



SIDE EFFECTS: A GROWTH STORY

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“Height five-foot-two, weight one hundred and five pounds,” Greg the researcher read off Rachel’s chart. “Did you read the warning and stipulations of the experiment completely, and think you understand all the risks involved with what we are about to undertake.”

“Yes,” Rachel said, feeling a bit annoyed. She felt like this was the fourth time she had been asked this question.

“Okay, then here is the deal. We are going to give you a box of the new energy supplement Rocket. You will take one Rocket a day, and then report back to us once a week everything you experience while taking the supplement. We expect you to take detailed notes on your experiences.”

“I’ve been through this before,” Rachel said.

Greg looked up from his clipboard. He had striking green eyes, and Rachel thought he was cute, but this didn’t mean this whole thing wasn’t a pain in the ass.

“It is very important that you understand the nature of what we are doing and that you follow it to the letter. We are paying you after all.”

“Yeah, but it’s not that complicated,” Rachel said. “I just drink the stuff and write down what I feel.”

“Okay, as long as you understand,” Greg said, and then he wrote something else on his clipboard. “You can pick up your box of Rocket on the way out.”

Rachel was so glad to be out of there. She had spent three hours going through the interview process, physical, and finally this set of instructions from Greg. It was very frustrating, when all she wanted was to earn a little extra money to pay her college tuition.

“You should do some cam work,” her roommate Jane had said. “You’re very pretty. You have a nice body. Why don’t you make the most of it?”

The truth as that Rachel had thought about it. She was a very pretty brunette, slim, with perky breasts, even though they were only an average size at a B cup. She had done some modeling the previous summer, but cam work was different altogether.

The modeling shots had been something she wouldn’t have been ashamed of if they had come up again later in her life. All the shots were tasteful, even if she was wearing some sexy clothing. Getting naked for strange men though, that made Rachel uncomfortable and she didn’t want to have to explain to anybody later that she was young, and she needed the money.

When she got back to their dorm room Jane was laying on her bed reading a book. Rachel slammed the box of Rocket on the counter in their mini kitchen. “That was exhausting,” she said.

“You were gone for a very long time,” Jane added.

Rachel took out one of the little bottles of Rocket, opened it, and downed it.
“This stuff better work, because after what I went through, I think I need it.”

Rachel wrote in her notepad that she had taken her first dose of Rocket and then got out her physics textbook and started to study. While she was sluggish at first, after about fifty minute she began to feel more alert and energetic. She wrote this down in her notebook.

“This stuff actually works,” Rachel told Jane.

The first week of using Rocket was a breeze. The supplement gave her a boost of energy that lasted hours every time she used it, and she didn’t seem to have any side effects to report. Normally, a supplement like that would cause her to get dehydrated. That wasn’t the case with Rocket, and she felt she was getting a lot more done during the week than she normally would have.

Before she knew it, Rachel was reporting back to Greg after one full week of the supplement. “We’re going to do another physical,” Greg had told her.

“Again?” Rachel moaned.

“It is just going to be a quick one. We’re going to look at your blood pressure, your vital statistics again, and a few other things.”

Rachel complied with the testing and then they got to the weight. The scale said that Rachel weighed one hundred and ten pounds. “It looks like I need to lay off the pizza,” Rachel joked.

“Five pounds is not a huge amount of weight to gain in a week,” Greg said. “However, we’re going to have to monitor it, because we need to know whether the weight gain is caused by Rocket.”

“Yeah, of course,” Rachel said, already bored. She didn’t think much of it. She took her cash for the first week of the experiment and took off. This already seemed like it was going to be a breeze, despite the grueling initial interview process.

A few days later Rachel thought her bra felt tight. “I think I’m putting on weight,” she told Jane that night in their room.

“You don’t look like you’ve put on any,” Jane told her.

“I weighed five more pounds than I had the week before at my check in for the experiment, and now my bra feels like it’s getting really tight.”

Jane looked closely at Rachel’s chest. Jane had bigger boobs than Rachel, a D cup, but she was a heavier girl too. After a lot of staring at Rachel, Jane said, “I can’t really tell anything.”

The next day Rachel decided to go to a bra shop and get measured. The woman who checked her bra size announced, “You’re a 36C.”

“Wait a minute, that can’t be right,” Rachel said.

“That is what I measured,” the woman said.

“I think you better measure me again,” Rachel said.

The woman complied with her wishes and got the same result. “You are a 36C,” the woman announced again.

“I’m supposed to be a 34B,” Rachel said. “How did my band size go up two inches?”

The woman shrugged. “All I can tell you is what I measured.”

