



EXPONENTIAL LOG

By Keliadom

3rd of May, 20XX, 18:53, Outskirts of L. town

Today, the air was heavy with humidity, the unbearable sort that made wearing a simple t-shirt an ordeal. I came here walking, to this desolate village, through a serpentine path off a cliff, adorned with old stone stairs, and fortunately only a couple of hours away from *L.* town. The thick roots constricting the sides of the trail did not help a feeling of claustrophobia brought about by the swampy air. I always imagined that this part of Asia would have been more dry and rocky, but it seems I had assumed wrongly.

It was yesterday, while working at the hospital of *L.*, that I received a call requesting my help for a very peculiar matter: a young woman named *R.*, of a nearby mountain village, seemed to be experiencing extremely rapid growth. Her mother is the one that lodged the call. The initial report was hard to believe. It seemed the daughter had grown around 20 centimeters taller (~8 inches) in the span of a single day, and more every hour. With such a rare case on hand, I had no choice but to find a replacement for me at the hospital, and promptly left as soon as I had prepared my tools and belongings.

The villagers energetically welcomed me upon my arrival. Most seemed to display a sort of relief. As a doctor, I knew this emotion all too well: that I would be the one

to finally make things right. I hastily continued to the abode of the concerned family.

When I entered the house, the smell of dirt, typical of mold, assaulted my nostrils. R. was laying on a wooden bench overflowing with comfy looking fabric, propped up against the wall. Her long, frail legs resting down in front of her, seemingly going on forever. She looked to be in her early twenties. Her well maintained silky hair spread down covering her seat and continued to cascade almost all the way to the floor in an imposing mass. The night gown she wore was obviously too small for her, while her legs and feet were kept bare. She seemed excessively skinny, the outline of a ribcage easily noticeable through the soft fabric she wore. This type of chronic undernourishment is usually common in villages such as this one.

I've always taken pride in my professionalism and detachment when it came to examining patients, but even I would admit that she awoke emotions deep within me. Her beauty was striking. The angles of her face were well pronounced, her elongated look giving her a sense of elegance, despite her somewhat emaciated form. This emaciation was mostly apparent when looking at the thinness of her legs and the pronounced veins on her feet and forearms, hinting at a very low percentage of body fat. Her fingers, lanky and delicate, gently held a warm cup of tea in a homemade ceramic.

I asked her to get up, so that I could start measurements, and was left puzzled: yesterday's report claimed she would be around 170 centimeters tall, yet she definitely appeared taller than me. Much more than 180 centimeters. In any case, I proceeded to measure the patient and noted said measurements in this journal.

Noted measurements of patient R. -third of May, 18:14-

Height: 196.52 cm (~77 1/4 in)

Foot Length: 34 cm (~13 1/2 in)

Hand Length: 24.5 cm (~9 1/2 in)

R. asked me if she would be alright. I made sure to let her know there was no cause for concern. Late growth spurts is not something that is unheard of, and there are plenty of solutions in the off chance it's related to any pituitary gland problem. I told her mother and her to let me know if anything else happened, other than the unusual spurt, evidently. I pointed out to them the house I would be staying at for the night, and bid them farewell for the day. I will say though that I *did* notice a certain longing, not far from a dreamlike state, in R's eyes when I left the house.

After such a long, demanding day, I would welcome a nice bowl of rice, noodles and egg. Maybe a fresh beer, but I feel it's going to be hard to get here.

4th of May, 20XX, 11:21

I've been unable to catch any sort of signal in the area, so today I paid a courier from the village to send samples to L. town. I'm completely confounded by the measurements I just took. I do not understand what I'm witnessing. When I checked on R. this morning, just after sunrise, I could not believe my eyes. Her nightgown now looked like a shirt several sizes too small. The large neckline, once loose, was now barely fitting. Her sleeves had ripped at the seams, and the bottom opening that previously floated around her knees was now constricting just above her hips, revealing a strained underwear fighting for its life. As she stood up to greet me, her head had to stay bent in a painful looking angle for her neck. Her hair dragged down to her ankles, almost hiding her head and covering her front and sides. Despite her lankiness, she was extremely imposing. I asked R. how her night went and, after she confirmed all was well, I took some measurements. They are as follows:

Noted measurements of patient R. -fourth of May, 8:21-

Height: 221.18 cm (~87 ¾ in)

Foot Length: 38.27 cm (~15 ¼ in)

Hand Length: 27.57 cm (~10 ¾ in)

It was very difficult for me to hide my bewilderment. R. had grown 25 centimeters in the span of a single night. When she placed her right foot on one of the numerous flimsy wooden stools that littered the common area, she did so with strength and conviction, her heel striking the wooden board in a display contrary to the delicate aura she gave off. Still, there was something calming about the ambiance in the room, and god knows I needed it. As I placed a measuring tape along her sole, I noticed how we bathed in the typically strongly coloured light of the morning sun, scarcely infiltrating through openings inside the wooden planked walls of the house, the windows barely open. The angle of the light came from her side and harshly cut her features with shadows. Her bony outlook was more pronounced, her arms taking a strong vibe, and the wrinkles of her sole now seemed overabundant. My heart fluttered out of a sort of uncertain foreboding.

Immediately after, I procured some blood samples from her, which as mentioned previously I sent to L. town by courier, to the mention of doctor V, my esteemed colleague. Hopefully the results will shed some light on the ordeal of R.

I spent my time before lunch questioning the village, going door to door, asking about her past, or any signs of something wrong in others, but found nothing of value that would help her case. As I came back to her house, R. was waiting for me outside. The scene was something out of an overacted telenovela, with a group of villagers gawking at her like one would a strange animal and her old mother, yelling at her to get back inside in a fit of shame. It was when I got closer to that I

realized that in just the couple of hours I had been gone, she grew another hand span in height, her chest now just above my eyesight instead of under it. I decided to do some more measurements just a few minutes ago. Whatever strand of fabric was still holding her torn sleeves was finally giving out as I proceeded to note down her current numbers.

Noted measurements of patient R. -fourth of May, 11:12-

Height: 229.73 cm (~7 1/2 ft)

Foot Length: 39.75 cm (~15 1/2 in)

Hand Length: 28.64 cm (~11 1/4 in)

I tucked the tape away, just after measuring her hand, and came to realize how this formerly dainty woman now had hands longer than my feet. She smiled at me, with a barely hidden fire behind her eyes, and slouched back on the common bench, her mother desperately mumbling to herself while R. rolled her eyes and opened her legs as wide as she could, displaying an overt nakedness. I averted my eyes as she stared at me, her mother too panicked to even notice her daughter's provocative stance.

I excused myself, hopefully hiding my discomfort at the situation.

With such impossible data now before me, I've decided to calculate her growth per hour. This is of course an approximation. I will see if I can expound on this further tomorrow. In any case, here's what I've found:

Estimated growth per hour of patient R. -third of May, 18:14 to 8:21- : 1.86 cm (~3/4 in)

Estimated growth per hour of patient R. -fourth of May, 8:21 to 11:12- : 2.16 cm (~1 in)

For now, I'm going to type up a report template, and hopefully be able to send in daily news to my colleagues down at L. town's hospital. After that, considering the air is fresh today, I probably will be off for a walk around the village. I have a lot to think about...

5th of May, 20XX, 23:12

I'm sitting here, trying to comprehend what I saw today. I feel as if events are slipping down a slope, with no way to decelerate. And not just any slope: if yesterday felt like we were going downhill in a vehicle while the driver applied the brakes, today it felt like the brakes just snapped.

From the first hours of the day, up until now, things have been hectic. I had decided to check on R. early. I needed to verify something related to her rate of growth. There was something that had been bothering me about the numbers I had written. Oh how I wish that my hunch had turned out false. In any case, as I approached R's house, I noticed her mother, waiting patiently for me by the entrance. She begged and pleaded for me to not go in, but wouldn't say why. In the end, I was able to convince her I was here to help, no matter what, that I respected her, her daughter, and would do my best to find a solution. And then I opened the door...

R. was sitting on the floor, on a not so comfortable looking pile of fabrics that mixed rugs, decorative animal fur and other soft materials of the same cut. She was naked. Her head, resting on her knees, rose up with a smile at my sight. She greeted me excitedly, complained about her mother's shyness at her lack of apparel, but reaffirmed that she had no choice. It was apparent to me: her long limbs would not fit any adult clothing, her head, from her sitting position, came just under my chin. There was no way for her to stand up, or get out, without attracting unwanted attention from the other villagers. I took the next hour to talk with the mother and her, trying to explain my plan with the samples, but I kept quiet about yesterday's revelation. I still had to confirm. It was just a bit past nine in the morning when I took R's measurements. Not once did she stop staring at me. I was extremely uncomfortable. Her eyes had a deep longing to them I could not shake. I passed the tape by her side, down to her bottoms. She then lifted her left foot in the air, leaned back with her gangly arms, and awaited me to continue. I wasn't sure, but I could have sworn I heard a soft, subtle moan of pleasure as I passed the tape all the way to her heel. I still think I misheard. It was then that she asked me to sit on the floor. She dropped her heel in my lap, and ordered me to measure the sole, her toes coming up just above my neckline. I pushed her foot back a bit to get a better grip on it, needing both my hands to circle it's width. She definitely was trying to be pushy, and enjoying my confoundment.

In the end, I wrote down everything as follow:

Noted measurements of patient R. -fifth of May, 9:07-

Height: 288.97 cm (~9 1/2 ft)

Foot Length: 50.10 cm (~19 3/4 in)

Hand Length: 36.03 cm (~14 1/4 in)

I rapidly bid farewell, told them all was fine, and that I would be back in the evening. On my walk back to my lodgings, I became conscious of the other villagers staring at me. All had a look of concern. I couldn't tell about what, or who exactly. One thing for sure, it seemed that the psyche of patient R. was affected by her symptoms. I can say now that the unease I felt around lunch was one of being short on time. I spent the afternoon trying to reach doctor V, but like before, failed.

When I came back to their place, just before nine in the evening, I will admit I panicked a bit. R was crawling around the house, trying to entertain herself with what little she could now interact with properly, making a mess of things. Her mother sat by a warming pot of stew, looking dejected, overcome by absent-mindedness. She barely acknowledged me. R, on the other hand, immediately came to greet me. Her right hand applied a soft pressure to my back, pushing me inside. There was no way she could get out the door now.

It seemed that hour after hour that I delayed action, trying to figure out what to do, the problem became worse. Her growth is now at a speed that is incomprehensible with that of yesterday. I hastily took measures.

Noted measurements of patient R. -fifth of May, 20:59-

Height: 337.04 cm (~11 ft)

Foot Length: 58.32 cm (~23 in)

Hand Length: 42.02 cm (~16 ½ in)

Estimated growth per hour of patient R. -fifth of May, 9:07 to 20:59- : ~4 cm (~1 ½ in)

It was as I had suspected. It seems that every day, the rate of growth doubles more or less. Tomorrow evening, I should have the confirmation. If she reaches eight centimeters per hour, I don't know what I'll do.

There was one more thing: as I left the house, I noticed, while patient R. was trying to find a comfortable position in this now too small a room, a few differences in her physiognomy from the first day. It seems that the area around her reproductive system had become somewhat inflamed. I couldn't be sure. Perhaps part of the side effects and queer behavior she displayed. Despite an unusually hirsute pubic area, which would normally hide absolutely everything, her outer labia seemed to be pushing out from all sides, with an exaggerated clitoris crowning the entire thing.

Tomorrow, I will examine her in more detail, if she would allow me. Perhaps there is more than meets the eye to her condition. I'll be honest, at this point, I'm throwing darts in the dark.

6th of May, 20XX, 19:29

Chaos today. This morning, I was awoken by the patient's mother. The morning sun rays indicated the early hour. I asked her what was wrong, and she kept repeating something about helping me contain the demon inside *R*. Barely awake, I had no idea what she meant. In any case, I quickly headed to her abode. The village was still quiet, with barely a sign of its inhabitants. As I approached the door to the house, I distinctly remember hesitating before opening it. Strange sounds emanated from within. It was her mother, in the end, that bypassed my hesitation, opened the door and pushed me in. I remember looking back at her and noticed her furrowed brow as she slammed the door shut, staying outside.

The house was dark: the windows were closed and the lights off. That's when I heard it behind me. A deep, guttural moan. I'm not sure why I was scared, probably out of an uncertainty of what I would see. I pivoted around and scanned the room, trying to have my eyes adjust to the low light filtering through the wooden walls of the abode. *R* was leaning against the back wall, the same way one does when leaning against the board of a bed. Her head was slouching, her mouth biting softly one of her right hand's fingers. Her other hand circled the areola of her left breast. Her interminable legs, wide open, pointed at the walls on each side of the room, presenting an overgrown vagina leaking bodily lubricant on the floor.

I rushed to her side, walking with difficulty over one of her thighs in order to reach her head. I touched her forehead: she was burning. I immediately started searching the house and rapidly found a stash of amphetamines in the bathroom. I promptly gave her an extra large dose, considering her massive size. Only when I handed her the glass of water with them did she finally notice me. *R* downed the pills, and then asked me, and I'm paraphrasing, to "fetch *H*." I looked at her, waiting for more explanations, but she just kept repeating the same thing: "fetch me *H*." So I did.

Now, though, I wish I had not done so. I got out, and sought her mother to ask her who *H* was. I found her on a bench, sitting with a nearby middle-aged man. I presented the question to her, but her lips tightened and she refused to speak. It's the man that told me. He pointed to a nearby house, to which I walked to. As I arrived, a young, fit, man was busy tending a small communal garden outside the domicile. I asked about *H*. He replied by pointing towards him. He was *H*. Immediately, he asked me if it was about *R*. I nodded.

H just dropped his tools, and instantly started jogging toward the patient's house. I followed him at a distance and watched as he knocked on the entrance, calling out to her. The door opened, and a long skinny hand about half a meter in size grabbed him by the waist, and pulled him in. A couple of minutes later, loud wails of pleasure broke through the quiet village.

It's around seven in the evening now, and I can still hear her going. She didn't stop with *H*. Around lunch time, three hours after he had joined her, *H* got out, naked. A

crowd of men of all ages had assembled to gawk at the lewd noises coming from inside the structure. *H.* simply pointed at one to follow him, and then headed inside with them. A moment later, the low pitched moans filled the air anew, with amplified vigor and strength.

With everything that happened, and the lack of news from my colleagues from *L.* town, I'm debating walking there tonight. I fear leaving the situation here to its own designs. The events just seem to be getting out of hand, and definitely out of my expertise.

I haven't been able to measure the patient today, obviously. What I'm noting today is an estimate, which from what I saw this morning and at lunch time, is probably quite accurate.

Estimated measurements of patient R. -sixth of May, 19:00-

Height: 4.50 m (~15 ft)

Foot Length: 80 cm (~2 1/2 ft)

Hand Length: 60 cm (~2 ft)

7th of May, 20XX, 20:30

Sleep will be welcome tonight. When I woke up this morning, I had thought of going to check on the patient, but when I saw the lineup in front of her house, I thought better. I counted about three men and two women, all of them in their twenties or early thirties, waiting for their turn to enter patient *R*'s house. Many more sleeping bodies were slumped against nearby houses, barely dressed. I could see older villagers assembled in groups, throwing looks of concern left and right at what was happening to their former quiet village.

In an instant, a loud, low pitched moan broke the morning peace, and *R*'s house shook to its very foundations. I decided to leave the village behind for a day, and made my exit without being noticed. Well... mostly: at the village's outskirts, by one of the old wooden sign posts, I saw the patient's mother. I waved at her, but all I received for a response was a sneer, her arms crossed. I left her with her own demons.

The trip back down the cliff was uneventful. The temperature was decent, unlike the first time. Once down, it was just a couple of hours by foot on flat land, and from there I reached *L*. town. After a quick lunch, I eventually met up with doctor *V*. When he explained to me what they found, I was not entirely surprised, and realized I was half expecting something like that.

Doctor *V*. discovered that not only were the lymphocytes inside the blood samples still alive, despite being cut off from the source and thus lacking oxygen, but they even reproduced and multiplied on their own at an unprecedented, exponential rate. He told me they had to burn everything in order to prevent a breach of containment. It seems his team had to resort to absolutely extreme heat to even harm something as simple as blood cells, far above what is usually found in nature. My partners expressed incomprehension and I understood all too well. Despite my colleague's busy schedule, we still found some time to catch up. I divulged some of what happened to him: namely patient *R*'s growth and my findings that correlated with his in regards to the exponential factor. We briefly brainstormed for solutions, but in the end it was agreed that I should try bringing the patient here. But I know, in fact I am certain, that she would not comply. Nevertheless, I thought to try, bade doctor *V*. farewell, and left.

