GIVE AND TAKE

BY OHH



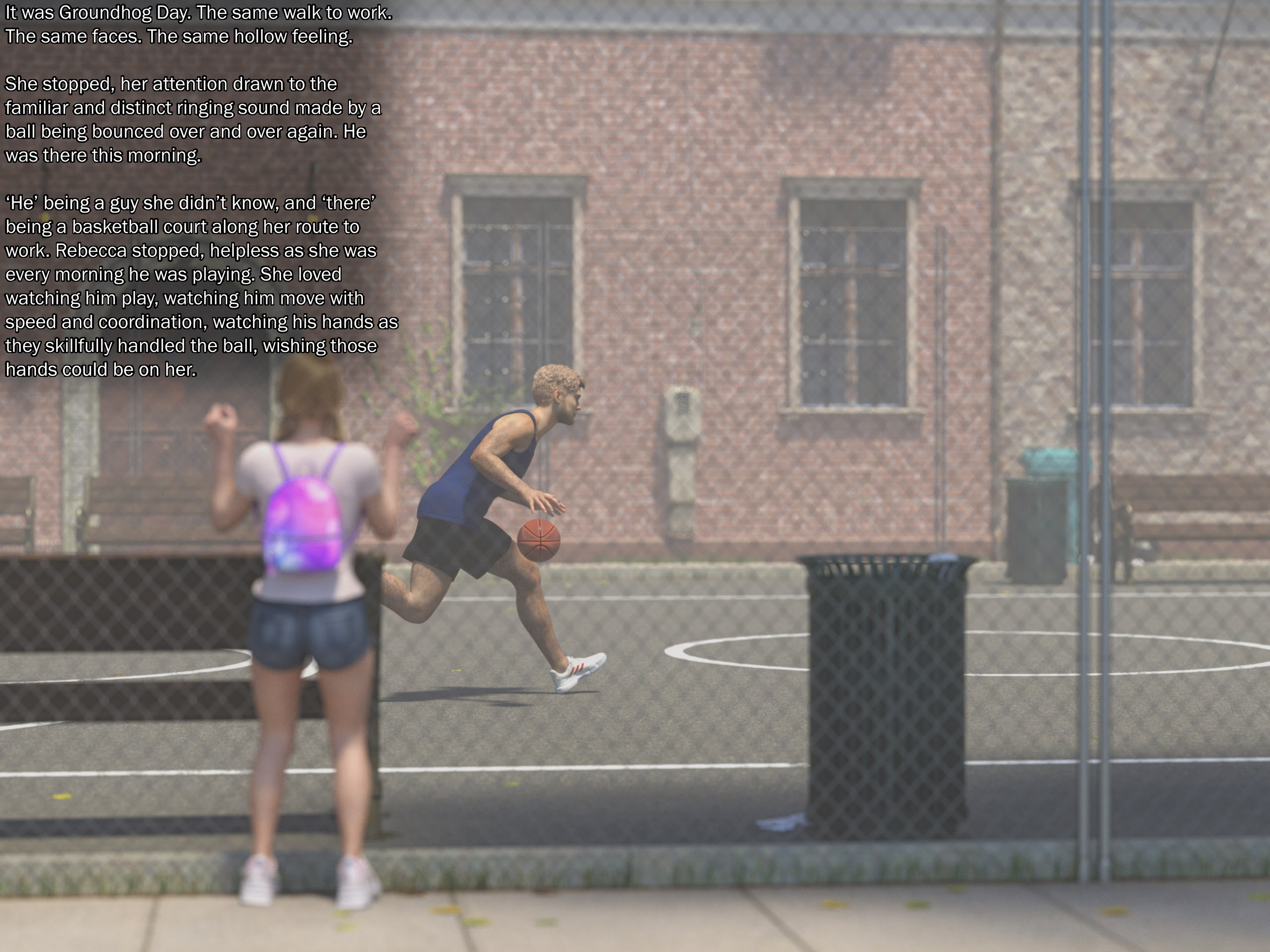
“Damn...” the guy, Rebecca didn’t know his name, but she usually saw him on her walk to work muttered, his eyes lingering on her for a moment. No, not on her. She glanced around, tracking his view to the woman who had just walked by her. The woman who looked like she had packed two watermelons tightly into her denim skirt.

Glancing up and trying to give the guy a polite smile to see if he’d at least notice her, she found herself disappointed. He didn’t see her. Only the girl with the alluringly large backside.

It was Groundhog Day. The same walk to work. The same faces. The same hollow feeling.

She stopped, her attention drawn to the familiar and distinct ringing sound made by a ball being bounced over and over again. He was there this morning.

‘He’ being a guy she didn’t know, and ‘there’ being a basketball court along her route to work. Rebecca stopped, helpless as she was every morning he was playing. She loved watching him play, watching him move with speed and coordination, watching his hands as they skillfully handled the ball, wishing those hands could be on her.





“That was great!” a voice interrupted. A woman’s voice, and Rebecca couldn’t help but feel a pang of anger.

“Hey…” basketball guy spoke, his ball forgotten, and his entire focus now on the girl in too high heels and not enough clothes. Rebecca felt the pang of anger flare into a bonfire. The one highlight of her morning had ended early because some hussy couldn’t mind her own business.

“Nyah, nyah, nyaaaah…” Rebecca spoke, quietly mocking the other woman as she returned to her walk to the lab.

Maybe…just maybe…she could be one of those women soon.

She could be tall and full-figured, like an actual woman.

She was closer to thirty now than to twenty-five, and still the clothes that fit her best were in the Tween section.

“Soon…” she told herself, taking a breath to steady her nerves. “Soon…”

The rest of the morning went like any other typical morning. Rebecca worked in quality control for a small but growing pharmaceutical company that had been spun off from the local university. Rebecca had just been a PhD candidate back then, with big dreams of being involved in cutting-edge medical research.

Instead, she was sampling existing medications, checking the ingredients were as specified and correct, with no sign of contamination. It wasn't the work she wanted to be doing, but it paid for the company's research programme, so someone had to do it.

"Lovely to see you're as focused as ever, Rebecca..." May, her supervisor, interrupted her work.

“Yup…just working…” Rebecca unsubtly hinted. ‘Here it comes…’ she thought.

“I am so jealous of you and your cute style.” May started for what had to be the millionth time. “Guys…they’re just intimidated by me. Or they can’t handle me.” She went on, totally oblivious to how much she was annoying Rebecca. Or totally aware and just not caring. “I’d love to be like you. So tiny I could be tossed around like a rag doll…”

Rebecca shook her head, unable to hold her tongue. It was bait, and she knew she was biting, but still. “Yeah, well, the problem is if you look like this, guys don’t notice you. They want boobs and an ass.” She sighed.

Across the lab, she saw Harry, her lab partner, glance over, then back to his work.

May nodded, her smile not fading even a little. “Well, maybe I could help?”

“How?”

“Take off the coat. Let’s see what there is to work with.”

Rebecca sighed, but did as she was asked. If May was willing to help, she would take it. The woman wasn’t nasty, just way too curious and actually held her back from hitting her quotas.
“There...” she said, tossing the coat into the corner.

“OK...well, you’re cute as hell, but you don’t help yourself dressing like you’re going to see the latest K-pop movie or whatever.” May eyed her up. “Some heels, a better bra, and something with a neckline...”



“And do what with it? I don’t have anything to show off with a neckline.” She gestured up to May’s full, womanly bosom. “Not like this.”

“A good bra does the work for you.” May explained. “You look like you’ve got at least a B-cup there…”

“Correct…” Rebecca admitted, though she’d only recently managed to creep up to that cup size. The padding of her bra was doing a lot of the work under the shirt.

“I can work with that…” May glanced round at Rebecca’s ass. “And plenty to work with there too.” The taller woman tittered. “I can’t believe you’re older than me. You are so freaking cute.”

“Yeah? Really? Not helpful!” Rebecca snapped. “And what do you mean, ‘I can work with that’? I don’t think cut-off shorts are going to look good hanging off my lack of an ass!”

“Darling, do you think an ass like this just happens?” May scowled. “I go to the gym four times a week, deadlifting, squatting, hip thrusts! It’s hard work, but this is what you get for it!” May patted her own ass.

That stopped Rebecca in her tracks. She assumed women with big asses were just blessed. “Really?”

May nodded. “My sister has no ass. Same genetics, but I put the work in.”



“OK…I can do that. Still doesn’t help that I’m not anywhere near as pretty as you…”

“Nonsense, Rebecca! You’re beautiful!” May reached out and pulled Harry around, into the conversation. “Isn’t she, Harry?”

His face would have looked less terrified if he’d just been asked to handle the Demon Core. “Um…what? I wasn’t paying attention.”

“I’m just saying that Rebecca is beautiful. You’d totally date her, right!?” May pressed him for an answer, despite how awkward both the nerdy lab partners looked.

“Um…I’m not sure this is workplace appropriate…” he tried to weasel out of the question.

“Come on now! I’m not asking you to date her! I think Rebecca is a little minx. I just want her to hear a man’s opinion.”

