

GTS Growth Story Compilation

1st Ed., Rev. 3, October 31st, 2003

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Disclaimer

The material presented in this document is of an adult nature and should not be viewed by anyone under the age of eighteen(18) or twenty-one(21), depending upon your local age of majority. The material presented contains themes of women and/or men growing to unrealistic heights, and involves destruction, violence, and death, in addition to sexual situations. If you find any of these offensive, do not read further.

In addition, this document is a compilation of works collected from various sources throughout the internet. No attempt was made to contact the creators or owners of these works, and the Editor assumes no responsibility for inaccuracies, plagiarism, fraud, or defamatory speech contained within said works. Complaints regarding these matters can be directed toward: dimbulb_b_i@yahoo.com.

Introduction

Being a lurker in the GTS community for years has had particular perks, not the least of which being the considerable amount of material available for one's perusal at absolutely no cost nor effort. Being a lurker is an easy job, and perhaps this is why there are several hundred lurkers for every serious author out there. These artists are kings(and, possibly, queens) among us lower folk, and their work should be treasured. After all, we rely on their works for so much of our entertainment, and the least we can do is respect their efforts.

Unfortunately, this has rarely been the case. GTS writing, like all erotic writing, is a highly disposable medium, and many good stories have been lost forever on many message boards all over the internet. Thankfully, a number of individuals in the community have catalogued these stories online, preserving them for the enjoyment of other readers. As well, many authors and website curators have also created new message boards by which individuals can share these lost stories with the world. Because of this, there are, by any good estimate, a bookshelf's worth of GTS stories online. While the number of these sites is too large to permit me to name all of them, suffice it to say that, through their time, money, and effort, they have kept this community alive throughout the years.

It is therefore as both a gesture of thanks to both of these groups of people that I decided to do two things: collect together some of my favorite stories that I have read over the years, and

then publish those stories in a convenient, printable, and easy-to-read format. The layout and organization are close to professional typesetting standards. I have chosen the Adobe Portable Document Format(PDF) because it is fairly well-distributed, and is far easier on the eyes and for printing than any other format available. Also, I have converted these files into two separate Device Independent Document(DVI) files. These files, when used correctly, create double-sided pages that can be stacked and then folded to produce a readable booklet.

If you would like to contact me, I can be reached at dimbulb_b_i@yahoo.com. If you're an author that I've included and would like to submit corrections or would like your piece removed from future revisions of this edition, use the subject heading, "CORRECTION - Edition # Revision #" If you would like to request a story for inclusion into a future edition, use the subject heading "REQUEST" If you are an author and would like your work to be featured in a future edition, here are the general guidelines for submission:

1. If possible, provide a plain-text attachment(in .txt format, not copied into the body of the email), free from extraneous formatting(eg. word wrap should be used, rather than hitting the return key at the end of each line).
2. Try to proofread your work as much as possible. This is important, because if there are errors, I will be forced to make corrections at my discretion, and trust me, that's not a good thing.
3. As a matter of principle, I am keeping my focus toward growth stories, and thus, will only be accepting submissions of stories that detail growth.
4. *Do not* submit a story that you do not hold exclusive copy-right over. Requests are for other people's stories. If you wish to provide a copy of the story when you request it, that is fine, but make sure it follows these same guidelines.

Also, if you would like to use this file on your website, you may do so without expressed permission from myself. In fact, I encourage you to share this with as many people as you can. However, I do request that you send me an email with the URL of where the file will be located.

Finally, I would once again like to thank everyone in the community for providing me with years of entertainment.

Lurker for five years and counting,

Dimbulb

Chapter 1

The Binge, or Think Mega

By LBP

Lucy watched as Alisha lifted the bar up and exhaled, then slowly set the bar back down and repeated the move. She watched the sweat lightly form at Alisha's brow and was captivated by Alisha's tightening muscles. Lucy counted at almost a whisper. She found herself attracted to Alisha, but didn't think Alisha would feel the same. She wondered if Alisha would be mad at her. Lucy realized she had counted to the limit.

"That's ten," she said coming out of her day dream. Lucy took a drink from the water bottle.

Alisha set the bar down with a groaning sigh. Alisha sat up from the bench and reached out for the water bottle. Lucy handed it over. Alisha drank like she hadn't tasted water before.

"You're looking good today," Lucy said.

"No, I'm not. Look at me, I'm fat," Alisha stood taking another drink. Alisha was in no way fat. She was six foot six with shapely hips and large 38C breasts, but not fat. She had

toned muscle all up and down her body which looked really good with her naturally tan skin. She pulled a bit of her auburn hair back and looked at Lucy with round, hazel eyes.

Lucy watched as Alisha towered over her, “You’re not fat. You’re just big.”

“Everyone’s big to you,” Alisha smiled. She was right. Lucy was four foot eleven, if even that. She had a skinnier build than Alisha, with 34C’s and a tight little butt. She really didn’t need to work out in Alisha’s opinion.

Lucy tied her long brown hair back and set her hands on her hips, “Are we done?”

“No,” Alisha answered.

“No?” Lucy asked surprised. “Aren’t you tired?”

“Yes, but. . . sitting around being tired isn’t making me smaller.”

“Alley, nothing’s going to make you smaller,” Lucy sighed. “I told you, you’re six and a half feet tall. You’re just big. Brooke Shields is big, too.”

“Is Brooke Shields six and a half feet tall?”

“I don’t know. You’re both just big,” Lucy answered unsure who won the argument.

“Yeah and I hate being big,” Alisha said looking into the mirror. Seeing herself next to Lucy made her realize just how large she was.

“Look at me, I’m huge. Big arms, big legs, big ass.”

“But it’s a nice ass,” Lucy answered without thinking. She quickly corrected herself. “You don’t have a flat bottom. It’s very curvy. Like Jennifer Lopez. Guys like that.”

Alisha full lips formed a smile, “You think so?”

“Honey, I know. I am waaaay to little for some guy’s tastes.”

“Yeah well, I still hate being big.”

“Come on, I’ll take you to lunch.”

“No, it’s all right. I’m not eating. Haven’t eaten in two days.”

Lucy folded her arms, “You’re going to make yourself sick like that, it’s not going to make you smaller.”

Before Alisha could answer, Ted was walking over to Lucy and Alisha. He was about six two and you'd never know he was a body builder just by looking at him because he had a rather lean body type.

"Hey ladies," smiled to them.

"Hey," Alisha said quietly. She never knew what to say to him.

"Hello, Teddy Bear," Lucy grinned.

"Hey, ummm... Alisha," Ted ventured. He looked at Lucy quickly and Lucy understood to walk away. "I was just wondering if you'd like to go out Saturday night. Maybe just the usual dinner and a movie?"

"Ummm... yeah. That sounds good," Alisha nodded in a daze.

"Great," he grinned. "We'll talk some more tomorrow. I've got to go right now, so I'll see you later. Bye."

"Bye," Alisha waved. Ted walked away and Lucy walked up again.

"See," Lucy said to Alisha. "There's nothing wrong with you."

"Yeah," Alisha answered. But in her head, she felt even bigger than before. Lucy seemed to get smaller and smaller as she chattered on about how everything was fine.

"Right?" Lucy finished.

"No," Alisha answered. Lucy became full size again. "Now I've got to look even smaller."

"Just stop thinking about it," Lucy sighed trying to be as positive as possible. "Let's just get something to eat."

Lucy led Alisha to the gym's cafeteria. Alisha went along with her, she was feeling a little hungry anyway.

The two women were sitting down in the gym's cafeteria, eating a quick lunch. Lucy's was quick, but Alisha was still eating.

“I’ve never seen you pack it in like that before,” Lucy said watching as Alisha ate.

“I haven’t eaten for two days,” she said. “And I just finished working out.”

Lucy quickly decided to change the subject, “So what are you going to wear?”

“See, I don’t know,” Alisha answered between forkfuls. “Ted was in a hurry and he didn’t say where.”

“Well, I think you should wear that white pant suit. It looks good on you,” Lucy said.

“Yeah, that’s what I’ll wear,” Alisha set down her fork.

“Done?”

“Yep.”

Lucy and Alisha stood to empty their trays and return them to the cafeteria. Lucy watched as Alisha walked away. Was there something different about her? Lucy wasn’t sure.

That night, Alisha got home from the gym feeling tired and just ready to chill in front of the tube all night. She walked into her bedroom and stood in front of the wall mirror. She WAS big. But she was muscular. She looked at her flat, tight stomach. Her waist was rather narrow. She had big breasts and toned legs. Alisha turned around and looked at her backside. Lucy was right, she did have a big, tight, curvy butt. Alisha smiled to herself, “I am big, and whats wrong with that?”

Just then, her tummy rumbled. She walked into the kitchen and fixed herself a big dinner.

The next day at the gym, Lucy found Alisha taking a more relaxed

approach to her workout. Lucy looked Alisha, she was wearing a pink T-shirt that more than accentuated her large breasts

and she had on what looked like a pair of black Capri pants. Alisha sat up from the curl-up bench to see Lucy.

“Hi,” Lucy said.

“Hey,” Alisha smiled wiping the sweat from her forehead.

“Want to get on the bench press yet?” Lucy asked.

“Nope. I’m taking it slow today,” Alisha grinned, running her hands through her shoulder length auburn hair.

“Well I’m glad to hear it,” Lucy smiled.

“Yeah,” Alisha said standing up. “I thought about what you said and you were right. I’m just big.”

Lucy was beginning to regret her words because Alisha towered over Lucy more than ever.

Am I getting smaller, Lucy thought to herself.

“Hi, Lucy. Hi, Alley,” Ted smiled walking over to them. “Hey Alley, I was thinking we could go see that new Angelina Jolie movie tonight.”

“Oh, I wanted to see that,” she smiled to him. “You know, some people say I look like her.”

“You’re much more gorgeous than she is,” Ted grinned.

Lucy rolled her eyes but Alisha just laughed and tilted her head back to drink from her water bottle. As the water emptied down her throat, Alisha’s breasts ballooned and her shirt seemed to become visibly tighter. Lucy watched in amazement as her friends clothes became tighter. She looked to Ted who was equally amazed. Alisha’s stomach was now exposed and her pants gripped so tight against her body you could clear see the muscle underneath.

“Can I talk to you for a sec?” Lucy asked.

“Sure,” Alisha answered.

“No, not you,” Lucy took Ted by the arm and walked away him.

“I guess,” Ted said as he was led away. “What is it?”

Lucy only answered at a safe distance, “It’s Alisha.”

“And...?”

“Does she seem, I don’t know... bigger to you?”

“Bigger?” Ted almost laughed. They stopped walking.

“Shhh!” Lucy ordered. “She is very sensitive about her size and I think she’s somehow. . . growing.”

“I think,” Ted said quietly, “that you’re just hanging around too many tall people.”

“What did you say?”

“You’re only, what? Four foot ten?”

“Four eleven,” Lucy answered as if the other inch mattered.

“Everyone must look huge to you. Its all psychological,” he continued a bit louder.

Lucy was starting to get mad, “All right. Fine. I don’t care.”

“Hey, I’ve got to get going,” Ted said. “Bye.”

Ted walked away and Lucy stood there thinking, “Maybe I am getting smaller.”

“What was that about?” Alisha asked, surprising Lucy from behind.

Lucy turned around quickly finding Alisha’s breast hanging over her head.

Lucy answered as fast she could, “I just told him if he’s a jerk to you, he’ll have to answer to me.”

“Awwww,” Alisha laughed and hugged Lucy close. Lucy felt even smaller in Alisha’s giant arms. She could imagine herself shrinking, shrinking, shrinking until she slipped through Alisha’s arms. Alisha was a giantess and Lucy stood at only 9 inches high at her feet. Alisha peered down at Lucy over her huge chest with a big smile, “Oh look how cute.”

She picked up the little Lucy and cradled her in her arms, next to her huge, firm breasts.

“Are you hungry?” Alisha said in a motherly tone and she lifted her shirt. Lucy began breast feeding, sucking Alisha’s milk. Lucy suckled and watched as her own breasts swelled bigger and her clothes pulled tighter. Then Lucy felt a strange but familiar sensation. She started shrinking more. Lucy spat out Alisha’s nipple and was now only three inches high with the body of goddess. Lucy’s day dream ended when the hug ended.

“I’m gonna get something to eat,” Alisha pointed to the cafeteria. “Want anything?”

“Oh, no, no, thanks,” Lucy answered uneasily.

“Are you sure? You don’t even want a little something?”
Alisha said holding up her thumb and forefinger.

“No really,” Lucy answered. “I’m fine.”

“Not just a little, tiny bit?” Alisha squeaked.

“No, you go ahead.”

“OK,” Alisha walked to the cafeteria. Lucy watched her walk away wondering if it was just all in her mind.

That night, Alisha started getting ready for her date with Ted. She practically had to peel off her workout clothes. She opened up her closet and took out the white pant suit. She put on the pants. They fit snugly, but she didn’t let it bother her, “They must have shrunk in the wash.”

Alisha was about to put on a blouse but then thought, why bother? She simply put on the jacket, letting the V-shape of the suit perfectly accentuate her cleavage. Putting on shoes was another problem all together. None of her shoes seemed to fit. Alisha refused to be bother by it and so she put on a pair of sandals and was done with it. At the restaurant, Ted easily found Alisha. She was a head taller than everyone else there. She didn’t seem to notice but it bothered Ted a little. No, he thought, its just what Lucy said, Alisha is just probably wearing heels. But when Ted stood next to Alisha he found she wasn’t wearing heels and she was taller than usual. He was about to say something, but then he remembered what Lucy told him about how sensitive Alisha was about her size.

“How are you?” he asked instead.

“Good. But starving,” she smiled. The waiter took them to a table and they sat down. Alisha ordered immediately while Ted decided to take a few minutes.

“You must be hungry,” Ted said as he watched Alisha eat some appetizers.

“Oh, yeah,” she said with a mouthful of food. Ted watched in amazement. Was she getting bigger? No, that’s impossible, he thought.

Alisha then took a big drink from her water glass. Sure enough, just like before, her breasts pulled tighter and tighter against the suit jacket as they ballooned. She seemed to be ballooning, and becoming taller, too. She didn’t seem to notice though and set the glass down. Ted had an uneasy expression on his face.

“You must think I’m a pig,” Alisha said to him.

“Oh, no,” Ted didn’t want to complicate the situation any more than it was. “You’re just hungry.”

Alisha felt better and was still hungry, so she continued to eat. And eat. Her body was becoming slightly bigger with every bite. Alisha felt her clothes becoming tighter and realized how large her breasts were, squeezed into the suit. She felt big again and all the self-conscious feelings came back to haunt her. The chair snapped with her weight, and broke, Alisha fell onto the floor. Ted rushed to help her up, but Alisha was too embarrassed and so the nine foot giantess ran out into the night, crying to herself. She was headed for home, until she became hungry again and walked to the nearest supermarket. Once inside, she didn’t bother taking a shopping cart. She began eating food right off the shelves. Maybe she was hungry from all the running. Or maybe it was something bigger. Shoppers watched, some in shock, some almost ready to laugh, as Alisha ate and ate. She grew with every bite. Her clothes pulled tighter on her, until they were skin tight. A manager walked over to the 12 foot woman who was kneeling by the chips. He tapped her on the shoulder, “Miss, if you could just—”

Alisha turned to him, chewing and stood to her new full height of 15 feet. The manager found himself eye level with her thighs. Her belly overhead was straining against the buttons of the pant suit and her breasts had stretched the V-shape into a U-shape. She continued to eat and grew. The manager watched as the buttons to her jacket blew off and her legs towered higher and

higher. Her pants ripped into a skirt. Alisha was now twenty-five feet tall and so she stepped over the aisles when she spotted the produce section and began gorging herself there. A crowd of shoppers formed to watch her as she ate and grew. She soon became fifty feet tall and finished the produce.

She had very little room left in the store and so she stood up, busting through the roof. The people scattered, screaming, and Alisha grabbed more food. She continued eating and eating and eating, her body growing larger and larger and larger with every bite.

Ted got onto his cell phone and called Lucy, who was in the process of measuring herself. She dropped the tape measure to answer the phone, "Hello?"

"Lucy, its Ted. I think you were right. She broke a chair."

"She threw it?"

"No sitting on it. I don't know, it looked like she was growing."

"Where is she now?"

Alisha was now a hundred feet tall in the wreckage of the supermarket. She was scooping up food in packages and in cans and swallowing them. It didn't matter what the food was, just so long as she put it in her huge, growing belly.

"More," she moaned. "I need more!"

Without even thinking she scooped up a handful of shoppers and tossed them in her mouth. She grew and grew. Alisha's body was becoming firmer, tighter and larger.

"Mmmmmm, more..." she boomed at three hundred feet and tossed more people into her mouth. "I'm so hungry."

She tossed another handful of a hundred or so people and expanded to 500 feet in height. Finding that the supermarket had no more food, and the people were all running away, Alisha began walking into the city.

"I'm going to go look for her," Ted said quickly into the phone. "Before she gets too big."

Alisha's huge feet thundered down the street as she grazed for more food. She spotted a crowd of people waiting in line at

the movie theater and before they could run, grabbed them up. She poured them down her throat, growing larger with every body. Some people bounced around her huge face, falling like crumbs to the ground. Alisha easily picked up the tasty crippled morsels and popped them in her mouth.

“Mmmmm. . .,” she thundered. “More!”

But as she had become bigger, the people were too small for her to grab easily. Alisha had to find new sustenance.

“Uhhhh, Ted,” Lucy said slowly.

“Yeah?”

“How big is too big?”

“I think anything over ten feet is pretty big.”

“Well, Alley is waaaay over too big,” Lucy said as she watched Alisha pass by her apartment on the twenty-third floor.

“How big are we talking?”

“Ted, I’m surprised you don’t see her from where you are.”

Ted looked up and across the street. Alisha’s head was moving through the skyline of the city, “Oh my god! Lucy? Lucy?!”

But Lucy didn’t answer. The phone then hung up.

“Lucy?”

“Sir,” an officer said to Ted. “We need you to evacuate.”

“Why?”

“Are you kidding me?” the officer pointed to the giantess in the distance.

“Hey, Alisha wouldn’t hurt a fly,” Ted said defensively.

“No, but she’d apparently eat a thousand people,” the cop answered.

“Hey, you know her?”

“Yeah.”

“Come with me.”

Alisha was becoming hungrier by the moment, what’s more, she hadn’t eaten in over two minutes. The unbearable urge rose and

in a fit of frustration she took a massive, lashing bite out of a building. She crunched on it, finding that her teeth could withstand chewing the metal, glass, and cement. She even got a little taste of people in it. She began snacking on the building, growing firmer, tighter and larger with every bite. After devouring all seventy feet of the tower, Alisha stood at 2000 feet.

Lucy was on the roof of her apartment building watching as Alisha's giant body turned.

"Alisha!" Lucy screamed. "Aleeee-shaaaa!"

She somehow managed to get the attention of the behemoth and the colossal woman looked down at the roof.

"Aleesha!" Lucy shouted. "It's me! It's Lucy!"

Alisha knelt down beside the building, Lucy could only watch as her enormous friend crushed buildings with her butt. Alisha sat so that the apartment building rested in her cleavage. Lucy looked on either side of the building at the huge, tan orbs that were Alisha's breasts. Lucy looked up at Alisha's huge face.

"Lucy?" the giantess seemed to have a hard time remembering. "Lucy, YOU'RE SO TINY. AND I'M SO BIG."

"I know Alley!" Lucy was becoming tired of shouting. "You have to stop eating!"

"BUT I'M SO HUNGRY," Alisha said going back into her trance-like state of eating. She ripped the top fifty stories off the nearest building and started eating it. Lucy watched as Alisha's body grew and grew. Alisha's breasts were becoming so big that the apartment building was cracking at the sides.

Lucy began to panic, "Alisha! Alisha, stop! Alisha!"

But Alisha didn't hear her, she just kept eating and growing. Her breasts overpowered the apartment building and clapped together. The building was crushed and Lucy was shot into the air, screaming, past Alisha's giant growing face. Alisha didn't hear her mite-sized friend. Lucy screamed as she fell forever into Alisha's abyssal cleavage. Alisha rose to her new full height of 3000 feet and held her belly, "I NEED MORE."

She swept up some more buildings and ate and ate. She grew and grew.

By now her body had taken on fantastic proportions. Her breasts were, proportionately, E-cups and almost completely spherical. Her hips were also totally semicircular and muscular. They flowed into muscular thighs and legs. Her waist was still narrow and her belly had the hint a rippling muscle. Her butt was round, firm and tight. She was also now 4000 feet tall.

"I'M SO THIRSTY," she boomed. Alisha walked to the nearest lake and knelt down by it. Lucy screamed as she fell out of Alisha's cleavage and into some bushes. Alisha put her huge lips to the pool and drank. She swelled larger and larger. Lucy could hear the sound of her friend growing and watched as Alisha's breasts once again threatened her life. They would have crushed Lucy for sure had Alisha not stood suddenly. Lucy felt infinitesimally small next to the mile high woman, like she could fit on the head of a pin. Lucy suddenly had an idea. But she had to hurry. She took out her cell phone and dialed Ted's cell phone. She watched as Alisha headed toward the city again.

"Ted?"

Ted was on the roof of a building waiting as a helicopter landed. There was the cop who brought him there, a SWAT team and a few reporters,

"Lucy? This is a bad time! I'm about to get on a helicopter and try and talk to Alley!"

"Well, come pick me up!" Lucy said watching as Alisha started taking mouthfuls of the city again. "I think I can shrink her down!"

"Are you sure?"

"Alisha didn't eat for two days cause she thought it would make her smaller," Lucy explained. "If she's thinking about her size, then she thinks eating will make her grow."

"So how do we get her to stop eating?"

"You don't have to. As long as she stops thinking about how big she is, she'll lose her appetite."

Alisha had become bored with her diet of buildings and so she turned her attention to forests outside the city. At two miles high, it was easy for her to grab a few handfuls and still be nearby the city. She ate as many as she could fit into her mouth and put more in as she chewed. She grew past two and half miles tall, becoming tighter and firmer than ever.

“I don’t even know if we can make it that high!” the pilot shouted as they flew near Alisha’s huge growing thigh. “If we get up there, and it doesn’t work, there’s no guarantee we can get you down!”

“We have to try,” Lucy pleaded.

The pilot took the helicopter higher and higher climbing against the intense wind blowing around Alisha’s body. Alisha didn’t hear or see the flea-sized helicopter buzz up to her ear.

“I can’t take it any closer,” the pilot shouted as the helicopter rattled around. “You have to jump it!”

Lucy closed her eyes and jumped, landing in Alisha’s enormous ear. She climbed as far as she could into the ear canal, holding on to one of the now giant sized hairs in Alisha’s ear. Lucy watched as the helicopter flew away.

“Alisha!” Lucy shouted. “Alisha!”

The giantess stopped dead in her tracks, “Lucy?”

“Alisha, can you hear me?!” Lucy screamed.

“YES, I CAN. LUCY, WHERE ARE YOU?” Alisha looked for her tiny friend. “THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU, I THOUGHT YOU HAD BEEN SMASHED.”

“I’m in your ear!” Lucy explained. A giant finger passed by the ear, causing a wind storm in it. “Don’t do that, Alley! I’ll fly right out!”

“SORRY,” Alisha answered.

“Alley, listen to me! You have to think about being small! Its the only way you’ll shrink!”

“BUT HOW? LOOK AT ME,” she thundered. “I’M TITANIC!”

“You have to think small!”

“HOW DO I THINK SMALL WHEN I’M SO BIG? AND I GET SO HUNGRY. . . ,” she moaned. Alisha ripped up a forestful of trees right from the ground and tossed them in her mouth. She grew. Lucy watched as the whole cave-like ear around her became bigger and bigger.

“Alisha stop!” Lucy begged. “You’ll get too big to hear me!”

“I’M SORRY! WHAT’LL I DO?”

“Think small! Here, think about how small I am compared to you.”

“OK.”

“Now, imagine being normal sized. But I’m still small enough to fit in your ear.”

“I’M TRYING,” Alisha said holding her belly as it rumbled for more.

“Now imagine that you’re small enough to fit in my ear. Think how small you’d be.”

“OK,” Alisha closed her eyes. Her body began to shrink and shrink and shrink and shrink. Lucy climbed down from Alisha when Alisha became twenty feet tall. Lucy watched as her friend returned to six foot six.

Alisha looked at the destroyed city, “And this is all because of me.”

“I don’t think they can sue you, Alley,” Lucy smiled. “How do you feel?”

“Full,” Alisha grinned.

They backed away as the helicopter landed. Ted ran out to her,

“Alisha!”

“Ted,” she said, remembering the whole ordeal. “I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have to be sorry, you didn’t know what was happening. No one knows what happened. But it’s over.”

“Well, not all of it,” Alisha said looking at her body. She had kept the incredible proportions; the breasts, the hips, the butt, toned legs. They were all impressive and all still there. Lucy watched the two kiss, and couldn’t help but feel jealous. She

sighed, and thought about how she made Alisha small, “What if I was big enough to have her in my ear. . .”

Alisha and Ted broke from the kiss, and Alisha remembered Lucy,

“Lucy, I wanted to—” turned around and saw Lucy’s hips level with her face. Lucy’s jeans had ripped to shorts and her black vest was open as the buttons on her white blouse strained to stay on. Her belt pulled tighter and tighter as it rose over Alisha’s head. Lucy smiled down at the amazed Ted and Alisha.

“Lucy!” Alisha shouted. “What are you thinking?!”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Lucy laughed as her clothing tore apart. She grew and grew, “Don’t worry, I’ll stop whenever I feel I’m big enough.”

She laughed out loud, “Whenever that is!”

Chapter 2

Big Nymphomaniac

By Rapsalion

The guys were all jealous. Kelly had been described to me as a girl with a great personality and a lot of fun... so naturally, we all assumed the worst. When I met her, I discovered that she was also absolutely gorgeous, with big brown eyes and long dark hair. Her body was astounding—5'7", great legs, cute butt, and nice big breasts. The guys drooled all over her.

Unfortunately, so did I. Because what they didn't know was that Kelly—fun, beautiful, smart Kelly—was about as interested in sex as she was in the fluctuation of the Japanese yen... not very. She wasn't a prude. She just seemed to have no sex drive. There wasn't an ounce of horniness in her. I was very much in love with her. But after three months of seeing this beautiful, sexy woman with little more than a peck on the cheek to show for it, I thought I was about to explode.

I was in Chinatown way early for a business lunch when I wandered into Fong's Specialty Shop. Fong was an old Chinese man right out of an old Fu Manchu movie.

"Help you?" he asked me, in broken English.

I thought was a joke at first. The whole place was so unreal, I was charmed... but not enough to actually spend money. “No thanks,” I replied smiling as I headed toward the door.

“Not getting any, are you?” Fong asked. I stopped. Was it that obvious? “Bundle of frustration, that’s what you are.”

He was so straightforward, I found myself oddly at ease with him. “She just doesn’t seem to have any interest.”

Fong smiled. “But you do. You want big nymphomaniac!”

I laughed. “Right now,” I told him, “I want her to be the biggest nymphomaniac in the world!”

Fong took a breath. “Ten dollars.”

I smiled. “For what?”

Fong put a small vial of powder on the table. “Put it on her food. Guaranteed. I have twelve children! Ten dollars.”

What the hell? I figured. Twelve kids! Maybe this old guy really knew something. I took a twenty out of my wallet. “Give me two.”

It took me exactly ten minutes to feel like an idiot. I left the vials in my pocket. It was a week before I thought of them again. Kelly was over, in a tight brown dress that absolutely had me gasping for breath. I couldn’t stand another night of sitting and watching TV. As I prepared pasta, I emptied one of the vials over hers. I’d spent the money. It was worth a shot.

Two hours later, there we were again—watching TV. Same as always. I took it as consolation that at least the powder didn’t kill her. Suddenly, I felt something on my leg. It was her hand. I turned to look and found her nuzzling up against my neck. “I’m sick of this show,” Kelly said. “Why don’t we do something more interesting?” She moaned as she kissed my neck and climbed on top of me. I couldn’t believe it—that stupid powder worked!

Kelly was on fire! She grabbed my head, opened her mouth, and kissed me passionately, her whole body writhing atop mine. She reached into my shirt and opened it up, wrapping her arms around my naked torso. Then she ripped open her top. Her breasts were even more fantastic than I’d realized, barely contained in her filled-beyond-capacity bra. She popped it open

and let her big breasts free. Then she reached into my pants. Needless to say, I was fully erect immediately, while her mouth traveled down to engulf my penis.

“The bedroom,” she moaned. The two of us ran into my bedroom and jumped onto the bed. We stripped off whatever remaining clothes we had on and she proceeded to fuck the living daylights out of me. She was not gentle. She was certainly not quiet. As she finally cried out with her last orgasm and fell onto the bed, she stared into my eyes and smiled devilishly as we both drifted off to sleep.

I woke up to feel Kelly kissing my chest. She climbed up on top of me and kissed me on the lips. Something felt not quite right, but I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Naturally, I was erect again, but my bladder had priority, and I excused myself to go to the bathroom.

I could barely get my erection down so I could pee. It didn't help that Kelly was standing outside the door cooing breathily about how much she needed me inside her again. Finally, I opened the door. She jumped me and pushed me against the wall, kissing me voraciously. I was surprised at how strong she was... but I wasn't exactly complaining.

And then it dawned on me, what was wrong. I pushed her away for a second. It was true. Kelly was as tall as me! She'd always been a good six inches shorter. Had I shrunk? I looked around. No, I was the same size as always. But Kelly had grown to over six feet in a few hours! “What happened?” I asked her. “How did you get so tall?!”

Kelly smiled. “I grew.” And she didn't seem to find anything wrong with that. She wrapped her long arms around me and planted her mouth on mine. Her breasts seemed to have swelled even bigger as she pressed them against my naked body. Whatever caused this... well, it was certainly interesting. She pulled me on top of her, onto the bed, and we made love for hours. She screamed so loudly, I was sure they could hear her for blocks. But at that moment, I couldn't have cared less.

I awoke with a start, as I nearly fell off the edge of the mat-

dress. Kelly was still asleep, and hogging the bed. I looked at her beautiful, sleeping face as I stretched out, my knee brushing against her stomach. That's when I knew something was seriously up. I got out of bed and had a look at Kelly. She was huge! No wonder she was hogging the bed—she had to be seven feet tall, at least! Her long, long legs were bent to keep her on the mattress. Kelly rolled over and opened her eyes. She saw me staring at her from the edge of the bed, then glanced down at my erection and smiled. "You look like you're ready for more," she said. With that, she stretched her long body, her legs shooting way out over the edge of the mattress... and damn if it didn't seem like her body literally stretched longer as she did it! I backed away.

"What's the matter?" she asked coyly. Slowly, she stood up. I could hear my heart pounding as she rose slowly above me, taller and taller, until I barely came up to her shoulder. I looked up at her as she smiled down at me. "What are you waiting for?" she asked. "Let's make up for lost time."

With that, she shut her eyes and ran her hands over her big breasts and down her long torso, stretching her arms downward. She moaned softly as she tilted her head back and stretched before my eyes, growing another two or three inches in a matter of a few seconds, her head inching closer to the ceiling!

She opened her eyes and looked further down at me. She hardly seemed aware of the insanity of what was happening to her... she just seemed to be enjoying it. She cupped her huge breasts in her hands and pushed them into my face. I sucked on one of her huge tits as she moaned some more... and grew still taller! Her breast was rising up to my mouth level while I sucked on it, her massive torso expanding as I held it!

I backed away and looked up at her. Her head was now grazing the ceiling! She ran her fingers along the ceiling, licking her lips. "Don't stop now, lover," she purred. "It's just getting interesting." Whatever was in that vial, I had to figure out how to stop it. I glanced past Kelly to the door. At her size, she wasn't going to have an easy time fitting through it. I ducked

between Kelly's legs and dashed out of the room. She laughed as she watched me leave.

I ran upstairs to find the other vial. Maybe Fong's phone number was on it. I searched through my jacket pocket. There it was! Suddenly, the floor shook below me. Kelly was pounding on the ceiling! One hit. Two hits. Three hits. I jumped back as her hand burst through the floor! Then her head rose up through the hole! By now, she was probably eleven feet tall! She looked at me and smiled. She reached her long arms through the hole and grabbed me, gently lowering me back into the bedroom.

Her body was awesome. I stood on the floor staring up, barely as tall as her legs, her big breasts nearly at the ceiling. She gently guided my head toward her crotch. I wrapped one arm around each leg and buried my face in her crotch. She moaned in pleasure and took a short breath. . . and suddenly, she grew again, her legs now rising above me! So much for that plan.

Kelly bent over and effortlessly dropped me onto the bed. I didn't know what she planned to do, but I watched with a mixture of fear, awe, and incredible arousal. Suddenly, she spread her legs and sat on my erection. My endowments must have seemed quite puny to her now—I would imagine a fourteen foot woman would need something a little bigger. But she didn't seem to mind as she writhed atop me. Even sitting, her head nearly reached the ceiling! She was as stunningly beautiful as ever, an orgasmic grin on her face. . . though I could barely see it from my angle, obscured as it was by her staggering breasts.

I could feel her skin expanding against mine as she started to grow even bigger! It was a very strange feeling. She was getting heavier on top of me, and she had to lean over as her head rose to the ceiling and she continued to grow! Luckily, the mattress was taking the brunt of her weight as she pushed me further and further within it. Finally, as she let out an ear-piercing orgasmic scream, she tried to stand. Leaned way over, she tried to straighten her legs. . . but even they were too long and her butt pressed against the ceiling with her knees still bent. I could only guess that she was at least twenty feet tall by now! With a great

grunt, she straightened her legs, and I had to run out of the way of falling plaster as the ceiling collapsed against her mighty ass!

As her tremendous body straightened, rising high above me, I realized that even the second floor ceiling was not going to contain her! She bumped her head against it, then lifted her arms and pressed against that ceiling. It crumbled, revealing the attic, as Kelly stood up to her full height. Her head had just a few feet of clearance before it burst through the roof!

I ran up the stairs to the second floor. Kelly looked down at me, curiously. The oddness of it all seemed to finally dawn on her. "My god," she said, admiring herself. "Look at the size of me. Nobody's ever been close to this big before." She grabbed her massive breasts in her hands. "I mean, I've had big boobs since I was fourteen, but never this big! I wonder how I did this."

I was about to tell her of the mysterious powder, and how Fong must have taken my yearning for the "biggest nymphomaniac in the world" a bit too literally. But considering that she was easily four times my height and was quite capable of crushing my house like a toy, I decided not to risk angering her.

"You're awfully quiet," she said. "But you were wonderful! I never knew how fulfilling sex could be."

"Well," I joked, "chalk it up to a growing experience."

She laughed. "It's like the pleasure made me grow." She stopped to think. Then she smiled a mischievous smile. She reached her huge hand down toward her crotch.

I knew what she was thinking. I looked outside. Dawn was breaking on the horizon. Soon, the neighborhood would be awake. She started to finger herself, and moaned as softly as a two-story woman could. "Are you sure you want to do this?!" I begged. "I mean Kelly, look at you! You're a giant! Any bigger and you won't be able to fit inside anything! And what are the neighbors going to think?"

She smiled. "I'm beyond big already. I'm not exactly going to slip out the back door at this size. What harm could another ten feet do? Or a hundred? You don't know how incredible this

feels!”

She started to masturbate more quickly. Her gigantic breasts heaved with her quickening breath, knocking back the furniture in their way. And then, with a sudden giggle of pleasure, she started to grow again. Her head rose closer and closer to the roof, finally pressing against it. It was no contest. The roof snapped easily, and her head rose up into the morning sky. I looked out the window. Several lights in nearby houses were coming on, as people gathered to look for the source of the sound. I looked up. Kelly was growing relentlessly bigger, her eyes rising to peer over the roof. My house was certainly not going to last much longer. As I ran downstairs to grab some clothes and make my escape, I noticed something.

It was the other vial of powder.

As I watched my gorgeous girlfriend grow towards thirty feet tall, with no sign of slowing, I realized what I wanted. I popped off the cover and downed the powder in one gulp.