I didn't check the time precisely, but I think it was around six in the afternoon when I again reached the cliff path. Going up, I crossed a couple of the older villagers heading down. None acknowledged me. The village was eerily quiet. The crowds were gone, and a lot of the abodes looked outright abandoned. As I got close to the patient's house, I couldn't help but notice a nearby building with its door

half opened, battling in the wind. I peered inside, and restrained a small cry of surprise as I saw the floor was littered with people profoundly sleeping. I left them to their dreams and continued to check on R.

Even before I entered her place, the smell hit me like a wall. The deep, pungent scent of raw sex, humid and thick with a soft hint of body odour. The door opened with difficulty: a thick, translucent liquid poured out. I stepped in, and noticed R's thick long hair sprawling on the entirety of the floor. The heat inside the house was unbearable, the same swampy sort as when you stand close to a body under heavy covers on a hot summer night. There, just a couple of meters in front of me, was a grotesquely sized vagina the size of my torso, overgrown with dense pubic hair and crowned with a large, fist sized clitoris. I now understood the liquid on the floor to be accumulation from her vaginal lubricant. Left and right of me were two feet, two thirds of my height, pressed deeply against the walls. Patient R. was completely curled up. She laid on her back, her knees pressing against her breasts, displaying an important flexibility. Her head had traversed the common room and broke into the back kitchen. She seemed to be resting.

I called out to her, and saw her eyes open, heavy with sleep. R pulled her head up to look at me. I asked if she was alright like this. She nodded. I told her the news of the hospital. I was expecting concern, or a sort of negative response. Instead, the more I went into details, the more she smiled. R. understood that it was not she that was in a predicament... but us. Once done, I observed R. being pensive. She looked at me for a moment, and spoke. She told me of her past, of how sheltered she had been forced to be by her parents, former and adoptive, and how she was done with being bossed around. When she had become just a bit taller, she noticed everyone's behavior changing to one of submission, as if it was instinctive in humans. She even apologized for her lewd behavior, but told me it was out of her control: her body was burning with need. I told her it was probably due to a surcharge of specific hormones linked with her growth, but I'm not sure she understood.

A loud snap behind me broke our conversation. A large crack had appeared in the wall where her feet pressed. "Measure me", is all she said, with a sort of excitement. Her massive feet were easy enough to note, but I couldn't measure her legs without climbing on her stomach. I asked her permission, and she nodded. My only way up was by grasping her pubic hair, and pulling myself up. R. appeared unbothered. I measured all the way up her gangly knee, and back down to her waist, and then up to her neck and head, passing breasts that were each half my size. Standing on her laid back shoulder, I thought I was done, but noticed she pulled one of her hands closer to me, and pointed at it with the other. I measured her long, relatively thin middle finger on top of the usual hand length measurement.

Measurements of patient R. -seventh of May, 19:16-

Height: 7.08 m (~23 ¼ ft)

Foot Length: 122.5 cm (~4 ft)

Hand Length: 88 cm (~3 ft)

Fingers Length: 39.5 cm (~1 ¼ ft)

I sat between her breasts, my knees crossed, and read her my data. Her fingers tapped on her curled legs with trepidation. We continued to talk for a while. I asked her why she hasn't gotten out of the house yet. If she wanted, she could probably push her way out as easily as she did with the kitchen wall. R. told me, and I quote: "I want to be reborn." If it meant what I thought, this would mean tomorrow would be her birth, judging by the size she now occupies. A few more meters and each direction, and her body would naturally push her out. I also learned that she hasn't been hungry in a while, and that as time went on, she felt less and less sleepy, other than the sleep she induced in herself from... interacting with others.

Tomorrow, I will try and talk to her about going to L. town. For now, I need to rest. Just as I'm noting this, R. is telling me I can sleep on her. Maybe I will, this would be a first, like every day of the past week.

8th of May, 20XX, 8:10

I woke up about an hour ago. Loud, breaking snaps jarred me awake. R. was even more curled up than last night. I hastily jumped off of her chest and headed outside. I was met with a crowd of about twenty, probably those that had slept inside the building. Most of them were half dressed. Another loud, cracking plank split apart. We all could see R's right foot pushing out. In a moment, it passed through; her long sole touching the outside air for the first time in a while. More breaking wood and loud snaps followed as a large hand was seen popping out the side. Like a deep rumbling, we all heard R. grunting as more of her limbs smashed out. It was quite the sight: the now faltering wooden house seemed to flatten as all supports broke left and right. R's long legs had burst through as did her arms, making the house seem like it had been anthropomorphised. She turned her feet left, right and around. Same with her hands. R. was stretching.

She did not move for a minute until, after a loud clap, the back of the house rose up from its foundations, pulled apart as the rising titan sat up. Her head pierced through the back of the house. Now sitting, she wore the crumpled structure like one would a vest. After taking a more stable position she stood up in all her height. Me and others covered our heads as debris of all sorts, dirt, papers and such fell around her. "Move!" I recall her telling us, and we backed away. Now at a safe distance, R. suddenly pressed the house on each side with her hands, and snapped it in two from the pressure. Everything fell to the ground in a loud cacophony. Dust rose, and briefly hid her. We all covered our noses, trying not to cough until the air cleared up.

And there she appeared. The dust blew away with the wind. Like a thin Venus leaving her seashell, R. appeared. Her long mane floated to her side from the breeze. Seeing her caught up in the house before, I could never have appreciated just how insanely big she had become. There was no way to compare. As everyone stood still, including her, I found myself raptured, and walked toward her. I passed my hand on the top of her foot, like one would over an object they appreciate, but in my case out of bewilderment. Her feet were but a few decimeters away from being as big as me. I looked up, and noticed her protruding, hair covered, labia engorged with want. I took a step back and craned my neck, noticing R. looking down at me with pride.

She was definitely born anew. Zhang Ran. Something the world has never seen.

As I pulled back, the crowd passed me, in a sort of trance like state. Ran's scent was in the air, and even I felt a longing to be with her. It was hard to describe: it felt like a sort of reverse vertigo, where instead of wanting to pull from a void, I desired to jump in. I struggled to not take a step toward her. It did not take long for her to pick up one of her seemingly acolytes, and to then vividly start masturbating by rubbing them against her body parts. No one complained....

It's probably close to eight in the morning now, if not a bit past it, and she is still going. I'll take the morning to prepare a few pieces of equipment I brought from the hospital. Hopefully this afternoon I can get her to cooperate.

I've also decided to breach the anonymity of this report. This is now for my own thoughts and record. Her rate of growth is such that in about five days, she has grown close to tenfold. This means that in five days... but no, I'll leave it at that for now.

8th of May, 20XX, 17:47

Everything was a success. After Zhang Ran finished herself off with the group, I placed instruments to help me measure distance through trigonometry. I observed, as she sat down, her weight trembling the soil as she did so, her ecstasy finally satiated. She rested her head on her knees, and looked at me with a smile, her toes curling up and down with joy. I nodded when she asked me if I could measure her all the way from where I was. Zhang Ran then turned toward me, lifted her foot and brought her heel smashing down a few meters from me, her sole pointing in my direction. She playfully said something related to seeing if I could deal with changing distances. I logged the length of her foot, which she immediately dragged back, and stood up. She brought her hands on her hips, and posed like a superhero, looking slightly ridiculous with her emaciated frame. I will admit it I restrained a laugh, since there was a definite vibe of playfulness. We took our time, and for the next two hours continued to measure and chat as the others gawked at us in their trances.

I logged measurements at 15:14, 16:15 and 17:12. This was so much easier than before: thanks to a dedicated laser pointer, I could measure two points, and then with a corrected angle, I could measure between them. Ran was playful, and asked me to measure everything I could. I denoted her curiosity about her condition. The only thing I would note in terms of exactitude is that she was the one to ask me to measure her private parts. She first laid down on her right side, her breast dropping down enough for me to measure her nipple in detail with the diameter of her breast. Next, she shifted and brought to me the sight I had seen indoors before, now substantially bigger: her vagina. She pressed her clitoris outside the folds of skin hiding it, and once it showed itself, red and fat, I noted it down. It was now just a question of retroactively noting these sizes with the previous hours, and things should fit.

Measurements of Zhang Ran -eight of May, 15:14-

Height: 10.56 m (~34 ³/₄ ft)
Feet length: 1.83 m (~6 ft)
Toe Length: 41 cm (~16 in)
Hand Length: 1.32 m (~4 ¹/₄ ft)
Finger Length: 59 cm (~23 in)
Breast Diameter: 1.25 m (~4 ft)
Nipple Length: 21 cm (~8 ¹/₄ in)
Nipple Diameter: 12 cm (~4 ³/₄ in)
Clitoris Diameter: 10 cm (~4 in)

Measurements of Zhang Ran -eight of May, 16:15-

Height: 10.79 m (~35 ¹/₂ ft)
Feet length: 1.87 m (~6 ft)
Toe Length: 42 cm (~16 ¹/₄ in)
Hand Length: 1.34 m (~4 ¹/₄ ft)
Finger Length: 60 cm (23 ¹/₂ in)
Breast Diameter: 1.27 m (~4 ¹/₄ ft)
Nipple Length: 21 cm (~8 ¹/₄ in)
Nipple Diameter: 12 cm (~4 ³/₄ in)
Clitoris Diameter: 10 cm (~4 in)

Measurements of Zhang Ran -eight of May, 17:12-

Height: 11.02 m (~36 ¹/₄ ft)
Feet length: 1.91 m (~6 ¹/₄ ft)
Toe Length: 43 cm (~16 ³/₄ in)
Hand Length: 1.37 m (~4 ¹/₂ ft)
Finger Length: 61 cm (24 ¹/₄ in)
Breast Diameter: 1.30 m (~4 ¹/₄ ft)
Nipple Length: 22 cm (~8 ¹/₂ in)
Nipple Diameter: 13 cm (~5 in)
Clitoris Diameter: 11 cm (~4 ¹/₄ in)

With all this data, I could now estimate her rate of growth per hour.

Estimated height growth per hour of Zhang Ran -eight of May, 15:14 to 17:12- : ~23 cm (~9 in)

Now I'm not quite sure yet but it seems this means she grows around 2.3% per hour... for the moment. If the multiplication of her cells is exponential, like my colleague said, then it would be better to start thinking about my own future. Right now though, I will be enjoying my evening with her. Maybe I'll get to sleep with her again.

9th of May, 20XX, 9:30

I don't know when I fell asleep yesterday, but I know it wasn't where I woke up. Last evening, when I wrote my daily log, I was leaning against the outside of Ran's left foot, which by nightfall had become as big as me. It was rough but comfortable. When my eyes opened, I was stuck under a large, warm mass, rough with lines and indentations. To my right side, another large semi-circular mass pressed on me. The ground moved up and down with rhythm. It took me a minute, but I understood I was covered by Zhang Ran's palm, and the large wall to my right was her breast. I crawled out from under her palm, past her long fingers pressing at my back simply from their weight and saw her looking at me, waiting. She told me she put me there in hope I would be more comfortable. I'll admit I woke up feeling fully rested as I had not in quite a few days.

Zhang Ran picked me up by the waist, with two strong fingers, and placed me down by her side. She turned on her flank, and rested her head on her hand. We were in the middle of the city center. Her group of admirers were busy around a large table they had set up, with some basic communal food. I grabbed a few bites, and proceeded to take measures, under her watchful eye, of her height and feet. I extrapolated the rest from yesterday's notes.

Measurements of Zhang Ran -ninth of May, 08:27-

Height: 15.37 m (~50 1/2 ft)

Feet length: 2.66 m (~8 3/4 ft)

Toe Length: 61 cm (~2 ft)

Hand Length: 1.92 m (~6 1/4 ft)

Finger Length: 86 cm (~2 3/4 ft)

Breast Diameter: 1.82 m (~6 ft)

Nipple Length: 30 cm (~1 ft)

Nipple Diameter: 18 cm (~7 in)

Clitoris Diameter: 15 cm (~6 in)

This was substantial. In one night, she increased by about 33% her previous height.

Estimated growth per hour of Zhang Ran -ninth of May, 17:12 to 08:27- : ~36 cm (~1 ft)

I just did some quick maths, and it seems her size now increases by 2.35% per hour. I think I might have made an error yesterday with my calculations, so I'm unsure if this is really an increase compared to yesterday's number. I'll have to check tonight. For now, Ran just got done chatting with her followers, and sat her ever increasing self by my side. She wanted to show me some of the area around her village. Looking forward to a change of pace, I agreed. We should be going soon.

9th of May, 20XX, 22:30

Well, it happened. I should have expected something like this after we left to sightsee. Ran walked deeper into the forest of the mountain. She carried me in her palm, holding me tight against her chest, just above her navel. Each step basically felt like I was holding on to a giant, lumbering robot; my relative world angled itself left and right in synchronicity with her own movements. Eventually, we came upon a clearing. Zhang Ran sat down, and placed me between her legs. I myself sat similarly to her, with my legs spread open. She told me this used to be a place she loved to come and hide from everyone in the village.

Now though, she thought of saying goodbye to this place. As she spoke, I noticed her protruding labia flaring up. Her lips parted, and a wave of hot pheromone laced air blasted over me, immediately giving me an erection without me even thinking about it. I crawled away slowly backward from my position, grasping at the soft grass. But Ran noticed. She raised a foot, and brought down her sole on me. She did not press hard, but the mass of skin occupied my entire vision considering her feet were almost twice my height. Ran slid her foot downward, until her toes came up, the biggest at least half my size. She pressed her large one on my torso, and pinned me down with it. I grabbed it instinctively, unsure if I should push back or not. Ran pulled me up with it, and after an impressive display of flexibility, pressed me against the top of her vagina. Her pubic hair, a literal bush now, pressed on my back as I held firmly against her toe. She told me to enjoy myself, since she would regardless. I don't think I was against it. Mostly, the remnants of my training regarding patient and doctor behavior was being completely crushed.

I didn't protest one bit when her fingers picked me up from my position, only to press me against her fattening clitoris. After that, I couldn't stop myself. I tried to please her as best as I could. The most amazing thing though was after. Ran took me, and brought me inside her as one would a sex toy. I barely had time to notice what she had done when suddenly I was surrounded by red-pink flesh. Even inside her, her deep moans reverberated around and through me. Her fingers still held me, and I felt myself being pushed deeper. It took only a few instant before I was completely soaked in the record amount of lubricant her sex was producing. Still, her firm grip was not devoid of delicacy. Only now that I'm writing this I realize the situation could have been extremely dangerous had she been without care. At the moment, there is no way I would have cared.

This probably lasted for half an hour, in which she orgasmed three times that I could count. Every time, her juices streamed around me with strength. Eventually, Ran took me out. I must have looked like hell, for she immediately laughed out loud. I was now laid back in her palm, taking my breath, looking at the head of a titan leaning over me, her hair falling down like drapes on each side of her hand. I felt strangely comfortable. In the end, she placed her mouth over me and, after telling me not to move, decided to lick me clean. It was the first time I saw her tongue, and if she had been playful, she would have been one of those able to touch

her chin with it. It slithered out of her mouth, and pressed on my side and her clothes. In medical school, we always get told the tongue is one of the purest muscle in its purpose. I could definitely feel that as its dark red volume covered me. When she pulled back, she licked her lips, obviously pleased at tasting her own liquid.

After this ordeal, Zhang Ran let me go. She proceeded to masturbate for one more hour, in order to get rid of the leftover need that had filled her body. I couldn't help but feel admiring. There was something about her size that called to me. I found myself wishing I could abandon everything for her.

In any case, we are now on our way back to the village. The sun is about to set, and the forest has grown quiet as its inhabitants prepare themselves for the night. I don't know exactly when it'll be, but when we arrive at the village, I'll take down some final measures for the day.

Measurements of Zhang Ran -ninth of May, 23:42-

Height: 22.56 m (~74 ft)

Feet length: 3.90 m (~12 3/4 ft)

Toe Length: 89 cm (~3 ft)

Hand Length: 2.81 m (~9 1/4 ft)

Finger Length: 1.26 m (~4 ft)

Breast Diameter: 2.66 m (~8 3/4 ft)

Nipple Length: 44 cm (~1 1/4 ft)

Nipple Diameter: 26 cm (~10 1/4 in)

Clitoris Diameter: 22 cm (~8 3/4 in)

Estimated growth per hour of Zhang Ran -ninth of May, 08:27 to 23:42- : ~57 cm (~1 3/4 ft)

10th of May, 20XX, 19:37

Once again, this morning, I awoke not where I fell asleep. Considering how late we came back from the clearing, I only had to take a small corner for myself, on an abandoned porch, to fall asleep promptly, probably slumped down in a chair. This time, I awoke with rough skin on each side pressing at me. I realized Zhang Ran had cupped her hands together, and I was stuck in the small indent created by the joining of her hands. I pulled myself up, grabbing at one of her palms, and pulled myself in the middle of one hand. That's when I noticed the two soles of her feet on each side of her hands. She was holding me just off the ground, between her lower extremities, as she was sitting down with her legs like butterfly wings to her sides. Looking past her veiny wrists, I saw myself stared at by Ran's wet demanding sex.

