



# Surpassing the O-zone

By Keliadom

Today would be the day. This, Mykhaila was sure of it.

Her room felt stuffy with heat for the first time this year. Summer had arrived and with it, the knowledge that graduation was just around the corner. She knew it was a done deal thanks to her already high grade. If she kept her standards up, she would pass without a sweat. No, that was not what was on her mind this day. The problem Mykhaila faced was much more personal: she craved a carnal relation. As she observed her nude form in the mirror, there in her bedroom, she wondered how she could get the guy she wanted. The problem was not so much attracting the other gender as getting the type she was interested in. Mykhaila preferred the reserved type and these usually didn't really come forth. Perhaps it was because of her own boastfulness. Mykhaila was loud, overtly present and always had no trouble asserting her way through events; because of her personality certainly, but also her unusual height. The average man was noticeably smaller than her. Any time she would shake their hands, she marveled at how much her elongated fingers seemed to grasp theirs like one would a child's. Mykhaila sat down, and strapped her sandals on, her toes stretching past the end of the sole. She remembered that time guys made fun of her back in high school, with the group having stolen the pair she had at the time, pressing their smaller feet against the sandal's sole while yelling disparaging comments at her.

Her mirror reflected her smile, proving that she eventually mentally overcame all the insults they threw at her. She rose up from the bed. Unending, skinny yet defined legs that propped up curves like no other. Her lengthy torso

seemed to only have the purpose of supporting obscenely massive breasts. Mykhaila grabbed their underside and turned left, then right, still eyeing the mirror.

“Will you two help me find someone today?” She said playfully, bouncing them up and down. “Oh yes, yes, I think you will!”

The very quick image of her seducing a man firmed up her short, fat, dark pink nipples. The overly wide areola that took up most of the front of her breasts perked up with bumps. Before they could exclaim their agreement with her through neurological stimulation, her black brassiere was over them. She usually compressed them a bit to deter onlookers, but today, she used the one that would prop them up higher. Flesh would be shown. Mykhaila picked up her short, skinny jeans that barely came down between her knees and calves. As she pulled them, the usual problem of the overflowing mass of her behind prevented an instant success. Mykhaila inhaled, tucked her stomach in, and forcefully pulled them up, barely succeeding. Her relieved features exposed her uncertainty at being able to put this pair on. She could swear they used to fit her last autumn. Finally, she rummaged through her belongings and found a loose, black crop top that would show not only her waist but also have a collar big enough to expose the deep chasm between her breasts. Mykhaila untied her buns, and long, wavy blond hair fell all over her shoulders, giving a frame to the strikingly beautiful features of her face. She knew that even without make-up, hearts would melt. Yet she still took a few more minutes to apply the usual.

Mykhaila walked outside her home, the strap of her bag on her shoulder. Lengthy strides would leave any shorter being in the dust behind her. Today, she would finally, once and for all, bring home her target. She was determined to ravage him as best she could, and, well, maybe have some sort of relationship after. Or something. She would figure it out, she thought.

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Thomas looked at the empty seat to his right. Most of the other students had already arrived and filled the auditorium. The digital clock on his phone blinked from nine fifty-four to nine fifty-five. The class would be starting soon. For only a moment, he wondered if she would not be present today. A quick glance toward the entrance displayed a lot of unnerved students arriving a bit too close for comfort timewise. And then she entered. The woman of his dreams. Thomas was infatuated with her. Seeing her stoop slightly to enter through the door was enough to increase his heartbeat. Her long blond hair slightly ruffled from the wind outside. He saw her look around the room and once her gaze met his, she waved. She climbed the stairway up the auditorium two by two with incredible ease, in an instant she was by his side, pulling the free chair on his right and putting her notebooks down.

“Hey Myk. I thought you might have been sick today or something. You’re not usually late!” Thomas whispered to her.

“Hi Tom.” She punctuated by giving him a friendly nudge on his shoulder with her fist. Mykhaila made sure she didn’t put much strength behind her gesture.

Thomas, or “little Tom” as his friends called him, was the spitting image of a small woodland sprite. His cute face forbade anyone from taking him seriously; his curly, constantly messy hair gave him an air of youthful naivety; his smaller stature making sure others always subconsciously talked down to him. Thomas, sitting down next to Mykhaila, gave the pair quite the contrast.

