

Far in the distance, Leslie could hear crashes and rumbles as the aftermath of her explosive growth session continued to play out around her.

*Well... she sighed to herself. Good job letting THAT get out of hand, Leslie...*

The brilliant businesswoman was lying face-down in the ruins of her former company headquarters. Above, behind, and to her sides were literal miles of her own wobbling, expansive ass flesh. Resting her chin on one hand, she drummed the fingers of its mate on the surface of the flattened bed beneath her.

*That will teach you to completely lose your composure,* she grumbled, admonishing herself. *I wonder just how big I am?*

Looking around, it was impossible for her to gauge her own incredible vastness. All she could see in front of her was the crumbling interior of her office. In every other direction was an implacable wall of her own gently wobbling buttocks. She could tell she was huge and feel her backside extending far out into the surrounding city but from her vantage point could only speculate as to the true scope of her posterior.

A spectator viewing the callipygian executive from an ideal vantage point, perhaps someone who had been on a helicopter tour of the city at the moment of her expansion, would have been able to tell her that she had, in all probability, grown beyond her hopes... or fears. Each of Leslie's colossal cheeks was a mind-bending two miles in diameter. Together, they had essentially obliterated an entire urban cityscape in an avalanche of pale, quivering derriere.

*This was fun,* thought the owner of the cataclysmic keister, *but all good things must come to an end.* Focusing, she began fighting against her natural inclinations toward growth and an accumulation of size, and started willing her ass to shrink back down to a semi-manageable scale. As she did so, she absentmindedly drifted back to the last time she'd been laying under a mountain of her own booty...

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...Leslie had begun her day waking up in the custom-made bed in the master bedroom of her sprawling mansion in the suburbs. Even at its "normal" size, her ass still required that she sleep almost exclusively on her stomach with her buttocks piled above and behind her. Each cheek was nearly five feet wide and necessitated a massive bed far bigger than any standard king-size, California or otherwise. In fact, her bed was shaped like a sideways eight or an infinity symbol which was perfect for supporting her huge buns.

After a satisfying stretch and yawn, the massive mogul rang a bell situated just within reach to call a small team of attendants to her. Upon arriving, they pulled the black silk sheets off the overdeveloped form of their employer and watched as she scooted backwards down the bed on her hands and knees, ass heaving and wobbling heavily in the air. Reaching the bottom of the bed, Leslie placed her feet upon the ground and stood. As she shifted to an upright position, her giant posterior arced downwards through the air and slammed into the carpeted floor with a loud, satisfyingly fleshy "WHOMP!" After a few blissful moments of quivering ass meat, her cheeks settled their motion to hover a mere inch off the floor.

Largely ignoring her helpers, Leslie strolled toward her shower, backside in constant motion behind her. As she walked, she stripped off the white tank top she'd slept in revealing a

hefty pair of DDD-cup breasts. She also undid the snaps over her hips that held her amusingly tiny black “boy shorts” in place and allowed her to take them on and off unaided. In actuality, they covered virtually none of her capacious buttocks and served as the merest nod toward modesty.

Completely nude, she strutted her nearly-ten-foot-wide backside through her massive bathroom and into her gigantic shower. To accommodate her mightily swollen derriere as well as a handful of assistants, the space was truly voluminous, nearly as large as a regulation squash court. At her direction, half a dozen shower heads on the ceiling and nearly twice that many on the walls began sending cascades of steaming hot water onto her curvaceous form. Quickly an assistant, wearing a tasteful black bathing suit, handed her a bottle of shampoo. While Leslie washed her hair, several pairs of hands began cleaning her massive backside. Humming tunelessly to herself, she enjoyed the sensations playing across her yards of supple flesh.

Hair rinsed, an assistant handed the nude businesswoman several facial cleansers, including an exfoliant and moisturizer. This was followed by a bar of soap that Leslie began rubbing all over as much of her outrageous body as she could reach. As luck would have it, her hands happened to be between her legs as she felt two slickly wet bodies sliding under her bodacious buns. The combination of stimuli began overwhelming her and she let her fingers play around her most sensitive areas. As pleasure began building across her body, her glorious globes began visibly quivering with increasing intensity. *Oh yes...*, she thought to herself, tempted to allow things to escalate wildly. The temptation only grew as a body and hands slid between her colossal cheeks.

“Ma’am...?” came the nervous question from a thin blonde in a sable bikini in front of her.

Raising an eyebrow, Leslie regained her composure, realizing disappointedly that this wasn’t the time or place. Instead, she finished her shower and strode back into the capacious, marble-covered bathroom.

Quickly, soft towels of finest Egyptian cotton were rubbed across her expansive flesh. Simultaneously, her hair was blow-dried and brushed by two assistants. Alleviated of excess moisture, a selection of panties was brought before her and a black, lacy thong was selected that, like the boy shorts, snapped over her hips. A matching bra was handed to her and she sighed in enjoyment as she felt the soft cups encase and gently cradle her sizable breasts.

Leaning back, she allowed her ass to settle on the ground and relaxed, supported by their improbable girth. Clapping her hands once, a black stool was brought for her. To complement her gargantuan derriere, it was shaped with a flat, cushioned platform for her thighs and a curved wedge that perfectly conformed to the shape of her ass and allowed for maximum comfort. “Alejandro!” she called out.

“Coming, ma’am!” came the reply. From somewhere past her bedroom came a six-foot-plus-tall Latino man, clad in a skintight black t-shirt and matching jeans. Walking briskly around her incredible circumference, he wheeled a cart full of beauty supplies in front of him. “Sleep well, ma’am?” he asked pleasantly, a slight accent giving flavor to the words escaping his lips.

“Exquisitely, Al,” Leslie replied, grinning.

The well-muscled man's hands flitted about his employer's face like a pair of tanned, immaculately manicured hummingbirds. In moments, he'd touched up her raven hair, ensuring perfectly straight bangs and tresses framing her gorgeous face. "Busy day ahead of you?" he inquired with an air of easy familiarity.

"Always," the magnate chuckled.

"Nothing compared to what's behind you though?" he asked, winking conspiratorially.

"Nothing can compare to my behind," she agreed laughing unrestrainedly in a way she rarely allowed herself to do with her staff.

The friendly chatter continued in this vein as Alejandro applied his employer's makeup and quickly checked the state of her finger and toenails. Standing back, he took in his work, hands on hips, and nodded in approval of his achievement. "As always, ma'am, I've somehow managed to improve on perfection!"

"That's what I pay you for, isn't it?" Leslie asked, pursing her lips and sticking her chin out. Quickly, the stylist leaned forward and they pressed cheek to cheek on both sides of their face as they made little kissing sounds. Then he expeditiously pushed his trolley back out the way he came, disappearing into the deeper recesses of his employer's extensive home.

