ROOMMATES 4

BY JSM + OHH

It was early Sunday morning when Lauren finally finished her shift. She was exhausted and couldn't wait to get home. Her plan was to stumble into her bed and spend most of the day sleeping with Scott cradled next to her.

"Scott? I'm home," Lauren called out.

Nothing.

"C'mon, sleepyhead. I could SO use you as a body pillow right now," Lauren added.

Still nothing.

Her heart dropped. Lauren rushed into her bedroom only to find that it was empty.

She quickly began turning over her entire apartment, opening every closet and cabinet, flipping each piece of furniture onto its side. By the time she was finished searching, it was completely ransacked.

‘Was I too clingy?’ Lauren wondered.

Scott had given her no signs of wanting out. Even if he had, he wouldn’t have just up and left without speaking to her first.

‘Maybe he stepped out for some fresh air…?’ she thought.

That’s when it finally dawned on her. Scott was too small to leave on his own.

“Gabby,” Lauren said out loud.

She rushed to the door and crouched down. As she suspected, it had been tampered with.

“How could I have been so stupid?” Lauren asked herself.

The dumb bitch constantly bragged about how she used to pick the lock to her ex’s front door and sneak in unannounced. Taking Gabby’s key away was nothing more than a symbolic gesture. It didn’t stop her from getting into the apartment. It only slowed her down. If only Lauren had been more thoughtful, she might’ve added a more secure deadbolt or even an alarm system. She was so concentrated on being with Scott as much as she could that she hadn’t even considered the possibility of Gabby breaking in.

Lauren didn't waste any time. She stormed out of her apartment and made her way down towards the stairs. Her angry stomps echoed loudly across the hallway. A few neighbors even opened their doors to see what all the commotion was.

She didn't care. She was focused on one thing and one thing only. Getting Scott back.

Lauren rushed down the stairwell and nearly broke the front door exiting the building. The Alphi Phi house was a fifteen-minute walk, but with her determination and leg span, she'd make it there in half the time.

Meanwhile, back at the Alphi Phi house, everyone was still asleep, including Gabby and Scott.

At first, Scott had a difficult time falling asleep. The stifling weight of Gabby's right breast made it hard for him to breathe. Each one held more mass than his entire body. There was also an intense amount of body heat she was giving off. Gabby was like a furnace, making it impossible for him to keep cool, even with the comforter slid down.

Sleep did finally come. Between Gabby's rhythmic breathing and heavy snores, Scott was eventually lulled into a deep slumber.

“Oof, it’s way too early,” Gabby complained.

It certainly was for a Sunday. She usually slept until ten or eleven. However on this particular Sunday morning, someone, or more specifically, a part of that someone, had woken her up.

“Scotty, what's that I feel poking me in the tit?” Gabby asked.

Scott looked up at Gabby's giant, grinning face and sighed. He was having the best dream about Lauren.

"Is that your morning wood?"

"Yes," Scott replied.

"Want some help with it? I wouldn't mind going up a cup size or two." Gabby squished her breasts together, rubbing the right one against his crotch.

"No, thank you," Scott said.

"You sure? Your thingy's throbbing like a mother fucker."

"Yes. I'm sure."

"FINE!" Gabby released her breasts.

“C’mere, you! Big Gabby wants her morning kiss,” she said.

Gabby grabbed hold of her stowaway, squeezing his entire torso between her hands. They were so big that her fingers wrapped all the way around and interlocked with one another. With a firm grip, she pressed the pads of her thumbs against his chest and rubbed it playfully.

Scott enjoyed the cool air against his sweaty skin as he was lifted above Gabby’s body and towards her face. This relief, however, was short-lived, as it was quickly replaced by Gabby’s hot, steamy morning breath.

“Mmm,” Gabby moaned, pressing her giant lips against Scott’s doll-sized face.

Scott barely had time to react before half his face was smothered by his self-proclaimed girlfriend’s mouth. She was suckling the bottom half like it was some kind of treat. Her stale saliva began to pool, covering his lips and dripping into his open mouth. Scott could hardly breathe. Any air that he did get was from the sharp exhalations of someone who hadn’t brushed her teeth yet.

“You’re twitching again. I can feel it with my palm,” Gabby teased in between kisses.

Scott felt the world flip around, followed by the smothering weight of Gabby’s giant, sweaty breasts resting on his legs and crotch. “Let’s see how long you can hold out with me on top.”

“Please, Gab-mmpphh,” Scott uttered before his face was completely smothered by Gabby’s drooly lips again.

“Enough talk,” Gabby garbled in between smooches. Her lips vibrated around his head each time she spoke.

Warm, bitter drool continued to drip down her open mouth and onto Scott. He reached up to try and distance himself, but Gabby had grabbed his tiny hands and pressed them down against the bed.

“Nnaght ymet,” she mumbled while she continued to suckle and lap at his features.

To Scott, it felt like she was trying to draw a picture on his face using only her tongue. Eventually, the tip of her curious muscle found its way past his closed lips. Gabby forced as much of it as she could inside his tiny mouth, filling it completely and nearly choking him.

Scott never imagined something as trivial as a kiss from a nineteen-year-old girl could be so brutish. Gabby's powerful suckling, her overzealous tongue, the messy saliva drooling out of her mouth and all over his face, and the constant supply of hot morning breath she was huffing onto him was like nothing he'd ever experienced.

"C-can't breathe," Scott somehow got out.

Gabby released his face from her lips with a wet smack. His hair was soaked with spit, while puddles of slobber clung to his skin. A long, insufferable strand of drool extended all the way up to her bottom lip.

"Are Big Gabby's sloppy morning smooches too much for widdle Scotty?" she teased. Gabby shimmied her breasts, squeezing their sides with her elbows. "Mmm, but you're still so very hard. You know, you remind me of my ex. He'd always play hard to get. I'd practically have to jump him whenever I wanted to get some. Whaddya say we christen the moment? Our first night together as boyfriend and girlfriend," she suggested.

"Gabby? Are you up yet?" Maria asked.

"OMG, Ma-RI-a! Can't you see I'm busy making out with my boyfriend?! Gabby yelled, making Scott's ears ring.

“Someone's at the front door asking for you. I think it might be your old roommate,” Maria responded.

Gabby lifted her incredible weight off of Scott, allowing him to finally breathe freely again. The crisp air on his overheated body felt amazing. Gabby stood at the side of the bed while her two roommates approached her. Little Scott overheard what Maria had said. Could it be that Lauren figured out where he was and was there to rescue him? Scott wiped Gabby’s drool from his face and ventured closer to listen.

Though he was able to get the general gist of things, Scott became so distracted by the view in front of him that entire sentences flew by without him noticing. As much as he couldn’t stand Gabby, her enormous presence and exaggerated curves made it difficult for him to focus. Especially with her giant ass swaying right in front of him. It was so wide compared to him that it nearly spanned his entire height width-wise. In fact, just one of her cheeks looked twice as big as he was.

