

DOWN FOR THE 3!

PART VII

STORY BY TETSU & KOKOJI

ART BY TETSU



AFTER OUR DATE I OPENED UP MORE TO SARAH ABOUT HOW I FELT. WE DISCUSSED MY WEIGHT LOSS, MY MORE SLENDER PHYSIQUE AND THE ANXIETY IT HAD CAUSED. EVEN BROACHING THE TOPIC HAD ME NERVOUS BUT, AS I'D FIGURED OUT ON THE LAST DATE, SHE'D PICKED UP ON IT BEFORE I EVEN GOT TO SEE HER.

TO MY RELIEF, SHE PUT MY FEARS TO REST. SHE DIDN'T CARE ABOUT HOW BIG MY BICEPS WERE. ALL SHE CARED ABOUT WAS THAT I WAS ME.

ALTHOUGH, I DID GET A SENSE THAT SHE MAY HAVE ACTUALLY GOTTEN A THRILL AT THE PHYSICAL GAP BETWEEN US CLOSING.

EITHER WAY, IT WAS A HUGE WEIGHT LIFTED OFF OF MY SPIRIT AND, FOR TWO WEEKS, I WAS WALKING ON CLOUDS. OUR RELATIONSHIP WENT PRETTY MUCH BACK TO NORMAL WITH LONG CALLS AND DAILY CHATTING. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE WAS THE EMBARGO THAT SARAH PUT ON OUR NAUGHTIER ESCAPADES.

SHE WAS EVEN CAREFUL NOT TO SHOW TOO MUCH OF HERSELF IN THE VIDEO CALLS, ONLY KEEPING HER FACE IN FRAME. I KNEW WHY WITHOUT HER TELLING ME. I KNEW SHE WANTED TO BLOW ME AWAY THE NEXT TIME WE MET.

TEASING ME ENDLESSLY ABOUT OUR RESPECTIVE SIZES AND HOW WE'D BE WRESTLING AGAIN AT OUR NEXT DATE, IT MADE IT INCREASINGLY DIFFICULT NOT TO BEG TO SEE HER... UNTIL TODAY.



"HEY, REMEMBER I TOLD YOU HOW HUNGRY I'D BEEN RECENTLY?" THE MESSAGE MADE ME SIT UP IN BED. SHE HAD TOLD ME. UNENDINGLY. SINCE OUR DATE IT SEEMED LIKE ALL SHE'D DONE IS EAT. HER MEALS SEEMED TO LAST HOURS NOW AND NO MATTER WHAT ACTIVITY SHE WAS DOING, SHE WAS MUNCHING ON SNACKS. IT WAS FRANKLY ASTOUNDING. I MEAN, THERE WAS EVEN ONE TIME WHEN I RANG HER AT 2AM AND SHE WAS MAKING PASTA AND MEATBALLS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT! AND YET WHENEVER WE WERE ON THE PHONE, SHE'D COMPLAIN ABOUT BEING HUNGRY AT LEAST ONCE.

"NO, I DON'T THINK YOU'VE EVER MENTIONED IT." I SENT A GIF OF SOMEONE ROLLING THEIR EYES WITH THE MESSAGE. AN EMOJI WITH CENSORED EXPLETIVES POPPED UP, MAKING ME LAUGH.

"IT'S LIKE YOU DON'T WANNA KNOW THE FUN PART."

"I'M SORRY, I DO! I SWEAR!"

THE TYPING BUBBLE CAME AND WENT A FEW TIMES. "FINE, BUT YOU BETTER BE NICE!" I BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF. I HAD A FEELING SHE WAS ABOUT TO TELL ME SOMETHING HOT. "WELL... I DECIDED TO TRACK CALORIES FOR ONCE YESTERDAY AAAAND... I MAAAAAY HAVE EATEN NEARLY 5000 CALORIES..." MY MOUTH HUNG OPEN READING THAT NUMBER. THAT WAS AN INSANE AMOUNT OF CALORIES FOR A SINGLE DAY. EVEN IN A BULK.

"WTF, SARAH!? ARE YOU SERIOUS?"

"HAHAH, YEEEP. I WAS WONDERING HOW I KEPT BREAKING PRS IN THE GYM. I GUESS I'M FUUUUUUELED UP." A BUNCH OF BICEPS CAME IN AFTER THAT. "IT MAKES SENSE I GUESS. I DON'T EVEN MIND MY ABS BEING A BIT CHUBBY. I'M LOVING HOW DAMN THICK I'VE BEEN LOOKING."