"Clothes!" Leslie called out, a functionary running up with an iPad loaded with a fashion program. As the pale young man stood in front of her, acting as a podium for the tablet, the nearly nude woman stood and swiped left and right through different outfits and combinations of clothing pieces. As she browsed through this complete catalog of her wardrobe, a CGI model of herself was dressed and redressed in the various items. Finding a look she liked, she grabbed the device and turned it to show the employee in charge of her clothes closet. "This," she said definitively.

Like a well-oiled machine, a team of dressers marched from elsewhere in the house carrying her selections. The process began as a half-dozen assistants lowered a dropcloth-sized piece of dark charcoal-gray fabric over the voluptuous vixen's head, carefully guiding the waistband around her carefully styled coiffeur and down to her hips. Next, they grabbed the bottom edges of the garment and struggled to pull its somewhat elastic breadth over Leslie's magnificently swollen derriere. She gasped slightly as their energetic efforts had the unintended effect of yanking her Brobdingnagian buns downward to rest on and bulge against the floor behind her. As they worked to heave the skirt around her curves, the businesswoman once again felt her composure begin to break down, requiring conscious effort to keep her magnificent ass from starting to quake threateningly. Thankfully, it wasn't long before the item's lower hem passed over the widest portion of her backside and quickly slid down to engulf the rest of it.

Well, most of the rest of it. All of her clothes were designed with the explicit intention of showing off her most striking features, letting what on most women would seem to be a tasteless amount of skin show. On Leslie, however, the bulging ass-flesh that remained mushrooming out below the dress somehow seemed no more risqué than a respectable amount of cleavage might.

Next came a sleeveless, dark-plum purple sweater that was very carefully pulled over the voluptuous woman's head. Shaking out her carefully styled tresses, she accessorized her look with a simple pair of yellow gold stud earrings and a gold bracelet on her wrist next to a

custom smartwatch. Stepping into a pair of perfectly sensible black velvet pumps, she was now ready to move on to the next stage of her day.

Her attendants tastefully disappearing from view, Leslie strode through her home to her kitchen/dining room area. Not even truly understanding her physiology herself, she had always found herself able to walk with relative ease despite being the proud owner of a ten-foot derriere. Still, it's weight and bulk was such that her gait virtually always took the form of a determined strut as hundreds of pounds of ass-flesh wobbled and swayed behind her, shifting from side to side in time with her steps. The powerful professional knew exactly how she looked and relished the spectacle her quivering cheeks provided, having seen many surreptitiously filmed videos of herself showcasing her unique form. She had resented such voyeuristic efforts at first but grew to appreciate the lense through which it allowed her to appreciate her own physique and its tantalizing motion.

She indulged in a self-satisfied smile, glancing at the many objet d'art that lined the halls of her home. Leslie had hired an art expert to populate her mansion with some of the best works of modern and contemporary artists in keeping with a powerful 21st-century executive. As a result, she found herself passing a mobile by Sandy Calder, statues by Jeff Koons, a Jackson Pollock painting, black and white floral photography by Robert Mapplethorpe, and a video installation by Nam June Paik. In particular, she took a moment to appreciate her Roger Dean original, a piece she had insisted upon including. Another cherished work was the specially-commissioned wheatpaste wall application she had acquired from the female street artist Swoon.

Passing into her dining area, she took a seat at the head of a table long enough to serve 20. As with the chair in her master bathroom, this was a uniquely designed cushioned stool that supported her thighs and fit snugly against the swell of her ass cheeks as they themselves laid heavily on the hardwood floor. Just as she was settled, her chef bustled out of the kitchen. A well-preserved and well-maintained man of early middle age with a stout but solid physique, he placed before his employer her usual breakfast, a lightly poached egg over two pieces of modestly buttered toast accompanied by a small glass of freshly-squeezed orange juice and a black coffee.

"G'morning, ma'am," he said pleasantly and professionally.

"Good morning, Dominic," Leslie smiled up at him. "How are the wife and children?"

"All happy and healthy, thank the lord," Dominic responded.

"How is Josephine getting on at school?"

"Oh, she's a fast learning. Always comes home excited to talk about what she learned. Not like so many children you hear about that say they learned 'Nothing' each and every day."

"Sounds like you've got a budding genius on your hands," his employer responded.

"And she asked me to thank you for the laptop. She really appreciates it."

"I'm very glad to hear it."

"Put some lovely rainbow and unicorn stickers on it. A few from some video game or cartoon series she likes too," he continued, displaying a picture on his cell phone of a smiling girl presenting the device. Her wide grin displaying at least two missing teeth.

Leslie's own expression displayed immense gratification and warmth, the corners of her eyes crinkling as her smile broadened in genuine happiness. "You have a beautiful daughter on top of a smart one."

The chef murmured a final quick expression of gratitude and disappeared back into the kitchen. Left alone to her meal, the bottom-heavy businesswoman took a generous sip of her steaming coffee. "Fuck..." she murmured as the caffeinated brew warmed her insides. The experience was tinged with dissatisfaction though as a pang of regret managed to cut through her enjoyment. Breakfast was one of the few times Leslie was reminded of her long-abandoned smoking habit. Most of the time, she never gave cigarettes a second thought but she couldn't help missing the sensations conferred by nicotine in connection with two very specific actions, taking her morning coffee and following sexual intercourse. During her years as a smoker, these actions had become inextricably linked to the taking of a long, slow drag from a Dunhill or a Parliament. On special occasions or when feeling especially spendthrift, she may have even indulged in a Treasurer. Forcibly shaking off the association, she tucked into her food properly, quickly polishing off the deliberately Spartan fare.

Standing from the table, she wobbled her way to her massive garage. Waiting for her was her black-suited driver, holding open the back door to her custom-made executive vehicle. To accommodate her capacious ten-foot-wide derriere which was itself roughly the size of two MINI Coopers, she was forced to ride to work in a sport utility vehicle that resembled an extra-wide and extra-tall stretch Hummer painted in the most obsidian shade of black possible. To enter it, the very back opened in a barn-door configuration to allow her to step right up into the roomy interior. Doing so, she nodded at her chauffeur and took a seat on another specifically-designed chair, relying on the fact that her generous ass took up virtually all the space behind and around her to shield her from injury in the case of an accident rather than any kind of seat belt or restraining device. Even in the event of a crash that should theoretically throw her forward, she was content in the knowledge that her posterior was wedged so snugly in the space that it wouldn't allow her to move more than a few inches before its friction against her surroundings would hold her fast. Despite the fact that it was made specifically for her, the restrictions imposed by conventional street design meant that her ass was still something of a struggle to pull into the tight space.

