

Sally's Game

By Arie

Justin ran out of the gym, a huge grin on his face. "Baby!" He looked around, spotted her sitting underneath a tree reading a book, and hurried over to her. "Sally!"

She glanced up and brightened at the sight of him.

God, she was pretty. He reached her right when she got to her feet and couldn't resist picking her up by her tiny waist to spin her around.

Laughing, she linked her hands behind his neck and touched their foreheads together. "You're late."

"Sorry," he said, grinning broadly. Her dark hair spilled onto his face, caressing his skin as she wrapped her legs around him the best she could. "A scout wanted to talk to me. He's offering me a full ride to Ohio State."

Surprise flitted over her face. "What about Yale? You were offered an academic scholarship to go there."

"C'mon, Sally. You know I've always wanted to be a Buckeye." Truthfully, he'd been nervous about meeting with the scout today. A wicked set of nightmares had left him in a terrible, fragile state, but he'd been able to pull it together just in time. "Aren't you excited for me?"

"I'm excited," she said softly, running her slender fingers along his broad shoulders. "But Yale's by far the better school, don't you think?"

"Not for basketball." He gently set her down and straightened, tucking a lock of hair behind her ear. "I have to be the best at the best if I want to go pro, right?"

She glanced away, and Justin was caught, as he often was, by how small she looked. They'd been going out since the first week of junior high, but she'd stayed five-two while he'd grown and grown into a powerful six-ten. From high school forward they'd been a

crazy looking pair, and taller, curvier girls were always trying to get into his pants because they were sure they had a chance.

They didn't, though. He loved Sally, which was why seeing that her feelings were hurt made him hurt. "Hey," he said, bending low to catch her gaze. "There's no pressure or anything. You can still go to Yale, if you want. And if you do, I won't screw around on you at Ohio State. You know I won't."

"I do know--it's not that." Sally met his gaze, her dark eyes a magic sort of midnight. "It's just that you're so smart. I don't understand why you'd want to throw all of that away for a silly game."

He stood straight, so shocked by her words that he couldn't even get angry. "Say what?" he asked, chuckling. His smile faded when she didn't answer. "Sally, do you really think basketball's silly?"

"No, but anyone can play basketball. How many people get to go to Yale?"

She was serious. "You got into Yale, along with plenty of other students. How many people get to play for the Buckeyes?"

"I got accepted, but I didn't get a scholarship." She took a step forward. "My dad and I play basketball in our driveway sometimes. It's not that hard."

He stared down at her in disbelief. "Not that hard?" They'd been together since they were thirteen. Hadn't she noticed all the work he'd put in? All the practice?

Now he was starting to get angry.

"Fine," he said, holding out his hand. "Let's go."

She slipped her tiny hand into his. "Where are we going?"

"To your driveway," he said, already heading for her place. "I want to see these mad skills you've apparently been hiding from me for the past five years."

His stride was too long for her, though, and she stumbled. He spun and caught her just in time. "Oh shit, Sally. I'm sorry." He caressed her cheek, checked her over. "Sometimes I forget how small you are."

To his surprise, she smiled at him. "Still want to play that game?"

Her common sense had returned, and now she was joking about the whole thing. He couldn't help grinning back at her. "Sure, if you're up for it."

Taking his hand in both of hers, she playfully tugged him in the direction of her house.

Justin fell into step beside her, glad that he hadn't hurt her delicate body. Sometimes it was hard to switch gears from the rough play on the court to the gentleness he had to constantly use with her. Not that he minded. It made him feel strong. But every once in a while he wished...

A whisper of disjointed dreams from last night breezed through his mind, but as soon as he tried to focus on them, they dissipated. He noticed Sally squeezing his hand and glanced down. "What's wrong? You mad at me?"

She looked at him, wide-eyed and confused. "Of course I'm not mad. I know it was an accident."

Something about her looked...different. But she didn't look angry, so he grinned. "Holding on to me a little tight there."

Confusion again. "I'm holding your hand like I always hold it." She tilted her head to the side. "Did you injure it in practice? Am I hurting you?"

Justin barely managed to hold back a snort. Like she could ever hurt him. "Nah. Must be my imagination."

She smiled sweetly and leaned against his arm. Another...something went through him. A whisper. A touch of dizziness. Whatever it was, when it cleared he noticed for the first time she seemed heavier.

But he knew better than to ask about that.

"It's a lovely day, isn't it? Perfect for a game."

"It is," he said, distracted as he stared down at her. From his vantage point, he'd always had a great view of her pert little breasts. But today they didn't seem so little. Was it the blouse she wore? It clung lovingly to her chest, accented her small waist as it disappeared into her skirt...

He blinked. She usually wore her skirts past the knee, but today the hem stopped just above, revealing shapely, toned calves. Had she been working out? If so, he definitely liked what he saw.

Sally looked up. "Why are you staring at me like that?"

"Can't help it." He tugged her closer. "You're so pretty."

She giggled and he felt that whisper of dizziness again. Shit, what was wrong with him?

"Justin? Are you okay?"

He'd worked hard today to impress the scout. Maybe he was dehydrated. "Thirsty," he told her, sure that had to be it.

Concern shaped her features. "The park's coming up in a block or so. We could slip through that hole in the fence and stop by a water fountain."

"Good plan," he murmured. Strange. Usually the top of her head couldn't even reach his chest, but now she was eye-level with the bottom of his pecs. Was she wearing heels today? That would explain why her calves looked so nice.

A breeze washed over him and Sally slipped her arm into his. He automatically crooked it at the elbow to make it more comfortable for her before glancing down at her in surprise.

Sally was too short to be escorted this way... wasn't she? And when did she unbutton the top few buttons of her blouse?

Oh, that had to be a push-up bra. He'd never seen her display cleavage like that before. Not that he was complaining. She looked...wow. Really, really good.

They'd crossed the street to the next block when the dizziness struck him again. This time it blurred his vision and fogged his whole mind, taking a couple of seconds to clear.

What had he been thinking about? Oh, Sally's fantastic breasts and how they looked in that snug tank-top, and how long and toned her legs looked in those shorts.

Tank-top... shorts...

Something wasn't right.

They reached a cluster of trees that crowded the chain-link fence separating them from the park. His stomach twisted so badly that he had to stop on the sidewalk a moment to steady his breath.

"Mmm," murmured Sally, grabbing him by the arms and pushing him back against the fence. "Looks like we had the same thought."

"What the--" Instinctively he tried to pull out of her hold, only to find himself pinned. Freaking out, he yanked on his arms in earnest. Her hands never moved, never tightened, but he couldn't get free of her grip.

Sally giggled and pressed her body against his. "You're so cute when you struggle. It makes me want to kiss you all over." Her full, firm breasts slid up his torso as she pushed herself onto her toes, bringing her eyes level with his mouth just before she tipped her head back to meet his gaze. "Be sure to remember your safeword, okay?" She winked up at him. "Wouldn't want to force you into something you didn't want to do."

Safeword? What the hell was a safeword? He pushed himself forward with all his strength, but even with her on her toes he couldn't budge her. "Wh-What..." He

swallowed the knot of fear in his throat. "S-Sally...why are you so much stronger than me?"

She blinked a few times, then broke into a huge smile. "Oh, I get it. Want me to play teacher again, right?" She leaned in, her body easing forward and forcing his own even farther back, bowing the metal links behind him. "All right, 'Mr. Harcourt.' I'll teach you a little lesson."

The playfulness in her expression added to the surreality of the situation, and all he could do was nod.

"You see," she began, gently rubbing her body into his, "men and women are different creatures, and that difference goes all the way into our DNA. Women are born with a double X chromosome. Our muscles develop naturally, each fiber designed for strength as a function of who we are. Men are only born with one X, and while the Y allows their bodies to grow taller and can even create larger muscles," Sally caressed his biceps, her eyes smoky with arousal, "that tiny little Y makes the fibers in those muscles terribly inefficient. As a result, men are so wonderfully soft, and women are, well..." She released his right arm and flexed for him.