"PICS OR IT DIDN'T HAPPEN." I SENT IT INSTANTLY. I'D INTENDED FOR IT TO BE HALF JOKING BUT KNEW IT COULDN'T EVER COME ACROSS THAT WAY WITH THE SHEER SPEED AT WHICH I'D SENT IT. I COULD EVEN FEEL THE SMIRK ON HER FACE THROUGH THE SCREEN, READING IT AND MY INTENTIONS EFFORTLESSLY. I COULDN'T HELP IT. HUNGRY TO GLIMPSE HER, MY FINGERS HAD MOVED ON THEIR OWN AND MADE MY DESPERATION OBVIOUS.

"I DUNNNOOOO. YOU WERE JUST MEAN TO ME."

"I'LL ORDER YOU A WHOLE FUCKING CRATE OF THOSE PROTEIN SHAKES YOU LIKE." I FURIOUSLY TYPED.

"DEAL! NO TAKE BACKS!" THIS TIME HER RESPONSE WAS IMMEDIATE AND I REALISED FROM THE LATTER HALF OF THE MESSAGE THAT SHE HAD BEEN ABOUT TO SHOW OFF ANYWAY. I DIDN'T MIND.

FEEDING HER GAINS HAD BECOME A SEXY INDULGENCE FOR ME ANYWAY, EVEN WHEN WE WERE APART. HER STATUS WENT OFFLINE THEN AND A GROWING, FIDGETY EXCITEMENT CREPT OVER ME. I WAS PRACTICALLY SALIVATING WHEN THE PHOTO POPPED UP ON MY PHONE, BLURRY AS IT LOADED.

I TAPPED IT TO OPEN IT UP, MAKING IT FILL THE SCREEN, SHOWING SARAH IN HER FULL GLORY. "SERIOUSLY, LOOK." CAME A CAPTION WITH THE IMAGE AS IT SNAPPED INTO CLARITY. PAVLOV'S DOG STYLE, I WAS DROOLING.

THE PHOTO SHOWED HER FROM THE SIDE, THE PROFILE OF HER LEG LOOKING OAKEN AND CURVY AND HUGE - THE SHAPE OF HER HAMSTRING AND A SHALLOW WAVE THAT JOINED TO THE GLORIOUS, ROUND SWELL OF HER FLAWLESS ASS. I WAS TRULY AWED, A HORNY MESS FROM JUST ONE IMAGE.

IT ACTUALLY TOOK A WHILE FOR MY EYES TO BREAK AWAY FROM THE INTENDED FOCUS OF THE PHOTO, SCANNING UP THEY WIDENED AS I SAW A HINT OF JUST HOW BIG HER BOOBS HAD GOTTEN.



"I'M GUESSING YOU WANT A CLEAR SHOT OF THESE MONSTERS TOO." SHE READ MY MIND, A SECOND PHOTO COMING IN TO MAKE MY PHONE VIBRATE IN MY HAND. FEVERISHLY MY BRAIN BATTLED BETWEEN STARING AT THIS PHOTO AND WANTING TO STARE AND THE NEXT ONE. I BROKE AND WENT TO IT, GREEDY TO FEAST MY EYES ON MORE OF HER. AND SHE MORE THAN DELIVERED.

"OH MY GOD." I WHISPERED TO MYSELF. THIS TIME THE PHOTO WAS POSED SO THAT I WAS LOOKING UP AT HER, HER FOREARM ACROSS HER BREASTS WORKING AS A MAKESHIFT BRA. A BRA THAT WAS TOO SMALL.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT BLACK MAGIC WAS BEHIND IT BUT SHE WAS EVEN BUSTIER. BOOB LITERALLY SPILLING OUT OVER AND UNDER HER ARM. I'D ALWAYS HEARD THE SAYING 'MORE THAN A HANDFUL IS A WASTE.' FUCK THAT. WHOEVER SAID THAT WAS WRONG.

RIGHT NOW, STARING AT MY PHONE, AT THE WAY SARAH'S TITS WERE JUST OOZING OUT ALL OVER THE PLACE, MY CRAVINGS FOR HER HIT A NEW, EVEN MORE INTENSE LEVEL.

I WANTED TO BURY MYSELF IN HER, SMOTHER MY FACE IN HER BOOBS AND HER SCENT AND - AND IN HER. GOD, I WANTED HER SO BAD. "YOU'RE BUSY THIS WEEKEND RIGHT?" I PROBED, HOPING THAT SOMEHOW FATE HAD PITIED ME AND OPENED UP HER SCHEDULE. I HAD STUFF PLANNED BUT I'D HONESTLY CANCEL MY OWN FUNERAL TO SEE HER RIGHT NOW.