Situated in front of Leslie with their backs to the driver and the sides of the vehicle were four of her assistants. Each one was holding a tablet computer, wearing an earpiece, and dressed in severe professional garb lacking any colors beyond black, white, and shades of gray. The men's hair was closely cropped and meticulously combed, and the women's was pulled back into tight buns. As the engine started and the super-SUV began to roll out of the mansion, these individuals briefed their boss on her day. This rundown followed by their employer's follow-up questions about everything from the state of the markets to her own company's projected earnings and the weather in various manufacturing and agricultural centers across Asia occupied the entirety of their ride to her corporate headquarters.

The massive steel and glass structure was a monument to capitalistic excess in general and Leslie's success as a captain of industry specifically. The building's footprint occupied an area larger than a typical city block and extended dozens of stories into the air. Beyond the need to accommodate literally hundreds of employees, the main reason for the vast tract of land

it occupied was the fact that all of its hallways, rooms, elevators, and other amenities were made with sufficient space to allow Leslie and her unconventional figure to be able to navigate it with perfect ease and comfort.

Once the SUV pulled to a stop in front of the monolithic facade, the driver opened the back doors and the curvaceous CEO carefully backed her way out and onto the ground. Nodding at the chauffeur, she offered a, "Thank you, Jacob," before strutting through the massive glass entryway and toward her office. Rather than other businesspeople who almost invariably placed their sancta sanctorum on the uppermost floor, hers was on ground level at the very back of the building, primarily to allow her relatively direct and easy access. Walking past protective layers of security and secretaries, she nodded this way and that at various polite greetings directed her way. She also fielded a number of inquiries from minor executives regarding pressing business matters that required her immediate attention.

Finally passing into her cavernous private hideaway, she took in the familiar space. The room was bigger than many average individuals' entire homes. The expansive rear wall was a single incredible sheet of one-way glass looking out onto a private Japanese zen garden. Visible in the outdoor feature was an elderly man of Asian descent, carefully raking gray pebbles in meticulously constructed spiral patterns.

The office itself was primarily dominated by a semicircular desk of imposing stature. As the enormously assed executive strode toward it, she once again noted the door to her private washroom on one side and the door on the opposite wall which led to an antechamber through which she could access the garden. In a very "Mad Men" touch, a mid-century modern drink cabinet stood in one corner, stocked with a full range of alcoholic beverages and mixers. Aside from a meeting table and range of seating for visitors, the only other notable objects in the room were huge minimalist, postmodern paintings that adorned the walls with starkly contrasting and heavily saturated colors.

Settling herself behind the desk, Leslie booted up her computer and began her workday by reviewing the latest productivity reports on two impressively oversized computer monitors. Her morning passed largely uneventfully. She had structured the business impeccably and surrounded herself with highly-qualified and ambitious professionals, each with lengthy résumés stuffed to overflowing with impressive past experience within their specialized fields. As such, the company largely ran itself and the insightful executive could primarily concern herself with larger strategic moves as well as addressing unforeseen and generally unforeseeable crises that invariably cropped up from time to time. Still this day had even fewer of these matters to deal with than was typical.

Around lunch time, she decided to stretch her legs and take a stroll through a few randomly selected floors in the building. As highly as she held herself within her own esteem and despite the level of respect she wished to command from those working under her, the powerful businesswoman didn't like to project an air of complete aloofness and remove from her employees. As such, she regularly indulged in these tours of the offices. In fact, the executives on each floor knew her habit and were expected to facilitate her visits, providing background on the day's work and introductions to newer staff.

Strolling from her office, impossibly gigantic posterior heaving this way and that in response to every motion no matter how slight, she took the nearest elevator up to a randomly

selected floor and began the process. The time passed uneventfully as she made her way through two separate levels of offices and cubicles. On the third though, she had the monumental fortune to make the acquaintance of one particular brand new hire.

His name was Ryan and he was an impressive specimen of masculinity. Standing nearly six-and-a-half feet tall, he had a muscular and athletic build that suggested a lifetime of energetic physical activity and fairly regular weight training. His jaw was square, his teeth straight and white, his hair a dark chestnut swirl framing a pleasant open face with eyes that sparkled with an easy warmth. Everything about him projected a confidence that lacked even a shade of smugness or self-importance. A junior executive with a notable list of accomplishments for one so young, Leslie experienced an attraction as soon as the two met. Simply feeling his strong hand encompass hers so thoroughly in his firm grip as they shook hands ignited a buzz in the back of her mind that tempted her to allow her already impressive ass to expand outward.

The two conversed for a while, reviewing key elements of his résumé and how he saw himself contributing to the company. While they spoke, the callipygian corporate head cheekily allowed her weight to shift from one hip to the other. She didn't do this often enough to make it obvious that the action was deliberate but with sufficient frequency to make noticing it unavoidable to those standing nearby. The effect was that every so often her gigantic booty would swing massively to one side, prompting a cascade of undulating ripples across its surface.

As the conversation continued and her backside remained the primary attention-grabbing elephant in the room, Leslie's own focus drifted lower. She found herself surreptitiously glancing downward toward Ryan's pants. At first, she wasn't sure if she was seeing anything at all. As time passed though, the shifting fabric became more and more clear to her observant eyes. Almost certainly in response to the motion of her own enormous appendage, she could just make out one very specific part of the young professional's anatomy growing significantly larger. The tightening and pulling of the fabric of his right trouser leg was making it all too clear that the handsome employee was also packing an impressive example of manhood currently snaking its way down his thigh and striving vainly to swell upward.

*Fuck*, the chief executive thought to herself, *I'm surprised he didn't put THAT thing on his CV.* As she kept speaking, her comments became increasingly mundane and distracted as she was running out of things to say but unwilling to move on. In the middle of an especially boring bit of corporate doublespeak puffery, she was fortunate enough to be glancing at Ryan's crotch just as he shifted his weight in an awkward attempt to clandestinely move his anaconda-esque member into a more comfortable position. Getting an even clearer picture of his improbable length and girth, Leslie felt herself completely lose control of her inhibitions for a mere moment. In the space of that brief lapse, she could feel her ample backside swell outward just enough to strain her skirt to its absolute limit. As the sound of stretching fabric and a handful of isolated stitches tearing along the garment's seams reverberated throughout the office, she coughed loudly and turned as she excused herself from the conversation. She could just see the object of her arousal blushing deeply and murmuring a polite hope that they would get the opportunity to speak further as she forced her attention elsewhere.