He stared at her biceps. They weren't big--not even half the size of his--but looked rock hard, with a clean split down the middle that even he didn't have.

No way any girl had muscles like that. Least of all Sally.

"Go on," she cooed, holding her arm higher. "You know you want to touch it."

Justin swallowed and lifted his hand. After a moment's hesitation he closed his long fingers around it.

Crap. It felt like holding a warm steel pipe.

"Squeeze it," she encouraged, her voice low. "I like to watch your biceps bunch all tight and big."

His gaze darted to hers a bare moment before locking back onto her arm. He tightened his fingers, but if anything it grew larger.

"So cute." Her free hand began to massage his left arm. "I always have trouble telling. Can you squeeze any harder? Or is this most you can do?"

He put all his strength into it, turning his fingers white with the effort. Even her skin seemed to be woven through with threads of silky steel.

The fingers on his biceps worked themselves effortlessly deeper, as if Justin's muscles were made of soft foam.

And it was beginning to hurt.

"S-Sally..."

"Ah-ah, Mr. Harcourt," her voice sweetly amused despite his attempts to crush her arm. "What have I told you about addressing me so informally in class?"

He winced as her grip firmed. "M-Ms. Walker..." Stars flickered in Justin's eyes as his biceps flattened under her palm, as her fingers dug deep. "I..."

"Yes, Mr. Harcourt? Are you having trouble with today's lesson?"

The easy tone in her voice sent him into a panic. Without thinking he let go of her arm and focused entirely on trying to free his own. First trying to pry her fingers away, but the only one that moved at all was her pinky. So he held on to that as he struggled to tear himself out of the rest of her grip. Pulling. Yanking. Putting his whole body into it.

Sally giggled, squeezing harder, bit-by-bit. Her muscles actually seemed to be working now--a subtle tightening in her biceps and triceps, a ripple of power in her forearm--but the onslaught of those fingers never slowed.

Any second now, she was going to break his arm, and the pain of it was breaking Justin. "Shit!" he cried finally. "Sally! Ms. Walker! Ouch! God!" His vision swam and his knees buckled.

Her hand released him just before he passed out. "You're hurt? Why didn't you use your safeword?"

She sounded pissed as hell, but all Justin could do was grab the fence behind him and take slow, deep breaths to steady himself.

Slender fingers twisted into the collar of his shirt and yanked him down to her eyelevel. "Answer me, Justin."

Never in his life could he have imagined he'd someday be frightened of his girlfriend, and now all he could do was stare as he trembled in her hold.

The stern expression eased slightly. "Justin. Sweetie." She caressed his cheek. "I'm not angry with you. I'm upset. You know the difference, don't you?"

He wasn't sure he did, but he nodded.

"Good. Good." Her fingers released the collar of his shirt and both hands lightly smoothed over his shoulders. "Now tell me why you didn't use your safeword."

There was no smart way to answer here. He had no idea what was going on. Sally was Sally but...not. Not just because of her height or her strength. She spoke differently: clearly and with complete confidence. A confidence that had all but shriveled up inside his own psyche.

Her voice firmed. "Justin."

If this was her upset, he didn't want to see her angry, so he said the only thing that would come to mind. "I forgot it," he whispered.

Sally's face softened, and he saw more of his Sally, gentle and concerned. "Forgot? We've been going out for three years."

Confused yet again, he frowned. "Only three?"

A smile touched her full, lush mouth. "I know it seems longer, because we grew up together. But boys mature so much slower than girls." She brushed her lips against his, a feather-light caress. "It took us a long time to get into sync, so you understand why I'm upset over hurting you. It makes me feel like we're out of sync."

His arm ached. His mind ached. She was right. How could he have forgotten the word that was supposed to keep him safe? How could he have he betrayed her trust that way? "Could you tell it to me again?" He swallowed. "Please?"

"I can't believe you don't remember," she teased, trailing kisses over his cheek, to his ear. "You picked it out yourself. Buckeye."

"Buckeye?" Instinctively, he leaned into her kisses, into her strength. "Like Ohio State?"

"Yeah, just like that." She stepped back, and ran a hand through her dark hair. "It's nice having a boyfriend who's in to sports. You're pretty much perfect, you know that?"

Her eyes were still level with his mouth, even though she had settled back on her feet. He couldn't help watching her biceps bunch and flex as she played with her hair--the rock of muscle was bigger than a baseball now. And her clothes... His gaze skimmed the rest of her body. Her shorts were smaller and skin tight, showing off an ass that was probably as hard her arms, maybe more so. Her top, nothing more than a gold silk triangle that draped over her breasts and came to a point at her navel, showed off strong, tanned shoulders and six-pack abs.

What...What was happening to her? To him?

As he stared, her nipples stiffened, easily pushing the silk top forward.

"If you keep looking at me that way, I might just have to fuck you here and now."

His eyes widened and his gaze snapped back to hers. He'd never heard her use language like that before, and he'd certainly never heard her suggest--even in jest--sex out in the open. Sally liked holding hands and hugging in public, but that was it.

She let loose a loud sigh, causing her large, round breasts to bounce provocatively.

A D-cup, at least. But Sally was a cute little A-cup, wasn't she?

"I suppose we should get going." She stretched, the movement languid and graceful and totally natural.

No... No, she'd always been a D-cup. He was sure of it.

"Why should we get going?" he croaked, enthralled by the sight of her.

She raised an eyebrow. "You're the one all fired up about shooting hoops at my place."

Right. Basketball. He knew he could beat her. After all he was several inches taller than Sally and quicker than any of the guys at school. "Will it be fun for you?" he asked, suddenly very concerned about her happiness. "Playing with me?"

"I always have fun playing with you, Justin." She winked up at him. "At any game."

Her tone. It was even more confident than it'd been a few seconds ago. Did Sally win most of their games?

"Come on. We're burning daylight." She took his wrist and looped his arm around her shoulders.

He'd never been able to rest his arm on her shoulder before. It felt nice, and its solid width made him feel oddly secure.

Wasn't he supposed to be the one making her feel that way?

He frowned thoughtfully as he tried to sort it out, automatically following her when she began to walk. She usually took the lead, so why did that small action seem so strange? Hell, this whole day had seemed strange, although he couldn't quite pinpoint why. It was like one long dream, similar to the nightmares he'd had last...

His fingers skimmed the top of her breast. "Whoa!" He tried to snatch his hand away, was held fast by Sally's grip on his wrist. "Sorry!"

"For what?" she asked innocently as her breasts swelled, as her shoulders thickened and rose higher.

"For..." He gaped into her cleavage and quickly glanced away. "For groping you like that."

She giggled. "You're so shy. And polite. I've always liked that about you, but," her hand slid over his and encouraged him to massage her breast, "this is exactly where I want you."

Her warm, full flesh overflowed his hand and he tentatively squeezed. "Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure." She flexed her pecs, pushing her breast deeper into his palm. "Like you could ever do anything against my will."

God, her pec muscles had to be strong as hell to lift all that weight. Sally made little sounds of approval when his fingers explored her smooth skin, slipped beneath her thin silk top.

Wait. This wasn't right.

"Sally? Are you wearing a bra?"

She tilted her head back to look into his eyes. "What's a bra?"

A now familiar whisper slipped through him. "Never mind," he said, smiling. "Nothing."

"No, really. I want to know." She gave his wrist a squeeze that was somehow both reassuring and a warning. "Something new? Is it cute?"

Confusion wracked his mind, but he didn't want to let on what was happening to him. Not when she seemed to think everything was perfectly normal. "I'm not sure, actually. Heard some guys at school talking about it."

