

Growth Serum

I

Matt and Ashley had been hanging out in the abandoned warehouse all Sunday, smoking some weed Matt had scored from a friend at work. Although the two had mostly grown out of their wilder college years, neither passed up the opportunity to get high when the occasion allowed. Their neighbors, however, seemed determined to make that “never.” A few months back, one of them called the police when Ashley had smoked a bowl in the backyard, and Matt had a tough time explaining his way out of it.

So, they found this place: the oldest, most broken-down abandoned building in the business district. At one point, it had apparently been storage for a medical supply company, and there were shelves filled with miscellaneous boxes and vials of old pills and liquids, as well as piles of decaying machinery. Time had faded most of the labels and signs, and neither Matt nor Ashley knew what all of it was. More than once, they had been tempted to try some of it, in case there had been a supply of morphine or oxycontin that someone had left behind. Better judgment had won out, however.

That particular Sunday, though, as Matt was dozing off on the pile of blankets they had brought with them and snacking on some chips, Ashley was looking through some of the old supplies and bottles when something caught her eye. A small box, labeled “Growth Serum” sat by itself on a shelf, covered in dust. Inside, she found one bottle left, its label blank. The cogs in her brain, still a little fogged from the pot, started churning. *Growth serum, huh?* she thought. *Wouldn't that be a trip? I could be a fucking giant.*

The idea had more than a little appeal to her. At five-foot-seven, she had been a little taller than most girls, but she had been small for her family. Her mom had been around six-foot, and both her brother and father towered over her. When she was young, they teased her mercilessly, calling her the runt of the litter. Her mother always tried to put her in high heels when she was growing up, insisting she'd have an easier time with men. Ashley heard it so often that she started to believe it, and the pretty redheaded girl became increasingly timid and shy. She opened up a bit in her twenties, and now, at twenty-five, she was engaged to Matt, who was genuinely head-over-heels in love with her. They had been dating for two years, and had been living together for a few months.

She pocketed the vial in her khakis and found a syringe on another shelf, still sealed in its packaging. *What the hell*, she thought. *I'll give it a shot. It's probably just snake oil, anyway.*

She stuck the needle through the top of the vial and drew out a few milliliters of fluid. How much was a dose? Ashley didn't much care, but figured that looked to be enough. She injected it into her buttock, wincing slightly at the pain.

Immediately, she started to feel flushed all over. Not buzzed, but hot, as if she had just gone jogging. Her skin broke out in a sweat. She made her way back to the blankets, and Matt sat up as he saw her.

"Ashley," he said, "you okay? You're looking a little sick."

Ashley sat down, feeling suddenly tired. "Yeah, I'm okay. A little sleepy, is all."

"You want a foot rub, baby?"

"That'd be nice."

"Okay, baby," Matt said, scooting closer to her. "Lemme see'em." Ashley stuck her foot out toward Matt's waiting hands. As soon as he started massaging the balls of her feet, she sighed in pleasure.

"Ooh, Matt, that feels good." She laid back a bit and closed her eyes as her breathing grew deeper. "Real . . . mmm . . . *real* good."

Matt wasn't sure what he was doing that was turning her on so much, but he kept at it. Encouraged by her words, he began to caress her calf as well, and started massaging deeper and faster. It must've been the drugs, but he could've sworn her foot was growing bigger as he worked its flesh.

Meanwhile, Ashley was in a world all to herself. It felt like she was having sex right there on the floor. She started moaning and rocking back and forth involuntarily, as if Matt were fucking her. Suddenly she felt a tingling sensation rush throughout her body, like pins and needles. "Ah . . . ah . . . ah . . . Matt . . . I feel funny . . ."

"You okay, baby?" Matt asked as he stopped massaging Ashley's feet. Her skin felt hot, and as he looked down, he noticed that her leg was slowly creeping out of her khakis, the cuff working its way tighter and tighter around her muscular leg as she pumped back and forth. He noticed that her foot, once small and thin, had grown to be at least as big as his.

"Yeah, my body . . . my feet, they feel soo good . . . don't stop," Ashley moaned, stretching and flexing her foot, now swelling to size 13s. Ashley lowered herself all the way onto her back and started massaging her breasts. "Yeah . . . don't stop . . ."

Matt eyed her cautiously, her hands kneading her big (bigger?) tits like bread dough, her shifting, pulsing pussy, and especially the huge feet sitting in his lap, which, in spite of his lack of attention, were inching their way toward his crotch. He wondered if he should continue.

Matt decided to keep going. After all, it was probably all just the pot, anyway. Though, as he rubbed the feet of his writhing girlfriend, he swore he could feel them getting heavier, her legs growing longer, her head stretching further away as her feet pushed into him. His hands couldn't fit around them anymore. And didn't those pants used to be a little long on her?

The cuffs and waistband of her pants grew tight and constricting around her swelling calves. The seams, drawn tight, burst first on one leg, then on the other. The tears raced upward in jerky, popping motions. Ashley was largely oblivious to all of this, panting and moaning on her back. Her ribbed white tank-top, stretched thin by two huge tits, was being roughly handled by her big, growing hands. Ashley had never been so horny in her life, which was shown by the wet, undulating mound pressed against the fly of her pants. Her breasts felt big, bigger than normal, in fact. Two long, hard nipples, which she knew had never been so big in her life, were being mashed back and forth by her palms. "Oh . . . oh god, Matt . . . I think my breasts are getting bigger . . . can you see them?"

Matt certainly could see them. The tank-top, wet with sweat, clung to her bra-less chest. Her breasts, once respectable C-cups, had ballooned several sizes. They looked like two overfilled water balloons, jiggling and rippling as Ashley kneaded them furiously. He was also getting worried. Even though she seemed to be enjoying herself, she was definitely growing now, swelling bigger with each rhythmic contraction of her pussy, with each stroke of her foot. Without stopping, he said, "Yeah baby, they're big, really big. Are you feeling okay, though?"

Ashley sighed and giggled. "Yeah . . . ah . . . I feel—oh—real okay." She could feel her enormous tits moving against her hands on their own, billowing around her fingers. They had grown so large now that her top began bunching

up underneath them to accommodate, and was threatening to rip in two. The button on her khakis broke off with a ping, and her ass cheeks, partially released from their confines, blew up inside of her pants, driving her wet and seemingly shrinking underwear into her crack. It drove her panties deeper into her crotch, as well, making her yip in ecstasy. Was the growth serum actually working? How big would she get? The marijuana still in her system chased the concern out of her mind. This was like sex, only better. Why spoil it?

Matt knew he had to stop. The foot that he was massaging was swelling in fits and spurts, and it was speeding up. It had grown to the size of a manhole cover by the time he had ceased his efforts. It was obvious that she grew in time with her pleasure, and that he was only helping to fuel that. She was growing closer to orgasm, and Matt didn't want to see what that would mean.

Or did he? His girlfriend, still higher than a kite, was growing into a busty, curvaceous behemoth right before his eyes, and his penis, now touching part of Ashley's right sole, was hot and throbbing. She had to be at least eight feet tall by now, and her big, round, sexy butt had swelled and grown to even more exaggerated proportions. Did she even realize what was going on, how much she had grown?

A loud rip echoed over the increasingly frantic moans of Ashley. The crotch of her pants had blown out, unable to take the strain from her enormous thighs and hips. Ashley's eyes opened slowly "Oops," she said, giggling. "Looks like I'm . . . mmm . . . too big for my britches, huh Matty?"

Matt only grunted as he stared at the tear which quickly grew under Ashley's movements. He saw flashes of wet, pink silk through it. *God*, Matt thought, *she's growing out of control . . . and I think she likes it.*

Ashley sat up slightly on her elbows, taking a break from her still-expanding chest, which had turned her tank-top into a flimsy, disintegrating sports bra, and peeked at Matt. "Honey . . . why'd you stop?" Ashley pouted. "I thought we were having fun."

Matt gulped. Had it just been his eyes, or had she grown a little at the word, 'fun'? "Shuh-sure, Ashley, fun. It's just that—isn't it a bit—I mean, are you sure it's safe to be growing this much?" He tried to lean back a bit, trying to get his dick off of her foot so that she wouldn't notice the raging hard-on in his pants.

Ashley at up all the way and looked down at herself, at her sweaty, tattered, straining clothing and grinned sheepishly. "Come on," she said, "I've only grown a little bit bigger. Besides, I can't help it. The drug, that growth drug, it made me all horny." Ashley murmured and shut her eyes briefly, and her nipples, already the size of two bottle caps, jutted outward and swelled to the size of thumbs.

“Oh god,” she groaned. “See what I mean? Just thinking about it makes me swell up. It just feels sooo good to touch myself. And it feels even better when you’re rubbing my big feet. Or . . .” Ashley stretched her foot, the size of Matt’s torso, into his crotch. “When my big feet rub you.”

Matt shuddered and twitched. By reflex, he folded inward, hugging her big, sweaty feet, her toes bigger than softballs. Ashley gasped and moaned at the sudden attention. Her foot undulated outward and upward, rubbing up against Matt’s dick through his jeans. The foot grew bigger, stronger, heavier against him, and Ashley panted deeply.

Ashley felt it was time. Her hands, with palms bigger than Matt’s whole head, traveled past her breasts to her pussy. She started out rubbing her inner thighs, mushing and massaging them, ripping further the frayed fabric that used to be her pants. “Ooooh, Matt, know what?” Ashley asked, still rubbing her foot over Matt’s throbbing penis. “I think this shirt might be a little too small for me now, don’t you think? You know,” she said, pressing and squeezing her mons above the fabric, lightly touching her pussy lips through the hole in her pants, “big girls like me need big clothing to grow into, see? And this tiny shirt is so small, I don’t even think I can get it over my breasts! Oh, and it feels like it’s getting even smaller. It’s rubbing against my nipples, Matt.”

Sure enough, Ashley’s nipples were pulsating, struggling against the tearing cotton fabric. “I’m getting bigger, Matty. My boobs and my feet and my butt, they’re all getting bigger, and it feels sooooo good!” With that, Ashley began masturbating, rubbing and rotating her crotch faster and faster.

Matt couldn’t hold it after that. Ashley had sped up her footjob, too, and with a strangled moan, Matt blew what felt like a gallon of come into his boxers.

Ashley, however, seemed to forget about Matt altogether, and began thrusting her hips toward the air. On the receiving end of one such thrust, Matt hung onto Ashley’s titanic, growing, man-sized foot as it slid back and forth slightly on the concrete floor.

“Ooh, I can feel it! I’m almost there! I’m growing, look at me getting bigger, Matty! I wanna be even bigger! BIGGER!” As Ashley came, her flesh billowed out, violently bursting her remaining tatters of clothing, her pink panties snapping away. Matt was flung against a wall and collapsed in an unconscious heap. Similarly, Ashley, exhausted from her session, drifted to sleep.

2

Ashley woke up from her nap with a jerk, and looked around at the damage she caused. She was naked, and Matt was lying in a crumpled heap by the far wall. She felt a pang of guilt about him, but it was quickly replaced by the horniness that coursed through her as she stared at him. But the biggest change was to Ashley herself. While she was sure that she had grown to at least 30 feet tall, she was now back down to six and a half feet tall, if even. She had somehow shrunk in the time she was out.

Of course, she had known the growth serum couldn't last forever, but it was still a disappointment to lose the height so quickly. Still, she had grown quite a bit, and if there was growth serum still left, there might be more height to come. Just the thought of being able to grow that big again brought her close to orgasm.

She stood up and walked over to where Matt was passed out. How much would he remember when he woke up? He might be wary to help her grow again if he remembered. Still, she figured it best to wake him up.

"Matt? You okay, baby?" she said, shaking his unconscious form as he lay face up.

As soon as he heard her voice, he began to stir. "Mmm . . . Ashley . . ." His penis slowly rose to attention.

"Matt?" Ashley said again. "Matt, we need to go home."

Matt finally opened his eyes. "Wuh? What happened?"

Ashley was thankful; he didn't seem to remember. "Don't you remember, honey? We got high and had sex. You were like an animal!" She made sure to keep hunched over. "You tore off all my clothes, see?"

Matt stared at the shreds of clothing across the room. "Uh . . . I think I remember. I think there was something about you . . . growing, was it?"

Ashley laughed a little too loudly. "Growing? In your dreams, maybe. Seems like you were having pretty good ones, too."

"Yeah, I guess so." Matt sat up, his erection still on. "We should probably get going. Ooh, my head's killing me. That was some fuckin' weed."