Would it work for me, too? I had no way of knowing, but I had to try. I looked up to see Kelly’s monumental breasts rising above me, swelling still bigger as she steadily grew taller. I grabbed my rock hard penis and started to stroke it, imagining what it would be like to make love to a giant Kelly. I came quickly, shooting cum onto the floor. Intense pleasure coursed through my body. I was no stranger to the joys of masturbation, but either the circumstances or the powder made this one incredible! My body tingled with excitement... and I started to grow!

The feeling was incredible! I stroked my cock more quickly. I could feel my feet rub against the floor as they expanded, while my perspective started to rise toward the ceiling! I continued to come, drenching my increasingly smaller possessions as my head rose into the hole in the ceiling that Kelly had made. The feeling fed on itself—the bigger I got, the more turned-on I got, the more I came, the bigger I got. As I continued to get taller, my head rose to the level of the second-floor windows. I looked outside. My neighbors had gathered in the street and were looking way,

way up. By now, Kelly's massive tits were rising toward the roof. She smiled down at the gathered crowd as she continued to stimulate her own growth. "Wait till you see these," she told them.

I looked to the side. I could see her legs expanding. It was incredible. I was huge, now—the second biggest person in the world!—and yet I wasn't even as tall as her legs! I spun around, and my erection knocked over a lamp. Amazing! My cock was now as long as a normal guy's arm, and significantly fatter. I'd been coming for quite some time, but I certainly wasn't running out of steam. Quite the contrary, actually.

Suddenly, I heard Kelly let out a thundering cry of satisfaction! I looked up. She was growing at an amazing rate, her head shooting upward into the air! She had freed her hands, which rose up through the roof of my now-worthless house. Finally, her growth slowed, until finally she stopped, her legs as tall as the whole house!

Outside, people were panicked. Kelly smiled down at them. They looked so small to me. To her, they must have been tiny. "Don't worry," she said. "I don't want to hurt you. But you might want to step back." She lifted one enormous leg and climbed out of my house. For the first time in quite a while, I could see all of her again. She was magnificent! She must have stood fifty feet tall, or maybe even a bit taller! The sun was rising behind her, bathing her gargantuan body in golden light. She stepped gracefully into the street, avoiding crushing cars or homes or people in her way. At her size, she could easily crush all three in one step. Then she looked down, peering over her spectacular breasts. "Where's my boyfriend?" she asked, a sexy grin coming over her face. "I don't see him." She kneeled down to look for me.

My cock throbbed with excitement, pumping and pumping as it grew longer and I grew taller! In minutes, I was just tall enough that my head reached the roof. I stood on my tip-toes and called out "Oh Kelly!" The crowd gasped as Kelly spun around. "Oh my god!" she exclaimed. Slowly, she stood up.

And up. And up. I was in awe. Even at my enormous size, she towered way, way over me. I was like a child to her, only as tall as her waist. I stroked my cock some more.

“Oh no you don’t,” she said. “Not without me.”

She lifted me effortlessly out of the crumbling house. Standing next to her, I realized what she had in mind. I may have been half her height, but I was big enough for her purposes.

She took a few gigantic steps to the grassy hill up the block and lay back on the grass. Her enormous weight made a depression in the ground. “Come here,” she commanded. I looked down. My neighbors were staring up at me. Most of them barely came up to my knees. I was still fully erect, and my massive cock cast a giant shadow on the street. Cum still dripped from it, splashing in puddles ten or twelve feet below. Whatever fetishes I’d had before, exhibitionism certainly had never been one of them. But with my fifty-foot girlfriend beckoning, and a five foot erection, what choice did I have?

I walked over to Kelly. She spread her massive legs. A mischievous grin spread across her face. “Make me grow,” she said.

I lay on top of her and buried my face in her giant breasts. Then I slid my cock inside her. She screamed with delight. It wasn’t long before I started to come. I could hear the crowd gasp as I felt my body move against Kelly’s. I was growing again, both on top of and inside her! As my growing cock probed deeper within her massive body, she moaned with pleasure and started to grow, too!

“Bigger!” she cried. Though my new growth had started first, it now felt like she was growing faster than me. I thrust inside her, throbbing massively. Again, she exclaimed “Bigger!”

Suddenly, she grew so quickly that her legs kicked out unexpectedly, smashing a couple of cars under her gigantic feet. Her head was pressing uncomfortably against the splinters of some trees she had uprooted. “We need more space,” she said, rolling me off her.

I stood up. My new perspective made me dizzy. I had to be close to forty feet tall by now! The crowd reacted, but by now

they were so small to me that I could not make out a thing they were saying. Then I heard a roar from them.

I turned around to see Kelly starting to stand. She gathered her long, long legs under her and slowly straightened her tremendous body. Her head rose up to my level, and she stopped momentarily, grinned at me, and kissed me playfully. I was standing. She was crouched. Then she straightened her legs, rising higher and higher and higher above me. Now, I didn't even come up to her waist! I guessed she was ninety feet tall!

"Let's go," she said to me as she turned toward to leave. "The football field at the high school. That should do nicely... at least for a little while." She smiled at me and walked in the direction of the school. Her steps made massive pounding sounds, and people fled in fear as she passed.

I hurried after her, as her massive stride gave her the speed advantage, and I didn't want to make her wait. The powder had to wear off sooner or later, I thought. In the meantime, I wondered if my size could ever catch up with Kelly's. I doubted it... but it would sure be fun trying.

Chapter 3

Nikki Matures

By Dedlam

It started when she was a sophomore at the University. Nikki was a normal kid, 3rd of 5 daughters, good grades, good athlete, good kid. Her parents had actually stayed together for 25 years of marriage. Nikki was there on a softball scholarship, but quickly found that her scholarship money was not in line with her lifestyle, and her money was running out. As a way to increase her income, Nikki signed up to work as a subject in with some experimental work at the University Biology Lab.

The Doctors and Assistants at the lab always liked having athletes as subjects for experiments. First, the experiments were minor in scope and didn't have much affect on the lives of the student-athlete. Secondly, athletes were in such good physical condition that there was almost never any side affect problems. Nikki was no exception here. She was 6 feet tall, and about 160 lbs. Considering her body fat was at around 12%, it was obvious that she had worked hard in her first two years of college. Her thighs and calves were in excellent shape, not muscular, but strong. Her abs didn't quite have a six pack, but you knew her

entire torso was trim. Her breasts were small; maybe a C cup but she had a strong back, and shapely shoulders. Her work on her deltoids had shown, because she achieved a tapered look, from her shoulders, down to her waist. Her arms were strong. Very little fat, but not cut, or ripped. Just solid. Her skin was porcelain white. Not a blemish. Her hair was chestnut brown, in a bobbed style. Naturally, she was a different breed of woman than the short stocky girls that normally played softball. Finally, there was always a long line of athletes willing to make money on campus in this manner. Nikki had really fallen into this blessing. She knew that she needed it.

The experiment had something having to do with cell regeneration, the use of electricity to accelerate the pliability of cells for regeneration and repair. At least that is what Nikki remembers being told. She really didn't care all that much. The Doctor, Hayes she thought, said that this line of study could replace modern intrusive surgery, and hopefully, in the next 5 to 10 years. All ills could be cured at the cellular level, or so it was hoped. Nikki wasn't really interested in the march of medical science, or her role in it. She simply needed the money that they were paying. 3,500 dollars paid at the end of the experiment. She was required to be at the lab one hour a week, for ten weeks. \$350 an hour was good money, good money that Nikki needed. Besides, by the time anyone figured out what might have been wrong, this line of experimentation had been scrapped due to a lack of funding.

The first two weeks of the experiments were merely testing. Pokes and prods, taking of temperatures, and blood pressure, treadmills and respiratory tests. Nikki was growing tired of this, but wouldn't complain and risk losing the job. At the onset of the experimentation, the lab assistant Ms. Willis found something that caused her some concern. While taking a tissue sample, she noticed an unusually strong reaction to the H.G.D.N.A. H.G.D.N.A. was a designer DNA strand created to spurn the cells in one's body to repair and regenerate themselves. Ideally, skin and muscle repair and even vascular and organ repair could

be done on a cellular level. The body would heal itself, with the direction provided in this H.G.D.N.A.

Ms. Willis took her findings directly to the Doctor heading up the project, Dr. Hayes. Dr. Hayes looked at her finding with only a passing indifference. He was behind schedule, and over budget. The stress was mounting, and he needed to completion of his project.

“But Dr. Hayes, just look at the cellular reaction! It’s off of the charts! We didn’t plan for this type of response. Though this is an interesting side effect, and something we can commit to study, it is something that can risk the viability of our current experiment, and our entire project. Not to mention respectability of our peers. The possible loss of reputation is not worth this. We have to stop!”

Dr. Hayes grew tired of her tirade. “I will not have you slow down my research with your inane concerns. The sample you pulled is a minute, and the effect is probably just a stand alone mutation. Too much work has been done here to go back to the start. We have the opportunity to make medical history! As for your concerns about reputation, yours is already sullied; I provided you an opportunity that you would have never received from anyone else. I knew that you were hungry, and needed the chance. I also knew that you had taken chances. The only career at risk here is yours.”

And so the experiment continued, unabated.

There was only one thing Nikki didn’t like about the experiments. Now in her third week, she began to receive brief electric shocks. Nikki found these to be reasonably painful. But the attending staff was kind enough to provide her with an anesthetic so that she would rapidly lose consciousness after the treatments began. Nikki found that she was unconscious for most of the session, often the majority of the hour, but that didn’t make her forget the hurt at the start. . .

It was on her 5th session that something went wrong. The current of electricity caused Nikki’s cells to overreact in a detrimental manner. Her cells began to literally push apart. As

the current surged through her body, you could see her arms, legs, and torso begin to change; it was as if when you looked at her, your eyes lost focus for several brief instants. Only, it wasn't your eyes causing the problem. The cells in Nikki's body were pushing to separate themselves from one another. Her body would actually lose its structure for brief milliseconds. Nikki was unconscious for this, and didn't remember a thing...

Dr. Hays and his staff were petrified. He didn't plan for this type of reaction. He could not lose a patient. It would kill the project, and he would lose his license. After going through all of the normal protocols, he remembered what Willis had said about Nikki's reaction to the H.G.D.N.A., and decided to take a chance. The H.G.D.N.A. may be able to strengthen the cells enough to stop the reaction. He had to take the chance. He turned to his assistant and said; "Ms. Willis, 200 cc's of the H.G.D.N.A." No one had time to question the DR's requests. Willis couldn't believe what they were going to do, but she couldn't stop Hayes. Time was of the essence, this young woman's life was in danger. Willis handed Hayes the souring.

Almost as soon as she received the injection, Nikki's reaction settled. Ms. Willis had enough. Once Nikki had stabilized, she called the entire staff, including Dr. Hayes, into a meeting room. This had gone too far. A life was almost lost. Dr. Hayes agreed to stop the project immediately, and pay all the staff for the full course of the experiment. In exchange, all of them agreed that nothing should be mentioned about what happened that day. Dr. Hayes stated to his peers that the project had become corrupted, created some false data to justify his decision, and the project was ended.

The staff checked on Nikki an hour later, and found no hazardous side effects to her experience. In fact, her cell structure had increased in strength, and in pliability. Of course, no one ever found this out. The information became "lost" in research storage, and Nikki was free to go.

Nikki was happy to take her \$3,500, and still be able to miss out on half of her treatments. She didn't know why they were

canceling the experiments, but she was glad that they did. The lab was closed for the next couple of weeks, and Nikki never saw any of the staff or Dr. Hays again. Nikki spent the rest of her school career going to class, and playing softball, as if nothing happened, without real care.

Two years later, Nikki finished school, and came back home to find work. That is where I fit in. I am Dan, Nikki's brother in law. I have been married to Nikki's sister for the last 10 years, I watched Nikki grow up from a 10-year-old girl, to the 23 year old woman that she is today. I had always looked at Nikki as if she were my real little sister, not my sister in law. We had built a strong relationship together over the years. One that we both valued.

Still, I had to work hard to fight my attraction to her. Nikki was the tallest, daughter in the family, and the one in the best shape. Being 6 foot 5, I was always attracted to tall, athletic women, and Nikki grew into my type. Every summer and winter break, Nikki would come home from college, having grown a little taller, a little stronger, a little more defined. At graduation, she was home for good. In the prime of her life. I was a little upset about this. I was hoping that she would stay out of state, and I would not have to deal with that temptation. No such luck.

It was in the first three months after she had got home that she started looking for work. I had helped her prepare her resume, and work on her interviewing skills. She was appreciative, and it seemed to help. We worked, we talked, and I learned a lot about my sister in law. I learned to like her as a person, more than I ever had. I think that she felt the same way. Nikki was able to find work rather quickly. She was working for a public relations company, typing press releases, mostly grunt work, but hey, that is where you start.

One month after Nikki's gainful employment, the family made a trip out to Arizona, to visit my other sister in law and throw her a baby shower. With the mountain of paperwork in my office, there was no way that I could go. Nikki, because she just started her job, also was going to stay home. So it was my wife,

mother in law, and father in law taking the trip.

They had left on Thursday night, to return on Tuesday. A long time for me to be away from my wife. It didn't take long for me to miss her once she left. On Friday night, Nikki called and asked me out to a movie. She said that it was her way of thanking me for my help with her resume. I agreed. I thought it would be a good diversion from missing my wife. I didn't have any plans anyway, and I enjoyed talking with Nikki. Besides, I found myself not feelings for Nikki going on a low ebb. I looked forward to going.

As we sat through the movie, mostly talking about how bad it was. The people around us were getting a little upset, so we started to whisper. I couldn't hear anything Nikki was whispering, so she moved over and whispered something in my ear about the poor acting. Then I noticed her holding my had, intertwinning each one of my fingers with hers, and squeezing my hand tightly. The way lovers hold hands. I was beginning to get uncomfortable, after all, any woman holding your hand like that, and breathing into your ear would start to set you off. Finally, she began panting into my ear. I didn't know how to react, I was speechless. Evidently, Nikki took this as an invitation to continue, so she moved in and began to gingerly suck and chew on my earlobe.

"STOP!" I yelled. I shot up out of my seat, and left the theater; leaving popcorn, and soda flying everywhere. Nikki followed closely behind.

"What is your problem Dan?"

"What do you mean my problem?! What exactly were you doing in there?! I am MARRIED to your older sister! That should take me off of your eligible to date list!"

"Dan, relax. Your are too excited. Do you think that I haven't noticed the way that you have been looking at me for the last year or so. I did. I knew that every summer and winter break, I would come home to your silent affections. I know that you find me attractive."

I was in shock. She was right, and so damn smug and calm

about it. That only made me more upset.

“We are family. I am married to your sister, and I watched you and your sisters grow up from the time of elementary school.” I had to stop to breathe, “I don’t know what you are talking about, but this should never happen again. Just think what this would do to Jan!” Jan was my wife, and Nikki’s older sister. What I didn’t notice, was that while I was arguing with her, I was rubbing the earlobe she has been chewing on, as if to relish the feeling of having her chew on it.

Nikki jumped in front of me to stop my progress.

“You are right, you gave me all of these reasons that I shouldn’t have done what I did in there, maybe I should be sorry, but I noticed that you didn’t argue your attraction to me.”

That little comment only intensified the state of shock and anger that I was in. I could have dropped dead right there on the sidewalk. Nikki was tickled to get that kind of rise out of me. She knew that she was right, it was now just a matter of time before I admitted it to her. With that closing statement, she walked at my side, and I took her home.

The drive home was silent. I was speechless, and Nikki was smugly satisfied. She knew she had me where she wanted me. We drove up to her house, and again she began her full court press: “Come on in and have something to drink. It will be casual, and I won’t do anything. Let’s just talk about this like friends. After all, it is uncomfortable for both of us.”

I wanted nothing to do with the idea. I didn’t even let her finish her sentence. “I am going to go home. I should stay away for a while. I think we both have a lot to think about. I will see you later.”

Nikki’s height, and intelligence had brought with them a certain level of confidence, and for that matter, an attitude, she was used to getting her way. I had upset her with my rebuff. And although she was thrilled to have put me in such an uncomfortable situation, she was not used to hearing no from men. Her only response was to slam the car door and storm into her house. I waited until she was safely inside, and I drove home.

I had built up quite a sweat under all of that pressure. I would have loved to take Nikki right there in that theater. I would have been happy to go into her house, and rock her all night long. Still, I was happy that I had withstood the temptation. I had passed the test and walk, or in this case, drive away.

When I got home, there was a call on my answering machine. Nikki was in some form of trouble, and needed me to return quickly. She sounded as if she was in great pain. I ran back out the door, and drove like a crazy man back to her house. I knocked on the door, and there was no response. I grabbed the “secret” key in the mailbox, and made my way in. I heard an awful noise coming from Nikki’s room. I raced in to find Nikki on her bed, in a fetal position, groaning terribly.

As I looked at her, I noticed something odd. It was her arms. I could see veins protruding from her biceps and forearms. She had changed into an over-sized T-shirt, (one that I my wife had taken from me, and used to wear around her house when we were dating. It fit me perfectly, but could have worked as a nightshirt for any woman.) and a pair of cutoff sweats. I tried to rub her neck, back, and stomach; hoping it would provide some kind of relief. In her pain, the fact that I was giving her a rubdown didn’t turn me on. It seemed to work, because Nikki was still groaning, but more lightly now. In a few minutes, she stopped completely. It was only then that she could speak in coherent sentences.

“After you dropped me off, I came into my room, and changed my clothes. Out of nowhere, I felt a sharp pain in my abdomen. It was as if I was being stabbed in my stomach. I had barely finished changing my clothes when it hit. It took me 5 minutes just to dial your phone number and leave a message.”

I got her a glass of water, and walked back into the room, to find that she was sitting up. She seemed exhausted from her incident, and asked that I rub her neck and shoulders. I had a problem with that, but she made it clear that nothing was going to happen. She was too tired. As I rubbed her neck, I nearly exploded right then and there. Her breasts were so round, soft,

and supple. Her entire body was a series of turn-on for me. Her legs, arms, hair breasts, stomach. I had to hide the erection that was building in my jeans. I could spend weeks running my hands over her smooth milky body, but enough was enough, and I couldn't take anymore.

"I will stay over, to make sure that you are all right. I will be out on the family room couch if you need anything." As I was lying down on the couch, it hit me. How was I able to see her stomach and navel? I thought that was my old shirt? Maybe it was a similar shirt Nikki owned that was slightly cropped or something. "Yea, that must be it." Comfortable with my explanation, I lay back down on the couch, and masturbated for 20 minutes thinking of what had just happened, and how much I had touched the woman of my dreams.

Two hours later, about 1:00am, the groaning started again. As the groaning got louder and louder, I ran into her room. Something was wrong. I saw Nikki writhing on her bed, and I wasn't sure that her groaning was from agony or ecstasy. She saw me walk in, and sat up. She was in some sort of trance like state. She seemed fine, so I left her room. Damn, I wish that I wasn't here all night. I wanted nothing to do with this situation. Besides, Nikki's shirt seemed too tight, and I was having a tough time controlling my own urges. I went back to the couch, and masturbated for another 15 minutes.

It was about 3:30 in the morning when I was awoken by the sound of more groaning. Not being sure if this was good or bad, I stayed on the couch. Then Nikki called "Dan, come quick. I need your help!" I leapt off of the couch and into Nikki's room, where I stopped dead cold. . .

There, standing before me was my sister in law Nikki, or at least what Nikki would look like if she were 7 feet tall!

"Dan, what's going on! I can't help this! I can't stop this! I feel like my stomach is on fire and my whole body tingles! I need help! What do I do?!"

I couldn't move, or talk. I had been fantasizing about giant women for the last few years. I constantly checked the internet

for the perfect GTS collage, the greatest GTS story. Now I was experiencing it first hand. I had fantasized about being with a giantess for so long, that you would think that I would know what to do, I didn't. I had been staring at her body the entire time, speechless. I had never seen such a goddess. Her breasts had seemed to grow with her. Now easily a large D cup, they pushed her T-shirt to the brink. Nikki looked at me, then down at her body. She ran her hands up her thighs, around her ass, waist, and ribs, finally placing them on her breasts, holding them as if they were a Christmas gift that she didn't know what to do with. Her ass jutted out from her thighs like a rock outcropping. It was curved, smooth, but had to be rock hard. I know this because half of that ass was hanging out of her sweat cutoffs, or should I say sweat thong, because that is what it was becoming. I had never in my life had to look up to a woman, but I was looking up now, with a combined feel of horror, ecstasy, and fascination. Here was my sister in law, who I had been attracted to for the last 3 years, now standing there, over 7 feet tall, and looking unbelievable hot. She then caught on to my gaze.

"Dan, you are listening to a word that I am saying? I am in trouble here!" I was still speechless and motionless.

She kept growing, and clearly beginning to be less fearful of the experience. She seemed to be enjoying it now. I could see here T-shirt slowly going up her solid six pack of abs. It finally stooped just under her aureoles. The bottom of her breasts now clearly visible under her the shirt, which by the way was my old shirt. She stopped at what must have been about 9 feet tall. A few minutes ago, she ran her hands up and down her body in disbelief and fear, now she was doing it for pure pleasure. She loved her body, and wanted more. She then looked at me with a mischievous smile on her face. She walked over to me, making me crane my neck higher with every step. She now stood three inches away from me; her basketball sized breasts wrapped lightly in cotton T-Shirt that had all it could handle, jutting right in my face.

"Maybe now I won't be so easy to refuse." she said, and with

that she tugged at her shirt, tearing it to shreds and pulling it completely off of her body. Her breasts bounced free like huge watermelons; I couldn't take my eyes off of them.

"So you like looking at my new boobs? You should taste them!" She grabbed my head with one of her enormous hands, and jammed my face into her mammoth tits.

"Go ahead and play. I don't think you can say no." I sucked on her nipple with all of my might. As I did that, I reached around and barely was able to grab her rock hard ass. She stood there, enjoying the work I was doing.

"Yes baby, oohhhh, keep it up. That really seems to work for me. Who would have known that my big 6 foot 5 inch 285 pound brother in law was into giant women? What a break for you. I think I qualify as the largest giant women in the world now! Let's take those silly little clothes off of you."

She grabbed me, with great dexterity, unbuttoned my shirt and pants, and pulled off my underwear. I was now naked except for socks.

Then she held me up to her face, grabbing my rib cage with both of her hands. "Let's try something different!" At which time she threw me onto her bed, and sat on my face. She grabbed my head, and rammed it into her crotch. "Pleasure me now." I was struggling with the cotton of the sweat cutoffs in my face. They stank of her excitement, and her pubic hairs were rough on my face. I just couldn't do it. I had never enjoyed that part of lovemaking with my wife, and I wasn't going to enjoy it now. Even though a women far bigger and stronger than me was commanding me to do it. Nikki wasn't happy. "Get started little brother, I am getting upset." I maintained my passive resistance.

"THAT IS IT!" Nikki jumped up, livid with me, again, she had her hand on my head. I expected to be shoved into her sex, and closed my eyes in preparations. It was then that another pain hit her. She fell to the floor, leaving quite a dent in the hardwood. I fell next to her. Again, she was writhing in pain, and in a fetal position, only this time, she couldn't fit on the bed.

I saw that she had fallen in front of her bedroom door, this could be my escape. Although having Nikki was a fantasy, and have a giant Nikki, and unthinkable desire, I knew that it should never happen, it just wasn't right. While I was stepping over her, I heard the sound of ripping sweatpants. She was growing again. I realized that I needed to make my escape quickly, so I shook the cobwebs out of my head, and made my move, but it wasn't to be. As I tried to step over her torso, she hit me with her forearm, which by the way, was now the size of my leg. I was thrown back to the bed.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WE AREN'T THROUGH." She turned and stood up, now completely naked, she was a splendid vision. Her head was now bumping the 12-foot ceiling, and she looked down at me, now half her size, and again grabbed me by the neck. She brought me up to her breasts for another nipple sucking. At this point, her aureoles were half the size of my face, and her nipples stood out over an inch. She was beginning to groan in ecstasy, as I chewed on her nipples. "OOOHHH, DAN! YOU ARE GOOD AT THIS!" I chewed, bit, and sucked them for a second time, only they were different this time. Each breast was now bigger than my head, and Nikki knew it. She only felt the pleasure, and this put her in ecstasy.

"NOW, WHERE WERE WE?" Nikki set me back on my feet, and pushed my face directly into her cunt which at her current size was the same height as I was. "NOW I THINK THAT YOU SHOULD DO WHAT I ASK!" She started groaning, and then she said, "THIS COULD BE MORE FUN."

The next thing that I knew, Nikki was sitting on the bed legs spread open. "NOW COME HERE!" I complied, She was so big, that she sat at the head of the bed, and each leg had to rest on the floor to either side. She was just too big for the bed. Once again, she grabbed my head and slammed me into her pussy. Only now, she pushed my entire head inside! I couldn't believe it. Nikki was screaming for her life, The idea of having a man's entire head was enough to make her build to the orgasm of her life. She grabbed one of her breasts with her free hand,

pulled it up to her face, and started sucking her own nipple. She was getting more and more excited. I didn't know what to do. I was pleasuring my 22-year-old sister in law. She was 6 feet taller than I was, and she was using me like a dildo. I was helpless. I decided to accept my fate, and enjoy the situation. So I rubbed and moved, and licked and sucked. Clearly Nikki was enjoying my work, I could tell by the groaning, and the shivering.

Now I was reeling in my situation. My greatest sexual fantasy had become a reality, and I had no control over it. I was making love to this giant, beautiful woman, and could not be happier. All of my concerns, cheating on my wife, having sex with her sister, being tossed around by a 12 foot tall woman, all drifted away as I sucked, and licked.

Then it hit me, Nikki's growth stints occurred when she became upset. The two times I spurned her, she grew first to 9 feet, then to 12. Knowing this, I decided that it was definitely in my best interest to do what she wanted, and not to anger her. But when would she stop growing? Would she ever shrink back to her normal height? Will she grow when she gets angry at anything? All of these things crossed my mind as she pulled me out of her sex, and drew me up to her face, which was bigger than half of my body.

“YOU ARE GOOD AT THIS LITTLE BROTHER! NOW IT'S MY TURN!” With that, she lifted me up so that my penis was directly in front of her mouth. I had always been proud of size of my penis, 10 inches always seemed to be enough, however, with a 12-foot giant goddess, it looked like a cigarette cut in half. Still, she made due. I was holding on to the back of her head, my back bent over the top of her head, and me looking at the back of her neck, as she sucked my cock with reckless abandon. I felt her teeth, against my member, teeth large enough to shear my penis clean off. When it was time for my orgasm, she pulled me out and milked my penis on her breasts. **“HOW CUTE, THE LITTLE MAN'S DICK IS CUMMING! NOT MUCH THOUGH.”**

I felt like I was shooting cum forever, a 12-foot amazon doesn't blow you all that often, and it was enough to give me

the orgasm of my life. All of the cum that I shot on her tits looked like little dots and streaks on her gigantic mammaries. She rubbed them in, all while nestling me in her other arm. “MMMM, NOW IT IS TIME TO @!#\$\$!” she said, and slammed me on the bed. My penis was limp, but that didn’t matter. She again sat on my face, and began to rock. I don’t know how she did it, but she managed to suck my penis to erection once more, and in only a few seconds. “GOOD BOY! CUMMING BACK FOR MORE!” With that, she turned around, and dropped her tremendous sex on my small penis. I don’t know how she felt anything, with my small rod, but she certainly seemed to enjoy it.

“OOOOHHHHH! YESSSSSSSS! YESSSSSS! FFFFFFFUCK-KKKKKK! DON’T STOP, DAN, SHOW ME WHAT YOU CAN DO LITTLE BROTHER! GIVE ME ALL THAT YOU HAVE LITTLE BROTHER!”

Maybe it was the idea of having sex with her Brother in Law, or the irony of the fact that she grew up looking to me as an authority figure, and now she had complete control, total domination over me. Either way, I could tell that she was getting off. I was looking up at here, more turned on then I had ever been in all of my life. She looked down on me and smiled in the middle of her cries of passion. As she was looking at me, she reached her arms out, and started to slam her fists on the walls on both sides of the bed. The holes in the drywall, and some cases, the 2 x 4 studs, had to be at least 7 feet high. I was stupefied. Then she really got bust. She started to ride me like a pony at the county fair, rocking up and down with a huge amount of force. The bed was the only thing supporting her tremendous weight (500 lb.?) as her hips came down on my pelvis. The bed couldn’t take any more pressure, and collapsed. We fell to the floor with a loud thud. I knew that if there were much more of this, my pelvis would be ground to dust, but at least I would die in ecstasy. Just then, possibly because of the fall to the floor, Nikki went into climax.

“YES! YES! YES! DAN! OHHDAN!”

I was almost killed by the power of Nikki's thrusts at her climax, but I knew that she was almost finished. Her rocking subsided in another 5 minutes, and she fell to the floor. After a few minutes, She stood up, and picked me up. At this point, I was covered in the juices that came with her climax, and exhausted over what had just been done to me, She laid down on what was left of the bed, all the while, holding me up to her breasts, smothering me so that I couldn't move. It was funny to see her in what was to her, a little bed. The queen size bed only held her to her perfect ass. She had to fold her legs in an Indian Style so that she could fit into the room. The width of the bed barely fit her breasts and me. I had never been so comfortable in all my life.

We fell asleep that way. I awoke at 10:00am on Saturday morning, wondering what had been done to me. Was it a dream? After all, I had fantasized about both things, I just didn't think they would come together quite like that. I was dressed as I had been, on the couch, in the family room, covered in blankets. Of all of these questions, there was only one thing that I knew for sure, I had to pee.

I got up, stretched slightly, and walked to the bathroom. After taking care of my pressing need, I turned on the faucet and washed my face. "How did you sleep?" I was surprised out of my wits! and turned around to see Nikki, at her normal height, in her T shirt and sweat cutoffs. I didn't know if what happened was true or not, but I didn't her to think that I was crazy. "Not that well. I think that I had some really weird dreams. You know, the ones that you know you had, but you just can't remember that well."

Nikki had a knowing look on her face, but wasn't ready to give up on this game. "Oh, well, I just wanted to tell you that I was sorry about last night, the Movie Theater and all. I realize that I wasn't thinking clearly, and although I might be attracted to you, I still should not be doing what I did."

I felt pure relief. It was a dream. Nikki was not a giantess, and she was really sorry. For the first time in over 12 hours, I

felt that we could salvage our relationship, that we could go on as family, and as friends. “Well, I am flattered that you find me attractive, but as you found out, it wasn’t meant to be. Maybe in another life, if we were different people, who knows.”

Nikki had a frown on her face, “Yea, different life, different people, what ever. Can you come into my room, I think a picture fell off the wall, and I need help rehangng it.”

“Glad to help.” I walked down the hall, Nikki right behind me. As I turned a corner and opened her door, I froze. There was the broken queen size bed, the dent in the floorboards, and most troubling, the holes on the two sides of the room, Both 7 feet high.

I turned in abject horror, wanting to run out of the house, but Nikki was in my way.

“Quite a dream huh? Now about what you said about different lives, and different people. That was very moving.” She started rubbing my chest, and working her way down to my pants. She looked up to me with her dark brown eyes. “I think you should reconsider. You wouldn’t want to make me angry, would you?”

“What, How, This is imposs. . .” Nikki put her finger on my mouth to stop my speaking, and with the other hand, continued to probe my jeans for an entry.

“I grew to 12 feet tall, I don’t know how, and it IS possible.” My mind was spinning, I needed to sit down and think, but that wasn’t going to happen. The only thing I could remember was not to make her angry, that she grew when she was angry, and that I would rather deal with a 6 foot Nikki, than a 9 foot, 12 foot, or an even bigger Nikki. I was lost in my thoughts, but was awoken to my current situation when I felt a cold hand on my penis.

“Oh, there is my little friend.” Nikki said. She started to rub my dick like a seasoned prostitute. I didn’t know where she learned to do this, and I wasn’t sure of what I should do. I decided to let Nikki take control again.

“MMM Where did you learn to do that, Nik?”

“I had a few–workouts–with some guys on the football team in college. They were very educational.”

Oh Man, how could I compete with guys from her football team? She went to the University of Nebraska. Those football players were probably hung like horses. How could I satisfy her? Would she become upset if I didn’t satisfy her? And would she begin to grow again? And if so, how big would she get? My fear spurred me into action. I had to keep her happy. I reached for her, and gave her a long passionate kiss. I grabbed her ass, and pulled her to me. I then rubbed my dick into her stomach. In my lust, I couldn’t help but think how nice it was to be able to move her again, and not be moved by her.

“OOHH, somebody just got inspired!”

I was unfamiliar with what I was doing, but because Nikki seemed to be happy so far, I continued to advance. I ran my hands all over her body, her breasts, stomach, ass, her neck, hair, and finally her face. I pulled my hands back down to her waist, and threw her on the broken bed. She landed on her hands and knees, and turned around to look at me.

“Somebody wants to play rough. . . Gooooood!”

O.K. She was no where near getting upset. Good news for me. So I continued.

“Maybe that is what you need!” I said, and with that, I tore off her t shirt, and her shorts. My dick was throbbing. I knew this was wrong, but I had no choice, I couldn’t risk letting her grow again, so I tried to keep playing the part, and to enjoy it. (That wasn’t too hard.)

I pulled down my pants, and rammed my cock into her pussy with all my might. No lubrication, no preparation, just grunting passionate sex. I think that I may have tore something inside of her, but all she could do was groan and scream with pleasure. It seemed like she didn’t feel any pain, she was just incredibly turned on. It was like last night when I was biting and chewing on her nipples, instead of being hurt, she just got more excited.

“YES! YES! @!#\$ ME THAT WAY! HARD! LIKE A DOG-GIE! OOHHHH!”

I can honestly say that after last night, I was happy to be bigger than someone again, and I pumped her doggy style for the next 15 minutes reveling in the fact that my dick was so tight in her pussy. I was in control again, and I wanted to make sure she knew it. I rolled her over, and stuck my dick in her face. “Suck Me Off!” I couldn’t believe what I was saying. It was a surreal experience. In the 10 years of marriage to my wife, Jan had never blown me to orgasm, and now Nikki was going to blow me for a second time in 12 hours. She grabbed my cock with both hands and went to work. She had a hard time getting over half of it into her mouth. Still, she wanted it, and bobbed on my pole like a porn star. I thought about last night, and how my same cock barely registered to her when she sucked me.

I was going nuts. This felt so good. I grabbed Nikki’s head, and rammed her into my cock, faster, and faster. She just kept sucking. I knew she was enjoying herself. “MMMM” was all I heard from her. I was wanting more, so I pulled my dick out of her mouth. As she looked up at me I said “69, you on top” I then laid down on the thoroughly destroyed bed. Nikki got on her hands and knees, and straddled my face with her hips. She then started to suck my cock again, only now, she sat on my face, and rubbed herself into me, hard. It was a different experience now that she was normal in size again. The pubic hair that had rubbed me raw last night was just tickling me now. I tried to find the areas that I had hit last night, when I had my entire head inside her pussy, but my tongue was too big to hit any of those areas. As I was eating her out, my hands explored around her strong thighs, her fantastic ass, and up to her tight abs. I felt the sweat starting to build all over her body. It was incredibly erotic.

Nikki started to groan loudly while she was licking my pole. I was concerned that the neighbors would hear, and report Nikki to her parents. They didn’t know who I was, and I didn’t spend much time at the house, so they wouldn’t place me, so I figured it was Nikki’s problem. She could handle her parents without my help.

I was about to blow my wad, and Nikki knew it. She didn't stop. I exploded into her mouth. I shot 4 or 5 times. I could see her struggle getting everything, but she sucked me clean, down to the last drop. I was in heaven. Again, a sexual fantasy come to reality. She sat up, and rocked her pussy into my face with a greater speed. To increase the pressure, she reached around and pushed my head into her. Now I could hear the words, not just groans.

“OHH! Fuckin Yeaaa! Lick, Suck, @!#\$\$ You are Good! I am Going to Cum!”

With that, she screamed something unintelligible, and reached her climax, She slowed the pace, and finally stopped rocking. She laid down, resting her head on a pillow. My head was still in her crotch, held there by Nikki's milky white thighs.

