

A woman with long dark hair is standing against a plain white background. She is wearing a white spaghetti-strap bikini top and white high-cut bikini bottoms. She is also wearing light-colored, open-toed high-heeled sandals. Her hands are resting on her hips/thighs. The text "CAREGIVER TO A GIANTESS" is overlaid in large, bold, yellow capital letters across the middle of her body.

**CAREGIVER
TO A
GIANTESS**

J. D. TUFTS

A woman with long dark hair is standing against a plain white background. She is wearing a white, underwire bikini top and white high-cut bikini bottoms. She is also wearing light-colored, open-toed high-heeled sandals. Her hands are resting on her hips/thighs. The text "CAREGIVER TO A GIANTESS" is overlaid in large, bold, yellow capital letters across the middle of her body.

**CAREGIVER
TO A
GIANTESS**

J. D. TUFTS

CAREGIVER TO A GIANTESS

Copyright © 2020 by J. D. Tufts

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or used in any manner without written permission of the copyright owner except for the use of quotations in a book review

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Mike had been working as a caregiver for six months when the elderly man he had been caring for passed away. The job didn't pay a whole lot, but it was the only job he had, while he studied to finish his business degree online at nights. Once it was gone, he was out of money, and he had to go looking for another job pronto.

The way it worked in Washington State was that all caregivers were hired directly by the people who needed the caregiving. So, Mike would have to interview with a disabled person and convince them that he could fulfill their needs. He was able to find one ad that looked promising, a thirty-five-year-old woman with Myalgic Encephalomyelitis. He answered the ad online, and they set up an interview for the following Monday.

Mike was worried that he wouldn't get the job, because he was convinced that this woman would prefer another female as her caregiver. He had encountered this prejudice in the field before. Mike was twenty-one years old, about six feet tall, athletic and handsome, but there was an overall prejudice that men were more likely to harm the people in their charge, and he had a hard time overcoming this prejudice.

The house was off in Camano Island, which was pretty far from where Mike lived, just north of Seattle. He did not relish the idea of making this trip every day, but he knew he would have to take any job he could. When he got close to the house he sent a text message to let the lady, her name was Lisa, know that he would be there soon. She needed the notice in order to get up and unlock the door.

When he got to the house, Mike let himself in. "Hello, are you here?" Mike called as he stepped into the living room.

“I’m back here,” a voice called from the back bedroom.

Mike walked to the back through the kitchen. It was a pretty small house. There was another bedroom going off from the living room and another laundry room past the kitchen, opposite the main bedroom that was to the right. Mike walked into the main bedroom, and there was Lisa sitting on the bed waiting for him.

He hadn’t expected this. She was gorgeous. ME, or as it was known colloquially, chronic fatigue syndrome, was a chronic illness that stopped the person who was afflicted with it from exercising. Any physical exertion would cause the person to get sick. So, what Mike expected was for this woman to be somewhat overweight, but she wasn’t at all. Dressed in a t-shirt and pajama pants, she had a stunning hourglass figure, with a tiny waist, large breasts and broad hips. Her face was beautiful, with the high cheekbones of a model, creamy pale skin, almond-shaped brown eyes, and lustrous black hair that went down to her shoulders.

“You must be Mike,” she said with a smile.

Mike stood there dumbly for a few seconds, and then composed himself. “Yeah, sorry, I’m Mike,” he said stupidly.

The way she was smiling at him was a knowing one. Mike was convinced he had already blown it. There was no way that he was going to get the job now. Instead Lisa said, “I’ve already looked over your resume. I just want to give you an idea of what the job entails. Please, take a seat.”

Mike did what he was told. At first, when he realized there was nowhere else to sit but the edge of the bed, he hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he sat down on the bed opposite this stunning beauty. He could feel his cock start to stiffen slightly in his pants, much to his horror. He thought he should make an excuse and get out immediately.

“Basically, with my condition you’ll be doing the things around the house that I can’t do. You’ll be cooking my breakfast and my lunch, as well as putting my dinner out for me to make. You’ll be doing the housework that I can’t do. I can take care of everything else, except you’ll also have to set up my shower. I can’t stand up for long periods of time, so I have a special stool to sit on. Does all that sound like something you can do.”

“Yes,” Mike said. He couldn’t believe the croak in his own voice.

“Well, you can start tomorrow,” Lisa said.

Mike thought he had to have heard her wrong. “That’s it!”