Rebecca and Harry had worked together for years. He was polite, shy, quiet and absolutely wasted doing testing. Rebecca knew she was smart, but Harry was on another level. If he hadn’t been so shy, he would likely be running his own research lab.

“I…I…” Harry stammered.

“It’s fine…you don’t need to answer.” Rebecca threw up her hands. “Can…can we just leave this? Please? I’ll go to the gym with you sometime. Promise.”

“Good!” May released her much shorter underling. “I’ll get you some appropriate gym clothes. My treat! I promise, you’ll be fighting off guys with a stick by the time I’m done with you.”

“Right...fine...whatever...”

“Don’t sound so enthusiastic.” May chuckled and turned to leave. “And you guys are behind on your quota. Work faster!”

“Would be easier if you weren’t always in here distracting us!” Rebecca grumbled, annoyed at that and how patronising her supervisor was. “I don’t need your help...I can do this my own way...”

Rebecca may have worked in testing, but research was her passion. In her spare time, she used the resources she had access to, AIs, models, company data, to explore different biological functions and how medicines changed how they work.

GLP-1s and their cohort had been an inspiration. She didn't need to lose weight, she needed more of it. Not just weight, but size. Over the course of years, she'd developed her own compound, and then through her work testing in the lab, had slowly assembled the ingredients she'd need to make it happen.

Now she had it in a syringe and was ready to go. There were no animals to test it on. No formal programme. Just her, her creation, and a syringe.

Looking at herself in the mirror, she had to decide what mattered more to her. The risk this all went wrong, or the possibilities if she were right.

There really wasn't a choice.

Sitting on the toilet, she wondered if this would be the room she died in, or the room her new life began. She was confident she wouldn't die. Either nothing would happen other than a week or so of being ill, or she'd gradually start to grow taller and fuller.

"Here goes..." she sighed and stabbed the syringe into her leg, pressing down on the plunger.

One afternoon later, and Rebecca felt no different.

She didn't know what to expect, other than she expected something. No nausea, no vomiting, no reaction from her immune system at all. She'd gone back to titrating after the injection like nothing had happened.

"Goddammit..." she muttered to herself on the walk home. She was tired, disappointed and hungry. Hungry enough that the smell coming from a fast food place she had never set foot in before became too much to resist.

“Mmmm...so...so good...” she moaned to herself as she ate. At first, she’d been embarrassed when she’d gone up to the counter to order a second round of food. A small meal hadn’t been enough. In fact, it had only made her even more hungry. Rebecca explained to the bored-looking staff she had friends coming and was ordering for them.

The two large meals she was carrying away on a tray definitely weren’t for her...

Definitely not...



“Oh…oh…my…” She let out a small burp and looked down, embarrassed to find she had demolished every last crumb of food. It was like she had just inhaled it. She barely remembered eating it.

“Um…well…that’s new…” She had never eaten that much in one sitting before and realised that it might be linked to the injection earlier. She felt full, but not uncomfortable, despite the crazy amount of food she’d just eaten.

With a sheepish glance to the counter, making sure none of the servers had seen her eat that much, she grabbed her bag and hurried out the door.



“Holy shit! Ninety-six pounds!” Rebecca gasped, staring down at the scales. She was pretty sure three pounds of that was the food that was still sitting in her stomach. The other three pounds though, she had no idea where that had come from. She had been ninety pounds even the day before.

She’d never been close to being a hundred pounds in her life, now it was within spitting distance.

Standing on her stool so she was tall enough to look in the mirror, Rebecca felt hope for the first time in a long time. Just how far would this go? Would she soon have a chest that might actually be worth showing off? Might her twig-like arms soon get some meat on them? Might she soon have an ass?

Would she grow, just a little bit, and pass beyond the five-foot barrier? It wasn't a lot, but it would put her firmly into the 'normal' height range. She might even be able to move up and start buying her clothes in the petite section of the store.

As she lay in bed, tired from the monotony of the day, dreams of what could be filled Rebecca's mind. A guy to call her own, nice clothes that fit, and no longer feeling embarrassed standing next to other women in group photos.

It wasn't a lot to ask, was it?

After a solid nine hours of sleep, which wasn't nearly enough in Rebecca's opinion, she was woken by the blaring sound of her phone's alarm. With the summer sun high overhead, light streamed in through the roof light, telling her that the day was already well underway. As much as she'd like to go back to bed for another thirty minutes, her rumbling stomach told her that wasn't an option, so she sat up, stretched her weirdly aching back, then kicked her legs over the side of the bed, slowly sliding down to the floor.

Sleepily padding across her bedroom floor, she took in the reassuring sight of the displays that had remained practically unchanged since childhood. Yes, she was a grown woman who owned her own apartment, but she found a certain comfort in her bedroom being decorated the same as it always had. The pictures on the walls had changed, but the same colourful pink pastels remained, the same as her old comforters had.

“GAH!” She practically jumped out of her skin as she looked into the mirror, and someone else looked back.

No, not someone else. It was her...just...

“Holy shit! My tits are huge!” she squeaked, leaping back as she looked down, feeling the heft of her chest as she bounced.

“AHHHHHHH!” she screamed, jumping up and down, not quite believing it, but feeling it and seeing, and, yeah, her back definitely could feel the extra weight.

“I did it! I did it! I did it!” she sang, bouncing a victory lap around her bedroom. Her boobs were huge. Each one was probably about the size of her head. She’d been hoping for a C-cup, maybe a D-cup, what she had now was well beyond her wildest expectations.

Unable to help herself, Rebecca pulled her stretched pyjama top over her head, tossing it away and gaping at herself in the mirror. For long minutes, she could only stare at her chest. It was definitely her chest. Her areola were stretched and nipples bigger, but she recognised the same little bumps and freckles she'd always had.

"Mmmmm...God, these feel amazing." She moaned, lifting up her newly-swollen bosom with her hands, caressing her own tender boob fat with her fingers, feeling them sinking in. It really did feel incredible. She wasn't sure if the sensitivity was a side effect of the growth or if she was just so excited, either way, she was going to take a few minutes just to enjoy fondling herself.

After a very pleasant fifteen minutes alone in her room with nothing but her new, huge, squishy, sensitive boobs, Rebecca emerged from her room, feeling very relaxed despite how late she was now running for work. She needed to quickly freshen up, then get dressed before shovelling breakfast into her.

“Wait...” she said to herself, her eyes spotting the scales tucked away in the corner. “...I have to know...”

“No...fucking...way...” she gasped. “One hundred and four pounds!? How...how is that possible!?”

Somehow...somewhere...she’d put on weight overnight. “That...what!?” she choked out a disbelieving laugh.

“Definitely not just the boobs...” Rebecca glanced over her shoulder towards her ass. The change wasn’t as apparent as her chest, but it was there. It was just a little fuller, and her hips a little wider. She’d only noticed as she’d pulled on her underwear, feeling the elastic stretching as she pulled it over her hips.

Out of habit, she grabbed a bra and pulled the clips behind her back. “Oh...yeah...” she bit her lip, smirking at her mistake. “...that’s definitely not going to fit.”

Suddenly she realised she now had a very limited wardrobe. She was tempted to call in sick, but she needed to use the lab to run some blood work and check what else was going on inside of her. “Let’s see...” she muttered, opening her closet, searching for something that might fit.

It took a while, but she managed to pull together an outfit that worked...mostly. Just a week ago, the t-shirt she'd found was useful only as a comfortable, baggy sleeping shirt. Now it was one of the few things that fit her, the fabric stretched over her ridiculously oversized bust.

Still, it would have to do.

She enjoyed a quick breakfast of a four-egg omelette along with a half block of cheese grated into it, then a quick glass of orange juice to feel just a little healthy.

At the last minute, Rebecca had a bright idea and grabbed a large hoodie she liked to wrap herself up in on cold nights. It was just a medium, but to her it was large. The thick fabric hung loosely on her, hiding the prodigious chest that looked so very out of place on her scrawny frame.

Still, she couldn't help but delight in checking out the other women she passed on the way to work, noting her boobs were bigger than pretty much every woman she saw.

Of course, when she got into work, May was waiting with a new project she needed to work on. Rebecca couldn't help but be furious. Here she was, on the verge of greatness, but she had to do her actual job first. There was the temptation to just pull the hoodie off and yell at May she had better things to do, but if the lab knew she'd used their equipment and materials to manufacture her wonder drug, well, she'd lose the rights to her discovery quickly.

So she sulked and worked, all while having a hidden tab open where she made a list of tests she needed to run on herself.

“Hey…um…Rebecca…” Harry interrupted her spiraling train of thought.

“What!?” she turned around, snapping at him so hard he physically stepped back, bolting upright. He wasn’t exactly a tall guy, but he still towered over her, especially startled as he was.

“Um…it’s alright…”

“Sorry…I’m just distracted. I didn’t mean to snap at you.” She offered him a sheepish smile.

“Right…” he nodded, still wary. They’d worked together for years, and he’d never seen her act like that. “Um…do you have…the um…titration data from yesterday?”

“Yes...no...sort of...” Rebecca could feel herself getting nervous, and she wasn’t sure why.

“Right...um...so...”

“I tested something on myself!” She blurted out, the words pouring out of her mouth before she could stop herself.