"Hm." The breast under his hand swelled again, as if she were taking a deep breath, but they stayed the new size even after she exhaled. "Maybe I'll look it up and see for myself."

He didn't know what to say to that, so walked in silence for a while, stroking the skin beneath her top out in the open and in broad daylight.

Finally they reached the hole in the chain-linked fence that would let them cut through the park to get to her house. He started to step through, but Sally stopped his movement with nothing more than a palm against his stomach.

"Hold on, sweetie. I don't want to risk getting you hurt." She grabbed the ragged metal on one side and rolled it inward toward the right edge of the fence's section. Several links popped off the top rail, but she either didn't notice or didn't care. Justin stared at her hard, nearly naked back as she rolled the other side in the opposite direction, the starkly defined muscles dancing beneath her smooth skin as she moved.

Wow. And those tiny shorts of her were hanging on for dear life. A millimeter more muscle and they'd probably fly apart at the seams.

"Sally..." He struggled to tear his gaze away from her ass, only to be instantly caught by strong, defined hamstrings. "Are you sure that's okay? Doesn't holding the metal that way cut up your hands?"

She laughed and stepped through. "There," she said happily, placing her hands on her hips while she surveyed her work. "Much better."

It was a bit overkill, if Justin were being honest. The new opening she'd created was big enough for three of him to walk through. She had to be showing off. Except he'd left impressed ages ago and was now heading into terrified.

Sally held out a hand. "Come on, big guy."

He hesitated, stepped through. He was so focused on that hand--which looked big enough and strong enough to palm a basketball--that he tripped and fell forward.

Without thinking he clutched at her arms, only to find that while he could cover her biceps with his long fingers, he couldn't get a good grip because they were so smooth and hard.

Sally caught him and easily set him on his feet. "I've got you."

His breath shallowed when he found herself looking directly into her eyes. They were... They were the same height. Her midnight eyes, crinkled at the corners with amusement, made his heart skip a beat. He'd never been able to look a woman in the eyes while standing straight before. Even guys--he'd outgrown all his friends long ago. "Thanks," he said softly, at a loss.

"My pleasure," she murmured, slipping her hands to his back and sliding downward. "I know a lot of women don't like tall guys, but," her hands curved over his ass and pulled him forward against her body, "I think it's great that you're almost seven feet."

At this height, the warmth of her hips held his like a cradle. It felt like an invitation despite the fact that her quads felt like heads of stone pressing into his thighs. Her shoulders were just as intimidating, spreading wider than his own even though they were both six-eleven.

"I love that I can kiss you--"

Almost without realizing it, he tilted his head back.

"--and barely lower my head to do it."

Man, how many times had he wished he were just an inch taller, so she wouldn't have to lower her head at all?

Her mouth brushed his, and his eyes drifted closed. She tasted fucking amazing, and her soft lips dominated, easily guiding him into a kiss that made him groan.

She lifted her head slightly and touched their noses together. "Not that it would be a problem if you were average size." Her hands firmed on his ass and dragged him up to eyelevel. "Even big guys like you are so light."

The slide of their bodies, the heat of her large breasts, the nipples that pressed insistently against his chest in a maddening contrast to the softness of those breasts...

God, he was about to lose it. "Sally..." He moaned, shuddering with pleasure. "I think I'm gonna... I mean, I know I'm about to..."

Sally clucked her tongue. "We can't have that, can we?" She lifted him away from her body and set him on the grass. "Wouldn't want to wear you out before we even finished the game."

Looking straight ahead, his gaze was caught by her full, slightly parted lips.

"Although," she said, her voice teasing, "if you keep looking at my mouth that way, I might just have to change my mind."

His body started and she giggled. Blushing, he followed her when she turned, sliding a hand up to her shoulder, which felt surprisingly and amazingly awkward.

She glanced down at him. "What are you doing?"

"I..." Shit. What was he doing? "I like touching you when we walk."

Ah, man. How lame was that?

Sally smiled and took his hand. "I like it too," she said, looping his arm around her waist, "but isn't this more comfortable for you?"

His fingers curved over her bare midriff, pressed experimentally against the frighteningly dense flesh. "Y-Yeah."

She didn't tease him about the stutter, just dropped a kiss into his hair.

Clearing his throat, trying to clear his mind, Justin glanced around the park. The sight jarred him for reasons he couldn't understand. There were lots of boys around, gathered in groups, picking flowers, playing tag with each other. But the area was dominated by girls--racing each other on monkey bars, climbing over the brightly colored jungle gyms, playing what looked like really rough basketball on the courts. He shuddered as they elbowed each other to get the upper hand, their arms bulging as they tore the ball out of one another's grips.

What kind of rules were they playing? Someone was bound to get hurt, even with all that ripped muscle visible from all the way over here, flexing wildly through their bi's and tri's, pumping through their long legs.

His gaze drifted to the merry-go-round. Several boys were laughing and hanging on for dear life as a much larger girl used one hand to spin the apparatus to dizzying speeds.

She had to be at least five years older than any of them. What was up with that?

A flash of movement caught his attention, and he glanced to the side in time to see a teenaged girl chasing a little boy. She giggled as she grabbed his shoulders, lifting him off his feet and spinning him around. He struggled against her hold, shoving at her shoulders and kicking at her. The girl didn't seem to notice, wrapping her much thicker arms around him and crushing him to her body, nearly smothering his face in her breasts.

Somehow, the boy managed to connect his fist to her face and she let him go, more surprised than hurt as she watched him run away.

"Poor kid," murmured Sally.

"Yeah," said Justin, agreeing wholeheartedly.

"Her feelings must be so hurt."

"Her?" Justin's eyes rounded as he looked up at his girlfriend in shock. "He was the one who was chased and grabbed against his will."

"But she's the one with the changing body. Trust me, I know how she feels. Up until we're about nine, boys and girls seem more or less the same physically. We make friends with each other, we play with each other. Then we hit puberty and within weeks we're a foot taller than those same boys and ten times as strong."

Puberty? At nine?

Sally pulled him a bit closer. "At that age we don't understand how fragile you guys really are. And we don't understand that you're not ready to explore things...sexually. That you won't be for years."

"S-Sexually? I thought you said she was nine."

She chuckled. "See? Even adult guys don't get it. Nine is when the urges start. Innocent at first. Hugging. Kissing. Most of us become sexually active in under twenty-four months." She paused to stare down at him, the smile fading from her lips. "You have no idea what it's like, wanting something so badly, having to get it from older guys because the ones your own age won't be ready for years. Typically men don't catch up with women until mid to late high school, which makes that intervening time terribly awkward for us, since we still have to share classes with you."

Earlier she'd told him that they'd only been going out three years. Was that why? "How..." He swallowed, tried again. "How old were you when...you know?"

Her mouth crooked. "Just over ten. What about you?"

His first time wasn't with her? He couldn't even imagine being with anyone else. "Fifteen."

"That's awfully young for a guy." A concerned frown touched her brow. "Were you mistaken for someone older because you're so tall?"

Glancing away, he sifted through his memories. But they were all of Sally. Different versions of...

Long, powerful fingers gently grasped his jaw and coaxed him into meeting her gaze. "I bet that's why you're so shy." Her grip tightened, just slightly. "You should have told me. I would have protected you."

Slowly, he was getting used to the fact that he didn't know anything. "We were still friends after you turned nine?"

"The best," she said fondly. "At first it was awkward when we tried to figure out how to play together when our sizes and strengths were so different. But we had a lot of fun, don't you think?"

"My memory's a little fuzzy." Justin grinned to make it look like he was teasing. "Did you ever make me cry?"

"Sometimes. But I tried my hardest not to hurt you."

Sally making him cry. Even on this crazy day he couldn't picture it. But her not wanting to hurt him, that he believed.