“You seem like a fine young man, and I need somebody to start right away. My last caregiver quit suddenly and without any notice. I know the state does a background check on all caregivers. You can start tomorrow right?”

“Yes,” Mike croaked.

“Okay, I’ll see you then.”

Mike left feeling elated at having a job, but also uneasy. He thought for sure that Lisa had to see his attraction to her. Maybe she was flattered. Maybe she thought he was harmless. Or maybe, she wanted something to happen. He dared not think about it. It was absurd. Yet, what else could he think. The idea was dangerous.

Mike came back the next day to start his new job with Lisa. He told himself that he could be professional, but that first day, with her behind him, showing him everything he needed to do in the house, he found himself getting really turned on. There was something about the dynamic, this beautiful older woman telling him what to do, that really got him going. By the end of his first day, he was aching hard by the time he was to leave.

The entire first week was absolute torture. Lisa had a little scooter that she used to go places, but she would stand up in order to show him what to do, and to be at his level while they were talking. Every time she would stand, he would look at her big heaving breasts, or full round ass, or incredibly long legs. Lisa was quite tall. She was almost as tall as him. He would guess around five-foot-ten.

Somehow Mike got through it, and he would go home each day and have to jerk off thinking about Lisa's amazing body before he could concentrate on his studies. What was worse is it seemed as if Lisa was flirting with him sometimes. She had a way of looking at him and saying things in certain ways that came off as downright sexual. Yet, she couldn't be doing that could she?

It was hard for him to believe that she would want to put herself in that position. He was her caregiver. She relied on him for everything and things could turn badly very quickly. There was also the chance that it could make him uncomfortable and he would decide to quit. Thinking about how much she needed a caregiver and the bad situation she had been in, he couldn't believe she

would do that. So, he put it out of his mind and decided that it must be his imagination.

At the end of the day on that first Friday, Lisa called him into her bedroom. He walked in to see her sitting on her bed as usual, wearing some tight black leggings and a green sweater.

“Have a seat, Mike,” she said. “We have some things to talk about.”

Mike sat on the edge of her bed as usual, a little less uncomfortable than he had been the first time.

“You’re doing a really great job,” Lisa said. “A lot of time it takes a caregiver quite a while before they get the hang of it, but you have picked up on exactly how I like things very quickly.”

“Thanks,” Mike said.

“I haven’t told you much about my situation have I?” Lisa asked.

“No, you haven’t,” Mike agreed, somewhat confused how much more there was to tell.

“I have been sick for almost ten years now. I happened after I had surgery. It is a

common thing with people with my condition. It often happens after they experience some kind of trauma or illness. In my case, it was surgery, but it could have been a lot of things. It is possible that the condition is genetic, and certain events activate the genes.”

“I’ve not heard much about it until I started working for you,” Mike admitted.

Lisa smiled at him, that sexy smile that always made him think about trouble. “It’s the only disorder in the world where exercise is actually harmful. I used to be very athletic before I got sick. That was the hardest part, not being able to work out, and then gaining weight and not being able to do anything about it.”

“You look great,” Mike blurted out, and then immediately regretted it. He could feel himself blush.

Lisa looked a little embarrassed too. “Thank you, Mike,” she said. “That is very sweet.”

There was a bit of an awkward silence between them, and finally Lisa continued. “What I really wanted to talk about was that I am being offered the chance to try an experimental drug next week. I will need to you administer it to me, but it’s only a liquid and it just needs to be properly measured. If it works, they think it could have dramatic results for people like me.”

“That’s great news,” Mike said. Suddenly he thought about Lisa getting better. He would be out of a job, but another thought occurred to him. If she got better, could there be a chance she really liked him. She was a lot older, but she was so beautiful. Mike quickly pushed the thought away in his mind.

The next week, Mike began to administer the drug to Lisa. It was rather simple, as she had said. All he had to do was mix and measure the solution, and then give it to her. She took it only once a day, in the mornings at the beginning of his shift.

For the first few days, Lisa didn't mention anything happening, but by Thursday, Mike started to notice a difference in her energy level. When he showed up for work on Friday, she was already in the kitchen making her own breakfast.

"Lisa, what are you doing?" he exclaimed.

Lisa smiled at him and seemed to be unconcerned. "I was feeling great today, and I decided to get up and get things started myself."

Lisa usually tried to walk, and even stand up, as little as possible. Seeing her now, wearing a pair of blue jeans and a tight green sweater, Mike suddenly found her sexier than he ever had before. He didn't think that was possible.