Walking back toward the oversized elevator that would take her back to her office, the swollen businesswoman was finding it a struggle to maintain her composure. Beyond the memory of her underling's apparently massive cock, her ass had become so large that its lowest slopes were now dragging across the carpet as she attempted to stride confidently through the forest of cubicles. The sensations were exceedingly pleasant and distracting, threatening to overwhelm her senses and lead to even further uncontrolled growth. All around her, she could hear the sussuruss of concerned employees, wondering whether she would or could keep a lid on her expansive desires. She knew for a fact that as she passed, eyes would be peering over the partition walls and looking to see whether they ought to be concerned for their safety. Every man and woman in the company had heard about their employer's past "episodes," and knew just how extreme and dangerous they could be.

Thankfully, Leslie made it into the elevator without incident. Once inside, she closed her eyes and focused on the mantra, *Smaller... Smaller... Smaller... Just get fucking smaller...* Doing so and focusing on her extravagant figure, she managed to coax her overblown buttocks to shrink just to the point where they no longer were in constant contact with the floor. Checking her wrist, she examined readout from the biometric sensors within her smartwatch. *Thank god*, she thought, noting that her spiking heart rate hadn't been enough to trigger the building's safety protocols. The last thing she needed was to set off an evacuation in the middle of the day just because she got a little wet and growth-happy over a random guy. *But WHAT a guy*, she mused as spikes once again appeared on the miniature screen. "Fuck you!" she hissed at the device just as the elevator slowed to a stop.

The massive magnate fumed as she walked purposefully back toward her office. It wasn't so much a matter that she was embarrassed by the incident she'd just experienced. No, she was far too confident in her body, identity, and sexuality for that. It was more the loss of control that bothered her and the frustration that her body necessitated such an absurd level of near-constant vigilance that made enjoying her sexual urges a tentative and potentially dangerous experience. Her smartwatch and her offices' security measures were only two components of a citywide system designed to keep the populace safe in the event that she were ever to lose her grip entirely. Moreover, the financial success that she enjoyed had come by way of her own herculean diligence and determination, and dropping her guard with regard to her "abilities" was, in her mind, akin to a professional misstep on a level she could not countenance in herself or anyone else.

Once again in her private space, Leslie began to feel more at ease. For good measure, she entered her washroom. Placing her hands on the sink, she took a long, steady breath and looked herself meaningfully in the eye. Tempted to splash cold water on her face but not wishing to thoroughly ruin her carefully applied makeup, she settled for turning on the tap and bending down to the basin to gently flick a light spray of the bracing liquid onto her cheeks and forehead. Standing straight again, she opened her eyes to find her reflection oddly changed. It was still her face but the makeup was different, appearing far more natural... And the hair... It didn't fall straight to below her shoulders... Instead it was fuller and more of a poofy, shoulder-length bob... But those eyes... They were a brilliant, flashing blue that seemed to bore through her... And as the befuddled executive felt her jaw drop, the reflection instead sported a spreading smile...



Blinking her eyes repeatedly and shaking her head in an attempt to clear whatever lingering emotions were messing with her perception, Leslie slowly looked back into the reflective surface to find... Her own, normal face looking back at her. With deliberate intent, she turned her head this way and that, blinked, winked, smiled, frowned, and generally contorted her gorgeous face, waiting to see if anything she could do would trigger another episode. Seeing nothing but her beautiful visage in various unflattering configurations, she decided that she should just get back to work and hope that would finally and truly bring her back to her senses.

Sitting down at her custom chair to her double monitor, she found an email from Ryan sent within the last few minutes, bearing the simple subject line of "Professional Contact." With a feeling of dread building in the pit of her stomach, she opened the communication. Breathing a sigh of relief, she found that it contained a purely business-minded and considerate message thanking her for his position at the company, expressing appreciation that she took the time to visit his floor and speak with him, and conveying a hope that the two could meet again in the future. There was no reference to Leslie's impropriety or suggestion that he desired anything more than a strictly platonic relationship. Oddly, that only made Leslie want him more.

Hitting "Reply," the tentative businesswoman began crafting her response. Experiencing a mix of professionalism and arousal, as well as feeling strangely off-kilter due to her experience in the washroom, she wrote the following "tactfully" veiled proposition:

*Thank you very much for your thoughtful email. I found our conversation earlier today to be quite stimulating. If your schedule allows, I would strongly encourage you to stop by my office before you leave for the day. I would like to continue discussing your position with our company and several other positions that might be appropriate for you to fill while you are working under my leadership. Based on your experience, I am confident that you have a long future here ahead of you thick with opportunities for advancement. From time to time, I like to take promising individuals like yourself under my wing. As apparent as many of your best qualities surely are, I feel confident that even more impressive features lie just under the surface, waiting to be unleashed. I can be very passionate about professional development and trust that you share my desires.*

Experiencing momentary hesitation, she allowed the cursor to hover over the "Send" icon while she mulled over the advisability of this missive. She knew instinctively that this was a bad idea for any number of reasons but she couldn't bring herself to care about a single one of them at the moment. *Hell with it*, she thought and clicked her mouse.

Getting back down to work, she buried herself in facts and figures for roughly an hour. She was in the process of reviewing the latest quarterly report from her nearest competitor Grey Enterprises Holdings, Inc. when she heard the telltale digital tone that accompanied a new email appearing in her Inbox. Tearing her eyes away from an earnings statement, she noted the sender and immediately opened the message. Ryan's reply was worded thusly:

*I'm very gratified by your response to my email. It would be my immense pleasure to visit you this evening. I am looking forward to seeing where further conversation takes us and trust that both of us will come away satisfied with the outcome...*

A smile spread across the CEO's lips. *Short, sweet, and to the point*, Leslie thought. If the general wordplay and implications of his choice of language hadn't been clear enough, her eyes were drawn to her employee's use of the word "tryst" where "trust" would have been the obvious intended term. Looking at her keyboard, she noted the "y" and "u" were precisely next to each other. "Clever," she chuckled under her breath. It could very believably be a typo but assuming deliberate intent conveyed a world of meaning.

The rest of the day dragged by interminably. The buxom businesswoman found herself distracted by anticipation as she struggled to focus on anything other than the encounter to come. Vainly, she attempted to field questions from various underlings and found herself barely present during a meeting with a major supplier of one of the company's manufacturing divisions. And yet, five o' clock did eventually arrive. As it did, Leslie sat behind her desk, eyes trained on her office door.

The intercom on her desk buzzed, "Ryan to see you, ma'am?"

"Send him in."

Moments later, the doors opened and he walked into the room. In the hours since their earlier meeting, the young executive had been built up in his employer's memory as a truly exceptional figure. Thankfully, the reality did not disappoint in comparison to her mental image. He remained the strong, tall, handsome example of masculinity from which she had been struggling to tear her thoughts.

Standing, Leslie strode around her desk and forward toward the young executive, her gigantic ass heaving and undulating behind her within her skintight and straining skirt. "Thank you for coming," she said with a sultry tone to her voice.