The monkey bars caught her attention and she pointed in its direction. "We were a lot like those two."

A kid, probably around ten, was climbing the steel ladder. He looked nervous, gripping every rung carefully, making sure his feet were steady before moving higher. Beside him, a much bigger and taller girl clapped her hands and cheered him on. The muscles in her hamstrings and glutes tightened with the slightest movement, bursting with power with every jump. When he made it to the top of the ladder, he reached up and tried to grasp the first horizontal rung, but came up short by several inches.

The young lady giggled again as she walked over to him. She slid her large hands around his waist--very nearly encircling it--and lifted him to the rung. He laughed wildly, kicking his legs as he attempted to grab the next bar.

What kind of monkey bars were those? They had to have been built for much older kids.

Unless, he supposed, those kids were nine year old girls.

Oh, god. Then that meant... "How old do you think she is?" he asked, watching as she kept hold of his waist and floated him from bar to bar.

"I'm guessing she's about ten. Same as him."

Justin stared at them. At the difference in their sizes. The difference in their strength. How could boys and girls even exist together like that? And Sally...

He glanced up at her. Sally was strong. The strongest person he knew. But for some reason, that simple fact didn't make sense to him.

Shit. His head was really hurting.

Sally skimmed her knuckles down his cheek, smiling as she took his hand. "Let's go."

Man, she was beautiful. The way her biceps swelled with the slightest movement. How the cords in her forearms twitched with barely constrained power. The ache in his head eased as he obediently followed. Things were always better when she took the lead.

They were quiet for a while, walking through the park. Sally's hand drifted to his shoulder and gently pulled him closer.

Automatically, he pillowed his head on top of her breast. While it was soft and comforting, the weight of him didn't affect its overall position at all. The slip of silk she wore barely covered her nipples, letting him feel all that smooth skin against his face.

"Are you having fun, Justin?"

He smiled. "Yeah."

"Think you'll win?"

Basketball. He'd completely forgotten. Could he really beat her? He'd had some kind of plan, but he'd forgotten that too. "Anything's possible."

She chuckled, causing his head to bounce slightly against her breast. "I cannot wait to see what you've got."

A shiver went through him, and he pressed himself closer to his girlfriend, despite the faint, faint voice telling him that maybe he should run.

The laughter and playful yelling of kids in the park faded as they stepped off the grass and onto the sidewalk. The shortcut had shaved several minutes off their time, and from there it was only three or four minutes before they were standing in front of her garage.

"Ready?" asked Sally, stepping away from him.

His body wavered a bit without Sally's strength to support him. Ready? For what? Oh, right. Basketball.

Why did he keep forgetting that?

"S-Sure."

Smiling, she whirled around, causing her bright red, barely there skirt to float upward. When it settled over her hard and round ass, the material couldn't cover the bottom curve.

Justin swallowed when she bent over to grab the handle on the garage door, as that skirt inched farther up her ass, as her glutes tightened and dimpled on the sides. From the back he could see the thin strip of material that held the silk to her breasts, and it must have been made of something elastic because it stretched, trying to hang on despite ferocious rhomboids and undulating lats.

The door slid to the top of the frame without visible effort from Sally, but even so the lats on her right side spread outward like a wing when she lifted her arm.

"Now, where is it?" murmured Sally. "Ah!" She bent over, picked up a red ball, and spun to face him. "Here we go."

That... That was a basketball? It had to be twice regulation size!

Sally stretched out her arm, offering the ball to him on the palm of her hand. "I know I said it before, but I'm really curious to see these 'mad skills' of yours."

The breath shallowed in Justin's chest, but he walked forward and placed his hands on the ball.

Nothing happened.

Frowning, he braced his feet and put his body into it, the muscles in his arms and core straining with the effort. It didn't matter how much he struggled--the most he could manage was to rock it a millimeter or two.

"Oh, come on," said Sally, obviously not impressed. "How do you expect to keep up with me when you can't even lift the ball?"

Helplessly, Justin stared up into her dark eyes.

Her face softened. "I get it. You were thinking we'd play with a boy's ball. Is that it?"

He nodded.

Sighing, she tossed the ball into the air, caught it with her other hand. "Fine." She set it on her forefinger and gave it a spin, balancing it easily. "I suppose I can look for my older brother's ball."

Awe made him stutter. "Th-Thank you, Sally."

She smirked and returned to the garage. Casually dropping the ball, she edged her way deeper, careful not to knock anything over as she lifted boxes full of books and tools and god knew what else out of the way.

This was a bad idea. No way could he make a basket playing against her, let alone win a game.

"You've got the talent and the power, son. I'm proud to offer you a full athletic scholarship to Ohio State."

He blinked. That voice had to be from a dream. The idea of a sports scout recruiting him for his power was ludicrous. Sure, it was important to work out and be strong, but guys didn't go for power plays. They went for speed and skill and teamwork. So why did it feel so much like a memory?

"Got it!" Sally giggled and spun with a much smaller ball in hand. "You know me and my brother used to play all the time. I'd get so frustrated when he beat me again and again." She winked. "I turned nine his first year at college. He couldn't beat me at all when he came home for the summer and hasn't beaten me since."

Sally's brother was a good guy, but he wasn't exactly a jock. Plus Justin was a lot taller. He was made for basketball.

He shook his head and ran a hand through his hair. Where the hell had that thought come from? And why did he suddenly feel so confident?

"Well?" asked Sally, a little impatiently as she held out the green ball. "You can lift this one out of my hand, can't you?"

Definitely. He strode to her and took the ball. Yeah, he thought, bouncing it in the driveway, this feels right.

The sound of the garage door clanking closed drew his attention, and he glanced up.

"Go ahead, big man," said Sally, gesturing toward the hoop bolted above the door. "Show me what you've got."

Whoa, that was high. But he could do this. He knew it.

He bounced the ball a few more times, squared up, and took his shot.

All air, by several feet.

Sally giggled into her fist. "Don't tell me I have to lower the hoop as well? My brother can make this shot."

Shit. If Daniel could do it, then he sure as hell could do it.

Justin retrieved the ball and ran to his original spot. Steady, he told himself. Concentrate.

This time, he hit nothing but net. "Yes!" he yelled, pumping his fist into the air.

Sally, standing under the hoop, caught the ball in one hand and tossed it to him. "You're cute when you're impressed with yourself." She walked forward and stood in his path. "I'll bet you're even cuter when you play for real."

He gulped, settled into an offensive stance. Sally followed suit, and it was scary as hell to stand in front of her.

At this angle he could actually get a sense of how broad her shoulders really were. They stood dead center before each other, but her width extended past his own by at least half a foot on each side. And they were solid. Thick. When she lifted her long arms, playfully blocking more of his path, her delts writhed with power.

You've got the talent...

Justin bounced the ball, but this time he used the time to get a feel for her. When he leaned left, she moved left. When he tilted his head to the right, she moved to the right.

Okay, Sally was bigger and stronger and maybe faster. But it was obvious that she'd only ever played with her brother.

My dad and I play basketball in our driveway sometimes...

Right, she played with her father too. Who wasn't a jock, either.

Faking left, he spun right, slipped past her, and took his shot.

Net. Like he knew it would be. It felt right, but...wrong, too. Why...

Sally straightened, looking genuinely impressed. "Nice! In fact," she grabbed the ball and tossed it to him. "I'd like to see you do it again."

She leaned down to guard, her shoulders spreading wider, her traps rising higher. She held up her arms and her biceps were bigger than his basketball. All he could do was stare at the wall of muscle growing before his eyes.

"Justin?"

Growing? He grinned, knowing not even women grew that fast. He must be dazed from actually making a basket off her. "Okay."

This time when he faked, she didn't fall for it and he took few steps back, gauging her moves. It took him a few seconds, but he figured out that she wasn't actually catching his misdirection--she was just so fast that he never had enough time to take advantage of it.

