

ALL GROWTH

#12

Featuring

Hand
Me
Downs

Little
Sister
Big
Muscle

THICKER



A
D
U
L
T
S

Scoundrel

THICKER

By Chopper Lang
with apologies to Steven King
colors by Joel



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I was my first year in college and I had a crush on Christine Zigler. Christine was the prettiest girl on campus, but nobody but me knew it.

Y'see, back in sixth grade when both of us were 12, Christine had been the sweetest, most beautiful girl around. She dressed well, had a trim little body and a big smile for everybody and was well on her way to becoming the cheerleader that every high school kid fantasizes about. I certainly did. But then, around thirteen, she suddenly changed. Gone were the short skirts and tight sweaters, gone was the big smile and gone was her trim little body.

It's not like she got fat or anything, she was still the petite pixie she always was—probably—but for some reason she was hiding it. She changed her whole look. Baggy sweaters, horn-rim glasses, hair in unflattering pig-tails, long shapless skirts or over-alls. She stopped hanging around the popular types (or they dropped her) and started befriending the other outcasts such as myself. Pretty soon everyone forgot the beautiful girl Christine had once been. Everyone except me.

As we went through high school, Christine and I became fast friends. We were part of the same geeky gang of kids who were more into books than sports. Christine was smart and funny and we all had a great time, but until the two of us started at the local junior college, that's all we were; good friends.

It's not that I hadn't tried to be more. I'd had a crush on her from before she changed her image (remember) and her new look didn't fool me. I knew how pretty she still was and what a great person she was regardless of what she looked like, but anytime I made any move in a romantic direction, Christine would smoothly and quickly steer the conversation to other matters and I just let it drop. Her friendship was more important to me.

But one night during our first year at junior college... Well, it's a hell of a story. Even I don't know if I believe it sometimes, and I lived through it, barely.

We were studying together over at her mom's place. We both still lived at home. Cheaper that way. Christine's mom and dad were split, and her mom worked nights as a waitress to make ends meet. Christine was on the couch, in baggy jeans and a floppy sweatshirt, as usual, reading a history book. I sat on the floor beside her with my back against the couch, reading some completely impenetrable calculus problem for the 14th time. It was late and both of us were getting restless and bored.

There was a bowl of popcorn on the floor beside me, within easy reach of both of us. I took a handful and flipped a few puffs towards my mouth. Well, I overshot and a couple landed on her book.

“Hey, watch it buddy!” She picked up the kernels and tossed them back at me. One landed in my coke.

“Hey, yourself! Look what you did!” I tossed the rest of my handfull behind me. “Let’s see how you like it!”

She yelped and blocked with her book, but was covered in popcorn anyway. Kernels were stuck in her hair.

She scooped up a heaping handful from the bowl. “Of course you know this means war!” She stuffed it down the back of my shirt.

From then on, the gloves were off and the puffs were flying. We barraged each other with popcorn, laughing and shrieking and dodging around the couch. Finally, just as she was going to dump the entire bowl on my head, I tackled her, bringing us both down in a heap. She tried to rub a handful of popcorn in my face. I grabbed her wrist and we tussled and squirmed until we slid off onto the floor in a breathless heap.

We were face to face, lips inches apart, giggling and breathing hard. Then the giggling stopped and we looked into each other’s eyes. That long look passed between us. The one where you suddenly realize how close you are and how warm you are. All at once my heart was pounding like a drum.

We stared at each other a moment longer, and then slowly, giving her every opportunity to stop me, I lowered my lips to hers and kissed her. At first she didn’t respond, but then her eyes closed and her lips parted. I wrapped my arms around her and deepened our kiss. Her hands clutched at me, caressing, and she moaned, but then, suddenly, she was pushing me away and sobbing, “No, no no! I can’t! I can’t!” And before I could say anything she scrambled up and ran weeping upstairs. I jumped up and followed.

“Chris, what’s wrong?”

The door to her bedroom slammed. I stopped outside it and knocked. “Chris, please. If it’s something I did, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to... I thought you...”

I heard her wail through the door. “No, it’s not you. It’s me, it’s me. It’s all me!” And she burst out crying again.

“Don’t cry, Chris. If you’re saving yourself or something, I understand. I don’t want to force myself on you. That’s the last thing...”

“It’s not that either! I want to...to... I like you, Bill, I have for a long time. If there was anyone I would want to ... Oh, no! No no no!”

“What is it then, your parents? Are you afraid...”

“No, it’s not that either. Oh, it’s hopeless. You’d never understand. I just can’t...”

“Chris, I... Aw, this is ridiculous. I’m coming in. We need to talk about this face to face.”

“No! Bill! Don’t come in! Don’t...”

But I was already through the door. Chris was curled up on her bed, a huge, solid oak, four poster, hugging a tearstained pillow. She yelped as she saw me and tried to hide under the covers. “No! Don’t look at me!”

I didn’t get it. “Chris? What’s the matter?”

“Nothing’s the matter! Just go!”

But something was the matter. I couldn’t quite put my finger on it for a second, but Chris looked different somehow. I stared. What was it? Her hands. Her neck. The only parts of her body visible over the covers, looked ... swollen, maybe? “Chris?”

She disappeared entirely under the covers, wailing. “Oh no! Oh no! I told you to get out! I told you!” I stepped forward. “But what is it? Are you having some kinda of allergic reaction? An allergy is nothing to be embarrassed about.”

She said nothing, just quivered like a frightened rabbit under the blankets. I sat down on the bed. “Chris, I don’t know what you think you’ve got to be ashamed of, but let me tell you. I love you. I have for a long time. Nothing you could tell me would change that. Nothing.”

I heard her sniffing, but nothing else. “Come on. Don’t be silly. Come on out of there and tell me what’s wrong. This is Bill, remember. Your oldest buddy.”

She sniffed again, but after a second, her head peeked out from under the covers and she looked at me. “Well, I guess there’s no way back now anyway. I won’t blame you if you run away. I...” She almost started crying again, but then she mastered it and pulled herself together.



“Okay. Here comes the freak.” And with that she turned back the covers, got out of bed and turned to face me, glaring, as if daring me to comment.

I looked her up and down. “What? What are you talking about. There’s nothing...” But there was. I stood up and looked down at her. I didn’t have far to look. I was five ten like always, but suddenly she was five eight if she was an inch. Four inches too tall, and now that I took another look, her sweat shirt and jeans weren’t quite so baggy anymore either. “What is... are you wearing lifts?”