The lecture passed without incident. As their classmates left for other activities, Mykhaila turned to Tom: “We have to read up for the upcoming Humanities exam. Are you free?” Thomas pondered. His answer was being dictated by his need to spend time alone with her. His eyes evaded her gaze as he stowed his books away in his leather bag.

“I have about an hour.”

Mykhaila smiled. She had already booked a study room, out of the way of other passersby and what not. This would be her chance. Despite Thomas’s dry answer, she knew that she could get the better of him. His attempt at hiding his interest for her didn’t work.

The study room hadn’t been used for a while. The room was bare but for a desk with two simplistic wooden chairs. A large wall window gave view over an empty green field preceding the small hill their university stood on. Other than a few birds foraging for seeds, the field was as tranquil as ever. The door to the study opened and gave way to Mykhaila ducking under the door frame. Thomas seemed relieved by the tranquility of the area. He sat first, placed his bag on the desk and proceeded to prepare the material. The sound of scrapping wood echoed as Mykhaila placed her chair by Thomas. She sat down, excited, and threw her own backpack nonchalantly. Thomas realized her thigh touched his own, so close she was. Her legs extended so that her knees would fit under the table, and his head barely came up to her shoulder.

Mykhaila leaned in to open his book, her long hand hiding most of the cover. They both worked for a good half hour, the sun slowly dimming as the day wore on.

Thomas could feel pressure on his leg. Mykhaila’s thigh pushed against his, warm to the touch. Her left feet also subtly got closer to his. She had been leaning over for a while, pushing her shoulder against his, her weight bearing down like a comfortable, all-encompassing blanket. Thomas was not oblivious, but tried to keep his composure nonetheless. Mykhaila could hear his breathing as they talked

over solutions for the problem they were studying. She could feel her own genitals becoming aroused. The fabric of her bra became present in her mind as her own nipples fattened up at the thought of kissing Thomas. A slight feeling of discomfort took hold, a sort of feeling of constraint she felt she had to get out of. Her shorts seemed to be digging in her thigh a bit while the low cut of her crop top displayed how the flesh of her chest seemed to overflow over her bras. Thomas felt a wave of heat wash over him. His eyes tried to concentrate on the readings, but more and more they darted to his right, noticing the fair skin of her thigh pushing over his. His mind was on trying to study, but the mood in the room was quickly turning into something more carnal. Before he knew it, he subconsciously had to move his legs a bit in order to hide a quickly mounting erection.

“So you see,” commented Thomas, “if we just adjust the values here, we could correct for the overvaluation that we incurred from the...” his eyes turned to Mykhaila. She seemed flustered. Thomas noticed her areola peeking out the exposed part of her bra. “From the... from the...” he repeated, completely aghast.

Mykhaila had been slowly lowering her head to him, as if to hear what he had to say, but still mostly bringing her face closer to his. Thomas smelt the mint in her breath. Her lips but a few decimeters away. “Yes?” she asked.

“From the... uh...” A small tear was heard from her skirt. Tom looked down, and noticed it had torn up on the seam to the left of her thigh. “What...” he blurted out. Thomas looked back up and felt his head grasped by Mykhaila. In an instant their mouths locked together. Thomas grabbed the back of her neck with one of his hands. Her tongue invaded his cavity, pushing deep. It swirled around, pressing down on his tongue and pushing against both sides of his mouth. A small moan escaped from her and seemed to fill his throat. She was obviously inexperienced and sloppy. Tom felt even warmer, spongy flesh filling his mouth as her tongue folded up to add even more of its mass. Just as he was about to be overcome with a sort of gag reflex, Mykhaila pulled back.