On the way home, Ashley covered herself with one of Matt's old tee-shirts he had lying in the back of his van. She sat in the back and slunk low in her seat, so as not to attract attention. Before they had left the warehouse, she palmed the bottle of serum she found near where the syringe had been. She couldn't wait to get home and use it, and since it was still three-quarters full, she had begun planning out her week. the first time, she wanted to be alone to experiment.

Then, she'd play with Matt some more. Finally, if all went well, she'd be the biggest, sexiest woman the world had ever seen.

When Matt and Ashley got home, they both fell asleep. Both were exhausted, but Ashley wanted to rest up for her big day. Matt had work in the morning, and would be gone until the evening. When Ashley woke up, Matt was already gone. She dressed quickly, imagining with each piece how it would feel to burst out of it again. She started with one of Matt's dress shirts, since she was too big to fit into any of her tops. Her nipples, which had grown to an inch long after using the serum the first time, were hard and rubbed deliciously against the scratchy cloth, and her E-cup breasts stood well on her chest. She tried to put on a skirt of hers, but her waist had grown too far around, her ass too large to wear it, so she settled on a pair of Matt's shorts, which she wore without underwear. On her feet, which were longer than even Matt's now, she squeezed on a pair of knee-high tube socks which barely made it halfway up her meaty calves. She noticed how all of Matt's clothes seemed too snug, which made her feel even bigger. She was, as she said before, a growing girl, and soon, she'd need some bigger outfits.

She was so excited to get started, she almost dropped the syringe full of growth serum twice before plunging it into her arm. As the drug entered her bloodstream, her heart started beating faster and sweat sprang up all over her body. She was already very horny, and the drug amplified it even more. The rough seam of her jeans tightened against her pussy as her lips swelled with blood. She moaned and closed her eyes. It was coming up, and the serum, for whatever reason, felt stronger this time around. Her breasts swelled as well and the shirt began to pull taut.

God, she felt so hot waiting to burst out of her clothes again. She laid down on the couch, her big legs spread across its cushions, her long toes eager to get longer and burst out of their confines. She put her hands on her breasts, and felt her pulse through them. Ashley waited, staring at her chest, hoping to see the first faint signs of growth. Her heart racing, a sweat broke out across her chest, and her breaths became deeper. Her pussy tingled, and she rubbed her thighs together. Any minute now . . .

But although the drug seemed promising at first, after ten minutes of sitting around, horny and frustrated, she had her doubts. Although she had been stoned last time, she was pretty sure it wasn't supposed to take this long to work. She stood up from the couch and went back down the hall to the bathroom, still flushed and wet with sweat.

The bottle was unhelpful. It was a standard medical bottle, but it lacked any labeling whatsoever. Much like the day before, she had guessed on how much to

inject, but tried 2 mLs. Reasoning that she may have underestimated how much she took before, she tried another dose.

As soon as she depressed the plunger, she had second thoughts. Her heart-beat, already running hot from the first injection, spiked immediately, and she felt lightheaded. Her nipples began to itch, then throb, and she swore that they swelled up even longer, looking like dark little fingers through the white oxford shirt. Her pussy began to stream fluid, and she started to soak through Matt's shorts. Sweat broke out across her back.

Dropping the bottle and syringe into the bathroom sink, a wave of exhaustion passed over her, and she felt as if she could nap standing up. Probably not a good sign, she reasoned. Had the batch gone bad? Could she sleep it off, or would she need to get help? She knew that if she went to the hospital, she could kiss the rest of her serum, and her dreams of getting bigger, goodbye. On the other hand, she didn't know what else to do. Maybe sleep would work things out. After all, it seemed to work last time.

She staggered her way down the hall to the kitchen and filled a glass of water from the tap. The instant it touched her lips, she downed it immediately, and a thirst which she was unaware of grew stronger. She drank three more glasses, though her body seemed to be pumping about as much back out. The denim on her shorts were soaked, and she looked as though she had been in a wet t-shirt contest.

Still buzzing with sexual excitement, somewhat dimmed against the fear of her overdosing on the mysterious growth chemical, she collapsed onto the couch again, and shut her eyes.



As she slept, she dreamt of a half-dozen tiny men, all smaller than her palm, marching along the living room carpet. All wore loose-fitting robes, and, save for the fact that there were only six, they looked exactly like Snow White's seven dwarfs. She rolled onto her side to watch them.

"Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to work we go," they sang, as if marching off to chop wood.

They made their way under the coffee table, toward the couch she was laying on. One by one, they climbed their way on top of the furniture, then onto her sweat-soaked body. They furrowed under her clothing, the same shirt, shorts, and socks she had been wearing. She could see them, outlined in the fabric of her shirt and wriggling down the sides of her tube socks. She felt two squeeze their way

into the front of her waistband, still cheerfully singing, seemingly with purpose. Curiously, she didn't seem to mind all of this, and watched with amusement as they all seemed to be taking their places for something. She giggled as two positioned themselves, each on a breast, straddling her overlong nipples. The two in her socks each lined themselves at the tips of her toes, squiggling lumps shrouded in thick cotton. The two in her shorts were the last to settle down, one in the front under the fly, the other right in the small of her back, almost in her ass crack. For the latter, she squirmed herself and giggled. She was ticklish there.

"Steady boys," the one on her right breast called, slightly muffled from the shirt. "We're here on business, remember?"

"Right boss, sorry," the one on her back called.

"On three," the one on her breast said. "One . . . two . . . three!"

Simultaneously, all six of the little dwarfs started kneading her skin, grabbing and stroking as much as their little arms could reach. There was nothing sensual in their motions; it was like they were molding clay, rubbing and shaping her flesh. The ones in her socks hugged and pulled on her toes, then pressed into the fleshy pads of her foot, working their way along their length. The breast men rubbed her breasts, building them up and out like nipple volcanoes. In her shorts, her front man rubbed deeply into her sensitive areas, and her hips bucked smoothly in response. The ass man worked each butt cheek, like a hand goosing her over and over.

"We've got a rise, boys," the boss announced, rising his tit as Ashley gyrated and moaned. "Don't stop the music."

At first, Ashley thought he was talking about her moving, until she looked down at him and saw that the little tent he had formed between her breast and her shirt was getting smaller. Her breasts were growing! She felt them tingle and swell, watched the buttons on the shirt spread apart.

And that wasn't all that was growing, either. Her socks started sliding down her calves as her foot slaves stretched and coaxed her feet to bigger sizes. Her feet took shape as the socks kept stretching, until she could see every toe pushing on the cotton. She had never seen feet that big on anyone before, and they felt good.

Her butt and hips, too, were starting to spread and fill out. Each cheek forced her denim deeper into her crack, and the shorts started looking more and more like daisy dukes. She felt the front tighten against her mons, until the zipper started to cut into her flesh.

And, through all of this, she began to get taller. Her tummy started peeking through from under the oxford shirt. Her legs stretched longer and longer,

bloating big enough to fray the tops of the socks and the hems on the shorts. Her body was filling up like rising dough. She heard her skin stretch, her bones creak, her curves gurgle and swell. She had been over six feet when they started, but now? Seven at least.

She was a sexed-up goddess, at last. She wanted more. She tried to tell them, but all that came out of her mouth was, “Moh . . . muh . . . moh . . .”

And then, the whistle blew.

“Call it a day, boys,” the boss said, and every man on the job stopped. The tingling in Ashley’s body faded as the little men crawled their way out from between the (now tighter) layers of fabric.

“All right, lady,” the boss said. “We did a fine day’s work, if I say so myself. We’ll see you next time, all right?”

“Wuh . . . wait!” Ashley cried. “That’s all?”

”That’s all? Look at you! You wanted tall, we gave you tall. You wanted big, we gave you big. That’s what the invoice says, right?”

“Well, yeah. But, you know,” Ashley said, “I was kind of hoping for more.” A small, embarrassed smile broke out on her face.

“Hmm. Listen, we’re just not stocked to handle that kind of work. Sounds like you need a bigger contractor, you know what I mean?”

Ashley did, or thought she did, and nodded.

“Right, well, we’re off. Good luck to you!”

“Thank you!” Ashley called to the little men, as they marched off of the couch and across the carpet. She looked down at herself, and wondered.



When she woke, it was a little after noon. She was disappointed when she realized that nothing in the dream carried over. Even though she was over six feet tall, she still felt puny. She felt better, but dehydrated. Her clothing was still soaked with sweat and juices, caused in part by her dream, no doubt. Her breasts were still tender, and when she tweaked her nipples, a little shudder traveled down her back. Although she couldn’t prove it, it seemed like the drug was still floating around inside her. The only question was, how long would it last?

She called up Matt on his cell phone, hoping to catch him during a break. He picked up on the second ring.

“Hi, baby,” he said. “What’s up? You feeling okay yet?”

“No, not really,” Ashley said. “Is there any way you can make it out early today?”

“Hold on, I’ll check.” He put down the phone, and Ashley heard footsteps in the background. After a moment, he came back. “Hmm. Boss said to call it a day, said I can get out of here in half an hour. You want me to pick up something on the way back?”

Ashley couldn’t believe her luck. She also felt a rumbling in her stomach, and remembered she hadn’t eaten since before their adventure yesterday. “I don’t know, maybe ice cream?”

“Ice cream it is,” he said. “I’ll be there in a bit.”

“Bye. Love you!”

“Love you, too.” Click.

In an hour or so, he’s going to walk through that door, Ashley thought to herself. I’ll eat something quick, then maybe shoot a little bit more of that serum.

Ashley made herself a light lunch, and ate the sandwich in two bites. She also poured herself a glass of milk, which caused a curious sensation when she drank it. Her breasts grew heavier, as if they were storing the milk for later. Then, she went to the bathroom, injected a half dose of the serum, and took a quick shower to cool herself down. She stepped out, naked, and went to examine her clothing options.

She decided on a big green sweatshirt of Matt’s. She couldn’t hide her height from Matt anymore; she’d been lucky so far that his mind had been elsewhere. But she could still hide some of her assets until later on, and the sweatshirt gave her something to grow into. She also dug up an old pair of Matt’s jeans, ones from before he’d shed a few pounds. The waist was a little loose, but her big butt held them up without a belt. She imagined what fun would follow.

3

Poor Ashley, Matt thought as he pulled up the driveway to his house. Ice cream and a massage’ll be a nice treat for her, though.

He grabbed the grocery bag out of the seat next to him and walked to the door. As soon as the door was open, a massive green blur grabbed onto his shoulders, yanked him inside, and spun him around against the wall. The door slammed shut, and his eyes adjusted from the noonday sun. It was Ashley. A big Ashley. Her red hair, still slightly damp, hung down past her shoulders.

“Oh honey,” she cooed, “I’ve missed you so much!” She covered his mouth

with hers and gave him a big, wet kiss.

“Whah? Ashley? What happened?” She was taller than him by a good five inches or so. He recognized the sweatshirt, too. She would’ve drowned in it normally. Now, it seemed about the right size.

“I’m growing. Isn’t it wonderful? Ooh, did you bring me a present?”

Matt thought she was talking about the erection in his pants. Instead, she reached for the carton of ice cream and plucked the bag out of his hand.

“Wait, you grew?” he asked. “What do you mean you grew?”

“I’m getting bigger, silly. And I’m really hungry. Strawberry, yes?” She walked into the kitchen, Matt following.

“Uh, yeah . . . how did you grow?”

Ashley fetched a spoon from a drawer, and pulled the lid off the container. “It’s a secret,” she said, taking big bites of ice cream. “I think I feel a spurt coming on soon, as a matter of fact.” In seconds, she was about halfway through.

“I don’t understand, don’t you need to go to a hospital, or something?”

“No, I’m okay, really. Just hungry. Ooh, and something even better! Check this out.” She took one last scoop, and, spoon in her mouth, slid one of his hands on top of the sweatshirt over her breast.

As soon as his palm covered the oversized nipple, two things happened. First, Matt nearly fainted. Second, so did Ashley.

Matt had known Ashley’s breasts fairly well up until this point. Respectable C-cups, just over a handful, with pert nipples. The breast he was now feeling was a monster in comparison. E-cup? F-cup? He didn’t have a good reference, but it overflowed his hand with ease. And that big, oversexed nipple he felt through the thick material felt pornographic.

Ashley, who had been expecting Matt’s astonishment, was hit by a rush stronger than anything she had felt that day. It felt like a double dose of the serum when Matt felt her up. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and the spoon and ice cream fell to the floor as she moaned. She reached forward with her free arm, seeking his.

“Oh god, honey, that’s so good! Try the other,” she said, catching his free hand and mashing it onto the other tit. She started moving forward, pushing Matt into refrigerator.

“Whoa! Ashley, what’s going on with you?” Matt stumbled backward, his ass striking the fridge door behind him.

