was always that, even if it left Starry herself blushing furiously at the thought, but if that was her reaction, then surely it should work as intended, no? It was something she hadn't tried up until then, but seeing as how it was new, then it was likely that this small team of hazmat suited interlopers wouldn't have any way to defend against it. Granted, it was easier said than done, because the amount of room that Starry had to work with was incredibly restrictive; she was more than certain that, were she to actually *sit* on the building, it would be reduced to a flat pancake of compressed metal with three very unfortunate organic disks somewhere in the middle of it, forcing her to be extra-careful when positioning herself in the way she wanted to. Her ass being big enough to cover the entirety of a city all by itself certainly made for one hell of a view, however, doubly so once it blocked out the sun and completely obscured every inch of the sky above the three people who had yet to fall prey to her allure. Starry couldn't see it, but this simple gesture had been enough to divert their eyes upwards, even if for only a second... followed by a frantic burst of activity as the technicians worked with whatever machines they had brought to do whatever it was they were told to. Within their suits, they had begun sweating intensely, and not just because they looked up and saw an ass so big that it had replaced the blue

sky with a vast immenseness of brown fur; just being *under* that thing had increased the ambient temperature by such a high factor that it suddenly became a lot harder to work while inside those stuffy, restrictive suits of theirs, enough so that all three of them began wondering if it wouldn't be better to bite the bullet and just take them off, sacrificing themselves for the good of the rest of the world. Sadly, they had strict orders never to expose themselves to the vixen, and seeing as anyone caught within range of her had a tendency of *immediately* falling under her control, the techies couldn't guarantee that they'd be able to complete their assignment. So, they kept working, kept toiling away at a contraption that had been designed to zap the vixen back to a state in which she could be managed (and conveniently imprisoned), not noticing as the colossal butt above their heads began to shift; they were unaware of the giantess' true intention, that she didn't just want to show them her enormous cheeks, but that such a gesture was merely the first step in her "plan": that being to place her slit directly above the skyscraper itself.

Mercifully for everyone involved, Starry was not yet so completely lost that she would do something as ridiculous as try to bring the building into her by smashing her lower lips against it and using the structure as an improvised phallus; not only would that be *incredibly* dangerous for the three people she was still convinced could be brought into the fold, but frankly, the building was far too small to really be able to please her. No, the next step was far more straightforward: Starry was just going to hold herself directly above the skyscraper, and let nature run its course. Eventually, at least one of the techies would look up, and realize that instead of one massive cheek, they were staring a *very* needy pair of lower lips, practically drooling with the vixen's juices as they hungered for something, *anything* to fill them, perhaps a god-consort of the same size as the titaness. And if they didn't, then things would just take care of themselves, because Starry was quite literally *dripping* with need, and those droplets scaled up with her just as much as everything else that had to do with her did; rather than tiny little spots on a carpet or mattress, they were colossal, pool-filling masses of liquid falling onto the ground below at frankly dangerous speeds, carrying enough force that the force field keeping the trio safe from outside world rang as loudly as a clear glass bell being struck by a steel hammer, all-but forcing the folks inside of it to flinch and then reflexively look at what caused the noise... just in time for the next drop to come crashing down on them, revealing to the team what it was that they were staring up at. From there, their options were limited; Starry's attraction was much like that of a black hole, that being that, as soon as one got close enough, any action that one could take would inevitably lead them closer to her, regardless of how much they struggled. In fact, trying to struggle would only make things progress even faster, and the only way to extend the grace period before falling under Starry's sway was to, paradoxically, stay put and do nothing; this wasn't something that any of the three technicians could do of course, with the sudden battering of the force field having them scramble to try and get *something* done to protect them, all while the heat radiating from Starry's nethers made it progressively harder to operate with their suits on... until the suits themselves stopped doing anything to protect them to begin with. It was a sad state of affairs, the one they were stuck in, that even the best coverage money could buy was woefully insufficient to deal with what was, in essence, the vixen's haphazardly-constructed Plan A; a testament to her

power, to be sure, and a damning piece of evidence that any attempts at resisting her power were nothing but folly of the highest caliber. She didn't even need to *do* anything but stand there, holding her slit directly above their heads, and this was already more than enough to utterly overwhelm their defensive systems, triggering the first round of changes to their forms.