"Are you sure you want to do that? You know if you overexert yourself then you'll have a flair up."

"Mike, I know how to manage my own energy," Lisa said. "I have to do it every day. Don't worry about it. Even if I do overexert myself then I know for next time what I can do and what my limits are."

“Okay, if you think it will be okay,” Mike said, not quite sure.

“It will be fine,” Lisa repeated. “Do you want to help me?”

There was something exciting about being able to make breakfast together. Mike was closer to Lisa than he ever had been before, and she brushed against him, her large breasts soft against his back, as she moved around him. Was it intentional? He wanted to think so, but he had imagined them together so many times he couldn’t be sure that it wasn’t just wishful thinking on his part.

“So, I guess you’re really starting to feel better with this new medication,” Mike said.

“Yeah,” Lisa responded. “There are a bunch of things I haven’t been able to do in years. I can’t wait to get back to them, and this medication might let me do a lot of things I haven’t been able to do, even if it doesn’t make me completely well.”

“What kinds of things?” Mike asked.

Lisa looked at him mischievously and then bit her lip. “It’s been a really long time since I got laid,” she said quietly.

Mike felt his heart begin to beat quickly in his chest as he met Lisa’s gaze. He knew at that moment what was going to happen. They came together in a passionate kiss, their arms wrapping around each other and groping each other’s

bodies.

Mike was elated to finally have his hands on Lisa's body. He immediately reached one hand to touch one of her big firm breasts, and the other to squeeze her voluptuous, round ass. It felt amazing to be this close to her, to smell her, to taste her, and to feel her pressed up against him. He was as hard as a rock instantly, and thought that he was going to explode in his pants if he had to contain himself for one second more.

Mike lifted her and put Lisa on the counter. She squealed in delight at this moment, and then continued to kiss and grope him while she wrapped her legs around him. The food was ready at that point, so there was no fear it would burn. Mike knew that he wanted to take her right there, and he started to take off her jeans, and slide them down her long legs.

They awkwardly were able to get her pants off, then Mike's before slipping off Lisa's panties. Then he was inside her. He fucked her right on the countertop, thrusting and pushing her against the wall as she screamed in delight.

"This feels so good, and it's been so long," she screamed. It wasn't long before both of them were exploding in orgasms, and then they both realized what they had done.

"I'm sorry," Lisa said. "I just needed it so bad. Normally I'm too tired to have sex, and now that I was feeling good I just got so horny."

"I wanted it too," Mike said. "I wanted it ever since I first saw you."

It was true, but Mike couldn't believe he was saying it, and he thought he might be making a bad situation worse.

"Really?" Lisa asked. "I never would have thought that."

Mike felt himself blush.

They quickly regained their composure and got their clothes back on. Lisa went into the bedroom, like she usually did, and Mike served her breakfast there, as well as gave her the usual medicine.

The rest of the day went like normal. Neither of them brought up what had happened. They just went about their day like it was any normal day, and Mike did his normal job. At the end of the day he went home, afraid that everything had changed. He would have the full weekend to think about it, and worry that Lisa was thinking about it too.

When Monday came, Mike was very nervous about coming back to work. When he walked into the house, he did not see Lisa making breakfast like she had last Friday. He thought that her new energy must have been short-lived. He walked back to the bedroom and there he found her standing, wearing the jeans that she had been wearing last Friday and a red t-shirt, but she was looking at herself, struggling to get the jeans buttoned.

"These jeans I was wearing Friday don't fit," Lisa said. She still struggled to get the button fastened. "They fit fine just a few days ago. I couldn't possibly have

put on weight.”

“Maybe it’s a side effect of the medication,” Mike suggested. “You just started it, and it’s the biggest thing that you changed.”

He walked up to Lisa to look her over. Her t-shirt looked a little tight as well, and he could see the outline of her bra under her shirt, looking as if she was popping out of it a little bit. Then he also noticed something else.

“You’re as tall as me,” he said.

Lisa looked over at him suddenly. “What?” she asked.

“You’re as tall as me. You were shorter than me on Friday, but now you’re as tall as I am.”

“That’s impossible,” Lisa said, but she compared the two of them, and saw clearly that they were now the same height.

“It has to be the medication,” Mike said. “I don’t see what else it could be. How have you been feeling?”

“I feel great,” Lisa said. “I have a ton of energy now. It almost feels like my ME is gone.”

There was a silence between them, and then Mike said, "I think you should stop taking it."

"That's crazy," Lisa responded immediately. "I haven't felt this good in years and you think I should stop taking it."