"How could I resist such a compelling invitation?"

"I'm not sure," she smiled with a shrug. "Still, I'm very glad that you didn't." She walked right up to the man and looked into his dark brown eyes, appreciating their height difference as he stood nearly a head taller than his boss.

A grin spread across his mouth, revealing his pearly white teeth. "So, where are we going to begin with this 'professional development?'"

Leslie laughed. "Upon reflection, I think both of us are already quite well 'developed,' don't you?" She walked past her guest and toward her bar, allowing her swollen derriere to pass within mere inches of his muscular frame.

"Fair point... Then why exactly am I here?"

"Oh, I think you know." She arrived at the liquor cabinet and took her time mixing a pair of gin and tonics, allowing the statement to linger in the silence. As she did so, she regularly shifted her weight from side to side, knowing the spectacle she was creating with her Brobdingnagian booty. Turning back toward the center of the room, it was clear from the straining fabric of his slacks that Ryan was enjoying his visit. Suppressing the urge to allow her ass to billow outward, she wobbled her way back to the young executive and handed him the

cut-crystal rocks glass holding his drink. Raising her own, she proposed, "To further development... Of the best kind."

The two clinked glasses and took healthy swallows of the strong beverage. "And what kind is that?" The businessman allowed a hand to drift to his thigh and shift his burgeoning erection.

Finally permitting a calculated indulgence in her rampant carnal desires, Leslie moaned as her ass swelled outward. In an instant, her skirt was falling from her massive form in shredded tatters. Gasping to catch her breath, she could feel her enormous backside resting on the carpeted floor and knew instinctively that each bloated bun was now taller than her guest.

At her wrist, her smartwatch was buzzing and flashing as her growth and attendant increase in heart rate had triggered the full implementation of her safety protocols. Smiling, she swiped it several times to order a full and immediate evacuation of the surrounding area before taking it off and throwing it across the room. Next, she grabbed the tattered bits of skirt that clung to her waist and tore them off, tossing it in the opposite direction.

"Does that answer your question?"

Ryan nodded, dumbfounded. The expression on his face was a gratifying mix of awe, arousal, and excitement with just a hint of fear lurking just under the surface. Bringing his glass back to his lips, he tossed back the rest of his mixed drink and let the vessel fall heavily to the carpeted floor. Without taking his eyes off of his employer, he began undoing his tie.

Stepping forward, ass cheeks being pulled across the carpet and standing over seven feet tall, the massive woman grabbed the tie and tucked it down her shirt. "Down on your knees," she ordered confidently.

The command was immediately obeyed and in a matter of moments, the muscular employee was naked from the waist up. Leslie noted with satisfaction that his cock bulge was nearly touching the floor in this position. Placing a hand on one of his broad shoulders and the other against his jawline, she tilted his head back and leaned forward to kiss him deeply. The desire for further growth buzzed in her back of her mind like a swarm of angry hornets but she managed to suppress the urge for the time being.

Breaking their connection and stepping back, she watched her enthralled underling literally gasping with desire. He was about to stand up and stride toward his massive superior when she raised a hand with a single finger extended, "No, you stay on your knees." Looking at him with deliberate intent and a commanding presence, she added, "Let's see those pants come off."

Excitedly, the horny young employee did as he was ordered. His boss felt her jaw fall open as his belt came unbuckled, his waistband undone, and fly unzipped. Since she'd first noticed his mightily straining pant leg, she'd been anticipating this moment. A flash of amusement passed over her face as she watched him awkwardly shimmying his trousers down his hips only to be replaced by an even deeper level of desire as the girthy base of his cock was revealed. As his garment was pulled lower, inch after inch of the impressive organ was unveiled. A pair of baseball-sized testicles wobbled into view and Leslie could feel her body screaming for the orgasmic release of unfettered growth. And yet, she still managed to deny her own carnal demands.

And suddenly, there it was. Ryan's pants finally met the ground as he knelt obediently in front of her and the full extent of his unreasonably large manhood was released into view. Ponderously, it swung to attention, its heavily-veined length straining to at least a foot in length and pointing straight at his superior like a divining rod. The young man was obviously lost to desire and the expression on his face practically dared his employer not to be impressed.

Still struggling to keep a lid on her physical instincts for the time being, the chief executive allowed a mischievous smile to spread across her lips as she turned away from the astonishing display of masculinity and toward her desk. As she did so, her shed-sized backside was hauled through the room in an undulating semicircle. With a fleshy "whomp" it thudded into her subordinate and sent him sprawling on the carpet. "Oops," she breathed with playful sarcasm.

Striding wobblingly to her desk, she found a panel on its surface and searched for the ideal playlist for this moment. With a few swipes and presses of her slender fingers, the opening notes and driving baseline of Queen's "Dragon Attack" began thumping from speakers recessed into the walls and ceiling of the office. With more care, she turned back to her guest as she strode in his direction, a slight shudder reverberating through her body as her massive posterior pressed heavily into the piece of furniture she'd just been leaning over.

What met her eyes next was Ryan, fully naked and standing at his full and impressive height. His cock and balls practically screamed for attention as the former appeared to be straining with sheer arousal. Confidently, she walked straight up to him dragging her overwhelming derriere behind her. She didn't stop as she finally closed the distance and the tip of the powerfully large dick pressed into her stomach. Gingerly, she guided it upward to nestle between her softball-sized DDD-cup breasts as she stared upward into his eyes.

Reaching down into her top, she pulled out the tie her employee had removed just a short while ago, rubbing her hand against the massive member through the fabric of her plum-colored sweater as she did so. Removing the accessory, she raised her arms and wrapped it around his neck. Deftly, she tied one end around its length such that a quick tug tightened it around the thick, muscular throat. The maneuver elicited a surprised gasp that only heightened Leslie's excitement. "Did I say you could get up?" she asked, exuding power and sexuality.

"No," was the response.

"No 'what?'"

"No, ma'am," was dutifully offered as the tower of masculine power once again debased himself before his superior.

"Arm up!" she ordered. As he did so, she placed the leash in his hand to hold as she pulled her sweater up and over her head, revealing her lacey black bra. Reaching behind her back, she undid the hooks and sighed as her heavy, full breasts were released and fell to her chest with a fleshy undulation. Finally, the powerful businesswoman undid the snaps at her hips and pulled off her similarly sable panties, throwing aside all of her remaining garments.

Now fully naked save for her minimal jewelry and black pumps, Leslie took back her subordinate's tie and gave it a short, sharp tug, watching it squeeze into his neck for a brief second. Pulling it again but this time applying a consistent pressure, she kept it tight as she

raised her right leg and placed it over Ryan's shoulder. "My pussy is in need of attention. Pleasure it."