He just stood there, blinking at her, unsure how to respond.

“Harry, look, I trust you. We’ve worked together for years.” She decided to start over, now she’d done it, she needed to commit to this and get him on her side. “We both joined this company to do research and got dumped in testing. So I made something...I just don’t want it to get taken from me, but I think I need help.”

“Alright...I know somewhere we can talk.” He nodded.

“Lead the way...”

“So, what’s this about?” he asked. “You seem OK. A little jittery, but that’s pretty normal for you.” He added an awkward laugh, sensing her tension.

“So, I’m small, I hate it. I’ve always wanted to be bigger...fuller...so I had a concept for a formula to make me a little bigger...” she explained.

“Pretty sure I know what that feels like. I’m not exactly Finn McCool.” He gave her a reassuring smile.

She nodded, wringing her hands across her stomach. “I was pretty sure it was all correct, the models looked good. Or the ones I could use, anyway...”

“Is something wrong?” He decided to jump to the point, since she was dancing around it.

Rebecca nodded, biting her lip.

This was it.

If she wanted to, she could probably walk out and tell him not to bring it up again. Knowing Harry, that would be the end of it. She had worked with him for years. She knew he was good at what he did. She knew that she had intended to put on a few pounds over the course of a month, not a few cup sizes in one night.

She needed help. She needed someone to see where she'd gone wrong. Or so right...

That was Harry.

She reached down, pulled her hoodie over her head and dropped it to the floor. When her eyes emerged from inside the hoodie she spotted Harry already gawping at her chest.

“Harry...please say something...”

He’d been staring at her boobs for an uncomfortably long time. Probably approaching a minute.

“Bazongas...”

“Harry!”

“Sorry! I mean boobs! NO! I mean breasts! NO! HUGE! I mean...”

His mouth moved, but no more sound came out, like some sort of lecherous goldfish.

“Really!?” she snapped, turning round so he couldn’t see her ridiculously large rack anymore. She was pretty sure they were heavier now than they were this morning.

“Sorry! Sorry! Really!” he stammered. “But, holy shit, Rebecca! What did you do!?”

“Um…overachieved?” she squeaked.

“I would say that is an understatement.” He replied, rubbing his forehead.

“It’s like the opposite of a GLP-1! I thought I’d just put on a little weight. I took the injection last night, got ravenously hungry, then woke up…bigger…” she explained. “I think I need some help. I’m in over my head here.”

“But you also used company assets to do this, and you want to make it work and patent it yourself?” he guessed.

“Yes! Not just me! Us! We do this! We make our own drug! We make money for us!” she said, bouncing enthusiastically.

“Gah! Please! Stop bouncing!” he stumbled back. “It’s impossible not to look!”

“And that’s why we’ll make so much money! We could put the entire breast enhancement industry out of business!” She kept going, unable to stop herself, she was so excited at the possibilities.

“I’m in…I’m in…please!” He covered his eyes and stumbled across the room to a drawer. “Sit down…let me get some blood drawn and see what’s in there.”

“Right…” she hopped up on the bed.

“You know you’re an idiot for doing this on your own. You could have killed yourself.” He chided her, checking the needle and then expertly finding a vein, drawing a sample of her blood.

“I know…I am…” She looked down, watching the vial fill. “You’re good at that. Barely felt it.”

“Good…because we’re going to need a lot more blood to analyse to figure out just what you’ve done.” He spoke, his focus not breaking for a moment, despite his irritated tone.



“Well, I don’t think you’re any taller.” Harry said, leaning close into Rebecca’s personal space to try to gauge exactly where she was on the old height chart. The room they were using was mostly used for storage, but years ago it had been used in part of a trial that had been run by the research team, so it was well-stocked with everything they needed.

“Dammit! I was hoping to be over five feet!”

“Yeah, well, maybe on your tiptoes, but you’ve an inch or two to go yet.” He said. “Standing next to you actually makes me feel tall.”

“Gee, that’s really sweet, Harry.”

“Uhhhh...hips...are...” Harry muttered nervously, then dropped the tape, forcing himself to fumble around the floor for it before starting the nerve-wracking process all over again. Nerve-wracking because he was right up against an attractive woman.

A woman who he’d worked with for years and always found cute, but never made a move because he was just too nervous.

“Uhhhh...thirty-six inches...”

“They’re bigger! By, like, two whole inches!” Rebecca had to force herself not to bounce. She could tell Harry was nervous enough.

“Guess we’re onto the main event...” he swallowed anxiously.

“Thirty-two under…” he said.

Rebecca felt the tape slide higher, dragging along the soft curve of her expanded chest, tickling her…exciting her. She had to suppress a shudder. She could feel her nipples getting harder, pressing into her shirt. Was it the tape? Was it Harry so close? Was it the fact that her rack was now incredible? She had to–

“Wow…” Harry gasped. “Almost forty!”

“Holy shit!” Rebecca swore.

“That’s…that’s…like what? An F-cup?”

It had been less than a day since her injection.

In less than a day, she'd jumped from a B-cup to an F-cup.

Her elation turned to panic. "Oh...shit...oh, shit..."

"What!? What is it!?"

"I grew that much in a day!?" She swung around to face him, waving her arms and bouncing her chest inadvertently. She still wasn't used to the huge pair of melons strapped to her chest. "What if it takes a week to break down!? By tomorrow, who knows how big they'll be!? By the day after!? They could be as big as I am! Oh, shit! What have I done!?"

"Gah! Please! Calm down!" Harry held up his hands to block his view. "Have you grown since this morning?"

“I don’t know!?” She slammed her hands down to the side in frustration, her mammoth chest wobbling even more. “Maybe!? A little!? Not much.”

She waited for Harry to respond, hoping he’d reassure her some more. Instead, he just silently stared at her chest.

“Are you even listening to me!?”

Harry nodded.

“Hey! How the hell do you even know what an F-cup is anyway!?”

“Waaaaaah!?” He heard that question alright, his bulging eyes finally pulling away from her tits.

“I...I...I...” he stammered, totally unable to formulate a response.

Rebecca stepped forward, unable to take it any longer. He was clearly interested in her. He couldn’t keep his eyes off her. They had a room all to themselves, and she really, REALLY wanted to have someone other than her play with her new boobs.

Just to see how they felt.

“Harry...” she purred, pressing her soft bosom against him, feeling her nipples pressing against his body. “Do you want to touch them?”

“Um...Reb...I...gahhh...” He couldn’t speak, but his eyes were locked on her tits.

“Please…we’re not going to be able to focus if you just keep staring and getting flustered.” She said. “And I want you to touch them. I can feel them aching, like they’re going to explode, you’ve got me so wound up. My nipples are going to cut right through my shirt. Please…” She practically moaned as she pleaded with him. “Touch me…”

He did. With one hand, he reached out, awkwardly cupping a tit far too large for him to grab hold of. It was clumsy and awkward and not nearly enough, but Rebecca couldn’t help but gasp from the sensation.

“Oh...oh, wow...” Harry marvelled. “They’re...they’re incredible. They’re...”

He squeezed, rotating his hand around, massaging the huge globe of soft, fatty boob.

“Wait...” she moaned, stepping back. Harry looked crestfallen. Like a puppy who’d just lost his ball. That only lasted for a moment. Rebecca pulled her shirt over her head, fully revealing her new and improved rack to him. “I...I want you to see them. I want your hands right on them.”

Harry didn’t say anything. He just stared.

“They don’t look weird…right?” She looked down nervously. She knew they were big. Big didn’t mean good though.

“They’re…they’re amazing. The best boobs I’ve ever seen! You look…wow…” he stammered, his gaze briefly looking up from her tits to make eye contact, just enough that she could tell he was being sincere.

“Harry…”

“Uhhhh…yeah…” He still wasn’t looking up.

“You’re supposed to touch me.”

He jumped in with both feet, or both hands in this case, grabbing both her boobs, his fingers stretched as wide as they could, trying to hold onto as much of her huge bosom as possible.

“Ohhhhh…” she moaned, feeling his fingers massaging and kneading her tender flesh. Feeling the ache for his touch melting away into relaxation and wondrous sensation.

“They’re so soft, they feel…they feel…”

“Amazing…” she gasped.

For a while, Rebecca just closed her eyes and let herself bathe in the deep upwelling of delectable sensation. It had been...a while...since she'd had someone else's hands on her body. Far, far too long. She had planned just to scratch the itch, then get back to work, but the more she felt Harry's hands on her, the more she wanted.

"Wah!" he gasped as her hand grabbed his crotch.

"Guess you're really enjoying yourself..." she smirked.

“How could I not!?”

“You want to?” she asked, her eyebrows raised.

“Here? In the old assessment room?” He looked around at the dusty room filled with boxes.

She shrugged, her eyes pulling his attention to her. “It’s up to you. You can either kiss me, or we can go back to work.”

He didn’t need to think hard about his response.

It all happened pretty quickly. Hands went here and there, sliding under clothes, caressing warm skin. Before they knew it, clothes were coming off, the panting and moaning only growing ever more urgent.

Harry couldn’t keep his hands off Rebecca’s huge, soft tits, and she wasn’t complaining about that fact.