“What’s the problem? Just tell her to fuck off. I want to get back to making out with Scotty.”

“Awww, is someone feeling left out? It’s just us girls talking,” Lucy teased.

Gabby looked over her shoulder and smirked. “Nah, he's just being a perv. Isn’t that right, Scotty?”

“I…umm…” he stuttered.

“Hehe, I’m only teasing. Besides, we’re boyfriend and girlfriend now. I WANT you to stare at my big, beautiful ass.” Gabby lifted Scott from the bed and cradled him to her chest, palming his entire bottom and thigh.

“No joke, Gabs. Your ass looks bigger. A lot bigger than it did last night. Your tits do as well,” Maria added.

Gabby looked down at her chest, then behind, towards the swells of her ass. “You know, I think you’re right. I guess some of the effects of Scotty's happy juice are delayed. What’s that saying? Rome wasn’t built in a day.”

All of a sudden, the door swung open. It was Emma, a senior at Alpha Phi. Her eyes bugged out over Gabby's gigantic, nude form. She knew about Scott and the effect he was having on some of the pledges, but seeing it in person left her speechless. All three of them looked taller and bigger all around, with Gabby showing the most noticeable change. When she first bumped into her, she was this mousy little Asian chick. Now she stood roughly seven feet tall and had the body of a thick Instagram model.

"Ever heard of knocking?" Gabby asked.

"Sorry! It's just, she's refusing to leave! She says you took her boyfriend from her."

POUND, POUND, POUND

Lauren slammed her fist against the front door. “Gabby! Get the fuck down here!”

She could hear small chatter and the light shuffle of footsteps inside. Even some giggling. None of that gave her any pause. If anything, it only strengthened her conviction. That big bitch took her man, and all this delay proved it.

“Don’t bother trying to hide him. I’ll find him and beat your ass even harder!” Lauren threatened.

"Gabs, she is not going away," Maria said.

"What are we going to do? I can't go to prison. I'd become someone's bitch in, like, a week! OH MY GOD, THEY'D TAKE RYAN!" Lucy panicked.

"Relax. No one's taking your baby. Lauren doesn't know I have Scotty. She only thinks I do. Besides, Scotty's my boyfriend. I claimed him fair and square," Gabby argued.

"I don't know, Gabs. I mean, he's OBVIOUSLY yours, but she said she'd find him, and she sounds pretty fucking determined," Maria added.

Gabby looked at Lucy's chest thoughtfully, then smiled. "Don't worry. I've got an idea."

“Do you really think this’ll work?” Lucy asked.

“It’ll work. If we pick the right dress and he remains quiet and still, your tits will do the rest,” Gabby said. She leaned forward, bringing her head closer to Scott before she continued. “Got that, Scotty?”

Scott had wrapped his little arms around Lucy’s torso in an attempt to keep himself from falling. Although the belt was tight and secure, he didn’t feel safe that high up without being held.

“Scotty, I asked you a question. Do you understand? Aunty Lucy is going above and beyond so you and I can continue our relationship.”

“Y-yes, Gabby.”

“Good. Because if you so much as make a peep, that spanking I gave you will feel like a fucking breeze compared to what I’ll do to you.”

“Dammit! Not now,” Lucy complained.

“What’s wrong?” Gabby asked.

“Look closely. She’s lactating,” Maria chimed in.

Lucy looked down at her breasts nervously. Milk was dribbling out from her nipples. “I get this way whenever I’m around a little one. It doesn’t matter when I last pumped. My body just reacts to them.”

“Gabby, I told your friend to try back later, but she insists that it’s urgent!” Emma cried out.

Loud footsteps crashed against the floor leading to their room.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck,” Lucy panicked.

Gabby quickly scanned the room before settling on a dark floral dress. “Put this on,” she said, snatching it from the floor and tossing it over.

As soon as Lucy put on the dress, Lauren barged in unannounced.

“Where is he?” Lauren asked, her eyes glued to Gabby.

“Where’s who?” Gabby replied.

“You know damn well who!” Lauren yelled back.

“If you’re talking about Scotty, I haven’t seen him.”

“Bullshit! Look at you. You’re like half a foot taller and fifty pounds heavier,” Lauren argued.

“I don’t appreciate your body-shaming, especially coming from another woman, but if you must know, I’ve been slowly growing ever since Scotty and I last hooked up. Like a delayed reaction or something,” Gabby explained.

“Then explain to me how the lock on my front door got all of those scratches on it,” Lauren said. She was now pointing directly at Gabby’s face. “You know how to pick a lock. You used to brag about how you’d break into your ex’s place.”

“Yeah, so do countless other people. Do you have any proof?”

Lauren wasn't getting anywhere with Gabby. She had a response for everything. "If you're not going to come clean, then I'll just look for him myself."

"Knock yourself out. But he isn't here," Gabby said.

Lauren frantically began searching the bedroom. First, the closet, then under the bed. With Gabby's newfound size, she knew Scott had to be smaller, but she hadn't the slightest clue how much.

After searching every possible spot that Gabby could've hidden a two-foot man, Lauren began checking places he could be if he were smaller. She opened the nightstand next to Gabby's bed and gasped. Dildos and buttplugs far bigger than any she'd ever tried filled the drawer. Yet there was no sign of Scott.

"Scott! Where are you?!" Lauren called out desperately.

"Are you done yet?" Gabby asked.

"No! I'm not fucking done!" Lauren yelled.

"Listen, Lauren, I get it. We had a falling out. It happens between friends. But do you realize how crazy you sound? Claiming that I broke into your home in the middle of the night and stole Scotty," Gabby argued.

"I never told you when he went missing, and what do you mean SOMEHOW!? You know how to pick locks! You've LITERALLY bragged about it!" Lauren shot back. "For fuckssake you even call him Scotty! NO ONE DOES THAT!"

"I've always called him that!" Gabby defended. "Maybe SCOTTY felt smothered by you and decided he had had enough. Ever thought of that, Sherlock?"

Lauren was so close to Scott, yet she felt so far away. All he had to do was call out to her, and she'd come to his rescue. But somehow, he couldn't. It was as if the weight of Gabby was literally on top of him, preventing him from doing or saying anything.

He loved Lauren, but he also felt a strange obligation to Gabby. He didn't want to get her in trouble. Besides, he hadn't exactly fought off her advances. A part of him even liked all the attention. Especially from someone as hot as Gabby. How could he ever explain that to Lauren? Even now, hidden within earshot of her, he remained quiet while she searched for him frantically.

Lucy glanced down nervously. Between her humongous breasts lay Scott's little head. It was weird seeing a fully formed adult's face that was smaller than a baby's looking up at her. She could feel her milk leaking out and onto the black floral dress. Thank god it was dark and patterned.

“That’s it. I’m calling the police. Maybe they’ll get something out of you,” Lauren threatened.

