

Beached!!

Alternia's oceans are pretty deep in comparison to other planets like it. It's no surprise, then, that those oceans end up with a wide variety of life, moreso than on land, and that some of that life ends up incredibly large.

The biggest thing in the ocean on Alternia dwells in its oceans. She's the troll lady, Feferi, and today she's decided to hang out near the waters off of a quite popular beach. Laying on her back, the 3900 foot seadweller has chosen to spend the day sunbathing. The curves of her body in form-fitting one-piece swimsuit follow the shape of the sand, her backside skirting barely below the surface of the water. Most of Feferi's buddies are busy doing other things, leaving her with naught but free time to spend however she wants today. And as far as she's concerned, disrupting the waves with her sheer immensity while feeling the warmth of rays passing through the water is uncontested.

At least, of the options she knew she had.

Feferi "inherited" her size, or at least the tendency for her size to increase. Her growth spurts were sporadic, unpredictable, and exponential. With long breaks in between, each bump up of her size was more powerful than the last, as though her growth were charging up each time. As though within her were a great hibernating leviathan, and each second her size spent stable was another foot of height the leviathan gave her during her growth spurts.

It had been nearly triple the amount of time since Feferi's last growth spurt.

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It had been exactly 0 seconds since Feferi's last growth spurt, already in progress.

The first indicator of anything different was a slight vibration. A distant chaos from somewhere. Stuff like that tends to vibrate through water really well, so she didn't make anything of it at first. On the shore, the very responsible lifeguard had spotted her tall horns poking out of the waves, and had assumed one of Alternia's vicious sharkwhalebeasts had decided to interrupt spring break with its huge, inconvenient body. That was only partially true – no mean monster was conspiring to eat trolls, but there WAS a huge, inconvenient body approaching.

What actually made Feferi wake up was a combination of things – the light bouncing off of the top of the water and into her goggles made her open her eyes, while the increased size of her hips pushed her butt (and her shoulders, propped up by her chest and her arms) to the surface. The wind over the waves was a slightly chilly sensation compared to the calm warmth of the ocean. Lastly, when her head rose out of the water, she finally placed the commotion she had been sleeping through as taking place on the shore.

Of course, sunbathing in the ocean doesn't exactly make you totally aware of your surroundings at first. Especially not when you have an absolute cloud of hair that reaches almost all the way to your ankles. That head of hair had been floating about in the water, so Feferi momentarily had to deal with thousands of feet of dark wet locks over her face before she could figure out why all the little folk were yelling. She settled for a quick, majestic hair flip, launching Alternia's seas in a majestic arc over her as she rose into a sit.

Thing is, it wasn't immediately obvious when looking at all the tiny trolls scurrying around on the shore, either. She looked over both shoulders to check for something else in the water, but the only important thing on the horizon was her. But that didn't really make sense – her presence wasn't necessarily evacuation-worthy. They knew her! Or at least, they knew about her! So why all the fuss –

You can't blame gigantic, precious, awe-inspiring Feferi too much, though. The difference between 3900 feet and an entire mile is a little difficult to discern when you're that big. You need some external reference point to understand. Like, for instance, the layers of hardened sandstone which form the roof of a vast, underground sea-cave underneath the beach's sands collapsing under her weight.

CRRRAK, BOOOOOM, KRACK-SPLOOSH!

For Feferi, it was no worse than falling out of a chair. In fact, she only sunk from her lower hips to her navel. In terms of the objective landscape, however, it was a bit more significant. The pocket beneath the ground rapidly filled with water and her thighs, the ocean dipping and splashing upwards, sending an immense tide of what swimmers remained in the water crashing onto the soft sands. The water kept pushing all the way to the edges of where the sand met the main ground, before retracting and slithering back into the ocean, shallower than before, but not by any amount that could be discerned. Her feet pushed back through the uncollapsed sections of the cave deeper into the water before tearing through them like cardboard. Eventually the entire undersea cave had been flattened out into a set of rocks covered in sand, with even those chunks being crushed beneath her weight into increasingly small granules until the difference between sandstone and sand was blurred. Then, just as quickly as she'd sunk, Feferi's expanding body caused her to push back up, until she was once again only thigh-deep in water sitting down.

"OOOO)(, I S--EA. I'M G--ETTING BIGG--ER AGAIN! 380 " Feferi's voice echoed out over the waves. "SORRY FOR INT--ERRUPTING YOUR B--EAC)(DAY, FOLKS!!"

For a brief moment, the panicking on the beach stopped. Everyone was staying off the shore except for one troll, though, listening to her before they decided it was safe.

"ISL-E DO MY B---EST TO R-E-EL T)(IS GROWT)(SPURT IN, SO DON'T WORRY!! 38) COM---E BACK AND)(ANG OUT ON T)(E S)(OR--E AND WATC)(IF YOU WANT TO!"

Everybody could see perfectly well from where they were, and nobody moved. So instead, Fef focused on herself for a moment. The adaptability of the nanomachines in her suit meant that as long as she didn't grow too fast, her suit could keep up with her height. Same went for her goggles, though she thought she might as well access the computers in them to message all her busy buddies to let them know.