“This...this will do...” she said, grabbing his cock, slowly teasing him.

“How’d you want to do this?” he asked. It had been a long time for him as well. He knew what he was doing, he wasn’t that out of practice, but still, he figured it was polite to follow her lead.

“I don’t care...just fuck me.” She moaned.

Sensing her mood, he grabbed her by the arms, spinning her around until her ass was pressed to his crotch. “Oooohhh!” she groaned, enjoying him taking charge. “Yes...more...more of this...”

Rebecca lifted herself, standing her tiptoes as he pulled her into him. There was no fumbling needed. She was so wet, as soon as she was high enough, he slipped right inside.

“Ooooooh...fuck...” she gasped as Harry pulled her closer and closer, filling her up.

He held onto her, his hands still massaging her chest as he thrust back and forth, gently at first, but getting harder and harder as her gasps turned to moans.

“Oooohhh…Harry…” she moaned

Harry couldn’t believe it. It was surreal. He’d worked in the lab with the cute little blonde for years and never ever thought something like this would happen. Their relationship had always been polite and professional, almost verging on friendly. Now here he was, desperately trying not to pump his load into her until she was ready for it.

As much as he wanted this to last, it felt like she was pretty close.

“Uhhhggghhhh…” she moaned. It was too good. Too much. She didn’t know what she enjoyed more, his cock inside of her, or his hand on her tits. As much as her mind was struggling to form a coherent thought, she realised she should probably let him know she was enjoying herself. “You…you’re really good at this…” She reached round for him, just about managing to get his shoulder.

He’d been pretty quiet the whole time, just panting as he pounded into her. That didn’t change, he nodded his understanding, grabbed her tighter, pushing just a little deeper into her, and that was it.

She screamed.

It was not Rebecca's first orgasm. She'd had a few with guys in college and the occasional boyfriend that she'd had.

She'd not experienced anything like this before.

"Oh...fuuuuuck...Ohhhhh..." she moaned, her whole body feeling like it was exploding with electricity.

Harry didn't stop. He only pressed harder. Squeezing her harder, pushing deeper and driving her orgasm ever higher with each passing moment.

"H...Harry...You're...so...so good..." she groaned, pushing back into him, looking for more. As good as it was, she craved even more.

“Uhhhh...UHHHHHH!!” Harry finally joined Rebecca in making noise as it all became too much for him, and he finally erupted inside of her. It was probably the most intense experience of his life. He could feel every sensation in extraordinary detail as his head spun, overcome with an almost delirious level of pleasure.

“OOOOOOOOHHHHH...” Rebecca let out one last, long moan, her nethers twitching as they clung on to Harry as he let himself relax as his brain released a wave of hormones, rewarding him for fulfilling his evolutionary purpose.

“Mmmmm...” he moaned. His hands were still fixed to her breasts, grasping the soft, comforting bosoms like pillows.

“Oh...oh, fuck...” Harry doubled over, breathless, the orgasm finally ending, and Rebecca falling away, just as spent.

“That...” She wiped the sweat from her brow with a trembling forearm. “...was...wow...”

“I know, right?” he grinned up at her. “I guess we needed that.”

She laughed, the sound strained from her heavy breathing. “Kind of pissed off we didn’t do that back in college. You’re really fucking good.”

“Really?” he asked. “I thought we just both really needed it.”

“Harry, take the compliment!”

“Right...”

As much as the dopamine and oxytocin in their blood told them that taking a nap would be a really good idea, it was still the middle of the work day. So, instead of curling up together on the bed, they both started to pull their clothes back on.

“Damn, I’m going to need to go shopping. These knickers are digging into my hips like crazy…” Rebecca complained, ignoring that Harry’s eyes followed her chest as she bounced, trying to pull the too-small pair of panties up higher.

His fun was interrupted by his phone.

“Shit…” he swore. “It’s May…”

Rebecca listened, worried Harry was about to land them both in trouble.

“We’re just taking a break! Those are a thing, you know?” He hung up and looked at Rebecca. “We should hurry back…”

“That woman is a pain in the ass!” Rebecca grumbled as she hiked up her skirt, feeling it stretch as it rounded her hips.

“She is our boss…” Harry spoke, transfixed.

“Harry…” She couldn’t help but smirk, watching him watch her. “…you just had sex. How are you still this obsessed? Aren’t you supposed to have a moment of clarity or something?”

“I am definitely having a moment of something…they’re just so big and round…”

Rebecca laughed and grabbed her shirt.

“Gah…nerds…this is so…freaking…” she groaned, struggling to pull the top over her chest. Struggling considerably more than she had this morning. Everything just felt so tight. “…tight!”

Finally, the fabric stretched enough to pull down over her boobs, but not enough to cover her midriff.

“That does look tighter than it did earlier…” Harry said. “If we had time, I’d suggest we measure you again.”

“Maybe later? If you’re…you know…free?” she suggested.

“I can be.” He nervously scratched his neck. “Um…maybe you should put the hoodie on as well. So May doesn’t ask any questions.”

“Gotcha!”

“What?” Rebecca asked. She could feel Harry staring. It wasn’t that he was staring at her chest or her ass, they were covered. He was just...watching her.

“Are...are you taller? It feels like you’re taller. You look almost as tall as me now.” He said.

Rebecca gestured down to the floor, kicking up a shoe. “Extra-thick soles. They give me a boost. It’s hard being under five feet tall.”

“Uh-huh...” he nodded, but wasn’t entirely convinced. She seemed taller, but there was no way she’d grown from just an hour ago. Had she?

The day dragged.

May popped in and out, asking questions about how long it took to do various processes and what batch sizes were the most efficient for various types of products. Harry did his best to be the helpful one and stop her from looking too closely at Rebecca.

She appreciated that. She hadn’t even needed to ask. It was sweet, she thought. It didn’t surprise her, though. It was clear there was an attraction there that went beyond her newly-enhanced boobs. She regretted not seeing it sooner.

It wasn't just Rebecca feeling that way.

Other than his mother, the woman he spent the most time with was Rebecca. Harry had always wanted to get to know her better. To try to form a bond with her. They had the same interests and passions, but his nerves would never let him.

'Good things come to those who wait...' he thought.



“Uh! Today just dragged!” Rebecca groaned as they finally walked out the door of the lab after their shift ended.

“I dunno...some of it was...alright?” Harry replied with a shy smile.

“Just alright?” Rebecca smirked back at him.

He shrugged his response.

“Hey? You wanna get dinner? I’m starving!” Rebecca could tell from the look on his face there was no way he was going to say no to that.

“Sure...where you thinking?”

“Oooooooh...this is so good...”

Harry couldn’t help but stare with mixture of awe and unease as Rebecca steadily demolished her second large pizza. He was only halfway through his own medium-sized one.

“Are you sure taking the hoodie off is a good idea?” he asked.

“It’s too hot in there. It’s all those pizza ovens!” she replied around mouthfuls of pizza. “You don’t seem to mind the view.”

He couldn’t argue with her there.

“You’re eating a lot…” he commented. “I don’t think I’eve seen you eat that much.”

“I’m definitely hungrier since I took the injection. I feel empty all the time. Like I need to keep eating. I’ve been starving since about an hour after lunch.” She explained.

“That’s likely a data point.”

“Or…” She stopped. “Hey! Eyes up here!” Harry’s head snapped up. She could see the conscious effort he was making to keep his eyes focused on hers. “I’m just filling out more, so I need the calories?”

“I’m absolutely sure you’re taller.” He said on the way back to her place to look at her work. He’d watched, slack-jawed, as she ate enough pizza to feed five adults, including his leftovers, then followed her out the door like a puppy.

“It’s just the shoes.” She shook her head.

“It’s really not. We’re the same height. Even with your shoes on this morning, I was taller when you handed me the first cup of coffee.” He explained. “A lot taller!”

“Maybe it’s just posture?” she suggested.

“Hmmmm...”

Sitting at Rebecca’s desk, reviewing her work, there were three things on Harry’s mind.

Firstly, he’d never been to Rebacca’s home, and was pleasantly surprised by the calm decor and simple nature of the layout. Given her habit of dressing in cute clothes, he’d expected more...well, everything.

Secondly, the work she’d done was verging on genius. There were layers of instructions in what was a pretty simple compound that should indeed lead to weight gain in all the right places for conventional attractiveness and probably some height growth. If paired with a high-protein diet and a lot of exercise, he might even benefit from it as well. That’s if he could actually be bothered to hit the gym.

How it had caused Rebecca to change so much in just a day, he had no idea, and it was giving him cause for concern.

Finally, he had no idea where Rebecca was.

She’d left him sitting at her computer desk in the open-plan living area of her home. He’d been so focused on reviewing her work that he’d not kept track of where it was she’d gone or how long she’d been.

Looking around, there was really only one place he figured she could be.

“Um…Rebecca? Are you there?” he asked, nervously knocking on the door and hoping he wasn’t interrupting anything.

“Just a minute!” her voice called from behind the door, and Harry heard the sound of...something. Drawers? Fumbling? He wasn’t sure. He decided to back away from the door, feeling that it might be creepy to just linger around her bedroom door.