Them not noticing it at first was doubly curious, as the transformation wasn't exactly *subtle*, nor had it ever been. Just like it did with everyone else, the power oozing from Starry hooked itself onto the deepest, darkest desires of the ones it reached, finding that which they considered to be their perfect form and festering around it, infesting the rest of their brains until they could think of nothing else; while normally this would only take a handful of seconds to take place, the force field offered enough protection that the technicians managed to last for a couple of minutes while still working, despite the fact that their bodies were already straining their suits' ability to contain them. Even if they consciously knew that they shouldn't listen to the voices or fall prey to the allure of eternal pleasure, the decision had been taken out of their hands, with their biologies instead listening to the immense forces roiling through it, drawing more and more energy from Starry herself in their quest to further perfect themselves. Soon enough, the protective suits would be too small to handle the full load of what was being produced, both in terms of mass being held back and raw output; all three of the techies happened to be males, all three happened to believe that their perfect forms would include some rather copious amounts of cum production, and thus all three were put to work making sure they completely and thoroughly beat any records previously established by any of Starry's supplicants. The inside of their suits began to fill within seconds of their cocks having completely filled one of their pant legs, and a few moments later they were walking inside what were effectively large fishbowls filled with their own spunk, the soft outer lining of the suit bulging outwards as it struggled to handle the sheer weight of it all. They would drown, they knew that much, but still they insisted on keeping the suits on, believing that if only they could finish their work, then at least the rest of the world would be safe; they believed this even as they continued to reshape themselves, even as their subconscious took this "perfect" form and kept adding more bits onto it, just like everyone else had. After all, if they had achieved their dream body, what was stopping them from setting another, more excessive goal for themselves? What was stopping them from wanting a pair of milk-filled tits of their own, or three, or five? What was holding them back from wanting to throw in some udders on top of that, to handle all the milky run-off? Who was telling them they couldn't have as many dicks and pairs of nuts as they did racks, until the inside of their suits were so cramped that they couldn't even more? And, above all, who said they had to remain standing? Seconds were all it took for all three of them to fall down onto the ground, their faces stamped with wide, beaming smile just before being thoroughly drowned out by the sloshing mixture of lactic cream and virile seed their suits were filled with; their silhouettes as well, the many assets that were perfectly visible as they strained against the hazmat gear, were suitably engorged until it was really nothing short of a miracle that the fabric and plastic hadn't just ripped to pieces completely... at least until it finally reached a breaking point, the cum blimps

bursting open to reveal the bodies hidden inside, coated in their own juices and possessed of a brand new appreciation for the wonders that Starry could provide for them.

Perhaps it was precisely because they had fought so hard against the changes that they turned out to be so extreme, as a sort of “lesson” to be learned on the giantess’ part, even if the vixen herself didn’t think on those terms... or maybe they simply wanted to be like that, and it was the strength of their denial that unleashed their full forms in such a beautiful manner. Whatever the case may be, all three of the techies had adopted a tauric form, their bodies elongating just enough so that they could fit a couple dozen rows of tits underneath them, rising up to a handful more on their regular torso, and providing the perfect angle for the bouquet of rods to push from their haunches all the way through their many cleavages before emerging from the front to thoroughly paint the roof white. They grew, as well, and in such a fast pace that Starry had to quickly move them away from a building that was soon to crumble, seeing as the techies’ explosive growth spurt had thoroughly wrecked the machines designed to keep them “safe” from the goddess they had foolishly tried to resist. Soon enough, they would be naught but more faces in the crowd, three more souls come join the chorus whose sole task was to glorify *themselves*, and then... then they would learn. Then they would know that those worshippers weren’t there to make Starry feel better about themselves, that they weren’t *brainwashed* into following the vixen; rather, that they had freely and openly thrown themselves into the realms of self-indulgent debauchery, and that it had been their *choice* to dedicate their lives fully to the pursuit of pleasure.

And now... so could they.