“Oh Tom, I’m sorry. I’ve been... wanting to do this for a while. I just...” Mykhaila plunged again for a kiss. Her entire weight pressed on him. She rose up and, like a beast pouncing, made them both fall down as Thomas’s chair’s back legs slipped. “Are you alright?” she blurted out. A quick nod from him, and then the passions resumed. Her moans filled the silence. Her breasts were pouring out of her top. He grabbed one with his hands and grinded his midsection against her thigh. A snap was heard. A strap on her sandal had broken. The sound of tearing fabric pointed to the continuing scrapping of her skirt. Her bra now looked several sizes too small as her flesh poured out of it like dough rising in an oven. Mykhaila’s tongue was back to plugging his mouth with a greater ease than before. Her hands felt like she was palming his more and more. Thomas realized by now his predicament.

“Myk, you’re getting bigger!” Mykhaila briefly broke the embrace and leaned back, sitting on her heels, her hands on her knees and looking down at a completely surprised lover. She was massive. With one of her large hands, she grabbed one of her nipples through her strained bra and squeezed lightly. Her eyes closed, she moaned, and rapidly blew up in size. The bra snapped, her formerly loose crop top rapidly became tight, and the skirt was torn almost in half, now looking more like a small pair of underwear. Her long feet broke through the sandals.

“I feel so good Tom, you don’t get it. I feel like I’m so close to my first orgasm. Is this what people do when they have sex? I heard guys get bigger when they get aroused!” Thomas wasn’t certain about the ideas she was getting in her head. This is not normal, people just don’t grow when they’re feeling pleasure. But she was. She flipped her hair back with a quick whip of her head and grabbed Thomas’s head with her hands, getting closer to him again, filling his vision. He was still laying on his back and seeing her massive, growing form started making him concerned for his safety. “Make me cum, lover, make me feel good.” Holding his head in place, Mykhaila brought her hips over his face, and lowered herself on him, slowly grinding the front of his face against the thinned out, black lace fabric of her undergarment. Behind the forming holes, he saw them: Mykhaila’s fat, bulging lips of her labia. Much like her breasts before, he could see them pushing to get out. And every back and forth of her hips seemed to bring more and more flesh against his face. Moans echoed louder, her voice subtly growing deeper. Droplets smeared against his face now, as Mykhaila’s genitals lubed themselves up. Thomas heard her top being torn apart by the push her chest and arms made against it. Mykhaila’s skirt ripped completely, and fell to their side. All the clothing that was really left on her now was her underwear, poised to snap at any moment. Thomas couldn’t see her, his face filled with the vision of her creamy skin and a sexual crevice that invited him to kiss it.

Taking action, he grabbed what he could of one of her monumental ass cheeks, and pushed her hips toward him so that his face leaned in the red opening in front of him, thrusting his tongue in it as far as he could, tasting the sugary taste of her orgasmic liquor. Mykhaila’s moans intensified. His left hand reached just above his head, and found a fat, engorged clitoris begging for stimulation. Thomas promptly increased his ministrations by rapidly rubbing it in a circular motion. Mykhaila felt a sudden rush of warmth throughout her body. Her senses seemed inordinately aware of her surroundings. Her head rushed upward as she elongated. Her hands rapidly covered Thomas’s back head. Mykhaila started gyrating her hips anew, and made sure that her inflated clitoris passed over the bumps on Thomas’s face, again and again. Every time it did, she felt her body push itself outward more and more, pleasure and heat short-circuiting her senses. Her feet suddenly found themselves pushing against the door of the room, and her head reached the ceiling. Mykhaila released her poor, sexually battered lover.

Thomas pushed himself back, still in a sitting position. He backed up against the window of the room and took hold of the situation. Mykhaila had her eyes half closed. She was in the process of changing position, leaning back against the wall that opened on the corridor. The floor shook as she placed each of her legs on the sides of the room, opening them up to give view to a vagina screaming for attention. Her fat, plump breasts heavy enough to fall on each side of her ribcage, with meaty nipples engorged with excitement. Mykhaila started ramming her hand inside her vagina, rubbing its walls with her fingers while keeping her thumb out to press on her clitoris. Thick, white liquid pressed out of it, giving way to the loud sound of smacking wet lips. Every time her hand went in, Thomas could see her feet getting closer to the window behind him. Despite sitting down, she had to bend her head as her neck and shoulder pressed up against the ceiling. To Thomas, the study was now Mykhaila. Her form was everything.