“Hey! Sorry...I got sidetracked!” she said, coming out. “I was trying to find something that fit!”

“You...um...succeeded?” Harry glanced down.

Rebecca gave him a nervous smile. “This dress belongs to a friend! She left it here, and she’s a bit bigger than I am...was...it was cute on her. On me, it’s...”

“Stunning...” Harry finished the sentence for her.

For a long time, they both smiled nervously at each other, letting the pause grow and grow and grow until it was like an awkward third person standing between the two of them.

“So…did you find anything?” Rebecca’s brain finally engaged and found a question she could use to break the awkward silence.

“Yeah…sort of.” Harry turned and gestured to her PC. “The short version is, this is pretty remarkable. It should do exactly as you want it to do, in theory. I can’t see any reason why you’ve changed so much in just a day.”

“Shit…” she cursed quietly, drawing a cute smile from Harry.

“We’ll need to review the bloodwork results tomorrow for a better idea of what’s happening.” He suggested.

“So, I’ve wasted your night?” she sighed, looking apologetic. “I really am sorry about all this. I’ve made a total mess and dragged you into it.”

“Hey, you did the right thing! I wouldn’t want you to be doing this all by yourself. We’ve been lab buddies for years. It’s nice to, you know…talk and hang out…”

“So I’ve not ruined your night then?” she asked, hopefully.

“My plans were to sit at home and paint my Warhammer. That can wait.” He smiled at her.

“Sure you wouldn’t rather be at home with your models?” she grinned at him, pushing her shoulders together. She’d always done that when she wanted to appear cute. It was just instinct. Doing it now just mashed her oversized boobs together, creating a gargantuan line of cleavage that Harry’s helpless eyes instantly locked onto.

“Hehehe...” she giggled. “You really can’t help yourself, can you?”

“Uhhhh...sorry...” he said, lifting his head as if it weighed several tonnes.

“Well, if only there was a way for me to thank you for all your help.” She suggested. “For coming over and not leaving me on my own.”

“I...I...I...” he stammered.

She stepped forward, seeing her chance. She wrapped her arm around his head and pressed her chest to his, forcing her breasts to swell against his chest as she tilted his head down to let stare into her abyss.

“You want to play with them?” she spoke breathlessly, unsure which of them wanted it more.

He nodded, once again unable to form words as he stared at her huge, soft tits. She took a step back, allowing him access to her magnificent bosom.

“Ohhh...” she cooed, even with his hands only cupping her boobs over the dress. She was already so turned on. She knew when she’d suggested this what it was going to lead to, but still there was tension, as if it might not happen.

“They feel so much heavier from even this afternoon.” He gasped, totally entranced.

Rebecca brought her hands up, forcing Harry to let go, disappointment briefly flashing across his face. Pulling the front of her dress down returned the look of unrestrained bliss.

“You think?” she asked.

He cupped her boob again. “Yeah…” he nodded, massaging it. “I could get my hand a good bit around one earlier. Now I can barely even get half of one in my hand. They’re huge…”

“And there was me hoping it was slowing down.” She said, but the nerves she should have felt were nowhere to be found. Her entire focus was on his hand on her boob.

“Like this?” she asked ten minutes later. She’d asked Harry what he wanted from her by way of a thank you. She expected him to ask her to go down on him, or something along those lines. She did not expect to be sat on her sofa, his head in her lap, and her hand slowly jerking him off.

“Mmmmhhmmm…” he nodded, his mouth full.

“I like this…” she shuddered, loving the feeling of his lips around her nipple. It felt right. It felt natural. It felt like where they should be. She almost wished she had something in her boobs to feed him with. “We can keep going like this or…”

He looked up at her, releasing his lips from her nipple.

“Or…?” he asked.

“Or you can let me climb on top of you, and I can fuck your brains out.” She replied.

“Well…when you put it like that…” he grinned, getting up and letting her settle down on top of him.
“Hnnnng…yeah…this…this was a good idea…” he said, once again pleased to have her chest in his face.

He wasn’t the only one who was pleased about that fact.

“Mmmm...please...I need your lips here...” She pressed her hand to the back of his head, guiding his mouth around her nipple, shuddering as he took it into his mouth. “Oooooh...” She couldn’t help but moan, her body writhing against his from the pleasure.

Harry could tell what he was doing to her. He was pretty pleased with just how much she seemed to enjoy his kissing her luxuriously soft tits and sucking on her firm nipples. He tried sucking harder and teasing her nipple with his tongue, finding that was exactly what she liked. He tried to take more and more of her into his mouth, but there was just too much.

Still, Rebecca was loving it, and so was Harry.



With Rebecca writhing on top of him and grinding against him, it was only natural what happened next. Neither planned it to happen, but neither was disappointed when it did. Her wet lips slid over the tip of his cock, swallowing it up as instinct brought her down on him.

“Ooooh...ooooh, fuck...you feel so good...” Rebecca panted, grinding on top of Harry. She was close. It had only been a few minutes, but she was already so turned on, she could feel herself on the edge.

“Uhhhh...uhhhhh...AHHHHHH!!” she cried out after only a few bounces on top of Harry.

“Uhhhh…don’t…please don’t…stop…” she moaned, pushing her hips down, trying to find more of him. She wanted more. She needed more. She was desperate for more as her whole body shook.

The more she pushed for more, the more her body pushed back. She could feel something was happening. Something incredible. Something that felt amazing. She could feel Harry emptying himself into her while she bounced, trying to use momentum to push herself lower onto him, only for her ass to keep getting in the way, finding less and less of Harry each time.

Up and down.

Up and down.

Over and over again, Rebecca plunged down, squeaking and squealing with delight as her whole body shuddered, incredible sensations running through.

“Oooooh...Harry...how...how do you do this to me!?” she cried out, arching her back as she lifted herself up...

Only to throw herself back down as he groaned loudly, pumping the final part of his load into her before he collapsed back on the couch, spent. Rebecca fell forward onto him, her mind a swirling mass of pleasant hormones and disbelief at the strength of the orgasms Harry seemed to elicit from her.

“Oooooooh...that...that was too much fun...” Rebecca finally, shakily got to her feet, allowing Harry to also get up. She wasn’t sure how long it had been until she’d collapsed, half-asleep on top of him. It could have been an hour. It could have been five minutes. Judging from the light outside, she was going to go with the latter.

“Um...yeah...” Harry yawned, equally as spent. “I feel so stupid I didn’t ask you out years ago.”

“Same...” Rebecca laughed.

“Huh…” Harry turned, fully intending on kissing her. He had it planned in his head. He was going to put his arms around her, lean down and put his lips on hers in what he meant as a romantic, instead of purely physical, gesture.

Instead, he found he was looking up at. Looking up a lot.

“Are…are you wearing heels?” he asked.

“Oh, shit…” was her only reply. Harry didn’t need the meaning explained.

Like flicking a switch, Harry understood. She wasn't just growing, he was getting smaller. Not just that he was getting smaller, she was stealing his size each time they were together. He'd already been short, now he had to be absolutely tiny. Their heights had inverted, and the formerly petite blonde now towered over him.

All afternoon his clothes had felt off, and now he knew why.

"Oh...oh, shit!" he yelped, panic setting in. "Stay away from me!"

"Harry!"



It wasn’t his proudest moment. Harry had never been one for confrontation. Pulling on his now baggy pants was made harder by the panic he felt that Rebecca was right there behind him. She was as confused as he was, for now, but he didn’t know how long that would last.

He had to get away from her.

“Harry! Please! What are you doing!?”

He almost jumped out of his skin as she appeared behind him.

“No! Stay back!” He raised his hands, backing up towards the door. Towards safety.

“Harry, please! I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to do...” Rebecca realised she had no idea what had just happened. “Whatever that was! I just wanted to be with you! Please don’t go!”

“Nope...nope! Can’t stay!” He was close to hyperventilating.

“You’re not even wearing any clothes!” she protested.

He looked down, considered for a moment, then grabbed the door handle. “I can’t do this...I can’t...”

“Harry...”

She couldn't believe he actually did it. Harry reached out and opened the door. He was under five feet tall, almost naked and in a blind panic. Rebecca realised she was going to have to be the calm one.

"Nope, can't let you do that." She pressed a palm to the door, slamming it shut with a surprising and satisfying ease. "We're both in this together. You can't just run."

"Let me go! Let me go!" Harry desperately pulled at the door handle, but with Rebecca leaning on the door, it just wouldn't move.

That went on for more than a minute, and Harry was no closer to calming down. She decided that she was going to need to do that part herself.

“Look, I’m not letting you just run out the door in your underwear. You’ll get arrested. There’s no other way out, so why don’t you calm down, and we can–”

He bolted.

He was fast, she was faster.

“Nope! You need to calm down.” She said, grabbing him and...lifting him off the ground, surprising both of them.

For a moment, Harry dangled there in Rebecca’s shockingly strong arms, torn between human rationality and animal panic.

The animal won.

“HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY!” He screamed as loud as he could, his cries ending as Rebecca wrapped a hand around his mouth and wrestled him to the ground. He’d been kicking, he didn’t remember doing that, but he had been.

“Will you be quiet!? Do you seriously want to have to explain this to the cops, or would you rather we just figure out how to fix this together?” she hissed at him.