Turning her head around, she kissed my penis, and said. “I think I would like to keep you there.” And then she squeezed her thighs, putting pressure right at my temples. “I can't say I mind being in this position.” I said.

I quickly broke her hold on me, and came up to face her so that I could give her a long kiss on the lips.

“You were right, I am attracted to you, and last night was a combination of my greatest sexual fantasies. But that doesn't make what we did right. Even though I can't stop you, it just isn't right. Even though you fulfilled my greatest fantasies, it wasn't right. And, even though I enjoyed everything you did, both last night, and this morning, I will never feel totally comfortable around my wife again.”

Nikki stopped to think. I had been treating her like an equal, not as my junior, and she seemed to appreciate that.

“I see what you are saying. I did what I did last night because I couldn't help myself.” Nikki was starting to open up, I could see that. I needed to listen to what she was saying.

“When you were helping me to get my resume done, and coaching me on interviewing, I looked up to you as my Big Brother. I was able to ignore my attraction to you. But when we went out last night, and we started whispering, I started to

feel so turned on. I have felt turned on before, but nothing like this. It was like my whole body was tingling. That is when I held your hand, and began to chew on your earlobe. I couldn't help myself. It was like I was a different person."

I took it all in, trying to make sense of it. I could definitely understand her being able to look at me as her Brother, and I could understand her feelings for me, but what was all of this about being a different person?

"I know that this sounds really weird, but I felt like a predator; a shark or a tiger, and you were my prey. You were my prey because I have wanted you for so long. I had to have you, and because of my size, I was able to take you. By growing, I knew you couldn't stop me. No one could."

She was right. No one could. "But Nikki, you seem to understand that when you are upset, it makes you grow. Don't get me wrong, this was fantastic, but quite honestly, the only reason anything happened this morning was because I knew that too. I have to admit that having sex with you was great, probably the best I have ever had, but it was because I didn't want you to start growing again. Besides, no matter what I say it was still wrong, and we have to do something to stop it."

"I know, I know. Like I said, I couldn't help myself, and I couldn't stop. By the time I started growing, I could only think of one thing, taking you, and having you. I guess I need to work to control my feelings. Maybe if I could control the rage that I felt when I was jilted, I could control my growth. You know that you were the first man who to say no to sleeping with me, ever!"

"Well, I can see why you would be so popular!" I said, and I meant it. She was so attractive, both a great body, and a great personality.

I thought about that. How many men had she been with? I wondered what would happen the next time she grew attracted to another man, and was refused by him. What would happen then? I was not so sure that she wanted to stop growing. I had to figure something out.

“I am going to go out today, maybe to the beach, so I can think about what you said. Wanna come?”

“I had better not, You would think better if I wasn’t around. I am going to try to fix your drywall, and then I have other errands to run, but I will wait until you are ready to leave, and leave with you.”

“You are my knight in shining armor.” she said.

“You are my greatest fantasy come to life.” I said.

So Nikki got up, ate, and showered. I went to the garage, and found the tools that I needed to repair the drywall. It took me about 45 minutes to finish.

“O.K. I have the holes fixed, but the bed, and the dent, or should I say crater, in the wood floor are your problems. You have better work out some great excuses.”

For the next few minutes, we got our stories straight, and both went our separate ways. I saw Nikki leave, and the parked my truck around the block. I had to go back to the house to find something that would lead me to find out why Nikki had grown like that. I began searching like a man possessed. When Nikki spoke about her growth, I noticed a little sparkle in her eyes. She liked it, I could tell. I didn’t know what she would do with it, but I was sure that she would want to keep this power. I didn’t know what I could do to stop it, but I had to try.

My search through her things may be enough to make her shoot through the roof, literally, so I had to be careful not to get caught. I had been looking for about two hours, when I found something. In an old textbook of Nikki’s. There was a check stub for 3,500 dollars, and the comment field said “Subject - Cell Repair” The check was from the University of Nebraska, Biology Department. It was signed by a Ms. Willis. I had to con. . .

Just then I heard the door open. I jumped into the closet and hid like a child. I could hear three different voices. One was definitely Nikki’s. The other two sounded like men, voices that I didn’t recognize. I could tell that they were in the kitchen, so I got out of the closet and tip toed around to see what was going

on.

There was Nikki, in her Bikini Top, with tight board-shorts, pouring some beers, and laughing with these two guys. God, she was perfect.

Both of the men looked like Marines. Their haircuts, the tattoos gave them away. They both looked well over 6 feet tall, and in great shape. They had bodybuilding physiques. They were HUGE. Nikki was making small talk with them, but it was obvious to me, and probably any other man who has been on a date, that these two didn't care about what she was saying. It seemed that they wanted something else. To make matters worse, by the sound of her voice, Nikki must have had too much to drink. She was too happy, too giggly, too suggestive.

"Let's go sit out by the pool! We can catch some more sun, and enjoy our drinks."

They all went outside. I was looking out the sliding glass window, looking out to the pool. Nikki went to the pool house to grab some towels, I could see the two giving hand gestures, communicating what to do, something was definitely wrong. I didn't want to move, I feared what those two Monster Marines would do to me or to Nikki.

Paralyzed by fright, I watched as Nikki came back out. She was giggling at the Marines and talking about what good shape they were in, she was even rubbing their biceps. All three of them were smiling, and happy. One of the Marines excused himself to go to the bathroom. He walked right toward me. I ran back into Nikki's bedroom, but kept my eye on him.

He started to rummage through the living room. Looking at the stereo, the TV, and the DVD player. It hit me, these two guys were going to rob the place, One was the diversion, and the other was the thief. I turned to the window to see what the other one was doing with Nikki.

They were in the jacuzzi, he had his arm around her, and they were starting to kiss. He moved his hand down to her breast, and started playing. Nikki didn't like that, and pushed him away. He got upset and started to force himself on her. Nikki's screams

in self defense were heard by the Thief Marine, who ran outside: “Keep her quiet, you dumbass! There is a boatload of stuff in here. Mo Money today!”

With that, the Diversion Marine picked up Nikki, and slapped her around a bit before throwing her into the deep end of the pool.

I was horrified. What was I going to do? Should I run out and help? Should I call the police? Then I heard Nikki speak from the pool.

“Listen, you can take what you want, I don’t care. It’s my parents stuff anyway. I don’t own it. And you,” She looked at the Diversion Marine, “Why don’t you come over here, and I’ll give you something else. . . if you think you can handle it!”

She seemed to be trying to piss the Diversion Marine off. If that was her goal, she succeeded. Nikki’s comment had incensed the Diversion Marine, who jumped into the pool, and dragged her to the shallow end. He began to backhand her relentlessly, almost to the point where she lost consciousness. The Diversion Marine then grabbed the barely conscious Nikki by the back of her hair, and shouted at her: “Now you are going to suck my dick until I cum! We will see who can handle it.”

As he got out of the pool, the Division Marine pulled his pants down, He was huge, probably 12 to 15 inches. I couldn’t believe it. He walked Nikki out of the pool, and threw her into the deep end again. At that point, he sat down, and put his legs into the water. Then he yelled: “Now swim over her and suck my cock, or I’ll slap you down again!” Nikki swam over, I could see her face. She had red marks all over her cheeks, and she was cut on her lip. But her expression was not one of a battered women. Then it hit me. She was getting mad. All of the beatings that she taken from the Diversion Marine were only making her more angry.

Like driving by a car wreck, I couldn’t turn away, I had to keep watching.

The pool’s deep end was 12 feet deep. This was one of those expensive, near Olympic sized pools. At one time, Nikki’s father

that been a diver, and he swam to maintain his shape. Nikki was now holding on to the legs of the Diversion Marine. The pool was too deep to stand in, and she needed the leverage. She began to suck on his member. Flaccid, it was as long as my penis was erect. I could only imagine how big it would get at his erection. Nikki took the penis head into her mouth, and began humming. The entire time, she kept her eyes on the Diversion Marine, as he was groaning with pleasure. "Keep it up bitch! I want the whole thing in your fuckin' mouth before I cum."

Meanwhile, the Thief Marine was pulling wires out of electric equipment as fast as he could. He grabbed the VCR, the DVD, and was getting the HDTV when he heard the Diversion Marine groaning.

He went outside to investigate. "You had better save some of that for me!" He shouted to Nikki. She didn't notice, she was still working the Diversion Marine's cock head, and looking at his face.

It was at that time that I noticed that Nikki was taking more and more of the Diversion Marine into her mouth. She was also groaning in a manner that I remembered from last night. I saw the pain in her face. It was happening again. I couldn't believe it, but I was getting turned on.

Nikki was groaning in pain. so much so that she had to pull off the Diversion Marine's monster of a penis. She moved to the side of the Diversion Marine, and held to the side of the pool for dear life. She was almost crying now, in total pain. The Diversion Marine had no sympathy. "What is wrong bitch? The sight of a dick this big scaring you? Well get back here, and get to work!" With that, he grabbed her by the hair, and bitch slapped her another couple of times. He then rammed her head onto his cock.

It didn't take but a few seconds before Nikki began her blow job. The Diversion Marine didn't notice, but I could see that Nikki was now taking more and more of his member into her mouth. I knew what was coming, but I was shocked at what Nikki did next. .

“AAARRRRGGGHHH! Dumb bitch! You feel like biting my cock, well how do you feel about this?!” With a closed fist this time, he hit her square across the jaw. “What do you think?!” He punched her again, with his other fist, right on her nose. With the second punch, he noticed that Nikki didn’t move much. No pain, no tears, nothing. She just stared at him. He was really mad now, but if he was paying attention, he would have noticed that Nikki wasn’t holding on to his legs for leverage anymore. He also didn’t notice that the straps to her bikini top were gone. He smacked her again on the right cheekbone. Again, Nikki didn’t flinch. She looked at him and said: “Can I finish you off now?” The Marine couldn’t believe that she had withstood three punches like that. He told himself that she must have been in shock, and numb. Yea, that was it. “Yea bitch, you finish sucking on my shlong, and get me off!” He closed his eyes, and tilted his head back. Nikki started to polish his pole once more.

I was going crazy. She was now taking this guy’s entire penis into her mouth. “He must be at least 20 inches” I told myself. The dumbass didn’t even notice her changing. I looked again. “How big was she?” Again, my thinking was shattered by a scream.

“YOU STUPID BITCH, I TOLD YOU NOT TO BITE MY DICK.” He pulled himself out, or at least what was left of him, and wrapped his hand around his blood spurting member. “I am gonna beat you to death, bitch!” He said, and reared back. As he swung, Nikki put her hand out and caught his fist. Her hand was twice the size of his. I could hear the bones in his hand break as she applied pressure to his fist. A bloody smile appeared on her face, as she licked her lips of the blood from the man’s penis. “Do you think that you can pleasure me now?” Her words were inviting, but her tone was ominous. She pulled herself out of the pool, from the deep end, still holding the luckless Marine by his shattered fist. She was a 12 foot amazon, totally naked. The water was glistening off of her body. This was as big as she got last night, but last night, 12 feet was the peak of her growth.

This was only the beginning. The strips of clothing that were her bathing suit were now at the bottom of the pool. My God, she was still growing.

I couldn't believe it, she was growing in the deep end of the pool, and that the dumbass jarhead couldn't tell until it was too late. He had no idea. She was the spider, and he was her fly.

The Diversion Marine was in too much pain to speak as Nikki held him up to her face.

"I am not sure how much bigger I am going to get, but I would love to play with you until I am done."

I was in his position last night, but I Nikki didn't hold that tone with me. I was starting to fear for these two. The Diversion Marine was finally broke out of his silence. He shouted at the top of his lungs. That put a smile on Nikki's face, she was in total control. Where she liked to be. She had an idea. "Let's play a little game on your friend." She quietly walked into the deep end of the pool, and ducked under water. She held the Diversion Marine with her. She looked up, and saw the Thief Marine run out. As he walked around the pool, he looked for the two he had left there. Nikki then released the Diversion Marine and he swam to the surface. . The Thief was relieved to to see his companion come up for air, and didn't notice the huge black figure now lying in the deep end of the pool. The Thief walked around, asking questions the whole way. "What is going on? Where is the girl? What happened to your hand?" The Diversion Marine was still gasping for air at the side of the pool. When he could finally speak, he whispered "Run! Giant, Get out of here!" The Thief was confused. "What are you talking about?"

A few large bubbles rose from the middle of the pool, the Nikki made her appearance. She kept going up, and up, and up. Her glistening body, shining in the sunlight of the afternoon.

Yes, she was still growing. I guessed her height to be about 21 feet, because she was on the deep end of the pool, and the water barely came to the tops of her thighs.

"IS IT MY TURN TO PLAY YET?" she said. "I THINK

THAT I WILL NEED BOTH OF YOU TO HAVE SOME REAL FUN.” The Thief was petrified. He finally got command of his legs, and started to run, but it was too late. He didn’t even come up to her knees. Nikki reached down and picked him up. Then she reached down and picked up the Diversion Marine, still suffering from oxygen deprivation. She held them, one in each hand, and sat down in the pool. These Marines were now the size of G.I. Joes to her. She held them above the waterline, just looking at them. Half of her glorious tits were floating just above the waterline. Finally, she said: “WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY? I KNOW! MY TITS HAVEN’T BEEN SUCKED FOR ABOUT 6 HOURS, I AM DUE!” She grabbed the poor men, and with her pinky, pried open their mouths. Once their mouths were open, she shoved them on each of her nipples.

She was glorious. 21 feet of strong, shapely sex symbol, lounging in a near Olympic size pool, which to her was the size of a bathtub. Her tits were so huge that a full sized man couldn’t reach around them. The areolas were the size of a man’s torso. She lay there, rubbing these Marines on her massive mammaries. Her nipples were at least six inches in length. The Marines were struggling to keep them in their mouths, and Nikki was loving every minute of it. I just didn’t know what she loved, the control, the dominance, or the sexual lust.

She was the tiger again, and she was playing with her prey. “SO, WHAT DID YOU STEAL FROM THE HOUSE?” She said as she looked down on her two newest toys. “I GUESS THAT YOU DIDN’T NOTICE THE NEW SECURITY SYSTEM, ME!” She stood up, rubbing the Marines on her tits. She still had her back to me. I had a full view of her rock hard ass just out of the pool, each cheek was larger than me! He legs were each 15 feet long, I couldn’t believe it, Still I wasn’t sure what she was capable of when she was a giantess. I would find out.

She picked up the two Marines from off of her chest, “HOW DID YOU LIKE MY NIPPLES? WERE THEY ENOUGH TO HANDLE?” Even though the two were scared to death, they still had their pride, and Nikki’s comment had challenged it. The

Thief Marine shouted “@!#\$ YOU, YOU GIANT FREAK!” Nikki’s smile turned to a frown, and I could tell that she was upset yet again. “YOU SHOULDN’T SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT. BAD THINGS HAPPEN WHEN I GET ANGRY.” She grabbed the Thief Marine, and brought him up to her face. “YOU JUST VOLUNTEERED FOR ‘UNDERCOVER DUTY!’” Last night she was able to ram my entire head into her cunt. But now, at almost twice her largest size last night, she took the Thief Marine, and rammed his entire body into her pussy. She was holding him by his shoulders, and pumping him in and out of her sex.

Clearly, she was sexually aroused.

“KEEP STRUGGLING. . . IT MAKES IT FEEL BETTER! UUUUMMMM, YESSSSSS, HOW ABOUT YOUR FRIEND?”

She pulled the other Marine down and rammed both of them into her cunt! She didn’t seem to want to push them in and out this time, so she just jammed them into her sex, and laid down in the pool to enjoy the sensation. She started to pump her hips, and to massage her breasts in the pool. It was like a combination of “Attack of the 50 Foot Woman,” and “Debbie Does Dallas.” I could tell that she was about to orgasm.

“AAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGHHH. . . YESSSSSSSS. . .”

She finally stopped pumping her hips, and rolled out of the pool. Surely she must have drowned the two luckless Marines. But no.

She pulled them out of her pussy, and looked at them. “YOU ARE ALL GOOEY. LET ME TAKE CARE OF THAT.” The two of them were exhausted, and terrified. Both could only manage to kick their legs, and wave their arms. It was a useless action.

She took the Diversion Marine, and put half of his body into her mouth. She sucked and licked. He was grabbing for dear life, shooting his arms out to reach for anything. He was punching her cheeks and nose. Obviously, she was getting irritated. She pulled him out of her mouth and said. “YOU ARE MAKING ME MAD AGAIN. THAT IS ENOUGH.” This time, she put

him into her mouth head first.

I had to laugh at the sight. Nikki sitting there, next to the pool, sucking, with these two tiny legs sticking out of her mouth, kicking for dear life. One leg caught her nose. She had been irritated for the last time. She looked down at the Thief Marine that she was still holding, and bit down. In seconds, his legs stopped moving. She swallowed his upper half, and put his legs into her mouth. The Diversion Marine's blood dripped on her lips as she chewed his legs, and swallowed. She had a smile on her face the entire time.

The Thief Marine saw his destiny, and he was terrified. She brought him up to her mouth, "YOUR TURN TO PLAY WITH THE FREAK." First, she licked his body, like an envelope, from his feet to his head. He tried to break free, but her grip was too tight. She put his feet into her mouth, licked, then bit. The Marine screamed for bloody murder. Nikki didn't stop. She moved his knees into her mouth and bit. Then his hips, his chest, and finally his lifeless head. Once finished, she wiped her hand on her mouth, and rubbed the excess blood on her tits. As she rubbed, she became more aroused, and began masturbating. Her hips were thrusting on the concrete next to the pool causing a thunderous noise from the patio. You could tell she wanted something more. Her gaze turned to the side yard where she saw the lumber stack. The lumber stack was 30 yards from the pool. That was a few short steps for Nikki. She picked up three 4" x 4" x 8' posts, and came back to the pool. Once there, she rammed the makeshift giant wood dildo into her pussy. With one hand rubbing her bloody breast and the other pushing the lumber in and out of her cunt. She reached an earth shaking orgasm. She could do anything she wanted. No man could stop her, and she knew it. She lay resting on the patio, contemplating what she had just done, and feeling satisfied. She soon fell asleep. That was my chance to get out, and I took it. I ran to my truck, and drove home. At home, I sat and thought about how I could deal this giant man eating woman, otherwise known as my sister in law. I didn't know what to do. I felt like the lookout on

the Titanic, the first one to see the iceberg. A man who saw catastrophe coming, but could do nothing about it.

It was unbelievable. My sister in law, a giant 21-foot goddess, the most arousing woman on the planet, and a double murderer. Did those marines deserve to die? Probably. Would she have been in that position to begin with, if she hadn't known about her growth?

Definitely not. Nikki was a predator. I noticed in the last two days how much she had changed, ever since she made a move on me in the movie theater. The way she had sex with me this morning. She loved the hard stuff, the rough stuff. She really couldn't get enough of it. She never would have brought two strange men home with her. Maybe she didn't anticipate them trying to rob her. Maybe she was looking for an opportunity to get into a threesome, and, I guess she did that, just in a different way than those two poor schmucks expected. She was a different person now. Even when she was her normal size, she was still a sexual predator.

I knew that her rage made her grow, and that each time she grew, she got larger. I had seen her grow from 7 feet to 12 last night, and experienced first hand what she did. I witnessed her grow from 12 feet to 21 feet today, and saw the results. She seemed to get more primal with her growth. She wasn't growing into a giant cave woman or anything like that, but you could see her urges become more and more dark. First is was the sex. Then it was actually eating. What would be next? I didn't want to find out.

I called the University of Nebraska Biology Lab, and got the phone mail system. I was able to find a Willis, and again get her message machine. I spoke as clearly and quickly as possible.

"Do you remember a test subject, Nikki Kravitz, from about 2 years ago. Some form of cell regeneration experiment. Well, she has been experiencing some amazing, and life threatening side effects. Please contact me as soon as possible at..." I hung up, and hoped for a quick response.

I had to keep Nikki calm, and happy until I heard back from

the Ms. Willis, but what would this entail? What did I have to do?

The ringing phone provided me an answer. "Hey Dan, it's me, Nik. What are you doing?"

"I just brought some work home this weekend, I wanted to get ahead for next week. How was the beach?"

"Really nice. I meet some guys, but they were just jerks. How do you handle guys like that? It really is upsetting."

I shivered to myself. I knew how she handled them, and it scared me.

"Anyway, I went out and bought a new dress, and I would like to show it off. Let your biggest fantasy take you out to dinner tonight. I promise, no sex, no talk about growing, just a quiet dinner. I want to talk about my anger, and how to work on it..."

I didn't want to go. I didn't want to spend anymore time around Nikki, especially after what I say today, but I didn't know that I couldn't refuse.

"Sure Nik, but I really would appreciate keeping it platonic. I know you can have me anytime, but I was hoping we could try."

"No problem Dan, but after seeing my dress, maybe you won't be able to help yourself."

"7:00 o.k. Nikki?"

"Sure, I will pick you up this time. We will go downtown, maybe walk on the pier or something."

"Great, see you then. Bye."

I went back to work, totally unable to concentrate on anything but Nikki. I was frightened by her growth, but I was exhilarated by what she looked like. She was so perfect. I thought how perfect she would be if she was even bigger. maybe 50 feet tall, just like the movie, or even bigger!

I shook myself back to reality. Remember what she did at 21 feet! What would she be capable of at 50, 75, or 100 feet tall? It was frightening.

At around 3:45 pm, I got a call.

“Mr. Miller, Mr. Dan Miller?”

“Yes, that is me, may I ask who is calling?”

“I am Ms. Chelsea Willis, from the biology lab at the University of Nebraska. I got your message.”

I was surprised that she would call me back on a Saturday, that she was even in the office on a Saturday.

“Yes, about Nikki, what kind of research were you doing? She has had some incredible things happen to her in the last two days.”

“Well, what we were working on was cell regeneration research. We hypothesized that we could make a body’s cells heal themselves, with the introduction of some specific agents, and electricity. We had hoped to allow the body to repair itself. To cure illness, disease, and catastrophic injury. We believe that we could cure everything from dwarfism, to spinal and brain injuries, even regeneration of lost limbs. We were hoping to change medical science. It was exciting research, but it wasn’t to be. The experiment was a failure, and we ended the project.”

I could tell by her voice that she was hiding something.

“What kind of experiments did you run on Nikki?”

Ms. Willis told me of the experiments, and I told her of Nikki’s growth, her return to normal, and her subsequent growth. I told her about how her anger seemed to start the process, and how Nikki had changed since the onset of her growth, even about her predatorial instincts.

She told me about the tissue sample, and it’s reaction to the H.G.D.N.A. That explained Nikki’s growth. She talked about the accident in the lab, what happened to Nikki, and about injecting her with the H.G.D.N.A., in order to save her life. She said that because there weren’t any side effects at the time, Nikki was released, but the project was closed immediately.

“Oh my God! That explains her growth, but why only when she gets mad? Jilted, beaten, etc.?” I asked.

“I don’t know Mr. Miller, But I do know a Biologist at the University of California at Irvine, and he will gladly provide the

lab space that I will need. I will get my notes, and samples, and be out there on the next flight.”

I gave Ms. Willis my cell phone number, and told her that I would be at LAX to pick her up. She was to be an old college friend, that was the story for Nikki.

For the first time in over 24 hours, I felt that we could stop this thing. We had a chance.

At precisely 7:00 someone knocked on my door. I figured it would be Nikki. “Come on in Nik, the door is open.”

I had just finished combing my hair, and walked out into the family room. Nikki was dressed to kill. “You ready?” Once again, I was speechless. Nikki looked fantastic. She had her hair done, as normal in her short bobbed style, Her gold round rimmed glasses on, and her pearl necklace. Her dress was silver, and strapless. It was tight around her breasts, and waist, and was almost spandex on her thighs. It was short, and extremely revealing. She had silver, almost sheer nylons on, and 4 inch high heels.

“Wow, you were right, I could almost take you right here and now!” I had said. I said it because I knew it wouldn’t happen. The thing that amazed me most, about how she looked was her face. The cuts and bruises that she had received from the Marine earlier had all disappeared. It was only 5 or 6 hours ago. How could they heal so quickly? Did her growth, and subsequent return to normal size also cause an increase in her rate of healing?

“I told you.” Again, I looked up and down her body. Noticing the shoes, tall shoes. “You had to get the high heels, huh? Aren’t you tired of being tall yet?”

“I like looking at you eye to eye. Besides, getting taller is a feeling that kind of grows on you.”

“Ha Ha, very funny.” I said.

We walked out the door and into her car. I couldn’t take my eyes off of her. My lust started going into overdrive. I had a commanding woody in my pants, and I was dying to let it out. I was losing control.

“So you were saying that you had some problems with a couple of guys today? How did you handle it?”

“I just made sure that they knew where they stood with me, and put them in their place.”

I knew what that meant, their place as in her stomach.

I continued to maintain conversation, while not trying to divulge too much. “So, you ready to eat?”

“Not really, I had a big lunch, but I heard that this place had great food, so I wanted to try it out.”

We finally got downtown and parked in some kind of underground parking. I got out, and walked around to open the door for Nikki. By the time that I got to the back of the car, I felt cold steel on my temple.

“Back up, and lay down!” With that command, I received a sharp thud to the head. I fell over on the concrete. I turned my head to see two guys, in loose clothing, Thugs. They opened Nikki’s door, and grabbed her. They both grabbed her by her biceps, then ripped her purse off of her arm, and took her wallet. The taller of the two thugs was looking through Nikki’s wallet. The shorter of the two was holding Nikki’s arms, rubbing her breasts. “Aren’t you a looker. I may have something that I . . .” He was interrupted by his companion.

“I got a couple of C notes! let’s get out of here!”

“Are you kidding, look and her, I need a piece of that.” the shorter thug said. He was clearly in charge. The taller thug put the money in his pants, and turned to grab Nikki.

“What about her old man?” the tall one said, The short thug turned, and kicked me 4 or 5 times, in the ribs, probably breaking one or two. I was gasping for air, in pain. Still I kept watching them attack Nikki.

“Hey bitch, let’s open up your tailpipe.” Nikki looked terrified. She didn’t know how to react. The two men tore Nikki’s dress off of her, leaving her in her jewelry, her garter belt, nylons and shoes. They both rubbed their hands all over her. Nikki now went from fear to anger, in fact, Nikki was more upset than I had ever seen here.

“Knock it off! Get your dirty, dumbass hands off of me! You don’t know what you are doing!”

“Sure we do” said the short thug: “We are gonna @!#& your brains out, and cum all over ya.”

The taller thug laughed at that, and they threw her on the trunk of the car face down. Her legs were straight, in her nylons and high heels. Her shapely ass was pointed directly at the two men, her upper body and face forced over the trunk of the car.

If I had been alone with her in this position, I don’t know if I wouldn’t have raped her up the ass either. I could feel my lust taking over. I began feeling my dick stiffen up. I was excited to see Nikki getting roughed up. I don’t know why, I couldn’t help myself.

The shorter man started to take off his pants. He rammed his cock into Nikki’s tight butthole. He hammered his dick in and out of her ass. I saw Nikki’s sweet hard butt cheeks sway with every pump. The thug buttfucking Nikki was groaning and moaning, but Nikki just laid there motionless. I could see a change in her face. She was beginning to enjoy this.

I could do nothing, I was in pain, but I knew what was coming. Hell, I was looking forward to it. I needed to see Nikki grow. The harder that they were on Nikki, the harder I knew Nikki would be back.

Nikki started to groan. “mmm... MMmmm... MMMMMM” The short thug didn’t care, after couple of minutes, he began to shoot his load. He pulled out, and shot all over Nikki’s back and ass.

“My turn, my turn!” shouted the tall thug, as he let go of Nikki’s arms. He unbuttoned his pants, and let them drop to his ankles.

Now that no one was holding her, Nikki was able to turn over, and lean on the back fender of her car, facing her assailants. She opened her legs, and began to speak.

“Come and get it big boy, why go through the back door when the front door is open?” The tall thug palmed Nikki’s face, and slammed her head on the trunk of the car. He then began to

@!#\$ Nikki with all of his might. The other thug held Nikki's arms from the other side of the trunk. I could hear the tall thug moaning and groaning, while the other thug was congratulating him on his work. Then I saw Nikki. She turned her head to me, and smiled another mischievous smile. She started to speak.

"Come on big boy, @!#\$ me! @!#\$ ME! I don't even feel you in there!"

The tall thug was enraged. He had been roughly massaging Nikki's breasts, but lifted a hand to slap Nikki 6 or 7 times across the face. "Shut up! Tell me how much you love my cock! You got to be fuckin' loving it I can feel your breasts swelling up, and your twat was loosenin' for me!"

I noticed it too. Her breasts were clearly bigger than they were when she had the dress on.

I knew what to look for now, and I was the only one to notice. Nikki had already started growing. She started to bend her knees so that the two rapists wouldn't notice her growth. It was the predator instinct in her. She was setting her trap. Her ass had been sitting on the back fender of the car, now it took up the back fender, and part of the trunk. She was already at least 7 feet tall, but the thugs were too dumb to notice.

I stared in wide wonder. I now felt good enough to stand up, and I should have run. But, I couldn't stop watching this amazing show. I had hoped for this in the deepest, darkest part of my psyche. I knew the damage she might cause, the people that she might hurt, but I didn't care. My dick was doing the thinking now. Grow baby, grow. Show these guys who is the boss.

I saw Nikki's shoes. Her feet were so big that I could see the shape of her toes through the leather. She continued to grow, Bending her knees until she was almost squatting there. Then, one of her shoes gave up the ghost. It split open with a pop. The tall thug wondered what the noise was, and looked down to see Nikki's legs, now each 5 feet long, wrapping themselves around him, pulling him into her. I saw her upper body growing across that trunk of the car, her head looking up at the thug holding

her. I could hear the scream of the thug now trapped in her thighs, but I could only watch Nikki's face, and she continued to experience her growth.

The short thug had been holding Nikki's arms. He was spurring his friend to @!# \$ Nikki harder. He had noticed Nikki's head beginning to hit his stomach. He thought that was odd, how did she get her head up there? Then he heard the scream of his friend. Before he could do anything, Nikki broke free of his grip, reached up with both hands, and grabbed his ribcage, holding him in midair.

Now she had them. One held in her powerful thighs, and the other now in her arms. She looked and the tall thug who had his now too small penis in her, and she sat up. She was now sitting on the trunk of the car, as if it were a stool build for a child. She had to be 20 feet tall. Her head was started to brush the concrete ceiling of the underground parking structure. Her knees were now taller than the punk raping her, and he had to be at least 6 foot 1 or 6 foot 2. She moved the shorter thug into one hand, rested her free hand on the roof of her car. She didn't know her own strength, and with what seemed like a minimal effort, she crushed the roof in. The sound of exploding glass and shrieking metal brought fear into the faces of the two thugs, but it put a smile on Nikki's face. She was now in complete control, "Let's see if I can help you out..."

She was still growing. Now she was having to bend her neck to avoid hitting her head on the ceiling. She picked up the tall thug, still trapped in her thighs, and moved her ass over so that she could sit on the ground. That brought temporary relief.

Now, she was sitting Indian style, in the middle of the underground parking structure, holding a thug in each hand. She put them between her legs, having created a cage with her long, luscious folded legs. Her thighs were almost as tall as the two thugs. She was about to speak when there was an interruption.

A car pulled into the lot, with its lights still on. Nikki covered part of her eyes, enraged that she was blinded, and that she was being interrupted. She grabbed the front of the car,

each hand wrapping around the two front fenders, and threw it against the far wall of the underground structure, at least 30 feet away. The resulting in a ball of flame destroyed the car, and probably killed the driver.

Upon witnessing her power, Nikki's anger turned to lust, "MMMMMMM... I FEEL SO GOOD, AND I AM GETTING BIGGER!"

She turned her attention back to the hapless thugs. "DO YOU TWO LIKE WATCHING ME GROW?" The two men were petrified with fear. Her rage at the driver had caused her growth spurt to increase. They could see her thighs, the walls of their prison, grow taller by the second, now at least two or three feet over their heads. They looked up at her fantastic set of breasts.

"COME ON... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS BODY?"

She picked up the two thugs, now holding them in only one hand, and laid them down on her stomach. She had to move a few cars with her feet, much like pebbles on a beach to her, and used a SUV as pillow under her head, so that she could lay down flat in the parking garage. Her feet were now as long as the cars parked there. Her body was almost longer than the 40 foot length of the parking garage, from wall to wall.

"MMMMM... STILL GROWING. CAN YOU TWO TELL? HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?" The two thugs were in shock, and unable to speak. Nikki loved this. "LET'S SEE IF I CAN GIVE YOU A BETTER VIEW." She put them on her left breast, which over 8 feet tall and looked at them laughingly.

"O.K. LITTLE BAD GUYS, PLAY WITH MY TITS!"

The thugs were still in shock. The both stood within her areola. Her Nipple was as tall as their knees. The were frozen.

"I SAID PLAY! OR YOU WILL END UP LIKE THAT CAR!"

The volume of her voice was enough to shatter their eardrums. They both awoke from their shock, and began to run their hands up and down her areolas, and her nipples. Each areola was bigger than each of them. The shorter thug was on his hands

and knees, while the tall thug was trying to rub his hands up and down Nikki's ever growing nipple. All the while, Nikki was still growing. Her nipples were getting taller, and taller as they rubbed them.

“OOOOHHHH... THAT'S IT BOYS. AREN'T YOU GLAD YOU STARTED RAPING ME! WE NEVER WOULD HAVE EXPERIENCED THIS IF YOU HADN'T.”

I wondered what was coming next. Nikki looked over at me, and smiled.

“HOW DO YOU LIKE ME NOW, DAN? I FIGURED THAT YOU WOULD ENJOY THIS. IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOMETHING REALLY GREAT, YOU HAD BETTER GET UP TO STREET LEVEL, AND MAYBE OVER TO THE PIER.”

We were in downtown Huntington Beach, and the parking lot we were in was across the street from the pier and the beach. I turned and ran up the stairs, and out of street level.

Even up there, I could hear Nikki's groans. Everyone could. There were people all over, in the shops, the restaurants, and at the movies. All I could think of was getting across the street. I didn't know how big Nikki was going to get, and I wanted to be clear of danger.

Once across the street, I started to feel shaking. Then I heard a pounding noise start. It was building in strength, causing a small earthquakes with each occurrence. People didn't know what was going on, and they ran in various directions, probably thinking that “The Big One” that LA was so scared of was starting. They had no idea how big this one really was.

The pounding grew louder. So loud in fact, that it was deafening. Then it happened. The explosion broke through an entire 2 story building. The movie theater, and two restaurants were decimated; they fell to the ground in pieces. Through all of the dust and debris, came Nikki. She was at least 50 feet tall now. She stepped up out of the crater that had been created when she grew out of the underground parking lot, and on to street level. There was nothing left of her nylons, or her garter belt. Her pearl necklace was a memory. People on the street looked

in disbelief.

It took a few moments for the onlookers to realize the danger that they were in, and they all started to run. Nikki didn't notice. She was standing as tall as the 4 and 5 story structures in the downtown area. She was enjoying her new point of view, and was still in ecstasy over her continued growth. This was her first "public outing" as a giantess, and she wanted to enjoy it, to take it in. She looked around at the little people, now up to her ankles.

"DOES ANYONE KNOW THESE TWO?"

As she said that, she began rubbing her huge breasts.

"MMMMM... THEY WANTED TO PLAY..."

Everyone seemed to think that Nikki was talking about her breasts, but on closer view, you could see tiny legs sticking out of her hands. She was rubbing her tits with the two would be rapists. Then she dropped the lifeless bodies of the two thugs. They fell some 40 feet to the ground, crashing on to parked cars. They had survived the fall, judging from the screams of pain that I heard from one of them. Again Nikki broke through,

"I WANTED TO PLAY,"

She held a finger to the side of her mouth, smiling and looking down at herself, posing like an innocent little girl. Just then, her smile turned from innocent to devious.

"BUT THEY COULDN'T KEEP UP."

She slammed her foot on the car, crushing it, and the two thugs.

She still grew. First 9 feet, then 12 feet, then about 21 feet, and now 60 feet and beyond. She looked down on everything. Sexually aroused by her new perspective, she began to rub her monumental breasts again, and continued to grow.

"BOY, THAT FELT GOOD! I FEEL SO EXCITED, SO STRONG, SO POWERFUL!"