"Yes."

"Yes, 'what?'"

"Yes, ma'am," was the final response before the studly employee's lips met his superior's own.

She groaned as pleasure shot through her body. One hand keeping the leash tight, wrapping the end several times around her hand to make it easier to do so, the other lost itself in the thick mane of hair atop her inferior's head. "Oh, god...", she moaned as her ass literally shook with the barely-restrained desire to grow with exponential force.

Barely cognizant of the fact that the Rolling Stones' "Paint It Black" was now filling the room, Leslie stopped her employee before she could be fully enveloped in a earth-shattering orgasm. Removing her leg and placing both feet back on the ground, she tipped his head back again and kissed him deeply, savoring her own musky taste on his lips. The desire of size screamed through her very being but still she kept it in check.

Using only his leash, she broke the kiss and coaxed Ryan to his feet. *Oh fuck*, she thought as his steel-hard manhood once again stood front and center in her vision. If anything, it looked stiffer and more aggressively large than before. She knew she needed that monster inside of her. Before that though, she needed to know how it tasted.

"Arm up!" she ordered again.

"Yes, ma'am!"

Placing the end of the tie in her submissive's obedient palm, she got onto one knee before him. Wrapping both hands around his incredible girth, she allowed one thumb to stroke its underside below the swollen, almost apple-red head. Leslie was rewarded by a deep moan, a spurt of precum, and a shudder that seemed to leave the cock somehow even thicker than before. Extending her tongue, she placed it against the painfully erect member near the base and slowly, sensually ran it up along its underside. By the time she reached the tip, precum was practically streaming out. As she tasted the salty fluid, her rapacious backside actually swelled nearly two feet wider. Now sporting eight-foot-wide buns, she once again restrained herself.

Seeing Ryan losing himself and his body relaxing, she reiterated, "Arm UP!"

"Yes, ma'am. Sorry, ma'am."

Smiling at the corrective action, she turned her attention back to his giant member. Stretching her jaw wide, she took nearly all of its tip into her mouth and began tonguing his cockhole. Rewarded by more frantic groans and tremors, she swallowed more of the impressive organ. Swirling her tongue around its underside, she could feel her employee's powerful, rapid heartbeat in her mouth as blood thundered through his straining dick.

Hearing a deep, throaty, "Oh fuck...", from her subordinate was Leslie's cue to take her attention from his cock lest she inadvertently stop the party early and necessitate a break in the action. She stood and reclaimed the leash, pulling her guest back down to his knees in front of her.

"I hope you're ready for this," she breathed. Without waiting for or even desiring a response, she placed one of her modestly-heeled shoes against Ryan's chest. With a smirk, she pushed her leg forward and sent him sprawling onto his back, releasing the leash as she

did so. Gratifyingly, his tree trunk of a manhood was the last thing to stop moving as it ponderously swayed and lolled in the air.

With her back still toward her desk and the one-way glass back wall of her office, Leslie leaned impressively forward with her hands on her thighs until her enormous posterior was almost but not quite leaving the carpeted floor. "Crawl underneath me on your back! My ass requires your attention."

"Yes, ma'am!" came the excited response as her subordinate dragged himself across the office and pushed his muscular form between his master's legs. Like a mechanic sliding beneath a car to examine the engine, he brought his muscular upper body to rest beneath the titanically swollen orbs of his boss's backside.

Feeling him settle in place, the callipygian executive allowed the full weight of her derriere to once again come to rest, the young man finding a safe space nestling between her Brobdingnagian buns. Finally in full contact with her most prominent feature, she could feel him unprompted doing exactly what she'd hoped for. He was licking it, sucking it, grabbing handfuls and armfuls of her colossal keister. Once again, she dropped her guard and allowed her awe-inducing booty to grow its way toward filling the office. In moments, it swelled outward until each of her cheeks was nearing 15 feet wide and her expansive desk was shoved backward toward the window. The situation was becoming precarious now as the ceiling was only a few feet away and walls weren't too much further.

But the object of her desire was finally right where she wanted it. Squatting slightly and reaching down, she pulled the straining member into position pointing nearly straight up. This was it... Leslie lowered herself and finally felt the huge cock make contact with her dripping cunt. Struggling to maintain composure, her ass was literally quivering as she felt herself stretched wide by this powerful column of man meat. "Oh... Jesus Christ...," she moaned as inch after inch of the swollen fuck-stick penetrated her greedy pussy. The chief executive had never felt something this massive inside of her and the sensation was as though she was being pleurably split in two.

"Fuck!" she cried as over half of the mighty organ found its way inside her damp love canal. And yet, part of that shout was in frustration rather than pleasure as another six inches, itself the length of a sizable cock, lay waiting to be taken. With David Bowie's "Moonage Dream" underscoring the moment, she took a deep breath and let out an inarticulate wail as she forced herself downward in one powerful motion. Knees hitting the ground to either side of her lover's hips, she finally felt their pelvises meet. "FUCK!" she reiterated at the top of her lungs as her ass exploded outward, sending her desk crashing through the back window and hurtling end over end across the garden outside. Before she could get herself under control again, the walls and ceiling were audibly staining from the force applied by her mammoth ass. The back window blew out completely as her flesh bulged outward into the evening air. She was now filling a room nearly 50 feet wide with a roughly 25-foot ceiling.

The music was now muffled as swollen buttocks pressed again nearly all the speakers and several of them had been crushed as sections of wall were damaged by the fleshy onslaught. Leslie didn't care though. Like a woman possessed, she began riding that challengingly thick cock. Up and down, she slid along its incredible length. One hand was between her legs, massaging her clit. The other sunk into the flesh of her big right breast as

she squeezed and groped its supple skin. Her free tit swung heavily in time to her motions, slapping loudly against her ribcage.

“Oh fuck... Oh fuck... Oh fuck...,” she chanted as she could feel her orgasm building. Behind her, Ryan was frantically pleasuring her ass while he himself neared a mind-bending climax. The desire, the need for further growth was overwhelming. It was all the powerful executive could do to just barely hold it back. “Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!” she cried out as the sensations built to a fever pitch. Her posterior wasn’t just quivering now. A loud rumble filled the air as her backside was shading with enough power to rattle objects off of shelves and knock over furniture throughout the building.

In her ass cleavage, she could feel Ryan pushing flesh aside, reaching forward. “Oh god...,” she moaned as she neared the tipping point. “Oh god...,” she called out a bit louder as her underling’s fingers reached more sensitive flesh. “Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck...,” she mumbled under her breath as she could feel their tips just meeting her asshole. With one last plunge down the excessive length of his shuddering monster cock, she could feel her orgasm finally break and thunder throughout her body. “FUUUUUUUUCK!!!” she shrieked at the top of her lungs as all at once she let down all her inhibitions.