He undressed himself, and stood up, his hand taking a hold of his completely turgid penis. There was no way he was getting out of this without rubbing one out. Mykhaila's eyes went wide as soon as she saw him nude. His shy form revealed a simple man that didn't exercise much. His hair wet from her juices, his own eyes bewildered by what he was seeing. And right there, inside his hand, was a generously fat cock head at the end of what would have been a normally very average penis. The skin pulled back, and the plump red nerve engine became ready for action.

That was the end for Mykhaila. Witnessing what she had craved all this time in person, her vagina expelled torrents of lube. Her nerves seized up, and pleasure hit her like a freight train. Mykhaila yelled. A deep, guttural cry of pleasure. In an instant, her growth propelled her feet forward with force, smashing against the window. For an instant, their length was as long as Thomas's upper body. Quickly running out of room, her knees bent and moved upward, her legs trying to stay inside. Mykhaila hunched even more, as her shoulder blades now pressed against the ceiling. She was now bent over herself, her head stuck between her bending knees.

"Tom... Tom! I'm... "Mykhaila couldn't finish her phrase as her feet pushed the window out of its frame.

Outside, onlookers turned their heads toward an unbelievable scene: two growing, monstrous feet had pushed out of the study area. Long legs extended out rapidly like the appendages of a spider crawling out of a hole. They shifted and moved as they seemingly grew bigger, pushing gravel, soil and all manner away as the knees bent upward and large thighs came out of the dark room. The bystanders saw a small, nude man running out of the broken room, his hands covering his genitals, as behind him quickly followed a fat vagina, spasming with excitement and throwing thick white fluid everywhere around the area.

Large hips barely made it out of the room before the plumpness of the person's ass pushed the side walls apart, allowing for the flesh to billow out. Two hands grasped the rim of the room and pulled. The hands that grasped the walls broke it like simple cookie crumbs, and swiftly pulled. The small man had kept running, and had placed himself against her right heel, which now dwarfed his body. Had he extended his arms upward, he would barely reach the bottom of her rapidly distancing ankle. The folds of the prints on her heel provided enough grip for him to climb on as her climax and growth seemed to increase in speed.

Thomas hung on, the heel moved to the side as Mykhaila tried to find her bearings. As the foot moved again to a new position, Tom lost his grip. He fell a few meters and rolled around on the upturned grass. Sounds of panic reached Tom, as people fled the scene. The rumbles of the crumbling university filled the air, and thick smoke rose in the form of a dust cloud. Tom, still laying on his stomach from his fall, propped his upper body up and looked up, just in time to notice a large, massive toe moving toward him. It hit his head with the force of a moving car, and as quickly as it happened, Tom lost his vision.

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His sense of self was temporarily lost. His vision came back and he tried moving about. The grass Thomas was laying on a few seconds ago was gone. Disoriented, he sat up as his senses regained their acuity. The ground was warm. Ridges and indentations criss-crossed everywhere. In the distance, enormous crooked pillars rose, covered in similar wrinkles. In between them, Thomas could only distinguish the blue paleness of the sky. His mind lit up: they were Mykhaila's fingers. He turned around, and saw a great, giant eyeball looking straight at him. The face pulled back, and a smile opened up.

“OH GOOD! I'M SO GLAD. I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU BACK THERE AND I THINK I HIT YOU WITH MY TOE OR SOMETHING. I WAS SO SCARED FOR A WHILE.” Her voice was deep, guttural, strong and loud as nothing he had ever heard.

Thomas slowly crawled forward toward the edge of her palm: despite the vast expanse of flesh he was on, his vertigo filled his body with dread. Looking over to the horizon, Thomas saw nothing but fields, with a very sparse presence of farms. Large footsteps could be seen in the distance all the way to Mykhaila. Her weight had been enough to displace massive amounts of dirt like simple mud. Thomas's heart jumped: her hand moved. Mykhaila brought it closer to her chest. She pressed the edge of her palm against her breast, just under her large, erect nipple. Like an imposing monolith, it slowly dropped in front of Tom, its mass squashing down. It slowly crept toward him as it became even harder, a fat mass of pink, bumpy flesh almost twice as tall as he was.