She kicked off her sneakers. Still five eight in her bare feet. I frowned, more puzzled than I’ve ever been in my life. “I don’t understand. How is it possible? And why did you make such a big deal. I mean growing four inches in two minutes is a big deal, but did you think I’d care if you were four inches taller?”

She laughed bitterly. “You don’t understand. Four inches is just the beginning.”

“So tell me. What’s it all about?”

She sighed and sat back down on the bed. I joined her. She looked at me, hesitant, then finally. “Do you believe in magic?”

I laughed. It’s the last thing I expected. “For real?”

“Well, you believe I grew four inches just now.”

“I guess I have to, don’t I?”

That’s what it is. Magic. A course.”

“A curse? Like an old family curse?”

“Well, not so old. You know I don’t talk about my dad much. Well, that’s cause he was a jerk. A real mean guy who didn’t treat mom or me... Anyway, he was an antiques dealer and he wanted to buy this incredibly ancient table from this old Romanian woman. Well she wouldn’t sell. Not at any price. Dad got mad and he told the IRS on her ‘cause she hadn’t paid taxes in the last twenty years, and when they came in and liquidated her assets to make up for the back payments, dad got the table for a song. But as they were taking the old lady off to jail she started shouting at dad. “When the fire of lust burns in your pretty daughter’s loins may she grow to be everything no man desires.” Mom says she and dad laughed at this and never thought about it again. Until...”

Suddenly she blushed. I smiled encouragingly.

“Go on.”

“Well, “ She continued, “I... when I was thirteen, I... I... played with myself. I’d heard older girls talking about it and thought ... well anyway. I did it... and it felt good, but... well I mean there I was, looking down at myself and all of a sudden **I’m getting bigger. My arms, my legs are getting all muscle-bound. I was horrified.** I didn’t know what was going on. I thought maybe that’s what happened when you did ... that. But none of the other girls had said anything about it. Anyway, I was so scared I stopped and in about fifteen minutes I was shrunk back to normal size. I was too scared to try it again, no matter how good it felt, but one night I woke up from a... from a dream and my hand was... down there and I couldn’t stop myself. It felt too good. But it was horrible too. I kept growing and growing, until finally I ... came and ... and the bed broke and mom came running in and found me ... all big and crying and she was screaming.”

“Oh, Chris...”

“It was pretty embarrassing to explain, but after she calmed down she took it pretty well and finally figured out it must be that old gypsy’s curse on dad. But of course dad had left us by then, so he got away scott free again - the bastard.”

Suddenly I remembered seventh grade. “So that’s why you changed the way you dressed!”

“Yeah. I knew that if I got, um, excited, even a little bit, I might get big again. So I tried to make myself as plain as possible so nobody would hit on me, and I wore baggy clothes just in case, so nobody would notice before I got out of the room. I didn’t want anyone, and especially you, to see me all big and ugly and... oh, you can fun away now. I guess I’ll never see you again. And then you’ll tell all our friends and...”

“Hey! Is that what you think of me?”

She looked up at me, shocked. “Well... no. I just...”

“And let me tell you something else. I mean this is weird and all, and I understand why you’re freaked out, but I have a secret too. I like big girls. Remember how I was mooning over that girl on the volleyball team? Or that substitute teacher with the big, long legs...”

“But, Bill, I don’t just get big. I get **BIG**. Like a football player or something. Bigger than that. It’s ugly.”

“Let me be the judge of that.” And with that I leaned over and kissed her. She tried to back away.

“Oh, Bill, you don’t want to do this.”

“I’ve wanted to do this since I met you, and I don’t care about the consequences.”

I kissed her again. She sobbed, frightened, but then responded in spite of herself. We sat side by side on the bed, kissing. Slowly our arms folded around each other and we drew each other close, sinking back into the pillows. Our tongues met and slipped around each other. Delicately at first, then with increasing urgency.

And then, the strangest sensation. As I held Chris, I could suddenly feel her growing in my arms, expanding. Her chest getting deeper, her arms getting thicker. My dick, which had been crawling up my belly already, suddenly sprang to attention. This was incredible. I was doing this to her! I could tell how much I was turning her on by how big she was getting. **What a rush!**



I kissed down Chris' neck and was rewarded with another spurt of growth. Her sweat shirt was like a second skin now. Nipples the size of gum drops jutted up through the thick fabric. Her jeans, only minutes ago baggier than a cholo's, were not like sausage skins. The seams creaked from the pressure.

I caressed her nipples through her sweatshirt. Pop! RIIP!! Her jeans split down the sides of her now massive thighs. Those jeans that teams of horses weren't supposed to be able to pull apart ripped open like wet paper towels. The sweatshirt split at the shoulders and down the middle as her chest deepened and her back expanded.

"I can't believe it, Bill. You're not running away."