“Go ahead. I have nothing to hide,” Gabby replied.

Lauren pulled out her phone and dialed 911. “Yes, hi. I’d like to report a kidnapping.”

"What do you mean, TRESPASSING!?" Lauren yelled.

Lauren knew that Gabby was behind Scott's disappearance. She had a motive and was significantly bigger than the last time she had seen her. Gabby also knew how to pick locks, and there were scratch marks all over her doorknob that weren't there before.

"Ma'am, I'm sorry, but you don't live here. They're asking you to leave," one of the officers stated.

"Jesus, I don't think I've ever seen a lady so big and...hot. Sorry, but I'm sure you get that a lot. You're on the basketball team, right?" the other officer asked Gabby.

"Aww, thank you, sweetie! No, I'm not, but I'm thinking of trying out," Gabby flirted. "Officer Dan is it? You seem really nice. I don't want to cause any more trouble for Lauren. She's had a rough time ever since I moved out. Do you think you could help de-escalate?"

“Sir, Gabby kidnapped Scott. My boyfriend. He has a rare strain of GSRD that causes women he has sex with to grow. How do you think Gabby got so big? Genetics? She was a four-foot-ten-inch twig when the semester started. Now look at her!” Lauren yelled.

“Ma’am, please lower your voice. Gabby agreed to not press charges if you leave,” the officer explained.

“Did you not hear what I just said?” Lauren asked.

The officer who had been flirting with Gabby interjected. “Lady, we get it. You lost your little guy. I don’t know much about women growing after sex ‘n all that. Maybe it’s a late growth spurt?”

“Are you fucking kidding me?! For FUCKSSAKE just come back to my apartment and look at my door knob. It’s been tampered with. Better yet, call Professor Diane. She’ll explain everything-”

“Actually, I think it’s time you left,” he interrupted. “You can go down to the station and file a missing person’s report, but if you don’t vacate the property, I’m going to have to cite you.”

Not wanting things to get any worse, Lauren left. As she was leaving, she could hear Gabby still flirting with the two dimwitted officers.

"Actually, officer, I do have a boyfriend, but if anything changes… Oh, do you have a card? In case I hear anything, or you know, I just want to chat."

“Gaaah!” Lauren yelled to no one in particular.

She was making her way across town and was now on one of the busier streets that surrounded campus. She needed to clear her head. Get the bad thoughts out to make room for the good ones. A brisk walk seemed to always do the trick.

Lauren knew that Gabby had Scott cooped up somewhere in that house. She just needed to figure out a way to draw him out without her knowing, or at the very least, catch her off guard.

“What the!?” Gavin cried out as a leg bigger than he was crashed into him.

The poor guy had been living with GSRD for a couple of weeks now. As a sophomore in college, he had gone from popular fuckboy to being laughed at. To make matters worse, his GSRD was so aggressive that he barely had time to adjust to his size before another shrinking spell took hold. Today was no different. What would’ve normally been a small bump that caused him to stumble, was instead a powerful collision that winded him and sent him flying.

Gavin wasted no time dusting himself off and giving the behemoth a piece of his mind. “Watch where you’re going, you big klutz!”

“Seriously?! You walked into me,” Lauren argued.

Gavin stared up at the woman attached to the giant pair of legs. She was the biggest lady he’d ever seen, and had a face that looked younger than his. Most likely a freshman. She looked a lot like the girls he used to hook up with. The same kind who now laughed at him whenever he walked by.

“Bullshit. I was minding my own business when you and your tree trunk thighs bulldozed me!” Gavin spat back. He regretted it as soon as the words left his mouth.

Lauren glared down at him. “Did you just call me fat?”

“Sorry, I’m having a bad day, and when you trucked me…I mean…”

“So I’m a truck now? The shrimpy guy’s got jokes!” Lauren yelled.

Gavin was clearly in over his head. “I’ll just be going,” he said as he tried to walk by the scorned Amazon.

“Oh, no, you don’t!” Lauren yelled.

Before Gavin could make it past her, Lauren grabbed him by the shirt and lifted him up to her face using only one arm.

“You’ve got some nerve for someone so small. Calling me a big klutz and saying I have tree trunk thighs. Do you know what that does to a girl’s confidence?” she scolded.

Gavin never felt so powerless before. Dangling a relative ten feet above the ground, held in the grasp of this enormous young lady who was a year or two his junior. It was both frightening and emasculating.

“Ma’am, put the little guy down,” a male bystander said.

“Or what? Are you going to stop me? Maybe he needs to be taught a lesson! Ever thought of that?!” Lauren yelled, shaking him with her fist.

“Holy fuck,” said another girl. She pulled out her phone and started recording the incident.

“What’s your name, pipsqueak?” Lauren asked.

“G-Gavin,” he stuttered.

“Gavin? Why does that sound so familiar?” Lauren asked, briefly distracted by his name.

“I-I don’t know. Listen…ma’am. I’m-I’m sorry for what I said. I was just angry that you knocked me over. You’re actually quite p-pretty,” Gavin added in an attempt to defuse the situation.

Lauren turned her attention back to the little man in her grip. “Is that all women are to you? Pretty things for you to enjoy when you’re in the mood, and to take your anger out on when you’re not?”

“I bet you were a real hit with the ladies before you became an annoying midget. With your mop of curly hair and that fancy little beard. What are you, three feet?” she asked.

“About,” he replied.

“About?! Are you or are you not?!” Lauren yelled.

“I-I don’t know,” Gavin stuttered. For the first time in his life, he was afraid of getting his ass kicked, and by a freshman girl no less.

This only made Lauren madder. “That’s the problem! Pathetic little things like you walking around with no chaperone, not even looking where they’re going. What if you had a shrinking spell? What then?!”

Gavin didn't know how to respond. She was acting more like an angry big sister than a pissed off stranger.

"I was-wasn't thinking," he said. His voice was trembling like he was about to cry.

"No, you weren't. If you were any smaller, I could've stepped on you. I bet you don't even have a girlfriend to watch over you, since you're walking alone 'n all. Is that correct?"

"Yes," he said. Tears were now streaming down his face.

"Well, you still have a mother, and she'd be livid with how careless you're being. I could literally take you home and keep you like a goddamn pet if I wanted to, and she'd be none the wiser," Lauren insisted.

"I'm sorry!" he cried.

The guy from before stepped closer. "I called the police. They'll be here any minute."

Lauren was past the point of reason. She had things to say, and Gavin was going to listen. "Why can't little guys be more careful, hmm?! There are people out there who care about them! Deeply! Even asshole shrinkies like you!"

Moments later, the same two officers from Alpha Phi arrived at the scene.

“See! I told you it was that tall bitch from before,” the pudgy one exclaimed.

“Lauren, put the little guy down. Before anyone gets hurt,” the other officer said.

“Are you going to investigate Scott’s case?” she asked.