Approaching 6800 feet, Feferi focused her gaze down at the shore, eventually spotting the single troll who wouldn't let the buxom, ultra-titanic troll blocking the sun just behind her get in the way of his relaxing in the shade. With a single fingertip, Fef brushed away some of the other numerous loungers, parasols, portable pavilions, and towels in the way of her getting a better look at the troll quickly blending in size-wise with the sand.

As she leaned over to look at him, her shadow fell over the rest of the beach. Noting the blocked sun, the pint-sized sunbather took off his sunglasses and nearly fell out of his seat at the titanicly curvaceous sea-troll rising out of the ocean like a skyscraper.

Carefully and slowly, Feferi reached down to pinch him, brushing away a small trench of sand with her fingers to make sure she was grabbing him and not his entire general area. It was precise to grab the comparably 1 mm tall troll, but Fef always liked brave (or at least, oblivious enough to pass for brave) playmates. She turned her hand upward and rolled her fingers together so the minute troll guy would slip around her fingerprints and roll towards her palm. As she watched the dot tumble, she curved her fingers so her nails would catch him if he kept rolling. Eventually, the sea-empress watched her catch settle in the middle of her hand, so she lifted it up to her goggles to inspect a bit closer.

“L---ET’S S--EA...” Her voice nearly blew him back, though the slight hills of her palm kept the flustered troll in place.

In her palm was someone probably about her age, if she had to guess. Moderate build, just wearing a swimsuit, looked like a pretty good swimmer/athlete. He was blushing and squirming a bit in his spot. The giantess’ immediate impression of him was that he’d make a pretty good toy to help make this session of expanding more enjoyable for her. She decided to tease him a bit, first.

“YOU’R----E QUIT---E A TINY CUUUTI---E, AR--EN’T YOU! 38D SUP--ER SORRY ABOAT BLOCKING YOU OUT W)(IL---E YOU W-ER-E TANNING! I CAN’T K---ELP B-EING SO BIG T)(OUG)(!” She punctuated this with a giggle, while slowly and stealthily lowering her palm below her chest. Her super-sized breasts, kept tight in her one-piece, shook with her giggle.

She was uncomfortable sitting on her calves, so she lifted one still-growing leg after the other out of the water until she was sitting in a V, trapped most of the rest of the beachgoers around the shoreline between her legs. At a nice, but still monumental 8000 feet, Fef thought she was starting to feel the growth slow down...

Until she heard a pop, on her scale, followed by a slow but consistent ripping sound and a slight feeling of the breeze and waves along her mid and lower back. Just as suddenly, the gray tower of Feferi’s body bumped and hiccuped upward, faster and faster. At first, it sort of felt like only her viewpoint was being lifted upward, since she couldn’t see all of her own body beneath the clouds as she grew up through them. However, she felt small shacks, sand, plants, and huge stretches of water sink long the edges of her legs and butt, in quicker and quicker bursts until she was growing in a single, continuous and fast-increasing upsurge in the growth throughout her body. The rush of power was punctuated by the rush of air against her gray skin as even the highly sophisticated one-piece designed to keep up with her growth struggled to do so. Its self-replicating fabric stretched tighter on her body, tearing along seams and where her body was thickest, until it at last gave up, exploding off of her massiver-by-the-second body, then falling like a spent balloon before it, too, was swallowed up beneath her ever expanding and now nude form.

Her growth temporarily slowed down to a crawl again, but didn’t stop quite yet, and as Fef caught her breath from marveling at it all, she suddenly became quite aware that she was now well over a dozen times her previous height, her horns reaching up through 20 miles. With a simple shift of her sitting, clouds parted in the sky all around her, and she watched as her hips, thighs, heels and butt fell

and sunk into the ground they were sitting on, digging moderate makeshift craters into the earth. Thankfully, she thought, she had mostly grown with the beach acting as the center, her butt now in deeper waters that barely reached halfway up to her hip. She was pretty conscious of the fact that the unsmushed beach in front of her was now treated to a view of her miles-far thighs, trapped between three walls, the third of which was her immense sex. This whole experience was quite embarrassing, but also exhilarating. She could hardly see any particular dustfleck of troll on the beach. And the troll in her hand...

“A)(, WOOPS 38P I GU---ESS I DIDN’T KNOW I WAS GOING TO K---EP ON G---ETTING SO MUC)(BIGG---ER! IT MIG)(T B---E KIND OF DIFFICULT TO PUT YOU BACK DOWN W)(---ER---E I PICK---ED YOU UP FROM SAF----ELY...)(OW ABOUT I MAK---E IT UP TO YOU BY PUTTING YOU...)(---ER----E!”