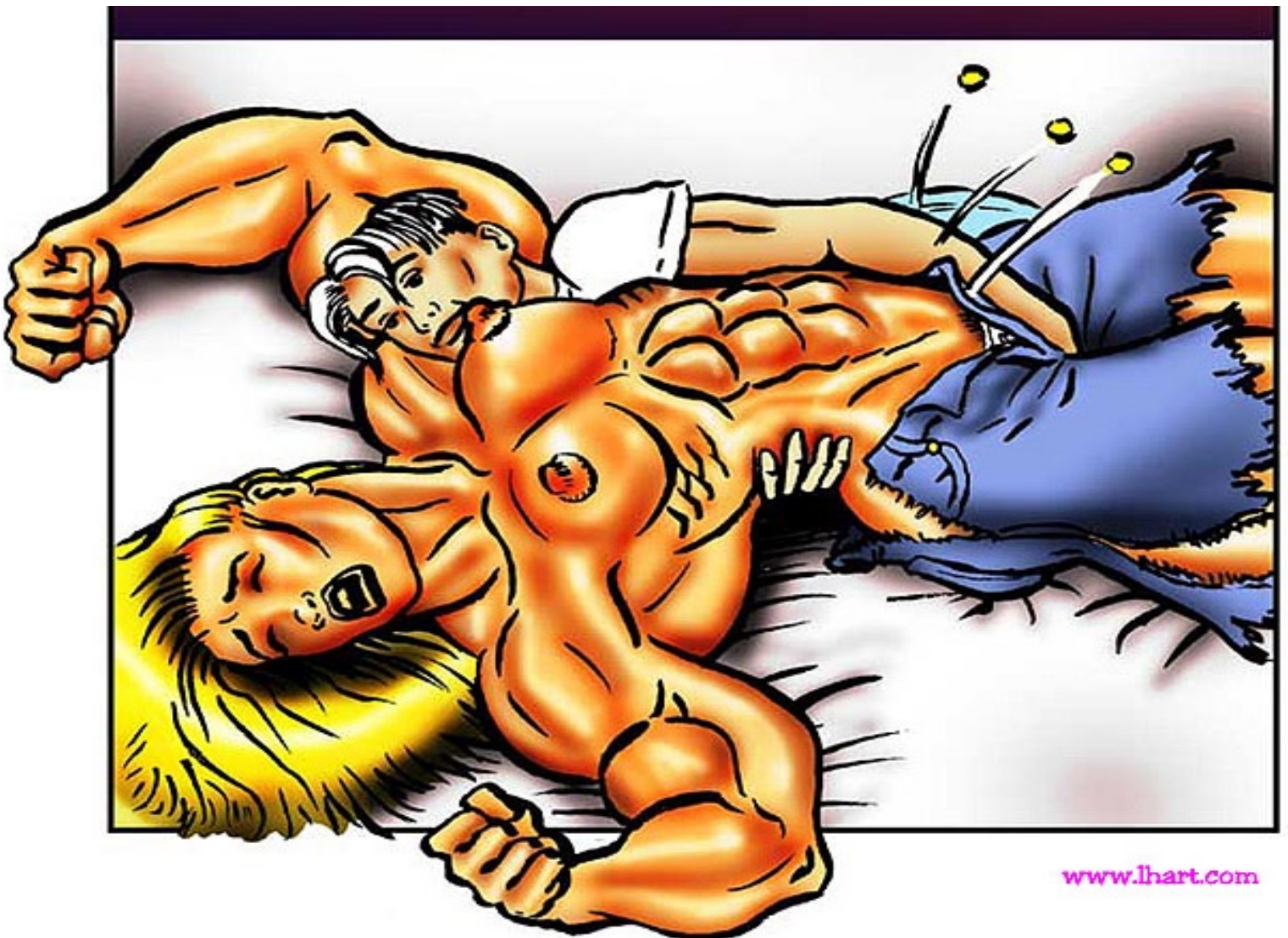
"Running away? They'd have to drag me away."

I grabbed the remains of her sweatshirt and ripped it off her. Underneath she was... incredible. Her shoulders were wider than mine by about a foot, and as round and firm as soccer balls. Her biceps were the size of softballs. And her back was like an inverted pyramid. Her bra straps were as tight as guitar strings. I reached for the hook, but... **ZING!** Too late. **ZANG!** One by one they popped. Her bra flew off. Her breasts weren't growing with the rest of her, all part of the ladies curse. I guess, but they had been pretty big to begin with and still added some roundness to the thick slabs of her pecs. Her nipples more than made up for it anyway. Now they were the size of champagne corks, and harder. They seemed to be reaching for me. Who was I to deny them.

I kissed one. Chris sighed. I sucked it. She gasped. With a loud tearing noise the waist of her jeans split, then the rest of the inseam went. She tore away the remains. Now she was nearly naked except for her underpants which were stretched to their limit.

I stared in wonder at her legs. Great flaring columns of rock-hard flesh, massive quads bunching and coiling as she writhed on the bed. Her calves were as big as volleyballs.

She saw me taking it all in and looked up at me. "Is it okay, Bill? You don't mind?"



“I’ll show you how much I mind.” I took her hand, now bigger than mine, and lead it to my jeans. I pressed it against my pulsing bulge. She stared, eyes wide.”Oh, Bill. I was so afraid. But you like it. Oh, let me see. Let me see.” And with eager hands she tugged at my fly. Well, the poor girl didn’t know her own strength. She snapped my belt, shredded the jeans, tore out the zipper, and made confetti of my boxers.

“Easy! Easy!”

“Oops! I’m sorry. Your jeans!”

My dick was like iron. What strength!

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“Don’t be sorry. Finish the job!” And with a giggle she did just that. Her powerful hands ripped my jeans off as easily as I would peel a banana.

I stood up to pull off my socks. She rolled off the bed and stood beside me. My god. She was huge! It hadn’t been apparent lying besides her, but she was well over six feet, and about three feet wide! I was looking up at her, and loving it!”

She was looking down at my cock. It’s an average cock, but I don’t think she’d seen one before. “It’s beautiful.” She touched it. I nearly fainted. She felt so good. “So hard.”

She started to pull off her panties. I stopped her. “No, wait, let me.” I reached up to her waist, but instead of pulling her waist band, I slid my hand between her legs. “Better yet. Let’s do it together.” And with that I started rubbing her thorough the material. She moaned. Her knees trembled. SHE held my shoulders for support. “Oh, Billl...” **SPANG! RIIP!!** The elastic on her panties snapped as she grew again and they came away in my hands. We were now both naked.



She wrapped her arms around me and pulled me to her breast. Heaven. Warm steel covered in cool silk. I hugged back. My hands couldn't touch across the broad expanse of her back, and yet I was completely encircled in the incredible power of her big arms. My dick pressed against the ridges of her abs. Is she wanted to she could have crushed me like a grape, but she was as gentle as a mama bear with her cub. She picked me up off my feet without even trying. "Come on. Let's do it."

I laughed. "Geez, Miss shy & demure. Your body's not the only thing that's changing." She blushed. "All these years I've been wanting to, and I thought I'd never be able to. So now that I can..."

"Well, don't get too impatient. There's such a thing as foreplay, you know. Besides, I want to see how big you can get. Is this it?"

She shook her head. "Not even close." My eyes must have lit up, because suddenly she giggled. "You really are strange, Bill. But I'm glad."

She lay back on the bed with me on top of her.

"Okay, in the interests of science, we must test your limits. Are you ready?" She nodded, grinning shyly. I slid my hand down from the mounds of her pecks, down across the cobblestone traction of her abs, through the silky blonde hair between her legs to the warm wet wonder of her sex. I parted her lips with gentle fingers and slid them up and down. Chris shuddered with pleasure. My fingers, lubed with her juices, slid into her. Her pussy had grown with the rest of her. I could easily have fit my entire fist in there, but her vaginal muscles were so strong that when she spasmed, my finger joints popped.