“We will. As soon as you put him down, we’ll take you back to the station where you can file a police report,” he added.

Lauren gave Gavin one last look before setting him down.

The two officers rushed her and began placing her in handcuffs.

“I thought you were going to help me?! You said I could make a police report!” Lauren yelled.

“You can. After we’re done booking you. You have the right to remain silent.”

Paul heard what had happened from the sweaty confines of his wife's tits. Apparently, one of her students had a meltdown and needed Diane to bail her out. He found it odd that she was calling her teacher and not a parent, but at least she was one of the girls assisting Diane in her research. Her name was Lauren, but he forgot which one of the two she was. He hoped she wasn't the Asian. The way she looked and handled him gave him the creeps.

“Which one is Lauren again?” Paul asked while they exited the car.

“She's the taller, Caucasian one. Gabby’s the smaller Asian girl that wanted to take you home,” Diane explained. Her breasts jostled around him with every step that she took.

“Good. I didn't like her very much. She looked at me like a small toy,” Paul added.

Diane looked down at him briefly as she continued. “I look at you that way sometimes.”

Paul craned his neck up towards her. She was smiling down at him with her signature, predatory eyes. Only, buried beneath that gaze, was a look of love. “That’s different. You’re my wife. You love me and care about how I feel. I can’t say the same about her.”

“She certainly has a strong personality. In fact, I see a lot of my younger self in her,” Diane admitted. She looked back towards the police station. “You have to remember that Gabby’s only nineteen. I doubt she even knows how to love yet.”

Diane opened the door to the station. An air-conditioned breeze blew out from the entrance, messing Paul's hair. It was a welcome change from the sweaty, perfume-scented sauna that was his wife's cleavage.

As soon as they entered, all eyes were on him. He hated the looks he'd get whenever she carried him around like this. Being small was hard enough, but being kept between his wife's huge breasts like an accessory was downright embarrassing.

"Are you okay in there?" Diane asked.

"Can't you put me in your pocket or something?" Paul replied.

"This dress doesn't have any. I could always put you somewhere else if you like," Diane snickered.

Paul took a big gulp. "No, no. That's quite alright. I'll just manage here."

"You're such a silly little man. Most guys would kill to be in your shoes. Snuggled between tits as big as houses."

"Hello, officer?" Diane asked as she approached the front desk.

Dan, one of the arresting PO's from earlier, turned towards her. "Oh-um, hi," he stuttered nervously.

Dan had never seen so many enormous women before, and all in a single day! This one was older and nearly as stacked as the giant Asian he was crushing on. The officer quickly found himself ogling her huge rack when suddenly, he noticed a tiny little man sandwiched between them. "Holy fuck, is that—?"

"Yes, it's my husband, Paul. He has GSRD. Now, if you're done staring at my breasts, I'm here to bail someone out."

"Yeah, sure. Since I'm the police 'n all, I have to ask. Is it safe for you to carry him like that? I mean, can he breathe between your...um…"

Paul's surroundings were becoming increasingly hot and sticky. It hadn't reached the point of sweat literally dripping down on him, but it was getting close. Whoever this officer was, he was beginning to piss Diane off. She always became hotter whenever she was mad.

"My breasts? Yes, of course he can breathe," Diane said. She was careful not to raise her voice. "At his size, he loses body heat quite easily, so I have to keep him warm at all times. Now are you going to continue to waste my time with talk of my breasts, or are you going to help me?"

"OK, OK! I was just making sure. It's my job," the officer explained. He unholstered his radio and held it up to his mouth. "Hey, can two of you go get Lauren? She's the giant one in cell four. Some lady's here to bail her out."

Moments later, Lauren appeared in the doorway to the holding cells. She was being escorted by the other arresting officer and a much shorter, female one.

“Hello, Lauren,” Diane greeted her.

She tried her best to hide the fact that she was annoyed. Despite her never refusing a friend in need, Diane wasn’t exactly used to bailing people out. Especially so early on a Sunday.

“H-hi, Professor,” Lauren replied sheepishly.

While the guards uncuffed Lauren, Diane reached down her cleavage and pinched her husband's arm.

"Ouch! Be gentle," he yelped.

"Oops! Sorry, love. You know how clumsy I get. Especially with something so little," Diane admitted.

"Someone, you mean," Paul corrected.

"Right!" As she slowly dragged him out, the dried sweat between her tits clung to his skin. She had to jostle and bounce them a few times in order to finally free him.

"Jesus, honey. You nearly pulled my arm out of its socket. Think you can grab my chest next time?" Paul asked.

His wife, who was still dangling him by the arm, brought him up to her face. "Of course, dear. Though, we'll probably have you at a sturdier size soon. We've made so much progress already!"

Diane maneuvered her mouse-sized husband until he was secured firmly in her fist. “Do you think you can watch him while I go take care of some paperwork?” she asked.

“Sure,” Lauren said. It’s all she could manage after everything she had gone through.

Lauren held out her open hand, while Diane quickly but gently placed her tiny husband down upon it.

"Hey, Paul. It's nice to see you again," Lauren said. She tried her best to sound upbeat, but there was no masking how down she was.

"Hey! Right back at ya!" he replied.

"I see you've made progress since the last time I saw you. What are you up to now? Four inches?" she asked.

"Four and a half. Diane thinks she can get me up to eight or nine, though part of me thinks that's more of a preference than an actual limit," he explained.

"Yeah…" she said.

"Enough about me. You must have a lot on your mind. Care to share?"

Lauren let out a pained sigh. "That's okay. Thank you, but it's a really long story. I don't want to bore you with all the details.

"C'mon, I'm a good listener. I have to be at this size, otherwise Diane and I would never work. Just give me the Reader's Digest version," he said.

Lauren giggled at this. "Reader's Digest? Sure thing, Gramps. But I'm calling it the TL;DR version, since I'm nineteen, not sixty-eight."

Lauren proceeded to explain all the events that led to this, starting with her falling out with Gabby, and ending with her assault on that poor guy in the street.

“I don’t even know what came over me. What he said to me was mean, but I’m not normally like that,” she explained.

“You know, our situations aren’t so different,” Paul said.

Lauren raised him up to her face so she could hear him more easily. “How so?”

“Well, our futures are currently being decided by those around us. In your case, it’s the police. They get to decide whether or not to investigate Scott’s disappearance. Not you, the one who actually cares about him.”

“Yeah, I fucking hate that,” Lauren let out.

“It’s a lot like my situation with Diane. I do love her, don’t get me wrong, but I miss my independence. She wants to make me bigger, if only to a point. Part of me’s thankful for her figuring out the impossible— reversing the effects of GSRD. But another part of me can’t get over the fact that whatever size I end up is at the mercy of Diane and her giantess fetish.” he explained.

Lauren looked at him perplexed. She knew the kinky feelings she had towards people like Paul and Scott weren’t one-of-a-kind, but she didn’t realize they were common enough to have a name.