HER INITIAL RESPONSE WAS JUST LAUGHTER. "REALLY? ALL IT TOOK WAS TWO PHOTOS TO CANCEL ALL YOUR PLANS?"

"... MAYBE."

"GOOD." AN IMPISH, GRINNING EMOJI SMILED UP AT ME. HOWEVER, THEN SHE SOFTENED. "I MISS YOU TOO. BUT I'VE GOT THAT WEDDING TO GO TO, REMEMBER? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW MAD THE TAILOR WAS WHEN I WENT IN FOR THE LAST FITTING!?" AT LEAST THAT GOT A WISTFUL LAUGH OUT OF ME. I COULD ONLY IMAGINE THE TAILOR RIPPING OUT THEIR HAIR OVER SARAH'S EVER ENLARGING MEASUREMENTS.



UNFORTUNATELY, AFTER THAT ENCOUNTER SARAH WENT BACK TO BEING CAREFUL IN WHAT SHE WAS SHARING WITH ME. IT WAS FRUSTRATING, BUT TRUTHFULLY, THE BUILD UP WAS GETTING ME EVEN MORE INFATUATED, DESPERATE TO SEE HER AGAIN.

SURPRISINGLY, TWO WEEKS LATER, WHEN I WAS RUNNING LATE FOR THE TRAIN TO WORK, RUSHING AROUND THE HOUSE, I GOT ANOTHER VISUAL UPDATE ON HER. I WAS JUST PUTTING ON MY TIE WHEN THE MESSAGE CAME THROUGH. GETTING IT OUT, I SAW HER NAME AND THE CRYPTIC MESSAGE. I WAS MISSING THAT TRAIN. "HEY, YOU BUSY?"

"NOT TOO BUSY FOR YOU." I SENT BACK.

"WOW, WHAT A SWEET TALKER." I RESPONDED WITH A SMIRKING EMOJI AND THEN WAITED FOR WHAT SHE WAS GOING TO SAY NEXT. "I FOUND SOME OLD CLOTHES FROM WHEN WE STARTED DATING. I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D WANT TO SEE?"



"ARE YOU KIDDING? OF COURSE I DO!" TRYING TO CONTAIN MY EXCITEMENT, I SETTLED MY WEIGHT ONTO THE COUCH, NOT CARING HOW LATE I WAS GOING TO BE TO WORK. THEY COULD HANDLE IT CONSIDERING THE OVERTIME I PULLED.

"I HAD A FEELING." THE PICTURE CAME THROUGH STRAIGHT AWAY, HER ONLINE STATUS NOT CHANGING. THAT MEANT SHE HAD IT READY TO GO, ALREADY TAKEN, READY TO SEND. AND MAYBE EVEN MORE LOCKED AND LOADED...

BUT I WASN'T THINKING OF THAT THEN. I COULDN'T. BECAUSE MY BRAIN WAS WHOLLY CONSUMED BY THE IMAGE THAT HAD JUST LOADED ON MY SCREEN. THE THIN, WHITE FABRIC OF A PAIR OF PANTIES THAT I JUST ABOUT REMEMBERED WAS STRETCHED OVER HER HIPS, STRUGGLING TO CONTAIN HER. STITCHES SCREAMING, BARELY HOLDING TOGETHER, HER ASS WAS FLOODING THE POOR GARMENT - HEAVING OVER EVERY INCH OF IT, THREATENING TO BURST FREE COMPLETELY. "WHAT DO YOU THINK?"

I FUMBLERED THE KEYBOARD. "JESUS, SARAH. IT'S INSANE HOW MUCH YOU'VE GROWN..." EVEN THOUGH I'D SEEN HER SO SPARSELY - ALWAYS SHOCKED BY HER CONTINUED GROWTH, SEEING SOMETHING FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE JOURNEY REALLY HAMMERED HOME HOW MUCH LARGER SHE WAS NOW.



"IT'S GREAT, RIGHT? I JUST THINK IT'S A SHAME THERE'S NO SENSE OF SCALE IN THE PHOTO." MY BROW FURROWED. THAT WAS SUCH A WEIRD RESPONSE THAT FLAGS ROSE UP IN MY HEAD. SHE HAD CLEARLY DONE SOME SCHEMING. "SO I TOOK THIS PHOTO AS WELL."