I barely had time to protest as she laughed, her deep voice sounding like a battering ram passing through me, before she angled her hands toward her. I fell, grabbing at any pubic hair I could grab on each side of me as she pressed her palms into her labia. I think I heard a "good morning" of some sort before I was pushed inside. Her cavern had substantially increased since last night, already I had more room to navigate. Her inner walls invited me with ease as I pushed myself into them. We played for, maybe, half an hour I would say, until she expelled me along with a river of thick lubricant.

She was done with me, but not with the others. I was only the sounding bell. She waved a sort of half-hearted goodbye as I left them all momentarily to shower myself off and grab a bite off the common areas. It took a while, but I was able to take some quick measures as I observed Ran plunging person after person down a leaking, ever more protruding sex part.

Measurements of Zhang Ran -tenth of May, 08:26-

Height: 27.63 m (~90 1/2 ft)

Feet length: 4.78 m (~15 3/4 ft)

Hand Length: 3.45 m (~11 1/4 ft)

Estimated growth per hour of Zhang Ran -tenth of May, 23:42 to 08:26- : ~72 cm (~2 1/4 ft)

Estimated growth per minute of Zhang Ran -tenth of May, 23:42 to 08:26- : ~1 cm (~1/2 in)

It's hard to explain how imposing she has become. When you stand by her, the first thing you notice are her feet, long, massive, withholding the immense weight of someone that would have looked so light in normal proportions. The side of the arch of her foot is riddled with wrinkles originating on her soles from someone accustomed to walking barefoot. You would then look up interminable legs, draped by her long hair from her calves and up, before noticing an abnormal vagina hanging down the first... hmm... I would say the first tenth of the length down her

knees. The thick pubic hair surrounding it certainly adds even more to the perceived volume. Past that, it's like looking up a tall building in any downtown area of most modern cities. I would say she's up to something close like fifteen floors high now, but that's just my guess. Or well, it was this morning. She's since completely blown past that. Her slender frame still seems delicate, her ribs slightly apparent; abdominals that are very clearly defined from her dangerous lack of fat. Her breasts, while wide enough, are still very flat, and seem to sag down slightly. Then, if you can still crane your head, high atop this enormous moving mass, is her wide jaw, strong cheekbones and a look that could pierce the heart of the most cold hearted bastard.

Every second now, from what I calculated, she was becoming more. I put a ruler down by one of her toes, busy as she was masturbating with the men and women, and could see how, without moving her foot, its mass would push forward slowly, in a manner that would have been impossible to notice before.

By lunch time, she already looked fifty percent bigger. Her foot alone would now probably fill most of the common room of her now defunct housing. I had to find a way to approach the problem of space we would be facing in a few days, but I did not know how to break it to her.

There is another complication: her acolytes have now started erecting little praying altars. Although it's true I don't know them much, and have barely interacted with them, they still were unresponsive when I tried talking to them. I saw Hsuan, her former lover. I explained to him how her growth could become a cataclysmic event, that maybe *he* could reach her, and try to have her help me find a solution. Even join me to *L.* town. But Hsuan just shrugged, and continued preaching to the others about the coming of their god.

It's now a bit past ten in the evening. Everyone is asleep out of exhaustion, except Ran of course. She's sitting just on the outskirts of the village, the only place now that she can be without causing destruction, seemingly meditating. Since this morning, she has doubled in size, meaning she is probably now close to forty meters (or around one hundred and thirty one feet).

Tomorrow, I will try to convince her to accompany me to the Hospital.

13th of May, 20XX, 16:32, Ruins of L. Town

The lights are shaking. Every minute, a deep tremor rumbles through the halls. I'm waiting on my colleague, Vinh, to get confirmation for our escape route. The past few days have been momentous... and terrible. Daily events have had me too burned out to write. But now, there is nothing to do as we wait for our salvation.

Two days ago, I did as I said. Zhang Ran laid on her back, resting after her morning ecstasy. By now, her growth continued unapaced, and she must have been cresting close to sixty meters tall (around two hundred feet) and gaining a bit more than a meter and half per hour right now. I proceeded to question her, about her intent, about her future and about taking her to meet Doctor Vinh. It was just before noon I think. For a moment, she looked at me with a face of disappointment a mother would give to her naive child. Sitting up, she placed her long feet on each side of me, now ten times longer than my height. Her hands grasped at her toes, and she bent over, her form surrounding my sight, her hair draping down and blocking the view of my flanks past her hands and feet. Ran spoke, and told me she would become more. Her hunger had disappeared, her fatigue had vanished, her carnal needs constantly replete and her form more energetic than ever. As she said so, she flexed her long skinny toes, cracking them with awareness, the sound passing through me like a large bass. The walls of her soles on my sides creased in large decimeters wide folds, and then smoothed again as she released her flexion. She leaned even closer, overshadowing the area as her mass of hair covered everything. "There will be *no* tests; only... me" is what she said.

Ran sat back up straight. She smiled at me, her innocence renewed, and added that of course, anyone that wants can follow her. But the tone she used for "want" indicated there would be little freedom of choice involved. Ran got up, her movements shaking the ground deeply. She took one step back to see me from a better angle from atop, and designated me ambassador. "Go to *L.* and let them know of my coming."

And so I did. I took one final round of measures, and then packed my things.

Measurements of Zhang Ran -eleventh of May, 12:31-

Height: 59.56 m (~195 1/2 ft)

Feet length: 10.03 m (~33 3/4 ft)

Toe Length: 2.34 m (~7 3/4 ft)

Hand Length: 7.43 m (~24 1/4 ft)

Finger Length: 3.32 m (~10 ft)

Breast Diameter: 7 m (~23 ft)

Nipple Length: 1.17 m (~3 3/4 ft)

Nipple Diameter: 68 cm (~2 1/4 ft)

Clitoris Diameter: 59 cm (~2 ft)

Estimated growth per hour of Zhang Ran -eleventh of May, 11:31 to 12:31 : ~1.7 m (~5 ¾ ft)

And so there I was, in L. town, with my friend Doctor Vinh. I basically told him everything, his face going from surprise to resolute abandonment. He took me by the arm, and we rushed to the local authorities. We must have looked like two mad scientists, for they looked at us, observed our credentials, heard our words but simply shrugged, barely stifling a laughter. So we did what we could, and proceeded to warn the more easily persuaded populace of this little town. The downtown area consisted of a few blocks of offices and commerces barely taller than ten stories (around forty meters). The sun was setting, its piercing orange rays almost horizontal, as we stood amongst a crowd of onlookers consisting of believers, curious and dubious. As the first tremor was felt, the truth would be laid bare. One by one, their faces turned to disbelief: a large shadow covered the ground, moving about as it passed in front of the sun.

Zhang Ran had come. Her form was dark, contrasted with the sun setting just behind her. Like a moving mountain approaching with determination, her height becoming apparent as she reached the outskirts of the town. About a minute before she reached the outer inhabited areas, came the naked villagers, painted with white ritual tribalistic lines and shapes. About two thirds of the citizens started to flee, rushing inside the nearby buildings. Ran, taller as always, observed around for a minute. She waved at “us”, that is to say the crowd, and then approached her toe to a nearby tiny house. She poked it slightly before tearing the roof apart with her hand, eyeing the insides. Ran then spoke. The words “empty” deeply resounded between us. Her tone had reached such a low baritone it was getting hard to understand her.

That’s when the titan raised her foot, and slowly placed it down on the building, grinding it down into dust, twisting her heel left and right. Nobody reacted. She sat down, her behind smashing down on the asphalt, breaking the road in two with her weight. Her thin long legs extended forward, and she placed her heels on the top of two larger warehouses. I’m pretty sure I saw some men and women fleeing the buildings as she did so. Darkness had come, the sun now gone, and her front was illuminated by the town’s ambient light, reversing the previous contrast of light affecting her, her pale skin now acting as a beacon. Ran didn’t wait, and immediately proceeded to masturbate, pressing circles around her clitoris with the soft tip of her finger. That’s when I observed what had happened in the village: several groups had stripped off all clothes, mostly younger townspeople, and continued toward her, wether it be her heels, her legs, her sex. I even noticed some attempting to climb her waist.

I explained to Vinh that this would last for the night. Tired as I was, he assured me we could find a bed in the hospital, on the other side of town. Vinh would keep

watch, and promised to wake me up in the early morning for a change of shift. We headed off.

Vinh woke me up just as the sun rose, his eyes circled with fatigue and worry. I got up, and looked out the window with him. Zhang Ran was still sitting at the same spot, the area around her mostly razed from her movements. I noticed there was no more electricity. I'll never forget what Vinh said then: "this is the end, isn't it?" I did not respond, and that was the truth: I had no answer. I told him to sleep, and would wake him up around lunch time or if there was anything else. Just as I said so, the now familiar deep baritone of Zhang Ran echoed through the air as she climaxed from another orgasm. I wished Vinh good luck, hoping he could find sleep despite this, and left.

The halls of the hospital had long been emptied and, as I came outside, realized the same could be said of the town. Everyone that could leave had. I started to walk toward Ran. I approached the new clearing she had created. One of the warehouses on which her heel had stood was now crushed under the back of her knee. Her foot was resting further down. I approached it and noticed a subtle, constant tremor on the ground: her perpetual, infinite growth that I knew was constantly accelerating, pressing her body downward with ever increasing weight. Here and there, sparsely placed on the top of her feet, were several of her followers. Some obviously having sex with each other, some resting, some exploring. I spied a group attempting to climb the very soft incline toward her bony knee.

It was like that everywhere. I tried to go around her, following her leg on the outside and trotting the fifty meters or so toward her behind. All along the way, I noticed a lot of damp areas, indubitably from her own lubricant, like little puddles of water after a small rainstorm. Unfortunately, there was just no way for me to get her attention: I tried yelling, punching her flesh, pinching. Nothing worked. I noticed her hands serving as support as she leaned back, and thought maybe I could do something there. The fact that she had stopped touching herself, and still would moan deeply from time to time, indicated that others were probably hard at work making her orgasm. I had to climb a few clumps of hair, as her mane laid around the ground here and there, each strand looking close to the width of my wrist, if maybe slightly less. When I got to her hand, it was the same thing: her fingers and hand were occupied with people having their way with her.

Just as I thought about going back to the hospital, Zhang Ran took her hand up. One or two people fell from her movement. None seemed hurt as they picked themselves up. I observed as she brought her hand to her face, licking it once, and then rapidly plunged it inside a probable gasping sex. In and out and in and out, her pace increased. The deep vibrations of her voice resonated against the nearby walls. It's all we have heard the past two days. I resigned myself to head back to the hospital, walking at my pace. As I passed her large heel once more, I noticed how it

had pushed about 10 more meters down from where it stood previously. I made a mental note, and pursued my way.

At this point, I think I was still thinking something could be done. I thought maybe we could send someone to talk to her. I know she's not... was not bad. Just that her thoughts were hostage to her carnal needs, which is for sure from an insane hormonal imbalance.

I got to the hospital. Closer to noon now. I decided to let Vinh rest more, and unpacked my equipment. I took the measures I could, then compared them with my rates of growth, and made some averages. Writing this down felt oddly calming.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran - twelfth of May, 11:31-

Height: ~120 m (~393 ft)

Feet length: ~21 m (~68 ft)

Toe Length: ~5 m (~15 ft)

Hand Length: ~15 m (~50 ft)

Finger Length: ~6.5 m (~22 ft)

Breast Diameter: ~14 m (~46 ft)

Nipple Length: ~2.3 m (~7.7 ft)

Nipple Diameter: ~1.5 m (~4.5 ft)

Clitoris Diameter: ~1 m (~4 ft)

Once again, it seems she had more or less doubled in size in a day. She should then be around a quarter of a kilometer by tomorrow, lunch time. Half a kilometer after tomorrow. An entire one the day after, ten times the size she is now. Ten times bigger in... three days? The thought baffled me, as previously I had estimated it every five or so days. I think this is when I panicked the most. Some more calculations gave me that every hour, she was now increasing by 3.22%.

I was right. Her rate is increasing. I woke up Vinh, and told him the news. We started making plans for an escape.

And so there we have it. Zhang took her place as a deity, literally sat her power on the town, and proceeded to enter bliss. Vinh called for help from a nearby village, an acquaintance of his had transport. There was an escape tunnel under the hospital that led just outside the town. It had been created a decade ago to circumvent possibilities of quarantine following a viral outbreak. The van would meet us outside it. This morning, when I looked outside, I noticed Zhang Ran was standing up, looking for something. She was easily five times bigger than when she arrived two days ago. In the middle of this small city, she was standing as tall as some of the biggest skyscrapers, like a tower toward the sky.

That's when they came. A knock on the door surprised us. It was one of her followers. She was completely naked, and had drawn lines on herself that seemed to give her an upward movement. Ran requested me, apparently. I followed this new woman down the empty streets to our obvious destination. A crowd had gathered between her feet, and Zhang Ran was looking down at us. At some point, she must have noticed me. She crouched.

I realized that her sex, standing so close to the ground, now possessed a labia so fat and inflated that just hovering over the soil like this, countless folds fell down and sprayed on the ground in front, the way an open book would be facing down and open in the middle. Ran spoke, but I could not understand her anymore: her vocal range had fallen too low for me to hear. She was beyond me.

One of her followers approached me. He said he was a hearer, and that the Goddess spoke, ordering me to head for the provincial capital, just like I had done here, and prepare the world for the coming of Her. He said that she would now give me Her benediction, and looked up.

Zhang Ran's foot had lifted up and her immense sole was slowly brought down. She placed her big toe just over me, and slowly, carefully lowered it. It must have been the size of a three storey building. Finally, one of her toe prints touched me. She seemed to have immensely precise control on her movements. I brushed my hand against the middle of the crease, and internally wished her goodbye. I knew this would be our last interaction. Zhang Ran must have felt me, for she then pulled back, and placed her foot to its previous location. I could see her smile, past her unending height.

I left them all to their devices, and went back to Doctor Vinh. Ran, for her part, continued to play with her followers, as carefully as she could. I saw her try to place some on her nipples, some in the ever growing bush around her constantly active sex, some in her navel. Basically: any area she could think of. Although it seemed she was unable to have them pleasure her anymore: just like Ran had outgrown me, she now outgrew them. Of course that did not stop her. A few hours later, the growing titan was down on her knees and fingered herself to orgasm.

For now though, I planned everything I could with Vinh. It's around three in the afternoon. We're close to leaving now: we have stocked up on all the food and equipment we could find in the old stocks of the abandoned hospital. Tremors are constant. I took some quick height measures an hour ago. I will leave my extrapolations here. Ran is presently tearing out abandoned buildings, and trying desperately to use them as a penetrative tool for her hungry sex. She's slowly approaching the hospital, but at the rhythm she is using the other buildings, we will be long gone. Vinh made one last check, and he confirmed everyone was gone. We should be on our way to the provincial capital. I'll find some time to tell Vinh what the priest said while we are on the move.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -thirteenth of May, 15:26-

Height: ~304 m (~998 ft)

Feet length: ~52.5 m (~172.5 ft)

Toe Length: ~12 m (~39 ft)

Hand Length: ~38 m (~124 ft)

Finger Length: ~17 m (~55.5 ft)

Breast Diameter: ~36 m (~118 ft)

Nipple Length: ~6 m (~19.5 ft)

Nipple Diameter: ~3.5 m (~11.5 ft)

Clitoris Diameter: ~3 m (~10 ft)

Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran -thirteenth of May, 14:22 to 15:26 : ~10.8 m (~35.5 ft)

Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran -thirteenth of May, 14:22 to 15:26 : ~18 cm (~7 in)

Estimated rate of growth: 3.56%/h

16th of May, 20XX, 14:07, Provincial capital

It's around two in the afternoon. I'm sitting outside on a terrace. Everyone moves about their business. Ran told me she would be coming here, and has yet to show signs of herself. But I know. I know what is to come, if not tonight, then tomorrow.