She put her hands against the freezer above him, pressing her weight and his hands deeper into her sweatshirt. “Something wonderful. Rub me,” Ashley said, moving her body side-to-side, trying to get Matt’s hands to do their work. She

leaned in more, towering over him, and kissed him full on the mouth. He tasted some of the strawberry ice cream still on her lips.

“Rub me,” she said again, deeper and more urgent. “Rub my big titties.”

Matt, for his part, was feeling claustrophobic. Something in the back of his mind prickled at the situation, like a forgotten memory. “Baby, you’re crushing me,” he said, trying to push her away.

Ashley either didn’t hear him or didn’t care, and in any case, she got what she wanted. She murmured softly as she felt his hands caress her flesh. It started as a throb, in tune with her heartbeat. She started sweating again, just like before. With every beat, and every breath, her boobs pushed Matt further into the fridge behind him. Her body started groaning and swelling, shifting and stretching the sweatshirt and jeans. She saw her perspective starting to creep slowly upward.

“Oh baby, thank you. I’ve been waiting all day for this,” Ashley said. She leaned in again, and took another kiss, deeper this time. Her full lips pressed into his, and seemed to swell one step further as her tongue filled his mouth. The rubbery stretching sound grew louder, and the denim fabric started to grow taut around her butt, her ass blowing up bigger proportionally to her body.

Matt could feel the new waves of heat coming off of her, as well as something happening to her chest. The sweatshirt was filling up, and her nipples started to grow firmer underneath his hands. As she grew heavier, he found it harder to breathe normally. He tried pushing her harder, hoping to make his escape and sort the situation out.

“Ooh,” she cooed in response, diving in for another kiss. She licked her big, soft lips, swollen and wet. “Tastes like strawberries.” Every time they kissed, she felt a rush through her body. She moved in closer, rising to her full height and penning Matt in fully against the fridge with her enormous breasts. She was panting with lust, and she sensed everything in the room shrinking in relation to her. *Wow*, she thought, looking down at his face which barely peered above her chest. *If I keep getting bigger, I’ll smother him to death with these.*

“Please, baby,” Matt pleaded, pushing her chest away enough to breathe, “you’ve gotta stop. What’s gotten into you?”

“I’m sorry, Matty,” she said, easing up a little. Not enough for him to move away, but enough that he wasn’t struggling anymore. She still felt her breasts growing, but the growth was casual. It seemed much more intense when Matt was struggling. “I’m just so happy to see you, is all. I didn’t feel good all day, and I wanted to give you something special. You don’t like it, I guess . . .” Ashley stuck out her lip, pouting.

“It’s not like that, baby, it’s just . . . Christ!” He said, “You’re so big! Are

those my old clothes you're wearing?"

"Yeah. Nothing of mine fits anymore. Even these pants are getting a little tight."

"Are you sure you're feeling all right? No pain or anything?"

"Well . . . I *am* feeling a little warm, I guess."

Matt saw his opportunity. Whatever was going on, Ashley wasn't thinking clearly. She was acting strange, under the influence of a drug. Whatever it was, he needed to call a doctor to sort everything out, and that meant getting her tucked away somewhere. "Maybe you could lie down? I could get you some aspirin, and you could try to sleep it off."

"Hmm . . ." she said, looking down but not quite at him. "Okay, but can you do something for me? Can you give me one of your massages, too?"

"Sure thing, baby. If it'll make you happy." Something in the back of his mind pricked again, but he still couldn't place it.

Ashley's face perked up, though, and she finally let him go, leading the way down the hall to the bedroom. "I can't wait. I think it'll make me feel a whole lot better." She smirked, her heart fluttering with anticipation.

4

He walked into the bedroom and shut the door. Their king-sized bed dominated the room, and in the far corner was a door that led to the attached bathroom and closet. Ashley laid face down, her head to one side to watch him. How did she get that big, he wondered. He knew she always wanted to get taller, that she tried any number of pills and treatments. Apparently, she finally found something that worked, though she was carefully avoiding the matter.

He crawled onto the bed with her, walking on his knees to approach her side. He straddled her butt, and started to pull up her sweatshirt, but she stopped him. "Can you do it through the clothes? I'd like to try it this time," she said.

"Sure thing. Do you want an aspirin or anything?"

"No, just a massage."

Matt started on her shoulders, which seemed broader and more muscular than before. She sighed deeply as he worked, and seemed to shift slightly as he kneaded. He felt something inside her creak and bubble up.

"Oh, here it comes," she said, seemingly to herself.

Ashley started breathing deeper, whimpering softly and building herself into a rhythm. She licked her lips, puffing out little breaths as Matt's hands continued to work her neck and shoulders.

"Mmph . . . lower . . ."

He worked his hands down her back, feeling her muscles quiver and jerk in time with her breathing. A sound like rubber stretching rose up from her, like a balloon rubbed against her skin. She shifted again, stretching her legs out as far behind her as she could, moaning as she did so.

". . . lower, Matty . . ."

His hands traveled lower, into the small of her back, right where the sweatshirt ended and just above the waistband of his old jeans she was wearing. The waist was too big for her still, even if she had grown a bit, although her hips filled in the pants further down. He sneaked his hands in where the denim started, working her soft flesh. It felt hot to the touch, and Ashley inhaled sharply as his hands met her skin. The sweatshirt pulled up as she shifted.

And, as the small of her back crept into view, he noticed . . .

"Ashley, how big are you right now?"

She giggled. "Bigger than you, I think."

He realized that this was an understatement by some margin. He only thought the sweatshirt was baggy, but she was filling it in nicely. Her boobs were big, sure, but there was meat on them bones, too. Meat that wasn't there before. She wasn't kidding when she said she couldn't fit into her own clothes anymore; he was pretty sure she wouldn't fit into most of his, either. How much did she even weigh, with a figure like that? 250, maybe 300, not including those breasts. And that ass he had been straddling, had he even noticed how big it was before? He was scared to look again, to see what he had missed the first—

". . . lower, honey, please . . . you know what I want . . ."

He gulped. Slowly, he slid himself over her ample cheeks, straddling her chunky thighs until most of her body lay before him. Her head looked so far away, her wave of red hair piled off to one side, that cute face looking so out of place on such a massive body. He put his hands on her butt, feeling them squish deeply into each globe, working them like huge loaves of bread dough.

"Mmm, yeah . . . keep it up . . ."

With every push, she flexed her gigantic hips, pushing his hands back out, stressing the heavy stitches on the jeans, then relaxing. He couldn't get over how much she filled out those pants. He hadn't worn them in a year and a half, before he went on his diet. He wasn't sure, but they looked like the last pair he'd bought before he dropped the weight, 42 in the waist. Had he thought she just filled

out the jeans before? Her butt looked ready to bust them, and her thighs were practically poured in. He wasn't sure if she was wearing any panties (not even sure she could fit into any of hers, actually), but the seams had to be digging into her pretty well. He wondered if she'd be into a little goosing, and slipped a hand down between her thighs, into the canyon they made.

It felt like a furnace between her legs, and he could sense her excitement. His fingers brushed against her thighs, and her legs clamped shut, squeezing the tip of his hand into her wet spot. Even through the thick, rough material, her pussy felt slick and ready, pressed up against the cloth. He wriggled his hand out, and Ashley cooed again.

"Almost, Matty. Keep going."

'Almost'? Almost what? It was strange, as if she was waiting for something to happen. He really hoped she'd fall asleep while he worked, and maybe she would. Her breathing was deep, but a little ragged. He set back to work, massaging her newly-grown rear. The jeans were tight, too, and she had worked that sweatshirt up a little further, revealing more of her broad lower back. Her ass crack was peeking over the waistband, which was cutting into the overflowing flesh when she strained and flexed. How did she even get them buttoned? How big was she, exactly? And that sweatshirt—

"Ashley! You're still growing!" Matt said, sounding more accusatory than surprised. The hem of the sweatshirt, once bagged around a small—well, smaller, anyway—waist, was starting to stretch to accommodate the titanic body inside it. It hadn't been working its way up, either; she'd been working her way out.

Ashley laughed at his outburst. Not a feminine giggle, like before, but an actual laugh. "Damn, looks like somebody found out my secret. I thought I'd at least get out of these jeans before you noticed. How do you like the view, by the way?" She shook her enormous hips, its mass sending a quake through the mattress and past the thighs Matt was balanced on. "I can't imagine how big it's going to get. Yesterday, I could've crushed you with it. Today, maybe the van. Hmm . . . maybe even the house. Wouldn't that be great, a house-sized butt?"

Yesterday? The dream . . . that crazy dream after they smoked that pot. It all came flooding back to Matt. The injection, the foot massage, her huge tits, her shredding clothes! He had to get out of here, fast. She almost killed him last time, didn't even seem to notice him after a while. He slid off her thighs, and started backing his way off the bed. It was just like then, too. Her legs had grown with her, her big feet swollen to a foot and a half long, toes the size of his eyes straining against the tiny-looking tube socks.

Matt made it off the edge of the mattress. "Baby, you need help, seriously—"

She rolled over in an instant, as if she was expecting this all along. Her huge body, impossibly large and ripe, moved with the speed of a puma as she pounced on him, sending him into the door and slamming it shut behind him. He was trapped again. Hands which easily dwarfed his own wrapped around his ribs, and she lifted him up with her newfound strength, past the breasts which now poked and struggled against the sweatshirt, until they were face to face, a full foot off the ground. She had to be over seven feet tall.

"You're right, Matty. I need some help." Her breath, still coming in little ragged puffs, washed over Matt. "I tried to do it this morning, you know. I gave myself another injection, but it didn't work. I think I almost died from it, too. Stimulus overload. I came about a billion times, passed out on the couch. I had this crazy dream, about all these little men crawling on me. But they weren't there for fun, Matty. They were helping me, just like you. They worked me over, rubbed me down until I grew a little, about the same size as I am now. I wanted more, but they couldn't give it to me. Said I needed someone else, someone who could handle something bigger. That's you."

"Ashley, I—"

She planted another wet, sloppy kiss across his mouth, her big lips engulfing his. This was awesome, she thought, better than ever. "Hush, honey. I can't let you call anybody, not yet. You're gonna help me grow, Matty. And not just a little, either."

Matt shook his head. He couldn't do it. He didn't know what she had in mind, but he was going to keep her from it, if she really meant what she said before. A butt the size of his house? She'd be unstoppable, were that the case. And if yesterday was any indication, stopping wouldn't be on her agenda.

"No? You think you're going to keep me from getting bigger, is that it? Let me tell you something, Matty," she said, moving her face close to his and dropping her voice to a hiss. "When you rubbed my feet yesterday, that felt really nice, and it made me all tingly. You kneading my ass just now was good, too. I could actually feel your hands getting smaller on my butt, did you know that? But the hottest thing so far," she moved her face in closer, "*by far*," almost brushing her lips against Matt's, "was when I was crushing you with my big titties. They're getting so huge and sensitive, and I almost creamed my pants when you were just struggling to breathe. And there was nothing, *nothing* you could do about it."

Before he could respond, she swung him around like a ragdoll and dropped him back onto the bed. She crawled on top of him, hovering her enormous body, following his movements as he scuttled backward until his head touched the pile of pillows against the headboard. She brought her face close to his again until

their noses were touching, the heat from her lust baking onto him. She pecked at his face with a series of soft kisses, grinning in a way that sent shivers up Matt's spine. Where was his little angel now? This king-sized succubus looked ready to eat him alive or suck him dry.

Ashley picked up on his fear, which only made her hotter. He looked like a scared little boy, afraid big momma was going to punish him. "I'm not going to hurt you, Matty, I promise. That is, if you play nice. You just have to accept that I'm going to get really big today, and hopefully stay that way." She gave him another deep kiss. She wasn't sure what it was, but his skin tasted so good. "And you can either help me get there, or make me angry. And you don't want to make me angry, do you?"

"N-no, baby. I want you to be happy."

"That's right. And you know what'll make me really happy right now? Taking care of these jeans."

With that, she dropped her chest on top of his, his eyes barely meeting her chin. It felt like two bowling balls fell on top of his lungs, and he saw stars as the wind came rushing out. Ashley started rubbing her body along his chest, dragging her massive, sweatshirt-encased udders across his work shirt. She started grunting with each thrust, as if she was somehow humping the air above him, her monstrous ass seeking to eclipse the ceiling. Her nipples grew even harder, and dug like tiny fingers through their confines.

"God, Matty, it's so close now . . . ugh . . ."