MY MOUTH DRIED OUT, SOMETHING FIZZLING IN MY BRAIN AS MY NOSTRILS FLARED AND MY EYES PEELED FURTHER OPEN.

THIS TIME SHE WAS SEATED, THE IMAGE FRAMED SO PERFECTLY THAT I WAS TREATED TO A VIEW OF HER BUST ABSOLUTELY POURING OUT OF AN OLD, UNDER SIZED VEST AS WELL AS HER LUSCIOUS, MOUTH WATERING THIGHS WRAPPED AROUND HER MARKER FOR A 'SENSE OF SCALE.' "I THOUGHT MONSTER CANS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE BIG?"

I WANTED TO LAUGH. SHE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT SHE WAS DOING USING THAT CAN. MONSTER CANS WERE BIG, LONG, CHUNKY THINGS THAT WERE COMPARED TO... PHALLIC APPENDAGES PRETTY OFTEN. IN ANY OTHER SITUATION, THEY DID LOOK PRETTY DAMN BIG.

BUT, LOOKING LIKE A BUOY IN THE OCEAN OF HER THIGHS, THIS CAN LOOKED MINUSCULE. DWARFED BY THE SHEER GIRTH THAT SURROUNDED IT, IT WAS DROWNING. "I MEAN, I'VE DEFINITELY GOTTEN THICKER SINCE I LAST SENT YOU PHOTOS BUT LOOK AT IT! IT'S TINY! THEN AGAIN... IT'S BIGGER THAN SOME THINGS, RIGHT, ELI?" MY DICK FLEXED IN MY TROUSERS, SEEMINGLY REACTING TO BEING CALLED OUT.

WITHOUT TRYING PARTICULARLY HARD, SHE NOW HAD ME IMAGINING MY MEAT SANDWICED BETWEEN HER THIGHS - THE FEEL OF HER SUPPLE MUSCLE STROKING IT BACK AND FORTH AND - FUCK, I HAD TO STOP. I COULDN'T GET TOO ROPED INTO HER GAME OR I MIGHT JUST NEED TO CHANGE TROUSERS.



HOWEVER, SHE HAD OTHER IDEAS. HER BARRAGE CONTINUED ON, THE OFFENSIVE NEVER LETTING UP, A NEW PICTURE COMING IN. I WASN'T EVEN REPLYING TO HER MESSAGES ANYMORE, BUT SHE KNEW I WAS RIGHT THERE, GLUED TO MY SCREEN. "OH, REMEMBER HOW I DIDN'T MIND MY ABS GETTING CHUBBY BEFORE? I SAID IT WAS BECAUSE OF HOW THICK I WAS LOOKING BUT REALLY THAT WAS ONLY HALF TRUE.

THE OTHER REASON I DIDN'T MIND IS BECAUSE I KNEW THAT THE MORE I EAT, THE MORE FUEL MY NEXT GROWTH SPURT WOULD HAVE."

HOW WAS SHE SO CERTAIN THAT THERE WAS ANOTHER GROWTH SPURT COMING? AND WAS THAT REALLY TRUE?! WAS SHE DOING MORE THAN JUST BULKING WHEN SHE WAS CRUSHING LUDICROUS AMOUNTS OF CALORIES?

"MY BODY NEEDS THE CALORIES TO GET BIG AND STRONG, RIGHT? AND LOOK..." ANOTHER TRANCE INDUCING SET OF PIXELS.

THIS TIME SHE'D LIFTED UP HER TOP TO SHOW OFF HER MIDDLE - TO SHOW OFF THE DEFINITION AROUND HER ABS RETURNING.

THEY WEREN'T AS LEAN AS THEY'D BEEN LAST TIME WE MET UP, BUT IT WAS CLEAR THAT THE FIST SIZED BUNDLES OF MUSCLE WERE SHEDDING THEIR PADDING, BECOMING MORE PROMINENT AGAIN. OKAY, FUCK.

I WAS ROPED INTO THE GAME. I HAD BEEN FOR A WHILE, SIMMERING IN DENIAL.

BESOTTED, GREY MATTER CORRUPTED AND HUNGRY FOR MORE OF HER, I STARED. MY EYES SCANNED UP AND DOWN THE HIPS AND THE ABS AND THE ONE GLORIOUS, MELON OF A BREAST THAT WAS JUST OUT OF SHOT, AN UNDERBOOB LOOMING LARGE AND GORGEOUS AT THE TOP. "IT'S ALREADY STARTED. GOD, I FEEL LIKE THIS SPURT IS GONNA BE A BIG ONE, ELI."