He tried again. Subtler. Quicker. Only to be faced with wide lats and... He raised an eyebrow.

Gorgeous breasts. Damn, they were huge. Bouncing with her every breath. Swelling as he stared, her nipples hardening and pushing those tiny diamonds of cloth right off her skin. He found himself darting from side to side, not to find an opening in her defense, but to coax her into moving more, to bounce more.

"Hey, big man. I know we're just playing for fun, but shouldn't the shot clock have run out two or three times by now?"

His body started. Shit. Coach would skin his hide for getting so distracted in the middle of a play! What the hell was wrong with him? He had to get it together. He had to get his head in the game. He had to--

Sally's arm dipped, and he took his chance, barreling forward, knowing if he shoved that arm from his path, he could easily make the next shot.

He crashed into what felt like a column of stone. The ball fell from his grip as he flew backward, slamming into the concrete of the driveway.

"Justin!" She ran to his side, looking concerned and furious, like she had when he'd forgotten his safeword. "What the hell did you think you were doing!"

Upset. She'd been upset then. Was she angry now? Was he in trouble? She moved closer, and a cool shadow fell over him as her broad body blocked out the sun.

Oh, god. He hoped he wasn't in trouble. "Thought if I could just get past you..."

"So you tried to force my body out of the way?" She braced her hands on her hips, scowling down at him. "Don't you realize how badly you could have been hurt?"

He tried to sit up and winced. "Actually, I think I am hurt. A little." Settling back on the concrete, he rubbed his shoulder, trying to massage the ache away.

Her face instantly cleared as she crouched beside him. "Let me see," she said softly, brushing his hand out of the way and using her fingers to tear open his shirt.

"Hey," he murmured, his gaze drifting to her calves, diamond hard and sexy as hell even from this angle. "This is my lucky shirt."

"Shh. I'll get you one just like it."

She really was a big softie. Another girl would probably have put him over her knee for pulling a stunt like that.

He blinked. Wondering where that thought had come from, and wondering WHY he was wondering where that thought had come from.

Her fingers felt so good on his shoulder, though, that the disquiet whispered away. A smile touched his lips as he slid his gaze upward, trying to catch a glimpse up her tiny skirt. But, of course, the muscles in her thighs were so big and thick that her legs pushed into each other, vying for dominance, blocking his view.

"If you feel well enough to try and look up my skirt, then I'm guessing your shoulder is fine."

He chuckled.

Sally gently scooped him into the cradle of her arms and he bit back a groan when her breasts brushed his body. "Are you sure you're okay?"

He was a lucky guy. "You're really beautiful, you know that?"

Rolling her eyes, she set him on his feet. "Always the charmer."

"I mean it, Sally." His mouth watered when he realized he could just lean forward and lock his lips around her nipple. Instead, he stepped back and looked her all over. The breadth of her shoulders, the twin slabs of muscle supporting a pair of amazingly full, perky breasts. Her midriff was carved through with eight bricks that expanded and contracted with each breath she took. "I thought you were pretty since we were kids, but..." His gaze rested on her thighs, on the four distinct heads of muscle that made up each of her quads. The skirt she wore barely covered her sex, and it looked like it was stretched to its limit, stressed not only by her legs but also her rounded ass. "...but for some reason I feel like today, in this moment, you're the most beautiful you've ever been."

Surprise flickered over her face. "You really think that?"

He nodded.

She smiled, held out her hand.

Justin placed his own on her palm. When she closed her fingers, he was totally engulfed.

Was this really how they held hands? He felt small and fragile in her hold.

Before he could ponder that fact too deeply, Sally tugged him toward the house.

"A-Aren't we going to finish the game?"

"Oh, don't worry." She winked down at him. "We're not done playing yet."

The words gave him both a sense of aroused anticipation and full-out dread, but he followed. It wasn't as if he had a choice, anyway.

They went into Sally's house, paused by the door to remove their shoes. Justin did a double take at her feet, realizing they were almost twice as big as his own. But they were pretty, with her nails painted bright red like that.

Sally took his hand again and they walked through the foyer, through the living room. He was struck by how high the ceilings were. Was it like that at his house?

They reached the kitchen and she stopped to say hi to her dad.

"Hi, sweetie." Mr. Walker smiled at them, standing on a stepstool as he stirred what looked like a huge pot of spaghetti sauce. "How was school?"

"Fine," she said cheerfully. "Justin and I played a little basketball in the driveway."

Mr. Walker chuckled and shook his head, as if he could barely even imagine it. "I'm glad to see you still standing, Justin."

Justin waved, didn't say anything. Mr. Walker was a small, slender man, and he looked... adorable with that apron wrapped around his body. White, with pink flowers. His own father had a similar one, except with blue flowers.

Wait. That wasn't right. The one his dad wore was black and had Grill Master printed across the chest in big, bold letters. Plus he was a big man. Not as big as Justin, but...

He stomach turned as two conflicting images of his father swirled in his head.

Mr. Walker stood on his toes to get a better look into the pot. "Sally? Would you mind..."

"Oh, sure." She released Justin's hand and strode forward. The handles of the pot were made of steel, and they had to be scalding hot, but she grabbed them as if they were room temperature. Although her biceps popped to mind boggling proportions when she lifted the vat of sauce to a nearby counter to cool, Justin didn't get the impression that it was giving her any kind of trouble. More likely it was the movement alone that made her muscles swell.

How big did they get when she was actually working them?

"Well," said Sally, already heading out of the kitchen, "I'm taking Justin to my room. Be sure to respect our privacy."

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Walker, almost absently.

Grasping Justin's hand, she led him to the stairs.

Justin's voice dropped to a whisper. "Did you just tell your father what to do?"

"Hm?" She paused halfway up the stairs and turned her head. "When did I do that?"

"You... You told him to respect our privacy."

Sally smirked and resumed their journey to the second floor. "That's for his own good. Even grown men are shy about walking in on naked women."

"N-Naked?"

She giggled, pulling him into her room and shutting the door behind them. "See? You're my boyfriend and the thought makes you nervous."

He was nervous, and he couldn't understand why, exactly. They'd had sex plenty of times, both in this house and his.

Sally reached behind her, unhooked the thin strip of material that covered her nipples, and let it flutter to the floor.

His lips parted. Logically, he'd known that tiny piece of clothing couldn't possibly have been there for any sort of support, but seeing her breasts sitting high and proud on top of her pecs left him awestruck.

She tucked her thumbs into her skirt and slid it downward, her hips swaying, the muscles in her thighs undulating beneath her skin. "Ah," she breathed, kicking the little red garment to the side and straightening into a long, deep stretch. "Much better. Honestly, I'll never understand how guys can wear so many clothes. In layers, even." She dropped her hands to her sides and winked at him. "I guess you actually need them, though. You're so delicate."

And, oh, did he feel delicate. Without thinking, he lifted his hands and protectively clutched his shirt, suddenly needing to hide the stark inadequacies between them.

"What are you waiting for?" asked Sally, a teasing grin shaping her seductive mouth. "Get over here."

That tone sounded playful, but there was no denying the order behind it. Slowly, he shuffled forward, his head tipping back as he tried to keep eye contact with her. Soon he was close enough to feel the waves of heat flowing off her body, and he couldn't help himself. He lowered his gaze, his eyes widening as he took in the full expanse of her breasts, each bigger than even a woman's basketball.

"Don't you want to touch?"

He raised his hand, hesitated. Her breasts were beautiful, perfect. But they were also intimidating.

Sally flexed her pecs, pushing her breasts forward. One of them filled his hand way past overflowing, taking the choice away from him.

Warm. Firm, but still soft enough to squeeze if he put a little effort into it.

Sally cooed her approval.