I found her clit, a slick pink marble the size and hardness of a pin ball, and slowly started circling it. Lazy circles, around and around. Chris let out an ecstatic sigh and started to grow again. Her biceps swelled from softballs to soccer balls to basketballs! And when she flexed, her arms had to be bigger around than my waist. Her thighs grew to the size and shape and hardness of beer kegs, her pecs were deeper than an unabridged dictionary and as hard as steel plate, and her nipples jutted from them like turned-up shot glasses, of which I drank my fill.

I raised her from plateau to plateau, until suddenly her breath started coming in short gasps and she started writhing uncontrollably, nearly crushing my hand between her granite thighs. I rode her like a raft down the rapids as she heaved and twisted, my fingers never slacking from their task. At last her whole body tensed and then, with a shriek, she came, bucking and grinding against my hand. And with each orgasmic spasm, she grew in earthquake spurts, big, **BIGGER, B-I-G-G-E-S-T!!**

Now her shoulders were the size of kegs! Her legs must have weighed over a hundred pounds each! She rolled over in her ecstasy, tossing me off like a wave throws a piece of wood. As I picked myself up I saw her back, flexing and spreading. Five feet from delt to delt and rising from a wasp waist I still could have circled with my arms, and her ass! Two giant golden orbs, firm, huge and perfectly round. The inflamed pink of her pussy lips peeking out from between those taut cheeks was like red to a bull. I couldn't wait any longer, I leapt up onto that giant bubble butt and plunged my shaft home.

She groaned. "Yes, Bill! Take me! Take me now!" I thrust away, pounding into her, my arms clutching for dear life to that rock solid waist. And still she grew. The bed, made of oak and steel, creaked beneath us and suddenly collapsed into a pile of kindling. Her butt pushed me higher as it grew even bigger and firmer.

Well, five minutes of that was more than either of us could take. I came like a freight train plowing through Union Station, and I brought her with me, screaming and thrashing like a wild thing. And again, she grew **BIGGER!** Seven feet. Eight! Five hundred pounds! Six hundred, seven! The shock waves of our orgasm shook the house. Plaster rained down on our heads.

At last we slowed and stopped. She slumped to the floor. I lay content and exhausted, in the warm valley between her huge butt cheeks.



After a minute she shifted and I rolled off her so we could face each other. She pulled me up onto her broad chest and held me close and tender in hands as big as my head. She smiled at me sleepily. "Gee, Bill, with around, this doesn't feel like much of a curse at all."

I smirked. "Poor gypsy. Too old-fashioned. Never dreamed men might like a girl with muscle."

"Yeah, poor thing."

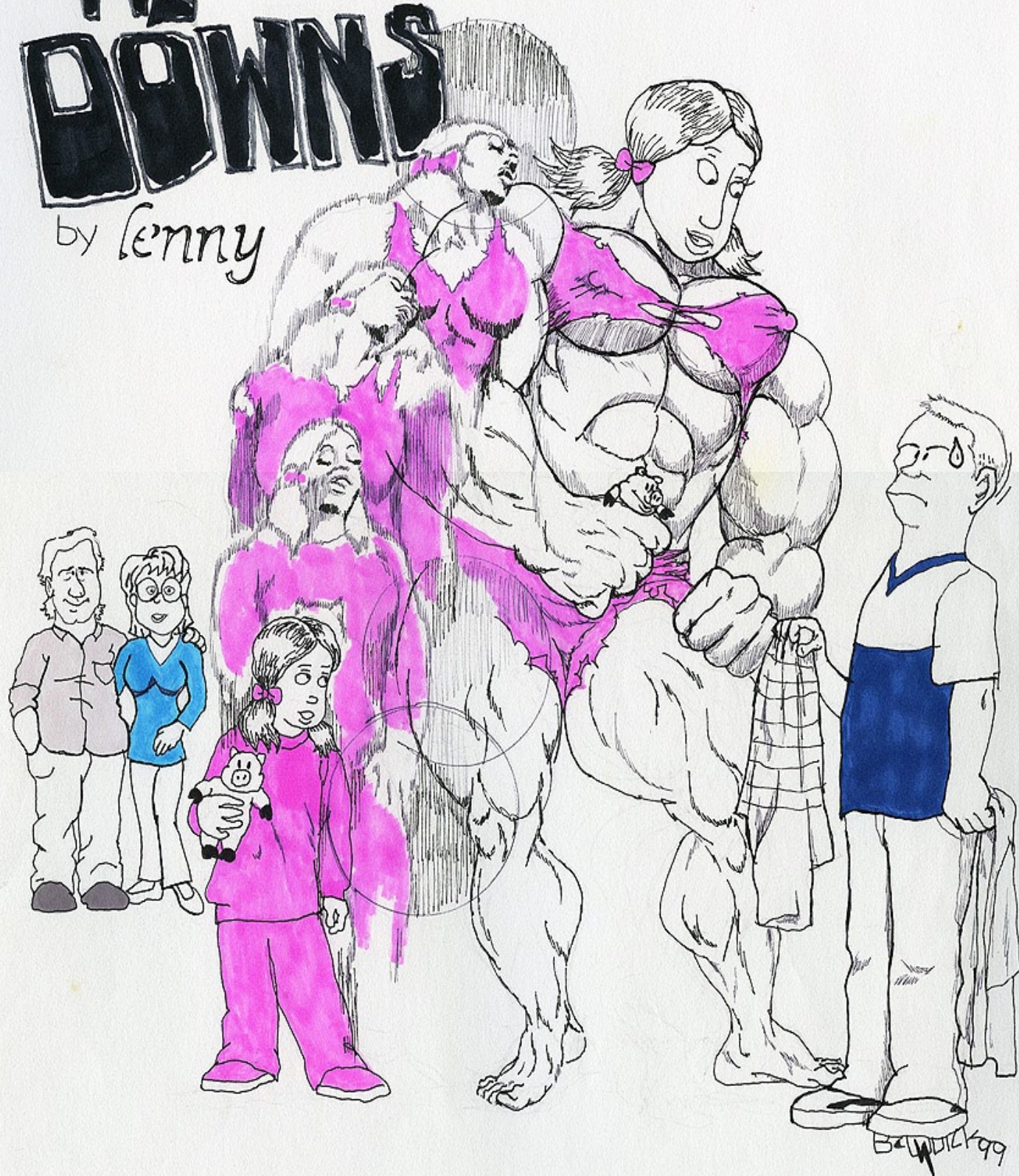
We giggled, and spooned and pretty son drifted off to sleep.