Rachel went back to her dorm room and consulted Jane. “Weird,” was all Jane could say.

“I don’t look like I’ve gained a lot of weight,” Rachel said. “I wish we had a scale.”

“We could go to the gym,” Jane suggested.

The two of them walked toward the gym and they weighed Rachel there. The scale said her weight was one hundred and seventeen pounds.

“I just got weighed three days ago, and I was twelve pounds lighter. That is a huge amount of weight to put on in such a short time.”

Jane nodded and looked at Rachel. “This might seem crazy to you, but are you taller than you used to be?”

Rachel looked at herself in the mirror astonished. She usually wore clothing that was a little big on her, preferring baggy t-shirts and loose-fitting jeans, but she suddenly realized that her clothing did not look as loose on her as they once did.

“Do I look taller?” Rachel asked.

Jane laughed. “I’m five-foot-eleven. Almost all the other girls look short to me. You still look short. I’m just thinking that you don’t look quite as short as you usually do.”

“Well, we’re going to have to test that.”

The two of them drove to the local hardware store and bought a tape measure.

When they got back to their room, they immediately started to measure Rachel.

“You’re almost five-foot-five now,” Jane announced. “You’ve grown almost three inches.”

“Three inches in less than a week?”

“I know, it seems like it’s impossible.”

“It must be that Rocket stuff,” Jane said. “You need to stop taking that stuff immediately.”

“I need to call, Greg.”

“Who’s Greg?”

“The guy who is supervising me with the experiment.”

Rachel grabbed her phone and put in Greg’s number. She got a voicemail but left him a message. “I’m experiencing some really strange side effects. I need to talk to you immediately.”

Greg called her back a few hours later. “What are these side effects you’re

having?”

“I don’t think you’d believe me if I told you,” Rachel said. “I need to show you in person.”

Greg sighed heavily on the other end of the line. “Okay, why don’t you come by the lab tomorrow morning and I’ll see what’s going on.”

Rachel arrived at the lab as soon as they were operating, which was nine o’clock, but Greg couldn’t see her for a half hour. When he finally came to her in a waiting area, she blurted out the problem. “I’ve grown three inches since I started taking Rocket, and I have gained twelve pounds.”

“That isn’t possible,” Greg said flatly, but there was a hint of annoyance on his face. He had already decided Rachel was wasting his time.

“Measure me and you’ll see,” Rachel said.

Greg took her into the outer office and put her on a scale. At first, he weighed her, and was thoroughly astonished. “You weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds,” he said. Then he measured her. “Five-foot-six,” he said. “This is impossible.”

Rachel looked over at Greg. She guessed he was about five-foot-ten. There was a definite difference in their sizes in relation to each other, but he hadn’t even noticed. She guessed that to taller people a short person like her, or like she used

to be, was just shorter, and there wasn't much to notice in terms of size.

"My bra size is also bigger," Rachel blurted out. Greg looked at her with a surprised expression and she blushed. "I mean, I used to be a 34B, but when I got measured, I was a 36C." Rachel then started to readjust her bra. "It kind of feels tight again already."

"I need to talk to Dr. Vaughan," Greg said. "He's running the experiment. He'll know what to do. I'm going to have you wait in one of the offices."

Rachel went into one of the offices and sat down. Fifteen minutes later Greg came back. "We're going to have to do an examination."

Rachel would spend most of the day at the clinic. She had to miss her classes even, but there was nothing too important going on that day, and she could get the notes from somebody else. The doctors took every measurement, and what she expected was confirmed. She had grown to a 36D.

Several different doctors examined her, but at the end of the day it was just her and Dr. Vaughan. "Nobody else has experienced the kind of side effects that you have, Rachel," he said to her.

"I guess I should stop taking Rocket then," she said.

Dr. Vaughan looked at her for a long time curiously. He was a very tall, and thin, about fifty with greying light brown hair. "Do you want to stop taking Rocket?"

he asked.

“Is it safe?”

“We haven’t found anything to indicate that there is a direct danger to your health at this time. You are the only person experiencing these side effects, but a chemical that could make a person taller is certainly worth more than one that can just give them an energy boost.”

“So, you want me to keep taking it?” Rachel asked.

Dr. Vaughan grinned. “It would be worth a lot more to us. We could pay you a lot more. How about five times the amount that you are currently being paid?”

Rachel walked out of the clinic with the cash in hand. She was going to keep taking Rocket. She had never liked being short and getting bigger boobs was one of the best side effects she could think of. Plus, she couldn’t imagine it going on much longer.

“Hey Rachel,” she heard behind her. She turned to see Greg running after her in the parking lot. “You took the money?”

“I’m broke,” Rachel said.