Getting bolder, Justin raised his other hand, sliding both to the underside of the perfect globe. Curious, he tried to lift it. The cords in his forearms strained, then his biceps, his triceps. Finally he put his whole body into it, and still--aside from allowing his hands to sink into its initial softness--it wouldn't budge. "So heavy," grunted, jumping back when he heard his own words.

But she was smiling. "Such the sweet talker." She slipped her hand into his hair, palmed the back of his skull, and pulled him forward.

Instinct made him resist, but the movement of his body never slowed. He even tried to turn his head to the side, but Sally's grip made that impossible. It occurred to him that she could probably crush his skull without much trouble at all, and he started to panic, pushing against the warm, stone-hard bricks of muscle laid over her stomach.

His lips brushed her nipple, and he understood what she wanted him to do.

Opening his mouth, he sucked, tentatively at first, then with more force when the hand holding his skull lifted away, replaced by the caress of long fingers through his hair. Her nipple swelled and stiffened, bigger and harder than he thought a nipple could get.

"Mmm." Her other hand drifted to his back, lightly stroked him between the shoulder blades. "I keep telling my friends," she let out a slow, appreciative breath, "that tall guys definitely have their advantages."

He was tall. Taller than any of the other guys at school. Making out was always hard because he often had to contort himself into weird positions just to get low enough for Sally to reach him.

But he was sucking on her nipple now. And he was standing straight. She tasted sweet and she shivered whenever his teeth grazed her. So easy. Hot.

Her breast eased forward, tilting his head back, just slightly. He had to push himself to his toes as her nipple rose higher, higher. Soon he couldn't reach it at all, and he stumbled backward when her massive chest unsettled his balance.

Was she teasing him?

His eyes fluttered open, snapping wide when he saw Sally smiling down at him, massaging herself. Her shoulders filled his field of vision, her cannonball delts and savagely high traps working wildly.

"It's cute how you always think you can reach these without my help." Her thumbs flicked over her nipples. "You're tall, but not that tall."

It was true. She was two or three inches out of his reach, even when he stood on his toes. Why did he always think he could suck her there without her bending to help him or lifting him to her level?

Yet he tried, every single time. It was ridiculous. "I'm an idiot."

Soft, sultry laughter cascaded down to him. "You're not. Like I said--it's cute." She dropped down to sit on her bed, and he was amazed the frame was able to stay intact

under the force of that dense body. "Because you're different from most guys, I think your body tricks you into thinking it's bigger than it is."

Was that it? "Makes sense," he murmured.

She leaned back, bracing her hands on the mattress behind her, showing off abs etched so deep he was sure he could lose a finger in any one of those grooves. "It's so weird," she said, looking him over. "A couple thousand years ago the average man was actually bigger and stronger than the average woman." She shook her head, as if she couldn't even imagine it. "Then women took a huge evolutionary leap forward and men...didn't."

That was weird. He suspected not in the way she believed. Something, everything, was off kilter. He could feel it down to his bones. "Why do you suppose it happened that way?" he asked cautiously.

She shrugged, her shoulders looking like boulders when she did. "You know the theories as well as I do. I kinda like the idea that women were forced to evolve--we were doing so much of the work. In charge of the meals, in charge of the clothing, expected to keep the home in order, raising the kids. All men had to do was hunt and fuck."

He didn't know what to think of that. And, oddly, the theory didn't surprise him as much as the swearing. Seemed like she was doing it a lot today.

"Speaking of fucking," she said, spreading her legs, "what are you doing way over there?"

His body jumped. Those quads looked more like a threat than an invitation. The size, the stark crevices dividing each muscle.

"Justin," she warned.

He thought about making a run for it, but before his brain could make the decision, his legs were moving. A few, shaky steps and he found himself standing between her thighs, each bigger around than his chest. They started to close on him, and he tried to trust her, tried to stay calm, but as soon as they touched his waist he freaked out. "Buckeye!"

Her legs stopped instantly, and she straightened. "I hurt you?"

God, she was sitting on the bed and still looking down at him. "N-No. But..."

She tilted her head to the side. "You were scared?"

It was embarrassing to admit, but better than getting crushed. "Yeah."

Sally leaned down, brushed her lips against his temple. She trailed feather-light kisses to his ear, speaking softly, gently. "You know I love you."

He shivered, nodded.

"Tell me what a safeword is for."

Pulling back, he stared into her dark eyes and remembered the 'lesson' she'd given him earlier, before they'd reached the park. She'd enjoyed dominating, even enjoyed making him uncomfortable, but... "To keep you from breaking me?"

A smile ghosted onto her lips. "That's right. You can use it when you're frightened; I don't mind. But if you do, if you can't bring yourself to trust me, I'll never learn your boundaries. There will always be distance between us." She touched their noses together. "I want to be closer to you, Justin. I want a clear sense of how fragile you are, so I can skate along all your boundaries."

All at once, he wanted it too. He wanted her to push his limits and teach them both just how much he could take. "Okay," he whispered.

Her expression softened. "Good." Her thighs began to move again, inward, hugging his waist. "Good."

Experimenting, he tried to move. Forward, backward. Anything. He was pinned, and the surge of arousal that flooded him from the discovery took him completely by surprise.

The muscles in her thighs flexed, squeezing him, turning him on beyond belief. His hands smoothed over her quads, his fingers naturally falling into the grooves separating the muscles. He tightened his grip, but of course there was no give. He tried to push against her ever encroaching strength, his arms shaking with the effort, and knew that she could

do whatever she wanted with him, whenever she wanted. The fact that she'd made him choose a safeword, and actually abided by it, was a testament to how much she cared for him. So he stayed calm, taking as much of her power as he could.

But soon, the steel hardness of her muscles began to take its toll. "It's starting to hurt," he said softly, looking into her dark eyes.

The advance of her thighs slowed, but didn't stop. "Do you think you can stand a little more?"

He nodded.

Sally smiled and spread her thighs, releasing the pressure on his waist. He hadn't been expecting it, and his knees buckled at the sudden loss of her support. She scooped him up into the cradle of her arms and laid him out on the bed.

"What's..." He stared up at her, grateful the window was right beside them, otherwise her broad form would have blocked all the light. "What's going on?"

"You did good." She held herself above him in a perfect plank position. "We'll test the limits of your body another time."

She lowered herself onto one of her forearms, framing his legs with her own, her breasts so large that his chest only had enough real estate to accommodate one of them.

Jesus, she had to be almost three times as wide as him.

He winced. "Something hard's sticking into my chest."

Sally laughed. "You could look a little more happy about it. Nobody's ever turned me on as much as you."

Frowning, he tried to parse that out. He should be happy... She was turned on...

He glanced down at the breast covering his entire chest, as well as some of his stomach. "Your nipple. That's what I'm feeling."

"Of course it is." She leaned closer, licking her lips. "You've been acting strangely all day, Justin."

Most of his body sank into the mattress under her weight. His head, neck, and shoulders were supported by two firm pillows, allowing him--hell inviting him--to catch her mouth. Reaching up, he slipped his arms around her neck and kissed her.

The mountain of muscle above him, the nipple digging into his pectoral muscle, it was all worth it. He knew she wasn't resting all of her weight on top of him; he'd be crushed to death if that were the case. The knowledge turned the minor pain into red hot pleasure.

Sally's tongue, as strong as the rest of her, slipped into his mouth and dominated him. The cords in her neck were thick as his forearms, and he simply hung on for the ride, knowing he couldn't take the lead, even if he wanted to.

Her stomach held his hips immobile, no matter how hard he tried to writhe against her. Her muscle plated abs expanded and contracted--the swells pushing against his crotch, the grooves squeezing his cock. It was driving him nuts.

She moved to kiss his cheek, his temple, his ear. Justin took the opportunity to speak.

"S-Sally," he gasped. "I'm about to come."