When I woke the next morning, Chris was back to normal; a pretty eighteen year old with a slender body. She was beautiful like this too, but I had a secret warmth, knowing that, with just a kiss and a cuddle, I could unleash in that petite girl raw feminine power that could bring down the house!

END

HAND ME DOWNS

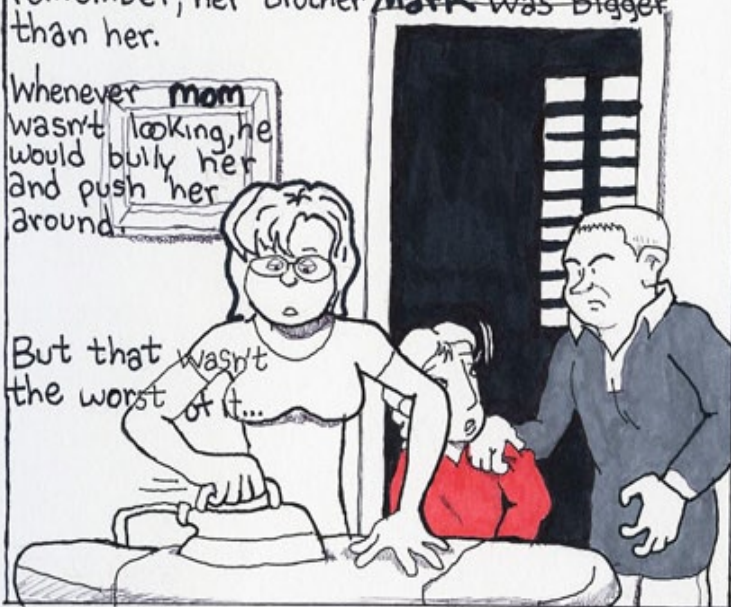
by Lenny



As far back as Wendy could remember, her brother **Mark** was bigger than her.

Whenever **mom** wasn't looking, he would bully her and push her around.

But that wasn't the worst of it...



...Being bigger seemed to get him special privileges: he got the bigger room.

I'm da KING, Babeee!



He got to earn extra money helping **Dad** out with heavy work.



And worst of all he got to pick out their clothes.

Wendy's family wasn't that well off. So Mark got to choose his clothes, and Wendy was always stuck wearing his hand-me-downs.

When I'm done wearing these new threads out, they'll be all Yours!



By Wendy's fourteenth birthday, she saved up enough money to send herself to the **Amazon Guide's Summer Bodybuilding Camp!**

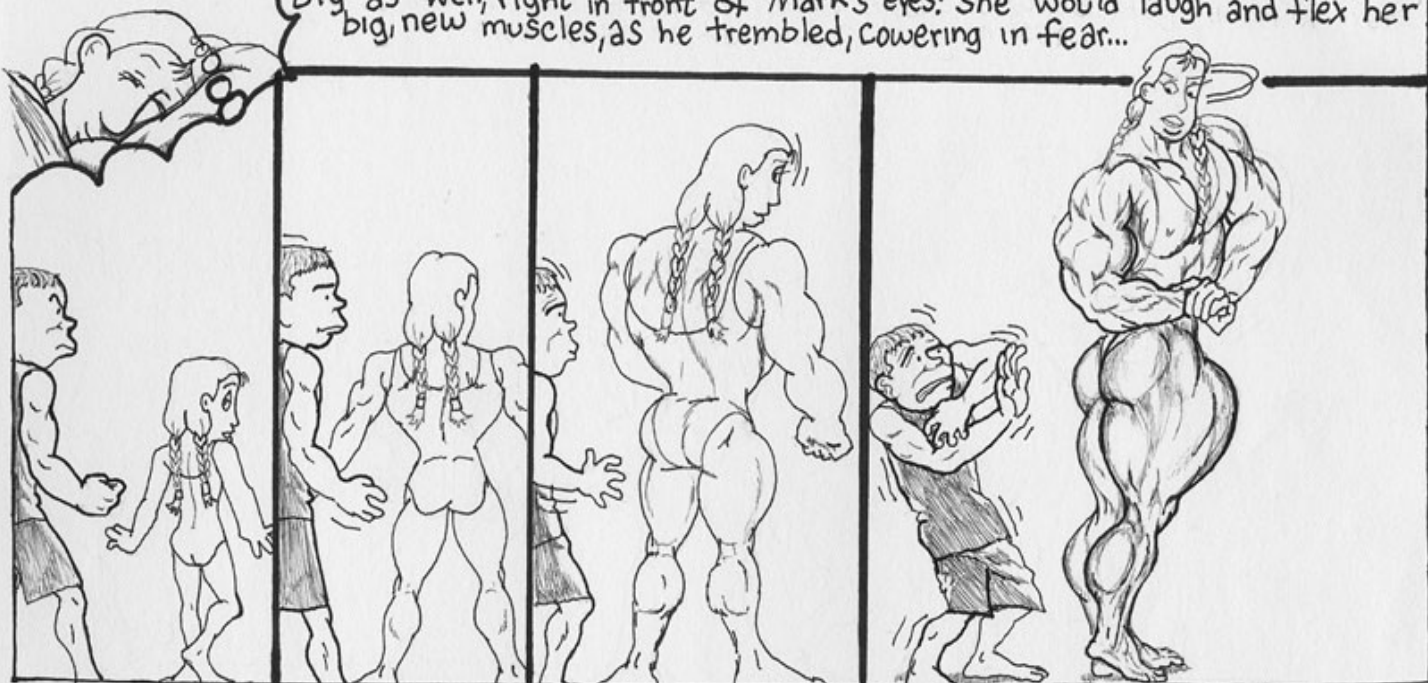
Every night she'd sit in her room and stare at the brochure.



On it was an illustration of a young girl growing into a muscular Amazon!



When she'd go to sleep, Wendy would dream that she was growing big as well, right in front of Mark's eyes! She would laugh and flex her big, new muscles, as he trembled, cowering in fear...



Finally, the day had arrived! Wendy's Dad dropped her off at the camp. He had no idea that it was a bodybuilding camp, until he saw the sign.



I'm going to get big and strong!

and I want it to be a surprise to Mark, Daddy!