Finally free, her ass burst outward in all directions, growing with astonishing speed and unstoppable strength. In an instant, the upward force against the office building set all the floors above tipping forward and the entire structure toppled with a cacophony of shattering glass and screaming steel. As her employee’s cock shot load after load of cum deep inside her, she could feel her flesh knocking over buildings, crushing cars, and refusing to be resisted. “YES!” she cried out as her derriere grew larger and larger, crushing whole blocks in its relentless drive for mass.

“OH GOD YES!!! DON’T STOP!!!” she shouted as suddenly her employee was pulled forcibly away from her. She didn’t and couldn’t care though as the sheer joy of unrestrained growth was the greatest pleasure she could imagine. Fingers now plunging deep into her gushing snatch, she came again and again as she felt her flesh rolling over the landscape and through the darkening air.

...

*God, this was quite a day*, Leslie thought as she continued trying to coax her miles-wide backside down to a more manageable size. *It’ll be quite an eventful few months too while we get all this cleaned up.* She had enjoyed the experience too much to really admonish herself for her actions but this kind of indulgence always resulted in tons of paperwork, an increase in her already astronomical insurance premiums, and an outpouring of funds in the form of reconstruction costs and hazard pay for her employees. She was rich enough that it would never put a dent in her overall net worth but it was still mildly annoying.

As she focused on shrinking her astronomical ass, she looked around the ruined office, noticing cracks in the walls, items knocked onto the floor, and one of the doors to the space hanging from hinges. Of course, she could only see in front of her as everything behind was a solid wall of... Well, her own behind. Even though she couldn’t accurately gauge her own immense size, she could tell her building had to be a complete writeoff and probably at least

several blocks worth of real estate. Thankfully, she owned most of this particular city. Breaking into this train of thought though was a sudden sensation...

It was small...

Infinitesimally small compared to her landscape-flattening posterior...

*What is that?* she wondered. It felt like a squirm somewhere between her gigantic ass cheeks. *Wait... Where did Ryan go?* Her employee had been dragged away by her growing flesh immediately postcoitus and this was the first time she'd truly spared a thought for him. *Is that little thing him? Oh god...* She marveled at how completely insignificant the towering, muscular example of masculinity felt within her fleshy expanse. "Oh god..." she moaned out loud. All at once, the roaring demand of her body for unrestricted growth was flaring up with a vengeance.

"No," she implored, "Not now..." In her experience, this had never happened. A complete release into extreme expansion had always meant that her body was satisfied at least long enough to force herself down to her own unique version of a 'normal' figure. But now, following such a pleasurable session of rampant, excessive growth and with the arousing feeling of her most recent lover struggling deep between her massive backside, her body was begging for more. "No... No... No..." she chanted through gritted teeth, beads of sweat forming on her brow, "Smaller... Smaller... Smaller... PLEASE, smaller..."

Though she struggled valiantly, her miles of ass flesh began to quiver and that quiver became an increasingly mighty rumble. "FUCK, RYAN!" she shouted at the top of her lungs. "If you just stop moving, I can stop this!" But he was far too far away and swallowed too deep into her derriere's cavernous cleavage to even have a chance of hearing her. "SMALLER, GODDAMNIT! FUCKING SHRINK!!!" she screamed, hoping against hope that the inimitable force of her intense willpower could serve as a dam against the tsunami of desire threatening to engulf her body and consciousness.

But no, her body's need was too great, its imploring too insistent. One instant, she was fighting against her own inclinations and the next...

...

"Where am I?" Leslie asked out loud. The businesswoman was in what appeared to be her office building as it had been before her own body had caused its spectacular destruction. The major difference was that every surface was now a pure, featureless white. Her body too was as it had been and she began walking around looking for help or an explanation as to what was going on. "Is anyone there?!" she called into the empty cubicles and conference rooms.

Out of the corner of one eye, she saw what looked like a figure run around a corner and out of sight. "Hey! Who are you?" she shouted, moving as quickly as she could towards the fleeing individual. Her manageably giant ass heaved this way and that as she jogged along, her cheeks slapping heavily against the floor in rhythm to her steps.

Rounding the corner herself, a flash of pink and blue turned again around a wall that blocked her again from sight. "I just want to know what's going on!" she yelled after her. This pattern continued, leading the increasingly flustered executive on a chase through the office floor. By the fifth or sixth corner, she was losing patience and pushing herself as fast as she



could. Her massive derriere wobbling constantly and knocking over the occasional cubicle in her frenzied dash.

Eventually, Leslie found herself back in the middle of the space with no idea where to run next. Then a voice behind her gave a gentle, "Hey, there." The impressively-posteriored woman turned to find herself staring into a version of her own face.

"You," she gasped out of breath, "You were in my mirror today. Who are you?"

The being's brilliant blue eyes flashed as a row of pristine white teeth were revealed by her smile. "Good question," she replied, walking closer, "I'm you."

"Me?" the executive asked as she took in the stranger. She did look exactly like Leslie except for a different haircut and the brilliance of her eyes. Also, while her figure was curvy, she was not sporting a backside that was anywhere near as large as that of the CEO. No, she was flaunting breasts the size of volleyballs and a healthy butt that only occupied the extreme end of conventionally possible sizes. She was wearing a pink hoodie and tight blue jeans, her feet tucked into high-top sneakers. "You can't be me. I'm me."

"Well, I'm an aspect of you, shall we say? You can call me 'April.'"

"April..." she repeated. The name had a comfortingly pleasant familiarity.

"Yep," the being grinned. "You've always been so good at self-control. Don't you think you should give in a little? I promise you, it will feel soooo good." Saying this, she took the professional's hands in her own.

"But I'm already so enormous! I... I've never been this big... I don't know how far I could go... I don't know what will happen. Can I ever come back from this?" The stream of concepts poured from her pretty mouth.

April let out a musical giggle that seemed to put all worries at ease. "Our way is never to look back. We always move on to bigger and better things..."

"But," Leslie started. She didn't get to continue though as her companion wrapped her in an embrace and planted her lips firmly on those of the confused executive. This felt right. It felt good. It felt like coming home.

...

Suddenly once again transported into the maelstrom of physical desire she'd been experiencing in her office, Leslie found the confidence to give in to her urges. "I'm April!" she shouted as her ass billowed outward in all directions. In an instant, her swelling flesh had exploded in size to greater than 10 miles wide per cheek. In the first monumental push for mass, she had already pierced the atmosphere and was covering towns on her way to smothering entire counties.