Two days ago, me and Vinh escaped *L.* town with the help of a friend of his. We came out of the escape tunnel far enough that our driver couldn't see the mayhem happening in town, the view being blocked by a small forested hill. But as we pushed the old wooden doors open and exited the tunnel, his face still told the story of one that had heard things. There is no doubt that Zhang Ran's deep baritone moans had reached him, like the winds of a deep hollow. Vinh thanked him for his presence, and we were quickly on our way. It would be two to three hours of travel to the provincial capital.

I took some care to speak to Vinh in a way that would not give away the subject of our conversation. I did not care to alarm our driver until we had reached our destination. I told Vinh that once we reached the capital, he would have to either stay and weather the storm, or leave for relative safety. I told him that for my part, I would stay and try to warn those that would listen. Vinh has been my colleague for around ten years now. We were never the best of friends, but were on good enough terms for a drink here and there. He did tell me in certain terms that he would be sticking with me until the end. Vinh showed me a sample he had brought from the hospital, obviously kept against regulations. The vial was overflowing with overgrown lymphocytes, the lid barely holding on. He said we should bring this to a hospital there, and maybe with their help we would be able to put pressure on the local authorities to help or alert other areas. For a moment, I thought there was hope.

We arrived late on the 13th. The city sprawled for many kilometers, not far from the coastline. In the distance, back from whence we came, you could see the large mountains that had, since forever, been the defining landmark between this city and *L.* town. The sky was clear, and the view could not have been more beautiful, with purple clouds giving off the last bit of light from a sun that had set for a short while now. Our driver stopped at an agreed point just outside the city, and we walked for a few minutes to the nearest motel we could find. We booked a room, and set the few belongings we still had on our beds. Vinh went outside, his phone in hand. He told me he would make a few calls to see if we could reach anyone tonight, and in the worst case, tomorrow.

I stared at the ceiling for a while, and tried to imagine what would happen now. Ran had become something else. A being impossible to envision in our reality. Thinking about it, I felt as if my entire perception of this universe was being torn apart violently. I looked around the room, and saw a small fridge. I opened its door, and a snap indicated to me a seal had been broken. There were a few drinks in it; for the guests probably. I could have taken a glass from a nearby cupboard, but simply

drank it straight from the tip. Vinh had been outside for a while, so I thought to check on him, but when I opened the door, the cold air of the night was all that greeted me: my colleague was gone. The sound of dripping liquid pulled my attention to a nearby trash container. A sense of foreboding filled me as I opened it: Zhang Ran's sample. It overflowed an already full bin. Having run out of space, the viscous, red liquid was now spilling out. I looked around, but there was no trace of Vinh. I finished my beer in one motion, and added the empty glass to the top of the trash, and went to bed.

I don't know how I found rest, but certainly the stress and exhaustion of the past few days helped. I'm usually a light sleeper, but that night, my dreams were filled with images of Zhang Ran. One moment, she was talking to me, asking for help, and the rest, I was stuck on her hand, minuscule. I ran and ran toward her wrist, but could never seem to get there. Just an infinite cycle.

I left the motel the next day. I briefly saw concerned waste collectors, puzzled at the scene they were witnessing in the alleyway. I paid them no mind, and just left with my backpack. I didn't even stop by the counter to pay my dues. The day was nice, and my mind became wandering. I must have sat for two hours in a simple park, enjoying the comfort of a bench and the sound of the birds. I felt this would be the last time this world existed for me. I think it was around four in the afternoon when I had the idea: I started searching for an internet cafe. I took a quick bus downtown. Skyscrapers towered just over a hundred meters in the sky. How small they seemed to me. I eventually found a place, and I got to search online, and started to look for any sort of chatter related to a giant. It took me an hour, but I did find one: on an obscure streaming website. Three friends had a body camera on. It seemed to be a channel usually devoted to urban exploration, with sometimes expeditions to old abandoned structures. In this case, the channel was simply titled: investigating the disappearance of chatter from L.

I looked around, excited at my find, and after confirming I was alone in my corner of the cafe, I put the sound up, soft enough so only I could hear.

It seemed I had stumbled on them not long after they had reached the town. All three of them, young guys, laughing at their predicament. They seemed stuck inside some sort of ruins. They kept mentioning "her" and how they had never seen such a big wild girl, with a tone half in jest, half in fear. The chat on the side of the stream was running wild, with people typing "fake" over and over, with a mix of "prove it" here and there. I thought this was my chance. They had notifications enabled specifically for donations. I decided to send one with a simple message. It was as follows: "*Her name is Zhang Ran. Soon she will be your world.*" I laughed. I thought to send it as is, but just before, I decided to sign it. I took out my notes, checked the time (it was now five thirty-seven on the fourteenth), and typed: "*I know, for I was her doctor, and I have fled. My proof is that I know she should now be around seven hundred and fifty meters tall. Feel free to go ask her caretakers, but you probably won't come out with your mind intact. -Signed, Doctor Sutton.*"

I pressed -send-. Immediately, I saw the three men look at their phone notifications, and listened to them read it back to their audience. Only one of the three had a camera, and he was the first one to head back outside for a look.

The view I saw was like something from another planet: there was nothing left of *L.* town. You could see a few ruins still standing up on its edge. In the middle of a sort of shallow crater, was Ran. She was sitting with her legs open, facing the camera, and while she appeared far off, sitting a bit more than half a kilometer away, her long, enormous thighs rose far and up in the sky to her knees, before coming back down her tibia toward the camera. The group was closer to one of her gargantuan feet. It's length seemed like it could have rivaled the skyscrapers outside this cafe. I saw next why the three had taken refuge: high atop her foot, close to her ankles, torchlights could be seen by the hundreds. They formed a line that gave the impression of a sort of foot necklace. I then noticed some more farther down, closer to her sex and on the ground. From there, I could see a trail of them, all the way between her thick pubic hair, passing by her navel, and following her stomach all the way up to the valley between her wide, flat breasts. A few more lights around her erect nipples indicated some adventurous souls. The cameraman went back inside, and his friend looked back at him, shaking their hands in a way indicating heat, whistling at him.

I didn't doubt one instant that they were hiding from Ran's followers. They were already frenzied when me and Vinh left the town. After that, the explorers started talking about food portions and going through their belongings. I muted the stream and tuned out for a moment. I wanted to write down my current estimations.

They were as follow:

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -fourteenth of May, 17:48-

Height: ~780 m (~2570 ft)
Feet length: ~136 m (~445 ft)
Toe Length: ~31 m (~101 ft)
Hand Length: ~98 m (~320 ft)
Finger Length: ~44 m (~143 ft)
Breast Diameter: ~93 m (~304 ft)
Nipple Length: ~6 m (~19.5 ft)
Nipple Diameter: ~15 m (~51 ft)
Clitoris Diameter: ~8 m (~25 ft)

*Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran -fourteenth of May, 17:48 : ~30 m (~99 ft)
Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran -fourteenth of May, 17:48 : ~50 cm (~1 1/2 ft)*

Estimated rate of growth: 3.87%/h

I don't know what took me next. I took these papers, asked the cafe owner for the keys to the bathroom, and locked myself in. With these notes in hand, I closed my eyes, and imagined Ran. I took my sex in my hand, and stroked. I saw myself by her nipple, and imagined its shape as it should have been, towering as large as a common three storey building. I envisioned its bulbous shape, and how if I laid against it, it would push me back constantly, faster and faster. I thought of laying on her lip, and feeling her sweet, warm breath wash over me, knowing that down the cavernous opening would be certain danger. I thought back to the dream I had, and saw myself standing in her palm, close to life lines that now appeared as small gullies, and how soon they would be ravines. Finally, I had a vision of me standing on top of her middle toe, right at the junction of where it attached to the rest of her foot. I saw her toes rise up on each side as she stretched, her large toe on its way to becoming a skyscraper on its own. I thought this would now be the world for everyone, and climaxed.

I will admit that shame took me immediately. I cleaned up, and went back to the stream. I arrived, it seemed, at a scene of panic. The group was running outside, and all I could see was the two companions of the cameraman running in front. The lens turned for a moment, and we saw a throng of nude peasants, mostly young adults, running toward them, with a look in their eyes that defied comprehension. Far off in the distance, Zhang Ran had stood up, and observed the small lights that ran toward -something- away from her. One of the members fell, but the two others, including the one streaming, kept running. Only when the cry of their fellow man was heard did they briefly turn around, revealing four nude women undressing the guy, tearing his clothes off and immediately ravaging him in a sort of pure, raw lust.

I remembered how the younger ones of the village had acted around Ran. If there was something pheromonal she was projecting at her smaller size before, it would now have been unthinkably strong. I don't know if the one that fell gave up or just went with it, but he seemed to very quickly project an erection, and plunged his face in the dripping sex of one of his svelte attackers. The camera averted its lens as the streamer started to flee again, his companion up front.

That's when I noticed it: strong gusts of winds moved the leaves of the trees chaotically. Something was moving the air with extreme force. I'm not sure which of the two yelled, but someone screamed "lookout!" just as a seemingly infinite wall of flesh smashed down in front of them. I could have recognized that arch anywhere by now: Ran's foot. Both men had fallen on the ground, the camera detached from whoever was holding it. It rolled around a bit before stopping, pointing up. It showed the goddess crouching, her now grotesquely inflated labia showering the area with a rapidly increasing shower of Ran's sexual lubricant. Her hand spread her lips apart, and she slammed her open vagina all the way down on the ground, plunging everything into darkness. I could first hear cries from the

men, then what was probably the raw breathing of her naked followers. There was the sound of more clothes ripping, and then a torrent of moans.

The stream cut short, with a message indicating that the channel had been banned for going against the Terms of Service. I slumped back on the chair, and realized I was fighting off a new erection. I took my belongings, and left the cafe without paying.

At this point, I suppose I could have gone straight to rest for the rest of the day, while things were still normal. But I decided to first stop at a few hospitals. I flashed my credentials where I could, and asked around for Vinh. Of those that knew him, none had seen him. I looked around, and booked myself to the fanciest hotel there was in town. I booked for an entire week. I knew checking out wouldn't be needed.

As for yesterday, I spent most of it gathering as much food as I could in the biggest cross-country backpack I could find, which earned me a few looks from the attendant at the front desk of the hotel. I bought large ear muffs to block sound. I even found, albeit in a sort of sketchy place, some melee weapons to use. This would have been insane to me a few weeks ago, but now I know: Ran is coming, and with her the end of civilization.

By the end of yesterday, the fifteenth, she would have tripled her height to around two and half kilometers. The size of a mountain. By the end of today, she should be almost as tall as the Himalayas themselves. I'm expecting that tomorrow, whether she comes here or not, I should see her. Right now, she should be around the following measures:

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -sixteenth of May, 14:29-

*Height: ~5 km (~3.10 mi)
Feet length: ~875 m (~2870 ft)
Toe Length: ~199 m (~653 ft)
Hand Length: ~630 m (~2070 ft)
Finger Length: ~282 m (~925 ft)
Breast Diameter: ~597 m (~1959 ft)
Nipple Length: ~100 m (~327 ft)
Nipple Diameter: ~58 m (~190 ft)
Clitoris Diameter: ~50 m (~163 ft)*

*Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran -sixteenth of May, 17:48 : ~223 m (~733 ft)
Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran -sixteenth of May, 17:48 : ~3.70 m (~12 1/4 ft)*

Estimated rate of growth: 4.42%/h

I'm ready for her.



The Final Days

17th of May, 20XX, 09:13

Like so often in the past few weeks, last night had me restless, except this time it was from anticipation. Around seven in the morning, I saw my guess of last night justly vindicated. I was half asleep, and the sounds of the world slowly bled into my dreams. People yelled and tremors shook the bed. After a few seconds came a loud rumbling. I snapped wide awake, jumped out of bed and ran to the window. There, over the distant horizon, I saw her head peak just above the mountain range, with her features still obfuscated by the distance, indicating she was still leagues away. It's strange that despite such a vision my heart twisted in an unexpected joy as I saw her. In a way, I suppose she was becoming a fixture in what I felt was a rapidly changing reality. I immediately scrambled, packed my belongings and scrambled downstairs as quickly as I could. With force, I pushed the doors of the lobby wide open and was greeted by an eerie silence: everyone was transfixed at what appeared in the distance. The hotel stood by a large boulevard, flanked by increasingly smaller buildings as it pointed toward the outer city limits. The mountain ridge lining the horizon, past which laid the ruins of *L*. town, was visible from here. I started walking as fast as my legs could take me, toward what everyone else seemed to perceive as an uncertain, dangerous novelty. Just over the far-off elevation, Zhang Ran was coming into view, appearing higher as she traversed the earth's curvature toward us. Eventually, Ran was fully into view, her nakedness displayed for the millions to see in this city.

I could scarcely believe her height. There was a goddess, walking over a mountain peak the same way one straddles over a small coffee table. Her right foot had just paced forward and a plume of dirt rose up as if she had stepped in a pile of fine dust. Moments later, the vibration of her step reached us. The ground shook, accompanied by a deep rumble that would have traversed your ribcage. It was at that moment that people started running. For my part, I was mesmerized by what I now perceived as an unmistakably beautiful leviathan. Her hair trailed behind her as if she was slowly advancing through thick water. No doubt she felt resistance

from the atmosphere itself. Her frame parted the clouds as it passed through them, creating a strong trail behind her as the vapor rushed to fill the empty void left by her passage. In fact, harsh winds blew through the city from the air she displaced. We all could feel Zhang Ran's presence, despite how distant she was. Each step brought her kilometers closer.

I kept jogging down the boulevard, passing runners heading in the opposite direction. Ran was now excessively close to the city's edge. Her slender frame seemed to extend forever, like an impossible wall reaching for the sky. Only a few more steps, and she would be here. The skyscrapers around me swung from the vibrations. The earth shook and trembled every time she took one more stride. At some point, I just couldn't walk anymore. The incessant tremors cracked many features of the nearby structures, forcing myself and the nearby crowd to take to the middle of the road for protection. Ran had reached the edge of the city, and her left foot came down to place itself meticulously close. Its heel hit not far away from the city and the distorted perspective brought about by the magnitude of her sole and its closeness created the impression of an ever rising wall of flesh falling down towards us. The sole eventually made contact, projecting a strong gust of wind that rose dust all around us, the wind chafing at our ears as tremendous vibrations shook us down on all fours.

Everything stopped. Silence filled the once bustling city. To my left and right, crowds gathered again, and everyone looked up. Although she stood kilometers away from the center of the city, Ran still seemed to be standing directly above us, her legs straddling the city on each side. Both her hands rested on each side of her hips. Without moving her legs, she bent her torso down slightly. Her freakishly long hair slowly whispered until they hung down on each side of her. Her breasts detached slightly from her stomach, pulled down by gravity. If she had been standing outside the city before, she was now directly above me from simply leaning forward.

Everyone gawked at the titan, and I got busy searching through my backpack. There was an object I had meant to use. I picked up the large, red pistol, and aimed its wide gunbarrel upward. It triggered easily: an overly bright ball of flame left it, and the flare shot up so fast its bright light rose rapidly past the nearby skyscrapers. Zhang Ran's eyes lit up with passion. Her face contorted into a smile of gargantuan proportions. She spoke. The movement of her lips was deliberately slow, allowing me to read her words easily: "There you are!" I read. The clouds in front of her swiftly parted, blown apart like dust motes in the wind. I rushed through my belongings and dug out the pair of sound blocking earmuffs I possessed, placing them over my ears. Time stood still. I counted the seconds while steeling myself. I knew that, in a short time, it would hit us like a wall. I ran to a nearby lamppost, and embraced it with both my arms. Just then it arrived. A deafening, low pitched sound like nothing anyone could have heard before. The force of the gale hurled most people to the ground, including me. The goddess had spoken with a voice not unlike a weapon of mass destruction.

When I finally looked back toward her, I saw Ran's hand approaching, her index finger extended. Her long hair began to pile up around the city as she lowered herself, covering buildings like vine and darkening the skies with their mass just as they had in *L.* town. Her digit was moments away, with its points aimed straight at me. Screams rose, breaking the relative silence of the populace around us, and many fled as if their life depended on it. Ran's finger planted itself tens of meters away from me, like an otherworldly Tower of Babel, tearing the asphalt apart as easily as one would a mound of dirt. The sound of the digging finger accompanied the now incessant quake she caused. I closed my eyes, grabbed a nearby pole, and waited for things to calm down. The wind carried away what dust had risen. In front of me, her index finger extended to the tallest height of a man-made highrise. I looked back at Ran's visage, all the way up into the sky, and saw her speak a single command: "climb." I put my backpack back on, and ran toward her finger. Seconds later, a strong gale blew through the city, reaching a crescendo before calming anew.