Her breasts felt like they were on fire. Her areolae gurgled and puffed, and it seemed as though the ice cream she ate was taking its effect, whatever it was. She hoped it was milk filling them up, that she could force Matt to drink some later. For now, her pants were her number one concern, and she regretted putting on such a heavy pair in the first place. Her butt would win the fight, no doubt, but it was taking too long, and she really wanted to get started on the sweatshirt. She sensed her swelling rump was reaching higher and higher, meaning her legs were growing, too. She wondered about that, thinking about how tall she'd be after the jeans were gone. She'd love to bust through the ceiling, have Matt stare up at her and only see the undersides of her fabulous boobs. Her legs had gotten so long over the past day, just from their one little session yesterday. And her feet! They had gotten so much bigger, the socks which once would've reached her knees barely came over her ankles. She loved that more than she loved her big monster tits.

Matt noticed her weight was slowly beginning to increase. Her breasts were sinking further onto his chest, her strokes covering more and more ground. He

heard her skin stretching again, that rubbery creak, and caught a glimpse of her gigantic ass blowing up behind her, each cheek like a ripe melon. Those jeans wouldn't last much longer at this rate, he thought, and this was only the beginning for her. What if she got too big to leave the room? What if she got too big for the room itself, filling up every corner with her tits and butt, until there wasn't any room left for him? She said she wouldn't hurt him, but if she got too big, or too excited . . .

A loud rip sounded, as the first major seam on the jeans ripped, right along Ashley's ass crack. She sighed with approval, flexing her hips somewhat easier now as she continued to grind her tits into Matt's helpless body. The two halves of the jeans were ripped clear from the waistband down to the base of her crotch, and the gap that opened up over her ass was already beginning to spread as her massive rear kept growing. The waistband, even as loose as it was just a half hour ago, was drawing tight across her tummy. Not that it mattered much: even if it broke, her powerful thighs were squeezed so tight into the pant legs that she'd have to burst out of them, too. Of course, she never intended to slip out of anything anymore. Not clothes, not doors, not even buildings, if she could help it.

"Almost gone, Matty. Are you getting a good look at my butt from down there? Hmm . . . I can't see it, but I know it's getting really big, huh? I bet if I sat on you, you'd just disappear in it." She paused her grinding, looking down at him over the shrinking green sweatshirt. Strands of her red hair clung to the sides of her face, wet with sweat. Slowly, she lowered her weight downwards, pressing her tits onto him again, tits which must have weighed a dozens of pounds. She gave him another kiss, softly, feeling his strained breathing. "God, you're so cute like this. I can't wait to let these puppies out and show you what else they can do to you. Would you like that?"

"A-Ashley . . . pluh-please . . ."

"Please? I'm glad to hear that, honey, 'cause these puppies are barking already, and they're hungry, if you know what I mean. Give them a taste, little man."

Ashley lifted herself up and plopped her right tit onto Matt's face. Matt struggled, trying to turn his head, but her weight was enormous, and her huge boob, bigger than his face, smothered him completely. His arms flailed around her sides, and he heard her laughing. He worked his mouth, seeking for air, and caught her long, hard nipple, still encased in the thick fabric, in his mouth instead.

As his mouth closed around it, before he could comprehend what had happened, Ashley cried out, "Ooh, that's it. Can you feel it?"

Ashley's breast, in a rush out of place with the rest of her body, jetted out, and he could actually feel her nipple and areola heat up and grow inside his mouth, causing Ashley to moan again.

Positive he was going to die, Matt clenched his eyes shut, trying to wake up from this nightmare. As he did, Ashley abruptly lifted up, freeing him temporarily from his prison. He opened his eyes slowly, and Ashley stared down at him again, clearly enjoying the whole experience.

"Too soon, Matty. There'll be more later. My boobies seem to like you a lot, eh? Can you give them a little squeeze for me?"

Matt considered refusing. Why indulge her fantasy even more? But then, the suffocation was worse, and he was sure that was exactly what she had in mind if he didn't comply. So, reluctantly, he brought his hands up to her chest, noticing her little smirk as he did so. He covered her breasts, and already they were so engorged that he could see every detail through the sweatshirt. He gently tweaked each nipple between his thumb and index finger, and immediately heard the denim surrounding her legs squeal in protest.

"Don't tease me! You know what to do, go on."

Matt acquiesced. He took up as much meaty tit as he could in each hand, giving them slow, gentle squeezes, and milking her long, udder-like nipples as Ashley panted in approval. Like clockwork, the stitches along each leg began to split, working up and down as he worked Ashley's tits. Her socks ripped from both ends, with her toes bursting through as her legs outgrew the elastic. Denim strips began to fall away from her, down onto the bed and covering Matt's legs in loose cloth, still damp from Ashley's excitement. Her round, bulging calves popped free, as well, and the cuffs snapped open. With one last good milking, he saw Ashley shudder and puff up, and the waistband finally snapped, as well.

As soon as it did, Ashley leaned back, straddling Matt between her newly freed legs, thick as her waist used to be. She had to be around eight feet tall, quickly approaching four hundred pounds. Luckily, she wasn't resting her weight on him, but she kept Matt's legs from the knee down pinned beneath her. Her body had swollen to proportions that were not her own, with legs that seemed to take up more space than they should, and as for that ass . . . yes, Matt probably would disappear in it, if she actually sat on him. His suspicions were confirmed, that she had foregone any sort of underwear. He saw his legs disappear into the chasm under her wet, oversized pussy, and could feel how eager she was to have something in it. Her body rose up high above the bed. The sweatshirt had ridden up further as she grew taller and taller, and her breasts were eager to start breaking some stitches, too.

“God, look at how big I’ve gotten! It took a while to break through those jeans, huh?” She patted one hand against her ass. “Breaking out of them like that felt so good, though. You have no idea! I always dreamed about something like this happening, you know. Not just getting taller, but getting big all over, too. I feel so sexy like this, like I want to fuck the whole planet or something. And this thing,” she said, tugging the hem of the pullover down, “I used to drown in it, remember? It doesn’t even come down to my waist anymore.”

“Baby,” Matt said from between her legs. “I know you don’t want to hear this right now, but I really think you should stop. Whatever’s causing this isn’t natural, and we need to get you help before it gets any worse.”

“Don’t be silly. There’s only one kind of help I need right now, and you’re going to give it to me. Speaking of which . . .”

She looked down at his work pants, his slacks half-covered in the ruined remains of her jeans. Her broad hands fumbled with the button, but her fingers had gotten too big to undo it with ease. She settled for tearing the fly open, like a cellophane bag. She tugged them down as far as she could, leaving Matt in his boxers.

“Hmm . . . not in the mood yet, huh? That’s too bad. I bet I could change that, though.” She leaned down and started pulling his shirt apart, snapping the buttons off as though they were clasps. “I’m so hot for you, Matty.” She started planting a line of kisses down his front, then working back up and over his face. She gently pressed her gigantic chest into him, feeling his body quiver from fright, anticipating another suffocation. “Feel how big I’m getting. You know why this is happening, don’t you? It’s all because of you.”

Matt shifted a little in his boxers, which Ashley noticed. *God, he’s so easy*, she thought.

“That’s right, honey. Every time I touch you, I grow a little. And every time I grow, I get so horny, I want to keep on touching you. It’s a vicious cycle, really. But it’s okay. Better than okay, in fact, for the both of us. Because you like the new me, don’t you? Don’t lie, I’ve seen you with those big tit and ass magazines, with women so big they’re falling out of their clothes. You like ’em big, right?”

Matt felt his dick rising in his boxers, fighting its way through the fly, like an antenna pointing toward the goddess above him. She was right about him, loving women full of curves. Not that Ashley had ever been that flat before, but this was a different thing entirely. He nodded slightly.

“I’m just like that, too, but better, because mine are still getting bigger. And you can make them as big as you want. All you have to do is help, right?”

With Matt’s penis at full attention, Ashley lowered her body down on top

of him, shooting her legs out over the edge of the bed. She was far too tall to get him near her pussy, but she felt his dick mash its way up into her stomach, now somewhat bare from the sweatshirt's gradual climb. A new wave of heat emanated from where it touched her, working its way throughout her body. *His dick's got something to do with it*, she thought. *It felt like this yesterday, too.*

The stretching sound filled the room again, louder than ever. Sweat broke out on Ashley's brow, and she shut her eyes, trying to capture the waves of pleasure that tingled at every limb. The cuffs and hem of the sweatshirt tightened over her forearms and abs, and her soft, pillow-like breasts inflated and spilled over Matt's chest more and more. Her legs stretched longer, and her ass quaked and burbled as the pounds and inches piled on.

"Mmm, yes, Matty . . . bigger . . ."

Matt felt Ashley grow around him, her weight, now distributed along his body, pushed him into the mattress. Her skin stretched in every direction, and he could feel it rub against his dick. Her breasts were growing again, two beach balls that pressed into either side of him, pinning his arms and chest. Pretty soon, he'd fit into her massive cleavage. The sweatshirt was starting to strain now, her torpedoes pushing the fabric in ways it was never meant to handle.

"Ooh, almost there . . ."

She moaned as the fabric started to tear up her back, revealing a creamy wall of super-sized flesh. She wiggled her body, trying to increase her stimulation from Matt's member. She felt it stiffen in response, and the burning increased.

"Ugh . . . more . . ."

The material began to separate at the sleeves. Her shoulders were swelling up, too, and while her arms were not out of proportion to the rest of her, the shirt just wasn't designed for a nine foot-tall woman. The sleeves began to tear as arms longer than her legs used to be pushed their way to new sizes. Finally, in similar fashion to the jeans, the tatters from the sweatshirt pulled their way free from the billowing giantess.

"Woooo," she cried, sitting back up, flinging the scraps of cloth from the bed. Her head almost brushed the ceiling as she looked down at Matt, still panting.

Matt looked up at her with a mix of lust and fear. She had grown impossibly huge, her proportions beyond anything human. Her thick, muscular thighs were bigger around than he was, and her legs took up most of the mattress. Her waist seemed tiny in comparison to her boobs, which loomed like overinflated balloons above him, and were capped with puffy areolae, larger than most women's entire breasts, and dark, finger-like nipples. Her ass flowed out behind her, squashing his shins in mounds of pillowy flesh that cut off circulation to his feet. He wanted

her, without a doubt, but not like this. If things kept going this way, he'd be crushed to death.

"Mmm . . . sorry, baby," Ashley said, her voice so loud it vibrated the bed frame. "But you know I can't trust you to do it any other way, and I need this. I'll try to be gentle." She leaned her huge body down, placing her hands on either side of Matt.

What is she planning? Matt thought. *She couldn't possibly be—*

Ashley moved her thighs up the bed, lifting her butt off of Matt's legs and positioning her pussy closer to his dick, which was starting to rise again. He could feel the heat and sweat baking off of her crotch as she grabbed his shoulders and slid him down the damp sheets, toward the foot of the bed. Her monstrous tits dangled inches above his face.

"No! Ashley," Matt pleaded, "you're going to kill me! You're too big! You can't—"

"You don't get it, do you? There's no such thing as 'too big'." She couldn't see his face anymore, her breasts hiding him completely. "I *need* this, Matty. Besides, I won't hurt you. You still have a lot of work to do. So please, ugh—"—she reached one gigantic hand down and popped his dick inside her cunt—"—try to enjoy this."

Her pussy was slick and roomy, and Matt's penis, though reasonably sized, gained little purchase as Ashley began pumping away. The nine and a half foot-tall giantess didn't seem to mind much, though. Tingling had flooded every cell in her body, and she moaned with every thrust, her huge hips lifting and dropping in an ever-increasing rhythm. As she rode Matt's proportionally-shrinking body, she groped and kneaded her tits, lost in the feeling of her expansion.

Meanwhile, Matt was being jackhammered. Ashley's cunt engulfed his cock, and every time she rammed down, Matt saw stars. Her butt, cartoonishly large, jiggled with every rise and fall, slapping Matt's hips and thighs with thunderous claps. To make matters worse, Ashley was also growing faster, clearly spurred on by all the stimulation. Her creamy thighs, now his prison, grew fatter and bigger with every push, spreading to cover more and more of the bed. Her head inched upward in spurts, coming dangerously closer to the ceiling. And those breasts! Even in her hands, they seemed overwhelming, and they overflowed her palms and oozed between her fingers.

An ominous creaking rose from under the mattress. Every push drove the couple deeper and deeper into the springs, until the bed frame collapsed under Ashley's weight, splintering the wood. Matt, in a rush of panic, thought the sound was his hip bones cracking. Ashley took no notice, and her body expanded

further to fill the height lost, as if it was racing toward the ceiling. "That's it, harder, Matty," Ashley cried. "... oh ..."