Thomas extended a hand and pushed the fat mass, kneading its flesh. Still nude from the previous encounter, his large cock head engorged with blood. His hands extended outward as he pressed up against her nipple, feeling its warmth caress his body like the afternoon sun rays going through a window. He could feel her heartbeat in loud, rhythmic bounces. Thomas grabbed a mound of flesh amidst all the bumpy masses in front of him. With both his hands, he pressed as hard as he could.

Mykhaila let out a small moan. "OH TOM, YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD THIS ALL FEELS. IT'S LIKE THERE IS THIS CONSTANT CURRENT OF PLEASURE, LIKE A DAM WAITING TO BE BROKEN. I'M SO ON EDGE. LIKE, MY SKIN IS AS SENSITIVE AS MY NIPPLES WHERE AND THE REST JUST GOT EVEN, LIKE I DON'T KNOW, MORE!" Thomas licked her skin, and felt her skin stretch under him. "UNH, MORE!"

Her voice shook his ribcage. The flesh of her nipple pushed him and he fell backward on her palm. Thomas backed up: the pulsating mass of the nipple in front of him gradually expanded, threatening to roll over him if he stayed there. Fortunately, everything slowed down after a few minutes. Mykhaila's hand now seemed as big as a large park to him. Her nipple, as erect as it could ever be, it now towered like a massive construct of alien origin.

"OH TOM, YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL. JUST A FEW MORE LIKE THAT AND I WOULD HAVE SQUASHED THE BARN BEHIND ME. JUST MY HUGE FAT OVER A PEBBLE." She laughed. Everything shook. There was no way for Thomas to know, but he guessed she was sitting down. Everything with her scale was throwing him off. All he could see was her hand and her breast taking up most of his sight like a cliff.

"TOM, I'M CRAVING SEX LIKE YOU HAVE NO IDEA. MY FIRST AND LAST TIME SHOULD BE WITH YOU." The nipple receded. Mykhaila was actually taking her hand out, and down. "HERE YOU GO LOVER." His vision saw her abs, then her navel, and then the start of large, stringy hair from her pubis. "JUST DO WHAT YOU CAN!"

Her voice echoed. Much like with her nipple before, Mykhaila brought her hand closer to the top of her vagina. Hair pressed all around him like a sudden forest of vines. There, in the middle of it all, a quickly growing, fleshy mass was protruding from a hill of skin. Her clitoris was erecting. Thomas could feel the angle of the ground shift as she cupped her hand, using gravity to push him forward. He fell, unable to grab any of her pubic hair as he quickly fell toward the monstrous sex. The crash was sudden, the impact relatively painless.

"UHNNN YES! PLEASE!" she screamed. Thomas caressed the fleshy ground he was on. But there was no reaction. He looked up. Through Mykhaila's massive breast in the distance, he saw her looking at him, a huge grin painted her face as



she saw his tiny, ineffective movements. Thomas started humping the ground while forcefully hitting the ground with his fists. That was enough. Everything shook. Mykhaila grabbed a nipple with one of her hands. The other placed two fingers around the base of her clitoris. Once Thomas felt safe, seeing the monumental pillars of her fingers laying without the need to massage her sex, he started his ministrations anew.

Everything shifted, the beefy light-pink ground expanding every which way. Her fingers took more and more of his field of view, her pubic hairs stretching more and more toward the sky, becoming less like vines and more like massive, constantly growing and expanding redwood tree trunks. Mykhaila yelled, filling the air with a constant barrage of sound that kept hitting Thomas's body. He increased the tempo with his hips, pressing his engorged cock head against her clitoris. The speed at which Mykhaila expanded picked up speed. Her tremendous sex was now the size her palm was before. A moment later, it was more. Thomas could hear the sound of a rushing waterfall as Mykhaila ejaculated a thick, constant stream of potent vaginal lube. It fell down in the fields below, crashing down on the crops like a hammer, pushing the products around, smashing against a barn, flattening some trees from the strength of the cum current.