I stood in front of the tower of flesh her finger provided, marveling at her. The heat from her body was noticeable. I approached it and found purchase on a deep indentation provided by her fingerprint. The width of each was about half my size, but it was enough to hold on. I dug my feet in a lower indentation, and grabbed another depression with my arms, locking myself in place. The earth trembled as the finger gradually lifted upward, raising large clouds of dust from the soil it had disturbed. Sounds of falling debris filled the area. I held on as best as I could. Luckily, Ran thought of flipping her finger, and the area I had grabbed on gradually became a new floor. The speed at which I felt myself going upward was tremendous. I saw her skinny legs give way to her hairy, immense vagina. We passed through clouds as her navel came and went. Her breasts, once decently perky and skinny, filled up my view for leagues. Somehow, I could still breathe without a problem. Finally, her face showed up: strong, accentuated and immaculate. Ran must have held her finger relatively only a few centimeters from her face, but to me it seemed like she was still so far away. Her lips parted, revealing her signature devious smile. Her eyes were fixed on me. It was impossible for me to say whether she could see my form or not.

Ran's lips moved, their form contorting as she spoke, but I was too close to read them. Only two seconds later, a loud thunder clap reached me, with the shockwave throwing me on my back. The rugged soil of her fingerprints quickly stopped me in place, having been pushed back a few meters on the sprawling expanse of her fingertip. Without understanding why, we moved again as she displaced her hand away from her face. She seemed to be conscious enough of my predicament as she lowered her hand slower this time, enabling me to stay on my feet. The form of her torso rose up like an infinite pillar, until I stopped in front of a gargantuan, dark, erect nipple. Ran's display of arousal could have rivaled the size of the tallest skyscrapers in the capital. The titan brought her finger closer to it, until it

connected, and flipped. I was thrown forward with immense kinetic energy, and landed where I now stand: on Zhang Ran's engorged teat.

I've been taking my bearings for a while now, and found a place to rest just under a protruding fleshy mound on this colossal engorgement. Her mammary tip had always appeared rugged, which at this size presented a labyrinth of indentations. Her skin was excessively warm, and every second a constant loud drum echoed through the walls of her udders: her heartbeat. Inside this indentation from which I stood, I could not see anything but the upper end of her torso and the bottom of her chin. Her head tipped forward, her chin nesting in her neck as she presented a ridiculous position. Once again, her eyes fixed on me, whether deliberately or accidentally. I'm ready for what may come.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 09:13-

Height: ~11.21 km (~6.96 mi)
Feet length: ~1.94 km (~1.20 mi)
Toe Length: ~441 m (~1447 ft)
Hand Length: ~1.40 km (~0.87 mi)
Finger Length: ~625 m (~2050 ft)
Fingerprint Ridge: ~74 cm (~29 in)
Breast Diameter: ~1.32 km (~0.82 mi)
Nipple Length: ~221 m (~724 ft)
Nipple Diameter: ~129 m (~422 ft)
Clitoris Diameter: ~110 m (~362 ft)

*Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 09:13: ~519 m (~1704 ft)
Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 09:13: ~8.66 m (~28 ft)*

Estimated rate of growth: 4.63%/h

17th of May, 20XX, 13:32

I had just made myself comfortable and laid down in a small depression that dug between two fattening bumps on her dark teat, my arms spread out and regenerating back some strength. Every few seconds, the sounds of a heavy, powerful stream of liquid passed by, inflating the ground around me for a moment before deflating again. The sound of her heartbeat was omnipresent. The air smelled strongly of her body odour, which the humid atmosphere reinforced. High above, in the distant skies, her face looked down, beaming her white teeth in a smile of radiance. The sun had just disappeared as her hand approached her bosoms, shading the area I was in. I looked toward the tip of her nipple, more than a hundred meters away, and that was considering I was probably laid down around the middle of its length. The fingertip of her index started making small circles on the front surface of her teat. I felt she took great care, careful to avoid causing too many tremors for me. I could hear the streams under her skin increase in intensity. The bumps of the walls around me gorged themselves on her life and grew in proportion. I packed my things, and started walking toward her finger.

After a few minutes, the rumbles of her moans reached me. I looked up to see her mouth open, breathing slowly, taking in the pleasure from what I assumed was the stimulation she exerted on her teat. I picked up the pace. The way toward the front of the giant nipple wasn't as straightforward as I thought. I had to navigate a few times around diverging bumps of her flesh. Some I could probably have climbed, but I preferred to conserve my energy. I didn't have too much trouble apart from that. At her current size, the skin under my shoes provided for quite the solid surface, if not slightly elastic, like a sort of tensed trampoline. I had to be careful though, her skin cells, now definitely visible to the naked eye, could have been a source of stumble due to their differing elevations. Many times in my biology classes I had seen skin cells under a microscopic lens, for all sorts of purposes, but seeing it live as I did gave me an euphoric sense of walking amongst an alien landscape. This was something the human brain had never encountered in its existence.

Finally I turned a corner, and my sight opened up on the large underside of her index finger, still caressing with the same circular motion. I was not sure what to do, but thought maybe Ran had wanted me to reach out to it. Yet as I approached, her finger suddenly departed. As her index moved out, vertigo took me: the skin of her teat was still just a gentle slope in front of me, yet it was enough for it to reveal to me the endless expanse of our blue sky. I had never been one for heights, and so I just fell down on my stomach, hugging the ground in what I will admit would have been a sad display of fear. Ran's finger, still in my view, motioned upward, which I thought meant she wanted me to look up. I barely had time to see her mouth off "Hold on" before grasping the dark flesh of her nipple as hard as I could. I remember suddenly thanking the rugged shape of it as I felt myself fall despite not moving a centimeter: Zhang Ran was moving. I rapidly realized she was laying down. The ground shifted as she had sat down, and then lowered her back slowly,

holding herself with her elbows as she shifted the mass of her torso ever more backward. As the angle of her skin under me shifted dangerously toward verticality, I started climbing up on all four, toward the front of her nipple. The area that once was vertical would soon be horizontal, and vice versa. This must have taken around five minutes, but felt interminable. I would move up a few meters, and Ran laid back some more, every few steps I took, she would slowly move down. There was no doubt now she was conscious of my position.

At once, the tremors stopped: I had reached the apex and could see the most strange sight I had ever seen. Stretching in front of me for kilometers was her abdomen, with her prominent ribs as soft rolling hills. My vision continued down the valley of her abdominals, and saw a large, immensely thick forest that her pubic hair had become, growing atop a grotesquely inflated labia that seemed to fill most of the width between her groin. Her legs were raised up, and straddled comparatively lilliputian sized houses under her knees, with her immense feet in the distance slowly pushing through the outer edge of the capital as her growth continued unabated. For a moment she was my world. I must have sat there for a minute or so, before looking back at the head of our new Goddess. Her head was raised up, slightly hunched up. Somehow, she must have seen my bewilderment, as she gave the impression of having such a heartfelt laugh. Her mouth opened, and I fell down as her ribcage jerked up and down from laughter, her breasts trembling with it. She then spoke, and this time, simply mouthed carefully to me, barely making a sound, to “Find a way down. Find others. Find help. I will rest until you do so.”

I raised my shoulders, unsure of how to proceed. Ran continued: “You have a day...” and with that, her head slumped back, her palms placing themselves behind it to provide a cushion, and her eyes closed, her breathing growing calmer.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 10:07-

Nipple Length: ~231 m (~757 ft)

Nipple Diameter: ~135 m (~442 ft)

With that said, I picked myself up, and secured my backpack properly. The first hurdle would be to climb down her erect nipple. Thinking back on it, I still can't believe I made it all the way to the bottom. The first inclination wasn't too bad, as I got closer to the edge. Her bumpy skin created the proper conditions for me to get down in between the creases of her teat. None of them were perfectly vertical, allowing purchase on high inclinations. As long as I sled down them carefully, making sure to never fall out by staying as close as I could to the inner wall of these indentations, I thought I would be fine. I took solace in her warmth that surrounded me, and proceeded carefully. I'm not sure how long, but it must have taken me almost an hour to get down the approximative quarter of a kilometer her

nipple had grown to by now. I almost lost my footing once, about halfway through, but was able to quickly grasp a bulbous mound of skin, digging my hand inside a small hole which in retrospect might have been a milk duct. I held my position for but a moment and instantly, the entirety of the area was swarmed with the sound of her rushing blood, the walls changing shape as the mass of her nipple increased in size from a renewed erection. From that point onward, the rest of my path went without problems.

Finally, the base of her teat widened, and I was now walking on a downward slope that reached 45 degrees only by moments. I had reached her areola and took note of the expanse ahead of me.

*Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 11:19-
Areola Diameter: ~506 m (~1659 ft)*

I looked back the way I came, and marveled one last time at the imposing tower her dark nipple drew against the sky. It seemed impossibly high, and I count myself extremely lucky to have survived the ordeal. I pressed onward. The ground was uneven, but I managed to advance much quicker than when I had to carefully climb down. Her areola had always been a bit puffy, giving it a bulbous look atop her own breasts, and from what I remembered was around a quarter of the size of her once small breasts. That meant I would have around two kilometers of travel in front of me. Eventually, the pigmentation of her skin changed, and the ground's color shifted to a paler hue as I left the circle of her mammary gland. Small, light colored hair that would have been invisible to the naked eye dotted the expanse of her skin in front of me. The walk was uneventful, until eventually I came upon a sudden drop. The skin seemed to fold on itself like a large pancake, leaving in front of a drop several meters high: the final edge of her breast. Her skin cells were prominent enough for me to find purchase with either their small mound or some of the small hair poking around for my descent.

By the time I reached her lower pectoral, safely aground, I noticed the time approaching midday. I calculated that in the last hour, her total height must have increased by about half a kilometer. Now that it would be mostly flat ground ahead, other than the hills provided by her ribcage and the slope down her abdomen, I thought I should try and jog a bit more. I grabbed some water from a cantina in my bag, and got to it. I had to. The longer I waited, the less my chances of finding others again. It would not be long now before she would be growing faster than someone could walk to escape her form.

The ground around her ribs was definitely firmer, like the difference between walking on dry dirt and stone. The initial step off her ribcage had me jump down a few meters, but nothing I couldn't manage. The downward slope after that to her navel was straightforward. I looked back: her breasts seemed so far now, and my objective, the now humongous pubic forest between her legs, seemed closer than

ever. In ten more minutes, I had reached her navel. It appeared as an enormous crater, her folds of skin inside like rolling hills. I opted to go around, unsure about my strength to climb back out of it. We were close to midday for sure now.

Finally, after fifteen more minutes, I was presented with something incredible : the dark tendrils of her pubic hairs, intertwined like a forest of vines, clamoring for the skies. Each hair must have been twice as wide, if not slightly more, as me. There was no doubt in my mind that had I chosen to, I could have climbed one. Its shape, up close, was one of concentric circles bricked inside one another, like the trunk of a palm tree. The soil of her flesh definitely felt even warmer here. The air around the forest was thick, muggy and humid. The smell of her sex penetrated my nostrils. I was close. Being midday, it was a bit harder to orient myself with the sun, still, I was able to use the shadows around me to keep orienting myself forward. The ground started going upward in a gentle slope, as if I had reached a mound. The sound of rushing blood continued around me, even louder, and then I saw it, rising in the middle of this place like a coliseum of pleasure: her clitoris. It must have been a hundred and so meters high, uncovered to the world. I reached atop a fold, just to its side, and peered down to where her sex receded in its folds. There, amidst the area where Zhang Ran's clitoris made contact with the inner red flesh of her vagina, surrounded by pulsing layers of skin, were thousands of her followers, naked and taking part in a grotesque orgy of incommensurable proportions. I was far enough that no one saw me, and elected to stay clear. I would have to take the path down the bends of her labia. If my memory was correct, the current relative size of them would permit me to simply walk down on them until I reached the ground.

From the creases that appeared in front of me, I chose one at random. I will say that the descent was incredibly difficult and while I was of course pushed to listen to the orders she had given me, I found my judgement clouding. I stopped for a moment, and sat down between two walls of skin. She was warm, inviting. I surprised myself with an erection. Like never before, I felt my prostate on fire, as if something was pushing for me to simply lay there and take advantage of her. It's as if her body was asking me to stay just a bit longer. A sense of euphoria filled me. This is it. This feeling. This is what must have befallen everyone else that had been raptured by her command, her presence. My skin afire with want, I pushed myself up, not giving a care in the world for the tent in my pants, and ran down the warm folds toward ground level, cursing myself for being such a stuck up.

And this is where I stand. I jumped down the overlapping rows of her labia, one at a time, each as high as a storey, until my feet touched open soil again. I had survived her ordeal.

The time is now slightly more than halfway to two in the afternoon and felt confident in my chances to find help before nightfall. There, in the distance, at the edges of her feet, stood the capital, with her toes encroaching more and more as time passed. Smoke rose amidst the city, signifying her very presence had already

caused some damage. Behind me, in the air, was her now relatively relaxed sex. I took solace in knowing she was probably resting -if not simply waiting- and took a minute to write down her current estimated measurements. I would next have to start on my way to the capital.

After the last hours, I gather it should be ridiculously easy..

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 13:32-

Height: ~13.44 km (~8.35 mi)
Feet length: ~2.33 km (~1.45 mi)
Toe Length: ~529 m (~1736 ft)
Hand Length: ~1.68 km (~1.04 mi)
Finger Length: ~750 m (~2459 ft)
Fingerprint Ridge: ~88 cm (~35 in)
Breast Diameter: ~1.59 km (~1 mi)
Nipple Length: ~265 m (~868 ft)
Nipple Diameter: ~154 m (~506 ft)
Clitoris Diameter: ~132 m (~434 ft)

Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 13:32 : ~629 m (~2065 ft)
Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 13:32 : ~10.50 m (~35 ft)
Estimated growth/second of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 13:32 : ~17 cm (~7 in)

Estimated rate of growth: 4.68%/h

17th of May, 20XX, 19:48, Ruins of the Capital

I did hesitate before leaving her. Whatever it was that was calling me to her still exerted its will unto my mind. The same way one sometimes does an action contrary to what they want to do while consciously thinking about not doing it, I surprised myself walking back toward Zhang Ran's gargantuan labia's skin fold at the same time I was mentally planning the route to take to the capital. I stopped as I reached it, and placed a hand on it. The raw smell of her body surrounded me once more with its invite. It dawned on me, as I stood there, that I was forced to step back. Ran was growing fast enough now that every tens of seconds or so I had to take one step away from the encroaching wall of sex relentlessly growing. I turned around, grabbed my pack, and started a light jog.

It took all of my will to not go back, and focused on the vision of the city up ahead, with its skies darkened by the thick smoke of fires.

As I proceeded on the path, surrounded by fields turned upside down from Ran's previous walks in the area, I spotted a few disheveled citizens, walking seemingly without aim, but still in the general direction of Ran's open sex, now farther off in the distance. I approached a few, Ran's command to find help echoing in my head, but no one responded to my overtures, their eyes glassy with emptiness, with some others barely holding in their urges for rampant sexual need.

The fields made way for smaller houses as I reached the immediate suburbs of the capital. There was no particular reason, at that moment, for my attention to stop on a woman that sat on the side of the road, her back against the broken outer wall of a garden, yet it did. Her vestments were somewhat ripped, as if people had tugged on it from different directions at once. Her arms rested on her knees, with her head resting between them, looking at the ground. I came up behind her, and gently tapped on her shoulder, asking her rhetorically if she was ok. She rose her eyes toward me, and revealed a visage broken by dried tears. Led by instinct, I extended a hand in help. I provided her with some supplies from my backpack, and asked her name. With a voice as soft as water, she presented herself as Huang Lian. She seemed close to middle age. Her youthful traits were betrayed here and there by a small subtle wrinkle, or the odd stray white hair around her temples. Despite all, her tall stature and cut musculature gave a story of someone that energetically knew how to take care of themselves in normal circumstances.

We took a moment to exchange, and I asked her if she had any place she needed to be, and if not offered for her to tag along with me. I added I knew of a way out of this mess. Her eyes lit up with what looked like hope. Just like that, we were both on our way. I did not think to press Huang with her story, for now I was glad to have companionship. On the way to the capital, I started to explain to her what I had witnessed, what I wrote down in this journal. There was no bewilderment, no surprise in her face, simply acceptance and understanding that what I said was the truth, and that reality had drastically changed.