Matt heard her, and would have laughed if he were not on the verge of unconsciousness. How long would it be until she couldn't feel him at all like this? Would she start using him as a dildo next? And how long would that last before she needed bigger toys? God, he was going to pass out soon. His dick had abandoned him entirely, enjoying the ride while the rest of his pelvis suffered. *Knock down the roof, for all I care*, he thought. *Just please let me be able to walk after this.*

Ashley could feel her orgasm building, and craved the rush she felt yesterday. She sped up her efforts, pounding as fast as she could without letting Matt slip out. Her head brushed the ceiling, and the thought of her busting through excited her, shooting her up even more. Her head started bumping into it, sending flakes of plaster raining down onto the bed. Cracks started to form. Matt called out from the bed, trying to tell her to stop again, but things had gone too far for that. Stopping was the very last thing Ashley wanted.

Her orgasm was close now, and Matt felt her weight suddenly increase. One of her hands dropped to her clitoris, and she started rubbing it vigorously while maintaining her crushing pace. Every inch of her swelled bigger, and Matt was trapped as everything of Ashley's, her knees and lips and even her belly button puffed and stretched and pushed itself to new dimensions, squeezing the life from him. Understandably, right before she came, Matt blacked out.

Ashley felt the rush of growth, and the ensuing orgasm rocked her body and sent shivers down her spine. When she came down from her high, she surveyed the damage. Her head was now pressed firmly into the crumbling ceiling, and pieces of it seemed close to breaking loose. She was over twelve feet tall, and her breasts stuck out for several feet in front of her, larger than footstools. Her ass was, by a wide margin, too big to fit through the door.

She looked down at Matt. He was out, but not dead, so at least there was that. She felt tired, but wasn't sure what would happen if she went to sleep. Would she shrink, like last time? Ashley wanted to avoid that at all costs, and had no intentions of ever being mistaken for normal ever again. Plus, she had fallen in love with her superhuman figure, and was eager to improve it, not diminish it. She was confident, though, that even if she lost some height, she'd still be a good deal larger than she was before.

Then there was the problem of Matt. If he woke up before she did, and managed to escape or find the formula in the bathroom, it could spell disaster. She took one of the bedsheets and tore it into long strips, then bound Matt's hands to the partially-ruined bed frame. It seemed strong enough, though she

had a hard time judging; to her, the sheet felt like tissue paper.

With that taken care of, Ashley turned her attention to other thoughts. Perhaps another dose of the serum would keep things tidy while Matt recuperated? She left it in the adjoining bathroom, but the door was clearly too small for her. She climbed down off the ruined remains of the bed, and crawled toward the bathroom on all fours, the floorboards groaning. She hit the lightswitch inside, and saw the bottle and needle on the counter next to the sink. She pulled them both into the bedroom, amazed at how tiny they seemed now. Sitting cross-legged, she prepped another shot, a full ten CCs this time. After all, she was a growing girl.

5

Matt regained consciousness on the bed, his body battered and sore, his head splitting. He prayed that when he opened his eyes, it would all be gone; that Ashley would be back to normal, and everything he remembered had all been a dream. But he knew, even before he saw Ashley, overgrown and overdeveloped, sitting on the floor, before he noticed his hands bound to the bed frame, that it had all been very real. The room baked with her musky scent, and his bruised pelvis pulsed with pain.

He cracked his eyes open and caught a glimpse of the gargantuan woman working with something in her hands, her back turned to him. He caught a glimpse of a vial, a drug of some sort. *So, she got it from the warehouse*, Matt thought. *At least she's too big to go out and get any more.* But how much of it had she already taken? How much was left? If he could get his hands on the bottle and escape, at least he would have some answers, something that might convince the authorities.

Then he noticed his hands were bound to the sides of the bed, forcing his arms apart as though he were hanging from a crucifix. He tested the strips of cloth around his wrists, to no avail. He was exhausted, and had trouble gaining enough leverage to tear them. Of course, it wouldn't have done him any good now, anyway. He had no intentions of letting Ashley know he was awake again, in case she was ready for another round. He remembered how fast she moved the last time he tried to make a break for it.

Ashley had heard him struggling, knew that he might have seen the growth

serum as she was preparing the shot. It didn't matter. If he was capable of breaking free, he would have already, and she was prepared to give chase. Ignoring him, she plunged the needle into the fleshy part of her thigh, pumping the dose of serum into her muscle. Her heart instantly sped up, and, like before, she broke out in an intense sweat.

"Ooh . . ." she cooed. "That ought to do it." Still glowing from her earlier orgasm, her whole enormous body filled with a contented buzzing, intensified by the drug. Far too tall to stand, she crawled over to the side of the bed, directly between Matt and the door. Her pendulous breasts jiggled against each other as she moved, and her nipples tingled and burned. She looked down at her sleeping boy-toy.

"Matt, honey," she said, her voice rumbling against the walls. Matt could feel waves of her sweet breath rolling over him. "Still sleeping, huh? That's good. Because when you wake up, I'm going to need you again, and I want you ready." She grinned at him, watching as he struggled to remain perfectly still, not even breathing as she spoke. "Sleep tight, Matty . . . mmm . . . 'cause I'm gonna be hungry later."

She laid down on the carpet, her twelve-foot-long body almost reaching either side of the room, and closed her eyes. It would be safe to take a nap, she figured. Matt wasn't going far, and she needed rest as much as he did. As much as the serum caused her heart and body to race, it drained her completely. She also needed some release. She grabbed one of her breasts, mashing it between her fingers and tweaking her nipple. Her body, already half in slumber, undulated and wriggled in response. Her other hand snaked between her thighs, gently stroking her swollen clitoris. Moaning softly, her hands slowed to a caress, then stopped entirely as she drifted off to sleep.

Matt kept his eyes shut for minutes after Ashley stopped moving. Did she really fall asleep? He carefully opened one eye to a slit. Her enormous tits rose and fell with deep, regular breaths. Legs longer than he was, longer than the mattress he was strapped to, stretched to almost touch the far wall. Her feet, once petite and slender, and ballooned to almost two feet long. Even her face had changed, her lips puffing out, her cheekbones more prominent, her long red hair even longer, spread out in a wide, damp mat. She was turning into some kind of wet dream gone wrong.

What kind of drug did that to a person, anyway? He had never heard of such a thing before, and surely something like this would make headlines. He hoped it would wear off soon, but he didn't like what she had said before she went to sleep. Did the drug take awhile to kick in? If so, he had to get out of here, and

quick.

With Ashley fast asleep, he took a closer look at the knots she had tied with the ruined bedsheets. Although she had obviously made them in a hurry, she had tore the strips thick enough that he didn't see much hope in tearing them. But what had she tied them to? The frame was made of oak, part of the bedroom set his parents had purchased for him as a generous housewarming gift. She had tied the strips to two thick beams of wood which ran on either side of the mattress. However, the frame had seen better days, especially since a half-ton giantess had rough sex on it. Perhaps one of the beams had been damaged . . .

He pulled on both straps, hoping that one side or the other would show signs of weakness. His right arm struggled in vain, the beam either intact or squished beneath the remains of the bed. His left arm, however, the one facing the wall away from Ashley, creaked and flexed slightly. He shifted closer to that side of the mattress, wincing as he moved his bruised body. He tugged again, harder this time, and his hips screamed in pain as he strained.

The wood creaked again, and a loud crack sounded. Matt froze, then whipped his head around to check on Ashley. She shifted, cooing softly, then settled again. He started pulling again, his wrist gradually moving further and further off the mattress. He had to be close. With a quick jerk, he wrenched his arm as high as he could, and the cloth cuff slid free as the damaged beam finally snapped.

Matt sighed in relief, lying back down to rest. There was a window on the side of the room away from Ashley, its blinds pulled down, which looked out over the back yard. Rolling to one side, and careful to keep one eye on the slumbering sex-monster, Matt untied the cloth binding his right hand and pulled his partially-ruined slacks back up. The button was nowhere to be found, the zipper busted. His shirt was in a similar condition. Ashley's strength by now equalled her size. As he slid off the bed, the pain in his legs almost caused him to pass out. Ashley's pounding and grinding had been like being hit by a flesh-covered truck.

He turned toward the window and carefully opened the blinds. The sun was going down outside, and a soft glow filled the room. The house was old, built in the sixties, and the windows had never been opened as long as he had lived there. Although he wasn't positive, it looked as though the frame had been painted shut. Still, since it was his best shot of leaving the room in one piece, Matt tried. He picked at the rust and grime surrounding the latch, and as he pulled, it slid out and broke off the frame completely. He tossed the piece of metal onto the bed, turning back to make sure Ashley hadn't stirred. He gripped the edge of the window and pushed up with all his strength. But try as he might, the window didn't move so much as a millimeter in its frame.

He briefly considered breaking the window, but something like that would surely wake Ashley, and he wasn't sure if he could make it through the small pane without doing himself serious injury. The bathroom window was too small. His only other real option, it seemed, was finding a way around her and through the bedroom door.

Ashley filled the stretch of carpet next to the bed. Her head was near the door, but far enough away that he could open it enough to squeeze through. Getting to the other side of her was a different matter, however. Head to toe, she left less than a foot of space between her and the walls at either end. He made his way around the bed, toward her shins, which seemed like the best place to cross.

Next to her foot, he saw it: the vial of liquid she had used earlier. He picked it up, noting its conspicuously blank label. Although there wasn't very much left, perhaps a fourth of the bottle, he pocketed it in his ruined slacks. Once he was free, he would take it to a hospital and see what a doctor could make of it.

He took a tall step over her first shin, careful not to touch any part of the massive, tree-trunk-wide leg. He brought his back foot up, hoping to clear the other leg, when Ashley let out a low, deep moan. Her eyes still shut, she brought both of her hands down to her cavernous crotch, and squeezed her thighs together, trapping Matt's leg and throwing him off balance. He careened into the wall, bumping his head and bracing himself with his hands. Ashley kneaded and worked her pussy, still very much asleep.

As her meaty calves pressed into his leg, Matt was thrown into a panic, tugging his leg in an attempt to pull it free. Her flesh radiated an alien heat, as though it were on fire. He turned to watch her face, which was deeply flushed and covered in an unmistakable look of wanton sexual pleasure. Her breaths came faster and shorter, her hands working faster and faster, and loud, wet sounds emanated from between her titanic legs.

Suddenly, she cried out in orgasm, her large, plush lips giving way to a deep, satisfied bellow. As she came down from her high, her legs fell open, and Matt's shin was finally free. He pulled it away, and turned to face Ashley, watching for any signs that she might awaken, or worse, grow again.

For a wonder, though, it seemed as though neither was the case. Her breathing settled back into a regular rhythm, and she stayed the same size despite the pleasure she received.

Then, he saw it. Although her height had stayed the same, her breasts were swelling at an alarming rate, billowing higher and higher on her chest. Her areolae puffed and grew, and her dark, long nipples, more than an inch thick, stretched longer and wider. He could actually hear it, in between her labored

breaths, a rubbery sound masking a bubbling gurgle, as though her tits were filling with something. In fact, as he watched, they were not so much growing as ballooning out, as if liquid were flowing inside them, filling them to capacity. As Ashley fell into back into deeper sleep, the expansion ebbed, then stopped completely.

I don't think I want to find out what's inside of those things, Matt thought. And if she wakes up, I won't have much of a choice.

He tip-toed toward the door, hugging the wall. He grabbed the knob and turned it slowly. The bolt retracted, and he began pulling it gently open. The hinges creaked, causing Matt to freeze in his tracks as he heard Ashley shift.

He shot a look behind him. Nothing. She continued to sleep. He opened the door a few more inches, conscious of every creak and groan the door made, listening for any change in Ashley's deep breathing.

Finally, the door was open enough for him to pass through. He relaxed his grip on the knob, letting it fall back into place. When his hand was off of it, he looked once more back at Ashley, at the girl he still loved deeply, who had grown into this overinflated sex-goddess. Whatever this succubus was, it wasn't his Ashley; he knew that now. The drug had corrupted her mind, and would kill both of them in the end if he didn't put a stop to it. He wasn't sure if any doctor would be able to help her, or even if what was happening was truly in the realm of science as anyone knew it, but he would try to save her, if he could. He turned, and stepped through the door.

6

Ashley was standing in her kitchen, trying to retrieve a glass from the cabinet. She was incredibly thirsty, thirstier than she had ever been, but the glass was on the top shelf, too high for her to reach. Everything was always too high for her. She turned for the step-stool, when she saw her leaning in the kitchen doorway, filling it completely. It was another, much larger Ashley.

The bigger Ashley was easily seven feet tall, clad in a gray tank top that clung and outlined her huge chest. Her hair was long, and hung down all the way to her massive, fleshy rump, which was encased in a pair of cut-off shorts. Her legs, strong and shapely, appeared overly long compared to the rest of her. She wore a pair of cute sandals that somehow managed to hold her gigantic feet.