Of course you do Pumpkin.

Wendy, honey, No matter what you'll always be my little girl!

KISS

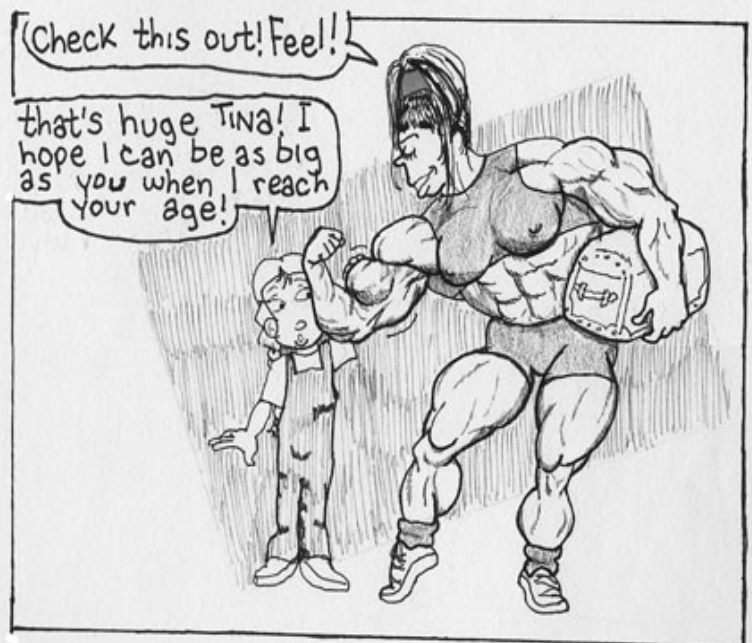


Hello, Wendy! I'm Tina!

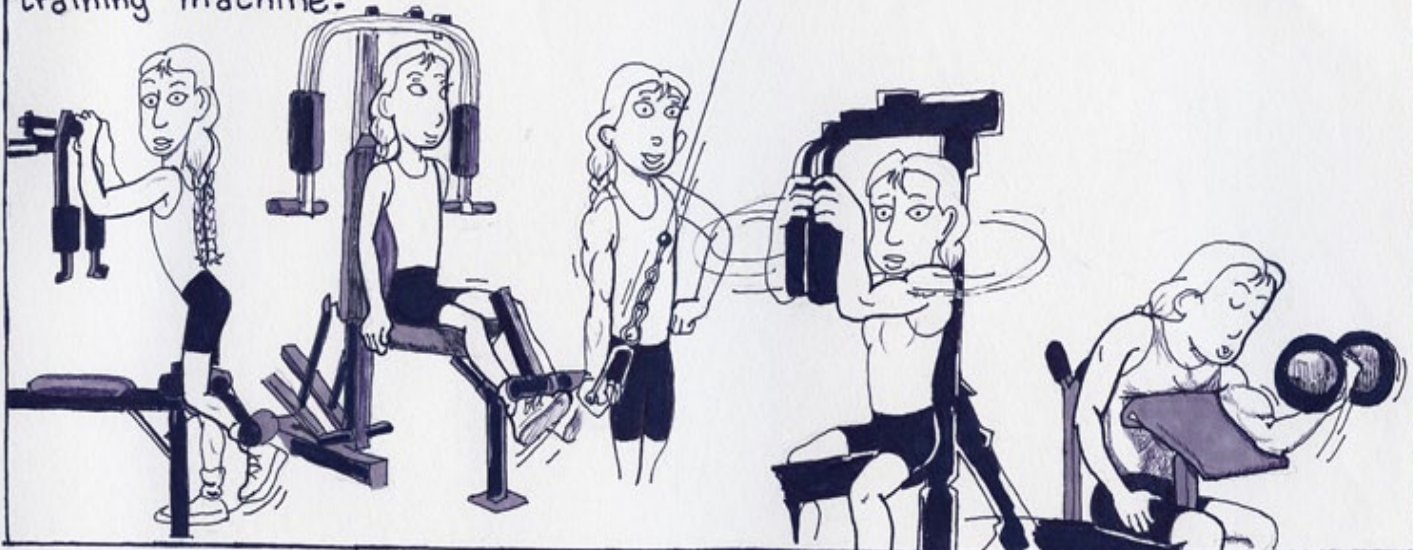
I'll show you to your cabin!

Wow!





During the day, she would work out on every conceivable weight training machine.



And at night, she would sleep in a special nutrient bath!



And as the Summer went by...

and GREW

and GREW

She grew



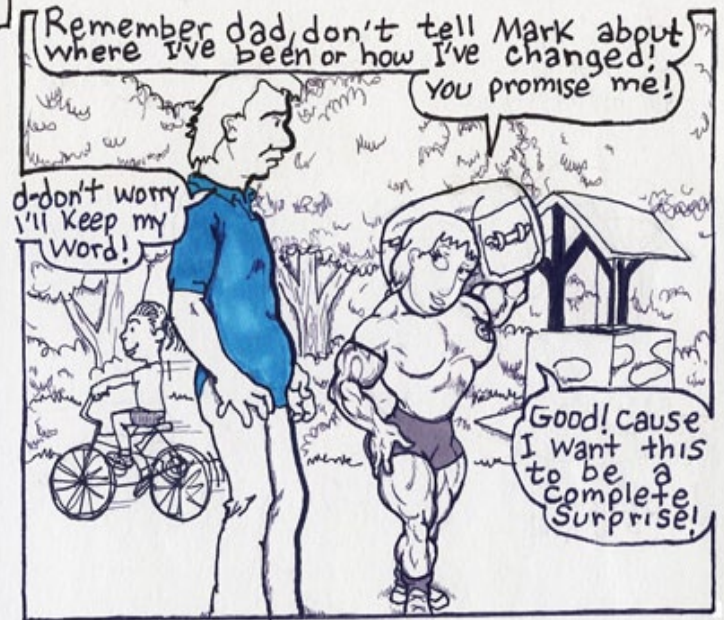
Three months had past



Wendy's dad turned around in shock to see Wendy, who now stood at 5' and packed a set of well rounded muscles!



Oh don't worry daddy, I'm still your little girl!



In the fall, when Mark outgrew his latest wardrobe, the biggest indignity of all would occur for Wendy...

...THE FASHION SHOW



In the fall, when Mark outgrew his latest wardrobe, the biggest indignity of all would occur for Wendy...