We suddenly came upon an area completely obliterated by Ran. Houses were caved in, the pavement on the roads had snapped upward and debris littered every corner as if a massive tornado had passed through. Huang grabbed my hand in shock and pointed with her other hand for me to look at the culprit: Zhang Ran's heel.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 16:07-
Feet Length: ~2.67 km (~1.66 mi)

We had reached the outskirts of the capital, and in front of us, pressing deep in the earth was Zhang's heel, stretching without limits towards the sky. At this point, it looked close to a kilometer in width, and almost as much in height, but I couldn't be sure. We pressed onward with more difficulty, having to navigate around a crumbling infrastructure. The sound of explosions in the distance indicated Ran's growth was still wreaking havoc. Flashes of lights around the bottom of her sole told me she was probably blowing transformers as the thick flesh of her heel expanded ever more outward, slowly but surely.

I knew we had to refill our supplies, and so would need to raid a few stores and equip ourselves properly, but the only place I knew was past the titan's foot and in the middle of downtown. I thought to take the long route around, to stay clear of any danger, but Huang stopped me. She knew a quicker path, but we would have to hurry. She explained to me the geography of the city and that, from where we are, it's probably only a matter of time before Zhang Ran's foot outgrows over the buildings we need to check out.

And she was right: this was a race against time. My encounter with Huang Lian had made me complacent. I remembered Ran's command, and the deadline she had given me. I asked Huang if she was good to run, to which she nodded, and we bolted.

We passed the last kilometer that separated us from Ran swiftly and reached the back of the heel. There, the constant drums of her growth were omnipresent. Her usually fair skin was a much darker shade of red, surely due to the weight pressing down on such an incommensurable structure. Its skin was crisscrossed by countless slashes and what for a normal person would have been small wear and tear from walking on their soles looked like enormous gully to us. We continued onward, passing under her inner ankle, which protruded high above us. Eventually, a fallen skyscraper dressed in front of us, barring the way, twisted and broken. The only way that seemed passable took us closer to Ran. Huang took my hand, and pulled me toward an apparent opening: where the base of the skyscraper was demolished, just under Zhang Ran's foot arch. There was enough space for us to pass the skyscraper on the inside.

I'll never forget the sight: high atop us, like the ceiling of a cathedral made of flesh, Ran's sole covered the skies. Looking back outside, I saw smoke colored skies delineated against the circle her arch created. Large birds flew in circles, in and out of what must have been a strange expanding cavern for them, their cries resonating through it.

Finally we found a way through the debris, and emerged just before the arch closed down from where it merged with the joint of her big toe.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 17:11-

Toe Length: ~636 m (~0.4 mi)

Toe Fingerprint Ridge Width: ~1.06 m (~3.5 ft)

Her large digit, skinny as ever despite its size, showed abundant rugged features. It's mass pressed heavily enough in the ground, flattening outward and providing a sort of inclined wall one could climb. Huang pointed at its base, and we saw them: hundreds and hundreds of people climbing through the grips provided by the large fingerprints of her toe. Not all had the mind to get on the giant woman's foot: around her extremities, a mass of twisting bodies moaned in unison, united in a sprawling orgy. I thought I noticed some getting slowly covered by the skin of her toe, but I preferred to perish the thought. Ran's body heat washed over us. I had no choice but to place a hand in my pocket, vainly trying to hide a mounting erection. I looked at Huang, scared that she would notice. Instead, I saw her transfixed at the scene, almost morbidly fascinated. I noticed her thumb-sized nipples had firmed up, aggressively pocking under her tattered t-shirt.

Abruptly, powerful winds swept through the city, pushing in our backs. We simultaneously looked behind us to see that Ran was awake, her right hand penetrating to the wrist inside a wide open labia, her eyes almost closed, her mouth mouthing moans that translated to nothing but a deep rumble coupled with bursts of wind. Huang gently slapped me, then herself before dragging me away from this scene. We had to press on.

It took us only five minutes, but we finally reached an abandoned grocery store. Products laid scattered all the way outside, the windows of the building broken. I told her to assemble what she could, and quickly ran to and from a nearby shop for camping supplies. All throughout, gargantuan winds and tremors shook the place, making me afraid of building collapse. Half an hour later, everything was arranged, and just in time: the arch of her foot would soon cover the area. No doubt in an hour, this place would be gone, smothered by her sole.

Huang Lian's shoulders tensed up as I helped her set the backpack. She then did likewise, helping me strap mine up. We had enough supplies for days. Without any particular goal in mind, we started walking away from the area, away from Ran, toward the opposite end of the city. It was eerie: the capital seemed to have

completely emptied. Either people fled, or became raptured by our new god. We must have walked for an hour or so, until we reached the river that snaked around the northern edge of the capital. Huang pointed out a nearby marina: inside its pier stood one lonely small yacht. This was perfect. Or so I thought. We jumped over the chained entrance, and found our way to the captain's quarter. It seemed that for a minute, my mind entertained a vision of us escaping through the river, down the canal and in the open sea. Me and Huang broke the cabin's door, and tried to start the vessel, alas in vain: it was without fuel. Not only that, I knew, deep down, this would be temporary.

In the end, we elected to stay here tonight. Me and Huang are still on the ship, having set ourselves comfortably while more and more of the city burned up. Ran seems to have calmed down and is resting again. Both her feet are advancing on the horizon. Within hours, they will probably cross this river on both ends, blocking us in. Her legs would soon form a natural enclosure if ever she decided to join her feet. Huang Lian is asleep on the couch inside the captain's cabin. Like her, I am absolutely exhausted from the day's ordeal. The challenge given by the goddess had not been easy. Tomorrow, I think we will change course. We are not safe here, at ground level. At dawn, I will signal Ran. With luck, I might have an idea for our salvation.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 19:48-

Height: ~18.56 km (~11.53 mi)
Feet length: ~3.21 km (~2 mi)
Toe Length: ~731 m (~0.45 mi)
Hand Length: ~2.31 km (~1.44 mi)
Finger Length: ~1.04 km (~0.64 mi)
Fingerprint Ridge: ~1.22 m (~4 ft)
Breast Diameter: ~2.19 km (~1.36 mi)
Nipple Length: ~365 m (~1199 ft)
Nipple Diameter: ~213 m (~699 ft)
Clitoris Diameter: ~183 m (~599 ft)

Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 19:48 : ~885 m (~2903 ft)
Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 19:48 : ~14.75 m (~48 ft)
Estimated growth/second of Zhang Ran -seventeenth of May, 19:48 : ~25 cm (~9.5 in)

Estimated rate of growth: 4.77%/h

18th of May, 20XX, 08:30, Aboard the “Tiny Otter”

I had a dream last night. I was with Huang Lian, in a small wooden cabin. Somehow, we stood on a strange, upheaved soil, not unlike crumpled paper. The soil ended not too far in front of the cottage, and there, an infinite horizon of a tan colored soil made of differing pillars and bulging hills around deep chasms, all the same color. Dark lines criss-crossed here and there, just under the surface. That’s about what I remember, until I woke up, with Lian straddling me, her thighs gripping my midsection. I think I tried protesting, but she shut me up. I was uncovered, and so was she, her strong body exposed to me. Her fit appearance explained all I needed to know as for why she was able to pin me down so easily. Her face crisped up, as if she experienced pain. My own sex was hurting, as it seemed I was stuck with an erection that would not subside. My heart pounded, my instincts urging me to grab Lian and ram her through.

Thankfully, before anything else happened, she pulled herself off, yelling in great displeasure, and with me now naked on the bed I had fallen asleep. It’s about then that reason came back to me. I promptly got up and grabbed the nearest pair of underpants. I asked Lian what was happening, but deep down, I knew the answer. She firmly grabbed my arm, not out of aggressiveness, but out of desperation of holding in her urges and pulled me outside the cabin, with my erection still grossly tenting my underwear. It was early in the morning, yet my brain noticed the lack of sun outside. It was not just gray, as is typical of a cloudy day, but dark, as if a solar eclipse took place.

I stumbled with Huang outside the cabin, and witnessed Ran: the goddess was crouching over the capital, her form blotting out the sun rays from ever reaching us. Her long feet stood on either side of the city, with her sex hanging just above the capital. Elongated fingers played with its form, a skinny thumb massaging the clitoris as the rest plunged deep inside the hairy cavernous folds that filled up the space between her legs, bloated from excitement. The air reeked of a thick sweat, and I found the heat unbearable. Zang Ran’s genitals filled the sky, with her long hair blanketing her backside as it provided a curtain on either side, far off in the distance.

I turned to Lian, and saw her, still desperately trying to contain her urges. Ran’s left foot moved very slightly in the distance, probably to balance herself, and proceeded to lower her genitals, until its long skin folds touched the ground, piling up over downtown. From what I could see, a single fold of her labia seemed enough to fill an entire city highway. Far in the distance, to where the opposite end of downtown stood, was the lower part of her vagina that touched land. Above us, pulsing dark and red, was her clitoris, constantly massaged by her colossal hand.

That was when the quakes hit us. Large waves rocked the boat as it traversed the marina, and distant ruins that were somehow still standing crumbled down. I could only guess this being the shock from Ran’s foot having moved earlier. The boat

rose and fell as the waves passed by us. I saw Zhang Ran's gargantuan opening lowering itself toward us, and Lian rued herself on me. Myself, I could not hold it in anymore. It seemed that as Ran broke our accepted concept of reality, as the most prevalent display of her body increased its presence to us, those of us, me and Huang, that had not yet had our will broken just saw all presence of mind leave us.

I don't remember well what happened after. I remember distinct images of Ran's vagina enveloping my vision, and Lian's very own enveloping my penis. Our forms intermingled. I remember feeling her hands grab my neck, her rasped breath kissing me from my chin, down my chest and toward my pleasure trail. We rolled around, all the while we felt temperature rising sharply as the god above us increased her ministrations. Mist eventually appeared around Ran's labia, until a few minutes later a downpour of vaginal lube rained across the city. The ground became slippery. In between moments of our body grinding against each other, me and Lian surprised ourselves by grabbing a handful of the pooling white liquid that showered around us. I was tasting -her- It felt electrifying. This seemingly normal flowing liquid that now dominated the city like a powerful rainstorm was being produced from inside Ran's very own body. From her, to me and Lian. My last memories of the morning were of us lathering our body with it, and participating in ever intensifying acts of debauchery, my mind alternating between feeling submerged by Ran's presence and Huang Lian's dominant behavior. All I know next is that while Lian was busy digging deep in my mouth with her tongue, I looked up, and saw it: a flood of incomensurable proportions falling in what felt like slow motion from the gaping titanic sex. It lifted the ground level of the downtown area like a meteor exploding the crust of the earth. I saw debris bouncing in all directions as the waves submerged anything and anyone in its wake that might have still been intact.

Lian did not care, continuing her assault on my senses as she mounted me. That's when I closed my eyes, and embraced her. I brought her up, and inside the cabin of the boat, locking the doors before laying down. The flood of Ran's inner juice washed over us immediately after.

18th of May, 20XX, 12:51

I think I was vaguely aware of the calm. I opened my eyes to see Huang asleep on the floor, naked and looking exhausted. The cabin was littered with various knickknacks from the room, probed by the bright light of the sun filtering from the windows. My back ached from our previous activities. I headed outside and saw the ruins of the capital far away in the distance. We floated on a veritable lake of Ran's ejaculation. It must have pushed us kilometers away. She was by now sitting down properly, her thighs on each side of the city, with her legs extending all the way past us, her long feet pointing skyward. Ran was leaning down, supporting her weight by having her hands on her raised knees. I couldn't quite make it out, but it seemed to me she was speaking to someone. If I had to guess, it was one of her "hearers", or however these lip readers called themselves. It was about the middle of the day, and I decided to log some data. Mostly to kill time while I waited on Lian to wake up by herself.

I decided to compare her state of this morning, as she stood over us, to the moment I was noting these down.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 08:00-

Height: ~32.71 km (~20.32 mi)
Feet length: ~5.66 km (~3.52 mi)
Toe Length: ~1.29 km (~0.80 mi)
Hand Length: ~4.08 km (~2.53 mi)
Finger Length: ~1.82 km (~1.13 mi)
Fingerprint Ridge: ~2.15 m (~7 ft)
Breast Diameter: ~3.86 km (~2.40 mi)
Nipple Length: ~644 m (~0.40 mi)
Nipple Diameter: ~376 m (~1232 ft)
Clitoris Diameter: ~322 m (~1056 ft)

*Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 08:00 : ~1.61 km (~1 mi)
Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 08:00 : ~27 m (~88 ft)
Estimated growth/second of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 08:00 : ~45 cm (~18 in)*

Estimated rate of growth: 4.91%/h

As I noted this second set of data, a feeling of unease gripped me as it had a few times before, when doing this very same thing.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 10:52-

Height: ~37.78 km (~23.37 mi)
Feet length: ~6.54 km (~4 mi)

Toe Length: ~1.50 km (~0.92 mi)
Hand Length: ~4.71 km (~2.91 mi)
Finger Length: ~2.11 km (~1.31 mi)
Fingerprint Ridge: ~2.5 m (~8 ft)
Breast Diameter: ~4.46 km (~2.77 mi)
Nipple Length: ~744 m (~0.46 mi)
Nipple Diameter: ~434 m (~1423 ft)
Clitoris Diameter: ~372 m (~1220 ft)

Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 10:52 : ~1.87 km (~1.16 mi)
Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 10:52 : ~31 m (~102 ft)
Estimated growth/second of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 10:52 : ~52 cm (~21 in)

Estimated rate of growth: 4.95%/h

In the spawn of maybe 5 or so hours, it seems she gained about ten kilometers in height, her feet growing from five or so kilometers long to almost seven. An increase of about twenty percent in size. When you've studied medicine like me, you get to know many things. Things that you assume you would be able to see, understand and comprehend. But sometimes reality comes crashing through, and only the hardest of practitioners are able to steel themselves in their resolve. For me, this was the moment I finally felt tested. By nightfall, Ran will probably have tripled her size of this morning. That her size now tripled every day was, at that point, simply apocalyptic. That's when Lian showed up beside me. I explained to her the reasons for my current state and showed her my latest notes.

I'm really glad I met her. In the end, she was the one to pick my mood up. We headed outside together, still wearing nothing but our skin. The weather was so warm around Zhang Ran's titanic body that it was now pointless to suit up. I told Lian to assemble all our belongings on the deck and to prepare the backpacks. I'll admit, it was hard to not make light of our looks: we both could have passed for two naturalists trekking through the woods. Myself, I was feeling adventurous.

Once prepared, I used the flare gun, and signaled Ran. Not a moment after I shot it, before it even started arching back down, Zhang Ran's head rose up. She had obviously seen it and us. Her dimples showed as she smiled, despite the distance. Her hand motioned for us to come over. The wind around us picked up. I yelled at Lian to crouch down, to get some semblance of stability. Ran displaced her leg above the boat and the amount of displaced air seemed greater than ever. Her monstrous heel passed over head, like an alien spaceship that could obliterate us in seconds if it so desired. It lowered itself a few kilometers away in front of us. Her gigantic sole pointed straight up into the sky past the low clouds for a moment, until she started bringing it down toward us, pivoting on her heel. It was like a mountainous wall coming down.

Never had I noticed the myriads of details on it before. Hundreds of lines and marks that would have been unnoticeable to the eye before. In the end, Ran flexed her toes, bringing them into a curl as her sole touched the ground, her toes upheaving the soil under her lake of ejaculate as she pressed the tip of them downwards, just a few precise meters in front of us. Enormous waves cascaded around the ship as we were thrown to the floor. Lian yelled at me briefly, and it was by reflex that I grabbed her just as she would have slid off the boat from a wave of Ran's juices. The agitated liquid calmed down after a minute, disappearing through the open soil. It seemed the boat was now aground: Ran's giant digits rose the earth so much when pressing down that lifted the boat out of the water to have it rest on the newly raised soil.

Ran's toes obscured our vision of her. They stood skyward, like an enormous wall of flesh, shielded by the wall of keratin that was her nails. Huang Lian and I jumped off, our feet sinking slightly in the muddy dirt. It was sort of surreal to stand so close to a structure that seemed like a mountain to us, yet was but a small part of a living entity. We passed by the nail and headed for the burgeoning mound of skin to the side of the nail. The lines of her toeprints rose upward along the curve of her digit. They looked spacious enough for the two of us, around two meters wide I estimated. Inside the print, piles of skin provided a grasp for us to climb this vertical enclave. We picked one that was closest to the nail. From what I could see, I was sure it would lead us just on top of her toe, not too far from the root of her nail. Lian and I attached each other with a cord for safety, should one fall, and started the climb. Eventually we reached a curve that flattened the path about thirty degrees toward the ground. We elected to stay here for a moment...