"We don't know what it's doing to you," Mike said.

"It's making me well," Lisa said. "That is what it's doing. Do you want me to go back the way I was?" Lisa asked.

The two met each other's eyes. "No, of course not," Mike said.

Lisa put her arms around his neck and moved in to kiss him. He, of course, did not resist her. "Now that I'm feeling better, we can have some fun," Lisa said.

Lisa backed him toward the bed and pushed him down on top of the mattress before climbing on him. She had a sexy glint in her eye as she took his pants off and then his shirt. He was hard instantly, and she gripped his dick through his boxers.

"I've been waiting to do this again all weekend," she said. She let go of him long enough to pull her t-shirt up over her head. He could now see clearly that it looked like her bra was struggling to contain her breasts, and as she unfastened it

and set them free, her big beautiful breasts looked at least a little bigger.

The thought excited him though, and he thought about it as Lisa slide off her jeans and panties and then began to ride him. Maybe she would keep growing. She was already as big as he was, which was exciting enough. He had never had sex with a woman who was as tall as he was. What would it be like to fuck a woman even taller? He came hard when the time came, at the thought of Lisa getting taller, bustier and even stronger.

After they had finished, the day went much the way that the previous time had gone. They both acted as if it had never happened, and went back to their regular routine. Mike still couldn't stop thinking about what was happening, but he gave Lisa the medicine like she wanted. Who was he to try and stop her if that was what she wanted for her own body?

Over the next week, Lisa seemed to develop a ravenous appetite. Mike had to buy a lot more at the grocery store and make larger meals. He couldn't help but think how this played into the apparent sudden growth spurt, and the medicine Lisa had been taking, but he tried not to fixate on it.

Lisa would also try to flirt with him every day, but he had started to pull back, keeping things more professional. Lisa seemed to take the hint, and not push him. Maybe she realized how much of a potential problem it could be too. Mike didn't notice any more growth from Lisa that week though. By Friday he started to think that maybe the whole thing was just a fluke. Yet, who had ever heard of a thirty-five-year- old having a growth spurt? Maybe it was a side effect of the medicine, but now it was over.

That weekend, Mike started to think about maybe he should leave his job with Lisa. Things had crossed a line when they had sex, and even though things had

calmed down, he was sure that it would probably happen again if he did not take measures to make sure it did not. Still, he liked working for her, and it was a steady job, that he needed right now. He threw himself into his studies, trying not to think about his dilemma.

When he came back on Monday, Lisa called to him as soon as he opened the door. “Mike, can you come back here?” she asked. He walked to the bedroom as quickly as he could and once he was there he was startled by the sight he saw.

Lisa had grown again. It was a bigger spurt this time, and she could not ignore it. She was wearing an oversized t-shirt, that now was fitting her like one of her smaller ones used to, plus a formerly baggy pair of sweatpants. Even if her attire didn’t give it away, her growth would have still been obvious. As Mike walked toward her, he could see clearly that Lisa now towered over him.

Standing in front of her, Mike was completely in awe. The top of his head was about level with her lips. She could have easily kissed him on the top of his head. “How tall are you?” Mike asked.

“I don’t know,” Lisa said with a smile. “I wanted to save it for you. I thought you would want to measure me.”

She nodded to the dresser where a tape measure was sitting. Mike looked to it and then back into Lisa’s eyes that had a mischievous gleam to them. He walked over and grabbed the tape measure.

Mike was able to measure her while standing on the bed. “Six-foot-five,” he announced. “You grew five inches in a weekend.”

Lisa laughed to herself. “Wow, I can’t believe it,” she said. She ran her hands down her big body. “It feels amazing being this big,” she said. Lisa reached down and pulled her t-shirt up over her head, revealing her huge breasts. “Why don’t you measure these?” she asked.

Mike did what he was told, measuring her band size at thirty-eight inches, he reached around and measured her bust. The tape reached out to fifty inches. “It looks like you’d be somewhere around a 38GG,” Mike said.

“What makes you such an expert at bra sizes?” Lisa asked. Mike blushed again.

“Well, there really isn’t a standard that is universal,” Mike said. “That would be the UK size for how big you are though.”

“Wow, you’re a real breast man, huh?” Lisa said with a laugh. She reached out and grabbed him off the bed, grasping the hair on the back of his head and plunging him into her full breasts.

Lisa was holding Mike off the ground, and he couldn’t believe how strong she was. She was holding his entire body weight, that was almost two hundred pounds. She couldn’t hold him for too long, and she finally let him fall to the ground.