“They just want to exploit you. You should stop taking Rocket at once.”

“Why?” Rachel asked annoyed. “Dr. Vaughan said they found no evidence that my health was in danger. Was he lying?”

“No,” Greg admitted. “It just isn’t natural.”

Rachel laughed. “Open heart surgery used to not be natural. Maybe we’ll live in a world where we can all drink something and get big in the future.”

Greg sighed. “Okay, I see I can’t talk you out of it. Just call me if anything strange happens. Promise me that you’ll call.”

“I did before,” Rachel laughed. “Don’t worry. It’s going to be fine. I’m making easy money.”

Greg nodded and Rachel walked to her car. She drove back to her dorm room and then told Jane what had happened.

“Are you sure about this?” Jane asked.

Rachel sighed. “Why does everybody keep asking me that?” she asked, as she downed her daily dose of Rocket.

Rachel woke up early the next morning, feeling a bit strange. She quickly realized why. Her loose-fitting pajamas didn't fit any more. The front of the top was open, and now the end went up to her navel, while the bottoms were incredibly tight and rode up to her knees.

Rachel got out of bed and stood up. It was as if the whole room had shrunk in the night. She had just been getting used to how tall she had become in the past week, and now it looked like the difference had doubled. She couldn't believe it. Jane was asleep in the bed on the other side of the dorm room, and Rachel looked at the clock. It was six, not too early to wake Jane up she decided.

"Jane, you have to see this," she said shaking her roommate awake.

"Huh, what's going on?"

"I've grown again."

Jane looked up at Rachel bewildered, and then she got to her feet. Rachel was used to looking up at Jane, but once she got up it was obvious that the two girls were now looking eye to eye.

"You're as tall as I am," Jane said astonished. Then she looked down at the front of Rachel's pajamas, that were now open, and Rachel suddenly became self-conscious. "Your tits have grown too," Jane said.

Jane assisted Rachel in taking her measurements. She was slightly taller than Jane, just a hair below six feet tall. There was also the task of measuring Rachel's breasts. She was a 38 band now, but her breasts had become significantly larger. She would need a G cup to hold them now.

"Can I borrow some of your clothes?" Rachel asked.

"Sure, they will fit you, but there is no way that you can get into one of my bras. They are 36D."

"It looks like I've gained some muscle too," Rachel said, regarding her physique in the bathroom mirror. She really was astonished at how big she had gotten. Her legs were incredibly long, and sexy, while her frame now seemed to be athletic, but her voluptuousness had increased in every measure. Her ass had been flat before, but now rounded out, and made a sexy bubble.

Once she had picked out some of Jane's clothes to wear, Rachel called Greg before heading to her morning classes. He answered his phone, probably getting ready for work. "I've grown again," Rachel said. "I can't come by the lab. I missed my classes yesterday, and I'm not about to miss them two days in a row. Can you meet me some time in the evening? How about for dinner?"

There was a long silence on the other end. "Sure, there is a Mexican place near the clinic. I could meet you there around six. I'll text you the address"

Rachel downed another dose of Rocket as she made her way to class and

laughed. She had thought Greg was cute before, and now she intended to seduce him with her new body. She had seen him steal glances at her body before, back when she was a cute and tiny little thing, but she knew that he couldn't resist the busty amazon that she had become. As she went to class, she saw all the heads turning to look at her on her way. The thrill was indescribable.

Mouths were agape at the fact that Rachel had suddenly become so tall so quickly, but nobody said anything. What could they say? What had happened should have been impossible, but it had occurred right in front of everybody's eyes. All they could do was accept it, and stare at her huge braless tits in one of Jane's t-shirts.

Rachel got to the Mexican restaurant around six. She had stopped by the dorm to change her outfit. She had been wearing jeans and a t-shirt all day, but instead she selected a skirt, and a sexy top. It had been sexy on Jane, but it was downright obscene on Rachel, especially since she couldn't fit into a bra.

When Greg walked in Rachel stood up to greet him. The effect was exactly what she had hoped for. Greg stopped and stared at her astonished. She quickly made up the gap between them and gave him a warm hug.

"Impressed?" she asked. She pressed her huge braless breasts against him as she said it, and immediately she could feel his cock getting stiff.

"I can't believe this is happening," he said.

"Believe it," Rachel whispered in his ear.

They sat down and ordered food, but once that was done Greg was back in protective mode. “You can’t keep taking Rocket. If you keep getting bigger it is going to start being unhealthy sooner rather than later. You’re already very tall. If you get much taller the health risks are going to start adding up.”