Thomas turned on his back, slightly tired from his ineffective trashing. And then he saw it: Mykhaila, occupied with yanking her right nipple, her eyes closed, her mind gone, allowed her instincts to take over. He saw the gargantuan, wrinkly monolith that was her index finger rise up from his side. For a moment, it seemed, it hovered over him, and then saw the tip quickly fall on him. Tom didn't even have time to scream. All he saw was a meteor of flesh fall on him with the presence of a mountain. He crossed his arms in front of his face and braced. The ground trembled to a degree unlike anything he had experienced. The engorging clitoris pushed him upward against her finger.

Large booming sounds passed his ears. Mykhaila moaned. Her voice became more ethereal with every passing moment. Thomas realized he was still alive. He looked around. On each side of him stood high walls of skin. It seemed to create a tunnel going forward, curving far off in the distance. "Her fingerprint," thought Thomas. Amazed at the scale, he realized he had been spared by the depression of flesh. He ran toward one of the fleshy walls. Small, intertwined scales were distinguishable to his eyes. Skin cells. He could actually see the square mounds of dead skin cells that composed Mykhaila's outer epidermis. Thomas grabbed on them and climbed like one would climb an artificial climbing wall. Suddenly the finger started rubbing back and forth with increasing tempo. Thomas felt the scales he was grabbing on grow in size, the print around him growing increasingly massive, stretching toward kilometers of distance.

And then the ground of flesh disappeared. Tom hung on with all his strength as he saw the mountain-sized clitoris become smaller as he got farther from it... until the finger went back down, passed the engorged sex, and straight inside

Mykhaila's fat, engorged labia. Mykhaila pushed three to four of her fingers deeper inside her vaginal opening. Thomas saw large red walls surround him, and suddenly there was ground again. Dark, red and wet, Thomas dropped down from his precarious position the moment her finger slowed down its movements. His feet sank a bit. Bulbous bumps the size of sea shells encompassed his area. They contracted and relaxed in rhythm. The finger moved down the gargantuan cavern, deep in a darkness that Thomas could not see the end of.

As the contractions kept happening, Thomas noticed transparent, muddy white liquid pooling against his feet. It seemed to just appear straight out of the ground, through whatever membrane he was standing on. And then, in but a moment, it rose up like a tidal wave, passing his head. Some got inside Thomas's mouth. It was Mykhaila's lube. He felt the powerful sound waves of her voice pass through him still as she continued to moan. The liquid shifted position, and the void took hold of Tom's stomach as he simply fell down on the pulsating red flesh as the water evacuated. The bumps around him were still growing, now four to five times as tall as him. At the rhythm it was going, he would be the size of a large cell to her. The white water came back, and his feet left the ground as he floated upward.

That was it. The current pushed him. Thomas tumbled, unable to grasp anything. His eyes closed, he could still suddenly distinguish light. He tried swimming every which way, but the strength was too much. Gravity suddenly seemed to pull him down, fast at first, and slower and slower as everything seemed to calm down. Almost out of breath, panicking for air, Thomas finally felt the ground, and then Mykhaila's cum level passed down his shoulders.

Gasping for air, the vision that befell him was apocalyptic. The farm fields he had seen before were gone. Nothing was left but an unending sea of cunt lube. A small hill at the very edge of the horizon, pale and clouded by the atmosphere, the type of hill you could never see but on a perfectly clear day so far it is from you, was serving as a resting point for the heel of her foot. Thomas followed the leg that departed from it, all the way to her knee upward in the sky. So high was it to him it seemed to be slightly hidden by the atmosphere. Craning his neck, he turned around and saw something that would be burned in his mind forever: the massive, quivering and open genitalia of Mykhaila. The top of it seemed to bend with light, clouds barely reaching through the bottom of the opening. And on and on he saw Mykhaila's hand go in and out. Gently, she stopped her motions. He saw the hand depart, and saw it fall down to the very horizon. Her stomach bobbed up and down as she slowly relaxed, and the growth stopped. In despair and excitement, Tom fell on his knees and came. The vision was overbearing.

He saw Mykhaila hunching over, looking down between her legs. Her breasts had fattened down to her navel, her nipples fattened up to the size of her thumbs. Thomas saw her mouth move. He put his hands over his ears and waited. After a

short while, the shockwave of her voice slammed him, like the wind wall of a hurricane.