This scale of growth felt entirely new to the being formerly known as 'Leslie.' Rather than trying to hold back the power welling up from deep within her, it was as though a switch had been flipped and her potential was at once coursing through her body and apparently indistinguishable from her inherent sense of self. Embracing these developments, she focused on her DDD-cup breasts and permitted them to billow outward, adding mass with startling rapidity, bursting through the crumbling remnants of the office, and steamrolling over the rest of the ruined skyscraper in her body's rapacious desire for ever-increasing size. An orgasm with

the force of an atomic explosion roared through the destructive executive's form as she relished the sensation of being lifted into an upright position by her ever more colossal knockers. Legs dangling in the air, she came again as she enjoyed the feeling of being smothered between four apocalyptically large masses of her own glorious, round flesh.

A new thought ran through her mind as the possibilities presented by her limitless power unfolded before her. "Oh fuck!" she cried out as she willed herself to grow taller. In seconds, she had burst through the ruins of her corporate headquarters and out into the open air. At 100 yards tall, her ass still dwarfed her but she felt a new kind of powerful on top of what was provided by her astronomical posterior. Freed from the building's confines though, she marveled at the sight of her backside extending out behind her as far as she could see, her breasts impressively wobbling as they rested heavily on the ground ahead of her. Unsatisfied, she added hundreds of feet to her height, feeling the air thinning as she shot through layers of atmosphere but being entirely unbothered by the change. As she grew, her breasts were lifted off of the ruined cityscape and carried along with their owner's torso. She increased her stature until her behemoth breasts rested on her chest proportionately the size of beach balls to the giantess.

Her gargantuan ass looming behind her and still utterly dwarfing the rest of her body, she surveyed the landscape around her. She was the largest thing in sight. To her, she was the only object of significance left in the entire world. Her power pulsed barely restrained within her glorious form, unconsciously adding mass throughout her body and adding more gently rolling curves to her formerly svelte and athletic frame. For her, mass was now a goal in and of itself and she welcomed it in all its forms. She smiled as she realized that her concentrated bulk had caused her feet to sink into the ground down to her ankles. Needing even more, she urged her body to grow even larger, her ass expanding with a wild greedy lust that caused it to outstrip the rest of her. With clouds swirling at the level of her thighs, she found herself sporting an ass at least double its usual size in comparison to the rest of her body. Standing with perfect posture, its mass lay heavily on the earth and crushed its surface into vaguely bowl-shaped depressions beneath it. With a laugh that shook the earth itself, she actually strode forward. For her, it was like walking through snow as with no effort beyond her own weight her feet sank into the ground with each step. Her colossally immense ass dragged behind her, churning the earth like an impossible glacier of human flesh and causing a destructive cacophony to thunder through the air.

Overwhelmed by waves of pleasure, she fell to her knees, breasts swelling radically to meet the ground first. She had become a natural disaster and this simple act not only crushed everything directly beneath her, but sent out shock waves that obliterated everything for miles around. Driven by insatiable need, her fingers plunged between her legs and the growth resumed with new resolve and increased speed. Though her buttocks had never truly stopped growing and were dozens of miles wide, she screamed in dissatisfaction, "MORE!!!" Her body responded, focusing and redoubling all its efforts on growing her colossal keister. Though her whole body swelled ever larger, her posterior vastly outstripped it by comparison.

"MORE!!!" she cried as her ass bulged over entire states.

"MORE!!!" she implored as it crashed over mountain ranges and swelled through lakes.

“MORE!!!” she demanded as the earth crumbled and cracked beneath her behemoth buns.

She continued her passionate urging as her destructively vast derriere began swallowing the planet itself before expanding out into the endless void of space. Silence enveloped the giantess and her astoundingly vast mounds of flesh. In that quiet stillness though, voices sounded in her mind. Instinctively, she knew that these were all of the other Aprils from across the expanse of existence, each one urging her onward and begging her not to stop. Feeling one with this infinite community of herself, a feeling of warmth and comfort washed over her, an urge to grow closer to them blossoming and deepening within her. Finally, she felt the fullest extent of her power resonating through her being. She embodied it, embraced it, and with one last impassioned push, she roared with glee, shouting her joy out into the void. Leslie’s ass hurtled outward at speeds nearing that of light in its lust for mass.

In one moment, she felt the gravitational pull of the sun increasing as her flesh neared the celestial body. In the next, she felt it diminish to virtually nothing next to her own inimitable immensity. With a flash just barely visible around the swell of one of her astronomical ass cheeks, she felt the sun make contact with and then fizzle out against her inexorable bulk. Yet another reality-shaking orgasm washed over her as she realized how utterly her own body had dwarfed the familiar star. Moons, planets, and stars were smashed into dust as she outgrew the solar system and into the larger galaxy. Grinning broadly, the growing giantess found herself plucking star systems from their normal positions and bringing them to where she could admire their glowing, flickering beauty. These moments were short-lived though as she absorbed these collections of interstellar objects into her being, growing ever faster and faster.

As she outgrew galaxies and absorbed even the power and mass of black holes, her body began to mimic the night sky as flecks of light started sparkling like illuminated freckles across the unfathomable expanse of her flesh. Approaching the sheer vastness of the universe, all mass was forcibly subsumed into her being as she expanded to fill all of her reality’s available space. She quivered with delight as she finally felt the walls of this existence attempting to contain her unstoppable derriere. More and more of her soft, supple flesh made contact with this previously unchallenged barrier and she merely pleased herself more vigorously in response. Yet another orgasm sent her moaning and gasping as her desire fueled a mighty growth spurt that caused her ass to burst free of her confines and into the vastness of the multiverse, the walls of the universe obliterated utterly.

Undulating into the space between realities, her connection to the cosmos, to the full nature and reality of April was made complete. Awareness bloomed across her mind and clarity as to the underlying framework of existence came to her. Her ascension nearly complete, she laughed to herself as she continued to grow... And grow... And grow...

...

“Ma’am, your 10am is here to see you,” the voice emanated tinnily from the intercom.

“Send him in.”

The doors swung open and a striking young executive walked into the spacious office. “You wanted to see me, Leslie? Excuse me, ‘ma’am?”

“Yes, I did. I was hoping you could help me with something.”

“What’s that?” he asked as he took a seat, brushing his mane of beautifully styled black hair out of his piercing gray eyes.

“I’m wondering how I’m going to destroy reality today.”

“I beg your pardon? I’m not sure what you mean.”

“Oh, you’ll find out.”

As his employer stood to her full twelve-foot height, the up-and-coming professional could swear he saw her massive backside actually quiver just a bit larger. It was already massive, each buttock nearly double its owner’s height yet somehow hovering just above the carpet while she walked. As she neared him, she gently primed her shoulder-length bob and grinned like a cat sneaking up on a canary. Looming over the man, she exuded a feeling of power and mystique that was at once alluring and terrifying...