She was speaking to no one directly, but everyone heard her. She was now rubbing herself all over her fantastic body. So much so, that she finally noticed her continued growth.

"I'M GETTING BIGGER!" she squealed.

She went back to massaging her breasts. She was standing in the middle of main street, rubbing herself, and getting more and more aroused.

“OH MY GOD! I CAN’T BELIEVE HOW GOOD THIS FEELS! I AM A GODDESS! I AM BIGGER THAN ANYTHING IN THIS CITY! I . . . AM AS HORNY AS HELL. ALL OF THIS GROWING REALLY TURNS A GIRL ON.”

She was really working her breasts now, and beginning to go down to her crotch. “MMM . . . WOULD YOU ALL EXCUSE ME WHILE I GO FINISH SOMETHING.”

With that, she began to walk toward the pier, crushing cars, and pavement in the process.

She stepped across Pacific Coast Highway, and onto the pier. “DO YOU MIND IF I LIE DOWN?” she said.

Everyone on the pier jumped into the ocean for dear life. She didn’t seem to notice them as she began to sit and lie on the pier.

Once there, she began to pleasure herself once more. Rubbing her breasts, and her sex. She was moaning so loudly, you could hear her two cities over. She once again grabbed her breast and began to suck on it. She was thrashing her hips, testing the strength of the pilings supporting the pier. She had begun to probe her pussy, thrusting three of her fingers in and out, while still using to other hand to suck her fantastic mammaries. She took her nipple out of her mouth only long enough to scream . . .

“SO HUGE! SO BIG! I NEED MORE! I HAVE TO HAVE MORE! I NEED IT ALL IN ME!”

All at once, she stopped, and looked around. She was in a frenzy, looking for something. Lying down, she was almost half as long as the pier now. Over 90 feet tall. Even I had been distracted with her giantess sex show to notice that she was still growing. Evidently she saw what she wanted, and she reached around, over the side of the pier, and grabbed one of the 15 foot tall pilings that was supporting the pier from underneath it. A little pulling, and it was freed from it’s concrete base underwater. The piling was easily 5 feet in diameter. It was a 15 foot dildo to her, and it was perfect.

She rammed it into her pussy, and pushed her self to another orgasm.

“GGGGGOOOOOODDDDDDD! HERE IT COMES! HERE IT COMES! I NEED A DICK, NOT A DILDO! I’M CUMMING! AAAAAAAAAHHHHHH! I NEED A MAN WITH A DICK TO FINISH ME!”

As she was screaming, thrusting her hips into the air, she kicked the 18 foot lifeguard tower. It was a completely enclosed building, 3 stories tall. It marked the middle of the pier, and Nikki had just shattered it with one errant slip of her foot. Her thrusting had shaken the very foundations of the pier. Rocking it to it’s limit, and causing 5 foot swells in the water below.

Her climax subsided about 5 minutes later, and Nikki turned to lay on her side, happily sucking on her finger. She was in control of everything. No one could stop her, She was in bliss. Her afterglow was present for about 10 minutes, so she sat up and took in the scene. The shattered lifeguard building. The piling that she had used as a dildo, now laying across the pier, covered in her sex juices. A huge indentation where she had been thrusting her fantastic ass, and light posts which were in her way while she was massaging her boobs, now bent, or completely pulled out of the pier itself. She could see the smashed cars across the highway, the burning, and destroyed buildings, and tiny people shouting and running for cover. It was chaos, and she embraced it.

In the distance, on the beach, and even on Main Street, you could hear the sounds of people running and screaming. You could hear the sounds of oncoming helicopters. Probably police and news choppers. I stood on the beach, a silent witness to the giantess that I loved.

She was now so large that she took up the entire width of the pier. She didn’t want to have any pictures taken, she didn’t want and physical evidence of her existence, at least not yet. She knew that she was going shrink back down to regular size soon, and didn’t want to answer for her crimes. Eventually, she would have her chance.

She put one leg over one side of the pier, and into the ocean. The water, about 9 feet deep was only up to her ankle. She then let her other leg over the other side. Now she stood up, straddling the pier itself. Striking a supergirl pose, she put her hands on her hips, and thrust her tremendous breasts out. She was amazing. Her growth now stopped at 100 feet. Truly a giantess, with no equal. She reached down and began to rub her body in seawater. She was just getting her body ready to jump into the cold water, but now she was glistening, and I was exploding, in my pants. She was a wonder. Each breast larger than a two story building. Her nipples longer than any man. Her legs were each 50 feet tall. Her ass was absolutely magnificent. She was about to jump into the water, when she turned around, and said one more thing.

“I WILL BE BACK FOR YOU MY LITTLE MINIONS, BUT LET ME LEAVE YOU WITH A GOODBYE PRESENT!”

She sat back down on the pier, and began to pump her thighs. She lifted her rock hard ass, and then dropped it on the pier with a resounding thud. She was using her magnificent ass like a pile-driver, pummeling the concrete structure. After about 7 or 8 pumps, a 12 foot portion of the pier fell to the sea. Nikki stood up, turned, and walked out to the deeper water. She disappeared into the darkness.

The carnage on Main Street, and on the pier was amazing. I had to focus, to think. I had a hard time drowning out the shouts of pain and fear. I picked up my cell phone. Good, Ms. Willis had called. She was landing within the hour, and I had to pick her up. With Nikki's car destroyed, I had to take a cab home, and that would be hard enough. Then it was off to the airport.

This was totally out of control. Nikki, the 100 foot version; had just destroyed a good portion of the tourist section of downtown Huntington Beach, and along the way put a nice hole in the pier. All she seemed to care about was her growth, and her orgasm. Was this the next step in her personality change? Sexual dominance, as she had displayed with me just the night before

last; physical death and destruction as she had shown with those two marines; then all out control, as was shown last night? I had a lot of questions and I was hoping that I would finally get some answers.

I finally made it home about an hour after Nikki's incident. Catching a cab was a nightmare, the havoc that Nikki caused slowed the traffic to almost a stand still. Once home, I quickly jumped into my truck, and jammed to the airport. All along the way, the AM radio stations were talking non-stop about a horrific incident that befell downtown Huntington Beach. Witnesses were just starting to be interviewed; and none of them could describe Nikki very well. That was a good thing, at least her identity was still protected. I guess people were so busy running for their lives, that they didn't get a good look at her face. The radio verified that 78 people were killed during the "GI-ANTESS ATTACK" as they called it. 35 of the victims were in two restaurants; 22 in the movie theater; and the rest either in the immediate shopping area, or the underground parking lot that was below these buildings. I had to wonder where Nikki was now, what she was doing, and how big she was. After all of this, I was still infatuated with her.

Once the statistics regarding the damage were out, there was little for the radio stations to talk about. Most of the media outlets proved to be very inept in covering of this type of disaster. It stands to reason, as there had never been an attack of this nature before. All of the radio stations were quick to state that there was no good photograph of any kind of this giantess. Some had stated that they believed that they may be able to get a security camera video from the parking garage where the incident started. Sketch artists were also currently working with witnesses to get a composite likeness.

I finally exited the freeway, and was at the airport. I drove to the Continental arrival area, and saw a young woman standing there. She looked to be in her mid thirties. She wore large, black framed glasses, and looked distracted. She had long, blonde hair, disheveled, and tied in a bun. In her phone message, Ms. Willis

said that she would have a green, steel box with her. This young woman had such a box, so I pulled over. This had to be her. I shouted, "Ms. Willis?"

"That's me, but call me Chelsea... You must be Dan?" I parked, and ran around the truck to get her bags and throw them in back.

Once her bags were in the truck I turned to her and answered, "Yeah. You have a lot of work to do." We both jumped into my truck, and I drove off.

"What's happened in the last 6 hours." I pointed to the radio as an answer to her question.

She listened intently, "Oh, my God... over 100 feet! What caused her growth this time?" I told her of the rapists in the parking garage. How Nikki was sodomized, and how she started to grow. I continued: "The worst part is that she really enjoys it. It is a sexual stimulant for her. She also seems to be getting more and more..." I was at a loss for the word. "Heartless. Every time she grows. She seems to have less concern for what she does. She even called the people minions, then she destroyed the pier."

Ms. Willis thought for a moment, then spoke. "Her personality change may be part of the process. I brought lab notes, some of Nikki's old samples from cold storage, and the H.G.D.N.A. I have the lab space set up, and I will stay in student housing at U.C.I. while I do my work, but I need one very important thing from you." I didn't know what she needed, but I would do anything. She continued: "I need a fresh tissue and blood sample."

"WHAT?!" I couldn't believe it. "How can I get a blood or tissue sample? In case you haven't been paying attention, this girl grows every time she gets angry. Her last little spurt put her over 100 feet tall. I don't want to think about how big she's going to get when I prick her arm to get some blood!"

Chelsea tried to calm me down: "Calm down. You can get some of her hair. Just a strand will do. I really need a blood sample. A prick of her finger, anything. I need to see how Nikki's

cells have responded to this H.G.D.N.A., how they have mutated. That is the only way that I can begin to create a treatment.”

But how would I do it? I couldn't answer that question. There wasn't much more said for the rest of the trip. I took her to U.C. Irvine, she had arranged housing with her colleague. She would begin working tomorrow morning, and would contact me with any information. I didn't even listen. All I could think about was how I would get that blood sample.

I finally got home at around 1:00am. Exhausted, I went to the phone, and listened to my messages.

“Dan” It was Nikki. Her voice sent a chill down my spine. “I hope you were O.K. getting home tonight. I am home now, and going to bed. I am really tired after tonight's adventure. I just wanted to talk to you. Meet me tomorrow at the Pacific Sportswear store at the mall. Let's say 11:30. I really need to talk.”

My stomach felt like it just dropped to my knees. What would she want?

I awoke the next morning, not having slept well. Nikki was a monster. At least she was a monster when she grew. Even though I had Chelsea working on the problem, I still couldn't help but think about the possibility that we wouldn't be able to do anything. That Nikki was already too much for us to handle. I guess watching a giant woman destroy a town uncontested can really hurt your self-esteem. But what happens if she grows again? My god, how big would she get, and what would she do? Somehow, I convinced myself to get up, get dressed, (this meeting wasn't worth a shower, or a shave,) and go over to the mall.

I got to the store at about 11:15, and looked for Nikki. I walked over near the fitting rooms, and found Nikki trying on a bikini. It was silver, with a snake-skin pattern. It was something that I never thought she would wear before this weekend. I stopped to look at her. She was awesome, Her body was back to the way it was before this all began, the small C-cup breasts, beautiful hips, and legs, and fantastic abs, the shapely, squeez-

able ass. I compared her to the woman that she was last night; 100 feet tall, with the huge breasts, and muscular ass. She looked great either way, although I prefer the large tits. She saw me. “Hey, Dan! You’re early. What do you think of this suit?”

Her question shocked me. This young women had just killed 78 people, destroyed two buildings, a pier, and capped it all off by masturbating to orgasm in front of the entire city. But her primary concern was how she looked in this bikini!

“Uhhh, you look great, Nik. Absolutely perfect.” I couldn’t contain my lust. She did look fantastic. “I am assuming you wanted to talk about last night?”

Nikki turned to me, and began discussing last night’s events with all of the passion of a 5-year-old who had just gone to Disneyland for the first time.

“Yea, it was great! What a rush! You have no idea what it feels like to be that big” No one around was listening, so I felt that I could get a little more serious with her:

“What?! Do you know you killed 78 people? I know that those two punks deserved to die, but the rest were innocent people who were killed because of you. They DIDN’T deserve to die! You are lucky that no one was able to describe your face, or they would have caught you by now.”

Nikki didn’t seem fazed by what I was saying: “What do you want me to do? How could I stop the situation? I had to get out of that garage; I had gotten too big. For crying out loud my boobs were bigger than any car in that garage!”

I tried to calm myself: “Yea, I suppose. You didn’t ask to be raped, although in that dress, I could certainly understand why someone would want to have their way with you!” My dick was doing the thinking again. I couldn’t afford to get aroused or worse yet, to get her aroused. I just wish I could calm the raging hard-on in my pants.

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” Nikki said with a wry smile.

I didn’t know how to respond. I tried to change the subject. “What made you do what you did on the pier, though?”

“Lust, power,” Nikki responded: “I just wanted to, I needed

to. Like something inside me was telling me what to do. A part of me was driving me to do that. The bigger I got, the more that part of me took control. I have sexual needs that become too much to handle. You can't imagine how much I need a good fuck at 90 feet tall. When I grow, every part of my body gets excited, it tingles, and I need to be satisfied. I just wish that I had a giant man, with a giant dick, to get me off completely. I just can't help myself."

She took a minute to let me think about what she said, then continued:

"Besides, no one got hurt on the pier; they just got wet and cold. The only two that I actually killed were those jerks, and you already said that they had it coming!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "So you're saying that you can't control yourself? That is a little scary, a 100-foot tall giantess, out of control in the city, looking for a lay?!"

Nikki responded, "NO, not at all. I am just saying, that I let myself go; that a different side of me comes out. A side that succumbs to the feeling of power, the feeling of control; and to all of the sexual arousal."

I didn't like the sound of that. "It just scares me that you, or another side of you, might destroy a city, or kill people, because you need a dick in you."

"Don't worry, Dan. What happened last night was completely out of my control, because I had to grow out of that parking garage. I couldn't help it. You understand, don't you?"

I didn't know what to say, things were coming too fast to relate to. I tried to be agreeable. "I guess I do."

"Really, I am in control when I am that size, I wouldn't hurt innocent people on purpose. Besides, I was really working on my control this morning, concentrating on my anger. Let me show you something." She went back into the fitting room and a minute later she came back out in a bright yellow, string bikini. It looked great, other than the fact that it seemed pretty loose in the top, maybe two or three sizes too big.

"What do you think of this one?"

“Nik, I didn’t come down here to watch you try on swimwear.”

“O.K., O.K., Just look at this.”

She went back into the fitting room. I was watching her feet, and noticed that she didn’t take off the bottoms, it looked like she just stood there for a minute or two. When she came out, I nearly fell over.

“Well, how does it fit now?” I looked from her feet up, and everything seemed the same, until I got to her breasts. They were huge! It was as if she had enhancement surgery in the 3 minutes that she was in that fitting room. She had gone from her small C-cup, to what must be a 35 D now. She looked like Jenna Jamison for godsake! That top of the bikini was stretched to the limit. The shoulder straps looked like tight enough to use as guitar strings. The cloth on the front of her top, originally designed to surround each of her breasts, could now only contain one half of each breast. Her tits were jammed next to each other, creating an amazing amount of cleavage. Her nipples stood out, clearly defined through the cloth. She put her arms under her breasts, sticking them out for me to see, and then she spoke: “Does this look better?” She said. I couldn’t answer. I couldn’t take my eyes off of her. “Dan, Dan, Earth to Dan!” She knew I was in ecstasy looking at her tits. She enjoyed the lustful trance that she had put me in. She knew that she was in control now. I finally managed to blurt out a few words.

“Ugh, ugh, what happened? How did you do that? You must have a roll of toilet paper in each breast to push them up that much.” I said. I still couldn’t take my eyes off of them.

“You think that I padded these, huh?” She said. “Well, let me prove you wrong.” She faced the full size mirror next to the fitting room door, closed her eyes, and started to rub her boobs.

I looked around to see that no one was watching her. Then I looked into the full-length body mirror that she was in front of. I saw it. Her boobs were growing! The material was slowly inching its way closer and closer to her nipples. She looked like she was kneading dough, massaging her expanding tits. I looked at Nikki, her eyes were still closed, and she was still rubbing. Only

now, she had a smile on her face. Her breathing, or should I say panting, was getting shorter and shorter. Her boobs continued to grow. The cloth was woefully unable to handle the pressure. The bright yellow top barely covered her areolas, much less her breasts. Finally, her bikini top snapped, and fell to the floor. She had grown out of it! She now stood there, at her normal height, in bright yellow bikini bottoms, trying to hold two of the largest, most perfect tits I have every seen. Her hands were barely able to cover them. She had to fold her arms underneath her 45DD monsters just to support them.

“What do you think now?” She said.

“Ohmygod!” Was my only response.

“I guess you like them?” Nikki smiled with the same wry smile that she had before.

She went back into the fitting room, and this time, she came back out in a pair of exercise shorts and a football jersey. The shorts fit her, but the football jersey that she had on was huge. So huge, that she had to tie it around her waist. The only place that she came close to filling it out was her chest, and it looked loose there to. She looked at the mirror, then at me. “I had better grow into these breasts!”

She grabbed my arm, and walked me into the fitting room. I was stupefied: “How did you do that? You didn’t get upset. How come only your breasts grew?”

She just kept looking at me. “Just enjoy the show.” she said, and pushed me into the fitting room chair. I couldn’t stop watching. I was way too focused on her body to put together a coherent sentence anyway. Nikki did all of the talking:

“Last night after I got home, I showered and went to bed. In bed, I was thinking about the rush of growing.” While she was saying this, she closed her eyes, and began to rub her body all over with her hands. “I thought about how you fucked me when I was my original size, and how much you liked my tits when I was 12 feet tall, how you couldn’t stop staring at them. My chest started to tingle, and then I felt my t-shirt get tight. I looked down, and actually saw my breasts growing. I got so

turned on that I let them grow right out of my shirt. They were this size!” To emphasize her point, she rubbed her breasts in my face.

She was beginning to change. Her legs, her torso, were all beginning to expand. I could see in the mirror behind her that her beautiful ass was rising higher and higher. Her shorts were beginning to fill in and I could see her ass starting to really take shape through the lycra. “HHHHHHMMMMMMMM, I really love this feeling!”

“Then, I got out of bed, and began to play with my tits. While playing, I envisioned myself being as tall as the ceiling. Then, again, the tingle raced throughout my body, and it happened. I grew, because I wanted to! Unfortunately, it cost me a brand new T-shirt and boxers. That’s how it happened. Just look at me now! I guess that I can control this thing. It’s a lot of fun.”

She was almost as tall as I was. The lycra shorts she was wearing were beginning to look tight on her. Her ass was slowly pushing out against the fabric. Her thighs were filling in the bottoms of the shorts. I could see the jersey she was wearing first begin to fill out in her breasts. The numbers on her shirt were growing out toward me. I could also see her shoulders growing, getting broader and broader. Pushing the sleeves of the jersey up her arms. The bottom of the jersey started to creep up her abs. She continued to rub herself all over.

Now she was taller than me, probably at least 7 feet in height. All she could do at this point was groan. “MMMMHHHMMM-MMM, OH DAN, YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW THIS FEELS. IT IS SOOO AWWWESOME!”

Her groans were getting louder and louder. I knew that anyone outside the fitting room had to hear her moans of ecstasy. I couldn’t care less. The blood must have been rushing from my head to my dick, because the huge hard-on I had in my pants was leaving my head fuzzy.

“I THINK THAT THESE CLOTHES WON’T HOLD ME BACK MUCH LONGER!” She said.

I looked down at her hips, and I could see the once good-fitting shorts were now skin tight on her legs. Her ass looked so good, it was as if the lycra was going to rip, it was so tight. They couldn't hold any more. I heard a rip that came from the seam in her ass, and on the sides of the shorts. They were splitting. The tears were growing up toward her waist.

Nikki's eyes were still closed. How big was she going to get? She must have been at least 7 and a half feet tall now. Her shorts were now just a torn, makeshift skirt around her waist. Her jersey, once too big for her, now was extremely tight. The bottom just barely covered her tits, and the sleeves, which were well past her elbows when she first put it on, were now rising above her deltoids.

She stopped rubbing herself, and opened her eyes. "I NEED TO FUCK YOU NOW!" She stepped toward me, and ripped my pants off. My dick quickly jutted up, in all of its glory. That put a smile on Nikki's face. "I THOUGHT YOU WOULD STILL LIKE ME," she said. "LET'S GO."

She put her fingers in the opposite sleeve of her jersey, and pulled. The top of her jersey ripped open, exposing her massive tits. She then grabbed my dick, and sat down, and started to bounce. "YEEAAA I LOVE YOUR DICK IN ME, LITTLE BROTHER!" Her tits were jiggling right in front of my face. Her nipples staring at me. As if she heard what I was thinking, Nikki grabbed each of my ears in each of her huge, yet feminine hands, and shoved me into her tits.

"OOOHHH, SUCK, SUCK." She was gyrating on me now. Pumping my dick furiously. I had all I could do just trying to suck one her huge nipples. I felt her reach around me, and grab the back of the chair. She pulled it to her, crushing me into her breasts.

"OOOHHH, GOODDDDD, OOOHHH,GOODDD!" She was wailing now. I was loving this. Again, I was experiencing my greatest fantasy, but now I was in public. I started to moan with her.

No less than 30 seconds into our session, there was a knock

on the fitting room door.

“Is everything all right in there?”

Nikki was quick to respond, “OH-OH-FUCK YOU. LEAVE US ALONE-OH-OH-OH”

I could hear outside the fitting room several voices talking to each other, even some giggling. I heard the two most clear voices mumbling about destroying merchandise, tearing swimsuits. I did finally hear one clear voice.

“This is mall security. Please come out of there at once.” I certainly wasn’t going anywhere, but Nikki looked at the door and responded:

“YOU SOUND SO BIG AND TOUGH, WHY DON’T YOU COME IN AND GET ME.”

I heard the keys in the lock, and then the door started to open. In a flash, Nikki pushed the door open. The manager on the other side of the door was thrown down by the power of Nikki’s thrust. The mall security guard simply stood there, looking up at Nikki in awe. The store manager lay there, also looking up to see Nikki, who by the way was still fucking me senseless. She looked down at him, and smiled.

“WANT TO JOIN IN?”

She grabbed the poor manager by the belt on his pants, and held him up to her face. She was now well over 8 feet tall, and could hold him easily.

“I NEED SOMETHING TO SUCK ON.” She grabbed his shirt with her free hand, then tore off his pants with her other. The manager was screaming, not knowing what to do. Nikki brought one hand around the back of this manager, and grabbed his ass. She then brought around the other hand. She had a hand on each of his ass cheeks, creating a makeshift chair. In his defense, the manager grabbed at Nikki’s ears, now almost as big as this man’s hands and tried to pull and tear, hoping that the pain would make Nikki release him. Nikki didn’t feel anything, or seem to care, she began to suck on his dick.

All I heard from where I was sitting was a male voice yelling “Whooaa Whooooaaa Whooooaaaa!”

and Nikki, enjoying herself “MMMMMMmmmmmm!”

She was relentless. The man she was mouth fucking was probably a little over five and a half feet tall. As Nikki was polishing his member, he was bumping his head against the ceiling of the fitting room. I could hear him hitting every 2nd thrust or so. Nikki was still rocking on top of me, thrusting her hips harder and harder on my member. My ecstasy was only quelled by the feeling of the manager’s feet hitting my head and shoulders. That gave me time to notice that her nipples didn’t get any bigger, or any higher. She must have stopped growing.

“OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD!” Nikki was about to come. I was doing my best to handle her frenzied pace. The creaking of the chair told me that it couldn’t take too much more of this. Nikki’s screaming was only matched by the scream that shot out of the mouth of the manager whose dick she was sucking. They had come at the same time.

Nikki pulled him out of her mouth, early enough to watch the cum shooting out of his dick. It went on her cheek, neck, and breasts. It also landed on him, around his legs, and stomach. Nikki smiled, and began to casually lick it from his body. He must have been in shock because he was totally silent, no crying or screaming. He was held there motionless, watching Nikki do her work. Once she finished with him, she looked at him and smiled. She set him on his feet, gripping him by what was left of his shirt. She held up her breast (the one I wasn’t sucking), and motioned at him.

“YOU MADE THIS MESS, NOW CLEAN IT UP.”

Evidently, he didn’t move quickly enough for her, because she grabbed the back of his head, and slammed him into one of the many cum drops on her tit.

“CLEAN ME UP, LITTLE MAN, NICE AND CLEAN.” Nikki was looking down at the manager, and smiling. “OOHHH, THAT’S IT, LICK ME CLEAN.”

By now she had stopped thrusting on me. I had already cum twice, but no one had noticed. Nikki pulled her boob out of my face and looked down at me. “HOW DO YOU LIKE MY

CONTROL?”

I couldn't speak. I had been fucked dry, and was exhausted. However, I did hear the sound of men running, and was able to motion toward the exit. Nikki seemed to catch my drift.

“YOU'RE RIGHT, WE SHOULD GO.” She then lifted the manager up by his neck, and held him to her face. “IT'S BEEN FUN, BUT I HAVE TO GO. COUNT THIS LITTLE TREAT AS PAYMENT FOR THE DAMAGED CLOTHES.” Then, she threw him 20 feet across the store. He hit a wall with a dreadful thud, and fell to the ground where he lied motionless. “HE WILL WAKE UP WITH A FABULOUS DREAM.” said Nikki. “NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, AND GO SOMEWHERE MORE PRIVATE.”

We walked out of the store, now left empty. Nikki still had a torn jersey, and nothing else, the lycra shorts having fallen off in the fitting room. I was only up to her shoulders, and in awe. She was totally in charge. As we exited the store, we were greeted by some 5 mall security guards. Like most security guards, none of them were armed, and they didn't know what to do. One spoke up;

“Miss, just wait right there, we are getting some people here that will help you. We don't want any trouble. Please be calm.”

Nikki looked at them, and started laughing. “DO I LOOK LIKE I NEED ANY HELP?” She grabbed her tits; “DO THESE LOOK LIKE THEY NEED HELP?” She began to rub her body again, closing her eyes, but still talking to the security guard. “WHAT PART OF ME NEEDS HELP?”

Again, she started to grow. Her jersey now tore completely off of her. The sound of stretching, and tearing fabric was all that was heard. Everyone was watching her, myself included. Now at 10 feet tall, she stopped her rubbing, and looked at the guards.

“MAYBE I DO NEED YOUR HELP.” At this point, none of the guards even came up to the bottom of her breasts. “MAYBE YOU CAN HELP TO PLEASURE ME.” The guards all turned to run, but Nikki would have none of it. “DON'T RUN, I WANT

YOUR HELP.” She quickly caught two of the guards, grabbing them by the back of their pants. She tore off their shirts, and spoke; “NOW, YOU CAN HELP BY SUCKING MY LEFT TIT, AND YOU BY SUCKING MY RIGHT.” She shoved them at her breasts. She pressed each man onto each of her tits, rubbing their heads on her huge nipples.

After a few seconds, she quickly grew bored, picking the two guards up to her face. “YOU AREN’T ANY FUN. I DON’T WANT TO PLAY ANYMORE.” She threw the two guards like they were bowling balls, skimming some 50 or 60 yards across the waxed floor of the food court.

“NOW, LET’S GO, DAN.” We made our way out of the mall, and to my truck.

“HOW AM I GOING TO FIT IN HERE?” I opened my door and unlocked the passenger side. She opened the door. All I could see from the drivers seat was her torso. But I could hear her just fine. “I HAVE AN IDEA!” She reached in, and tore the passenger side seat clear out of the cab, and pried herself in. I don’t know how she got in, but she did.

“WELL, ISN’T THIS COZY?” She was all around the cab. I could barely steer without her leg, or hip getting in the way.

“WHERE TO NOW, DAN?”

“Well, they certainly have your face now, and know who you are. We can’t go to your house, or mine. I have a friend down at U.C.I. We could go there.”

“WHATEVER. I DON’T LIKE RUNNING THOUGH. MAYBE I SHOULD JUST MAKE A STAND.”

“Before you do anything, just go with me to U.C.I. and think it through.”

“O.K. U.C.I. IT IS. BUT I CAN’T STAND ANOTHER MINUTE IN THIS TRUCK AT THIS SIZE.”

I saw her close her eyes. She didn’t rub herself anywhere, but she began to shrink. Within seconds, she was down to about 7 feet tall. Still too tall for my truck, but she must have been happy with her size. Conversation was sparse for the rest of the trip.

We got to U.C.I., and I quietly walked her into Chelsea's lab. I can't tell you how difficult it was to get a 7 foot naked woman around a college campus without being seen. Chelsea was excited to see Nikki, and quickly gave her a lab coat to cover herself. It barely covered her, she was only able to button one of the five buttons on the coat, and the bottom of the coat barely covered her upper thighs.

Nikki looked at Chelsea. "YOU LOOK FAMILIAR TO ME, HAVE I MET YOU BEFORE?"

Chelsea was barely able to look back at her. "I don't think so, after all, I would have remembered a beautiful 7 foot tall women like yourself." I thought that was odd. Why would Chelsea call her beautiful? Maybe it was her way to relax Nikki.

"I AM PRETTY GOOD WITH FACES, AND YOU LOOK AWFULLY FAMILIAR."

I was terrified. If Nikki recognized Chelsea, there was no telling how mad she would get, or what she would do.

Chelsea was very cool: "Did you spend any time in Portland, Maine? I was born and raised there. I went to college at the University of Rhode Island. I am out here doing some research on cellular diseases. You ever been to the Northeast?"

"NO, I HAVEN'T. OH WELL, I JUST THOUGHT... NO BOTHER. BY THE WAY, WHERE IS THE BATHROOM? I NEED TO GO PRETTY BAD."

Chelsea pointed Nikki to the bathroom, and quickly returned. "That was close, I think she may remember me. Why is she 7 feet tall?"

I answered; "Listen, she can control it. She can grow on command. She doesn't need to be angry anymore. This is crazy! What have you found out?"

Chelsea responded in a hurried, rushed tone: "Well, I adjusted the H.G.D.N.A., and have it right here. It seems that Nikki's cells have responded to it in a way different than any of the other cells it came into contact with. I think that the drug can make anyone's cells grow and repair themselves, but only Nikki's seem to be able to control the effect. I won't know for

sure until I see a current sample. Do you have anything?" I had a couple of strands of Nikki's hair from our encounter in the fitting room. I gave them to Chelsea.

Chelsea grabbed them, and put them into some kind of huge contraption. Like a microscope on steroids. "Ahhh, I see what happened. Nikki's cells have mutated, above and beyond what happened back at Florida. That explains why she can control this. I wonder if this effect can be copied to another subj--"

That was the last thing that I heard before I fell into unconsciousness.

I awoke some time later to find myself strapped to a table, with a killer headache. "What is going on here?! Who did this to me?! Let me go!"

"Don't worry, it was just a precaution." Chelsea replied. "We didn't want to you get away."

"What are you talking about?" I shouted.

"Chelsea decided that she wanted some of this." Nikki had come out of a dark corner, still wearing her lab coat. She was rubbing herself, and beginning to grow. I could see the coat getting tighter and tighter, finally popping the one button, and ripping down the back.

Chelsea was standing there, next to me, transfixed at Nikki's show. I could see the smile on her face, watching Nikki grow to 8, then 9 feet tall. Nikki stopped growing, having left her lab coat in tatters, hanging on her shoulders. She walked over to Chelsea. Chelsea's head was now only up to Nikki's belly button. Chelsea reached her arms around Nikki, not being able to get them all the way around. Nikki began to run her fingers through Chelsea's hair, looking down with a loving smile, she began to speak. "SO YOU DO LIKE THIS, LET'S SEE WHAT EFFECT IT HAS ON YOU." Nikki tore Chelsea's clothes off of her. She ran her huge index finger lightly over Chelsea's breasts, shoulders, and neck. She then sat down on a nearby table, and pulled Chelsea to her breast.

Chelsea was by no means an athlete. Short, at about 5'5", and pudgy. Her tits were very small, and her hips and thighs

looked like she had spent too many nights getting to know Mister Baskin and Mister Robbins. Her skin was also an unbearable white color. Not porcelain like Nikki's, an overpowering, blinding white. Like that of someone who had never seen the light of day. Her hair was ratty and thin. Her ass was as flat as her chest, and totally unattractive.

Chelsea began to suck on Nikki's breasts. "MMMmmm, THAT'S SO GOOD!" Nikki began to probe Chelsea's ass, rubbing her fingers all around her butt cheeks. Chelsea was beginning to growl also. Nikki worked her way around to Chelsea's pussy. She began to run her finger lightly up and down her moist slit, causing Chelsea to moan in ecstasy. Nikki turned to me, and began to speak.

"YOU SEE, DAN, I THOUGHT CHELSEA LOOKED FAMILIAR, AND IT SEEMS WE HAD A RUN IN, BACK WHEN I WAS AT COLLEGE. IT ALSO SEEMS THAT CHELSEA HAS QUITE A THING FOR BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, ESPECIALLY GIANT, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN."

That is when I noticed it. Chelsea's skin was getting darker. First, I thought that it was just her blushing, but now, I could clearly see that her skin was getting tan, not red. I looked at her hips and thighs. They seemed to be changing. The cottage cheese on her legs was now disappearing, being replaced by muscle. Every part of her body from her neck to her calves was transforming. And not just getting more muscular, but also getting bigger!

While all of this was happening, Chelsea was still sucking Nikki's tit, oblivious to what was happening to her. She was concentrating on fondling and sucking Nikki's huge mammarys. She pulled, licked, and sucked. Her hands probed both of Nikki's breasts, lightly touching the expanse of them. Nikki now pulled her off of her breast, and lied down.

Once on her back, Nikki stuck her tongue out, licking her lips, and looking at Chelsea. Chelsea knew what to do. She jumped up on the table, straddled Nikki's face. Nikki reached around and grabbed Chelsea's muscular butt cheeks, and pulled

Chelsea to her. Chelsea slowly and smoothly lowered herself onto Nikki's tongue. Nikki began to probe Chelsea's now moist womanhood. Chelsea's breathing became erratic. She was becoming filled with desire. Chelsea's light rubbing became a full fledged thrust, and Chelsea began to fuck Nikki's tongue. I could see it all. Chelsea, a mousy, sun deprived scientist now looked like a beautiful 6 and a half foot tall fitness model. Nikki, the 9 foot voluptuous sex goddess, lying there, jamming her tongue into Chelsea's pussy, while squeezing Chelsea's ass with her hands. Chelsea's eyeglasses, the only thing Chelsea was still wearing, were wobbling on her nose, as she pumped harder and harder on Nikki's chin and mouth.

It seemed with each thrust, Chelsea grew. Her chest, back and shoulders all became covered in muscle. Her breasts were ballooning out, Chelsea began to massage them with her two hands, surprised and elated with their size. Her biceps and triceps were also exploding with new muscle. She arched her back, reaching around with one hand to support herself, using the other to run all over her new body. Chelsea continued to thrust her hips onto Nikki's face, and looked over at me, her helpless audience. She gave me a look that combined ecstasy, power, and lust. She licked her lips, and smiled at me, all the while moaning in pure pleasure. Chelsea's moans quickly turned into screams, growing louder with each thrust.

“OOOHHHH, YYYEEESSS! YYYEEESSS! YYYEEESSSS!” Chelsea was close to cumming, and intent on enjoying her orgasm. She reached around, and with both hands, she grabbed Nikki's hair. She began to thrust faster and harder onto Nikki's giant tongue. She was thrusting her hips into Nikki's mouth with all of her strength. Nikki was pushing back with her head and neck, meeting each of Chelsea's thrusts. Finally Chelsea came, Her hip thrusts were moving up her body, to her now arched back. She sat there, in orgasm for what seemed like five full minutes, her now mammoth breasts pointed straight up at the ceiling.

Now finished, she pulled herself off of Nikki. Nikki sat up,

and held Chelsea in a loving embrace. Chelsea, now a 7 foot Amazon, was still two feet shorter than Nikki, and her head barely came up to the top of Nikki's breasts. Nikki looked down at Chelsea, and spoke: "YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL. YOU ARE A POWERFUL GIANTESS. LOOK AT YOURSELF."

Chelsea walked over to the mirror on the other side of the lab. "THIS IS AMAZING! LOOK AT ME! I AM HUGE!" Chelsea began to pose with her new body, flexing her biceps, and her chest. She massaged her now ample breasts. Then she turned to me, and walked over to the table where I was strapped. She ran her hands up and down my body. It would have been very arousing if I wasn't so terrified of what she was going to do. She looked under the table to see that it was in fact bolted down to the concrete foundation. The nuts on the bolts were roughly the size of golf balls. This table was designed to stay where it was. "LET'S SEE WHAT I CAN DO!" She put her hands beneath me, and lifted the table up. I could hear concrete cracking, giving way to Chelsea's newfound strength. The groaning and buckling of metal gave notice that the table was going to lose this battle. Chelsea picked the table, and me up to eye level. Along with the table, she pulled up a two foot square piece of cement. She then held the table up over her head, and I could hear her squeal in delight. "OOOHHHH, THIS IS SO EASY!" She then lowered me back to the place where she had pulled the table out of the floor.