"I can get that for you," Big Ashley said. "It's not going to do you any good, though."

"Please," said Ashley. "I need some water."

Big Ashley smirked, sliding toward the cabinets. Her hips swayed as she walked, and her thighs rubbed against one another. She leaned over the smaller girl as she picked the glass off the shelf. "You can try water," she said, "but it won't help anymore. You'll see." She handed the glass over.

Ashley took it and attacked the faucet, turning the tap on as high as it would go, but nothing came out. She could feel tears starting to form in her eyes. Her thirst was getting worse, and her throat felt like sandpaper, her tongue thick and swollen. She turned and looked at Big Ashley, a pleading look on her face.

"Why don't we try the fridge?" Big Ashley offered. She sauntered over and leaned far down as she peered in, offering a look at her ample, pumpkin-sized rear, which looked ready to burst from its confines. "Here we go: milk! Oh, but there's not much left, I'm afraid. See?" She turned and showed the jug to the smaller Ashley. It was only a swallow, at best. "I'll just finish it off for you, yes?"

Ashley tried to stop her, but when she opened her mouth, the best she could manage was a croak. Big Ashley popped the cap off, finished the milk in one sip, and dropped the empty container on the counter.

As the milk made its way down Big Ashley's throat, she sighed. "You know what they say: milk does a body good, and all that. Ooh," she said. "Watch this."

Ashley watched as Big Ashley closed her eyes, rubbing her hands along her body. The gray tank-top, already tight, began to slide its way up her abdomen, turning into a thin sports bra. Her head inched higher, and her face broke into a wide, toothy grin.

"Uh-oh, looks like I'm getting bigger. It keeps happening, too. And with me being so big already, it doesn't seem fair, does it?"

"I mean, look at this butt," she said, putting a hand on either cheek. As she touched it, the cloth on her shorts pulled taut. "Just yesterday, I broke a chair with it just by sitting down. At this rate, who knows? I'd probably break a sofa."

"And these feet of mine! Absolute shoe-busters, these." As she talked, the straps across her toes began to cut into her flesh as her foot burgeoned out. "Nobody's ever had feet this big before. Soon, I won't be able to wear anything on them. And to think they're still growing!"

"But best of all, *best of all*, these titties are so huge and sensitive." She fondled them, sighing as they, too, started to grow. "I'll have to use parachutes for bras at this rate, huh? Why don't you give'em a little squeeze?"

Little Ashley, her thirst pushed back from the front of her thoughts as she

became captivated by this mushrooming version of herself, did as she was told. Her hands reached out and cupped the enormous orbs of breastflesh contained in the overstressed fabric. She felt Big Ashley's nipples harden in response, and she pinched them, hard. Big Ashley gasped.

"Oh, wow . . . they really like that . . . give them a taste, too." Big Ashley's hand started to push the smaller girl forward, and little Ashley, entranced, moved her mouth toward one of the bra-busting boobs. Her mouth latched onto one of the nipples, which had pushed its way two inches out from the fabric, and she started to suck.

The milk that flowed out tasted incredible, and soothed her parched tongue like a ray of heaven. It gushed out in torrents, unimpeded by the tank-top's thinning fabric, and her hand began massaging the rest of the breast that pressed against her face, its soft mass overwhelming Ashley's head. Big Ashley moaned and began milking the other one by herself, the milk shooting outward and raining down on the kitchen tile.

Meanwhile, Big Ashley's growth skyrocketed. Her rear busted out of the shorts, tearing itself to shreds as each cheek of her ass inflated to sofa-destroying proportions, and her legs filled out even more. Her shoes snapped apart, her feet spreading to cover them, and her tank-top began to separate between her rapidly-swelling udders. No matter how much milk little Ashley devoured, Big Ashley's breasts refilled themselves, and then some.

"Drink up, little one, and remember," Big Ashley said, "milk does a body good."

7

Ashley woke up to a creaking sound. At first, she thought it was still part of her dream, that Big Ashley had started to break through the kitchen's ceiling. Then she realized she was awake, which meant the creaking could only mean—

Her eyes snapped open, catching a glimpse of Matt's leg as it moved through the door. He was escaping!

Matt heard Ashley's shifting bulk as he was almost completely out the bedroom, and foolishly turned to look. Ashley's enormous hand shot through the open door, latching onto his leg and pulling him back. Ashley turned to her side, slamming the door open the rest of the way, her face a mix of lust and fury.

“Where do you think you’re going?!” she yelled. Her voice shook the walls.

Matt yelled out, kicking back at her hand in blind terror, knowing that he had been caught. Miraculously, Ashley lost her grip as she tried to reposition her hands on him, and Matt wasted no time in shooting down the hall toward the living room.

“No!” Ashley cried. She was on her knees in an instant, shooting herself forward. Her tits, riper and bigger than they had been before her nap, dragged across the carpet and mashed their way through the door. Her massive ass, on the other hand, caught in the frame. Halfway through, with her prey quickly escaping her reach, she gripped either side of the door frame and pushed. With a mighty crash, the whole house shuddered as her hips burst through the walls, ripping through drywall and two-by-fours like tinder.

Her hand caught the hem of Matt’s slacks, and she pulled him with all her strength. His pants ripped asunder, like Christmas paper from a toy, and Matt tripped and fell on his face. He tried to stand up again, tried to push with his feet and hands, anything to keep ahead of the massive woman behind him, but it was too late. Ashley’s monstrous body, too big for this house or any other, had caught up to him, and she filled the hallway from side to side. She grabbed his leg and flipped him over, dragging him back until he saw his face. Despite his escape attempt, she was smiling.

“Gotcha,” she said, her panting breaths wafting across his half-naked body. “You look so cute right now, did you know that? Almost good enough to eat. In fact, I’m pretty hungry right now, so . . .”

She tore off his boxers, treating it much the same as she had his pants. She looked down at his dick, which seemed too puny now to put up much of a fight. It, like the rest of him, was now bite-sized to her. She planted a big, wet kiss on it, her tongue darting out to taste it. It instantly began to grow erect.

“Hmm . . . it looks like part of you still wants to be here, huh? What do you think, little fella?” she asked, directing her question toward Matt’s penis. “How about a nice, good tongue-lashing as punishment?”

Matt looked down to see a wave of red hair as her mouth began working its magic on him. Her tongue, longer than the whole of his member, slathered his entire cock and balls. Her huge, swollen tits, each capable of smothering him, rubbed against his shins. Her ass stuck proudly in the air, threatening to smash the walls to pieces at any moment. And here he was, getting the biggest blowjob in all of history by a woman who kept insinuating he would be eaten alive at any moment. He felt embarrassment as his sac tightened, shooting his load into her enormous mouth.

“Mmm . . . that was pretty good, don’t you think?” she said, licking her lips. “But it wasn’t very filling. And there’s nothing to wash it down with, is there? And I’m so thirsty, too. So, *so* thirsty.”

“B-baby? I could get you something to drink, if you wanted.”

Ashley giggled. “Hush, Matty. Actually, I brought my own. See?” She grabbed one of her swollen jugs, confident that they had grown large enough to reach her lips. She pushed her tit upward, her lips catching the end of a nipple as big as her thumb. She started to squeeze her udder, forcing the milk into her mouth. It was as creamy and delicious as it had seemed in her dream, and excess droplets fell from the corners of her mouth. She kept a close eye on Matt, her face directly above him, as she nursed herself.

Matt looked up in horror. It had been milk, after all, that had pumped into her breasts while she was asleep. But how had she known? And more importantly, where had the milk come from? Ashley moaned and sighed through her huge gulps, her throat working to process what was surely cups, if not quarts, of milk. Meanwhile, her other breast, swaying softly above Matt’s head, began to leak drops of milk, as well. It spurted out in little jets, timed with Ashley’s frantic suckling, forming a puddle next to Matt on the carpet.

Although Ashley’s breasts seemed to have an endless supply of milk, Ashley’s thirst began to abate, until she was simply dancing her tongue along her nipple for the decadent tingle it provided. She let the hundred-pound titty fall back into place, and it made a smacking pop as it left her lips. “Mmm . . . they’re like my own portable snack-box,” she said, wiping her mouth clean.

A low rumble started in Ashley’s stomach and grew in volume to fill the cramped hallway. Contented from its feeding, Ashley’s body began to expand. Ashley sighed. “Time to grow again, Matty. Hope you enjoy the show.”

Matt watched as Ashley’s face slowly pulled away. This time, she didn’t need his help to get bigger, and while that spared him from being crushed by her overenthusiastic adventures, it meant that he had no idea when (or if) she would stop growing. Her widening hips pressed into the walls, and her thighs grew longer and fatter, boosting her huge, inflating butt closer to the ceiling. Ashley moaned in pleasure, her eyes fluttering as every cell in her body expanded. Matt saw her fingers begin to stretch longer, hands easily big enough to reach around his entire thigh.

“God, this feels better than before! I don’t ever want to stop growing,” she said. The drywall along the hall began to crack as her billowy bottom filled every corner, the house no match for her immense bulk. Her tits began to bloat as well, drifting toward Matt’s comparatively small form. Sweat began to drip from

her skin, streaming down her back and thighs. She reached between her thighs and began caressing her slick, hot pussy.

“Oh, yes,” she cried, as her body jumped in size. The studs in the walls splintered, and the floorboards underneath groaned from the two tons of colossal woman-flesh they supported. Her magnificent breasts squashed into everything below her, spreading to both sides of Matt’s terrified frame and pressing into the milk-drenched carpet. Matt could feel their monstrous weight increasing as they grew, could feel the nipples harden and lengthen with Ashley’s excitement.

Matt realized that nothing would stop Ashley now. Everything in the house would crumble around her as she grew bigger and bigger, her tits and ass like wrecking balls, smashing the walls and furniture to kindling. Did she care that she couldn’t fit through doors anymore, or even stand up inside without crashing through the roof? She had outgrown the world of houses and clothing, and had no intentions of stopping.

Ashley felt Matt’s tiny body squished between her boobs, his body cold with fear. He wouldn’t be of any use right now, but that was okay. Whatever was in her milk, it not only made her grow without assistance, but let her grow even more when she masturbated. She felt her rump, round and shapely, press further into the sides of the hall, scraping the ceiling. She relished the feeling of power it gave her, knowing that puny things such as wood and nails couldn’t stop someone as big as her. It presented a bit of a problem, though, as she was starting to run out of room.

“Ugh, I’m starting to feel a little cramped here, Matty. Why don’t we move somewhere more comfortable?” She didn’t wait for Matt to say anything. Her hand, still wet with her lust, picked him up and pressed him into her cavernous cleavage. He struggled for air, waving his hands and beating his fists against her man-crushing tits. Ashley ignored him. She began to crawl forward, heading for the living room. Her boulder-sized hips gouged through the hall, breaking beams through the wall left and right. A light fixture in the middle of the hall struck the top of her titanic ass and snapped clean off, rolling down her back and onto the floor. The whole house shuddered as she shifted her weight from knee to knee.

The living room was a large room in comparison to the rest of the house, with a sloping ceiling fifteen feet high at its peak. When Ashley cleared the hall, passing by the kitchen, she made her way to the sofa in the middle of the room. The twenty-five-foot-tall girl crouched in front of it, then turned and sat down on top of it. At over seven feet across, her butt covered it completely, each cheek like a quivering boulder of flesh. She heard it smash under her, the sound muffled

by tons of fat and muscle. Each fleshy globe pressed into the carpet, hiding even the remnants of the couch from view. *First victim down*, she thought, admiring her outrageous curves. She laid back, her body stretching clear to the front door, her knees bent. She let Matt out from between her boobs.

Matt looked as if he had been run over. He had fought as hard as he could, but Ashley's hand had covered his back entirely, her superhuman strength pushing him against her hard enough to compress his lungs. He had come close to suffocating, and gasped to catch his breath. Ashley looked down at him, oblivious to the danger he had been in, her arousal still obvious. To either side of him, Ashley's breasts rose several feet, still pert despite their girth. He was kneeling on her chest, and it rocked gently as she breathed.

"Time for another snack, baby," Ashley said.

"No, wait!" Matt held up a hand in protest. "Think about what you're doing—"

"Nothing to think about." She grabbed one enormous tit, still full of milk and eager for release, and brought it toward her mouth. She licked her lips. "So hungry," she murmured.

Matt watched as the other one puffed up, and her whole body stretched larger. "Ashley, you can't!" Matt cried. "You're still growing from last time!"

"Yeah," she said, looking down at the end of her nipple. "And growing girls need to drink their milk." Her lips clamped around her tit, and the milk began to flow.