“Have you ever touched tits this big?” Lisa asked Michael.

“I don’t think so,” he admitted. “My last girlfriend was an F.”

Lisa started to walk toward him. “Have you ever fucked anybody taller than you?” she asked, with a lascivious grin.

Soon they were at it again, only this time Lisa was more aggressive. She knew that she was stronger than Mike, and she felt no need to be gentle. She practically ripped his clothes off, as she kissed and sucked, and bit all over his neck and shoulders.

She was moving him around the bed with little regard for what he wanted. Then she was on top of him again. “How does it feel to fuck somebody bigger and stronger than you?” she asked, leaning down and kissing him intensely, pushing her tongue in his mouth before he could even reply.

“It feels amazing,” Mike replied. It was the only thing that he could say.

Lisa kept riding him with greater intensity to the point that it was almost painful. Soon, she came with an incredibly intensity. Mike could feel her vaginal muscles contract as she climaxed, and then something truly amazing happened. Lisa began to grow again, right before his eyes.

At first, Mike thought it was some kind of side effect of his own intense arousal. It only appeared as if Lisa was expanding because of her own orgasm, he thought, but it happened so fast that there soon was no doubt about it. Her body quickly began to stretch taller, and she was inching closer to the ceiling, as well as he could feel her getting heavier on top of him.

Mike's cock exploded inside Lisa as he watched her grow. Her breasts began to expand out of proportion to the rest of her as well, making her already huge breasts become simply massive. Lisa noticed that she was growing and looked down at herself in amazement.

"Oh my god!" she cried. "I'm getting bigger."

The look of pleasure on her face looked almost demented, as she grew and grew, very quickly increasing in size. Her growth only lasted a couple of minutes, but when it finally shuttered to a stop, she got to her feet, and as Mike looked up at her the increase in her size was obvious.

"I want you to measure me again," Lisa commanded. She cupped her breasts in her hands, obviously the biggest tits that Mike had ever seen. Her huge hands didn't even come close to holding them. Breasts flesh spilled out in all directions.

Mike bent over to get his underwear, but Lisa moved her huge foot to step on them. "Did I say you could get dressed?" Lisa asked threateningly. "I told you I wanted you to measure me."

Mike did what he was told, and went, still completely naked, to get the tape measure.

When he came back, he stood on the bed again to measure Lisa. She was much taller than she had been before. It had been obvious when he had watched her

grow, but now standing on the bed he could see that the top of her head was about level to his chest, when he was over eight feet high.

He took his time with the measuring. “You’re six-foot-eleven,” he said.

Lisa laughed. “I’m almost seven feet tall,” she said. Then she grabbed her huge breasts and hoisted them in the air. “I’d have you measure these again, but they are so huge that I don’t even think I could find a bra for them. I’m so big that there are definitely no clothes I could wear.”

“This is crazy,” Mike said. “You grew a half a foot in just a few minutes. That isn’t normal.”

Lisa grabbed his arm suddenly and pulled him to the floor, swiftly, almost painfully. “What did you say?” she asked.

“Lisa please, you’re hurting me.”

“Did you say that I’m not normal?”

“What is happening to you. What is going on right now. It isn’t normal.”

Lisa let him go just as suddenly as she had grabbed him. “I spent years of my life laying in a bed, unable to really engage with the world around me. What is

happening to me now is a lot better than normal.” Mike nursed his arm, which still hurt from Lisa’s grabbing him. “Go and get my medication,” Lisa ordered him.

Mike looked at her shocked, yet he knew that he couldn’t tell her no, not after what had just happened. She towered over him now, and from her grabbing him, he thought that she was definitely stronger. He started to walk toward the kitchen.

“Don’t measure it this time,” Lisa said behind him. “I want you to bring me all of it, and a glass.”

Mike was terrified of what he had just heard. He thought about taking all the medicine and running out the door with it. It would take Lisa a few minutes to understand what was happening, and by then he would be gone. She would have to get more medicine, and that meant she would have to talk to somebody. Somebody would get to see what had happened to her.

Still, there was a part of him that felt something else. He was excited by the whole situation. He had been fantasizing about Lisa since he had first come into this house, but what was happening now was beyond anything that he had ever imagined, it was beyond anything that he ever thought was possible. Part of him, a very horny part of him, wanted to see her keep getting bigger.