"That's the point," she said, breathing the words into his ear.

The rhythm of her abdominal muscles was intentional. She was doing this on purpose.

"Oh, fuck." He clutched at her, as tight as he could, burying his face in her hair, squeezing his eyes shut. "Oh..." His body tried to convulse as he shot his load, but Sally's much stronger body wouldn't allow it, forcing him to experience his orgasm in excruciating detail. "... god." His arms slipped from her neck and his head fell back onto the pillows as he dragged in lungfuls of air.

A cocky grin shaped her lips. "So cute," she crooned, using one of her fingers to brush a lock of his hair from his forehead.

Cute? Man, usually she called him "hot" or "sexy." Although, realistically, cute was a best-case scenario term considering he'd just come in his pants.

He took another deep breath. Slowly, slowly, his heart slowed down to a normal speed.

"Feeling good?" she asked, stroking his hair.

"Shit, yeah."

She touched their foreheads together. "You know it's my turn now, right?"

His entire body started. "R-Right." All sorts of images raced through his mind as he tried to figure out exactly how he would go about accomplishing that task.

Sally eased off of him and got to her feet. He sat straight as her head rose up, and up, and up.

She cracked her knuckles, and the sound was like fireworks going off in the bedroom. Staring down at him, she placed a hand on her hip and gestured to her pussy with the other. "Well?"

He slid off the bed, craned his neck all the way back to look at her face.

She raised an eyebrow, obviously impatient.

But he still had no idea what he was supposed to do.

Her feet spread apart, bringing attention to her mammoth legs, opening her sex.

Which was when he realized that his mouth was level with her pussy.

No way. She couldn't really expect him to--

The muscles in her thighs flexed with irritation and he found himself running forward, bracing his hands on her pelvis the best he could and burying his face in her pussy.

"Mmm," she murmured, the sound a rumble of thunder to his ears. "That's more like it."

His tongue thrust as deep as he was able, then he licked his way upward, searching for her clit. His eyes rounded when he found it, when it filled his mouth. He paused to gather his bearings, trying to remember what Sally liked, and sucked gently.

"Harder," she ordered almost instantly.

Okay, this Sally liked it harder, so he sucked her harder. As hard as he could.

This Sally...

Who was twice his height...

But his Sally wasn't...

A massive hand engulfed his skull. "Come on, baby," she said, pushing him deeper into her sex, "no need for foreplay. Use your teeth."

His teeth?

Tentatively, he scraped his teeth over her clit.

She moaned.

Unbelieving, he bit down, surprised to find this part of her body as hard as any of her muscles. The hand holding his head shoved him deeper, then pulled him back, forcing him to scrape her with enough force to take the skin off an apple. And through it all, her moans only got louder, longer.

Fuck, she was tough. He couldn't even take the idea of teeth on his cock, but it seemed like Sally needed this rough play just to get off.

Sally's hand controlled the rhythm of his mouth, controlled her own pleasure just as easily as she'd controlled his. Wanting to please her, he tightened his jaw till it ached. She shivered, and his entire body rattled with the force of it.

"Coming," she told him.

Oh, thank god. But why did it sound like she was warning him?

She shuddered hugely, damned near tearing out his teeth. Her satisfaction poured out of her, rushing into his mouth so hard that it would have knocked his head back if she hadn't been holding him. So much. Flooding him faster than he could swallow.

Her hand released him and he dropped to the floor, coughing to clear his lungs, sputtering as he dragged in air.

Soft, feminine chuckles cascaded around him. "Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry. I should have let go of you sooner."

She didn't sound sorry. She sounded thoroughly amused.

Something in his head wrenched, and he closed his eyes tight, trying to shut out the pain.

What sense did this make?

Evolutionary leap or not, why would nature make her that strong, that big? She'd nearly killed him by coming!

Images sliced through his mind. Lifting a small, petite Sally and spinning her around. Sally pinning him to the fence and smiling up at him even though she was stronger. Opening jars for her. Carrying her books for her. Looking down at her. Standing straight and sucking on her nipple. Standing straight and sucking on her clit. Being afraid to hug her too tightly because she was so small and fragile. Basketball. Buckeyes. He was the strongest power forward in the country. He couldn't even lift a regulation basketball. Mr. Walker in an apron. His dad a third bigger in a totally different kind of apron. Taller than everyone in school. Taller than the boys, but nowhere near as tall as the girls. Fuck Yale. Ohio State. Needing a safeword with his own damned girlfriend.

WHAT SENSE DID IT MAKE?

He covered his head with his hands and screamed into the floor.

"Justin!" Sally dropped to her knees, quaking the whole room. "What's wrong?"

All playfulness was gone. Suddenly she was full of concern. "It's not right! None of this is right!" Tears slipped out of his eyes. "I have all these pictures cutting into my brain. They're all different, but they're all you!"

"Justin." She stroked his hair, his back. "The pain will ease if you take a deep breath and focus on this reality."

What... What did she just say?

"You knew." His hands fell away as he turned his head to stare at her in disbelief. "You knew what was happening all along."

"I just wanted to play. I thought it would be more fun if you had a sense of what was going on."

Fun? He pushed himself up, sitting on the hardwood floor, soaked in her juices. "This is...some kind of game?"

She nodded. "I gave you a safeword at the beginning in case the confusion got to be too much for you." Her voice softened. "You're supposed to say it whenever you're in pain."

"You're the one doing this to me?" He shook his head. "To us?"

"Discovered how around a week ago." She glided large, warm knuckles up his cheek. "Did some experimenting last night."

His head was beginning to throb again. "The nightmares."

She broke into a smile. "I suppose from your perspective they'd seem that way, yes." Taking both his hands in one of hers, she guided him to his feet and rose to her full height. "Honestly, I didn't think you would make it so far. I mean this," she massaged her breasts--each of which probably weighed more than he did--before releasing them and letting them bounce into place, "is frankly ridiculous. I didn't even bother getting to this

size last night. But, I must admit, I'm liking it a lot more than I could have imagined." She licked her lips. "Loving it, even."

He stared at her, towering over him. "How are you doing... No." He scrubbed at his face with his hand. "You're lying. No one has that much power."

"Justin, I'm hurt. After I went through so much trouble crafting the details of each and every level of this game." She grinned and tapped her finger against her cheek. "I kept you the same, though. Would you like to see how you would compare to me if you were an average-sized man?"

Suddenly she rose higher, wider, bigger.

No, that wasn't right. It was him. He was shrinking, getting closer and closer to the floor, until the top of his head only reached the middle of her massive thigh. "Oh god."

"Pretty close to it, I think." She tilted her head to the side. "You're looking surprisingly cute there, Justin. I wonder..."

A different sort of change overcame him. His limbs felt lighter, the collar of his t-shirt fell to expose a shockingly small shoulder. When he tried to straighten his shirt, shock stilled his movements when he saw his thin forearms, his delicate wrists and hands. "What..." His fingers trembling, he pulled back one of his sleeves. His normally large biceps were gone. No matter how hard he flexed, the most he could get out of his arm was the faintest of rises.

Smoothing his hands down the front of his shirt told him that his chest was just as flat. Lower, his legs were in slender as fuck. Strong enough to let him stand and walk, but he didn't think they were capable of much more than that.

"Oh, my."

His gaze snapped up at the sound of her husky voice. Her eyes were dark, heavy-lidded with arousal.

A tremor of fear skittered through his body.

Sally leaned down, bracing her hands on her knees. Her lips parted as she studied every inch of him.

That hungry gaze scared the hell out of him. He wanted to bolt, but the door was between him and Sally, whose legs were as big as redwoods with an upper body that loomed high and wide above him. His eyes darted to her nipples, watched them swell bigger, harder, throbbing with the beat of her heart, then back to her face.