“I’ll admit, I find many of the things we do extraordinarily sexy, but we’re talking about my life here. That’s everything to me, yet she holds all the cards,” Paul continued.

“So, what then? Where does that leave us?” Lauren asked. She was starting to tear up.

“We have to fight for what we want in life. Even if it’s a losing battle, like mine. Fight for every inch,” he said.

Lauren couldn’t contain herself. She grabbed Paul and pulled him close to her face. “Literally,” she quipped. “Do you really think I can get the police to investigate? They keep saying he doesn’t legally belong to me, and that they have to wait a week because he’s technically an adult.”

“That doesn’t sound right, but you can only lead a horse to water. Maybe it’s time you jumped off and took the drink yourself? Be smart about it, but go get your Scott back!”

“You’re four and a half inches tall, but you talk like a man who’s ten feet,” Lauren chuckled.

“Sorry. I get this way when I see someone down on their luck. Especially a smart, beautiful young lady like yourself,” Paul explained.

“Beautiful, huh?” she flirted back.

Paul blushed as he tried to look away.

“Well, I love it,” Lauren said. Despite being teary-eyed, she was now smiling. “You truly are a little wonder.”

“You really think I can get my Scott back?” Lauren asked.

Paul looked into her eyes, big and blue, full of promise.

“Yes. I do. You can do anything you set your mind to. So long as you want it badly enough,” he assured.

Paul could sense himself being brought closer, with her hot breath wafting onto him. It smelled like bubblegum.

“Diane’s a lucky woman,” Lauren said.

“Hehe, um…yeah. I guess you can say that,” Paul laughed nervously while he scratched his neck.

“Well, she is. If I were single and you weren’t already taken, I’d claim you myself,” she added.

“Um…I…” Paul stuttered.

“I’m going to kiss you now,” Lauren declared.

Paul felt her warm, bubblegum-scented breath increase tenfold, just as she pressed her lips against his midsection. They felt amazing— soft, wet, and pillowy. He was nervous about how she’d react to his erection bending beneath her bottom lip.

But she never did. It was an innocent show of affection and his body was merely reacting. With a relaxed smile, Paul hugged her back.

Paul finished his hug and tried to pull away, only Lauren wasn't done with him yet. She gently pressed his sides with her fingertips and kissed him harder.

Only, she pressed a little too hard. Paul slipped from her hand and fell straight for the nineteen-year-old's breasts.

Paul landed on his back and quickly sank between them. Though certainly not as big as Diane's, Lauren's tits were still the size of hills to him. He struggled to turn himself right-side up, since they were so soft and squishy. Eventually, he succeeded, but then came another issue. He was much thinner while oriented sideways. So his efforts soon turned to him trying not to slip down all the way.

"Oh geez! Hold still, little guy," Lauren said as she carefully reached towards her chest.

All of a sudden, a large shadow cast over Lauren and Paul. It was his wife, Diane. She was leaning over and staring right at him. Paul's entire view became her poorly lit face and two fat, hanging breasts wobbling against each other. They had to be twice the size of Lauren's. Tearing his eyes away from her bosom and back to her shadowy countenance, Paul noticed a smug grin had formed across it.

"Lauren sure put you in a tight spot, huh, Paul?" she joked.

"Diane, it's not what you—" Lauren began.

"Oh, believe me, I know," she chuckled as she reached towards the nineteen-year-old's chest and plucked him up between her fingertips.

Diane held her husband up to her face while she stared him down playfully. “Care to explain?”

“Honestly, honey. It was an accident. Just ask Lauren,” he urged.

Diane remained fixed on her husband. “Is that true?”

“Yes, it was an accident. Paul was in the middle of trying to cheer me up when I lost my grip,” Lauren said. “He was a gentleman, and an awfully cute one at that.”

“Ha! A gentleman? He’s certainly a charmer, I’ll give you that,” Diane joked, her eyes still glued to Paul. “Tut-tut, what am I going to do with you?”

Paul knew Diane wasn't entirely serious, but he always thought it best to keep quiet whenever she was in this state— caught somewhere between amused and annoyed.

Diane pulled her husband close to her chest. "If you wanted more booby time, all you had to do was ask."

Diane wedged him down, feet-first, between her breasts. She had to use her other hand to separate them. Even with all the air conditioning, Diane was so frustrated by the whole ordeal that she had grown even stickier with sweat.

Paul looked up to say something, but was quickly met with Diane's encroaching fingertip.

“Not all the way!” he yelped.

“Shush,” Diane scolded. “Little hubbies are to be seen, not heard.”

She pressed down on his head like she was storing a tube of lipstick. The smell of perfume, which she must’ve spritzed on more of, had mixed so much with her sweat that it had become an intoxicating sauna of Diane Eau de Parfum.

“In you go,” she said aloud just before she pressed him out of view.

Paul could no longer be seen. His entire world had become his wife's sweaty, overly perfumed, heaving breasts.

As they left the precinct, Lauren started to crumble. She had no clue how to get her boyfriend back. It wasn't as if she could just walk into Alpha Phi and straight up take him. She tried that, and the girls would likely be on their guard now. Even if she were able to break in, Gabby probably kept him close by, which meant that she'd have to contend with her first.

"Shhhh, it's going to be alright," Diane comforted. She placed her arm around Lauren and pulled her closer.

"No. It's not. Gabby has Scott. She's been keeping him hidden at Alpha Phi and using him to grow," Lauren said. Tears were streaming down her face, smearing her makeup. "She's enormous now. Bigger than you, and the police won't do a damn thing."

"Then we'll just have to make you bigger," Diane said.

"How? She has Scott," Lauren replied.

"Haven't you noticed Paul's recent growth spurt? That's my new formula working," Diane posited.

"There isn't enough time. Not at the rate Gabby's growing. Scott must be under two feet tall by now."

Diane squeezed Lauren's shoulder as she led her towards her car. "Then it's straight to the lab. Come now. We have work to do."

“Mmm, harder,” Gabby moaned.

After that morning’s events, Gabby kicked Lucy and Maria out so she could have the room to herself. Despite eluding any suspicion from the police, the whole experience was nerve-wracking. Her incessant ex-roommate wanted to take Scotty away from her. Gabby loved Scotty. He was her boyfriend. Everything that was going well in her life could be traced back to him. Sure, there were moments of guilt in the aftermath of him finishing, but that’s also what made her so much bigger and sexier.

Contrary to how it may seem, Gabby wasn’t actually stealing any of Scott’s mass. Her growth was merely an immune response to his cum, stemming from the virus that he infected her with. Scott’s shrinking couldn’t possibly be avoided either. Guys with GSRD have a minimum mass that they reach no matter what. You can slow it down, but that’s about it. Why not enjoy the journey even if it is a little faster?