"I AM THE STRONGEST WOMEN ON THE PLANET. I CAN DO ANYTHING THAT I WANT!" She then looked over to my face, and gave me a devious smile before she continued: "AND WHAT I REALLY WANT NOW IS NICE BIG DICK IN MY PUSSY. YOU WILL HAVE TO DO." I was terrified. This woman had become power mad, and she was going to have her way with me. I tried to talk her down.

"Chelsea... Ms. Willis... Stop, you are a scientist... we were trying to stop this!"

"WHY WOULD I WANT TO STOP THIS. I AM A GIANT!, I AM A GODDESS! I AM A GIANTESS! AND I THINK I LIKE

MYSELF THIS WAY!" She tore off my pants, and jumped on my dick. She sucked and played. It took me all of about 5 seconds to get a raging hard-on. "I GUESS YOU LIKE ME, TOO." She sat on my dick, pumped me like there was no tomorrow. As with Nikki before, I couldn't imagine that she would feel much of my penis at her great size, but she seemed to be having the best sex of her life. As she was fucking me, she began to grow again. She grew more rapidly than even Nikki had, and was now over 8 feet tall. Chelsea was shouting and screaming. . . "OOOHHH, THE FEELING. . . OOOHHH THE POWER. . . FUCK ME, LITTLE MAN. . . FUCK ME, LITTLE MAN. . . I NEED MORE OF YOU. . . I NEED MO. . ." Chelsea fell to the ground unconscious. Nikki stood behind her with a solid oak desk, now almost broken in two, in her hands.

I lied there, with my pants down, and my dick still wet from Chelsea's juices, completely disoriented.

"Nikki, what the hell is goin' on?"

Nikki shrank down to her normal size and started to tell me what happened.

"When I got out of the bathroom, I heard what you were talking about with Chelsea. I knew you two were trying to stop me from growing, and I didn't know what to do, so I knocked you out. Sorry. Then I turned to Chelsea and asked her why she was doing this. I could tell that she thought that I was attractive. She couldn't stop staring at my boobs. I knew she wanted me, and wanted to be like me. Chelsea couldn't even speak when she saw me. It was really very easy to seduce her, and convince her to buy into my idea."

Completely confused, I interrupted Nikki: "What do you mean, what idea?"

"Well, Chelsea showed me the H.G.D.N.A. and explained what was happening. Evidently, when I was injected it stayed dormant for a few years, then, a strong emotional reaction brought it out of it's dormancy. That reaction was when I got mad at you. Well, as the stuff went through my body, my mind became better and better able to deal with it. So now I can control my

growth. Chelsea made a few small changes to the stuff so that it wouldn't be dormant in her system. We injected her with it, and you woke up to see the results. I guess it was her lust for me that caused the reaction and growth. However, she couldn't control it, and I was worried that she would hurt you, so I knocked her out."

"Well, thanks, I guess." I said.

"Don't mention it." Nikki walked to a cabinet, where a syringe was sitting, and picked it up.

"What is that? What are you doing, Nikki?"

Nikki smiled, "Remember how I was telling you that I needed something to satisfy me when I grow, something to fulfill my raging lust?" She then pushed the needle into a vein in my arm. "That is your new job."

"NO! Nikki, don't do it! I can't do this!"

"Oh, come on now. I need a playmate, and there is no one that I would rather choose."

She pushed the plunger into my vein. I could feel the H.G.D.N.A. as it entered my body. I didn't know what to do. Nikki walked back to the table with the drugs that Chelsea had been using, and then walked over to Chelsea, still out like a light.

"You see, Dan, Chelsea was simply a test case, to see if the stuff worked. I couldn't try it on you without testing first. Now that I know it works, I don't need Chelsea..." Nikki grew to over 15 feet tall, (I remember being amazed at how quickly she was able to grow, now) tall enough to pick up Chelsea, who was still 8 feet of pure muscle, just beginning to awaken from unconsciousness.

"WHAT? HOW? WHO DID THIS?" Chelsea was obviously groggy as Nikki picked her up, and held her like a child in her arms. "DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW, CHELSEA. I'M AM GOING TO TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING. CAN YOU STAND UP NOW?" Chelsea bobbed her head, and Nikki set her down on her feet. Nikki then started to run her fingers through Chelsea's hair, smiling at her. "MY GOD, CHELSEA, YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL..." Nikki then quickly reached

around Chelsea's head, to her neck, and picked her up, holding her by the back of the neck, four feet off of the floor.

"NI...KI...WHAT AR..." was all that Chelsea could blurt out. Nikki smiled at Chelsea, who was now struggling against Nikki's steel-like grip.

"I WILL MISS YOU." Nikki squeezed Chelsea's neck until she heard the crisp snap of it breaking, Chelsea's struggling stopped, and she fell limp in Nikki's hand. Nikki then tossed Chelsea's body to the floor, and brushed her hands as if she could wipe away the death she had just caused.

"You are a monster! Chelsea was innocent, and seduced by YOU!" I was shouting now, still strapped to my table.

"DON'T WORRY, DAN, THESE LITTLE PEOPLE ARE INSIGNIFICANT. YOU WILL SEE SOON." She walked over and began to suck my dick, fitting my dick, balls, and part of my thigh into her mouth. She was licking and sucking for what seemed like an eternity. I had been manhandled by a giant women for the third time today. My cock was really sore, but it did it's job, and grew erect. It wasn't long before I could feel my orgasm start. It was stronger than I had ever felt it. I looked down, and saw Nikki still sucking and licking. Nikki could feel my orgasm build as well. Something wasn't right.

"What is happening?!"

Nikki looked at me and responded. "LET IT COME, LITTLE MAN. YOU WILL BE HAPPY THAT YOU DID." I shot my load into her mouth. It was the strongest orgasm that I had ever experienced. Nikki sat there, swallowing my load, and smiling at me.

As soon as it was over, I felt a warmth begin to course through my body. It started at my dick, but soon shot through my entire body. Nikki stood back and smiled; "THAT'S IT, BABY, LET IT HAPPEN."

I was struck by what she said. Let what happen? And how come these straps are getting so tight?

Chapter 4

Mind Over Matter

by ?????

EDITOR'S NOTE: This story has been floating around on the Internet for a number of years now. I seem to recall the girl's name as being Dana, not Chrissy. Furthermore, a small typographical error from the source text was found, possibly confirming my suspicions. However, as I am not 100% sure of this, I have left the story as I found it in the wild. It would be appreciated if the original author would contact me at: dimbulb_b_i@yahoo.com clarifying this, as well as informing me as to the author's name.

As Chef once said in an episode of South Park, "There's a time and a place for everything. And it's called college." My roommates and I took this advice to heart. When I first chose to follow this philosophy, I thought the only thing that would suffer would be my studies.

A little background- My name is Jake, and I was a physics major at Northwestern University. My sophomore year, I moved

into a house off campus with some friends I met from the dorm. There were six of us all together, myself, Rob, Chuck, Brad, Ann, and, last but not least, Chrissy. With four guys and two girls living together in a house, you might think our parents would be upset about the coed living situation. However, they were quite unconcerned. Much to the dismay of myself and all my fellow male housemates, our parents were right not to be concerned. Both Ann and Chrissy were quite attractive, but, it seemed, they were also quite uninterested in any of use, beyond the “really good friend” level.

But that’s not to say we were complete angels, either. Much to the contrary, in fact. As most of our friends either had small apartments or were still in the dorms, we seemed to have been secretly elected to be the party house of our group of chums. And we took that role up with a great zeal. Nearly every weekend we had a party that lasted from Friday night until Sunday night, and they were quite killer. Unfortunately, they were also quite expensive. We had all become dependants of modern chemistry, and alcohol, pot, shrooms, coke, LSD, hell, on weekends when cash was short, even kerosene, flowed freely.

It was one of those weekends when we were low on cash that it all started. It was about 2:30am Saturday, and we had already run dry. The last drops of beer were out of the keg by midnight, and the floor in front of our liquor cabinet was littered with busted bottle of Bacardi and Everclear, the only reminders of our once proud liquor collection. By 1:30 all that was left in the bong was a pitiful little resin ball, and at 2, there wasn’t so much as a Camel Light left among us.

So, at 2:30, we were vegging out in the living room, watching the Star Wars Trilogy and trying to figure out if there was anything else to drink or smoke in the house. That’s when Chrissy got up and left for the bathroom. She was in there a good ten minutes, and when she came out, she had a huge grin on her face. I seemed to have been the only one to even notice her absence, as everyone else was glued to the tv. I, however, had kept my eye on her the whole night. The fact is, I spent most of

my time with my eyes on her. I didn't know what it was about her. She wasn't all that spectacular. Long, dark, curly hair, and average chest, and she was only five feet tall. She did have killer legs, but it was a very rare occasion when you would see those, as most of the time, like tonight, she wore jeans. I figured it was probably just the fact that I always get horny when I'm high, and since whenever I was in the house, I was high, but, whatever the reason, she always drove me crazy. I got up from the La-Z-Boy (not an easy task with the chemicals floating around between my neurons), and walked over to her.

"Looks like you found something. Want to share?" I asked.

"Sorry, but it's all gone," she giggled, and tossed me a medicine bottle, but as she tossed it, she almost fell over. She put her hand on her forehead and said "Oh damn. I think I need some fresh air." Then she walked out the back door into the cool April night.

I picked up the bottle and looked at it. It was a regular prescription bottle, brown plastic with a label from the school hospital's pharmacy, with the name of some doctor that looked Russian and a name of the the medicine that made no sense to me. (I'm a physics major, remember).

I sat there staring at the bottle for about fifteen minutes, not looking at it, but looking through it, finally feeling the shrooms take hold. I had tripped to Star Wars more times than I could count, so I ignored the rest of the room, and tried to become one with the bottle. When I looked up, the room was empty. My forehead tingling, it felt like a pond that someone had just thrown a pebble into. My arm floated up by its own accord and brushed at it, and a post-it note fell down. I picked it up, and stared while I waited for the letters on it to finally come into focus. After much squinting, I finally figured out what it said—"Jake. Dave came. He's got blow. Basement."

I dropped the bottle and started getting up from the kitchen floor where I had been sitting crosslegged. My bones cracked and my knees felt like they were rusted as I started towards the stairway to the basement. As I was walking, however, Chrissy

stumbled through the door. She fell flat on her face just inside the doorway. I tried to help her up, but it was a struggle. She felt heavier than I she looked like she should. I got her onto the La-Z-Boy, and as I looked at her, I thought something looked...Different.

Shortly afterwards, she got to her feet again. I stared. She looked taller. Her clothes seemed to be hugging her pretty tightly. I didn't think she was wearing a crop top at the beginning of the night, but now her I could see her navel. And as I looked down, I saw that her ankles and the bottoms of her calves were visible, as if her pants had ridden up, or maybe even gotten shorter. I got up to give her a hand, And as I stood next to her, I noticed that I was looking hr in the eyes. But that couldn't be possible. After all, I'm 6'1", and she was just 5' tall.

"Damn, I think I overdid it. I think I'm gonna hit the sack," she said.

"Chrissy, I must be tripping something wicked, cause I'd swear you look as if you've grown about a foot taller," I said.

"Really?" she asked. The expression on her face was hard to explain, half surprise, half a partially hidden smile. she walked out of the room and went to her bedroom.

As I stood there, trying to figure out what could have caused such a strange trip, I heard laughing coming up from the basement, And Rob screaming in a high voice, trying his damndest to impersonate Beavis. I thought about going down for some coke, but decided that, like Chrissy, I had probably had more than enough for the evening, and headed back to my room.

As I lay in my bed, staring at the ceiling and waiting to pass out, I heard crashing coming from Chrissy's room. Concerned, I went over and opened the door. My mouth dropped as I saw what had to be the most amazing hallucination I had every seen.

It was easy to see what was causing the crashing in Chrissy's room.

"What the hell!" I said. Chrissy turned her head to look at me. She was at me with one eye, however. The other half of her face was hidden behind her knee. She was curled up into the

fetal position. Normally, a short girl like Chrissy would hardly take up any space when she's standing, and close to none at all when she was curled up like that. However, this was not a normal circumstance, because Chrissy was taking up the whole room. Her bare foot was pressed against the dress at one side, her shoulder and head bumping the ceiling, her elbow pressing against the opposite wall. Splinters on the floor were all that were left of the bed and chair that were the only other pieces of furniture in the room, and the dresser that her foot was pressing against was about to go the same way.

I just stood there, wondering if she noticed the enormous hard-on I had, and wondering if I should even care. This was something I had fantasized about for months. I had always had fetish for giant women, and whenever I saw Chrissy, especially in shorts showing off those amazing legs, that fantasy went into overdrive. To amplify that matter, I had even convinced myself that Chrissy shared my fetish. I could have been deluding myself, but whenever the Coors commercial with the giants playing in the Rockies she always had to comment on how much she liked the commercial, and whenever we went to rent videos, she always spent a little extra time at the shelf in the sci-fi area that had *Attack of the 50 foot Woman* and *Village of the Giants* on it. I had always wondered if I should approach her about the subject, and, if so, how.

Well, none of that mattered now, because there she was, in all of her at least thirty feet of glory. I had no idea what to do, so I just shut the door and went to my room, where I immediately passed out.

I woke up Saturday at about three the following afternoon in a puddle of my own vomit. "What a fucking party." I mumbled through lips that were dry and stuck together. As I walked to the kitchen, tripping over bottles and bodies that were still passed out, a few fuzzy memories of the previous night snuck their way into my head. I made a pot of coffee, figuring my roommates should be waking up any time soon, and they would have hangovers at least as bad as mine. I went for some aspirin

but before I mad it to the bathroom I remembered that we had taken it all the previous night. That was when I remembered Chrissy's medicine bottle, which quickly led to what I saw in her room. "Holy shit." I said, my throat cracking as I finally found my voice. I dropped the mug onto the kitchen floor, where the coffee mingled with spilled beer and the mug shattered, although even the shards of ceramic didn't look out of place with all the litter on the floor from the night before.

Just then, Chrissy walked into the room. Looking normal sized, wearing boxers and a T-shirt. I stared at her, and she must have noticed, because she started to blush. Then I realized that when I saw her the other night, or at least thought I saw her, she had completely outgrown her clothes, and was completely naked. At that thought, I could feel my cheeks get a little hot, too. She went to the fridge and got out some eggs. Even though we weren't looking at each other, I still felt awkward, so I went to the living room. As I walked past her room, I peeked inside her door. Whatever really happened the last night, it must have been rough, because all the furniture was trashed, and there were several holes in the plaster of the wall. I could feel my cheeks start to glow again, and continued into the living room and turned on the TV to try and break the silence. I had just settled down in the chair to watch the Frugal Gourmet on PBS when I remembered that I never did get my cup of coffee. I went back into the kitchen, wondering what would happen if Chrissy was still there. Sure enough, she was. So were Chuck and Ann, so I figured I was in safe territory. I grabbed a new mug of coffee.

"Damn, woman! Somebody's hungry!" Ann said. I looked over to the table and saw Chrissy sitting there, surrounded by food. She had a plate covered in a mound of scrambled eggs, a mixing bowl filled with Cheerios, at least a dozen slices of toast, and an empty saucepan that had a little goo around the edge that could only have been cooked oatmeal. I watched as Chrissy devoured the eggs. in what seemed to be a matter of seconds, the plate was clean. she had just started to move on to the toast when Brad walked in, a case of Leinenkugels under one arm and

two boxes of donuts under the other.

“Breakfast of champions!” he announced, then went on to explain “cover for last night wasn’t bad. Enough to get house beers for the rest of the weekend, at least, and maybe a couple lids, too. And Dave said last night that he could hook us up—”

He didn’t get a chance to finish his sentence, however, as Chrissy tackled him, ripping a box of donuts from his arm. I looked back at the table, but there was no trace of the feast she had been munching on a minute before.

“Somebody’s got the munchies this morning,” Ann joked. “Were you holding out on us last night?”

Chuck walked over to Chrissy and patted her shoulder. A wave of extreme hatred ran through me as he leaned next to her and said “Where’s a cute little girl like you put it all?”

Chrissy answered, “Well, I gotta keep fed. I’m a growing girl, after all.”

I grabbed a beer out of the case Brad had carried in and took my coffee back into the living room. Whatever happened last night, there was definitely something strange about Chrissy, and it was making me hornier than Larry Flint at a mud wrestling championship.

I had sat through the Frugal Gourmet when Rob walked into the living room from the kitchen. From the look and smell of him, I guessed that he had just woken up. He was carrying the remains of the case of Leinies that Brad had brought and tossed me one.

“Thanks.” I said, secretly glad that I wouldn’t have to go back into the kitchen to get another beer and see Chrissy again.

“No problem,” he said, opening his own beer and taking a swig. “Man, you seen Chrissy? she’s eating up a storm. I swear, she must have emptied half the damn fridge.”

“So what if she’s a little hungry?” I snapped back.

“Sorry, man. We gotta get our hands on some more pot so you can chill,” he said.

We watched the New Yankee Workshop and This Old House. We were out of beer and I was about to get up to go to the

kitchen for another coffee when Chrissy walked in.

“Jake, we have to talk,” she said, and went out the front door. I followed her outside. She looked around, and when she was sure no one else was around, she beckoned me closer. I walked up next to her and she whispered in my ear. I didn’t notice what she was saying at first, as I was too distracted by the fact that I didn’t have to lean down to hear her whispering.

Chrissy noticed that I wasn’t paying attention to what she was saying and slapped me right in the face.

“Sorry,” I said. “I must have been a little distracted.”

“It’s understandable,” she replied. “Now pay attention. This is important. I need to know what happened last night.”

I told her about what had happened at the party the previous night, although I ended my recount where she went back to her room. I felt unsure of whether or not I should tell her what I thought I saw in her bedroom later on.

“That’s all?” Chrissy asked. “I...I know this may sound crazy, but, well, I thought that. I thought that you were in my room later on...And...I...damn, it must have been one hell of a party, because I thought that I was growing. I could swear I remember you walking in on me, and I was, like thirty feet tall or something. It was one hell of a hallucination, that’s for fucking sure.”

After she told me that she thought it happened too, I felt less awkward about telling her that part of the story, so I told her what I saw.

“You don’t suppose it was real, do you?” she asked.

“Well, I just don’t see how it’s possible. That much mass has to come from somewhere, and besides, you’re not a giant now, are you?” was all that I could say, although, deep down in my heart, I was hoping I was wrong.

“I guess you’re right. Weird that we’d have the same hallucination, though. Have you ever had that happen to you before?”

“No, but I’ve heard of mass hallucinations before.” I replied. “Maybe we had been talking about something that made us both have the same trip.” I started to wonder if I had told her about

my fetish the other night. I couldn't remember doing any such thing, but then again, I killed a lot of brain cells that night. I had even started to convince myself that even her current height was nothing but a hallucination from the chemicals still invading my body.

"Yeah...But...I'm not exactly normal right now. Don't tell me you didn't notice. When I woke up this morning, none of my clothes seemed to fit properly. And It feels like I've grown even more since then." She said. Her face betrayed no expressions. I had always thought that of all the people in the house, we were closer to each other than anyone else. I prided myself on having what I thought of as a a deep understanding of Chrissy. But at this point, not even a hint of her thoughts was being conveyed through those beautiful green eyes of hers.

"I thought it was just another hallucination. But yeah, you do look like you're about six feet tall...What the hell happened?"

"I'm not sure," Chrissy responded. "But I need your help. I haven't got anything to wear, and I'm going to need to go get some new clothes. I feel kind of weird asking you this, but I was wondering if I could borrow some clothes. I think we're about the same size now."

I led her back to my room, and let her have the run of my closet. She pulled on a pair of jeans over her boxers. They were a little loose at the waist so she borrowed a belt. "Maybe I'll grow into them." she joked. I looked down and saw that while they may be too big at the waist, thy were none to long, in fact a good six inches of her ankle was showing. Then she took of her tee shirt and went rummaging in my closet again.

My jaw dropped at what I saw. As I said before, I had always been fantasizing about Chrissy growing into giantess, and I had even taken the obsession to the point of doing math about it. (I'm a physics major, remember. I know it's sad, but math occupies a good portion of my mind all the time). Living together, sharing a washing machine, you find out stuff about people. I, for instance, found out that Chrissy had a 32B chest. Not that impressive, I know. But I had often wondered, what if she were

six feet tall, and in perfect proportion. Add an extra 1/5th onto her bust measurement, and you come up with a 38 inch chest, and that's exactly what she had. She was still trying to keep up some modesty by wearing one of her old bras, but it was nowhere near sufficient to contain her present girth. It was pulled so tight it was digging into her back, and looked to be on the point of rupture. Her massive mammarys were bulging out of the cups, beautiful pale pink orbs rising up and seeming to defy gravity. I tried not to stare, but it was impossible. Luckily, her back was to me as she went through my clothes, so she couldn't see the look on my face or the bulge in my pants. After a short while, she found a tee shirt that fit her a little better than the one she had just discarded and a flannel. She took some time putting them on, giving me a chance to try and fill my head with thoughts of baseball instead of of her newly enhanced body. She turned around.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"Incredible" was all I could get out.

"Thanks," once again, the reply was accompanied by that strange expression on her face. "Do you think you could give me a ride downtown to do some shopping?"

"Sure." I said. As we walked out to my car (Only myself and Brad had cars at the house, so we always ended up giving everyone else rides. Normally, I would get a little pissed at having to drive everyone around, but this time I considered it the greatest privilege I could possibly receive.), she stopped outside the bathroom.

"Hang on a sec. I need to get something." she said, and she went into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her. I could hear the squeaking of the rusty medicine cabinet door opening and closing. She came out and we went to my car.

We drove to downtown Evanston and I took her to the mall. We spent an hour and a half going from store to store. She had to buy mostly men's clothing, although there was a trip to Victoria's Secret. I waited outside, thinking that maybe she wouldn't approve of me following her around as she bought her

new lingerie. More than once, I told her that I thought the clothing she was buying looked too big.

“Who knows if I’m done growing yet?” she would always reply. Our final stop was at Eddy Bauer’s, and she walked out of the fitting room wearing a new set of clothes. Men’s khakis that were dragging on the floor, a pair of loafers that looked as if she would walk out of them, and a new flannel that she had to roll the sleeves up on to let her hands show. She tossed me my clothes, paid for her new outfit, and we left the mall. One thing about her new outfit. With everything so baggy, she didn’t look nearly as tall as she had before. I thought I had figured out why she had bought most of her clothes a few sizes too large now. Maybe our roommates wouldn’t notice the change she had undergone. But that was doubtful, and they certainly would notice her attitude, which also seemed to be changing. We went back to the car. As I turned the ignition, I said “So back to the house?”

“First I need to get a refill on my prescription. Be a dear and drive me to the university hospital.” I shivered with fear and excitement as I remembered the pill bottle she had emptied last night shortly before her growth spurt.

We arrived at the hospital. I went over to her door and opened it for her, a chivalrous gesture I found myself surprised to be performing. But she had waited until I opened the door to get out. I watched as she got out, slowly. First one leg dropped to the ground, then the other. Of course pants will ride up when your sitting down, but the cuffs seemed a little higher on her legs than they had before. As she stood up, I could swear that she was even taller than before. She walked past me and, sure enough, my eyes were at about nose level, and the tee shirt she was wearing under the flannel definitely seemed to be hugging her chest a little bit. We walked into the pharmacy entrance at the hospital, me following a little behind her, admiring her amazing body and wondering how much taller she was going to get. Six inches? A foot? It shouldn’t seem possible, but I found myself believing it nonetheless. However, if my mind had ever

ventured into the real realm of the size she would attain, and I'm not certain it didn't, I would have dismissed it as utterly preposterous.

Once we were inside, she walked up to the desk and pulled out a medicine bottle, and set it on the desk. I could hear pills rattling in it as she set it down, and realized that whatever she took last night, she had been lying when she said she was all out.

"I need a refill" she told the pharmacist at the counter. The pharmacist took the bottle and started typing on her computer.

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but you're not due for another refill for two months. Have you been taking one pill a day?"

"Well, it didn't seem to be working, so I upped the dosage," Chrissy purred.

"Ma'am, it says here you are taking this as part of a study by the University. I'm afraid if you don't follow the dosage instructions properly, you'll invalidate the study." the pharmacist snapped.

This did not make Chrissy happy. She grabbed the bottle off the counter. "Look, lassy, I already know this shit works. The study is done, so give me the fucking pills!" she shouted at the woman behind the counter. The small group of people who were waiting for their own prescriptions to be filled looked up from their three year old copies of Newsweek the waiting room had provided. The shouting had gotten their attention, but what Chrissy did next kept their eyes glued to her. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a hip flask. As she opened the cork, the smell of Jim Beam wafted toward my nose. Then she opened the medicine bottle, threw her head back, and poured it's entire contents into her mouth, followed by a hefty swig of whiskey to wash it down. I had often heard that you shouldn't take alcohol along with any other medication because it might enhance the side effects. Hell, that was something that I usually counted on to get me through Sundays. But i had never seen it act that fast.

A moan escaped from Chrissy as the pills slid down into her

belly. Within seconds, I became aware of the fact that she was growing. her head started to inch up higher and higher. Her brand new jeans had ridden so high up that her luscious calves were showing beneath the hems, and as I looked further down, the loafers that had previously seemed to be far too big for her were forming red lines on her sockless feet where the leather was starting to bite into her flesh. Her untucked flannel rose higher on her back, and before long I could see the smooth pink flesh of her back between her shirt and her trousers. a sound like a hand being rubbed over stretched wet rubber caught my ear, and I looked down to see that here trousers had stopped riding up, the cuff being caught on the bulge of her calf and unable to go any higher. The denim over her calf was starting to become shiny, and soon burst open, exposing all of her glorious lower leg. Another ripping sound made me look up to see that the sleeves had been torn off her shirt at the shoulders.

I was shocked, and there was only one thing I could say. "Damn, Chrissy. You keep this up, you ain't gonna be wearing a stitch!"

She turned around to face me, but as she did, her head butted against the ceiling. A small shower of plaster cam down as she finished turning her head toward me. The sight was amazing. Her new pants had been reduced to tight cutoff shorts, and the flannel was a ragged vest hanging off her shoulders. The white tee shirt she wore was stretched skin tight across her torso, the bottom of it ragged and just barely below her massive (hell, *everything* on her was massive now) breasts. She smiled at me and turned back toward the pharmacist, shoving a bare arm across the counter and picking the woman up by the neck of her shirt. At first I thought she had stopped growing, as her clothes seemed to have stopped tearing. Another shower of plaster from the ceiling proved me wrong, however. It seemed her clothing had started growing along with her now.

"Give...me...the fucking PILLS!!!!" Chrissy shouted at the pharmacist.

"I can't." she choke out.

“FINE! I’ll get the myself.” and with that, Chrissy dropped the pharmacist. kneeling now, she crawled across the floor to the double doors beside the counter that led to the mixing room. I watched her go through the doors, her body so wide it pressed against the wall on either side of the door, cracking the drywall and widening the opening. My eyes, as well as those of everyone else in the room, were fixed to her retreating backside, her incredibly gorgeous ass in those incredibly tight shorts, those amazing legs that, as you may have noticed, I can’t stop talking about, and her feet which had long since reduced her loafers to something that looked like it had been a dogs favorite toy for a half dozen years.

I couldn’t see what happened in that room, being too afraid that I might be trapped in there by her rapidly expanding body to follow. But I heard a lot of screams and shouting, signifying that the room was not unoccupied. The screaming stopped, and at first I feared the worst, wondering if Chrissy really could have killed the people in there. But then out came two men in lab coats, running to beat the devil. Without hesitation they ran straight from the doors they had just exited out the door of the pharmacy and into the parking lot. Up until now, all of my companions in the waiting room had been shocked to the point of immobility, but at this point the spell was broken, and they, too, all fled out the door in terror. As I stood alone in the room, wondering if I should follow their lead or stay behind to see if Chrissy needed help, I heard her voice from the mixing room.

“Jake. I think I’m gonna need a hand here.” she said.

Meekly, I crept through the door and into the room. Shelves and racks were twisted and bent into shapes that looked more like they belonged in the university’s art museum than in the hospital. Broken glass littered the floor, mingling with pills of all shapes, sizes, and colors, and puddles of fluid that reeked of ether. I thought I might have been getting a contact buzz from all the chemicals, because as I looked further in the room, I saw Chrissy, her clothes still ragged, but her body back down to a more manageable size. She was next to a cardboard box

filled with egg shaped white pills that looked like the ones she had taken just two minutes earlier. I walked closer and realized my eyes weren't deceiving me, Chrissy had once again returned to a height which seemed physically possible for a human being to achieve. She stood up and carried the box over to me, and I noticed that, no, she still hadn't shrunk quite down to her original height, being now about 6'3" She handed me the box, which was about the size of a shoebox, and walked over to where she had been and grabbed another.

"Come on, let's get home." she said.

We drove back to the house in silence, my eyes constantly flicking between the road and Chrissy. She simply stared out the window, distracted. When we pulled into the house, she got out of the car wordlessly and began walking towards the house, a box of the pills she stole under each arm. She still hadn't changed out of the clothes she had been wearing at the hospital, and I wondered what my roommates would say when they saw her.

Before she got to the front door, I decided it was time to find out exactly what was going on. I ran up to her and placed my arm on her shoulder.

"Hang on a—" I started, but before I could finish my sentence she whirled around and shoved me roughly to the ground.

"Don't EVER fucking touch me again, asshole." Chrissy said.

"What the hell is wrong with you?," I asked. I was rubbing the back of my head where it had struck the ground. "Are you going to tell me what the hell happened back there?"

The anger drifted out of her face like a fog burning off in the morning sun. "Sorry Jake. But you can understand, I've been through a lot. I just don't feel like talking."

"Well, sorry," I said, standing. " But I've been through a hell of a lot today, too, and most of it was your fault. I think you owe me an explanation."

Once again her visage was stained with anger. "I don't owe anybody a damn thing. God I need a drink."

“Sounds like you need a couple J’s. I can see why you might be pissed, but you got to just chill until we can figure out how to get you back to normal.”

“You think I want to be back to normal?” Chrissy snapped. “Look at me! I’m fucking huge! And I can tell from looking at you that you think that this new size looks good on me, too. But look at what happened at last night, and at the hospital. You know damn well they weren’t just hallucinations. I was a god damn giant! Those people were scared as hell and running for their lives. I could have done anything I wanted. Do you know how it felt when I went through that door? The walls were crumbling around me! It was like they were made of fucking paper! I could have torn the damn hospital down from the inside out if I’d kept growing! Do you know what it’s like to have that kind of strength, that kind of fucking power? Hell no. And you sure as fuck don’t know how it feels to have all that power for just a few seconds and then be forced to put up with this?” she gestured down her body with her hands, then threw the door of the house open and stomped inside.

“Oh my God,” I muttered to myself. “She doesn’t want to be back to normal. she wants to be bigger.” I looked up at the sky, imagining myself staring up at her humongous body towering over me. The sky had taken on a deep purple-green hue, the tone that precedes evening thunderstorms. I went inside.

Chrissy was nowhere to be seen. Having nothing better to do, I walked into the kitchen. Rob, Chuck, Brad and Ann were all sitting around the hookah at the table taking hits.

“You want to join the circle?” Rob asked.

“Why the hell not,” I said as I went to the fridge and grabbed a beer. “We gotta get some more fucking bourbon. There gonna be another party tonight? ” I asked as I sat down at an open place at the table.

“No. Our guy’s out of town till tomorrow afternoon. But I got a check from the folks in the mail today. They said to go out and have a good time, so I think that’s exactly what we’ll do tomorrow.” Chuck answered.

“Great,” I said. “That’ll give us a chance to scrape the puke off the walls from last night.”

We all took a hit, then, Brad, choking on the smoke as he exhaled said, “Damn. Got the munchies already.” He got up from the table and walked over to the fridge. “It’s almost fucking empty!” He said. “Chrissy sure hit it hard this morning.” He walked back to the table with a bowl of Jello.

“Any Everclear in that?” asked Rob.

“Only one way to find out.” said Brad. He took a spoonful and tasted it. “Nope, it’s dry.”

“Damn.” said Rob. We sat there for a while, eating Jello and taking hits. after we went through two more bowls in the bong, we set it aside and started playing poker.

His face hidden behind his cards, Rob asked me. “Jake, man, you’ve been down ever since you and Chrissy got back. You two have a fight?”

“Something like that,” I said. “Have you guys seen her?”

“You’ve been here as long as we have, pothead.” Ann chuckled. “I think she’s been in her room all night.”

So they hadn’t seen her yet, I thought. I wondered what they’re reaction would be when they finally did. Sure enough, I didn’t have to wait long to finds out. A few hands later, the sound of rattling in the fridge and Chrissy’s shout of “Damn, isn’t there any fucking food in this house?” made us all look up.

We all stared as she went over to the cupboard and started pulling out cans of Campbell’s soup. She still hadn’t changed out of the clothes that were decimated during her growth spurt earlier that day, and she sure as hell hadn’t shrunk any more, either.

Brad, Rob, Chuck and myself all sat there wordlessly ogling her incredible form. Ann, being a heterosexual female and thus not being crippled by the same effect that Chrissy’s appearance was having on the males of the house, was the first to speak.

“Damn woman. You weren’t kidding when you said you were a growing girl this morning.”

Chrissy had taken a can opener to the soup and was swallowing it straight out of the can. After she emptied the can of Creamy Chicken and Rice, she looked over at us, with a wicked smile on her face. "I guess milk really does a body good."

Chuck said "I must be tripping, because you look fucking huge!" I followed his gaze towards her chest. I hadn't really paid much attention to specific parts of her body, but I suddenly discovered that it appeared her growth had not been perfectly proportional, as her massive jugs were definitely both fuller and more protruding than was the norm for her previous body.

Chrissy scooped up another ten or so unopened cans of soup in her long arms and carried them over to the table, setting them down in front of her as she took the last empty chair.

Rob, being a premed student, was the first to notice the ridiculousness of the situation. "This can't be happening. You can't fucking grow a foot and a half in one day! Besides, it is physically impossible for almost all 21 year old women to experience another growth spurt. The bones have already fused and further growth is just impossible."

Chrissy said, "Yeah, that's what the doctors told me, too. Shows what they know."

"Chrissy," I croaked. "What were those pills?"

Chrissy laughed. "Why, those pills were the greatest thing that ever happened to me, that's what."

"That's not what I meant, and you know it," I said.

Sighing like a teacher with a student who just can't quite grasp the concept of long division, she said. "You know money's been a bit tight for me. I saw an ad in the paper for a medical study that was offering to pay volunteers, so I signed up. They were looking for girls under five and a half feet tall between the ages of 18 and 25 to test a new pill that was supposed to encourage post-pubescent growth. I never was exactly thrilled about my height, so I signed up. As Rob just said, the doctor explained to me that it was probably impossible to grow after my bones had fused, but he thought this new medication would trigger the bones to start growing again. Looks like he was

right.”

“So you mean this is happening to everyone in the study?” asked Chuck.

“Don’t know. I have no idea how many people were in the study. But I can guarantee this. Those other girls won’t be growing any more. Jake and I stole the rest of the pills.”

At that point, everyone looked at me. I felt as if I had to say something, but the only thing I could think of was, “It’s just fucking impossible.”

Chrissy shrugged and opened another can of soup and chugged it down. Impossible or not, with each can of soup she swallowed we could see her body getting larger and larger. Not nearly as rapid as it had at the hospital, but you could definitely notice her head slowly creeping upward, her chest jutting outward until her breasts were pressed against the edge of the table, the soft flesh of them slightly bowing inward as the table edge tried to halt their movement outward from her body.

“I got to get to bed.” Chrissy said and rose from the table. She had to be 6’9” as she stood to her full height and headed towards her room. I looked at my watch through bloodshot eyes, and was amazed at what I saw.