She leaned closer, bringing waves of aroused heat with her. "I never would have believed it, not in a million years, but," she knelt, towering above him, "you're much cuter this way. I believe that your muscles have been holding you back all this time, Justin."

She reached for him, and Justin jumped back, slamming into the bed behind him. Laughing softly, she laid her hand on his chest, covering it completely. "You did such a good job bringing me to orgasm before. I wonder how you'll fair this time? Especially with this slim little body?"

He kicked and bucked, struggling to get free of her hand. She calmly watched as he pit all his strength against her little finger, only to find it completely unmoving. "Sally!"

"Yes?" she asked sweetly.

"Stop this."

"Why? We're having so much fun."

"This isn't fun." He clawed at fingers, lifted his feet to kick at her wrist and forearm. She didn't seem to feel any of it. "Do you have any idea what I've gone through today? The pain you've put me through? My mind still feels like it's about to fracture!"

She lifted an eyebrow. "If it's that bad, then why haven't you used your safeword?"

"I don't want to play this stupid game anymore, dammit! I want to go back to real life!"

Her hand gentled against his chest. "You don't want to play this game anymore?"

Relieved she was finally listening to him, he settled down. "Right."

"This game?"

He frowned. "Yes, Sally," he told her, his voice soft and out of breath, "this game."

"You'd rather be clear headed?"

"Yes."

"It's too much change for you to handle?"

"Yes," he whispered.

She pulled her hand away from him, her expression thoughtful as she crossed her arms over her substantial chest. "You don't want to play this game," she repeated.

Something was off. The words were right, and he didn't doubt that she was genuinely trying to understand what he was saying, but he was beginning to wonder if he and Sally even spoke the same language anymore. "Yes," he said, cautiously this time.

"Because you want reality."

He nodded.

Sally stared at him a long, long moment. Then she broke into a sweet smile. "All right."

"Sally!"

She turned, her backpack slung over her shoulder. A smile curved her mouth as she watched Justin run across the quad.

He was so cute. And running so hard. Sally could cross the same distance in less time by walking, but she liked to watch his lithe, slender body in motion.

By the time he finally reached her, he was gasping for breath. "Did you wait long?" he asked, his bright blue eyes wide as he stared up at her.

"Not at all." She reached out, curved her hand over the nape of his neck, and pulled him forward, burying his face in her cleavage. He shivered, and the tiny tremors made her wet between the legs, but there was time enough for that later. "How was class?" He mumbled something into her breasts and she giggled, releasing him so he could speak. "What was that?"

"Good," he said, his face flushed with embarrassment and arousal. "Professor Sing asked me to be his lab assistant." He removed his glasses, cleaned them with the hem of his shirt, and returned them to his face. "I said yes."

The old Justin had worn contacts. She liked him much better with glasses. "Nice. Ready to go?"

He nodded and she took the backpack from his shoulder. He tried to hang on to it, and Sally teased him for a few seconds before pulling it from his grasp. It was ridiculously easy to do--the average woman was a thousand times stronger than the average man.

She didn't have to make the strength differential between men and women that stark, but it made interaction between the sexes so much more fun. Any physical situation with Justin was effortlessly dominated by Sally. He couldn't help but worship muscles that no boy could ever develop. And, she had to admit, her abject superiority over him turned her on.

"Ah, Sally. I can carry my own books."

"I know." She searched out the steel clip on his bag and hooked it onto her own, right next to her keychain. "But I'm your girlfriend, and this is what girlfriends do."

Justin sighed, but she knew he loved it.

"Come on," she said, taking his hand and walking towards the apartment they shared.

Her stride was far too long for him. She'd only taken a few steps before Justin stumbled.

She easily caught him. "Oh shit, Justin. I'm sorry." She caressed his cheek, checked him over. "Sometimes I forget how small you are."

His hands slid into that groove that separated her delts from her biceps. "It's okay. I'll try harder."

The old Justin was sweet. The sweetest man she'd ever known. But this one made her stomach tighten and her heart skip a beat. Pure affection had her hooking her arm around his waist and straightening. "You don't have to try so hard, Justin."

"N-No really. I can walk." But already he was curling against her.

He looked adorable, in the crook of her arm, his legs hanging off her forearm as if it were a tree branch. She dropped a kiss onto his mouth before striding forward at her normal speed. It wasn't unusual for women to carry men around--they tired so easily and obviously could never keep up at any sort of normal pace. Even now, many of the women on campus were carrying men in exactly the same way Sally held Justin.

"Sally?" asked Justin, his voice soft as he skimmed his fingers over the tops of her breasts.

Today she wore a thin band of green that wrapped around her chest and covered her nipples. Often she didn't even wear that much. Now her breasts swelled with appreciation and arousal, threatening to snap the material. "Yes?"

For a few seconds he didn't say anything, and Sally let him take his time. He was so shy.

"Um... I was wondering..."

She glanced down at him. "Wondering what?"

He bit down on his lower lip and Sally nearly groaned. Didn't he know how hot he looked? He was practically begging her to tear off his clothes here and now.

His gaze dipped. "Why do you like me?"

The question gave her pause. "What do you mean?"

"You're the most beautiful woman on campus. And I'm...nothing."

Hm. She'd made Justin a little smaller than average. He was just so much more attractive that way. But it occurred to her that right now he was feeling the way she had their senior year in high school. Using her free hand, she slid her finger under his chin and gently forced him to look up. "I don't like you. I love you. Because you're sweet, and smart, and--most of all--fun. And I'd love you even if you were taller than me, stronger than me, bigger than me."

His eyes crinkled at the corners as he laughed. "Taller and stronger than you? Where the heck did that come from?"

Grinning, she walked into their apartment complex, taking the stairs three at a time. Sometimes she wished the steps were bigger, but then Justin would have a lot of trouble climbing them, if he could at all. "I don't know. A dream."

"Weird dream."

He didn't remember a trace of his old life. At first she didn't understand why he wanted to reset the game this way, but he was so much happier now. "I know." She strode to their apartment and opened the door. "In it I was as small as you are now."

Confusion flitted over his face. "We were the same size? Like in elementary school?"

She chuckled, surprised and oddly pleased he was having so much trouble imagining it. "Bizarre, right?"

He nodded.

Sally dropped their bags onto a table and shifted him around to hold him around the waist. So light. It really was quite captivating. She lifted him higher, brushed a soft kiss over his mouth. He eagerly leaned forward, silently begging her to deepen the kiss while lifting his legs to wrap them around her.

But they weren't kids anymore. Her chest and lats were much too wide to allow him such a feat.

Instead, she pressed him against the wall. Pinning him there with her breast, she released him and braced her forearms above his head. Her movements were easy, relaxed. Even now she couldn't even feel his weight. And he'd never be able to escape, despite the fact that she expended no effort at all. Her power... god, it was intoxicating. She never could have guessed being so much bigger could feel so good.

Justin hissed as her nipples stiffened, then grinned up at her. "I think you're going to bruise me this time."

The teasing tone only made her hotter. Wanting to play, she slowly flexed her pecs, pushing her breasts forward, inch by inch. Despite the relative softness of that part of her body, there was only so much his chest could take before the bones of his sternum began to bow inward.

"Buckeye," he said softly, full of trust and without a trace of fear.

She immediately eased back, allowing him to breath normally. He knew all the rules now, and almost never forgot. It made her happy.

His hands slid up to her wrists above him, his fingers lovingly traced the cords of her forearms, the split at the peak of her biceps, the grooves separating each of the muscles in her triceps.

"Are you having fun, Justin?"

An impish grin shaped his mouth. "Can't you tell?"

Sally tilted her head to the side, then dropped one of her arms to cup her hand over his crotch. She felt his cock straining against his pants and laughed.

He'd been right before. The first game had been okay. But this game, this game, could go on forever.