That's what she and her little Scotty needed more than anything. A pick-me-up after all that drama. Gabby had a whole lot of stress to work through, and Scotty likely did as well. Plus, she wanted to get bigger. Not just for looks and popularity's sake, but also to protect him better. By this point in their lovefest, Gabby had reached a full seven feet tall, while Scott had dwindled down to one foot, seven inches.

"I'm sorry, Gabs. I'm trying, but I can't hold out any longer," Scott huffed.

"Haha, don't you dare!" Gabby yelled. She was mostly joking, but at the same time, she was yet to finish during their second bout. He was barely even big enough to do the deed. "Here, do me like this," she added. Her hand, which was already pressed against his back to keep him from falling, drove him in further.

Scott couldn't possibly heed Gabby's command. Not while her ridiculously large breasts jostled right in front of him, and her big hand pressed his entire midsection into her warm, wet crotch rhythmically. "Fuck," he gasped through clenched teeth.

“OMG, Scotty! You’re such a little dweeb! I was THIS close to finishing,” Gabby complained through frustrated chuckling. Her entire body jiggled and shook.

Scott looked at his hand pressed against Gabby’s lower abdomen. He could see her plush, muscular flesh slowly growing beneath it. The tingly, shrinking sensation he was so familiar with spread throughout his body, making the difference between them even more staggering.

When it was all over, Scott had dwindled down to one foot, six inches, while Gabby had grown to seven feet, one inch.

“Seriously, Scotty. You edged the fuck out of me, and now you’re so friggin’ small that I doubt you could even hump me without my help,” Gabby complained.

She wasn’t lying. Scott’s feet weren’t even touching the bed. He was suspended in air, with his upper body flopped over her pubic pad and his legs dangling against her crotch. Gabby flexed her giant thighs against his sides, pulling him in more. He felt her fat pussy lips spread around the front part of his legs.

Gabby grasped Scott with one hand and lifted him up to her face. She looked at him intently, studying his newly shrunken body while she squeezed and tapped at him playfully.

“Scotty. Look at how tiny you are and how big I am! It was only like an inch or two for each of us, but still. Are we even the same species?” Gabby asked.

“Um…I…” Scott stuttered.

“Relax, I’m only teasing. We’re OBVIOUSLY both people. I’m just this gigantic, sexy bitch who's absolutely crazy about her tiny, widdle boyfriend,” Gabby assured. “Speaking of which, you still owe me one.”

Suddenly, Scott felt his heart leap to his throat. Gabby had released him without warning, sending him into a free fall.

“Ah!” he yelped, bouncing off the mattress and into her fleshy inner thigh. “Jesus, Gabby. Can you at least give me a warning?”

“Chill, little dude. I only dropped you a couple of feet. You’re acting like I threw you out the window or something,” Gabby said.

Scott almost snapped back at her, but the recent memory of her giant hand spanking his butt mercilessly was still fresh enough in his mind. "You're right. I'm-I'm sorry."

"LOL, that's okay. Now get to it, mister! Your big, sexy girlfriend's waiting," she replied.

Scott gathered himself and turned towards Gabby. Despite her assurances, he was so small that he truly did feel like another species. Her thighs were the size of trees compared to him. And not the small or even medium-sized variety, but large fully matured oak trees— in diameter at least. Her big, broad, ass looked wider than he was tall. Then there was her pussy. Still wet from before, the thing looked big enough to swallow his leg whole. The heat and smell steaming off of it made it seem more like a hungry mouth than a pussy.

It reminded him of what one of the brats who tried to kidnap him had said. That her mom, a six-foot-three or more hulking ogress, with a dump truck the size of a loveseat, kidnapped a man with GSRD. He was allegedly the size of a large penis and lived in the behemoth's underwear drawer. The poor guy was only allowed out when she needed to use him.

“Well? Are you just going to stand there, or are you going to fuck me?” Gabby asked.

Scott took a deep breath and approached her crotch. He was about to get into the same position that he was before when Gabby interrupted him.

“OMG, as cute as you’d look trying to fuck me at your size, that tiny dick and those little thrusts simply won’t cut it. Try using your leg.”

Scott turned to his side and placed his hands on her inner thigh. He lifted his left leg, placed his foot on her opening, and began driving it in. There was a surprisingly low amount of resistance for someone so big. He continued pushing until he reached his knee.

Scott looked up to Gabby for approval.
“Like that?” he asked.

“I can hardly feel you. Try going
deeper,” she urged.

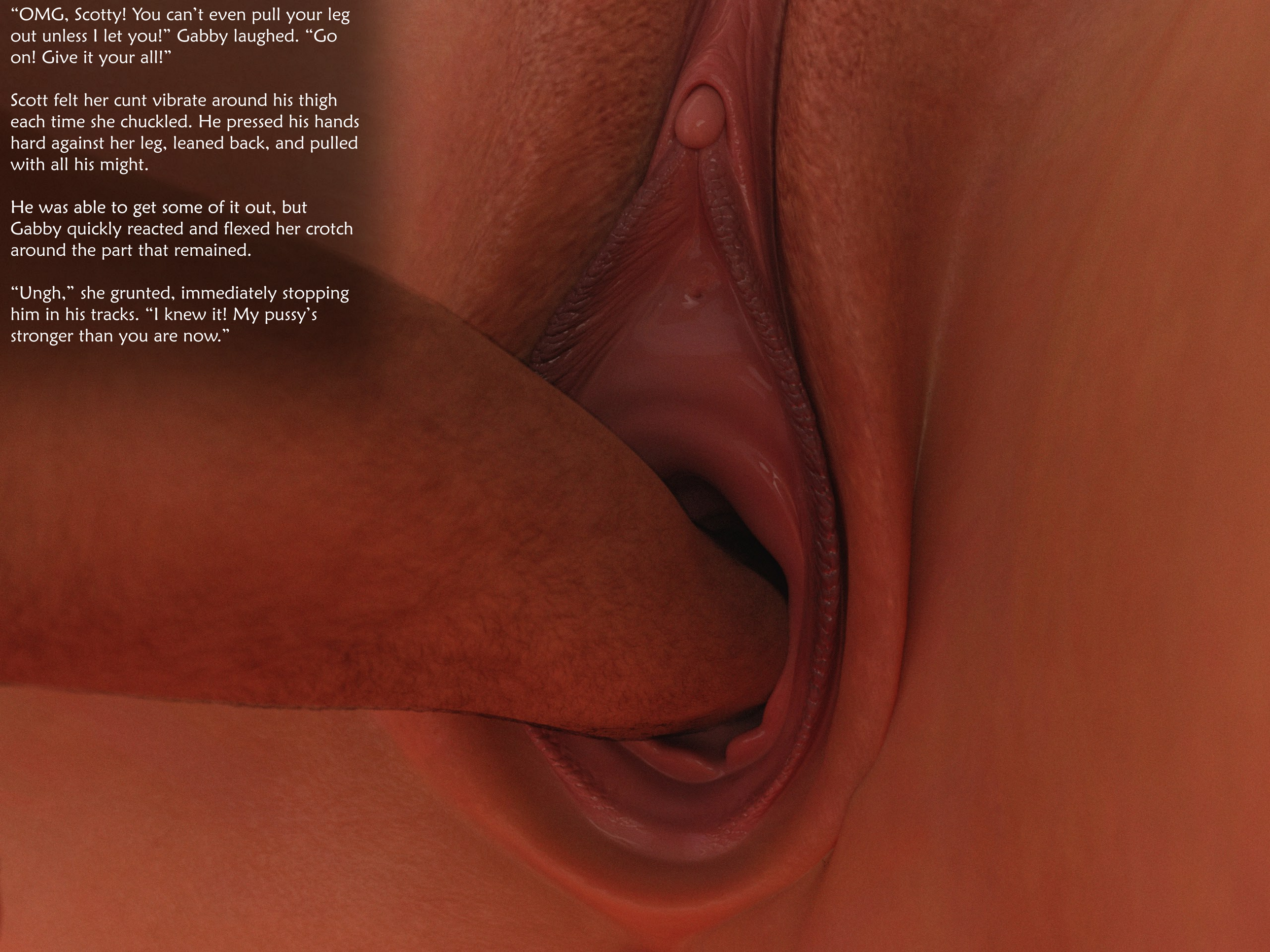
At first, this was hardly an issue, since he would simply hop closer and feed more of his leg into her. But there came a point when he started to feel some resistance. By then, Gabby's pussy was literally flexing around his thigh, trying to pull more of him in. Scott braced his arm against her inner thigh and attempted to pull his leg back out, only now he couldn't. He was too deep and Gabby's Kegel muscles were too strong.