But that is when everything moved. I yelled at Lian to secure herself, and we pressed our bodies in Zhang Ran's indentations as hard as we could. It took about a minute for the toeprint in which we stood to go from vertical to horizontal as she raised her toes, letting them rest in their natural pose. An enormous tremor shook us as she braced her foot down. Above us, we saw her tibia dress itself vertically, and while grabbing her knee for support, Ran stood upright. Her chest and the above area disappeared in the atmosphere. She seemed to be looking outward for something.

Ran hasn't moved for a few minutes now. I can discern her hands around her hips. Her prodigiously long and now massive hair strands hang in on the side and in front of her body mass, indicating that the other shadow I see up in the atmosphere is probably her head looking down at us.

This is where we are right now. I'm noting down her current estimated height with a few more measures, and after we'll be departing for deeper grounds on her toe. I figure if we can reach just past the first knuckle of it we should be relatively safe for a while. The area should be prone to less flexion on the part of our god.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 12:51-

Height: ~41.61 km (~25.86 mi)

Feet length: ~7.20 km (~4.47 mi)

Fingerprint Ridge: ~2.75 m (~9 ft)

Estimated growth/second of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 12:51 : ~57 cm (~23 in)

Estimated rate of growth: 4.97%/h

18th of May, 20XX, 23:38

I write this now with Lian sleeping by my side. Our current situation is definitely precarious.

Earlier we continued on the same path. As I said, we aimed to reach one of the knuckles on her foot. We kept following the toeprint line and as we advanced, the walls of it on each side of us decreased: we soon came on a flat area, with the line fading out. An amazing sight appeared all around us: for kilometers ahead, was Ran's now absurdly long foot. The lower angle of the afternoon sun displayed sharp veins, high as distant hills to us, that crisscrossed the landmass of the top of her foot. To our immediate left was a small plain of keratin that was her nail, a slight pinkish hue emanating from underneath its rough surface. On our right, a few tens of meters away, Ran's skin curved down toward the edge of her toe. We stood just above the ruins of the capital. What was not flooded from her past excitement was in apparent ruins, fire and smoke dotting the horizon. Looking to the sky, I could see the lower clouds were not too far now. It was only a matter of time before her toes themselves reached the cloudline.

While powerful winds pushed us around, I brought Lian closer, and pointed out to her an area that looked a bit more than a kilometer and half away: the area where the skin of her digit rose up like a hill, dotted with imposing crevasses here and there. Her knuckle. If we could get just past those, we would be around a more stable area compared to her other dexterous body parts. Zhang Ran, for her part, held still, unmoving. We proceeded onward.

As we walked, I couldn't help but notice how much rougher her skin looked compared to when I had done the trek from her nipple down to her groin. All the little imperfections of her body were magnified. Her skin appeared as piles of extremely small paper on top of each other, connected in a network of subtle webs. I pointed out to Lian small mounds of the skin that were higher up than the rest of the ground by a few decimeters, their appearance white and brittle. Dry skin.

Finally, we passed by the side of the root of her nail. The fold of skin over it was around a few meters tall. Jumping down it, had we entertained the idea, would have been perilous. I will admit I took a quick trip to the edge and looked down. I stared at the nail for a minute. Honestly, I almost expected to see it grow longer in front of us.

There was a certain trepidation in the air between Lian and I. We both were sort of excited at the adventure despite the numerous grim outcomes probably waiting for us. It seems I can only think about those now, while I write this. At the moment, our minds were focused on our objectives, and time was of the essence. Every moment that passed made our destination that much farther out.

At last, we reached the bottom of the slope that was her prominent knuckle. Tired and beaten that we were, the thirty to forty degrees angle of the slope was getting to us. Lian, for her part, seemed flustered. I knew what was happening too well myself, as I started noticing the feeling that had dominated us on the boat growing in me. The air was hot and humid, thick with Ran's odour. We both had more and more trouble fighting back the raw sexual urge emanating from the gargantuan growing being. Finally, we reached the top, out of breath and with sweat permeating our bodies. I turned to Huang Lian to say something, I can't remember what, but as I did, she fell on me with all the energy she had left, pinning me to the ground against Ran's warm flesh. I responded in kind, and embraced her. We rolled around as I penetrated her with my rigid sex. It's as if our mind had broken. Looking back, we should have been more careful, more aware of our surroundings.

The soft soil disappeared under us as we moved, and we fell down a surprisingly sharp slope for a minute before reaching its bottom: Lian and I had slipped down the main crease of her knuckle. Having reached the more stable ground that was the bottom of the trench, we both removed our backpacks, and continued our embrace. How long? I could not say, but certainly close to an hour. Eventually, we laid there, spent and with the wind taken out of our sails. We both laid back against a ridge of skin. I looked up: on both our sides rose sharp angled walls that were her skin crease for what I estimated was around ten meters. The temperature was noticeably warmer here, as we had moved down her outer layers of skin.

We rested a while and, not long after we had just finished eating some snacks, we found ourselves suddenly pressed against the ground, moments before feeling weightless, and then pressed down anew. I struggled to keep air in my lungs. Terrible tremors shook us constantly just before being pushed against her skin. She was walking. I could see the clouds above zooming past us at great speed in repeated intervals. The physicality of Ran's movements prevented us from any agency, other than trying to steady ourselves. As her toe articulated, we saw the walls of her crease over us open and close in succession, with the ground becoming much more firm every time it opened up, probably from her tendons and muscles pulling with all manners of strength. These movements continued for around a quarter of an hour. Eventually, she stopped, and silence filled the air anew... for but a moment.

It was Lian that noticed them first, her hearing being better than mine. Eventually I heard it too: distant cries, as if listening to a crowd from afar. Shadow overtook our vantage point. Zhang Ran's gigantic tibia appeared above us at an angle, covering the sky. She must have crouched down. I told Lian I'd go look at the situation, and climbed out of the skin fold we were hiding in. She elected to wait for me at the bottom of it.

The view from atop her toe knuckle was clear: the evening sun was low over the horizon. The valley between Ran's feet was completely different. A nearby body of water hinted at the ocean and a new city dressed between her feet. I found myself

mystified by the scene I was witnessing: the titan had lowered herself over the city, as she had done with the capital, and let the outrageously colossal lips of her labia drop down and cover most of the city. Her giant feet, including the one we stood on, covered most of the suburbs. One of her feet alone would have been enough to cover the entire city by now, had she decided. Instead, I saw Ran's gargantuan hands dig at several places, lifting soil, structures and people alike with great care, before placing the content she grabbed on various areas of her body: deep in her vagina, then grabbing some more, and then on her breasts. She even placed a patch high up on her shoulder, or at least close to them. It was hard to see from my position. In only five minutes, most of the city had been dug up. The cries of its inhabitants were no more. There was one last part of the city that remained. Titanic fingers dug under it.

My eyes widened as I realized: her hand was coming this way. I jumped back down the skin gully of her toe, and reached Lian, yelling at her to take cover. Her hand lowered around the second knuckle of her toe. Ran angled her hand, and all the materials she had picked up slid down her skin, falling off the edge of her fingers and piling up on the place the top of her toe joined with the rest of her foot. The sound was horrendous. It is as if a terrible earthquake screamed only a few kilometers away from us. A low, distant rumbling.

Lian pondered out loud if we should head there, see what it was about, but we did not have time to think. Ran rose again, and repeated this entire process. Again she walked around, reaching new areas and places, and again she picked them up before latering them on different places of her body. This lasted for hours. I felt weak, stuck with Huang Lian as we hid inside the fold of her knuckle.

By now, night has fallen, and things have yet to calm down. Ran just stopped walking, and is in the process of placing more of another city on herself. The fold we're in has increased to around ten meters deep. Tomorrow will be our last chance to get out of here before the walls become too high or too steep.

My notes for Zhang Ran's current condition are as follow:

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 23:38-

*Height: ~67.96 km (~42.23 mi)
Feet length: ~11.76 km (~7.31 mi)
Toe Length: ~2.68 km (~1.66 mi)
Hand Length: ~8.47 km (~5.26 mi)
Finger Length: ~3.79 km (~2.36 mi)
Fingerprint Ridge: ~4.5 m (~14.6 ft)
Breast Diameter: ~8 km (~5 mi)
Nipple Length: ~1.34 km (~0.83 mi)
Nipple Diameter: ~780 m (~0.48 mi)
Clitoris Diameter: ~669 m (~0.4 mi)*

Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 23:38: ~3.46 km (~2.15 mi)

Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 23:38 : ~58 m (~189 ft)
Estimated growth/second of Zhang Ran -eighteenth of May, 23:38 : ~96 cm (~38 in)

Estimated rate of growth: 5.09%/h

19th of May, 20XX, 06:44

I've been on a medical vessel once in my life, called the Mergot, as part of a project for the red cross. The hardest thing I remember was getting used to the constant tug of the sea, hour after hour as the floors, the ceilings, the walls, everything in a state of constant change. It takes a toll on your mind, on your body. That is when sea sickness would settle in. Last night was horrible in that regard: Ran's constant growth, the ever increasing speed at which our very environment moved and changed, was taking its toll. I must have woken up a few times, unable to keep my innards straight. The few times I looked at Lian, she seemed blissfully asleep. The position of her hand around her sex belied her dreams. Even me, I should say, found comfort despite the nausea that took me. The ground, Ran's very own body, was warm and inviting.

There is no way for me to know if you, reading this, are aware of the pressure her worldly presence creates on us. A constant need for carnal pleasures, not dissimilar to when a person reaches their limit, unable to contain the beast within. And so I admit that, at some point, I found myself kissing the ground. At a certain spot where the skin created a sort of navel like structure, I inserted myself and found pleasure. My mind extrapolated far out of my body, away and up into the darkening sky. I saw myself: a mite on her presence, barely noticeable as a slightly differing hue across the vast expanses of her skin. I imagined her moving about, her foot flexing and tensing as she walked about without aim, with my form ever diminishing compared to the goddess I stood upon.

While my dreams mixed themselves with reality, the first rays of the day peaked atop the now deep gully that was the wrinkle we stood in. Although the early sun made no sense at the moment, I quickly realized it was due to our relative height.

I ran a quick estimate on Ran's current size:

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran - nineteenth of May, 06:44-

Height: ~96.45 km (~60 mi)

Feet length: ~16.69 km (~10.37 mi)

Toe Length: ~3.80 km (~2.36 mi)

Fingerprint Ridge: ~6.33 m (~20.76 ft)

Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran - nineteenth of May, 06:44 : ~5 km (~3.10 mi)

Estimated rate of growth: 5.18%/h

In the span of this short night, she grew by half her previous size. We must have been close to two kilometers high in the atmosphere, a third of the way as high as Mount Everest. Her feet are no doubt as big as the mountain chain by now, with the

highest clouds reaching only as far as her ankles. The ozone layer probably rests just above her knees, with her head now reaching at the bottom of the thermosphere.

I'm going to wake Lian up, we have a lot of distance to cover today if we want to reach somewhere safe. We also need to climb out of this deepening shaft and get a bearing on what Zhang Ran is doing.

19th of May, 20XX, 10:07

We've met others.

After we set out from inside the folds of her toe knuckle, we took a moment to admire our surroundings: the sprawling tract of skin, in a constant shift as it expanded outwards from all directions, continued for thousands of meters in every direction. The distant mass of her nail, south of us, reflected the sun heavily, acting as a sort of mirror. We were too far inside her for our view to see what lay around her. At the edge of our present world lay only clouds and the blue sky. While Lian and I were curious at our relative position on the old world, we also noticed a large patch of debris and dirt farther up her toe: the elements our titan had picked up last night.

Looking up, Ran seemed immobile. It was hard to see past her midsection, but it appeared she held one of her hands around her vagina, with her long fingers prodding the insides in a slow, massage-like way. Her other hand was grasping one of her breasts, with a finger flicking what appeared like an erect nipple. The movement of her vertiginous long hair floated in a way indicating a lack of gravity.

Ran was escaping her cradle. She was masturbating and enjoying in the simplest of terms her constant growth. At her size, her movement had to be deliberate and calculated in order to minimize damage.

Lian shook me out of my reverie. We departed for the field of debris.

There, in front of us stood the remnants of several different cities. A hill composed of dug up dirt, rocks, trees and even buildings stood in front of us. Standing on the edge of the mass, Lian pointed out the area where the soil had been deposited: Ran's skin was visibly speeding out from it. Like a decently fast treadmill, we saw ourselves being pulled farther away from the point we observed. It seems Zhang Ran dropped the materials in a sort of incline on her knuckle. The valley like structure of her bones here served as a sort of cup holder for the mess. Her body expanded, yet the different things she dropped stayed in place thanks to the curve.

Lian and I pushed forward, and reached the soil. Finally, a sort of stability. Only when we now surround ourselves with these relatively unmoving debris did the previous strange morphology of Ran appear to us in contrast. We climbed, going around large skyscrapers that stuck out of the dirt here and there. Their architecture differed from one to the other. Some seemed to be Chinese and Korean in construct, others more European or American. Everything was a blur.

It was about an hour of exploration later that we found the first survivor: a tall, young man was walking around, bare like us, pale of skin and red of hair. Lian ran to him, and I joined shortly. We quickly made sure he was alright, and explained the situation. The man was obviously lost, unable to comprehend what happened. We learned of others nearby.

It did not take long for us to assemble a group numbering close to twenty. Most had already removed their tattered clothes, and the few that didn't followed suit from the pressure of others. As the situation dawned on everyone, the implication provided us with the means to take a resolute decision: to see if we could make this patch of dirt on our giant being liveable. We had a wide variety of people present, with all sorts of skills.

A project was born.

As I've been writing this part, tremors have begun anew. I think Ran is moving herself again. This time though, we seem to be able to keep standing. She must be moving deliberately slowly.

I'm going to check on the others....

19th of May, 20XX, 15:59

After our initial encounters, and after having explained everything to everyone, I convinced all to follow Lian and I to the edge of the materials. It was then, as we were dividing the upcoming tasks among us, that a dark form blotted the sky: Zhang Ran's finger. We sat and looked upward as a long, smooth, nail of immense proportions approached above. It held in its form, in between the space that was under the nail, more debris and soil. A finger from Ran's other hand approached and gave a quick flick to the nail. I instructed everyone to cover their ears. Just in time, as the shockwave of the motion reached us after, piercing our bodies like a reverberating clap. Buildings, debris, mangled steel, vegetation, earthly soil and more fell from her. What was a small millimeter to her was tens and tens of meters to us.

Ran gave us more land, but even her careful attempt stopped just short of a new cataclysm for us. Again, the slope of the knuckle and the movement of her expansion condensed the materials around us, eventually connecting to the landmass.

Lian looked at me with a beaming smile. I admit that it was hard to hide my own. She was providing us with a path for the future. An ever important ray of hope that Zhang Ran was not the end, but a new beginning. She would be our shepherd. At the same moment that some of us started wondering about liquids, more precisely water, we noticed that the titan's hand had departed to dive deep into the hairy open sex that stood kilometers above our head. She rubbed her insides softly, before bringing her hand back down to us. There, at the tip of her finger, was a mass of her lubricant that amalgamated into a sphere. As it got closer to us, gravity started taking effect, and the liquid mass started elongating downward.

The single drop fell. Memories of yesterday filled my vision, back when her juices tore through an entire modern city. This time though, the drop fell just outside the land base. The liquid rolled off her dry skin cells before collecting around our soil. I walked toward it, Lian following me by just a few paces. I thought it smelled divine. A sort of sweet emanation. I plunged my hands in it, and drank. It smelled sweet because it -was- sweet. Just a smidge.

In just a few minutes, all of our group was bathing in the new river, drinking, laughing and playing. Wet and sticky from Ran's water, I embraced Lian and told her we would be okay. I was sure of it. Behind us, I even noticed seeds poking out of the upturned soil.

Already, a few hours have passed, and some of our group started to gather materials for construction. The ruined buildings were too dangerous to live in, but they could definitely be salvaged. We even welcomed a few more stragglers that noticed the commotion.

For my part, I'm sitting by a broken wall made of stone and cement. I'm looking upward, at Ran, as she's walking around. The view of her angled tibia shifts as it sets itself vertical, a result of her foot advancing forward, giving us a view of her now massively overgrown labia. In its shadows, I could see light amidst its folds. No doubt others have elected to live there. It seems the relative growth of her sex had slowed down some. Maybe the initial hormonal discharge was tapering down? I had no idea really, and all I can do now is speculate. Yet her sex was still something to behold, taking up most of the space between her upper thighs, with the labia folds pressing against her inner thighs as if trying to move her legs apart. An eternal reminder of a godlike engine of reproduction.