“Damn. It’s almost 1. Think I’m gonna hit the sack.”

A murmur of consent went through the rest of my roommates, and we all headed to our beds. At first I thought sleep would be impossible, but I was stoned and I nodded off within minutes of hitting my mattress.

Sunday morning passed without incident, probably because Chrissy never left her room. At about 7 that night, Dave showed up with our purchases, and by 9 the house was once again packed with people who had every chemical known to man coursing through their brains. No one had mentioned that events of the previous night, and I had once again convinced myself that the rest of the weekend was just one long wicked trip. Then, at 10, Chrissy made her grand appearance.

She walked into the living room, and every male eye spun towards her. To my relief, she hadn’t grown any since I last saw

her, and she had changed into some new clothes that, while they were in no way baggy, at least fit her well enough to disguise the true extent of her height. But there was still no possible way to think she was the dainty little five foot girl she had been just 48 hours ago.

As she walked, her jeans hugged tightly to her knees, calves, and thighs every time her legs bent, and her enormous chest bounced up and down in her tee shirt in a way they never had before. I found myself looking to see if I could spot her nipples through the tightly stretched cotton, but discovered that she was in fact still wearing a bra, it was just the sheer size of her breasts that allowed them to jiggle as if unbound.

The attention of all the men in the room did not escape Chrissy's notice and she circulated through the room, thriving on the slack jawed stares she was receiving from every male around her. After several minutes, she chose someone I had never seen before, and, pulling him behind her by clutching onto his shirt, she took him to her room.

Jealousy got the better of me, and I found myself leaving the party and standing in the hallway in front of her room. The sweet scent of burning cannabis drifted from under the door, and soon I heard a man's voice screaming, followed shortly by the screams of Chrissy, which sounded, as best as I could tell, like she was in the throes of orgasm. Dejected, I was about to leave when the door opened and the guy she had brought in came running out. He bumped into me and knocked me over. The only words he was able to utter were "What the FUCK?!" as he got to his feet and ran out the house. I peered through the room, by now thinking I would be used to what I would see, but, once again, I saw speechless. Chrissy was still wearing her clothes, or at least what was left of them after her growth spurt had rendered them into rags. I had a little joy in knowing that they had not actually done it, but that soon evaporated as I did some quick mental calculations and realized she was nearly seven and a half feet tall, and still growing. She was eating a candy bar that looked ridiculously small in her enormous hands as she

turned to me and said, "I could get used to this." I slammed the door and went back into the living room. Chrissy came out after me, ducking as her head, which was now eight feet above the floor, brushed against the ceiling. I did my best to keep my dignity and did not run, and Chrissy seemed to be in no hurry either. As I reached the living room, I wondered what she would do if she caught me, but, in a few short strides, she was at the couch and seated, looking around her nonchalantly.

The stares she received this time were not just those of horny men, but the red eyed stares of people who's bodies had just been infiltrated by a mind-altering substance. I looked at the coffee table and saw a clear glass jar half filled with clear liquid and an eye dropper. One by one, people shrugged and turned away from her, dismissing what they saw as an artifact of their trips.

The springs creaked and groaned as Chrissy tried to lay on the couch, but her body was far to long to fit it comfortably, so she retired to the floor instead and sprawled on the ground. Her beautiful green eyes slowly shut, and a contented smile came to her lips as she drifted off to slumberland. She stayed there the rest of the evening, and, at 2, when people started to drift out of the house to try and get some sleep before their morning classes Monday, no one payed her any attention. After the house was empty, Ann, Rob, Chuck, Brad and I gathered around her sleeping form.

"Jesus. What are we going to do about her?" Rob said, kicking Chrissy in the rib.

"I'd advise against that," I said.

"This can't be real," Ann said, shrugging. Once again, we all went back to our rooms to sleep, trying to pretend that there wasn't an eight foot amazon laying on the floor in our living room.

Monday morning, I skipped class. Chrissy was up and about, and it looked like she was going to stay at eight feet for quite a while. I went into the bathroom to get ready to leave.

After I was out of the bedroom, I headed for the door. Chrissy Stood, hunched over, between me and it.

“Where do you think you’re going?” she asked.

“Just because you can’t go out in public doesn’t mean I have to stay here,” I said.

“You’ll do what I tell you to do.” Chrissy said, and she stomped her left foot on the floor.

“Then tell me to leave, because I’m going to anyways. You may be huge, and you may be a hell of a lot stronger than I am, but you ain’t the boss of me,” I said.

“Fine. Go have fun with your little friends. But bring me back some beer.”

After Chrissy moved out of the way of the door, I walked out. I got in my car and drove to campus. But instead of heading to class, I walked to a pay phone. Pulling the medicine bottle out of my pocket that I had taken from the medicine cabinet, I picked up the phone.

“Hello. Campus operator? Can you put me through to the office of Dr. Karinsky?” I said into the mouthpiece.

I rapped my fingers on the phone impatiently as I waited to be transferred to Dr. Karinsky’s office. The phone finally started to ring on the other end, and after two rings I was rewarded with a thickly accented voice.

“Good day. This is Dr. Karinsky. Of what service may I be of to you?” the voice on the other end said.

“Hello Dr. I have a question about your research project.”

“I have fear that I can not details of that give out,” the doctor replied.

“Listen, doctor. There’s something seriously wrong with one of your patients.”

“I said before, such matters I cannot discuss with you.”

“Fuck you, Doc!” I shouted. “I don’t think you realize the implications of your little project.”

“Young man,” said the doctor, “Vulgarity is not needed. If you are a student of mine, I promise you I will find out who you are, and you will not pass. Phone calls which are joking are not happily thought of by the University.”

“This is no fucking joke! Something has gone wrong with one of your patients!”

“And whom would this be?”

“Her name is Chrissy Nelson.” I had difficulty staying calm.

There was a pause as I heard him typing on a keyboard in his office.

“The problem would be described how?” asked the doctor.

“I’ll tell you how! She’s a fucking giant! She’s eight goddamn feet tall!” I shouted into the receiver.

“Young man, you are not by any chance on any medication yourself are you which makes you have hallucinations as a side effect perhaps?” The doctor asked patronizingly.

“Listen. I may have tripped a few times this weekend, but I know what I saw. She’s a goddamn giant!”

“This is not possible, i will assure you. Such things cannot physically happen. Perhaps you should wait until you are sober to call me. I have no time for such trivial discussions.”

“I know it’s fucking impossible, but it happened! What the hell did you do to her?” I was screaming and drawing a crowd now, but the voice on the other end remained calm.

“It is not allowed for me to be giving you information on patients, but if it will calm you I feel I must. Your Chrissy friend is under no effects from my medication. She is in fact part of the control group on a placebo. Any side effects at all she feels will be purely psychosomatic, so please do not bother me with complaints about her condition again.”

I dropped the receiver and walked numbly back to my car. Could this be true? A sugar pill did this to one of my best friends? Somehow, it almost seemed to make more sense. A medicine couldn’t possibly have this effect on a human body, but the mind? Who knows what power the mind has. And Chrissy did definitely seem to want to be taller. Did the belief that she was on a pill that would make her taller really have the power to do this to her? And what would happen when she found out that she wasn’t even on the growth pill? It started to make more sense to me. If she might have grown to such enormous heights

at first after taking the pills, and then even her subconscious realized such growth was impossible, so she shrunk back down to heights which, while she still should have been physically unable to attain, were nonetheless realistic enough for her mind to find them possible and allow her to stay there. It even explained why her clothes started to grow along with the rest of her body at the pharmacy when I pointed out she was about to become naked, as her subconscious brought out her modesty and started making the clothes expand with her. But what would happen if her delusion that the pills was causing her growth was shattered?

My mind suddenly was occupied by the image of her deflating back to her normal size like a balloon as I told her the news. The past weekend, I had lived out a fantasy I had never thought possible, but I made up my mind to go home immediately and tell her.

As I drove to the house, another image filled my mind. I imagined that I would pull up in the driveway, only to see the roof slowly crack and split, Chrissy's head and shoulders slowly rising into the sky as she grew ever upward. It must have been some dark part of my mind trying to fight off the actions I had chosen to take, because the thought of an enormous Chrissy slowly emerging from our house, growing until it was completely crushed beneath her inflating form made me so horny that I lost the urgency I had previously felt to put a stop to Chrissy's condition, even hoping that the sight that would greet me when I pulled into the driveway would match the one my imagination had created.

After I arrived, I waited in my car for a few minutes, watching the roof to see if my newest fantasy would find its way into reality. After ten minutes, I left my car, somewhat depressed. The reasonable part of my mind was screaming at me, but my libido had completely taken control, and there was no way I was going to tell Chrissy what I heard from her physician.

As I walked into the living room, Chrissy was nowhere to be seen. Ann, Rob, Chuck and Brad were all seated neatly in a row on the couch, quietly watching TV. At first I thought they were

stoned, but then Chuck turned to greet me.

“Glad to see she let someone out of the house.” he said.

“You mean you guys have been here all day?” I asked.

“Chrissy didn’t want anyone to find out her little secret,” Ann said. “She said it was a new rule of the house that no one could leave, and she made it perfectly clear that she was willing to enforce the rule.”

“Yep,” added Rob, “You don’t argue with Chrissy, not now.”

“How big is she?” I asked. “Where is she?”

“God. how big? I don’t know. She’s in the bathroom now, trying to take a shower. No idea how she’d ever fit in there, though.” Brad said. The sound of water I had just noticed suddenly stopped.

“I’d sit down if I were you,” said Ann. “And don’t say a word. Chrissy’s not been in a good mood.”

The couch being full, I sat down in the La-Z-Boy. I heard the bathroom door open, and Chrissy walked into the room. I was somewhat relieved to see she hadn’t grown any more since I had left. Water glistened on her massive form. and dripped out of the dark brown curls of her hair that nag limply down her shoulder-blades. She hadn’t dressed, but was instead wrapped in several white towels Brad had stolen from the hotel during his spring break trip to Cancun. It took a total of four towels to keep her halfway decent. Two towels were over her bosom, a knot tied between the two resting right in her cleavage, and they were tied again in the back. The other two towels were wrapped around her waist. All in all, it had to be the sexiest bikini I had ever seen, although I’m certain the woman wearing it had a lot to do with that. She walked slowly through the room, obviously putting on a show for the men in front of her, and it did the trick perfectly. I focused on a single water drop and followed as it emerged from under her makeshift miniskirt and traveled slowly down her perfect thigh, pausing as it came into contact with another drop on her knee and then sped down her gorgeously curved calf, slid down her ankle and off the heel of her bare foot into the carpet.

“Glad to see you’re back, Jake,” she cooed. She walked teasingly back to her room, giving me a great view of her incredible back, and once again those amazing calves.

“This house is starting to feel a little cramped. I want to go out on the town tonight. Will you drive me?” she asked.

I nodded, my eyes trying to stay focused on her body as the rest of my head bobbed up and down. Inside, a little voice was screaming at me to tell her, but I had no resolve left.

The mock sweetness in her voice disappeared as she glared back into the room as she left and said, “Don’t anybody go anywhere. It would make me very angry.”

We all sat in silence, watching TV and waiting for Chrissy to return. Over three hours passed as we waited for her to return from her room. When she finally did walk back into the room, she was once again fully clothed, or as close as you could get. She had on another pair of khakis, although even the largest size she had bought was a poor fit, clinging tightly to her legs and stopping halfway down her calves like a pair of Capri pants. Another white tee shirt adorned her incredible chest, although it was pulled tight and left her abdomen bare. She was also once again wearing another flannel, although this time the sleeves stopped a couple inches below her elbows and the bottom of the shirt itself was an inch above the waist of her trousers. On her feet were sandals, although I couldn’t figure out where she had found any that would fit.

“You ready, Jake?” she asked.

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” I said.

I’m certain Chrissy could hear the fear in my voice. From the look on her face you’d think she could actually taste it, and she found it delicious, savoring it like the richest chocolate cake in the world. She winked at me and said, “I think tonight’s gonna be fun.”

We walked out to my car. Chrissy laid on the grass next to my car while I tried to adjust the passenger seat to go as far back as possible. When I was done, she squeezed through the door and tried to sit down, but still had her knees held up in

front of her face. She let out a half growl, half grumble, and got out of the car. As she stood up beside it, the roof of my Volvo was just about even with her crotch. She leaned down and, with a grunt, grabbed a hold of the seat. Metal squeaked and groaned as she started to tug. High pitched twangs signified the heads of the bolts that had been holding the chair in place snapping off, and suddenly she was standing again, and the front seat was sitting on the lawn. She crawled back in and sat herself in th backseat, looking much more comfortable with the added leg room, although she still had to bend over because her head was hitting the roof.

I got in the drivers side and buckled myself in. As I started the car, I looked over to her. "Where to?" I asked.

"Let's try Stub's," she said. "They usually have a decent DJ, and the dance floor has a nice high ceiling."

"Well, most bars have high ceilings here," I said. "Why not the Lounge? They've got Guinness on tap, and the roof will be plenty high enough for you to stand up"

"I don't care what I drink. I want to dance." Chrissy said. Then, that same evil smile that had been occupying her face so often these past few days reappeared and she said, "Plus, they have an open balcony to the second floor."

I tried to turn my response into a joke, but the laugh I let out betrayed my nervousness. "You think you're gonna grow so big you need a three story high ceiling?"

I looked back into the back seat. Her pants were so tight that even the pockets were pulled so tightly that you could see the outlines of what was in them. And I could clearly make out the outline of what appeared to be two medicine bottles like the ones that had started this mess. My stomach fell as she smiled and said, "You never know. It's happened before."

When we arrived in downtown Evanston, I drove around looking for a parking place as close as possible to the bar. For some reason, I had foolishly decided to try and have as short a walk as possible to limit how much Chrissy was seen out on the street. Foolish, of course, because even if she wasn't seen

outside, there was no way no one would notice an eight foot tall amazon in a crowded bar.

The walk was short, and, being a Monday night, the streets near the bar were relatively empty, so we managed to get to Stub's without incident. Music and smoke drifted out of the door into the cool air, and I walked through, followed by Chrissy.

As my eyes adjusted to the smoky darkness of the bar, I turned to look in back of me. Chrissy was bent over to get through the door, and her shoulders bumped the side. I stared once again at the beautiful giantess and started to fantasize about her starting grow while she was stuck in the doorway, until it started to crack and bend around her until a voice brought me back to reality.

"Hey, buddy," the bouncer said. "I need to see some ID."

I fumbled for my wallet and gradually produced the requested drivers license. I offered it to him and noticed that his stool was set off to the side of the entrance, allowing him to see only people after they had entered but not those who were coming through the door. So he hadn't seen Chrissy yet, I thought. I wondered what would happen when he asked for her ID and the license listed her height as 5'0".

"Five bucks cover," he said as he handed my ID back to me. I replaced it in my wallet and pulled out five singles. Chrissy had still not come through, but I heard someone on the street screaming. I tried to make conversation.

"Good band tonight?" I asked.

"We ain't never had live music, asshole," the bouncer said. "Now move along, there's more thirsty people behind you."

I walked all the way into the bar and turned to see what his reaction to Chrissy would be. After she was finally inside, she stood to her full eight foot height. The bouncer looked up from his cash box, but found he was staring right into a gorgeous abdomen. I watched as his head tilted upward in slow motion, his eyes following Chrissy's massive torso up, pausing on her breasts, then going up again. When he was finally looking her in the face, he had difficulty talking.

“ID, please, ma’am,” he struggled to say.

Chrissy scowled. “Do you really need to see my ID?” once again, the smile. “I’m a big girl, you know.”

The bouncer was taken aback. “Yes, y-y-you c-certainly are,” he stuttered.

“I trust there’s no cover,” Chrissy said.

“Not for you,” the bouncer replied. Chrissy walked away, but the bouncer’s head continued to stare up into the space where her face had been. Chrissy walked over to me.

“Let’s dance,” she said in a tone that was more of an order than a request.

I drained the mug I had bought and set it on the bar counter. “Gotta drain the main vein first,” I said.

“Don’t stand me up. I don’t like being stood up,” Chrissy said.

“I’ll meet you on the dance floor,” I said.

I watched as Chrissy turned and walked into the next room where the dance floor was. I could hear a multitude of laughter and voices coming from the other room. No matter how dead the street was, a lot of people were going to be noticing Chrissy in here. Jealousy started to creep up on me again at the thought of her in that room with all those strangers staring at her, but i really did have to piss. I went to the mens room to do my business. As I was drying my hands, I said to myself “Don’t want to keep Chrissy waiting.” I was walking out the door of the mens room when two guys who were obviously inebriated to the point of physical impairment stumbled in laughing.

“Dude,” one of the slapped me on the shoulder, “You gotta check out the chick on the dance floor. It’s fucking crazy!”

His friend added “I ain’t never seen a chick so big!”, holding his hands cupped upward in front of his chest to indicate exactly what it was that he found so big.

I left without saying a word as they began throwing up on the floor, wondering what Chrissy was doing now.

As I walked into the room with the dance floor, I was temporarily blinded. After the dim lights of the bar area, the bright

flashes and colored lights of the dance floor made me momentarily thinking I was having a flashback.

As my eyes adjusted to the brightness, I looked around for Chrissy. It wasn't hard. She was literally head and shoulders above the crowd that had gathered around her.

As I walked towards her, I went past a booth where a couple of girls were sitting talking. I caught a little of their conversation.

"Look at the little slut! I tell you, if Steve and Jason don't get back here soon, I say we leave their sorry asses."

"She ain't exactly what I'd call a little slut," the other girl said. "You know Jason's got an eye for girls, and especially tall girls. It's your own damn fault for bringing him to the bar. He's gonna cheat, I tell you."

"Just as long as it ain't with that, that monster over there. I mean, she's gotta have implants!"

"Implants may give you a chest, but honey, they don't make you tall like that."

I walked past them and into the throng that had gathered around Chrissy. There had to be four dozen men surrounding her, drawn like moths to a flame. I edged closer and closer to her until I finally reached the center of the circle of bodies.

It reeked of smoke and Polo as I was shoved side to side by the swaying people, all trying to do their own dance and catch the eye of the amazon, and none having room to do so. I noticed that, despite the fact that all these men obviously wanted to be much closer to Chrissy, they maintained a five foot distance between themselves and her gyrating body. Slowly, I crossed the invisible boundary until I was standing in the center of the circle, halfway between the people and Chrissy. My idea had been to approach her, but I was trampled as a dozen or so of the braver men, given courage by my bold move, left the circle and gathered around her, some so close they were actually touching her hips as she danced.

She looked down at the people and smiled. "Hey there little guys!" she said. "Wow. I've never had so many guys want to dance with me before. It's so hard to choose..."

A short guy was rubbing against her thigh as she searched for a dance partner. He couldn't have been much more than five feet tall, and would have been the perfect dance partner for her before this weekend. As it was, however, he looked absolutely ridiculous. She picked him up in her arms and held him, his face buried in her massive chest, his feet dangling inches off the floor. I was certain she chose him just to accent her height.

"I better keep you close with me," Chrissy told her little dance partner. "Your so tiny if I don't keep an eye on you I might accidentally step on you."

The man's body went limp, and I realized he was suffocating, smothered by her tits. When Chrissy realized this had happened, she dropped him like an old teddy bear on Christmas morning. He landed in a heap on the floor, his chest barely moving up and down as his body became used to the concept of once again breathing oxygen.

"Well, looks like he wasn't man enough to dance with me. Any of you guys got the balls to show a girl a good time?," Chrissy cooed.

Driven by their cocks instead of their brains, I watched as the men around her ignored what had happened to the poor fellow and instead moved in even closer, rubbing against her as they fought for her attention.

"There's plenty of me to go around for everybody," said Chrissy.

One guy pulled a cigarette case out of his pocket, and opened it up to reveal a neat little line of joints. He pulled one out and held it up, offering it to Chrissy. Grass was one of Chrissy's greatest weaknesses, and she took it and smoked the entire joint in two hard hits. Seeing that she enjoyed the weed, soon several hands were held up around her, each containing a smoking joint. Chrissy took them all one by one and smoked them down until they burnt her fingers, then ate the butts.

I don't think I'll ever know why the police showed up. It could have been a regular bust for minors, or they might have been called by one of the several women who had lost their

temper as their boyfriends left them to get a look at the huge breasted eight foot tall sexpot on the dance floor. Whatever the reason, the cops came into the dance floor just as Chrissy was starting up her last joint.

One problem about being eight feet tall- You can't hide in the crowd. The cops could easily see Chrissy's face, joint stuck between her lips, above the rest of the crowd, and they were determined to see the law enforced.

The crowd parted as the cops made their way towards Chrissy. She made a point of ignoring them until they finally reached her and one of the officers reached up and tapped her on the shoulder.

Chrissy looked down, her eyes bloodshot. The officers said "Ma'am, I'm afraid I'm gonna have to ask you to come with me."

"That's one hell of a pick up line," Chrissy said. "But you're not really my type."

"You're under arrest," said the second officer, "for possession of a controlled substance. Now come with us or we'll have to use force."

Chrissy laughed down at him. "I'd like to see you try."

"Listen, lady. We don't want any trouble. Just come along peacefully..."

"I don't want any trouble, either," Chrissy said. "I just came here to dance and have a good time, and you guys are seriously cramping my style, so get out of my way, flea!"

With that, Chrissy turned her attention back to her dancing, until a gunshot broke through the music.

The first officer was still standing next to her, smoke coming off the barrel of his service piece as it was still pointed towards the ceiling. "Ma'am, you're coming with us. You may think that being tall gives you the right to do whatever you want, but, I assure you, we are not scared of your height."

That, my friends, was the biggest mistake the officer ever made.

Chrissy popped the lid off the bottle and poured it's entire contents into her mouth. She almost choked as she tried to swallow. Looking around her, she saw a serving girl who had joined the crowd when the police showed up, to check out what the commotion was.

The serving girl was really quite cute. She was probably about 5'6", and she was in heels. She had on a white blouse and a black skirt that ended a few inches above her knees, revealing a nice pair of legs in black nylons, and her long wavy blond hair hung down to the middle of her back. You could tell that on any other night, most of the men who saw her at the bar would be trying to get to know her better, myself among them. However, everyone's attention was on Chrissy, except for Chrissy herself, who was looking at the serving girl, or, more to the point, the two pitchers of beer she was carrying on her tray.

"I'll take those," Chrissy said, grabbing the handles of both pitchers in her right hand, as her left hand dipped into the left breast pocket of her flannel, only to come out filled with more of the pills. She dropped them on the waitress' tray.

"Sorry I don't have any cash, but here's some of my wonder pills instead. Works a hell of a lot better than a wonder bra, but I see you don't need to worry about one of those, do you, honey?" Chrissy said. Then, her hand dipped back into the pocket, and she shoved a fistful of pills into her mouth. She dipped into the pocket a third time, and continued filling her mouth until her cheeks were stuffed, sticking out like a squirrel with a load of nuts. Then, holding one pitcher in each hand, she lifted her right hand and took a swig from the pitcher, it held, washing down the pills.

Both pitchers went back into her right hand as she dipped her left hand into her right breast pocket, and once again stuffed her cheeks, and once again washed them down with beer.

After exhausting the supply of pills in her shirt pockets, she pulled a second bottle of pills out of her pants and swallowed them, then began taking loose pills by the handful out of her trouser pockets.

“Jesus,” I said. I looked around the room. Before Stub’s was here, this building had once contained a dinner theater, back in the vaudeville days. Along both walls to either side of me and the wall in back of me, a ceiling about 10 feet off the ground stuck out, maybe six feet from the walls. A railing ran along the top of this ceiling, which was also the floor of the second level balconies. The DJ had his setup on the stage at the far wall, high velvet curtains draped to either side, just as they had when there were live performances on the stage. I looked up at the balconies. The walls went up probably another 15 feet from the balconies, and then met with the painted pressed tin ceiling that had probably been there since before the depression.

At the hospital, she had grown to probably twenty five feet tall, and had taken probably half a bottle of the pills. Friday night, she had also taken less than one bottle of pills, and grew until she was crammed inside her room like a sardine in a can. Tonight...Tonight she must have taken most of both of the boxes she took from the pharmacy Saturday. I looked up at the 25 foot high ceiling.

“It doesn’t stand a chance,” I muttered to myself. I looked back at Chrissy, who, to my surprise had not started growing again.

“Maybe she realized it can’t work like that,” I thought, relieved.

The officers, who had stood back to watch as she downed fist after fist full of pills, walked back towards Chrissy. The first officer yelled at her, “Look, Missy. You ain’t doing yourself any favors taking more pills. It’s just more for us to convict on.”

In a flash, Chrissy’s enormous arm lashed out, tracing a great arc in the air as it swung around and connected with the officer, he literally flew backward with the force. If she hadn’t just coldcocked him with her swing, he certainly lost consciousness as his head struck the edge of a table and he collapsed in a heap.

The music stopped abruptly when the DJ finally looked up from his console and saw the police officer laying on the floor.

The second officer was talking into the radio microphone he

had clipped to his shoulder.

“This is Officer Mercer, requesting assistance for a hostile situation at Stub’s bar,” he said.

The radio crackled and a static voice came out from the speaker. “Please state the nature of the situation, officer.”

The second officer spoke to the disembodied voice via radio again. “We’ve got some member of the women’s basketball team going berserk here. She’s knocked out my partner. She seems to be tweaking on something. We’ve witnessed her taking marijuana, alcohol, and a whole pharmacists counter of pills of some kind. You may want to send some paramedics along with a poison control unit,” he said.

“Oh, you’re gonna need some fucking paramedics, asshole,” Chrissy said. “WHERE’S THE FUCKING MUSIC?” she belted. she started to dance again, but this time, nobody tried to bump and grind alongside her. My hopes that she had finally realized that her growth spurts were impossible was dashed as, slowly but surely, her head began to inch upward.

Now, I personally am not fond of police. They’ve busted up way to many of our parties, and thrown me into the drunk tank too many times for me to harbor any great love toward them. But I do respect them. They go through years of training just so they can get a job where being killed in the line of duty is not uncommon. They’re trained to handle everything—fires, fights, terrorists, robberies, hostage situations, and bombs. Their courage is beyond compare, and their training allows them to look into the face of death without even flinching. But it was evidently thought that police training did not need to cover what to do when you are confronted with a rapidly expanding eight foot tall woman, and Officer Mercer, who had probably bravely put his life on the line countless times before, fainted at the sight of Chrissy.

She began gyrating slowly, her hands rubbing up and down her side next to her chest, her eyes shut as she slowly rocked her head from side to side. Her sandals were the first thing to go, their pitiful leather straps no match for the unrelenting force

exerted by Chrissy's expanding body. She moaned at the sound of the leather snapping. She began rocking her hips back and forth, her hands now rubbing on her hips and ass as she moved in slow motion to the music. Her clothes, which had clung tightly to her body before the evening began, showed signs of wear early on.

As her body continued its leisurely growth upward and outward, her trousers decided to show their agreement with the sandals that she was getting too big by loosing their structural integrity. The back of each pantleg split as her glorious calves pressed back with more force than the trousers could squeeze inward. Another moan of sheer ecstasy escaped her lips when the fabric gave way. As the fabric burst open and her beautiful flesh began pouring out through the opening, the tear moved upward, until it reached her knee, which somehow still had a little bit of slack left in it.

However, her thigh just above her knee was still encircled with fabric that was reaching the breaking point. The pant leg tore all at once in a great circle around each thigh. The ragged bands of material that had been freed by this new tear clung tightly around her knees until they snapped and fell to the floor. The ragged ends of her trousers legs continued fraying and sliding their ways up her thighs.

Now, as I've said many times before, Chrissy's legs were always the most fascinating part of her to me. That's why, at this moment, I was still looking at roughly eye level, while everyone else was staring up, trying to follow the top of her head through her growth. That is why I was the only one to notice what happened next, as the waitress Chrissy had taken the beers from picked up a pill off her tray and started examining it.

Two cliches seem to perfectly describe what happened to the waitress: Monkey see, monkey do, and Seeing is believing.

After playing with the pill, rolling it around in her fingers and holding it close to her face to examine it, the waitress popped it in her mouth. Her eyes looked up and out the corners of their sockets, like a wine taster considering the flavor of an unknown

vintage of wine as he swished it through his mouth. Evidently deciding it wasn't going to kill her, she took the rest of the pills off her tray and swallowed them one by one.

She hadn't been told by the doctor what the pills were supposed to do. The pills were placebos, so they shouldn't have any effect on her anyways. However, there was a nine and a half foot tall amazon, who's head was still rising higher, that was showing her exactly what the pills should do, and the placebo effect kicked in with a vengeance.

Her head began to rise upwards, and her white blouse was pulled out from the skirt where it had been tucked in. She had to be growing even faster than Chrissy, although she'd still have a long way to go to catch up with her.

Her head suddenly dropped down for a second as a crunching noise announced that the narrow heels of her dress shoes had given up trying to support her increasing weight. Her skirt was starting to slid up her legs, and soon a small rip appeared on the bottom of the skirt at the side of either leg as they became wider than the area the fabric was designed to encircle.

A button hit me on the head and I looked up to see that her blouse was becoming stretched to the limit. Where it had once hung loosely in front of her, it was pulled so tightly that large diamond shaped openings were formed as it tried to pull itself apart to her side, the buttons straining to keep it closed. Another twang signified another button flying off, although the blouse was stretched so tightly that I couldn't even guess which area had generated enough strain to separate the button from it's parent fabric. I looked down again and was greeted by the sight of the pink flesh of her legs as it began showing through the network of rips and tears that had begun to form in her nylons. The nylons were torn completely off at her ankles, leaving her feet bare, as she had obviously already outgrown her shoes.

My gaze began slowly rising once again along her expanding body, stopping at the bottom of her skirt for a second to watch it continue it's slow journey upward as the tears in the side widened. My eyes continued up to look at her exposed well-

tanned abdomen. Now that I was no longer looking at the floor I could see that several other people had turned their attention from Chrissy to the waitress. She seemed happy to be getting the attention she was denied by Chrissy's presence earlier. She, too, began to dance, enticingly swaying her hips and erotically rubbing the sides of her breasts. Then, sounding like a short blast from a machine gun, several buttons popped off her blouse all at once.

No buttons remained on her blouse now, and it flew open. No longer restrained by the ill-fitting shirt, her breasts burst forth, bobbing up and down, slowly stopping their oscillations as they came to rest. Although they were no longer contained in her blouse, her white satin bra still circled her torso.

Her growth continued and I watched as the enormous mounds of flesh that were her breasts began piling up in front of her as they struggled to get free from the restraint of the bra. They were spilling outward, over the top and to the side, pressed together so tightly that you wouldn't even be able to slide a credit card into her ample cleavage. Her tits heaved with every breath she took. She continued to dance and rub her hands along the sides of her bra until it, too, finally gave off the fight and sprang across the room as if fired from a slingshot. Her heaving breasts bobbed up and down in front of her, now freed from all their cloth prisons. She looked down at the faces of the men staring at her and smiled. She raised a well manicured index finger to her mouth, and sucked the tip of it, then lowered it to her left nipple and began massaging it.

I watched her fingernail, the red paint on it still unchipped, as it began moving in circles around an impossibly huge nipple. I was so transfixed by the actions of the topless eight foot woman in front of me that I had temporarily forgot about Chrissy.

Chrissy's voice broke me from my reverie as she said "Hi there, boys." My head turned back to her direction.

Chrissy's khakis were stretched skin tight across her legs, the frayed ends of the trouser legs had ridden halfway up her thighs. Her shirts were also pulled tight, and although she seemed to be

outgrowing them, they must have been increasing in size, too, although not as fast as the rest of her body. I looked up, and up, until I was able to see her face.

Just because I hadn't been paying attention to her didn't mean her growth stopped. She still stood on the dance floor, the hardwood boards creaking under her weight as she continued her libidinous dance. Her shoulders were as high as the floor of the second story balcony, and her head turned side from side to side as she looked at the people sitting at their tables on the balcony, who were all, in turn, staring at her massive head.

She had to be at least thirteen feet tall. Her hands had dropped to her crotch, and she was rubbing herself through the tight cloth of her khakis. Filled with the pleasure of her growth and the additional pleasure she was giving to her forbidden regions, she screamed in ecstasy and her body shook in orgasm as it suddenly shot up another foot in a matter of seconds.

I looked back at the waitress, wearing nothing but the miniskirt which was now only an inch below her crotch, still growing to a height of eight and a half feet, closing rapidly on nine. She was enjoying this every bit as much as Chrissy was.

Chrissy alone was bad enough, but two women growing to a height of God only knows how much with the same attitude Chrissy was expressing was too much too handle. I had to stop this somehow, And my brain finally won the battle it had been fighting with my cock since I spoke with the doctor. I knew what I had to do, and I did it.

"Chrissy!" I shouted, hoping she would hear me above the music which the DJ, who was cowering behind his mixing console, had left on repeat. I was rewarded with her enormous face looking down at me.

"Look at yourself! This isn't possible!" I shouted. "Those pills weren't even real! They couldn't make you grow like this! They were just placebos! Sugar pills!"

Both Chrissy and the waitress stopped their dancing and looked at me. Sure enough, the spell was broken, and their growth came to an abrupt halt. The waitress looked shocked,

but Chrissy just looked pissed.

“What the hell are you talking about?,” Chrissy said as she glared down at me. She was not happy to have her growth interrupted by some pipsqueak trying to tell her it wasn’t possible. “Look at me!” She looked into the faces of the people in the balcony. “Am I, or am I not, growing?” Heads bobbed up and down in silent, unanimous agreement, but doubt tainted her voice.

“You may be growing, but it isn’t because of the pill. It’s all in your head.”

I looked over at the waitress to see what effect my words were having on her. Slowly, her head began to sink, and her body began returning to it’s original size. she continued to shrink until she was once again at the height that pubescent growth spurts had allowed her to reach when she was in high school, and not an inch more. Her eyes were wide with fear as she looked around at he people staring at her, and then down to her own exposed body. Her hand flew in front of her body, trying to cover up the parts of her body she would normally only show to her boyfriend, and she kneeled down to pick up the pile of rags at her feet that had been torn from her body by it’s miraculous expansion. She held the bundle of cloth in front of her breasts and ran into the women’s bathroom crying.

I returned my attention to Chrissy, although her size had not changed any more, either up or down. She looked around her, a hint of fear in her eyes as she softly said “What’s happening to me?”

“It was all in your mind,” I said. “You grew because it’s what you thought would happen. Remember How huge you got in your bedroom and at the hospital, only to shrink down? Your mind knew it was impossible to grow to that size, so you couldn’t maintain it. You went down to a size that was at least achievable for a human body after each time.”

“But. I’ve been so hungry! I must have been growing, and needed to eat so much to get bigger!” Chrissy said softly.

“No,” I told her. “That’s just what you thought would happen, and so that’s what did. The pill isn’t making you grow.”

The amazon continued to stare down at me. “So, I just grew because I wanted to, and I thought I could...” The worried look on her face was replaced by a smile and she laughed. “I always said smoking pot opened up parts of your mind you’d never use otherwise. Look what it did to me.” As realization became more clear, you could almost hear the click of a deadbolt in her mind being thrown open, my speech having been the necessary key to unlock it.

She had been standing stock still, but now there was movement on her massive frame as it began changing size.

But, to my horror, she wasn’t shrinking like the waitress did. Instead, her body began to continue its ascent.

Ever since my discovery that Chrissy’s condition was psychosomatic, I had concentrated on my belief that she only grew because she thought she was taking growth pills, and explaining to her that they were placebos, that I had not considered the effect other parts of my assumption would have. As Chrissy looked down at me with eyes that were fifteen feet above ground level and still rising, she took pleasure in pointing out that flaw.

“So, what you’re saying, is that I ’m growing just because I want to? And the only reason I went back to six feet or seven feet or whatever tall was because I thought it was impossible to be a true giant?”

A shiver ran down my spine.

“Then, if I really am growing by sheer willpower alone, then there should be no reason I can’t stay at whatever height I stop at? Hell, at first I was pissed, but now I’d like to thank you for explaining the true possibilities that lay before me.”

That having been said, she once again turned her attention to the music and her expanding body. I hoped that deep down, she might still think it was impossible to get so big, but I knew that I had blown it big time. She was enjoying this so much that even if she did possess some doubt, her lust for the power and sensations she received from her growth would be more than enough to override it.