“OMG, Scotty! You can’t even pull your leg out unless I let you!” Gabby laughed. “Go on! Give it your all!”

Scott felt her cunt vibrate around his thigh each time she chuckled. He pressed his hands hard against her leg, leaned back, and pulled with all his might.

He was able to get some of it out, but Gabby quickly reacted and flexed her crotch around the part that remained.

“Ungh,” she grunted, immediately stopping him in his tracks. “I knew it! My pussy’s stronger than you are now.”



Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Gabby released her hold on Scott's leg. He started to pull himself out, only for Gabby to grasp his torso and make quick work of the rest.

"I think it's time I took over," Gabby said. She adjusted her grip so that his arms were forced against his sides, while his legs hung suspended above the bed, right outside her opening.

“OK, Scotty. Be a good little boyfriend and keep your legs nice and stiff for me,” Gabby instructed.

Scott looked down and followed suit. He couldn’t believe his eyes. Gabby was lining him up like his whole body was an extra-large dick.

“Y-yes, Gabby,” he said as she pressed him up to his calves. She was so wet and open that it was practically effortless for her.

Gabby continued working him in until he was all the way up to his thighs.

"Grrr," she growled while flexing her crotch.

Scott could feel the bones in his legs begin to bend.

Gabby tightened her fist around his torso and slowly pulled him out.

For a brief moment, Scott thought that maybe she was done using him like this, at least for now. These hopes were quickly squashed, for as soon as Gabby had pulled him out to his knees, she shoved him back in. Then, she repeated the motion, only more forcefully.

Gabby continued using Scott like this, working him deeper and faster into herself. Soon she managed to shove both of his legs nearly entirely inside, with only his cock and ass still remaining.

“OMG, Scott, I’ve nearly got half of you in me!” Gabby gloated.

“C-can we stop now? We’ve already gone a couple of rounds, and this is getting kind of scary,” Scott asked.

“Scary?! Oh stop, it’s still just me, your girlfriend. Besides, not all of you wants out,” Gabby shot back. “Maybe you’ll feel different once your dick’s inside.”

“Ungh,” Gabby grunted, forcing more of Scott in until his dick poked her in the clit.

Scott felt her pussy squeeze around his lower half. It was more powerful than the ones before. This was quickly followed by a sequence of erratic spasms as Gabby’s whole body began to shake.

“Oh fuck! I’m cumming! I’m cumming, Scotty!” Gabby cried out.

She gripped his upper body firmly and started plunging him in and out of herself like a two-dollar sex toy, flicking his dick against her clit each time she thrust.

This proved to be too much for Scott. Despite his reluctance, the sheer domination that Gabby exerted over him was a huge turn-on. As soon as she started using his lower half to go to town on herself, he simply couldn't hold back any longer.

"Shit!" he gasped, begrudgingly releasing yet another precious, size-altering load.

Scott felt himself shrinking within her grip.

“Mmm, did you just cum, Scotty? You must’ve. I can feel you getting smaller. Easier to get my hand around,” Gabby commented as she pressed more of him in.

Scott’s eyes went wide as he witnessed more of himself getting shoved inside.

“Fuck, I thought I was done, but…OH GOD!” Gabby yelled.

Gabby let go of Scott. “Holy shit, I can feel it! That warm, tingly feeling!”

Her body began to expand while her pussy hugged Scott harder and more erratically. She was reaching the end of her orgasm.

He opened his mouth to try and breathe when suddenly, a stream of funky juices shot out from her opening and directly onto his face, flooding his tract.

When it was over, Scott was one-foot-five and Gabby was seven-foot-three. She was coming down from the high of her climax and growth spurt, with Scott still half embedded in her.

“OMG. That was amazing, Scotty. It’s like you were built for it,” she gasped.

“You’ve been awfully quiet,” Gabby said, staring down at him.

“I was just catching my breath,” Scott replied. He had his palms pressed against her pubic area, trying to push himself out.

“Nuh uh uh, not until you say the magic word,” Gabby teased.

She flexed her vaginal muscles, pulling more of him in. Her lips now reached past his belly button.

“Please, Gabby. Let me out,” Scott replied.

“Fine! Just give me a moment. I want to try one last thing,” Gabby explained.

Gabby leaned forward, pressing Scott's back against the soiled bed, nearly crushing him in the process. She then turned to the side, planted her feet on the floor, and stood up with Scott still half embedded in her. As soon as she was off the bed, Gabby spread her legs as wide as she could.

Scott thought he might slip out during of this, which would've sent him flailing headfirst towards the floor below. Only Gabby was able to hold him there with only her pussy.

"Look, Mom! No hands!" she joked.

Later that evening, Gabby, Maria, Lucy, and Scott were all hanging out in the living room. It was a lazy Sunday, so none of them bothered changing out of their sleepwear. Instead, they spent most of the day drinking, making sure each of them had a nice, healthy buzz by dusk. It had become a sort of tradition, since classes didn't start until late on Mondays.

This Sunday was different from the rest. Not just because Scott was with them, but also because they themselves were so much bigger. Even Lucy, the smallest of the three, had grown significantly from her prior height and weight. The added mass meant more alcohol was needed. A lot more.