Harry struggled, she held him. It was surprising just how little effort it took. She was worried he'd break free at first, but it turned out not only was she bigger, she was also stronger. After a few minutes the fight went out of him, and she rolled the smaller man onto his back, pinning him to the floor.

"Listen! You need to get it together! I didn't mean to do this to you! I didn't want to either! I am scared and freaking out and just want this to stop! I can't do this alone! I can't fix myself and you! We need to work together, do you understand!?"

He nodded, meekly, his face going red.

"Sorry...I...I...this is just really, REALLY scary." He said.

Rebecca exhaled, relaxing a little and settling down on him. "I know...I get it..."

“Wait…” Rebecca’s lips drew into a smirk. “Do…do you have a boner!? Is this because I’m pinning you!?”

Harry’s face went even more red. “Look…this…this is all very…confusing…”

“Uhhhh-huh…” Rebecca grinned at him, deciding to release him from his torment…whichever one that was.

“Sorry…” he said once he got up. “I’m not sure what came over me.”

“Blind, animal panic?” she suggested, and for a moment, he looked horrified. “Don’t be sorry.” She said, trying to calm him. “It’s my fault. I did this. I fucked up…how, I don’t even know.”

He nodded, still embarrassed about his outburst, among other things. “You’re right though; we need to work together to fix this.”

“I assume you can’t see the blood results on your phone?”

He shook his head and grimaced, understanding what she was getting at. “Got to log in from the office.”

“It’s gonna be a long night…” she sighed.

Sitting on different seats, watching old TV reruns while pointedly not looking at each other was the best thing they could think of to pass the time. Rebecca was worried if she talked too much, he'd freak out again, and Harry was just worried that if he talked to her, he might want to get closer to her again. That wasn't good for his height, it seemed.

Given that, he wasn't sure exactly how he found himself standing in Rebecca's room, drowning in one of her pyjama shirts as she tried to squeeze herself into something that might fit her.

He knew that he should just sleep on the couch. The rational, sane part of his mind was screaming at him to ask for a duvet and a pillow and to sleep alone. The rest of his mind was using that duvet and pillow to suffocate the sane part.

“Hehe...” Rebecca turned to look at him, unable to help herself from laughing at how uncomfortable he looked in her shirt. “Suits you...”

“I’m not sure it does.” He said, pulling at the shirt.

“Oh, come on! You’ve made me weak at the knees like three times today, and you’re not secure enough in your manhood to wear a pink shirt to bed!?” she teased, flicking off the light switch to plunge the room into a mixture of LED light and the glow from outside.

Harry took off the shirt. “I’m secure enough to know I prefer sleeping without a top on. I overheat.”

“You alright?” Rebecca asked. “I wasn’t too hard on you?” She could sense his discomfort. Feel how torn he was. He’d sat down beside her on the bed. Not on the other side of the bed or a foot away, but touching her. At the same time, he looked like a goat in front of a tiger.

“Yeah…I’m fine…” he replied, avoiding meeting her gaze.

Looking down didn't help, his eyes being helplessly drawn from the bare expanse of bed to the soft, creamy flesh of her thighs squeezed up next to his. Thighs that now looked to be almost twice as thick as his own. Without knowing who they were attached to, there was no way he would have guessed they belonged to his lab partner.

"I know...it's totally surreal." She replied, as if reading his mind.

"Yeah..." he sighed. "You look incr–"

"We should sleep now." She cut him off, trying to crush the swell of desire rising within her.

“...and remember that time Barry sneezed in that whole barrel of fresh product!? What the hell was that stuff!?” Rebecca laughed. Neither of them were able to sleep. They’d naturally ended up cuddled up against one another, him pulling tightly against her, and the two talking about amusing events over the years at their job.

They’d been in bed for an hour now, and neither seemed close to sleeping.

“It was something experimental. I saw the invoice for that one. It was more than either of us make in a year!” Harry laughed.

“Good thing he got sacked. Harry and Barry in one lab was confusing!”

They laughed, their shared amusement bringing them closer. Closer to the point the laughter faded as the intimacy took over. Intimacy, which quickly turned awkward as Harry shifted uncomfortably, as he sought to fight the urge not to move on to the next obvious step.

“Guess this thing isn’t going to let you sleep, huh?” Rebecca spoke, her finger gently caressing his stubbornly persistent erection.

“No...” he swallowed. “Wi...wish I could just turn it off.”

“Let me…” Rebecca replied, and Harry pulled away, almost jumping away from her.

“It’s OK…it’s OK…” She rolled off the bottom of the bed and stood in front of him. “No sex, OK? We don’t want to do that. It doesn’t mean I can’t help you fall asleep.”

“No sex…” he nodded, agreeing with her.

Rebecca pulled off her top, implying the opposite of what they’d both just agreed to. “No sex…” she repeated. “But let me make it up to you. Show you how much I appreciate you sticking with me, despite everything.”

Harry just nodded, totally transfixed.

“Oh, you look so tense!” she cooed over him. “C’mere…”

Harry melted as Rebecca pulled him into her, her arms pressing his head into her enormous, welcoming bosom. They were so soft and warm, and she smelled so nice, he felt his whole body just relax. If he didn’t have bones in his body to hold him up, he would have just turned into a pool in her arms.

“Ohhhh…” he shuddered as she encased him in her softness.

“You like that…” she laughed.



He nodded, his ears getting caught against her soft boobs, and she giggled.

“Well, they’re all yours. Do whatever you like with them. This is about getting you to sleep.” She said, glancing down as he looked up to meet her gaze from between her tits.

Harry slid his cheek against the heavy, creamy skin resting against his face. He felt the stiff, inviting nipple sliding along until it met his lips, and he opened wide, sucking hard on her.

“Ohhh…” she cooed, placing a hand on his head, stroking his hair. “That feels so good…so, so gooooooood…”

Harry agreed. The urge to suck on her tits was overwhelming, and his brain rewarded him for every kiss and lick on those glorious orbs.

Harry lost himself in her flesh. The taste, the feel, the smell, the pheromones all combined to cloud over his mind in a wondrous fog of Rebecca. The girl he'd worked alongside for years. The girl who he'd never had the courage to even try to make a move on.

"Shhhhh..." she whispered, her voice breaking through the fog, bringing him back to her. He looked down to see her sliding down his body, her fingers pulling down his underwear.

"Can I?" she asked, looking up at him with pleading eyes, her hands stroking his cock, her face so close he could feel her breath as she exhaled.

He nodded, wanting nothing more than to feel what was to happen next.

“Ooooooohhh...” Harry groaned.

Rebecca wasted no time, her lips parting, taking him into her mouth. He could feel himself melting into her once more. This wasn’t sex. He wasn’t anxious about what was to happen, but the feeling of her mouth around him was so incredible he wouldn’t have cared even if he had known he would dwindle again.

“You...you’re amazing...”he gasped as she swirled her tongue playfully against him.

Even as diminished as he was, and as big as she was, Harry was pretty sizable. There was a whole lot there for Rebecca to get her lips around. Going down on a guy had become something she normally didn't enjoy. Not because of the experience or the act itself, but because of how it was perceived.

Guys had always liked watching the small woman handle their junk. It made them feel bigger, and they would talk about that a lot, which inevitably made her feel small, used and alone. It was supposed to demonstrate affection, not submission. With Harry, there was absolutely none of that.

As she lapped at him, bobbing her head back and forth, she was pretty sure that even if they were still their normal selves, there would still be none of that.

She was also pretty sure that if they were their normal selves, she'd have a much harder time getting the job done.

"Fuck..." he panted. "Fucccccccckkk!"

She knew he'd been turned on, but it surprised her just how quickly he finished. Especially given they'd already been at it several times today. She was definitely altered, but Harry wasn't. He just seemed to be a dynamo who didn't need to top.

“Oooooh…ooohhh…oh, fuck, Rebecca…” he moaned as he spasmed and shuddered. It felt so good. So incredibly good. She wasn’t even slowing down, even as he exploded into her, she kept going, making sure he enjoyed every little moment.

She kept going, lapping up everything he gave her and suckling for more. He was pressing into her, his hips gyrating instinctively, pressing more of him into her mouth and she...

...realised that she could take it. That there wasn't as much as there was a minute ago. That she was having to bend down. She had grown...was growing.

He was doing the opposite.

“Shit...shit...shit...” She finished swallowing and stood up in a panic. The panic only increased as she looked down at him, the top of his head well below her chin. How tall even was she now? How small was he?

“Oh...oh, my head is spinning...” he yawned and then fell back into bed, not even noticing what had just happened. She climbed in beside him, pulling the covers with her. He rolled onto her, not through effort, he was already half asleep. It was the sheer weight of her body compared to his, bending the mattress like a gravity well, pulling him to her like the relentless pull of gravity.

As anxious as she was, the cuddle was nice. It had been a long time since she'd slept with someone other than a cuddly pink bear. She took off her glasses, yawned and quickly fell into a deep sleep.

People were screaming. Why were people screaming?