...THE FASHION SHOW



Mark would force his sister to parade about in each boyish outfit.



BAHHHAH
HAH HA HA
HA HA

Mark would force his sister to parade about in each boyish outfit.



BAHHHAH
HAH HA HA
HA HA

After all, her brother was three years older than herself, and he was always going to be bigger...Or was he?



After all, her brother was three years older than herself, and he was always going to be bigger...Or was he?

A cartoon drawing of a girl with a worried expression, surrounded by many 'HA HA' text elements, suggesting laughter or mockery.

huh? what's going on over there?

GRUNT

GRUNT

GRUNT

GRON

huh? what's going on over there?

GRUNT

GRUNT

GRUNT

GRON

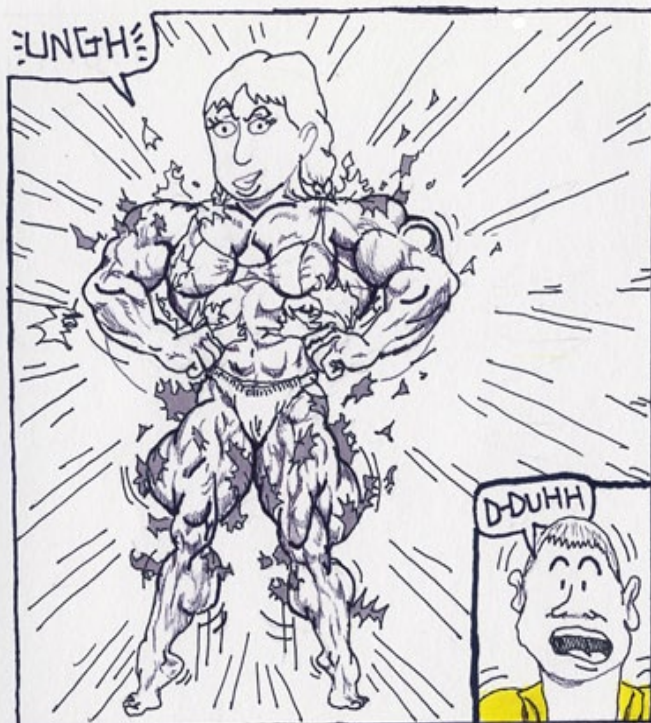
Ready or Not
here I come!!

A cartoon illustration of a man with a large, bulbous nose, a wide, smug grin, and a single visible eye. He is wearing a yellow polo shirt and a black and white striped tie. His arms are crossed over his chest. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style with bold outlines.

A cartoon drawing of a man with a shocked expression, wearing a yellow shirt with black and white stripes on the sleeve. A speech bubble above him says "what th...".

A cartoon illustration of a muscular woman with blonde hair, wearing a black and white bikini top and black leggings, posing in a doorway. A speech bubble above her head says "Check out the New Me!". The background is a simple room with a yellow door.

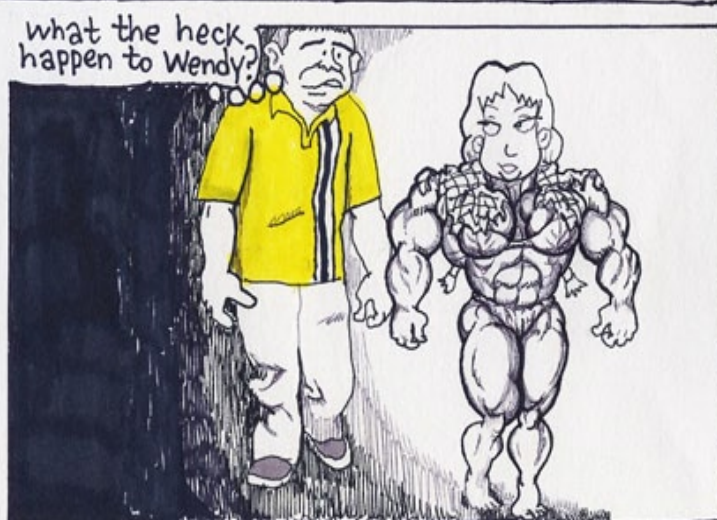
A cartoon illustration of a muscular woman with blonde hair, wearing a black and white bikini top and black leggings, posing in a doorway. A speech bubble above her head says "Check out the New Me!". The background is a simple room with a yellow door.



Wendy put on outfit after outfit for her shocked brother...and flexed her way out of each and every one.



Buttons flew, zippers broke, seems popped, fabric tore...all to make way for hard, unyielding, young female muscle!



Mom? None of Mark's hand me downs fit me!



Seems I've gotten too big.



well... I guess until we can afford to go shopping for more...

...You and your brother are going to have to share!



What?!



That ain't right!



SORRY, Charlie.



In the days to follow Wendy started to eat more and more. Soon she was getting the largest portions.



Man! Wendy's hoggin' all the grub!



Wendy needs it!...after all she's a growing girl!



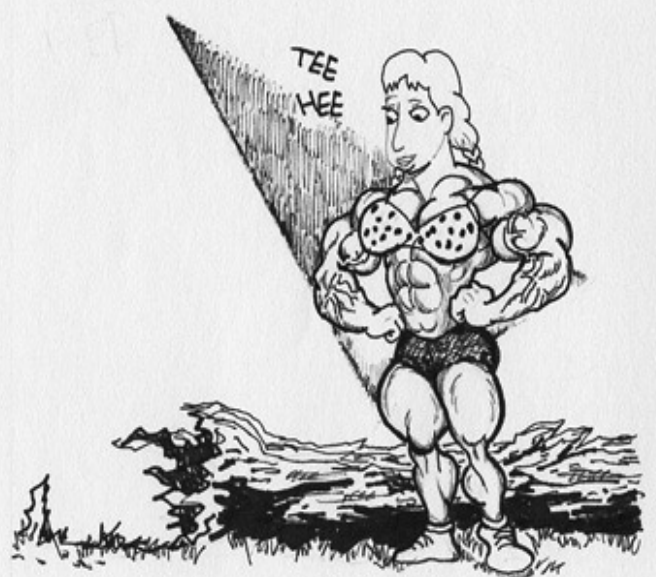
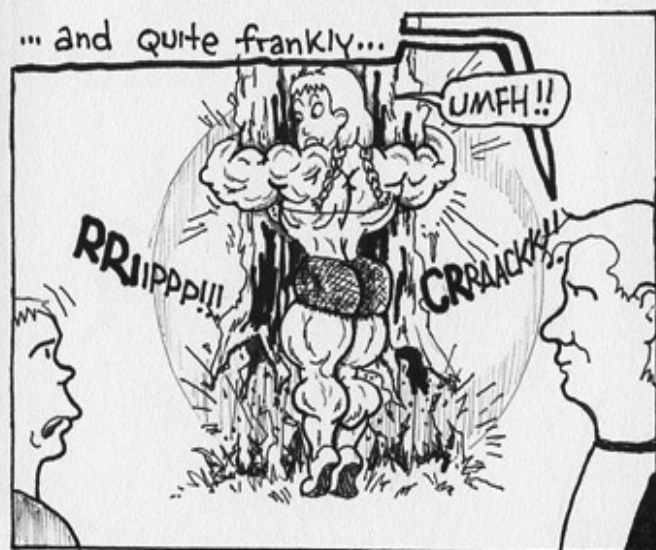
You got that right!