Her dance continued, bulges appearing in every man’s pants

as he watched, some of them even getting wet spots on their crotches. But she wasn't even paying attention to her audience now. She was totally absorbed in her growth, her hands sliding up and down, caressing every inch of her body, exploring the massive form that was increasing through her sheer willpower alone. As she rose higher and higher in the room, her clothes once again began to struggle to keep up with her bodily expansion. Her khakis seemed to be doing the best job of keeping up with her, but even they were slowly sliding higher and higher up her thigh, the ends becoming more and more ragged as their seams began splitting under the pressure of her enormous thighs.

Her shirt had more difficulty in keeping up, however. The sleeves of her flannel ripped around her shoulders, but the remaining tubes of cloth refused to slide off her arm as they were squeezed tightly in place. The seams of the sleeves, which now covered only her bicep, leaving both elbow and shoulder bare, began to split at the highest point of her arm muscle. The rip ran outwards to the edges of the fabric, accelerating as it went. Once it was all the way across the ragged remnants of the sleeves fell to the floor. As her body expanded wider and wider, the remnants of the flannel were pulled more and more to her back. As the cloth was pulled tightly against her arms in the ragged holes that indicated where the sleeves had once been attached, threads began giving way, snapping and tearing, as the openings were ripped longer and longer, until the front of the shirt was pulled even with the front of her shoulders. As the last of the fabric was torn through, it fell to the floor to meet with its previous components.

The only part of her clothing that seemed to be succeeding in keeping up with her growth was the white cotton tee shirt, which was more elastic and thus had an easier time accommodating her expanding girth, although it, too, was now stretch to the point of translucency, and the sleeves had torn off in much the same way as those of her flannel. The tee shirt was hugging her like a second skin, jutting out like a shelf at the enormous round bulges of her chest, then pulled tightly again against the smooth

flesh of her stomach underneath her gigantic bosom.

The hypnotic dance she had been performing had resulted in her moving out from the center of the dance and towards the balconies. Wood cracked and splintered as her slowly gyrating hips bumped against the balcony which was now at the same height as they were.

Screams from the people she had almost knocked off the balcony reminded her she was not alone in the room, and she looked down once again at her audience. Deciding to give them a really great show, she bent forward, leaning way down until her hands hit the floor, her legs still standing straight, holding her ass at a height which was now above that of the balcony and still rising. As she dipped down, her gigantic face smiled at the people on the dance floor.

Now don't get me wrong- When I said Chrissy's breasts had grown even more of the rest of her body, I don't mean they became disgustingly large or artificial looking. She was still no Dolly Parton. I'm no expert on sizing bras, but I would guess that if she were still five feet tall, they'd have maybe been 35 D or something thereabouts. But she had grown so large now, that as her chest was lowered into our view, it was wider than I was tall. She jiggled her massive breasts from side to side, and tried to lean even further down to show off her blue ribbon chest.

But bending her body further resulted in just too much strain for her overstressed tee shirt to handle. It was pulled so tightly that it began tearing, first in the back, then rips climbed up the sides. Even this was not enough to allow it to relieve all the strain put on it by her massive chest, and a hole ripped in the front of it right over her luscious cleavage. As soon as the hole formed, the fabric was weakened to an irreparable point, and the rip rapidly spread from side to side, letting breasts the size of recliners spill out into the room. The neck of her teeshirt was pulled around her neck so tightly that it seemed she would suffocate, but, within seconds, that, too, began to rip and give way. As the last remnants of her shirts drifted to the floor like autumn leaves, I stared at the sight of her chest, now covered

by the largest, sexiest black silk and satin lace brassier I had ever had the pleasure of seeing on a living woman. It, too, was straining under the sheer weight of the breasts it was trying to support.

As her breasts continued to push outwards and upwards, confined by the cups of the bra, they also found themselves pressing against its shoulder straps. The long, black strips of fabric that went up over her breasts and shoulders were pressing deep into the flesh of her soft, supple, and utterly enormous tits, forming long, deep dimples in the surface. Strained to the point of collapse, these, two, now snapped.

The look on Chrissy's face could have just as well been an exclamation point written on a piece of paper. No matter what other changes her personality had experienced, and even despite the dance she had just performed, she was no exhibitionist. She looked at her own chest with fear as her breasts pushed forward, outward, and upward over her bra, which was still held around her back by the straps that ran around her chest underneath her breasts. However, the fabric at the tops of the cups had torn along the points weakened by the tearing of the shoulder straps, and it began fraying and creeping down the same way her trouser legs had been riding up her thighs.

Chrissy began to stand up again, and as her breasts were lifted in front of me, I could see that the bottom of her bra was also fraying. The fabric of the cups was now only halfway up her breasts, keeping her nipples covered but exposing most of the rest of the flesh of her breasts, squeezing them tightly together in a line of cleavage that would make the horniest of men faint with desire, pink flesh showing through the lace that had somehow managed to find a way to deal with the stresses it was suffering.

However, her modesty seemed to have regained control, as what little remained of her clothing, (that being only her khakis that had been reduced to a pair of Daisy Duke shorts and her tattered bra), was no longer ripping and appeared to be growing at the same rate she was.

She had been standing up slowly, my guess being that she did it for effect. However, She never made it all the way up, for while she was still leaning far down, her head bumped against the pressed tin of the ceiling. No longer able to stand up in a room with a thirty foot high roof, she instead sat on the floor, her knees pulled in front of her. She was hugging her legs close to her, trying to make herself as small as possible, but the sound of metal slapping against the hardwood floor announced that once again her head had bumped against the ceiling. She tilted it as far forward as possible, merely trying to delay the inevitable. Her body was now filling most of the dance floor, and people were slowly backing away to make room for her ever increasing frame. They all walked in a trance however, shuffling slowly backward as their gazes were transfixed on the woman before them. This was not my first time witnessing a woman growing to enormous stature, so it held neither novelty nor surprise, and I probably had a better idea of what was going to happen than the vegetables who were all around me gawking at Chrissy. I turned and ran out the door into the street, but not one of those poor souls followed me.

Everything almost seemed normal out on the street. I hadn't realized how smoky and stifling the air inside the bar was until I got my first breath of the clean outside air. A cool breeze blew off lake Michigan and cleansed both my lungs and my head. The effect was so strong that I almost believed the events of the bar were just another trip. But I sure as hell wasn't going to go back in there to find out.

I walked into the middle of the street and looked around. Technically, this wasn't really downtown Evanson, which was home to several steel and glass high rise office buildings and various other modern miracles of architecture. This was just a strip of stores, bars, and restaurants that thrived by catering to the professors who lived in the snobby nice neighborhoods to the north and the students who lived off campus in the somewhat less classy houses to the south. It looked like your average Main Street USA, a nice little two lane street lined with sidewalks

that had trees planted in barrels and little stores with large glass display windows showing off their wares. Lampposts jutted out of the sidewalk every couple dozen feet, bathing the empty street in an orange and yellow glow on this Monday evening.

I looked at my watch and discovered it was only 9:30, although after the events in the bar it seemed as if hours, if not days, had to have passed. I shook my head. All that in forty five minutes. I walked up and down the street, enjoying the air uncertain of what I should do. I looked up into the clear night sky. The stars were crisp, bright, sharp points of light, looking both cold and yet intense enough to burn your retinas if you stared at them long enough. The evening seemed to normal, so perfect, that I started identifying constellations.

I was trying to find Jupiter when A noise coming from the alley next to Stub's distracted me. A clanking, ceramic sounding noise, like a coin bouncing off a blackboard or a stack of porcelain tiles being moved around. Two seconds later, the sound was repeated, then again and again. I walked along the street, keeping on the opposite side from the bar, until I was lined up with the alley and could peer into it. The clanking continued, and I saw a black form falling to the alley. I looked up to where it had come from, and realized that the slate tiles were sliding off the roof of Stub's and falling into the alleyway.

The clanking turned into a crash as several dozen tiles all fell to the alley at once. Then the noise of falling slate was replaced by a creaking, groaning noise.

It was the ancient timbers of the rafters of Stub's ceiling, squeaking and complaining as they were forced to shift from the places they had occupied for decades, being forced upward. There was a loud, sustained sound, halfway between cloth tearing and a nail squeaking as it's pulled out of a piece of wood, and then the rafters of Stub's bar were no longer underneath the roof, but sticking out of it, pointing up into the sky like the ribcage of a dead oxen on some desert on a Western trail, pieces of plywood and house wrapping hanging loosely off them and flapping in the breeze like decaying meat stuck to the pre-

viously mentioned bones. And in the center of the debris was a dark, curly mass, dust clinging to it, and I knew at once it was Chrissy's hair.

From my vantage point across the street, it was difficult to see exactly what was going on up on the flat roof of Stub's, but the brilliant moonlight of the clear evening illuminated it enough for me to see first one, then two, the three, and four enormous fingers slide up through the roof alongside Chrissy's hair. Once her hands were poking up into the night sky high enough for the roof to be halfway up her palms, the hands began pushing away from her hair. As she forced the opening wider, her head began to rise through the hole, hair, then forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, and chin. The head, which was larger than a van, continued, and the neck that was supporting it also rose through the opening, followed by her shoulders.

Then, for a second, Chrissy stopped. Judging by the size of the features she was exposing, she had to still be on her knees inside the building. Her hands were all the way to the walls of the building now, and she lifted them out, turning them over in the air so that instead of pressing against the sides of the walls, she was pushing down on them. Her arm muscles flexed as she pushed down, trying to lift her body free of the ruined bar. Another set of slate tiles crashed to the ground as the roof in front of her was ripped up and lifted high into the sky, supported by her breasts. Now that most of the roof had been removed, she was able to continue standing at a faster rate.

She lifted her hand off the wall as she finally rose to her full height.

Chrissy's torso and upper body towered over the bar, the outside walls of which seemed to be at about the same height as her hips. It was then that I noticed the muffled screams and sobbing of all the bar-goers who had been caught in the shower of debris from the collapsing roof. Chrissy turned towards the alley, her torso sliding along as she walked to the edge of the building.

She stopped, scowling, and a voice louder than the speakers

at an Iron Butterfly concert and bearing the sweet hint of femininity boomed out through the still night air. “Damn! I stubbed my toe!”

Chrissy moved mack a pace or two. I saw her hips sway as she pulled a leg back and sent a mighty kick into the brick wall of the building. I heard several bricks tumble down, but the wall did not fall.

“Get out of my fucking way!” Chrissy shrieked, and she let an even more forceful kick loose on the wall. Weakened from her first assault, the wall collapsed in a cloud of dust. Chrissy walked out and into the center of the street. concrete buckling under her bare feet, although she either didn’t notice or didn’t mind. She placed her hands on her hips and looked over at the bar.

“Hmmm. You’d think a brick wall would go down easier,” she said to no-one in particular. Then she was me, standing there in the street, staring up at her.

She wasn’t so big that I was inconsequential. Having never played with Barbies in my childhood, this guess could be off, But I’d say I was about the size of a ken doll to her, maybe a little smaller. She had no difficulty in recognizing me from her lofty vantage point.

“Hey Jake!” she said. “What do you think?” she gestured along her body with hands bigger than tables. “I’m a little disappointed myself, but what ya gonna do?”

I have to say, whatever she felt about her body, I was not the least bit disappointed. There, standing in front of me, was the Chrissy I had lusted over for almost two years, 70 feet tall but in almost perfect proportion, looking exactly like she always had, except for the larger chest and the revealing wardrobe.

As she stood there in the street, one foot planted firmly in each lane, I was overcome with the urge to just run up to her and start humping those gorgeously bulging, rounded calves that were taller than I was, the way a horny dog greets his master when he returns from a day at the office. But before I had a chance to run to her, Chrissy began moving, dropping to her

knees and then slowly leaning forward as she lay down in the middle of the street. She supported her torso with her arms, which slid forward along the sidewalk as she lowered herself down until her face was just above street level.

There she lay, arms on either sidewalk and her body making it impossible for traffic to pass, not that there was any. I tried to look along her side, and saw those round calves rising up into the night sky, massive mounds of flesh higher than my waist. Her hips were slightly wider than the street and were bumping against lampposts that no longer were lit and were bent at drunken angles.

The last time I took note of the size of her breasts, they were roughly six feet wide. Now, cleavage higher than my shoulders rose up from the centerline of the road. Although I'm certain Chrissy thought she was letting them rest gently on the road, blacktop buckled and cracked into craters under each of her breasts, as they now had to weigh several tons each.

Of all the fantasies I had ever had about giant women, staring down the cleavage of a giantess laying in the middle of a street, her shoulders stretching from storefront to storefront, was the one I had the most often, and received the most pleasure from. Thus it was that when I saw her there, I got such a raging hard-on that I thought my cock would start poking me in the chin. My stomach was in knots, tied up too tight to vomit, although I felt as if I wanted to. The string in my legs gave, and I crumpled to my knees in front of my goddess.

Chrissy looked down at me, grinning and showing teeth the size of a dime store paperback. Her hot breath stank of beer as it blew past me when she spoke.

"How's it going down there, little guy?," she asked.

Her head and chest seemed to be coming towards me, her breasts digging up small trenches in the pavement as they slid along the road. Glass storefront windows shattered as her hips expanded wider than the sidewalk and crashed through the fronts of the White Hen Pantry on one side and the comic book shop on the other, signaling that she was still growing.

“Chrissy–look–you’ve got to stop this! You can’t go on like this! Where will you sleep? What will you eat? What happens when people find out? Imagine what they’ll do to you! Where are you gonna hide? Only place you’d fit would be a goddamn aircraft hangar, and I think they’d notice you at O’Hare.”

“Listen, Jake. This is the BEST FUCKING THING that’s EVER happened to me! There’s no damn way I’m gonna give this up. And I promise you, anyone tries to mess with me, there’s gonna be trouble, and I mean BIG trouble.”

Before I had the chance to continue the argument, however, red and blue lights danced on the walls along the street and a siren blared. Two cop cars and an ambulance swerved around a corner and out into the street. Tires squealed as they locked their wheels.

The vehicles emptied as the emergency personnel emptied into the street. Four cops and two EMTs stood in the street, staring at Chrissy.

“WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?!” she bellowed.

The cops recovered surprisingly quickly from their stunned silence. One of them uttered, “Damn–if she’s on the basketball team, we’re gonna have one hell of a season.”

Another cop, evidently the one in charge, was not in such a jocular mood. Ignoring the immediate threat of the giantess, he began shouting orders at the others. “Get your heads together! There’s injured people in that building! You three– cover her!” The two EMTs dashed to the ruined bar. Three officers ran up behind them and dropped into firing position in the street, guns raised at Chrissy. The one who shouted the order stayed back, crouching behind the open door of his patrol car.

“You! Young man! Get away from her!” he yelled at me.

“I don’t think so, officer. This one’s mine!” Chrissy said as she got up. She picked me up with a hand as wide as my torso as she stood.

“Put him down or we open fire!” the officer shouted at Chrissy.

“Nobody tells me what to do now,” Chrissy said menacingly.

Held high above street level, I could now see down into the ruins of the bar. Dozens of people lie on the floor bleeding, some moving, some still. I received a lesson in architecture as I saw the cross section of the demolished wall. I had assumed walls were pretty much solid, but from this view I could see broken electrical conduits with trailing wires hanging out of them. Several broken pipes were gushing water up, trying to send the liquid to fixtures that were no longer attached. Other broken pipes were not spilling water, but instead appeared to be waving and squiggling around like the horizon on a humid July afternoon. "Gas!" I thought. I tried to yell a warning, but my voice was covered by the police sergeant's shout of "Open fire!"

I don't know how many shots were fired. If any hit Chrissy, she showed no sign of distress. But, as triggers were pulled and gunpowder exploded to propel the lead balls forward, I could see flashes of fire jumping out the muzzles of the pistols. That is, until one of those flashes ignited the leaking cloud of gas. After that, all of Stub's and the street in front of it were obscured in a tremendous fireball. Chrissy leapt back as flames licked her legs. After the fireball dissipated, all that remained of Stub's was a smoking pile of bricks, small fires still burning here and there. Five smoking corpses lay in the street. I remembered those moaning bleeding victims of Chrissy's artificial earthquake and tried to be happy that they were at least put out of their misery.

Chrissy set me down in the street, then stood once again. Hands on her hips, she looked around at the street below her. "This town ain't big enough for the both of us, sheriff," she said in a pretty bad impersonation of the Duke. "Don't worry. I'll mosey on along. Gotta find me a bigger town. Someplace a girl can stretch her legs." She turned and started walking eastward. I turned to watch her go as she began walking toward Lake Michigan. My hands were pulled behind my back and a metallic click announced that I was now handcuffed by the policeman who had stayed back and escaped the blast. He shoved me roughly into the back seat of his squad car and we began down the street,

following the gigantic woman as she walked towards the lake.

A mile down the road from Stub's, the road ended in a parking lot that led to the public beach. Chrissy was already in the water, her body dipping lower into the water as she waded through the increasingly deeper water. When she was in up to her shoulders, she turned and began walking south, still sinking. I didn't have to waste any time trying to figure out where she was heading. South of Evanston lay a virtual playground for someone of Chrissy's demeanor and stature—the city of Chicago.

The policeman left me in the backseat as he got out of the car and walked out into the parking lot. He pulled his pistol and took a few potshots at Chrissy as her head slowly sank beneath the waves.

With a cry of “Shit!,” he returned to the car.

“You’ve got some explaining to do, kid,” he told me as we drove off to the cop shop.

I was seated at a desk with a bored looking clerk at a typewriter taking down my vital stats.

“Name?,” he asked without looking up.

“Jacob Edward Williams,” I said as my eyes darted around the room. What was going to happen to me? I imagined the cracks forming along the line where the ceiling met the wall, giant gingers punching through and lifting the roof, Chrissy staring down into the room, reaching in, picking me up, and rescuing me from a fate that included being some guy named Bubba's new Saturday night thing for the next ten to fifteen. But, as I looked around the room, no such event took place. Instead of the sounds of giant hands rendering the building asunder, I heard only the clicking of the clerk's typewriter and muffled, angry shouts from behind the closed door where the officer who had taken me in had disappeared to.

“Address?” asked the clerk.

I put my mouth into autopilot, devoting as small a portion of my brain as possible to answering the urbane questions. The rest of my attention was focused on trying to figure out what was being said behind that closed door.

We were on my parent's phone number when the office door opened and the chief of police asked me to follow him inside.

"But, sir, I'm not done yet," whined the clerk.

"That can wait. Now, Mr. Williams, will you come in here, please?"

The clerk, upset that it was decided something was more important than his menial task, ripped the form from his typewriter and wadded it into a ball, throwing it into the trash can at the side of his desk. I followed the chief into his office for questioning.

"Now, son, the first thing I want you to know is, you're not in any trouble," the chief said in a fatherly tone of voice.

"Not yet, at least," added the cop who had brought me in.

"If you're going to play good cop, bad cop, I want a lawyer," I said.

"That won't be necessary. You're not under arrest, you're not even under suspicion for anything. You're just a witness to a crime scene, so don't worry," the chief said.

"Yeah, a witness who seemed to be pretty friendly with that woman," the other cop said angrily.

"Just tell us what happened tonight as best you can," the chief told me.

What was I supposed to say? That my room ate had grown into an eighty foot tall giantess, destroyed a bar, and was now hiding somewhere in Lake Michigan? I could have, of course. It was, after all the truth. And, from what I was able to understand of the argument between the chief and the other cop, I figured that the other cop had already told a version of the story that would collaborate mine. But the shouting, and that officer's red face, also told me that that story hadn't gone over very well the first time. So, it was a choice of either sounding like a crazy man and backing this cop up, or lying. No contest.

"Well," I began. "I was at Stub's for a while, when this tall chick walked in. she started causing trouble with some guy, and a little later, an couple officers of the peace (I almost giggled as I tried to prevent myself from saying "fuzz") came in and started

talking to her. She took some kind of pills out of her pocket and knocked him down. When that happened, I left the bar. I didn't want no trouble."

"Did anyone else leave the bar with you?" the chief asked.

"No. I don't like fights, but most of the other people were crowding around the chick and the other officer when I left. I figured they were probably looking for a fight, and I wanted to leave before it got out of hand."

"What happened after you left the bar?"

"I walked around for a while. It was nice, so I enjoyed the fresh air."

"Weren't you worried the fight might spill out into the street?"

"I guess so. But I'd been drinking, so I didn't want to go to my car yet."

"So, You were out in the street, and that's when officer Buchman picked you up?"

"No, he ignored me at first. They all went in the bar. He walked back out right away, and then the whole place exploded."

"It just, exploded, you say?" the officer asked, leaning forward.

"Look! I ain't no arsonist!" I said, the first truthful statement I'd made since entering the office.

"No, no, I wasn't suggesting you were. But the building was, um, completely intact before it blew up?"

"Near as I could tell," I said.

Officer Buchman's face was red. "That's not how it happened!" he shouted.

"You've already given your report, Buchman. I'm asking Mr. Williams now. So, son, why do you suppose officer Buchman left the building before it exploded?"

"No idea. Maybe he found a bomb or something. He was shouting something about a big chick was he ran out. Then the building blew up, he cuffed me, and brought me here."

Officer Buchman stewed silently as the chief asked me to describe the woman at the bar.

“Well, she had dark brown hair and green eyes. Fair complexion. I think she was wearing shorts and a white shirt of some kind.”

“So, when you saw her, she was wearing a shirt, and not just a bra?”

“No, sir. Trust me, I would have noticed.”

“And, Mr. Williams,” the chief leaned further over the desk, in a conspiratorial manner. “How tall would you say this woman was?”

“Oh, pretty tall. I didn’t get close to her, but I’d guess at least six feet, could have been a little more.”

“He’s a fucking LIAR!,” shouted officer Buchman.

“Buchman! You’ve been warned!” snapped the chief. Then, the friendliness returning to his voice, he spoke once again to me. “Six feet, you say? Not...,” he looked down at the report he held. “Eighty feet?” He smiled and looked towards Buchman.

“Well, she might have been a little taller. But I’d say no more than 6’3”

“So, there was no giant woman standing half naked in the street?”

I let out what I thought to be a pretty convincing laugh. “Well, now I know what you guys do with the stuff you confiscate after a drug bust,” I said.

“Umm, I am assuming you mean dispose of it properly and safely, as we of course always do,” the chief said, a little nervously.

Buchman’s rage was uncontainable. “I’m telling you, a fucking giant woman trashed that bar!”

The chief looked at another paper on his desk. “Well, according to the preliminary investigation by the fire marshall, the building was destroyed by a gas explosion.” He eyed Buchman.

“But that was AFTER she smashed the fucking place!” Buchman screamed.

“You yourself said you didn’t actually see this giant woman destroy the building,” the chief did a much better remaining calm than Buchman.

“But she was fucking there!” Buchman said feebly.

“Thank you for your help Mr. Williams, and I’m sorry to take up so much of your time. Buchman, I giving you a month’s leave. I suggest you find a good psychiatrist while you’re off.”

I left the police station and caught a cab. The street was cordoned off around Stub’s, and firemen and paramedics were crawling over the rubble like ants on a discarded candy bar. Luckily, I had parked far enough away that my car survived the blast and was outside the border created by the yellow “Police Line–Do Not Cross” tape. I hopped into my trusty Volvo and headed for home. It had been an exciting night, and I was dead tired. I considered looking for Chrissy, but I instead opted for sleep.

I walked into the house and though the living room on my way to my bed. The roommates were still all up, stoned again and watching TV.

“Dude, where’s Chrissy?” asked Brad.

Before I slammed the door to my room shut, I answered. “I don’t give a fuck. Chrissy can take care of her fucking self.”

My alarm when off at 7 Tuesday morning. And again at 7:10, and 7:20, and 7:30. At 8, I finally decided to quit hitting the snooze button and start the day. I had skipped both my Calculus and Astronomy lectures the day before, and I doubted I would be going to Psychology or lab today. After showering and getting dressed, I opened the fridge, and it appeared the High Life fairy had come over night. I grabbed a long neck and went into the living room.

Chrissy and I both had our first classes at 9, so I usually drove us both to campus. But she wasn’t here to join me in my morning beer. It was possible she had returned to normal height and returned last night after I went to bed last night. It was also possible that an asteroid would crash into the lake

and a tsunami would flood out all of Evanston, but neither one seemed to likely.

I turned the TV on to WGN. The Bozo show was on, just ending. Evidently nothing too urgent was going on in the city, or at least nothing urgent enough for them to interrupt the show with a special news bulletin saying something about a giant woman rampaging through downtown Chicago. So far, so good. But then again, maybe that had been going on for so long in the night that it wasn't considered news any more. Doubtful.

I watched all of Bozo, when I should have been leaving for campus. But instead, I stayed in front of the TV, and watched Channel 9's New at 9. They gave short mention to a gas explosion that destroyed a bar and killed all of its occupants and three police officers in Evanston, but never mentioned the other theory that one police officer gave. I wondered if they had interviewed him, then chosen to ignore his story. What if they got more reports of similar incidents, though? Would they continue to ignore them? I was glad that Chrissy hadn't been discovered, but I had hoped the news would give me some idea where to look for her. The only other story of any notice was that of a charter fishing boat that had washed ashore in the morning, split in two. It must have been battered against some rocks, they said, because the boat was not just broken, but crushed. One of the investigators they interviewed said it looked as if God himself had reached down and closed his fist around it. Evidently, some rich Chicago businessman had been on the boat and died in the accident, and to WGN that made it more newsworthy than a bar explosion that killed a few dozen college kids over in Evanston, because they devoted a full five minutes to it. Figures, I thought.

I finished off a second beer as the news ended. I shut off the TV, and looked down into the bottom of my glass. I single swallow of warm backwash was all that remained in the bottle. I swirled it around as I looked at the brown glass, my thoughts of Chrissy's current whereabouts. I had no doubt the boat was the second victim of her rage the previous night. Of course, it could also have been the forth or fifth. How many more people

had she killed after she left Stub's last night?

I debated grabbing another beer. Drinking alone isn't that much fun. Chrissy hadn't been there to share a morning beer with me. She was always cranky when she woke up until she got her first beer. If she was still the same size I left her at last night, I didn't think she would be able to find a suitable drink to calm her nerves this morning. Still blaming myself for giving her the ability to maintain her tremendous height, I knew I had to do something to stop her. I had no idea where to look, but where could an eighty foot tall woman hide? All I had to go on was the fact she was walking south last night, and looking for a bigger town to play in. I drove to the Park and Ride station and caught the next "L" for Chicago.

I ended up on the new express "L" the CTA had put in. Instead of running through downtown and stopping every block, it ran parallel to the lake shore, with only a few stops in the higher class neighborhoods it passed through.

I sat in the last car of the train. There were two other people with me, business travelers who apparently didn't have to go to work at 9 like the rest of the usual commuters. I stood at the very back of the car, looking alternately out the side and back windows as the train passed over the poorer neighborhoods south of Evanston and north of Chicago. From my vantage point forty feet above street level, I looked down on the roofs of buildings, and into streets and alleyways, searching for craters, damaged buildings, or smashed pavement, anything that could be read as a sign that said, "Chrissy was here."

Several tumbledown buildings were scattered around, but they all had the look of structures that had been condemned years before and were falling apart from natural decay instead of ones which had just come into contact with the flesh of the largest animal to roam this area since the dinosaurs. If Chrissy had left the lake, she did it further down shore.

I was looking out the back window when one of the passengers, a woman in a smart business suit wearing a hat that looked like it would have been the height of fashion in 1930, said, "What

the hell is that?"

I turned around and looked out the window facing the lake, where she was pointing. Defying gravity, a hill was forming on the surface of the water, reminiscent of the top of the ocean as a submarine rises to the surface.

The hill of water broke at the top, a dark mass emerging from the top of it. It wouldn't take any great stretch of the imagination to picture that dark mass as a pile of wet, curly hair, because that's exactly what it was, and it was moving closer to shore.

As Chrissy continued to walk closer and closer to the edge of the lake, more and more of her became visible. Water cascaded off her huge body in the same manner as the above mentioned submarine. Head, shoulders, breast, stomach, waist, hips, knees, shins, rose up from the lake as she approached us. There was nothing on the lake with which to compare her to, and I've never been good at distances anyways, so I couldn't tell if she had grown any more during the night. I was pretty sure she hadn't shrunk any, though.

She continued walking, reaching the shore in a matter of seconds. She was still to the south of the train, and I craned my neck to try and watch her as she continued westward until the angle became so acute that my view was blocked by the wall of the carriage. Almost immediately after she had passed out of my view, the cabin was filled with the sound of metal sliding against metal, squeaking and grinding as the brakes welded themselves to the wheels of the train. The engineer's voice came over the loudspeaker to announce the reason he had slammed on the brakes, and it wasn't because he had missed stop.

His shaking voice announced that the track ahead of us was damaged. He didn't say that it was because a giant woman had just turned the tracks into the world's largest pretzels, but that is the conclusion I, and I'm pretty certain all the other passengers on the train, reached.

The train came to a bone-jarring stop. Undoubtedly, the CTA would be seeing a lot of lawsuits claiming whiplash, but at

least the train didn't fall off the gap Chrissy tore in the track ahead of us.

The engineer's voice once again came over the loudspeaker, announcing that he would back the train up to the last stop and let us out there. He gave us his assurance that the transit authority would gladly refund our tokens, or give us a free transfer to another train. The woman who was in the car with me began complaining about the inconvenience and not being able to get to work on time, but the other man in the car said he was happy to be alive. They started to get into a heated argument, but I stopped paying attention as a shadow passed by outside the west window.

The train began slowly backing up. The "L" isn't exactly a bullet train when it travels forward, and in reverse it was moving at barely a crawl. Evidently, the train wasn't equipped with any camera to allow the engineer to see what was behind the train, or he would have stopped once again.

Looking out the back window of the car, I saw what the shadow was that had passed by us a few seconds before was. Chrissy had walked past the train and was now probably a little over a half mile down the track to our rear. She was standing at the side of the track, looking at it, studying it. She of course had to look down at it, as the track, which was about forty feet off the ground, came up to just below her crotch. After a few minutes of careful study, she lifted a leg up high, sticking it out perpendicular to her waist, then planting it in the street on the other side of the track.

Of all the people in the house, Chrissy was the one who enjoyed drugs the most. She was driven by one thing- pleasure. All other things were inconsequential to her in her quest to discover better ways to increase the endorphin levels in her brain. Marijuana was by far her favorite for the sensations of physical pleasure it brought her. But now, at her size, there wasn't a joint in the country that satisfy her, not a beer in the nation that would give her so much as a buzz. Only two things were still available to her to give her a warm, fuzzy feeling inside. The

first was growth. The second was the option she chose.

I'd guess that the track was at least ten feet wide. In order to straddle it, she had to bow her legs out slightly to accommodate it's width between her thighs.

Cement cracked and tumbled to the streets below as she squeezed her massive thighs together, crushing the track and the cement platform that supported it between them. But she didn't completely destroy the track, she was merely making it narrower, allowing it to fit more comfortably higher up between her legs.

She bent her knees slightly, lowering herself down until the track was pressing firmly against the crotch of her shredded khakis. Then, slowly and deliberately, she began sliding her enormous body back and forth on the track. Lips six feet across slid back on her face, showing her teeth as a smile emerged on her features. She closed her eyes and bit her lower lip as she continued using the public transportation's tracks as her own personal phallus.

The train continued crawling towards the giantess. As we closed, I was able to pick out more detail. Twin, parallel black lines showed on her pants, dirt and grime she had rubbed off the track beneath her. I could see her knees begin to bend as they compensated for the new growth spurt her arousal had triggered, always keeping her crotch pressed against the tracks beneath it. Her sliding picked up tempo and moans as loud as air raid sirens rocked the train as she continued trying to satisfy herself through growth and masturbation. Her feet slowly slid backwards on the pavement below them as her legs continued lengthening. The track continued to become narrower and narrower from her vantage point, and the length of the strokes she was making across it with her body had increased to cover regions she had not previously crushed to accommodate herself, but the distance between her legs was now wide enough to encompass the full width of the track without difficulty.

Chrissy continued growing, so tall now that she had to drop to her knees, her thighs alone now the forty feet in length neces-

sary to rise over the tracks. Her lower legs rested horizontally on the street below, calves so long and wide that a city bus could have been parked behind them and remained hidden from view. She was well over 130 feet tall now, but she still didn't seem satisfied with her height.

The train was now almost to her. The rattling locomotive must have been loud enough for her to hear, because she opened her eyes and stopped her movement as she saw us coming towards her.

"Well, hi there!" she said, "what a cute little train! Are there really people inside there?"

She leaned down, low over the tracks, trying to peer in through the windows. But she was so large she had difficulty getting low enough to see inside. Chrissy continued to lean forward, bringing breasts over forty feet wide down in front of us, the track directly in the center of her cleavage. The flesh of her mammoth mammaries squeezed upwards as her chest was pressed harder against the track. Cement cracked and steel groaned as it began to give way, yielding to a human body that weighed more than the entire train. Yet still we continued to move towards her.

And Chrissy continued to lower herself, trying to see into the train. The tracks underneath her chest finally gave way, reinforced cornered and tracks collapsing to the ground, demolishing cars that the owners had left abandoned in the street when they fled on foot from the giantess, fearing their vehicles would be caught in gridlock.

"Ooops! Looks like the bridge is out," Chrissy said, but I couldn't see the mouth from which the words had come. We were so close to her now that the view out the back window of the train was completely taken up with her cleavage, giving the illusion that we were not heading toward our death, but to a tunnel with smooth, curving walls made not out of stone, but of soft, pale flesh. Then, suddenly the view was clear again as she raised herself up, standing to her full height.

Bored with the train, Chrissy stepped off the tracks with much greater ease than she had stepped over them earlier, having

now more than doubled in size.

The engineer, having heard what Chrissy had said and realizing the giantess must have been on the tracks behind the train, once again threw on the brakes. This time, the train was moving much more slowly than it had the previous time he had taken this course of action, and the resulting deceleration was much less severe. The woman who had been complaining about the first unscheduled stop had nothing to say this time. She was frozen, mouth open, staring out the back window where Chrissy had been.

Although the immediate threats of being crushed underneath Chrissy's gigantic body or falling to our death as the train tumbled off the broken tracks were no longer present, we were still stranded on the tracks until someone could find a way to get us down. My plan to locate Chrissy had succeeded, but I was in no position to stop her, and, even if I was, I had no idea how I would go about it.

So I watched, helplessly, as Chrissy walked away, westward. Towards Chicago. News helicopters were flying in circles around her. She swatted at them, like King Kong on the Empire State Building. But the choppers were nimble and agile, easily dodging her half-hearted swings. She did teach them to respect her space, though, and the helicopters slowly moved away, keeping a safer distance between themselves and the giant that was stalking towards town.

Chrissy walked slowly and carefully through streets too narrow to allow her to stand with her legs side by side. Instead, she moved like a tightrope walker, placing one foot directly in front of the other, trying to avoid the buildings that rose up to either side, although after what she did to the "L" tracks, I knew that those obstacles would fall like a house of cards should she decide to go through them instead of around them, and I knew she knew that as well. But Chrissy had never been clumsy or careless, so the buildings remained relatively undamaged. However, Chrissy was also not a very patient person, and it was only a matter of time before she got tired of trying to avoid the buildings and

decided instead to walk thorough them, and saying fuck it to anything that got in her way. But at the moment, her patience and her temper held, and she stuck to trying to walk through the streets.

That's not to say she had no impact on her surroundings. Every once in a while, a slightly misplaced step would result in her enormous calves rubbing against the side of a building as they moved forward, sending clouds of smoke and dust out into the street. The street was so narrow to her that this happened more often than not, despite the fact she was trying to keep her feet planted directly in front of one another as she walked. The resulting effect was that all down the street you could see cut-away views of the buildings along the street where her massive calves had smashed away the front facades, allowing you to look in and see individual rooms and the walls dividing them up, looking like a child's dollhouse, or perhaps a series of cubbyholes.

In addition to the havoc her calves were wreaking on the buildings, her feet were chewing up the tarmac below her, asphalt bending and bowing, cracking and sinking as she placed her foot on it, her careful heel-toe heel-toe steps placing all of her considerable weight first entirely on the relatively small area of her heel, exerting enough pressure to create potholes that had previously existed only in the nightmares of road crews.