8

Matt could hear the torrent of milk flooding into her mouth, pouring down her throat and into her belly. Without hesitation, her body began to grow again, fueled by the magic contained within her. The ruins of the couch, buried somewhere beneath the tons of Ashley's massive ass, snapped and shifted as her flesh crept across the carpet. Matt felt her skin, hot and damp, bulge and move beneath him, and saw her pert breasts reach further in the air as they grew.

The milk churned in Ashley's stomach, eager to do its duty. Ashley whimpered in overwhelming lust with each breath, reveling in the punishing warmth burning from her slit. She was so big! Every part of her felt huge and sexy, and as her legs rubbed together, the tingling feeling spread to every corner of her being. Her bones creaked and popped, and her feet crept closer to the far wall. *Say*

goodbye to your house, Matty, she thought. It's going to be gone when I get through with it.

Her free hand travelled up and down the side of her body, massaging and caressing every piece of skin it found. She squeezed one humongous tit, and a stream of milk shot into the air, raining down on Matt's diminutive frame. The soft flesh oozed between her fingers, and she moaned in release. Her hand drifted across hips distorted to comical widths, and she sensed the incredible strength in her gigantic rear and thunderous thighs. She straightened her legs, and her long, shapely feet crashed into the entertainment center and bookcases against the far wall. The TV smashed and crackled with electricity, and her toes, each bigger than pool balls, punched and tore through the wood shelving with ease.

And still, Ashley nursed. She was hungry, hungrier than she could ever remember being. Her plush lips and tongue worked incessantly on her bulging teat, craving every drop of her hot, creamy milk. Had she really been full the last time she drank? With the way her stomach growled, she couldn't imagine ever thinking that. Her hand pumped her tit hard, forcing milk out in a powerful jet down her throat. Her head swam, a growing fever causing a sweat to break out across her brow.

With every drink from her growing udder, Ashley's mind began to change. The insanity of the situation, the impossibility of it all, overwhelmed the few remaining synapses clinging to her former humanity. The growth serum, far from completing its run, was being replicated in her cells, gathering its energy and increasing mass from somewhere beyond comprehension. Her transformation was accelerating, energizing in a feedback loop of dangerous proportions.

Her curves began to inflate faster than before, rising like dough in an oven. Matt, still crouching on her abdomen, felt his hands and knees sink a few inches deeper into Ashley's billowing form, which grew softer and more feminine. Waves of growth rippled throughout her body, and Matt watched as her chest and shoulders stretched broader, their expansion outpacing her increasingly-waspish waist. Matt heard her bones creak and tremble as her spine lengthened, her ribcage swelled, and her titanic tits seemed to push their way to larger dominance over Ashley's body. Not only was she growing again, but something was clearly different this time around.

Ashley's boobs surged in size, and her mouth filled with soft, expanding tit-flesh, surprising and delighting her. Her nipples lengthened, and her areolae puffed and blossomed to obscene widths. Her hands felt as if they were shrinking in relation to the rest of her as she relished in her changes, and she cupped and touched as much of her sensitive skin as she could reach. A shadow of

thought passed over her, recognizing that something wasn't right, that her breasts shouldn't be this large, even on a goddess such as herself; but that voice was silenced as a jolt of pleasure and warmth shot through her crotch and radiated through her core.

As Ashley's mounds jutted out taller and bigger, growing beyond the size of refrigerators, Matt recognized the same thing Ashley had: her overdevelopment had begun to reach freakish levels. Her face, lost in perpetual orgasm and constant suckling, inched away from him as she lengthened, almost bumping into the wall. He heard soft rumbling behind him, and he turned his head just in time to watch Ashley's hips fill out, just like her upper body had. She had wanted a butt as big as the house, and it was on its way there. Her thighs plumped up to Greek pillars, tapering off to feet which had dug their way through the drywall and into the house's insulation. At this rate, Ashley would be outside in a matter of minutes. She was swiftly approaching 30 feet tall.

Matt knew his time was limited before the house collapsed around him. While Ashley would be fine, would not even stop consuming her physics-defying milk to brush the debris away, Matt ran the risk of being crushed to death if he did not try to escape once more. Judging by the look on Ashley's face, it would be easier this time, as she was clearly in a world all on her own. He took one kneeling step to the side, hoping to slide off her and set foot on the carpet some four feet below, when a sudden rush of heat flashed over Ashley's body, one that Matt felt through his hands along her soft skin. Her skin grew moist with sweat, and he felt it bake off of her in a musky steam. Among the frantic slurping sounds that escaped Ashley's mouth, a wet, creeping noise vented from the folds of Ashley's cunt. Her pussy, too, had begun to grow, no doubt to the same ridiculous sizes that everything else was.

The juicy sounds seemed to grow in volume, when Matt noticed that Ashley had simply paused her nursing. In horror, Matt eyes drifted upward to Ashley's grotesque bosom, and he saw her overstuffed face peeking out over it. She was blushing deeply, and even though her mouth was still full of her soft titty, Matt swore she was grinning at him just the same. He barely had time to turn and see her hand, strong and preternaturally fast, grab him around his middle and yank him skyward.

His assessment, at the time, had been correct: she had almost completely forgotten about Matt, was perfectly willing to grow bigger on her own until the walls came crashing down around her. But her body, her big, sexy, powerful body, knew of something better. The serum that ran in her bloodstream had a mind of its own, a mind with an agenda that lined up perfectly with all of Ashley's

childhood insecurities and desires. In a flash, it spoke to her in visions.

9

Nighttime. A car, with a panicked driver desperately trying to start it. Matt. He's looking at her through the windshield. She's only six feet tall now, decked out in a little spaghetti-strapped black dress and a pair of high heels. She climbs up onto the hood, the car's frame sinking further than it should for a girl of her weight, its springs screeching. She crawls closer to the windshield, every handprint creating massive dents. Matt's fright is obvious now, terror so blind he can no longer find the door handle to escape. Leaning over, her face close enough to the windshield to fog it with her breath, she gives him a good look at her cleavage.

"Where's my goodnight kiss, hmm?" She smiles as Matt pushes into the back of his seat, his eyes wide with shock, as he sees what's happening.

The dress creeps higher up her thighs as she begins to grow. Her ass swells, stretching the material tighter across her widening backside. The car sinks lower. Her breasts fill her dress, the cups of her lacy, black bra bulging as they overflow. What started as a pair of modest B-cups has been enhanced several sizes. Her nipples harden, becoming visible through the material as her top stretches to accommodate her broadening frame. Seven feet tall now. As her legs lengthen, her pantyhose frays and runs, and her bulging, muscular calves burst out of them like balloons. Her feet stretch the leather pumps until the stitching breaks, and ten manicured toes wiggle and grow in the cool air. The bra finally snaps, and her cannonball-sized tits stress the dress's straps, bulging out at every angle.

The hem of the dress begins to split as her hips have become too big around. Two massive butt-cheeks wobble out past Ashley's sides, and she shakes her rump for effect. Her panties have become little more than floss, and dig into her pussy and across her clitoris. She moans in ecstasy, her expansion driven even further. Her thong relents, and the ruined fabric flutters down onto the hood. Her breasts conquer their captor, too, as her top rends, flopping her inflating breasts free. Eight feet now.

"Am I big enough yet, Matty?" she asks. She presses her tits into the windshield, shivering at their chillness. The glass begins to crack. "No? That's okay. I can always get bigger."

The glass shatters, her breasts forming craters in the laminated panels, and

Matt screams just as the engine roars to life. Ashley grips both sides of the car with her hands, determined not to let go, and the steel frame bends easily in her long fingers. All Matt could see of Ashley was her boobs, swelling to fill the compartment, as her chin drifted above the roof of the car.

Ashley passed nine feet in height, her growth speeding up. The remnants of the dress draped around her middle like a sash, and even they were strained to the breaking point. Her body billowed higher, hips almost filling the width of the car. The car revved, and started to inch forward, when both front tires popped under Ashley's weight.

"Oops," Ashley said, laughing. "Looks like someone ate a little too much at the restaurant tonight, huh?" She grinned as she rose higher into the sky, feeling Matt's face press into her right tit, his little hands trying desperately to shove her away.



Yes, Ashley thought. That's what I want.



A doctor's office waiting room. Ashley's sitting in a chair, her hips almost touching the armrests. She wonders when they'll get to her.

A nurse walks over, holding a clipboard. "Miss, the doctor will see you now."

Ashley stands. Five-foot-six, back to the way she was, except for her massive rear. The floor vibrates with every step she takes, sending ripples through her flesh. The jeans she's wearing tighten. They exit the waiting room, into the hall and to a scale. Her hips are over two feet wide, and her ass sticks out a foot and a half behind her. As she steps onto the scale, other nurses and doctors have to squeeze around her to get by. Ashley smiles to herself, intentionally leaning into passers-by on more than one occasion.

"Two-hundred forty-five pounds," the nurse says. "Have you been experiencing any weight gain recently?"

"Uh-huh," Ashley says. "*Really* recently." Just as she's about to step off, the balance shifts.

The nurse looks again at the scale, then moves a few bars. "Sorry, two-fifty even."

The nurse directs her to an examination room. Ashley sits in one of the chairs next to a desk, where the nurse takes her blood pressure. The chair squeals be-

neath her, and as soon as the nurse leaves, Ashley stands back up to keep from crashing to the floor. She doesn't even try to sit on the examination bench.

The doctor comes in, a handsome man a little over six feet tall. He looks Ashley once over, noticing her enormous hips and thin waist. "Okay, why don't you tell me what the trouble is?"

"It's my butt, doctor. I think it's growing," Ashley says.

"Your buttocks? What do you mean, exactly, by 'growing'?"

"You know, like, it's getting bigger. A lot bigger, too. I didn't weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds three days ago, and now I weigh twice that. And it's all in here." Ashley slaps her ass, and her huge cheeks rumble.

"Hmm . . . have you noticed any other symptoms? I have to admit, I haven't seen anything quite like this before."

"Umm, yeah . . . one other thing . . ." Ashley traces a finger along the inside seam of her jeans. "I've been horny non-stop for a few days. Right about the time my butt started growing." She takes a step closer to the doctor, close enough to feel him breathing, and she brings a hand up to touch him, just as he moves away.

"Err, I see. Well, why don't you get up on the examination table and we can see about this?"

Ashley pauses for a minute, looks into the doctor's eyes, then turns. She climbs onto the table, feeling it strain to hold her up, then lies face-down.

"Have you noticed any times of the day when your buttocks seem particularly swollen?" the doctor asks, turning away from Ashley to read her file.

"You mean bigger? Yeah, it seems really big right now. In fact, could I unbutton my pants a little? They're really tight."

"Of course, if it makes you comfortable. Have you eaten anything unusual in the past few days? Taken any drugs, or anything like that?"

"No, I don't think so. I've been really hungry, though." She undoes all of the buttons on her jeans, although the doctor doesn't seem to notice. In fact, he seems to be making a point not to look at her at all. One hand down her pants, she teases herself quickly, running a few fingers along her slit, then grinding a finger against her clit. A small moan escapes her lips, the trigger having been pulled. She brings her hands free. "I ate a lot last night, and my pants didn't fit when I woke up this morning."

"I see. Well, whether you've just been eating more or not, I don't think it's had much to do with this. A hundred pounds of weight gain over a few days isn't likely to be caused by a few snacks. I'd like to recommend you to an endocrinologist, to see if you might be retaining water in one way or another. Actually, I—"

The doctor glances over at Ashley, and notices she's obviously not listening.

Her rump sticking proudly and prominently in the air, she grinds her breasts into the paper covering the table, swaying her hips back and forth in a humping motion.

He clears his throat, and Ashley stops in mock surprise, grinning sheepishly in his direction.

"Sorry, doc, but like I said, I'm really horny. Ooh, and I think I can feel it happening, too."

"Pardon? What's happening?" The doctor moves in closer to the table, leaving the file on the desk.

"It's—ugh—growing again!" Ashley, lying down across the table, reaches back with both hands and squeezes her rear, each hand sinking into the soft masses. Sure enough, the doctor watches as her hips begin to swell, her crack slipping out over her waistband as her ass piles on more pounds.

Each fleshy boulder looms higher and higher off the table, causing Ashley to moan in pleasure. Her thighs thicken as well, and even with her pants undone, they tighten across her legs like a second skin.

"I don't understand—" the doctor says, moving away into the corner.

Ashley slides off the table, the ground thudding as she lands on her feet. Her whole legs have been growing bigger, and she stands taller than he does now. She moves toward him as she continues to fondle her swelling rump, and the room shakes with each step. With every bounce and ripple, she gained five pounds. She pouts out her bottom lip, trying to draw a tear to her eyes.