“ARE YOU STILL THERE TOM?” The ground shook, the pool of her juices actually forming cum waves out of her sound pressure. “TOM, YOU’RE THE BEST THING THAT HAPPENED TO ME. IF YOU’RE STILL THERE, FIND A SAFE HAVEN. I SEEM TO BE OK UP HERE IN SPACE SOMEHOW. I’M GONNA OUTGROW THIS PEBBLE.” Mykhaila smiled. Like a cataclysmic creature, she stood up. The earth shook with the strength of a thousand earthquakes. Standing tall, toward infinity, Thomas lost sight of her. All he saw was gigantic legs towering into space. So high up even her nether regions were almost lost to the blur of the atmosphere. Her feet, over in the distance, seemed to now press more and more into the ground, actually bending the crust of the planet, bending the horizon itself.

Thomas stood up as best as he could despite the growing tremors. He brushed himself from the dust and grime that stuck on his body wet from her juices. Everything became night. Thomas looked up, he saw she had shifted, and her right foot was coming down toward him. What had probably been a few centimeters to her was enough to bring her foot all the way from the horizon to Thomas’s position. The entire sky filled up with massive toes that lowered toward him. But he did not move. Whatever he did, he could not be of any impact from whatever destiny she created for him. He was at her complete mercy. The foot smashed down. He ended up right between two of her toes. The ground rose up, peeling off the Earth’s crust. Tom was propelled in the air with the soil he had stood on. Like dusty sand being propelled up after a kick, his entire area had been upheaved.

The fall felt slow. Until his patch of dirt finally hit a curve of flesh. Somewhere on her big toe, he was sliding down a flesh ravine. A wrinkle down her phalanges had caught the mound of dirt. The patch of ground he laid on shrank in circumference as it slid down inside the fold, leaving parts of it behind due to friction. Until finally Thomas fell off with small bits of leftover rocks tumbling down around him. He was stuck inside a fold of her skin, yet for all he knew it could be the Grand Canyon.

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It had been a few hours. Thomas had been walking aimlessly, stuck inside the crevice of skin that kept expanding from time to time. Progress had been slow. He had to constantly escalate large walls of skin cells that were piled on all over like the interior of a Mille-Feuille. Most of the time they were small enough that he could simply jump and reach the top, but sometimes he would stumble upon an intertwined pile that called for his climbing skills. Every few minutes, everything would shake immensely, the walls would move and the ground would shift. Thomas had no idea if she was still walking around. At her size, Mykhaila now

probably drifted into space. It was hard to tell. But at least he was relieved he could still breathe.

Someone moaned. Someone very close by. A woman. Thomas stopped abruptly and looked around. He could not believe he had just heard another person. He climbed up the massive skin cell in front of him. There, on top of it, a tall girl was sprawled out on her back. Her long jet black hair draped her fair features. Her subtly darker skin, typical of someone from south-east Asia, betrayed her origin. She was intensely, furiously masturbating. She stopped as she noticed Thomas and rose up, covering her breasts.

“Sorry to intrude!” yelled Tom at her as he approached her position from atop the skin cell. She smiled and seemed to relax at the sight of this little man’s nude form. As Thomas reached her, he noticed her shoulders stood just above his eyesight. Without even introducing herself, she pushed him down, held his arms by his side and mounted his midsection.

“Fuck me. Fuck me until the end. I don’t care anymore.” She told him with an excited expression. Thomas displayed a large grin, and shook his head approvingly. His sex hardened easily. They grabbed each other, and fell into a deep embrace. As his fat cock head penetrated her, her moans reverberated through the walls of the flesh canyon. The ground started shaking again. It did nothing to stop them. Up into the deep unknown of space, Mykhaila had put her hand against her swollen, excited sex again. The cell they fucked on started growing in all directions. And for the next few minutes the large skin fold they laid in enlarged to such a proportion the opposing walls became clouded in the distance of the horizon. Thomas let himself be mounted by his newfound friend.

“This isn’t so bad,” he thought. He smiled, got up and pushed her down. His small stature comical compared to her lengthy body. But she let him. Her legs opened, he got back in her again. They kissed as the shockwave of a space traveling moan reached them.

All orgasmed in unison.