Mike walked into the room with the medicine, which was held in a plastic tub, and a glass. Lisa nodded toward the dresser, where Mike set them both down. Then she walked toward them. Mike instinctively backed away, intimidated by Lisa’s enormous size.

Mike watched as the huge woman poured medicine into the glass until it was about halfway full. This was most of the medicine in the container. She hesitated for a moment, unsure if this was really enough, and then she poured the rest in as well. It wasn't quite a full glass, but it was close enough to it.

Then Lisa turned the glass up and began to drink it. Mike watched in amazement as she drank all the medicine down. He was afraid it might kill her, but he was also afraid it might do what she hoped it would do. Yet, he was also exhilarated. When she was done drinking Lisa turned back to him.

"I want you to go home and get some clothing and anything else you might need," she said to him. "You're going to be staying here for a while. I'm going to let the weekend caregiver go. I want you to tend to my growth and all my other needs. I'm planning on getting very big."

All Mike could do was nod, and then he was putting his clothes on. Within minutes he was walking out to his car, and was unsure whether he was going to return, or simply drive away. He did come back though. He came back because he knew he had to see what would happen, and because the idea of Lisa getting even bigger was too exciting a prospect for him to ignore.

It didn't happen that night. Lisa took him again, very roughly, after she had a dinner that he made, but there was no sudden growth like there was last time. Mike had expected it, and he thought Lisa must have too, but she hid her disappointment well. Instead, she simply held him against her much bigger body, relishing the way that she could wrap herself around him and completely dominate him that way.

Mike was excited by it too, feeling Lisa's warm and huge body close to him, her powerful arms wrapped around him. He couldn't have escaped her even if he

wanted to. There was no doubt about that. What would it be like if she grew even more?

He didn't have to wait long to find out. Lisa was already so big that nothing would fit her, so she was walking around the house naked. That would have made it less obvious that she was growing, because there were no clothes to grow out of, but her growth was significant enough that it could not be ignored.

Lisa didn't spurt up all at once like she did when they were having sex, but she began to grow a little every day. By the next day, she had surpassed seven feet, and Mike could see both growth in her breasts, her muscles, and her shape. Her tits were also growing out of proportion to the rest of her, something he had not noticed before.

This was how his life was now. He would take care of Lisa's every need, just as he did before but now twenty-four seven, and she would continue to grow. As the next week went along, he was astounded as she increased in size, gaining at least a few inches every day, until by the weekend she stood eight-foot-three.

At that size, he felt like a child next to her. She loved ordering him around, and towering over him, grabbing him when she felt like it, and having her way with his tinier and weaker body.

"You are not my caregiver anymore," she purred. "You're just my toy."

She wanted sex at least three times a day and had the power to force Mike to do whatever he wanted. It was starting to become exhausting, but to his relief the growing had seemed to stop.

That was until another week had passed. Lisa had grabbed Mike for a morning fuck, before he was even completely awake and then proceeded to take his little body. She was on top of him but balancing her weight so she did not crush him. She only had to bend over slightly so that her gigantic breasts could be in his face, and also allow him to play with her nipples with both his mouth and fingers.

It was the hardest for him to hold off coming when she had him in this position, because the sensation of her gargantuan body completely dominating his was so overwhelming. Then she started to grow again.

It was an almost instantaneous reaction, and again it seemed to happen right as Lisa had climaxed, but this time it was more dramatic, and he could feel the increase in weight on top of him instantly. If Lisa hadn't shifted quickly, she might have broken his pelvis.

"Yes!" she bellowed, as it started to happen, and his view was blotted out by the expansion of her body. She still had her huge breasts leaning over him, and as she got off of him, and took her weight off her lower body, she still left her breasts against him, and he could feel them expanding over him, getting bigger, fatter and heavier.

He had been holding off his own climax, just as Lisa had taught him, but that sensation of massive breasts over his body resulted in his coming instantly and spraying all over her.

"I can still feel that, tiny man," Lisa boomed from far away. He knew she was growing, but other than her breasts he couldn't see it, because the size of her tits

was blotting everything away.

Then he could hear it. The ceiling was cracking. Even though Lisa was not standing up, she was starting to break apart the building. “Don’t worry, I’ll protect you,” she said, and the ceiling started to come down.

Mike was safe under the sheer size of Lisa’s huge body as her whole house came down. Her growth this time must have been beyond belief, he thought, and then another thought occurred to him. Nothing was going to stop her now. She was going to be the most powerful person on the planet. The thought made him both excited and afraid. What would she do with him? He was going to soon find out.