Rebecca looked down...looked down into the street where crowds of dolls were watching her and toy cars littered the road at her feet, abandoned by their drivers. A second look told her they weren't dolls. They were people. People little taller than her ankles, all of them looking up at her.

Looking at her as she stood there, totally nude.

“Please...” Rebecca squeaked, covering herself as best she could. Her body was so big. Her chest impossibly huge and her hips thick and wide. It was everything she’d ever wanted, except now she wasn’t even human anymore. She felt like a monster. The tiny people at her feet stared up at her in fear, like she wasn’t one of them.

“...don’t look at me!”

They kept staring. Kept looking at her. The fear and tension were thick in the air like a Florida swamp in the summer.

The crowd screamed as thunder rumbled, only it took Rebecca a second to realise, the sky was clear. The thunder was her stomach. She was hungry. Not just hungry, she was ravenous. Looking around, she realised there was nothing around to eat.

Nothing but...

She lifted a foot, bringing it down right in front of the woman closest to her.



The woman was helpless. Rebecca bent down, quickly plucking her up by her ankle, bringing her up to her face.

For a second, Rebecca considered her, considered what she was about to do and then shrugged.

She opened her mouth as wide as she could, brought the woman up over her face and let go.

She was just so hungry. Like when she sat in the pizza place with Harry, feeling so impossibly vast that no amount of pizza could ever fill her up. She felt like that now.

The feeling of the woman landing on her tongue, sliding down into her gullet, her arms and legs kicking as Rebecca's powerful throat muscles engaged, pulling her down into her body.

"Mmmmmmm..." Rebecca moaned, her whole body shuddered as she devoured her meal, swallowing it whole and realising all she wanted was more.

With her first meal now disappearing down her oesophagus, the sensations fading away, Rebecca turned her attention to the crowd below...to her next meal. Most were running, but some weren't. Some were just watching, staring up at her, fixed to the ground as if their shoes were blocks of cement.

"Mmmm...come here..." she said, reaching down to the first person she saw, a man stepping out of his car.

Rebecca found as she lifted the man that her hand was not bringing him to her face. Instead, it was twisting, bringing him between her legs and adjusting the grip, so his upper half was free and pointed up.

She was still hungry, but it was a different kind of hunger.

“Oh...oh, yes...” she gasped, realising how perfectly sized he was. “I need this...” she said, and thrust him into her.

“OOOOOOOOOH!” Rebecca’s voice thundered through the city around her.

He was perfect.

Long and thick and with a handle she could get a grip on. She thrust her toy in and out of her, feeling his shoulders stretching her from the inside. Feeling him move and squirm and his fingers tickling her from the inside. She’d never felt anything like it.

She lost herself as she used the man, forgetting about the hundreds of eyes watching her in the city below. They weren’t people anymore. They existed only for her.

Time flowed in its eerie, unreal way that it did in dreams. Rebecca couldn't follow what was happening anymore, the power of the dream and the sensations of her living dildo were overwhelming.

After a while, the inevitable happened, and she climaxed, falling to her knees and tumbling down, her gargantuan body crushing anyone and anything that lay beneath it.

Then, she felt it happen...her body spreading...stretching...growing.

Her sex devoured her toy, swallowing him up as strong as her gullet as she grew larger and larger and larger.

One moment, she was in one place, the next, she was in another, the logic of dreams making it seem perfectly reasonable.

“What...what the...” Rebecca looked down, seeing clouds of dust rising from her feet as buildings collapsed as she shifted in place. She hadn’t even taken a step. Just her sheer presence had caused the tiny, toy-like structures to fail and collapse

“What’s happening to me?” she gasped, realising she was still stretching higher and outwards.

It didn't feel like growing.

It felt like the world was falling away.

Like everything else was getting smaller
and smaller and smaller.

Like the people she had once been one of
simply turned to dust.

Rebecca felt herself fall.

Felt her ass plummet down like a meteor, landing on a carpet of buildings smaller than a freckle. Small enough that they were entirely beneath her notice on their own, and only existed because there were so many of them to see.

She looked around her and understood.

All of it was hers...

“Mmmmm...” she cooed approvingly.

“Mmmm...” Rebecca moaned, the veil of her dream falling away to reveal an even more pleasant reality.

“Mmm...morning...” She managed to speak before yawning, stretching her much expanded form across her bed. Without opening her eyes, she could tell Harry was awake. She could feel his mouth around her nipple, gently sucking on her as he teased her with his tongue.

“Ooooohhh...” Rebecca felt her hips digging into the bed as her libido tried to slip free of its leash. It was clear that Harry had been at this for a while, seemingly unfazed by their size difference. Given that her tits each looked larger than his head, he had to know she’d gotten even bigger, and that he’d gotten smaller.

“Harry...we can’t...you’ll...you’ll get smaller...” she said, proud of herself for resisting the near-overwhelming urge to give in.

For a long moment, Rebecca thought Harry was just going to ignore and keep suckling. Instead, he eventually released her nipple, pushed himself up along her body and pressed his lips to hers.

The kiss was magical. It was deep and intense and felt like they were completing a circuit between them. Like they were meant to be that way.

“I don’t care.” He said, the kiss finally ending. “I want this more than anything. Want you. We can fix this later and just enjoy it now...”

Rebecca nodded, she didn’t need any more convincing. She wanted it as much as he did.



They kissed more, unable to keep themselves apart from each other. All she wanted was him. She wanted him closer to her. As much as his body was pressed against hers, she wanted to feel him even closer still.

“You’re so beautiful.” He said. “Even before all this, I thought you were beautiful.”

“Why didn’t you say anything?” she asked, feeling sad they could have done this so much more.

“Was scared. Feel stupid now I’m here with you.”

“Let’s just enjoy it now it’s happening.” She smiled at him.

“In that case, stand? So I can see you?” he asked.

“Good God…” he gasped, looking up at her. “You look like Venus herself.”

“Mmmmmmm…” Rebecca stretched, lifting her heavy bosom even higher. So high that she felt them get stuck on Harry’s head. Pulling her shoulders fixed that, and she giggled as she watched her chest swallow up his elated face, each breast coming to rest on his shoulders.
“Yeah…I feel like it too.” She laughed, letting her chest bounce off his face.

“I wish we could do it like this…” he groaned, and she felt him dry humping her leg.

She laughed again. “Take my panties off and let’s do it for real. I can’t wait anymore!”



“Uh…” Rebecca squeaked, such a high-pitched sound was strange coming from something…someone so large, Harry thought. Still, it only made his affection for her increase. “Oh…you feel so good…”

He gently thrust into her, and quickly they both began to gasp and pant. Both were already primed to explode in unison.

It only took seconds.

Rebecca's whole body shuddered, her sex clamping down around Harry, holding him and squeezing him; draining him.

"Ughhhh..." he groaned, as he too climaxed, feeling his head starting to swim from the overwhelming tsunami of pleasure.

Instinct kept him going. Evolution telling his muscles what to do when his brain could not, pulling his hips back, the tightness around him feeling even more amazing as he did so, then thrust back down into her.

“OOOOOOHHHH!” Rebecca’s groan was so powerful and deep it shook through Harry’s own chest as he pressed down into her soft, pillowy bosom.

Rebecca's arms wrapped around him, now thicker and much stronger than his own, pulling him tightly against her soft, inviting chest. He was more than happy to let himself sink into her, but still his hips worked, rabbiting in and out of her as their climaxes continued as one, single event until eventually it was over, and they fell back onto the bed together.

“That…that was…wow…” Rebecca gasped.

She pulled Harry up into her, cradling his body with an arm. For a brief moment, she felt worry. Worry that one arm was now long enough, and strong enough, to hold his entire torso, then it faded, the sea of hormones in her brain calming her.

She liked having him against her. It soothed her and made everything feel right. From the look on his face, he felt the same way.

They just lay there together, enjoying the simple pleasure of simply existing together, the world beyond the bed not even mattering.



The tranquility could only last so long.

Work called, as did the bodily functions, and the pair had to emerge from the cocoon to face reality.

“Oh...yeah, we may have overdone this...”

“How bad?” Harry asked.

“Four feet...two...” she gulped.

“That would explain why I’m looking up to your nipples.” He grimaced. “Well, your turn.”

“Is the folding rule long enough?” Rebecca asked, feeling her stomach twisting into ever tighter knots.

“Um...just about.” Harry was having to guess as he looked up to the top of the ruler. Even standing on the chair as he was, Rebecca still towered over him, her body pouring outwards in all directions, a mass of soft, gentle curves and feminine fat.

“I’m gonna guess you’re just a little under six feet tall. Five feet eleven we’ll call it.”

“I...I grew over a foot in a day!?” she gasped.

“Yup...fix this, and I think you get a Nobel Prize.” Harry said.

“Oh, shit...”

“Hey, look on the bright side. You’re taller than most guys now. People will take you seriously. It could be a lot worse.” Harry said, stepping down off the chair to stand in front of her.

The look on his face told Rebecca that he was worried about being dismissed. He’d always been short and didn’t exactly have a strong personality. Now he was so short he could disappear beneath her boobs.

“Don’t worry…” she said. “I’ve got your back. You’re too cute and too smart! I need you! If anyone dismisses you, they’ll need to answer to me.”