“Let’s just eat,” Rachel said. “I’m starved.” She had eaten a big breakfast before class and a big lunch, but still felt as if she hadn’t eaten anything all day.

When their meal came, she ate it as Greg droned on about the science a health risks when it came to Rocket. She was done quickly, and then she ordered seconds.

“It makes sense that you would be so hungry,” Greg said. “Your body needs to support that growth somehow.”

“Just shut up and let me eat,” Rachel responded.

When they had finished, Greg paid for the meal, and then they walked out to the parking lot. “I really wish you’d reconsider,” Greg said.

“I’ll tell you what,” Rachel said with a mischievous grin. “Why don’t I submit to another examination? Then we can decide where to go from there.”

Greg didn’t know how to react at first, but Rachel took the reigns at once. She

moved over and kissed him firmly on the lips. She had never been taller than a guy before. It was a strange feeling. She felt powerful, and Greg was so aroused. He was as intrigued by her big body as she was.

Greg drove back to his place as fast as he dared. Rachel was amused by the situation. He had been trying to get her to stop but once she had offered him the chance to experience her at her new size, all his ethics went by the wayside. He was just another horny man after all.

Greg lived in a townhouse and once they were inside, he led Rachel up to the bedroom. She wrapped her arms back around him again and kissed him passionately. "Have you ever been with a woman taller than you before?" she asked.

"Never."

She took his hand and placed it on her right breast. "Have you ever touched tits like these before?"

She didn't wait for an answer. She grabbed his cock and felt his incredible rock hardness. Then she threw him on the bed and jumped on top of him. She lifted Jane's top off her and let Greg see her massive tits free for the first time. She reached down and grabbed the back of his head before burying his face in her tits.

He sucked her nipples happily, and she moaned softly. Her new huge breasts were even more sensitive than her boobs had been before. She enjoyed the sensations for a while, then she thought she had enough. She pushed him down

and decided they should fuck.

She took control of the fucking. It was something that she had never done before, but now that she was bigger, she thought it was justified. He didn't resist her either. He understood his proper place was under her, and under her control. She came three times from the joy of experiencing her own power, and when he came, they both lay together on his bed, feeling satisfied.

"That was incredible," Greg said.

Rachel kissed him on top of his head. "I just need to do one thing," she said. She slid out from under him and got to her feet. Greg watched her curiously, enjoying her long gorgeous body, naked and on display, as she walked toward her purse on the dresser.

Rachel retrieved what she had gotten up to get, a bottle of Rocket, opened it, and downed it in one gulp. "Do you really need to do that now?" Greg asked exasperated.

"Don't you want me to keep getting bigger?" Rachel asked. She ran her hands down her body, over her huge breasts and down her waist and hips. "I wonder how tall this stuff can make me."

"You know how I feel," Greg said as she walked over to the bed again.

Rachel laughed. "I've heard what the big head has to say." She reached down

and grabbed his hard dick. “The little head seems to have different ideas.”

Within moments they were fucking again, this time with Greg on top. Despite her man now in the seemingly dominant position, Rachel couldn’t help but feel like she was still in control. Greg being on top made it obvious that he was the smaller one, as her body seemed to envelope his. Then it happened.

She had been asleep the last time she had experienced a rapid growth spurt, so she had no memory of what the sensation felt like. At first it was like a wave of pleasure that spread throughout her whole body, and she mistook it for an impending orgasm. Then she felt her body stretching, and there was no doubt what was going on. She wrapped her arms around Greg tightly, who was still pounding away inside her.

“Oh God, yes!” she screamed. Her legs were getting longer, her hips and shoulders widening, her whole body getting stronger. She could also feel her tits starting to grow.

“You’re growing!” Greg noticed in astonishment.

Rachel couldn’t stop herself from grinning. Greg at first tried to pull out of her, but she grabbed him and held him in place. There was no question that she was not only bigger than him, but stronger too, and she was getting stronger by the second. Though Greg had stopped thrusting into her, she grabbed his ass and began to pump him in and out herself, moving her hips and pulling his smaller body in and out.

The sensation of growing bigger was too much for her, and she came. It was the

best and most intense orgasm of her life. She screamed so loudly that she saw Greg wince from the sound so close to ears, but she couldn't control it. Seconds later, she felt Greg explode inside her as well. Apparently, he enjoyed her growth too, as much as he tried to deny it.

Rachel held Greg in place as she kept growing, and within a few minutes she felt everything start to slow, and finally stop. She wasn't sure how long she had been growing, but her legs were now hanging off the edge of Greg's bed, and he felt tiny compared to her. She pushed Greg off her body, because she wanted to stand up and look at just how big she had gotten.