Once, as she placed her heel down, it appeared to have come down directly on top of a manhole or some other tunnel close to the surface of the road, and instead of creating just a crater in the road, her foot fell all the way through to the hollow space beneath the street, causing her to lose her balance. She began to fall sideways, shooting out an arm to try and catch herself as she fell. Her outstretched arm located the top of a small tenement building, but even had the slumlord who owned the place spent the money to repair and upgrade the building to meet local building codes, it still would not have been able to support her considerable mass. Her hand rested on the flat roof of the building for a split second before punching through it as if it were wet tissue, and she continued to tumble sideways.

As her position became more horizontal than vertical, her legs shot out from beneath her toward her side, smashing through the condemned storefront on the opposite side of the street. Her torso crashed through the apartment building she had tried to use to halt her decent, raising a cloud of dust and sending bricks and timbers soaring into the air. After the dust cleared, she lay there for a moment, her waist and part of her hips in the street, the rest of her body resting on piles of rubble. She looked around at what she had done and smiled.

Dusting herself off, Chrissy once again got to her feet and continued her trek towards Chicago. While she still remained in the street and didn't start taking shortcuts through the buildings that lay between her and her goal, she also was no longer as careful with her steps, and instead of walking a tightrope, she began walking with normal strides, each step sending her legs crashing through the street facing walls of the buildings lining the avenue. She had even put a little side to side sway in her hips as she walked, making her legs take up even more room on the street.

One thing was certain now. Whatever damage Chrissy caused now was not going to be blamed on gas explosions, and Officer Buchman was probably going to be back at work as soon as the chief turned on TV and saw the news. Perhaps I should have been concerned about the lives and safety of the millions who lived and worked in downtown Chicago, but instead I found myself concerned only with what kind of action the police would take against me.

As if controlled by a communal mind, like a colony of ants, the other passengers on the "L" slowly began to congregate in the rear car of the train, looking out the back window at the mangled ruins of the track Chrissy had created. There were about twenty of us stranded altogether. Two passengers had slept through Chrissy's emergence from the lake, awakened by the jarring of the train the first time the engineer slammed on the brakes, only to be knocked unconscious as they were thrown out of their seats when the train stopped, causing them to miss

Chrissy's second attack on the track and her journey through the slums around us. When they were told the story of the giantess who had laid waste to the tracks both in front and behind us, they adamantly disbelieved us. Trying to prove that our tale of an eighty foot woman who grew to twice that size as she satisfied herself on the tracks was just some kind of joke we were playing on them, one of the two pulled a Watchman out of their briefcase. Tuning in to WGN, they said that if there were a giant woman approaching Chicago, it would definitely be on the news.

But, as the LCD screen flickered into life, it was not an image of Chrissy that appeared on the screen. Now it was my turn to stand there, mouth agape, as people turned to stare at the man whose face was on the TV. But it wasn't the TV they were staring at. It was me.

The sound faded in, coming up to full volume slightly after the picture had resolved itself. The news anchor was speaking, while a mug shot of myself was still displayed.

"...are seeking the whereabouts of this man," the voice said. "His name is Jacob Williams, last seen leaving the Evanston fifth district police station last evening. He is believed to have information about the current threat to Chicago, and may possibly be the cause of the current situation. He was apprehended last night following the reported gas explosion at Stub's Bar in Evanston, and released following an investigation during which he lied about his involvement with the woman and gave false testimony regarding the actual cause of the explosion. Once again, police are asking for any help in apprehending this man for questioning..."

The television was turned off as people began moving towards me. You know those old George Romero zombie flicks? You know, the ones where the zombies all walk slowly towards their victim, arms outstretched, expressionless faces slowly saying "brains...must...eat...brains..."? Well, that's the scene that was playing out in the train, as all the passengers began to crowd around me, slowly closing in, not wanting to turn me in to the cops, but instead seeing the cause of their current predicament

and seeking only to destroy it.

As the crowd closed on me, I looked around for some possible escape route. There were windows all along the side of the train, but I dismissed those for now. The “L” traveled along tracks high above the slums around Chicago, adding to the impression that the business travelers using it for their daily commute were like the pink skinned humans in H.G. Wells’ Time Machine, and the residents of the buildings they passed over the Morlocks. And, just like in that story, every once in a while, the Morlock would come up from their dwellings below the “L”, but instead of taking a child, they instead took wallets, watches, briefcases and jewelry. As a result, the CTA had bullet proof Lexan windows installed, and if I were to try to jump through them to make my escape, I would succeed only in giving myself a bruised shoulder.

At the back of the train there was an emergency exit, which would probably be a much safer way to leave the train, but a good portion of the throng of angry passengers was between myself and the exit.

As I was considering the options available to me, the people moved closer and closer. The shock of the experience we had just shared had not worn off on them, and they were still so numb that their movements were none too hurried.

A line from Night of the Living Dead occurred to me—“They’re so slow...We could walk right past them. We don’t even have to run...We could just walk.” Well, my mind appeared to have pulled out the right line from the right movie at the right time. I walked towards the people approaching me. Once I reached the line, I broke into a run, trying to push past them. Sure enough, it took them a while to realize that I had moved towards them instead of fleeing them, and I was able to get almost all the way past them. But then they caught on, and turned to chase. The train car wasn’t very long, and I figured I was home free. I made a dive for the emergency exit, but fell somewhat short. I grimaced as I landed on my palms and they stuck to the floor. I lifted them off the ground, making quiet sucking sounds as I pulled them off a floor that was even nastier than a movie

theater's. I got to my knees and reached for the emergency exit release knob, yanked it down, and tumbled out the door.

The other passengers were right behind me as I landed on the tracks and began running. But the track ended not more than ten yards in front of me, destroyed by Chrissy's' libidinous actions.

I searched around, my head scanning back and forth, my eyes jumping around in their sockets huntedly as I searched for an escape route from the mob behind me. When you're on a train track forty feet above street level, there's only one way to go- down. To my left, just to the side of the tracks, was a building which had miraculously avoided Chrissy's onslaught. Three stories high, flat roof topped with gravel.

With the arrogance that is only found with youth and an amount of stupidity that is even more rare, I said to myself, "Hell, if Jackie Chan can do it..."

Of course, Jackie Chan is a trained professional with years of experience and a certain natural talent which few possess. I, on the other hand, am a physics geek who smokes two packs a day and hasn't set foot inside a gymnasium since before I could drive.

Oh, that's not to say I didn't make it. I wouldn't be telling you this story if I didn't. But the landing left much to be desired. I hit the gravel and rolled ten feet, tumbling over the loose rocks, shredding my pants, my shirt, and my pride. My knees were skinned, my elbows bleeding, and there was a strange buzzing behind my eyes that felt like someone had stuck a massaging wand in my ear and turned it on its fastest setting. But I was alive. The crowd remained on the tracks behind my, warms waving, voices shouting, and generally looking unhappy. but none of them were willing to try and jump over to my position. Several of them had pulled out cell phones, deciding if they couldn't get me themselves they'd at least let the cops know where I was. I ran to the other side of the building and down the fire escape, my head slowly coming around to only its normal sensations.

I ran down the street, past abandoned cars , the only thought

in my mind being the question of whether I should locate Chrissy or just try and hide from the cops. I had run maybe a block, and my lungs were burning from the inside out.

The streets were filled with cars people had deserted as they fled the giantess. UPS trucks, Geos, limousines, all were left unoccupied as people ran on foot to avoid getting caught in traffic. And what was this? A motorcycle. A sweet little Suzuki number that someone had even been so kind as to leave the keys in.

I jumped on the bike, started it up, and sped towards downtown Chicago, the bike nimbly dodging to the left and right as I weaved past the empty cars clogging the roadways.

Soon, I came to a road where I was faced with another obstacle- a pothole that would swallow a minivan. And further down the street, another one, and yet another. Chrissy had come this way. The bike dodged chunks of tarmac and concrete as I avoided the craters Chrissy's feet had created as I sped closer to Chrissy.

As I drove into Chicago proper, I was stopped by a man in a national guard uniform. The street in front of me was cordoned off, filled with military and police vehicle of all shapes and sizes. And armored personnel carrier was trundling down the street, its huge wheels ignoring the ruins of the street as it crawled over chunks of asphalt that had been torn up as Chrissy had walked through it. The national guard man waved me down a side street which was packed with cars, their drivers shouting obscenities and honking horns in a futile attempt to convince the cars in front of them to move faster.

Figuring the police were to occupied with other matters than to enforce traffic laws, I drove the bike up onto the sidewalk and sped past the other motorists. In breaks between the buildings where more streets joined the one I was on, I saw a never ending stream of APCs and police cars moving towards Michigan Avenue, reminding me of the end of Blues Brothers.

I was once again stopped by a national guard soldier, this one who stopped to talk to me instead of just waving me past.

Luckily, he didn't recognize my face from the newscast.

"Sorry, kid," said the soldier, who couldn't have been more than 25 years old. "This route's blocked. You're gonna have to stay in town. We got a shelter set up by the Museum of Science and Industry. She doesn't seem to be heading in that direction, at least not yet. We're sending refugees there."

Refugee? Is that what the citizens of Chicago were being called now? I had to find Chrissy, but I decided it might be better to find out more of what was going on first. I drove on to the museum. The parking lot was packed, CTA busses were moving in and out, dropping off an unending stream of passengers. I went in through the IMAX entrance to see if I could get some news on Chrissy's current actions and whereabouts.

There was a large screen television set up in the IMAX theater. People were filling the seats and crowding the aisles, all trying to get the latest information on the destruction of their beloved city.

After much pushing and shoving, I was able to get to a position where, if I wasn't comfortable, I was at least able to see the screen. Someone had patched the television through the IMAX's sound system, so hearing it was no problem, but words of the commentator as he tried to sound cool and collected despite his fear were not of interest to me.

The screen showed Chrissy. The camera crew was apparently set up on the roof of another building near her, as the view was at about waist height to her. The camera moved off of Chrissy's abdomen and swung slowly around to show the amassed military surrounding her. The streets were so full it almost looked as if police cars APCs, and tanks were parked on top of each other. Chicago Police boats were shown going down the river, lights flashing and horns blaring as they tried to clear a few people out of the city who had taken their boats into the waterway to try and avoid the roadblocks and get a glimpse of the giantess. SWAT team snipers were perched on the roofs of nearby buildings, each with a rifle trained on Chrissy. The camera moved back to cover her, and I could see hundreds of red dots on her

stomach as laser sights stayed focused on her body, although she was such a large target that anyone who couldn't hit her without even using the standard sight on their rifle should have been kicked out of the military a long time ago.

I tried to figure out if Chrissy had grown any more, but decided not. Now that she was downtown, she was surrounded by buildings that still towered over her, making her 150 feet of height seem almost insignificant.

The camera then panned down to show her incredible, and incredibly large, legs as she walked down Michigan Avenue. The street had been cleared of traffic, but every once in a while there was a police car parked, some occupied, some empty, which Chrissy took great relish in destroying beneath her foot. After the first time a car was shown with its occupants still inside, struggling to get out as she brought her sole down on the cruiser, the camera moved up to show her face and stayed there, instead of relaying the death and destruction she was bringing.

Chrissy looked pissed. Her face was set in an angry grimace, lips pulled back and tight as she refused to grace those around her with a word. She continued onward, never halting, never slowing. She turned down a few different streets, the producers of the news program switching from one camera to the next as she moved into and out of their fields of view, some on roofs, some in choppers. The views they had been showing of her face and shoulders (someone had decided not to show her chest, although she was wearing a bra and thus could be considered no more obscene than anything else they showed during daytime commercials) did not allow me to tell where she was going, but the announcers voice suddenly went up several decibels as he shouted. "Oh my God! She's headed for the mayor's office!"

The view returned to street level outside the marble and glass structure that was City Hall. Chrissy towered over the five story structure, but she dropped to her knees, and leaned over the structure, thighs and waist on the east side of the building, breasts and arms clear on the other side. Then Chrissy broke her voluntary vow of silence.

“Mayor,” she said, her voice causing the panes of glass in the windows of City Hall to visibly shake in their frames. “We have much to discuss. Although I’m not a resident of your fair city, I am a tourist with some ideas you may find it worth your while to discuss.”

Then, she began to slowly lower herself over the building. Her abdomen and the bra-clad portion of her breasts resting none too gently on the roof, sending bricks and mortar to the street below. People began rushing out of the building. The camera zoomed in on the rush of human bodies as they fled the decaying structure. Finding it’s target, the camera stayed on one man in a business suit- the mayor.

He opened his mouth to talk, but the camera was too far away to pick out his words. Either he was also too quiet for Chrissy to hear, or she just wasn’t interested in what he had to say, because her voice cut through once again as she spoke.

“First of all,” she thundered, “I think the roads need a little work.” The view switched to a camera to show Chrissy’s smiling face as she spoke. “And it seems the buildings to be in an equally dismal state of decay. What’s more, you seem to have an overzealous law enforcement agency. Their presence is not only annoying,” she lowered herself further onto the building, taking out the fourth floor, “But it’s making me a little angry. If you truly do care as much about this city as you do about your government job or pension, I suggest you abdicate immediately, and allow me to take over running things. If you refuse,” a pause and an evil smirk, “I don’t think you or most of the cities residents will live long enough to enjoy it.”

Chrissy didn’t wait for an answer, but continued, “I understand people have been sent to the Museum of Science and Industry. Maybe I’ll just go there and meet my new subjects. Oh, and by the way, whoever is in charge of emergency management, you should tell them it’s very unwise to put all their eggs in one basket.”

With that, she got up and began walking southwest, towards the museum that was packed with refugees.

The IMAX was complete chaos. Upon hearing Chrissy's ominous announcement that she would be paying us a visit, the crowd began running for the doors. Chivalry gave way to cowardice as the elderly and the infirm, the young and the ones about to bear young, were all trampled in the mad rush to escape the giantess' impending arrival.

I must admit, I was one of those in the mad dash to the outside world. I was happily surprised to find the bike I had borrowed still there, and even still standing. I jumped on it and started away again, no longer interested in finding Chrissy, Chicago's new self-proclaimed Empress.

With the streets closed, everyone was looking for another way out of town. Some traffic was headed to Midway, some to O'Hare. I decided instead to go to Union Station, feeling it might be safer to move towards the areas of town Chrissy had already been than to go to locations she had yet to visit.

Union Station was almost as full as the museum had been, both with people who had had the same idea I had and travelers who found their trains delayed by a reason they would have been hard pressed to imagine in a thousand years.

I scanned around the crowd idly, inside the cavernous waiting area. The only windows were several stories above floor level, so I would not be able to see Chrissy coming until she had broken down a wall. I didn't know if that was a curse or a blessing.

In the mass of faces I saw one that I recognized, although it took me a while to remember where from. Once again, I wasn't sure if it was a curse or a blessing.

Before I even picked the girl out of the crowd at Union Station, she saw me and approached.

Maybe it took me a while to recognize the face because I'd only seen her once before. Maybe it's because I thought she was dead. Or maybe it's because the last time I saw her she had been 5'6" and now stood six feet tall.

Back at Stub's, when the waitress shrunk back down to her normal size, she was so embarrassed by what had happened that she burst into tears and ran into the bathroom, trying to hold

the shredded remains of her clothes over her more private areas as she went. I had assumed that she was killed when Chrissy destroyed the bar, or then when the gas explosion demolished what was left of it. But, it would appear she left Stub's before the accidents which took the lives of all its patrons, and several paramedics to boot.

The waitress (I never did find out her name) walked right up next to me. She was about 6'1", her eye's just slightly above mine. She had on another white blouse, although the cuffs were unbuttoned and the sleeves rolled up loosely in an attempt to make clothing that no longer fit look a little more natural. She had on black slacks instead of the skirt she was wearing last night. I looked down to check and see if she was in heels, but to my dismay she was in sandals, and her slacks ended well above her ankles, meaning she had grown about 7 inches since I last saw her. Evidently my little talk with Chrissy hadn't gotten the desired effect on any of the parties listening.

"We have to talk," she whispered into my ear. Then she grabbed my arm and started pulling me away.

We didn't get very far before a cry of panic raced through the crowd in the waiting room. As I said before, Chrissy and i had a connection unlike anyone else in the house we shared, sometimes seeming to border on psychic. That psychic bond became apparent yet again as Chrissy once more seemed to chose the same location I was at in a city occupied by millions of souls.

You'd think there would be a little more time for warning before a 150 foot tall woman decided to come knocking, but that wasn't the case now. A split second after the wave of fear passed through the building, the west all shook, cracks forming just below the ceiling. Another tremor went through the building as an enormous set of fingers punctured the wall. Plaster and bricks gave way as Chrissy forced more of her hand through. Once her fingers were entirely in the room, fingernails as big as dinner plates facing the floor, Chrissy started to lift.

The wall and ceiling groaned and complained, but Chrissy's strength won the argument. An almost straight line spread out

from the holes where her finger punched through the wall, following the line where the wall met the ceiling, racing towards the corner of the room. The lights went out as she started to pull the roof off the building, and terrified screams filled the dark.

Then, as quickly as the lights had gone out, the room was flooded by light once again as Chrissy ripped half the roof off the building and sunlight streamed in. There, towering over the ruined wall, stood Chrissy, starting at the knees and going straight up into the sky. I was looking up, up into the bottom of her ruined black brassier, breasts jutting out and obscuring my view of anything higher. Then she leaned down slightly, her head poking out from over her breasts. She turned her face to look down into the room.

“I looked at the museum, but no one was there,” she said. “You little folks weren’t trying to run away from me, were you? I’ll be running this town from now on, so you so I thought you might like to meet your new queen in person.” She returned to her full height. “So, what do you think?”

The absence of noise seemed almost as loud as the screams that had filled the room just seconds earlier as people looked up at the towering goddess, at the same time shocked and yet beginning to resign themselves to their fate. The silence didn’t last, however, as Chrissy reached into the crowd, plucked up some unfortunate commuter in a suit and hat with a briefcase, and held him up right next to her mouth.

His arms flapped about limply in the wind like a couple flags as Chrissy screamed at him “I SAID, WHAT DO YOU THINK!” Then she tossed him over her shoulder, sending him flying blocks down the street, as she returned her attention to the occupants of Union Station. “WELL?” she thundered.

Murmurs of “sounds fine,” and “OK” were all that people could squeeze out of their fear clenched jaws. This was not enough to satisfy Chrissy. She reached down and plucked to another traveler at random. Setting him down in her vast expanse of cleavage, she said, “I meant, what do you think of my appearance?”

I couldn't see the man's actions, but they evidently satisfied her more than her last victim, as she returned him to the tiled floor of Union Station. I had never thought of Chrissy as being particularly vain, but when you're 150 feet tall and wearing only a pair of cutoffs and a ripped bra, you end up showing a hell of a lot of flesh, so maybe she had a right to be a little more concerned with her appearance.

"Well, what about the rest of you?" Chrissy asked the room, the answer he last little "friend" gave her having calmed her down slightly.

People in the room tried to shout all sorts of compliments at her, fearing, and rightly so, that their lives would be terminated if they gave the wrong answer.

But we were too small and too far away for Chrissy to hear our attempts to please her. Chrissy once again lost her temper, which seemed to be shrinking as she grew larger. "God damn it, I'm not right next to you! You've got to speak up if I'm ever going to hear you!"

As soon as Chrissy had broken through the wall, everyone had begun to crowd on the opposite side of the room, cowering and trying to stay as far back from the giantess as possible. It was this act of cowardice that saved most of us as she sent her massive left leg crashing through the west wall. Where there was once a while was now a jagged opening out to the street. And where there had been benches for waiting travelers to sit and rest their backs was now an enormous bare foot and a calve that went up to where the roof had once stood, a calve wider than many of the members of the crowd's automobiles, and about a thousand times as sexy.

A tugging at my arm reminded me that I was about to begin a conversation before Chrissy broke in. I looked to my right and there stood the waitress, looking up at Chrissy's leg. She and I were probably the only two people in the building who had encountered Chrissy before, which may explain why we were the least frightened of all the people around us. But the look on her face was more than just a lack of fear. It had an air of

expectation and eagerness.

“We’ve got to go,” she said. “I think I know how to get out of here.”

We were at the north end of the waiting room, near the exits that lead to restaurants and ticket windows, themselves near exits that led to the city outside. Chrissy’s attention was on the crowd, but she was staring at the entire crowd at once, and not at any individuals. We moved slowly through the crowd, our prayers that Chrissy wouldn’t notice us answered.

Once we got outside, I looked at the waitress.

“Where to now?” I asked her.

“I think we can hide over there,” she said, pointing towards a skyscraper. We hurried across the street to the building while Chrissy was still occupied with Union Station.

We went through the revolving doors at the base of the structure and stopped once we were just inside.

“Is that...her?” the waitress asked. I nodded my head by way of reply.

“You mean—I could have become that?” was her next question. Once again, I answered in the affirmative by moving my head up and down. The waitress smiled and walked towards the door.

I followed the waitress as she walked towards the door and jumped between her and the exit.

“Where the hell do you think you’re going?” I asked her.

“Outside,” she said, matter of factly.

“Hang on,” I said. “You wanted to talk. We’re safe for the moment, but the second you go out there, Chrissy’s gonna forget Union Station and come after us.”

“Alright,” she said impatiently. “Let’s talk. Last night—exactly what happened?”

“You were there, you saw it. Hell, you were part of it,” I said.

“I saw it, but I didn’t believe it. One thing, this chick is dancing, I take some pills, and the next thing I know, I’m eight feet tall and she’s looking down to see the balcony. Then you

say something, and I'm standing there, normal sized and naked. I turn on the TV this morning, and there's something about a 150 foot giant in Chicago. I call up the bar, and can't get an answer. I call my boss, and his wife tells me he got killed when a giant trashed his bar. Now I'm gonna get answers, and if you don't tell me, I'm gonna go out there and ask her!" she pointed out the window at Chrissy's ankle in the street.

"All right, here's what happened," and I proceeded to explain the story of Chrissy's pills once again. "Chrissy was on this medication as part of some research project that was supposed to make her taller. One night she got high and took a bunch of the pills, and in her state of mind, she thought they'd make her taller. She grew about a foot because she thought she would. The next day, she stole a whole bunch of the pills and kept taking them until she was eight feet tall. Then we went to the bar and—"

The waitress interrupted. "And she gave me a bunch of the pills. She started growing, and then I took the pills and started growing, too."

Were my eyes playing tricks on me, or were her sleeves a little higher on her arms? I shook my head to try and clear it and looked back at her. No, it must have just been a trick of my eyes. I picked up the story again. "Yeah, you took the pills and started growing, too. I tried to stop you two, so I—"

"You tried to stop us! From what? Look at her! Doesn't look like you did that great of a job, did you? But no, it worked fine on me! I'm stuck at my normal height, running for my life from some huge chick. If I remember correctly, I was growing even faster than she was! If you hadn't jumped in, she'd be running from me right now!" the waitress' temper was as bad as Chrissy's.

I looked at the floor, part in shame, part in fear. My eyes were, of course, drawn to her legs. Sorry, but it's my nature. She probably had nice legs, judging by the little bit of the bottom of her calves that I could see sticking out under neath the hem of her slacks. Funny I hadn't noticed that before. I usually go

straight for the calves, but I thought I could only see her ankles before. I went on with the story. “But neither one of you should have grown! Those pills weren’t even real! They were fucking placebos! You two were only growing because you thought you could!”

“And she,” the waitress jerked her thumb in Chrissy’s general direction, “She still thinks she can?”

“No, no, no!” I said, looking up into the waitress’ eyes. “When I told you guys about the placebos, you shrunk, and she stopped growing.”

“She did NOT stop growing,” the waitress said. I almost missed what she said, I was staring at her breasts, the outlines of which were quite clear through her blouse which was a few sizes too small.

“Well, she did at first. Then she realized she didn’t need the pills,” I said.

“What do you mean, she realized she didn’t need the pills?” Again, I almost missed what the waitress was saying. I was still transfixed by her breasts. Her blouse had a low neckline that dipped down to show her cleavage, and the top button of said blouse sat right there in her cleavage. The fabric on either side of the button was straining, threatening to pull the button right of the stitches that held it in place. I wondered how she was able to pull the shirt tight enough to button it in the first place when she put it on.

“Well, I explained to her why she was growing. Earlier, she had grown to like twenty or thirty feet, but she shrunk right away. I tried to tell her that proved that she was on a placebo because she realized it wasn’t possible to get that tall so she shrunk back down. But instead of making her shrink down when she found out she was on a placebo like you did, she started growing again. I guess that telling her that, I kind of told her that it was possible to get that big. Something clicked, and, boom, there she is.” Now I was the one who pointed out the window at Chrissy.

“So the pills had nothing to do with it at all?” asked the

waitress.

“Well, they were like a catalyst. They allowed the growth to take place by making her think they could in the first place, but when she found out she didn’t need them, she started growing on her own.”

“That’s why I grew, then? It wasn’t the pills that made me grow, but it was just that I thought they’d make me grow? And I shrunk because you made me think I couldn’t grow?”

“That’s the tall and short of it,” I said.

“But I could have. I mean, she did.”

“Yeah, but she had always had this secret desire to. And once I explained it to her, she realized that...Oh shit...me and my big mouth...” I said as I realized that I had made the same mistake twice in as many days.

“You think your mouth is big? You ain’t seen nothing yet,” the waitress said as she pushed me aside and walked out the door.

The waitress walked out to the street. After I recovered from the blow she dealt me, I got to my feet and followed her out the building. The street was empty, Chrissy having moved on to some other target within the city. The waitress, however, had already chosen her first.

She stood on the side walk, facing the building we had just left. She was maybe 6’6”, her size increasing slowly, as if she was unsure of what she was doing. Perhaps that uncertainty would allow me to prevent her from her chosen course of action.

“Stop!” I shouted, waving my arms wildly to punctuate my statement. “You can’t do this!”

“What, you think you’re some kind of Jedi waving your arm like that?” she smiled. “Your mind tricks won’t work on me.”

She continued to grow, her slacks now pulled up over her calves and still rising along with the rest of her body. The waist of her pants dug into her stomach, her blouse rising up to show her navel. The sleeves of her white cotton blouse were stretched tight over her biceps, the rolled up cuffs on them above her elbow. Her breasts were straining at her blouse, pulling it tight even though it still hung loosely over her torso below them.

“No! What will you eat? What will you drink? Where will you sleep? What will you wear? You’ve got to consider the future!” I tried to convince her to halt her growth.

“I’ll eat, drink, and wear whatever the hell I want, and anyone who complains about my choice of bed will find themselves having a very rude awakening,” was the seven and a half foot amazon’s answer as she continued to grow.

The slacks reached only to her knees now, her shoes had ceased to exist, leaving her completely bare from the knee down. Her calves were round and smooth, bulging out not with fat, but at the same time not with ropes of sinew and muscle. Just like Chrissy, her legs were the perfect balance of cellulite and muscle, and I momentarily became angry at myself for desiring her at that moment almost as much as I did Chrissy. But Chrissy wasn’t my girlfriend, never had been, and, by all indications never would be now. Still, I couldn’t help but feel as if I was cheating on Chrissy as I was eye-humping the waitress as she continued to grow.

Her slacks were hugging her hips, the polyester or rayon or whatever man-made miracle fabric they were made of stretching to accommodate their girth. The waist of the slacks bit even deeper into her stomach, accenting an already splendid hourglass shape. Her blouse was so tight it was transparent, her crimson brassiere showing through it as if she were a contestant at a wet t-shirt contest.

It seemed kind of strange to me that, other than her shoes, her clothing had not torn yet. Of course, the process was determined entirely by her own mind, and everyone’s mind is different, so I had no reason to expect the same thing as what happened with Chrissy. But still, her clothing was not really growing with her, it was just holding itself together better than it had on Chrissy. Considering the fact that this was the woman who had become completely nude in the bar, I found the fact that she wasn’t really outgrowing her clothes a little disturbing (and frustrating!). But then again, she had been quite embarrassed by her state of undress, and maybe that had left her not

wanting to outgrow them. Whatever the reason, she continued growing, and her clothes continued to bind her tighter and tighter. She grimaced in pain as the clothing pulled tighter and tighter, refusing to give, yet she continued to grow.

She had topped eight feet when she stumbled. She walked towards the skyscraper, her eyes fluttering, lids flicking open and shut. Her breath was coming in short, halting pants and her face was turning an unnatural shade of blue. As her clothes continued to dig in, they cut off her blood flow. Unconscious, she fell forward against the building. As she passed out, she was leaning against the building, her legs still supporting her, preventing her from slumping to the sidewalk.

But the growth wasn't controlled by the conscious mind, not entirely. In fact, I'd come to realize, the conscious mind seemed to harbor most of the fears and concerns which might complicate the growth process. Because after she passed out, her growth rate accelerated, and her clothing began to give way.

It started at her waist. The top of the slacks that had bitten so deep into the flesh of her stomach ruptured and burst, loosening the waistline. Along her thighs, vertical tears ran down the seams of the slacks as her thighs pressed against them and the trousers gave up trying to contain them. The tear reached all the way down to the hem of the trouser leg, now a couple inches above her knee as she continued to grow taller and taller. She topped nine feet, her head leaning against the glass of the second story window. Horizontal stretch lines went around the back of her blouse, then suddenly disappeared as the buttons in front all popped off. The blouse snapped backwards, hanging loosely off her shoulders. The sleeves tore at her shoulders, then her enormous biceps ripped the fabric of the sleeves still encircling her arms to shreds as she topped ten feet. At eleven feet tall, her trouser legs tore around her thighs, sending them fluttering to the ground like streamers of ticker tape in a parade.

The remnants of her slacks still hugged her waist and hips tightly, the remnants of the legs of her trousers ending only about two inches below her crotch. Her sleeveless blouse, open at the

front, and now resembling more of a vest, had become tight across her shoulders. But now, it appeared that, just as it occurred with Chrissy, her clothing began to grow with her. She remained unconscious as she topped fifteen, then twenty feet in height.

When she was twenty five feet tall, the waitress was brought back into consciousness by the sound of cracking glass and breaking concrete as the building began to give from the considerable weight her leaning body was placing against it.

She stood up straight, bringing her stomach flat against the outer wall of the building. She continued to rise, and kept her feet planted firmly in place as she grew to thirty, then forty feet tall. I couldn't see her breasts, but the debris tumbling to the ground informed me that although she was holding her stomach flush to the face of the building, she was also pressing her breasts into it.

I wondered if the building was still occupied as she used her growth spurt to drag her breasts up through the side of the structure, ripping a v-shaped gash in the side of the building as they grew wider higher, their increasing size pressing them deeper into the building. A filing cabinet and desk fell to the ground as the top of her tits demolished the floor of a seventh story office.

Up and up she went, sending more chunks of building and various office supplies to the sidewalk below. Her feet were longer than the sidewalk was wide, toes resting against the building's wall, heels out in the street. I was looking up at too acute of an angle to count how many rows of windows there were between the ground and her head, so I had no way to quantifiably estimate her height, but I did have more experience dealing with giant women than anyone else in town, so I think I can offer an expert opinion that when she finally pulled herself away from the building she was probably 120 feet tall, maybe more. I was standing next to her left foot, staring up at a massive calves that jutted out well above my head and went out from her leg to a point a couple feet behind me. She leaned down and looked at

me, a desk lodged in the cleavage created by her none to loose crimson bra.

“Well, that was fun,” she said. “And it’s all thanks to you. I’ll tell you what,” and then the waitress reached down, her hand going around my torso as she lifted me off the street. “You seem so worried about what I’d do, I’ll let you come along and watch me. Then you can tell me if I’m doing anything...Objectionable.”

She lifted me up and set me down on her shoulder, next to her neck, on the bare flesh exposed by her open blouse. It was soft and round, firm from the enormous bone that was directly underneath me. I had trouble staying in place, I kept starting to slide down, scrabbling and clutching at her skin as I tried to pull myself up, or at least prevent myself from falling further. She took no action, simply looking down and watching. Her entire body shook as she chuckled, making my predicament even more difficult. But I managed not to fall, and started to crawl sideways, towards the huge white sheet that was the collar of her blouse. I clutched at it and dragged myself up higher. Clinging to it with both hands, I was safe for the moment. The waitress saw I was safe and began walking, looking over many buildings and around the taller ones as she stomped through the street on her quest for Chrissy.

I remained on my perch on the waitress’ shoulder, clutching her blouse for dear life as her torso rocked gently forward and back with each step she took.

We were going down Michigan Avenue when we heard Chrissy speaking. She was not yet in sight, and I believe the waitress was assuming that if we couldn’t see Chrissy, then she hadn’t seen us.

I did not have the opportunity go get a good view from my vantage point, but I believe there is none sight more absurd than a one hundred foot tall woman trying to hide. But the waitress did her best, crouching low and crawling along the street, ducking behind buildings, trying to use skyscrapers and parking ramps as cover. Her plan succeeded, because soon we were able to see Chrissy, although she was paying no attention to our

approach.

Chrissy was perched atop the parking ramp of North Pier Mall, an immense red brick structure. Although it was originally designed to support the weight of thousands of cars, the eight story building did not appear to have too much difficulty supporting Chrissy's one hundred fifty foot body. She sat on it, her gorgeous legs dangling over the side, massive calves brushing against the outer wall. A crowd was in the street in front of her, listening as she gave her demands.

"You will all accept me of your new ruler. I would hope that you have now realized the futility of the use of the military. A week ago, I would have said that no-one should be chosen to rule by sheer strength. However, I find that once i am in this position, mu viewpoint has shifted. I promise to rule fairly, although I will also rule with a stiff hand." To demonstrate her point, she smashed a fist down on the adjacent North Pier Mall building, crashing it through the roof. "Do as I say, or the same happens to you."

That is when the waitress chose to reveal herself.

Rising from behind the store she had used for cover, the waitress said, "Well, this is America. I say we let them choose for themselves." She approached Chrissy and the crowd and looked down at the assembled masses that lay in front of her feet. Placing her hands on her hips, she glared down at them. "Well, who's it going to be?"

Chrissy jumped off the parking ramp, trampling untold dozens of people beneath her feet as she landed in the street. "You! I thought Jake took care of—" Chrissy looked directly at me and squinted. "Jacob?"

Before either I or the waitress knew what happened, Chrissy's arm flicked out. A massive hand opened up and engulfed me as Chrissy plucked me off the waitress' shoulder. She probably still had a good twenty or so feet on the waitress, and, now from Chrissy's hand, I could see the fear in the waitress' eyes. That fear may have come from a larger being, but I believe my fear was greater as Chrissy lifted me up to within feet of her enormous

face, opened her palm, and left me lying in it.

“Jake! Did you do this? To her? Why?!” Nausea raced through me as her hand moved swiftly back, preparing to hurl me across the city.

“No!” I shouted. “She did it to herself! Just like you did!”

Chrissy heard my pitiful cries and slowly brought her hand back so that I was once again staring into blue-green eyes larger than I was.

“She did this, to herself?”

I couldn’t lie to Chrissy. “I was there. I may have...helped. But I didn’t mean to, honest! If anything, I would have sooner helped you than her.”

“Liar!” Chrissy screamed. “You tried to stop me! You didn’t want any of this! you tried to fight me! Then you brought her to stop me! Well, it’s not going to work. This is my town!”

With that, Chrissy set me down on top of the parking ramp that had served as her throne. Chrissy had a belt in some kind of martial art, I don’t know if it was Judo or Tae Kwon Do or what. She approached the waitress with a speed you wouldn’t think would be possible for a human that large to possess. She jumped and kicked, and I decided it must be Tae Kwan Leap as she delivered a severe boot to the head that left the waitress unconscious in the road, One limp leg in the parking lot across the street from North Pier, both arms draped loosely over a building on either side of her. Her massive chest rose and fell slowly, indications that she was still alive.

Chrissy addressed the few remaining survivors of the crowd that had gathered around her.

“Now you see. Not police, not military, not even another person of my stature can defeat me. You are all mine, whether you like it or not.”

I sat atop the parking ramp trapped and isolated, shaking my head and wondering how much of this I had caused, and how much was purely Chrissy’s one lust for power.