Harry nodded. “That makes me feel better, thanks.” He looked up at her. “That, and the view.”

She smiled down at him, feeling a rising warmth in her chest from just looking at him. Bending down, using her arms to stop her chest from spilling out and possibly knocking her much smaller lover backwards, she puckered her lips and found his own rising up to meet hers.

He lifted his hands, cupping her cheeks, stroking them with his thumbs.

“This has certainly been a night I won’t forget.” He smiled. “Not ever.”

“For a few reasons.” Rebecca added with a joyful grin.

Showering together was nice.

Despite the water, heat and nudity, there was no sexual tension. That had been thoroughly spent over the last day, with both of them just happy to relax in each other's company. It would have been nice to be a little closer to Rebecca, Harry thought.

Except if he stood facing her, Rebecca's enormous chest acted like a canopy, keeping him dry, totally undermining the point of a shower. Still, it was nice to talk and relax and just be with one another.

For Rebecca, the walk to work couldn't have been more different than two days before.

She saw the same people, recognised the same faces. Except this time, they saw her. They actually looked at her. In some cases, they stared, their eyes gaping wide open at her large, squishy frame, stuffed into clothes that really didn't fit her at all.

Her outfit was the best she could do. At least it covered everything that needed to be covered, even if one guy driving past had mounted the curb and narrowly missed a lamppost.

"I think we both need to go clothes shopping..." she turned to Harry walking beside her.

"Yeah, agreed." He smiled up sheepishly.

As embarrassing as Rebecca found the walk, it was so much worse for him. People were staring at her, most not even seeing him. One middle-aged woman walked past and gave him a ‘hi, cutie’ smile, likely assuming he was Rebecca’s younger brother and not her boyfriend.

Wait...was he her boyfriend? What the hell even was this?

That thought, and many others, spiralled around his head. The main one was just how much longer could this go on. If he couldn’t resist Rebecca, and he knew he wouldn’t be able to, then in just a few days, he’d be going to work in her underwear.

Which honestly, didn’t sound so bad in his head.

“Hey, gorgeous! I’ve not seen you around here before!”

Rebecca almost froze in shock.

He was talking to her. HIM! THEY GUY!

“Hey...” Rebecca replied as casually as she could. She was pretty sure her heart was going to explode in her chest.

“Name’s Ricky, what’s yours?”

Rebecca smiled at him. “See you around, Ricky.” She said, and walked on. She wasn’t going to go that easy, despite how much she wanted to.

“Oh…oh, that’s a lot…” Rebecca swallowed as she looked through the analysis of her bloods on the screen.

“How much did you inject yourself with!?” Harry tapped down the results; everything looked normal, other than the cocktail of drugs and fat in her system.

“Five milligrams, I swear, that was it. That was all I could make!” She said.

“You’re certain?”

“You’re sitting in my lap, do you really want to call me incompetent!?” she scolded him.

“I…just had to check, that’s all.” He shifted a little, her soft thighs making for a nice seat. “Well…it’s coming from somewhere…”

“Who the hell are you!? How did you get in here!?” An angry voice caused Rebecca to jump to her feet, Harry falling forward to the ground, having to scramble up behind her.

“May...I...” Rebecca stammered.

“Rebecca!?” she gasped, looked horrified for a moment, then understood, her analytical mind working fast. “What the hell did you do!?”

“Ummmm...” Rebecca smiled nervously.

Harry looked up from his new vantage point as Rebecca explained. It was one thing seeing Rebecca this way, newly grown and artificially expanded. May was still normal. She hadn't grown even a little bit since the day before.

She too was an Amazon.

No, she wasn't. He was just tiny. So small she hadn't even noticed he was there.

As Rebecca finished, May simply chuckled. A laugh that sent a shiver down Harry's spine.

'This is not good...' he thought.

START

6 ft.
69”
66”
63”
5 ft.
57”
54”
51”
4 ft.
45”
42”
39”
3 ft
33”
30”
27”
2 ft.
21”
18”
15”
1ft.
9”
6”
3”

Rebecca

Height: 4ft10
Weight: 91lbs
30B-22-33

Harry

Height: 5ft5
Weight: 158lbs

May

Height: 5ft8
Weight: 161lbs
34D-24-40

Growth One

69”
66”
63”
5 ft.
57”
54”
51”
4 ft.
45”
42”
39”
3 ft.
33”
30”
27”
2 ft.
21”
18”
15”
1 ft.
9”
6”
3”

Rebecca

Height: 5ft2
Weight: 119lbs
32G-26-38

Harry

Height: 5ft2
Weight: 137lbs

Growth Two

Rebecca

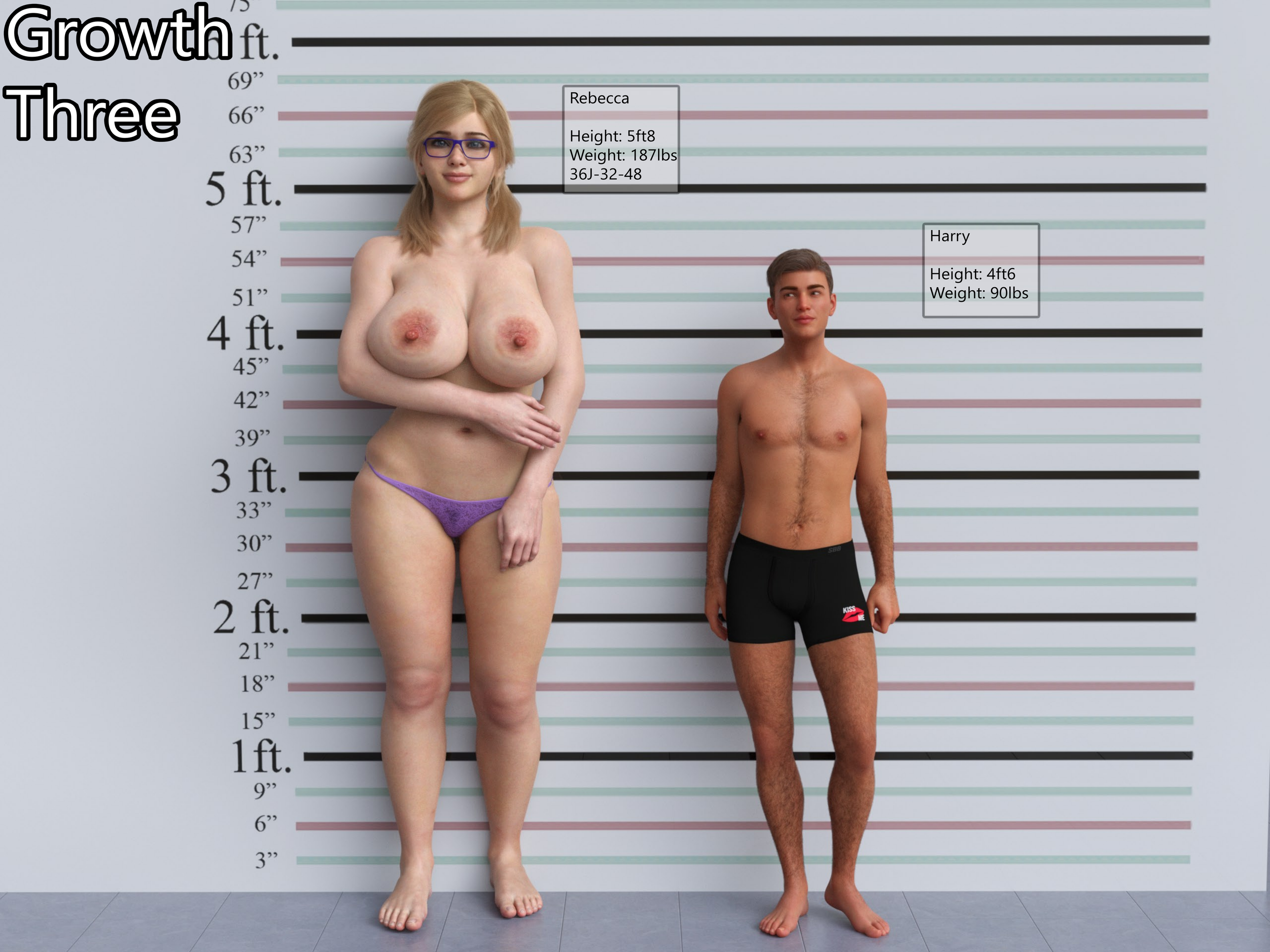
Height: 5ft5
Weight: 159lbs
34H-30-44

Harry

Height: 4ft10
Weight: 112lbs

6 ft.
69”
66”
63”
5 ft.
57”
54”
51”
4 ft.
45”
42”
39”
3 ft.
33”
30”
27”
2 ft.
21”
18”
15”
1 ft.
9”
6”
3”

Growth Three



Growth Four

Rebecca

Height: 5ft11.5
Weight: 209lbs
38K-34-50

To Harry
Height:7ft9
Weight:458lbs

Harry

Height: 4ft2
Weight: 71lbs

May

Height: 5ft8
Weight: 161lbs
34D-24-40

To Harry
Height: 7ft4
Weight: 352lbs



To Be Continued...



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