"You have to help me doctor," she says in mock concern, stepping closer, cornering him into the small room and away from the door. "I don't know what else to do. Every time I put on a pair of pants, I just want to bust right out of them. I can't sit in a chair without thinking about crushing it. And I can't look at a guy without imagining him trapped underneath my massive, growing ass!"

The doctor tries to run around her, but Ashley swings her expanding hips around and rams him straight back into the corner. She starts backing into him, her ass rising as high as his chest. As the twin lobes of doom approach, he hears a faint ripping sound as her legs outgrow their casings of denim, and her tennis shoes yield to her enlarging feet. He puts out his hands, trying to push the tons of weight away from him, but it's no use. It's what Ashley's been wanting all along, and she sighs as his tiny hands sink into her. The monster butt grows even larger in response, its hot, sweaty bulk filling his vision.

"That's it, doctor. Examine me!"

Ooh, yes, Ashley told the serum. That's what I've always wanted. Since I was a little girl, when adults always looked down on me, or talked about how cute I was. I wanted to be big!



Noon, downtown of a major city. A strong wind blows in between the skyscrapers, sending long, red strands of Ashley's hair afloat. Helicopters wizz around her from a distance overhead. She's not as tall as all of the buildings yet, but her hips can barely fit into the streets, and if she grows much bigger, her backside will come crashing into the towers around her. Far below her, she can hear the crowds screaming as they swarm around, desperate to avoid her forty-foot-long feet, which carelessly crush throngs of cars and people beneath them. Behind her, a trail of footprints can be seen, enormous holes in the pavement where her titanic weight has caused the street to collapse.

And what's more, the holes have been getting bigger as she walks. The top of her head rises higher relative to the windows of the buildings, and the multitudes of workers there watch in awe as the rampaging giantess strides by, stretching and expanding with each passing second. Breasts the size of houses crest into view, then pass with terrifying speed. Every footfall sends an earthquake for blocks in every direction, and a handful of windows shatter each time.

She seems oblivious to it all, focusing on her destination: the Cooper building, sixty stories tall, the tallest skyscraper in the city. It still dwarfs her, over twice her height. But not for long. Nothing would ever be taller than her if she could help it. One gargantuan hand slides down her front to her aching pussy, finding it hot and dripping. She licks her lips, well aware of what's happening. She traces slow circles along her labia, rubbing and prodding her most sensitive areas, savoring the vibrations her steps send through her legs and ass.

A warm, tingling sensation fills her body, and her eyes flutter in approval. The crowds below see and hear her growth, watch as her toes swell to the size of men. Her round, sexy hips billow wider, and whoosh mere inches away from windows as she sashays down the street. One step, then another, then her butt, which stuck out dozens of feet behind her, crashes into one building, then another. Its soft mass yields slightly to the building's frame, then overwhelms it, bending walls and shattering glass. Windows blow out, and the onlookers who have been foolishly watching from their offices, thinking they were safe, fly across desks.

Ashley feels all of this, and giggles in approval. To her, her rump looks like

two smooth, flesh-colored basketballs, and she adores their power. She plunges her hand against her pussy, and delights as her hips gouge out larger trenches into the steel and concrete surrounding her. As slowly as possible, she continues down the street, filling the space from side to side, the top of her head now above most every building.

An orgasm builds faster in Ashley's crotch, and she masturbates even more intensely, droplets of moisture flying from her fingers. The Cooper building draws closer, shrinking in perspective as her growth quickens. Her butt begins to shove buildings down, her feet each consuming half the street alone, and explosions sound all around her. The Cooper building now in front of her, her tits press into it over half way up its face, smashing through steel and into people's offices, bringing Ashley closer to climax. She draws closer, bringing both arms around the skyscraper in lustful embrace, pumping her huge legs as she mashes her clit as best as possible into it. She humps the building savagely, its construction no match for her might.

She inhales deeply as she orgasms, her body exploding in growth, and the tower disintegrates to pieces between her fingers and body. She rubs bits of debris, all her hands can hold, against her skin, her body rising higher and higher into the sky, all the while wondering what it would be like to have a building in her pussy next time . . .



Yes! A whole building inside me! Ashley told herself. Nothing too big for me. It's all I've ever dreamed of.

IO

Awakened from her daydreams, she saw Matt's doll-like form, partially hidden from view by her gigantic breasts. She could grow without him, could let him go call the police or whatever, but where would the fun be in that? And to think of all the things she could do with him . . .

A deep craving welled within her, and her body burned in a wave of sexual passion. She literally felt her skin grow hot, and sensed his cool skin against hers. Oh, how that would feel against her sex! A strange sensation filled her down

there, a tingling in her genitalia that heightened her pleasure to even greater levels. She paused her drinking long enough to hear it: her pussy was growing bigger, fattening and bulging, eager to help her in any way it could. She snatched Matt up, her hand wrapping around his torso, and instinctively moved him toward her gigantic slit.

Matt kicked out, raging against her strength, but it was no use. She pulled him toward her crotch, the beastly vagina. His foot found purchase on her mons, which caused her to buck and moan in response. She brought him further between her thighs, which rose like walls on either side of him. As his dick mashed against her foot-long gash, he felt the intense heat and wetness cooking him, stifling his breath. She had grown too large to properly fuck, and he clung to her pelvis to keep from falling completely between her legs. Even on his tip-toes, his feet could not reach the ground. Her hand released him, and he tried to push back, but a finger pressed him right back into place, shoving his hips into her.

She cooed a pleading moan, her half-closed eyes looking down at him. Matt had no idea what she wanted him to do. He had no grip to speak of holding him in place, and his penis, even erect, would not possibly do the job she wanted. And yet, her hips began to lift from the floor, that multi-ton ass rising several feet, almost as if—

A loud sucking sound came from deep within Ashley's cunt, and Matt felt his whole body being drawn tight against it. As it did so, Ashley's ass rocked back, her legs spreading wider, as if to accept some massive, invisible cock. Her mouth opened in wanton ecstasy, and her tit popped free. And, Matt noticed, her whole body swelled up. When the vacuum ceased, releasing his crotch, Ashley settled again, though even larger than she had been.

To Ashley, it felt exactly like a massive dick had plunged into her, one big enough for a woman of her size. Part of her brain knew it couldn't be Matt's, that it was all surely an illusion, but she ignored it. Matt, her tiny boyfriend, wanted her to have this, and would give it to her willingly. She felt the cock slide out of her, then plunge right back in, shooting her up in size. Her head and shoulders bumped into the wall, while her feet continued to push out of the house, finally breaking through to the twilight outside.

All along the street, Matt and Ashley's neighbors took notice of the house that looked like it was destroying itself from the inside. A booming wail rang through the street, followed by a crash and the splintering of wood. A pair of gorgeous feet, each the size of a person, had smashed through a wall, and were growing bigger in regular spurts. With each thrust of her hips, Ashley's legs grew longer and broader. Her calves became visible through the wreckage, and her toes

met the wooden fence dividing Matt's house from the yard next door. Each post bent, then snapped in half as Ashley's unstoppable expansion continued.

On the other side of the house, Ashley's tank-sized shoulders pounded into the wall, Her head creeping higher and higher as her back pressed against it. Studs shifted and fractured behind her, the whole house moving as Ashley continued to plump and expand. The imaginary dick that skewered her rammed her tons of weight back and forth, and her awe-inspiring jugs flopped with every thrust. They, too, had continued to inflate, sliding down her abs toward her lap. Her hands dug trenches through the carpet and into the foundation, impossibly strong fingers gripping whatever they could find to hold on to.

Matt once again found him a helpless spectator of Ashley's growth. Her fat pussy lips sucked at his front, trapping him to her crotch as her hips bucked and ground. He saw her thighs flex and bulge in time with her rocking, and felt flesh move beneath her skin, filling her body with hundreds, thousands of pounds. She had consumed so much more milk this time than before, and it was obvious that it was changing her beyond simple dimensions. Her legs, once thin and short, were turning into magnificent towers that could crush him to death in an instant, were she to be careless. At one end, they led to an ass too wide for any pair of pants, even one made for a forty-foot-tall girl. At the other, two feet demolished his house like a pair of wrecking balls, snapping two-by-fours like twigs.

With a fantastic crash, Ashley's whole upper body fell through the wall, causing it to explode outward and shower the driveway with dust and rubble. The thud it caused set off car alarms throughout the vicinity, and in the distance, sirens could be heard approaching. Ashley, now unimpeded in her growth, continued to pump her massive hips, fixated on growing without end. Her thighs, over nine feet long, rose dangerously close to the ceiling, which was close to caving in. As her butt shook the rest of the house with its motions, a crescendo of crackling lumber sounded throughout the roof. With its support beams destroyed, the house was literally falling apart.

Although he heard the roof falling down, Matt had little time and energy to worry about it. Ashley had sped up her phantom-fucking, and her cunt threw Matt around like a doll as it seemed intent on trying to pull him in. A crossbeam fell from the ceiling, bouncing harmlessly off of Ashley's midsection and rolling onto the ground. The rest of it would not be far behind, and all Matt could hope for was that Ashley's gigantic body would shield him from harm.

Ashley rode the invisible cock harder, her orgasm close at hand. Every push caused her to blow up a few inches bigger, and she could feel her size increasing, overwhelming everything around her. It was awesome, exactly as she had al-

ways wanted to be. Big, bigger than anyone ever had been, dominating everyone around her. Her head broke through the neighbor's fence, plowing its way down the block. When the rest of Matt's house finally fell in on itself, she squealed in pleasure.

Her knees broke through the ceiling first, followed by her boobs. As she continued to pound away, sheets of shingles and wood fell around her, until a large path had been dug through the rubble. Bits of roofing tile and insulation rained down on Matt's body, leaving scratches and welts across his arms and back, thumping him across his head and shoulders. Miraculously, the larger pieces of house fell around him, leaving him mostly unharmed, even as Ashley's growing pussy slurped and ground against his midsection.

As the first police cars rounded the corner of the street, Ashley started to climax. She inhaled deeply, her chest expanding, back arching up off the ground. Those watching from their yards and the street saw her stretching in every direction; her mountainous tits ballooning upward; her head smashing through the neighbor's living room wall like tissue paper; those pavement-shattering feet digging trenches through a yard; toes curling with passion, lengthening; butt shifting, digging, overflowing the crater it had already made. Her cries shook windows, rattled eardrums. Forty-five feet, fifty, sixty feet, all in a few seconds. The earth itself quaked with her orgasm, as if it shook in terror of her raw sexual energy.

"So . . . SO BIG! GROW ME, MATTY, MAKE ME HUGE!" Ashley shouted as she came. She shook violently, screaming like an animal in heat.

The sensation ebbed, and Ashley relaxed. The debris and soil beneath her grumbled as she settled down, and her post-coital panting sent a warm breeze across her swollen frame. She felt Matt's limp body, either exhausted or unconscious, slide off of her wet pubic mound. If he'd survived, she'd have to thank him for being such a wonderful lover. She closed her eyes, feeling an overwhelming sense of satisfaction. She drew a deep, keening yawn, and wrapped her huge arms around herself in embrace, breasts squeezing over and under her forearms. She noted the cops, who had cautiously gathered around the area where the house had once been, keeping their distance. She felt herself falling asleep.

Finally, thought Matt. Her dripping wet snatch released its hold, and the skin it had grabbed felt raw and abraded. His arms, too weak now to hold himself on her massive body, slowly lowered him to the ground between her thighs. His legs were still weak, however, and he immediately collapsed onto his back. Looking up at the star-filled sky, he heard the soft echoes of Ashley's breathing in the canyon between her legs.

It was over. The police were here, though Matt refused to think about what, if anything, they could possibly do. The night had ended with him alive, and he was thankful for that. Could anything save Ashley now? Would she sleep through the evening, perhaps returning to a more realistic size over time? He hoped with all his heart. The serum might still be intact, hiding in the wreckage surrounding her. If he could get it to a doctor, someone who might know more about the warehouse . . . but that was for later. Right now, he needed rest, at least as much as Ashley did.

Ashley's breathing stabilized, then slowed to deep, rhythmic breaths. Eyes the size of dinner plates fluttered beneath their lids, and her hands drifted to her sides, crashing on the ground. The police began to speak to her through bull-horns, shouting toward the caved-in house where her smiling face had come to rest, but they received no response. She'd had a very big, very busy day, and she was tired. Their questions would wait.

Matt's mind, half in dreams, felt the ground shift underneath him. Through slitted eyes, he saw the sides of Ashley's thighs wobble and twitch. He heard a sound, not unlike latex stretching, come from all around.

Ashley was dreaming again.

THE END