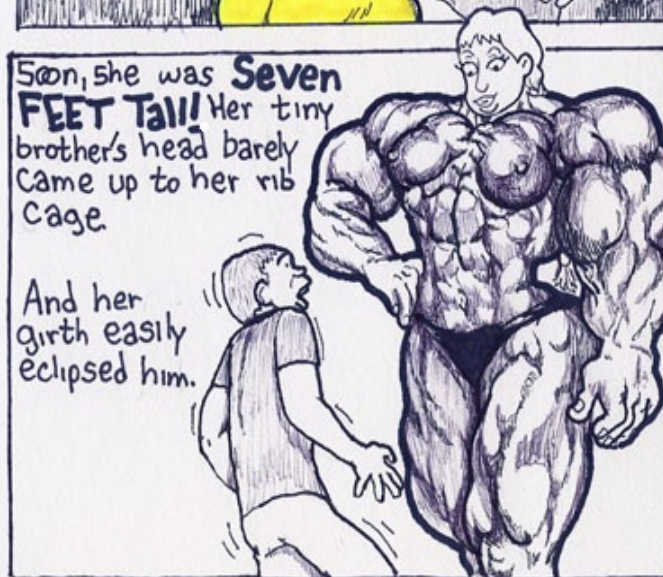
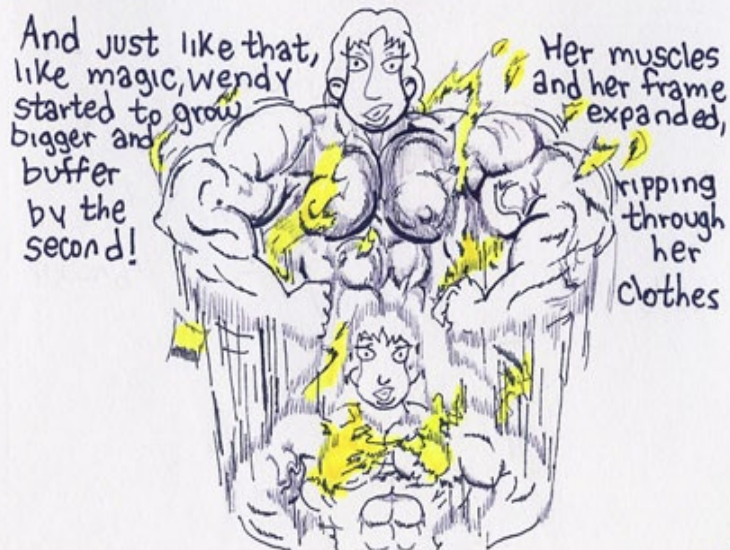
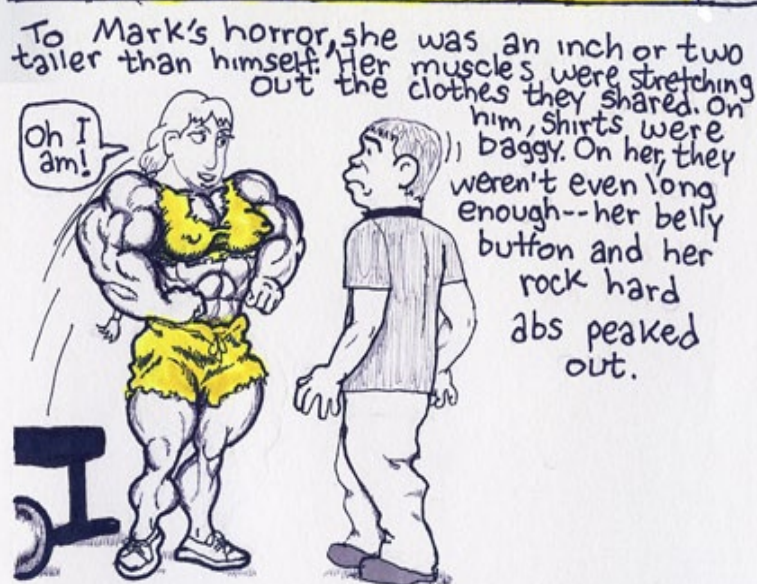
One day, Mark went out to the back yard to find his dad doing some heavy yard work...with his little sister.



OH, Hi Mark!

What the...





Wendy grabbed a bar from her weight training equipment...



...and wrapped it around her brother, tying him up against her workout bench.

I've got a surprise for you Marky!...

... it's time for another fashion show!



With Mark trapped, Wendy put on outfit after outfit and burst out of them.



Later... Wendy's parents were looking up at her in complete shock.



don't worry...

... you'll always be my little daddy!



Sorry for growing out of my clothes.

Well, Nothing left to do but go to the store and get some more.

Hey! what about me?

Since Wendy's bigger she will pick out the clothes, now!

maybe you'll grow into 'em, who knows?

Yeah, right!

Sure enough, Wendy got the most girl-ish clothes she could find. and she made Mark put on a fashion show!

Time for you to strike a pose, Mark!

After stepping out in the first frilly outfit, Mark refused to try on anymore.

that's it, this is humiliating! I ain't putting on anymore!

[Is that so?]

BOOM!

Gulp! I-I can't try any more on without matching shoes!

TEE HEE
HEE HEE
HEE HEE
Giggle
Giggle

HEH
HEH

the end

B. QUICK 99

More **BIG THINGS**
are in store for you
in the next issue of
ALL GROWTH!