As she got to her feet, Rachel was astounded by her new size. She felt like a giant, and everything around her looked so tiny, but she didn't have a clear view of how big she had gotten. "Get up," she ordered Greg. She wanted to see what he looked like standing next to her.

When Greg stood, he barely came up to her chest. Rachel chuckled looking at the tiny man, and Greg looked up at her in a combination of arousal and fear. "You're so tiny now," Rachel laughed.

She would have Greg measure her. She was six-foot-seven now, and the thought of being so big turned her on so much that she made Greg fuck her again. It wasn't difficult to get him hard looking at her body. Her tits were so huge that she wondered where she was going to find a bra. After they had fucked Greg was exhausted, but Rachel knew it was only the beginning.

They called Dr. Vaughan later that day, and Rachel would be examined by the doctors again. "None of the other subjects have had any effects even remotely like this," Dr. Vaughan said. "It really is extraordinary."

The clinic paid for Rachel to get new clothes, but a decision was made that Rachel should stop taking Rocket. “We simply have no idea what this might be doing to your body,” a kind female doctor explained to her, and Rachel reluctantly agreed.

When Jane saw Rachel, she freaked out. “It is like everything has gone topsy turvy,” Jane exclaimed. “I used to tower over you, but now you tower over me.”

Rachel felt dominant and powerful wherever she went at her new size. It seemed the natural order of things. When she spoke, nobody could do anything but obey her. Her dorm room she shared with Jane seemed too small for her now, so she immediately moved in with Greg.

Greg waited on her, hand and foot. When she would get him from class, he had dinner waiting for her. He spent less time at the clinic because Rachel had become his personal project. The doctors wanted him to keep a close eye on her, and he was keeping as close tabs on her as possible.

Within a few days it was obvious that Rachel was not yet done growing. She had reached six-foot-nine by the end of the week, and her breasts had reached the J cup range. She loved hearing Greg talk about her growth, and he did so incessantly, trying to make sense of the science behind it.

“I just don’t understand why this is happening. Nobody should grow this fast, and none of the other subjects have experienced even a small increase in size. It just makes no sense.”

“Come fuck me, little man,” Rachel would invariably order, and he would comply with his giantesses wishes. “You think I’m so sexy at this size. Just imagine what it will be like when I’m bigger.”

A month after she had started taking Rocket, Rachel stood seven-foot-five. “We have no idea when this is going to stop or why it continues,” Dr. Vaughan said.

They had done a lot of bloodwork and various tests trying to figure everything out, but it was all for nothing. Nobody could account for why Rachel was a giantess, and it didn’t matter to her. The clinic kept buying her clothes and paying her each week as if she was still taking Rocket. Whatever else happened it didn’t matter.

Greg was now so small to her that she handled him as if he was a child. She often wouldn’t even command him to have sex with her, simply throw him down on any available surface and have her way with him. Rachel felt an immense power over everybody else she encountered wherever she went. They would gawk at her superior size, and tremendous breasts, and she would simply grin down at them, knowing that she could do whatever she wanted.

She expected the growth to stop, or at least slow down when she reached the seven-foot range, but that wasn’t the case. Rachel continued to gain a few inches a week, and just kept getting bigger and bigger. Maybe it would never stop. The thought of it sent a shiver down her spine.

It did stop eventually. Rachel would top out five months after she had started taking Rocket. At that point she would be nine-foot-three. She was the tallest person who had ever lived on the face of the earth. Everybody around her looked like children.

The company that made Rocket gave her a large settlement in exchange for her keeping quiet about her experiences with their product. Nobody else had any side effects with Rocket anything like the ones that Rachel had. They also gave her a large house for her and Greg to live in. Rachel insisted that Greg quit his job altogether. She wanted him to be able to commit to his job as her full-time servant.

Rachel found herself horny all the time. She couldn't help it with the surge of power she felt looming over all the tiny people she encountered during the day, and then coming home to her cute little servant every night. Greg always had the house clean and dinner on the table. She couldn't help but reward him with access to her gargantuan body.

He was really nothing but a toy for her. The top of his head only came up to her stomach when she was standing. Every time she stood close to him and saw that look, the one where he was both turned on but feared her massive strength, it sent a shiver through her whole body. She would lift him and take him immediately as often as she could.

One day she asked him. "What if I started growing again?" she said.

"You can do whatever you want," he said to her. She knew he wanted to say something else, but also knew that he wouldn't dare.

"I could take more Rocket," she said. "I saved some of it."

She could hear his breathing changed as she held his tiny fragile form against her body. Was he afraid? She hoped he was. She also knew that the idea excited him. She thought about drinking more Rocket every day. Maybe one day, she would.