I WAS OVERWHELMED, OVER-STIMULATED AND FIENDING. BRAIN DEAD BUT SOMEHOW ALMOST RABID AT THE SAME TIME, I SOAKED IN EVERYTHING, BRAIN SORTING THINGS INTO THE DEEPEST, MOST SECURE PARTS OF MY MEMORY. BUT THAT LAST LINE FINALLY GOT ME OUT OF MY STUPOR. "WAIT, HAVE YOU GROWN AGAIN?!" I MESSAGED, REELING FROM THE IMPLICATION OF WHAT SHE'D JUST SAID.

DOTS POPPED UP AS SHE STARTED TYPING. TENSION IN MY SHOULDERS SWELLED AS I WAITED. THEN THE DOTS AND THE BUBBLE DISAPPEARED.

SARAH WENT OFFLINE AND I LET OUT AN AUDIBLE, LITTLE, STRANGLED NOISE. REALITY SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO HAVE CLIFFHANGERS. WHEN SHE CAME BACK ONLINE I LITERALLY SIGHED IN RELIEF.

NO ANSWER CAME IN TEXT THOUGH. ANOTHER PICTURE CAME INTO THE CHAT INSTEAD. THIS ONE HAD BEEN LIVE, TAKEN JUST SECONDS BEFORE, SARAH STOOD NEXT TO THE LINE SHE'D MADE ON THE WALL A LONG WHILE AGO. I RECOGNISED THE LINE. I RECOGNISED HOW TALL SHE'D BEEN THEN AND, BY EXTENSION, I RECOGNISED JUST HOW MUCH TALLER SHE WAS STANDING NEXT TO IT NOW. JUST LIKE THE UNDERWEAR SHE HAD ON, IT WAS A STARK SLAP - A WAKE UP CALL - TO HOW MUCH MORE MASSIVE SHE'D BECOME.

IT HAD BEEN GRADUAL BUT LOOKING AT THE DIFFERENCE LAID OUT LIKE THIS, IT WAS DAWNING ON ME NOW. THESE GROWTH SPURTS WERE FUCKING INSANE. AND THEY WEREN'T STOPPING. HOW AMAZONIAN WOULD SARAH LOOK THE NEXT TIME I SAW HER? HOW -

THE PHONE RINGING ALMOST MADE MY HEART EJECT OUT OF MY CHEST.



"H-HEY?" I SAID, TRYING NOT TO SOUND TOO FRAZZLED.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!" SHE SAID, EXCITEMENT POURING THROUGH THE PHONE. "I HADN'T CHECKED IN A WHILE BUT I'M NEARLY AS TALL AS YOU NOW!"

INSIDES CLENCHING, MY FACE WARMED. "WHAT?! SERIOUSLY?!"

"YEAH, I'M 178CM TALL! THAT'S LIKE... WHAT, FIVE CENTIMETERS SHORTER THAN YOU?"

THIS TIME THE 'SLAP' WAS ALMOST PHYSICAL, MY HEAD ACTUALLY INCHING BACK AT HEARING THE MEASUREMENT. "Y-YEAH, YOU'RE REALLY CLOSE!" I SAID, HOPING MY VOICE REFLECTED HER EXCITEMENT. I'D TOLD SARAH I WAS SIX FOOT TALL WHEN WE MET. 183CM. I MEAN, IT WASN'T AN OUTRIGHT LIE BUT I'D ROUNDED UP. I WAS ACTUALLY 180CM ON THE DOT, BASICALLY JUST UNDER 5'11. MY FACE BURNED NOW THOUGH - THE IDEA OF HER KNOWING ABOUT THE DISCREPANCY MAKING MY STOMACH WORM AROUND.

I COULD HEAR HER BREATHING, HEAR THE GIDDINESS IN HER SHORT BREATHS ON THE OTHER END OF THE PHONE. "OHH, I BET YOU I'LL BE EVEN TALLER BY OUR NEXT DATE. SERIOUSLY, I CAN FEEL THIS ONE IS GOING TO BE BIG. I'M GONNA BE LOOKING YOU RIGHT IN THE EYE WHEN WE MEET UP." SHE WAS BRIMMING WITH A ROCK SOLID CONVICTION. AND I DIDN'T DOUBT HER FOR A SECOND. BUT NOW I WAS TERRIFIED THAT I'D BE LOOKING UP AT SARAH INSTEAD OF EYE TO EYE. I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO HIDE THE WHITE LIE THEN...