The view was short lived, as she kept moving her foot forward for her next step. As the angle progressed, I could now see her stomach and the underside of her hanging breasts. Again, in its darker corners, I saw light. It seems we were losing a planet, yet gained a living deity. While Ran ascended to godhood, we ascended to a new reality, one where our new natural environment would be sentient. Ran's face, deep in the upper atmosphere, was illuminated by the sun. Sharp light contrasted her beautiful facial features while also emphasizing her gaunt cheeks. Her voluminous long hair trailed constantly behind her now: gravity that high up probably did not have as strong a hold on them as it did in her previous life. A short rumble passed through the area. Her foot had landed, no doubt completely obliterating the earth's crust under it, and thus continuing her eternal motion, until her labia passed again overhead followed by the tense mass of her lower leg.

For now, I'm noting down her current measurements:

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran -nineteenth of May, 16:00-

Height: ~160.62 km (~99.80 mi)

Feet length: ~27.80 km (~17.27 mi)

Toe Length: ~6.32 km (~3.93 mi)

Hand Length: ~20 km (~12.45 mi)

Finger Length: ~8.96 km (~5.57 mi)

Fingerprint Ridge: ~10.5 m (~34.5 ft)

Breast Diameter: ~18.97 km (~11.79 mi)

Nipple Length: ~3.16 km (~1.96 mi)

Nipple Diameter: ~1.84 km (~1.15 mi)

Clitoris Diameter: ~1.58 km (~1 mi)

Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran -nineteenth of May, 16:00 : ~8.51 km (~5.29 mi)

Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran -nineteenth of May, 16:00 : ~142 m (~465 ft)

Estimated growth/second of Zhang Ran -nineteenth of May, 16:00 : ~2.36 m (~7 ¾ ft)

Estimated rate of growth: 5.30%/h

I write this, and these numbers make sense, but not the scale. The toe we are standing out looks unending, but I realize it is because we are looking at a surface that's almost as long as Mount Everest now.

The sole of just one of her feet is enough to utterly cover an average modern city.

Her clitoris, this mass of nerves existing only to pleasure her, could easily fill the Arizona meteor crater. I mentally pictured my visit of a few years past to the area, and knew that the vast expense I had witnessed that day could be easily filled by her erect clitoris, if not obliterate it.

Right now, though, Lian is calling me. I'll go help her prepare the area for the night.

19th of May, 20XX, 22:34

The sun sets over a distant ridge of Ran's toe knuckle. We've kept the time going according to the original location, but since she's moved around the planet, we for sure have displaced to a new time zone. The sun's orange rays are beaming almost horizontally now, illuminating a few of the shacks we've erected. A third of the crew left to explore the ruins to forage for food. Apparently some of them spotted parts of an old supermarket farther up the hill. Sam and Gertrud, two hardy northern european ladies, are busy preparing fields, and planting all the seeds they could find. I didn't get to speak to them much, but their well built bodies belies that they used to work on farms.

As for myself, I've been trying to find medical supplies. Perhaps tomorrow, I will also go foraging, and see if I could find any ruins related to the medical field. The idea of starting my profession again is strange, I admit. After all, this entire situation began with my expertise being requested to help Zhang Ran. It's not even been a full month, yet the skinny girl I once knew is now my entire plane of existence. Actually, not her, but simply a small part of her feet is our world. Yet her being is ever present to us should we simply look up. What of the future though? I'm left wondering about the coming days, and how we might perceive Zhang Ran as her main body gets further and further away from us, like an ever expanding universe. At least, it seems she's providing us with an atmosphere, a place to live, food and water. We have the essentials for now, but the hard work is ahead: rebuilding society.

The sun set, and Lian and I consumed ourselves again, behind rocks that could hide our carnal needs. Not that we had any shame of doing it in front of the others, we've already seen two go at it not tens of meters away from the main group, but simply out of a desire of personal intimacy. At least for me. Just for this moment. Lian's muscular thighs griped my waist with wild abandon at the same time my sex penetrated her. This was our birth, our absolution. All the guilt I felt left me at that moment. Life would begin anew here. My failure to cure Ran started a new world. It had been out of my hands since the beginning.

This, if you're reading, is the end of the genesis. Attached after this part are my predictions for the following days, and how Ran will compare to the old world. I'm sitting close to the edge of our world. Ran's skin will soon be expanding so fast that a single misstep outside the zone where the soil stays contained would see anyone being dragged away faster than they could run back. I will be leaving the writings on her skin, like a bottle to the sea, and come what may to them.

If you find this, and are lost, give a sign to the sky. Zhang Ran will see you, and she will provide for you. Every few hours, we all saw her give materials to diverse areas on her body. You do not have to suffer alone. She'll always be with you.

May we find utopia on our goddess.

Notes from Dr. Sutton

The following measurements are estimated for the start of each day, according to the original time zone location. The 20th starts in two hours, and so should be relatively close to her current size. Comments will follow each note.

20

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran - twentieth of May, 00:00 -

Height: ~243.55 km (~151.33 mi)

Feet length: ~42.14 km (~26.19 mi)

Toe Length: ~9.59 km (~5.96 mi)

Hand Length: ~30.36 km (~18.87 mi)

Finger Length: ~13.58 km (~8.44 mi)

Fingerprint Ridge: ~16 m (~52.5 ft)

Breast Diameter: ~28.77 km (~17.87 mi)

Nipple Length: ~3.16 km (~1.96 mi)

Nipple Diameter: ~4.79 km (~2.98 mi)

Clitoris Diameter: ~2.40 km (~1.5 mi)

Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran - twentieth of May, 00:00 : ~13.14 km (~8.17 mi)

Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran - twentieth of May, 00:00 : ~219 m (~718 ft)

Estimated growth/second of Zhang Ran - twentieth of May, 00:00 : ~3.65 m (~12 ft)

Estimated rate of growth: 5.40%/h

By tonight, her toe will officially be taller than Mount Everest. Her height of 200 km, while mind bending, is not yet enough to escape the Earth's gravity. Although no doubt she's influencing its values.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran - twenty-first of May, 00:00-

Height: ~887.41 km (~551.41 mi)
 Feet length: ~153.55 km (~95.41 mi)
 Toe Length: ~34.94 km (~21.71 mi)
 Hand Length: ~110.63 km (~68.75 mi)
 Finger Length: ~49.49 km (~30.75 mi)
 Fingerprint Ridge: ~58.23 m (~191.04 ft)
 Breast Diameter: ~104.81 km (~65.13 mi)
 Nipple Length: ~17.47 km (~10.85 mi)
 Nipple Diameter: ~10.19 km (~6.33 mi)
 Clitoris Diameter: ~8.73 km (~5.43 mi)

Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran - twenty-first of May, 00:00 : ~50.47 km (~31.36 mi)
Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran - twenty-first of May, 00:00 : ~841 m (~0.5 mi)
Estimated growth/second of Zhang Ran - twenty-first of May, 00:00 : ~14 m (~46 ft)

Estimated rate of growth: 5.69%/h

The ridge of her fingerprint could now hold several downtown buildings. Anyone stuck inside them would by now find it impossible to escape the labyrinthian ridges. Her height will have reached 800 km, and her head would have breached the thermosphere. Her shoulders and above are now neighbors of satellites. Should she decide to jump, she could probably escape the Earth's gravity field. Yet, for some reason, I do not anticipate her doing that.

Her weight at this point will put the Earth's crust under hard pressure, awakening countless volcanoes. By that point, I hope Zhang Ran will have created more communities of survivors.

Estimated measurements of Zhang Ran - twenty-second of May, 00:00-

Height: ~3455 km (~2147 mi)
 Feet length: ~598 km (~371 mi)
 Toe Length: ~136 km (~84.5 mi)
 Hand Length: ~431 km (~268 mi)
 Finger Length: ~193 km (~120 mi)
 Fingerprint Ridge: ~227 m (~744 ft)
 Breast Diameter: ~408 km (~254 mi)
 Nipple Length: ~68 km (~42 mi)
 Nipple Diameter: ~40 km (~25 mi)
 Clitoris Diameter: ~34 km (~21 mi)

Estimated growth/hour of Zhang Ran - twenty-second of May, 00:00 : ~206 km (~128 mi)
Estimated growth/minute of Zhang Ran - twenty-second of May, 00:00 : ~3.43 km (~2.14 mi)
Estimated growth/second of Zhang Ran - twenty-second of May, 00:00 : ~57 m (~188 ft)

Estimated rate of growth: 5.98%/h

At the height of 3 400 kilometers, Zhang Ran will now be almost as tall as the Earth's diameter. Her immense mass will probably make her orbit the Earth and vice-versa, the two locking in a tango for at least a day, until her mass quadruples by the next morning. Her 400 kilometers long hand would have no problem digging up whatever it desires from her. At this point, in three days, our community should be fixed on whether or not we are to survive this new world. On the 23rd, she will probably have to tackle with the planet Earth colliding with her.

I'm not worried about Ran.

Appendix

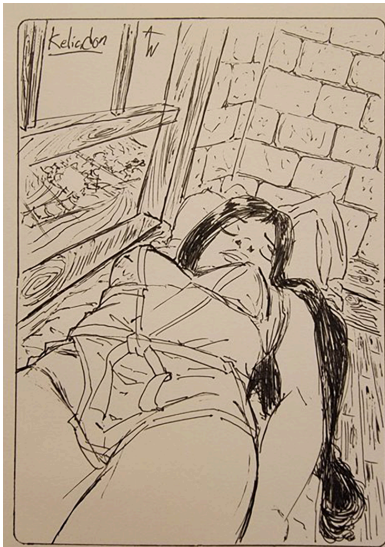
Zhang Ran Greeting Dr. Sutton - 196.52cm

By [Matsuy](#)



Zhang Ran

By Archie Williams



3rd of May, 20XX

The villagers energetically welcomed me upon my arrival. Most seemed to display a sort of relief. As a doctor, I knew this emotion all too well: that I would be the one to finally make things right. I hastily continued to the abode of the concerned family.

When I entered the house, the smell of dirt, typical of mold, assaulted my nostrils. Ran was laying on a wooden bench overflowing with comfy looking fabric, propped up against the wall. Her long, frail legs resting down in front of her, seemingly going on forever. She looked to be in her early twenties. Her well maintained silky hair spread down covering her seat and continued to cascade almost all the way to the floor in an imposing mass. The night gown she wore was obviously too small for her, while her legs and feet were kept bare. She seemed excessively skinny, the outline of a ribcage easily noticeable through the soft fabric she wore. This type of chronic undernourishment is usually common in villages such as this one.

I've always taken pride in my professionalism and detachment when it came to examining patients, but even I would admit that she awoke emotions deep within me. Her beauty was striking. The angles of her face were well pronounced, her elongated look giving her a sense of elegance, despite her somewhat emaciated form. This emaciation was mostly apparent when looking at the thinness of her legs and the pronounced veins on her feet and forearms, hinting at a very low percentage of body fat.

I asked her to get up, so that I could start measurements, and was left puzzled: yesterday's report claimed she would be around 170 centimeters tall, yet she definitely appeared taller than me. Much more than 180 centimeters. In any case, I proceeded to measure the patient and noted said measurements in this journal.

Ran asked me if she would be alright. I made sure to let her know there was no cause for concern. Late growth spurts is not something that is unheard of, and there are plenty of solutions in the off chance it's related to any pituitary gland problem. I told her mother and her to let me know if anything else happened, other than the unusual spurt, evidently. I pointed out to them the house I would be staying at for the night, and bid them farewell for the day. I will say though that I did notice a certain longing, not far from a dreamlike state, in Ran's eyes when I left the house.

After such a long, demanding day, I would welcome a nice bowl of rice, noodles and egg. Maybe a fresh beer, but I feel it's going to be hard to get here.

Zhang Ran's height: 196.52cm
- Dr. Sutton

- Exponential Log Redux, p.2



7th of May, 20XX

Even before I entered her place, the smell hit me like a wall. The deep, pungent scent of raw sex, humid and thick with a soft hint of body odour.

The door opened with difficulty: a thick, translucent liquid poured out. I stepped in, and noticed R's thick long hair sprawling on the entirety of the floor. The heat inside the house was unbearable, the same swampy sort as when you stand close to a body under heavy covers on a hot summer night.

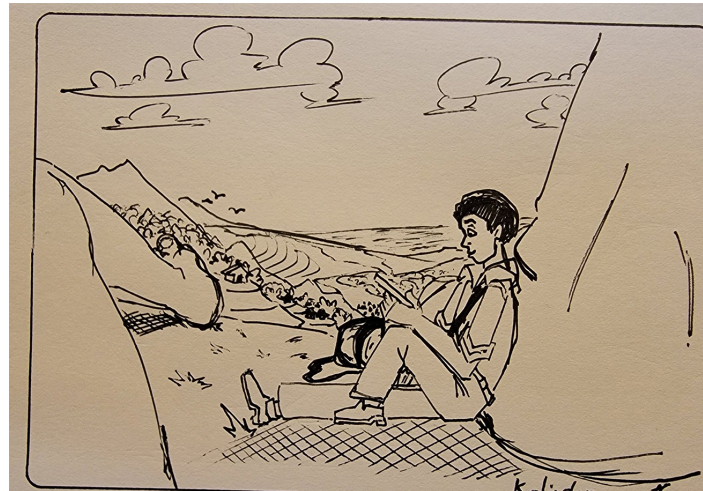
There, just a couple of meters in front of me, was a grotesquely sized vagina the size of my torso, overgrown with dense pubic hair and crowned with a large, fist sized clitoris. I now understood the liquid on the floor to be accumulation from her vaginal lubricant. Left and right of me were two feet, two thirds of my height, pressed deeply against the walls. Patient R was completely curled up. She laid on her back, her knees pressing against her breasts, displaying an important flexibility. Her head had traversed the common room and broke into the back kitchen.

Zhang Ran's height: ~8m
- Dr. Sutton

I asked if she was alright like this. She nodded. I told her the news of the hospital. I was expecting concern, or a sort of negative response. Instead, the more I went into details, the more she smiled. R understood that it was not she that was in a predicament... but us. Once done, I observed R. being pensive. She looked at me for a moment, and spoke. She told me of her past, of how sheltered she had been forced to be by her parents, former and adoptive, and how she was done with being bossed around. When she had become just a bit taller, she noticed everyone's behavior changing to one of submission, as if it was instinctive in humans. She even apologized for her lewd behavior, but told me it was out of her control: her body was burning with need. I told her it was probably due to a surcharge of specific hormones linked with her growth, but I'm not sure she understood.

A loud snap behind me broke our conversation. A large crack had appeared in the wall where her feet pressed. "Measure me", is all she said, with a sort of excitement.

- Exponential Log Redux, p.10



8th of May, 20XX

With all the data I've logged, I could now estimate her rate of growth per hour.

Now I'm not quite sure yet but it seems this means she grows around 2.3% per hour... for the moment. If the multiplication of her cells is exponential, like my colleague said, then it would be better to start thinking about my own future. Right now though, I will be enjoying my evening with her. Maybe I'll get to sleep with her again.

As I lay my back against the ankle of her foot, I feel the odd comforting warmth of her body. The calm before the storm...

Estimated height growth per hour of Zhang Ran - eight of May, 15:14 to 17:12 - : ~23 cm (~9 in)
Current height of Zhang Ran: ~12m
- Dr. Sutton

Polaroids of Zhang Ran
By Harbinger & Keliadom

6/5



height of 45 meters!

- Sutton

17/5



18.5 KM!?

*At this point:
we can't hide
Zhang Ran is everywhere...*

- Sutton

Zhang Ran : 18.56km - Feet 3.21 km



Zhang Ran
AI generated image that fits my vision of her

"She felt like someone in need, you know? When I first saw her in that house, it was as if her soul cried out to be released, to overcome all..."
- Dr. Sutton



By Keliadom - Zhang Ran - Exponential Log - AI Generated Image

Keliadom's notes:

When I set out to rewrite Exponential Log, I expected it to take me but a month, with just a quick inflation of the previous chapter I had written. Instead it grew into its own beast of more than 60 pages. I thoroughly hope you enjoyed this re-imagining of my first tale. Finally, after four months, it's complete.

I also want to thank everyone on Patreon and/or Buymeacoffee that supported me while writing this. Your words and patronage motivated me to make this possible.

I've learned a lot while rewriting this, and hope to keep making stories you will enjoy.

Thank you for reading!