With her other forearm, she propped up her exposed breasts, the immense areola brushing past the upper limits of the cloud layer of Alternia as they shook from her little tease. She couldn’t exactly make out the reaction of the troll on her palm without zooming in on his little expression. Her goggles, miraculously having kept up with her despite everything else having given up, helped with that much. Shaking and blushing up a storm, the troll guy couldn’t exactly say no when half of his perspective was filled with the sea goddess’ cleavage. Pressing her wrist just below her nipple, she lifted her palm until her new toy friend slipped, rolling then falling towards her fuschia nub. Fef actually felt him land, surprisingly, and all the better, since he’d need to hold on there to avoid falling further.

“(OLD ON TIG)(T, LITTL---E GUY! I PROBUBBLY STILL)(AV---E A W)(OL-E BUNC)(OF GROWING TO DO! MAK---E YOURS)(---ELLF AT)(OM---E! 38) I’LL TRY NOT TO JOSTL---E YOU TOO MUC)(OR ANYFIN!”

The landscape below her starting to look more like a textured map than a place she could walk around in, Fef decided not to get up during this last chunk of her latest growth spurt. She felt huge swathes of Alternia’s oceans be displaced beneath her weight, the tectonic plates getting displace by her giga-sized heft. Her legs, at first occupying a small city’s area, soon started reaching to cities on the horizon, then past those as Fef blossomed up and out of the atmosphere. Land masses’ edges became visible just as quickly as they became beneath her, and the sensation of things vanishing and being smushed flat beneath her buttocks and crotch was just as perfect and thrilling as feeling her feet gradually dig and plow through vast stretches of countryside. The tickle of it all was a bit overstimulating and too much to focus on, so as carefully as she could, Feferi gradually stood up. Her feet splashed through the oceans, each wiggle of any one of her toes displacing enough water to cover an island. She took a single step, the disorientation of her growth nearly making her trip as she ended up stomping a lot harder than she’d ever meant to on the nearby continent. Before she could process just how deep the footprints she was leaving were, her growth rate accelerated again, then again...

Then again...until...

Feferi quickly became aware of how she could see both horizons while looking straight down past her chest. The planet beneath her became the relative size of a single house, and shrinking gradually beneath her tread by the minute. Each footstep shook not just the planet, but her own footing, too. Some of the planet’s atmosphere was creeping up along her body from her own gravity at this point. By the time it was the size of an exercise ball, it was already too late to jump off, and her attempt merely spun it quickly. She stopped it before it spun away from her as it shrunk relative to her to the size of a basketball by holding it between her feet. After that she pulled away and floated above

it. Her own size pulled the planet towards her more than she was towards it, so she swam through space to let it float up in front of her.

And then, just like that, Fef's latest growth spurt halted. She marveled, hair floating in all directions behind her, at the tiny ball of a planet in front of her face. Seeing marks of her clumsy growth spurt and accidental rampage across the planet's surface and the immense seatprint made her feel a bit awkward. She quickly dusted off her soles and butt of Alternia debris, hoping that nobody was still in that stuff.

While she marveled at the orb she'd been living on, and the planet marveled at their sky being filled with the sight of their naked heiress-apparent, Feferi got one more cute idea to test out.

She took a hand to her left rumblesphere, holding her boob up a bit and floating as gently and as close to the planet as she could without touching it. Eventually, she got the comparison she was fishing for, and grinned. Her left tit was, on its own, more massive (and by this point, rounder) than the entire planet of Alternia. Side by side, it was undeniable that either of her boobs outclassed it in terms of size, nevermind its moons, which had decided to spin around the troll lady's waist instead.

"OOOOO)(, T)(AT'S SO CUT-----E! MY C)(-EST IS ---EV--EN BIGG---ER T)(AN ALT--ERNIA NOW,)(U)(! ALL YOU T---E---ENY TINY TROLLS DOWN T)(--ER--E WOULD)(AV---E MOR---E ROOM LIVING ON MY BOOBS,)(E-E)(-E-E~!"

For the moment, Feferi kept teasing the entire planet, drinking it all in. Her post-planetary scale was so enthralling that for the moment her mind was away from the obvious but somewhat inconvenient fact that, like the rest of her growth spurts, this new size was long-term. She could probably contact friends both on and off-planet to help with using troll tech to cheat herself to different or manageable size temporarily, of course. But for now, the sea-troll hadn't yet progressed to the "getting used to it" part of being a nude, planet-dwarfing leviathan lady stuck in space.

It might be accurate to say this *is* a normal day for Feferi, considering this was her new normal

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Something she'd be much happier to be reminded of later, however, is the troll she'd taken from the beach, who during the extreme parts of her growth, had taken shelter in the gaps, creases and ducts of her nipple, and was now a bit trapped on her spongy beach of interior breast flesh, overlooking a slowly rising tide of tyrian milk. Aside from there being less light and more liquid, everywhere, it wasn't actually that different a change in environment, all things considered. There was some of the atmosphere in there with him, of course, but he mainly couldn't climb back out, so his main options were to go swimming while he waited it out until Fef felt his comparatively smaller-than-microscopic self in there. Planetary, too-enthralled-with-how-big-she-is-to-pay-attention-right-now, Feferi Peixes.