“What bottle are we up to?” Gabby boomed from above.

Scott was naked, perched on Gabby’s humongous thigh like a lapdog. He noticed a slight slur in her voice, which was shocking to him since Gabby was on her thirtieth glass. She should’ve sounded far more sloppy.

“I think we’re up to ten, with you downing more than half of them,” Maria said.

“That makes sense. Look how big she is. It takes that much more to get her drunk,” Lucy chimed in. “OMG, look at Scotty sitting in her lap. Her leg is like a small building compared to him. Hell, even her right tit looks bigger than his whole fucking body!”

“Ooh! Let me see,” Gabby exclaimed. She wasn’t hammered, but you could tell by the level of excitement in her voice that she wasn’t sober.

She lifted Scott from her thigh and approached the mirror.

Neither of them could believe how much they had changed. Gabby transformed from a four-foot-ten, eighty-eight-pound waif, to a seven-foot-three, three-hundred-seventy-one-pound bombshell Amazon. Meanwhile, Scott went from a respectable six-foot-one, one-hundred-ninety-one-pound man, to an almost doll-like one-foot-five, two-point-three toy boy.

“Holy shit, Scotty. Look at us,” Gabby gasped. “Even after you arrived, and you were already starting to shrink, you used to tower over me. Now you’re like the size of a Ken doll in my hand.”

“Yeah. A lot has changed,” Scott agreed. He felt defeated, and he wanted nothing more than to be back in his dorm room with Lauren.

Maria and Lucy came closer for a better look.

“You can say that again,” Maria said.

“OMFG!” Lucy squealed as she trotted in front. She was so excited that she looked like she was doing a pee dance. “Gabby, we should totally compare sizes with him. Like with our assets.”

Maria’s face lit up. “Yasss! You with your boobies and me with my ass.

Gabby glanced down at Lucy and clenched Scott’s bottom. “I’m game, but I want a turn after each of you. You know. To see how Scotty compares to mine.”

“Me first, me first!” Lucy sang as she hopped up and down.

“LOL, you’re too much,” Gabby chuckled.

She turned towards Lucy, who had stuck her chest out in preparation. Gabby gripped Scott around the torso and lifted him up from his seat on her palm. She then lowered him down, feet-first, into the redhead’s cleavage, using his legs to separate her tits while she pressed down on him.

Though a good amount smaller than Gabby's, Lucy's breasts were still big. Hugging Scott from the chest down with their soft, squishy warmth. He looked up towards her face, hoping to catch a glimpse of empathy from the young mother. Only instead, she seemed to be looking right through him, focusing more on how big her tits looked.

"Scotty's so little, just look at him! He makes my tits look positively huge." She grabbed hold of her boobs and pressed them together.

"Duh! That's because they are big!" Maria said.

“My turn!” Gabby exclaimed. She reached down Lucy’s dress and grabbed Scott. “Lucy’s are nice and big, but mine are a whole different kind of beast. I hope you’re ready, Scotty,” she playfully warned.

Scott was barely listening. He was too busy staring down at a small sedan’s worth of boobage. They heaved with each of her breaths and wobbled from the slightest movement. It was almost like he was looking down at the ocean surface, albeit a small section, and if its waves were made of sexy fat.

Gabby cleaved her tits apart with her free hand, separating them enough for her little ‘boyfriend.’

Scott could practically see the heat steaming up from them as she lowered him towards her cleavage. Gabby worked him into the fleshy divide. Once she felt he was low enough, she released, instantly sandwiching him between them. He could tell they were far bigger than Lucy’s. Each boob was the size of a recliner. Not the cheap IKEA kind, either, but the plush, expensive kind you see in a showroom.

Unlike Lucy, Gabby wasn’t wearing a bra with any kind of support. Unless you counted the tiny piece of fabric that struggled to contain even a fraction of her girls. Gabby's growth was simply too fast and extreme for her to possibly keep up with. So when she finally did let go of Scott, her tits were the only thing that kept him from falling. As risky as that might seem, they were extremely effective at holding him in place.

Scott wasn't particularly afraid of heights, but he still had a healthy fear of it. So when he looked down to try and gauge how high up he was, he was ready for a liberal dose of vertigo. However, the only floor he could see, other than the expanse way out ahead, was the small gap towards the front of her bra. The rest was taken up by her abundant chest.

From what he could gather, he was roughly twenty feet up, relatively speaking. Normally that would scare him, but even without any help from her arms or hands, his entire torso and upper legs were completely immobilized.

Even though Lucy was extremely chesty by any standard, Gabby was so much bigger than her that it was hardly fair.

“Big Gabby, for the win,” Gabby announced.

Then, without any kind of warning, Gabby palmed the outsides of her jugs and pressed them together in celebration.

Poor Scott was so outmatched by his imposter girlfriend’s bosom that this maneuver actually knocked the wind out of him.

“G-gabby!...can’t…breathe…” he panted.

“Holy shit, Gabby. It looks like you’re about to crush him,” Maria laughed.

“Nah, he’s fine. I’m only going, like, ten percent,” Gabby explained. “If I wanted to, I could totally break his ribs or worse. Hear that, Scotty? You better be good to me or else!” she added jokingly before releasing her girls.

“I want a turn!” Maria said.

Scott, who was still catching his breath, looked over the slope of Gabby’s left breast and towards Maria’s face. She looked excited.

“OK, OK! Hold your horses,” Gabby boomed from above. Her tits jiggled around him with each word that she spoke.

Gabby reached between her weighty breasts and unceremoniously removed Scott from their vice grip. Maria had already turned to the side, presenting her generous, round booty.

Scott was lowered towards Maria's thong-covered cheeks. Each appeared to be many times his strength and mass. It was quite the view for such a little guy. Soon, Maria's butt was all he could see, taking up his entire field of view.

"What's that I feel poking me in the pinky?" Gabby teased. "Did my boobies do that, or is that from Maria's ass?"

Gabby stuffed him sideways between Maria's cheeks. He instantly felt her begin to flex, using only her ass muscles to grip him inside her crack.

'Thank goodness she was wearing underwear,' Scott thought.

As large as Maria's ass may have been, in reality it was actually a little smaller than Gabby's breasts. That's how big she was now. She wasn't even what you'd consider top-heavy, yet her tits were slightly bigger than one of the largest booties at school.

Gabby lowered herself down to Scott's level. "Well, well, well, you look cozy! Is Maria's ass all that you dreamed it would be?"

Scott held on to the top part of Maria's right cheek to keep from falling. "Please, Gabby. Get me out of here. I never even got to drink with you."

"In a little bit. We're not done playing yet," Gabby replied.

"I can TOTALLY feel his boner poking my right butt cheek," Maria said. She flexed her butt once more, squishing his dick against his stomach.

After a few more moments of teasing, Gabby stood back up and grabbed Scott by the arm. As she dragged him out, she couldn't help but comment on Maria's size compared to hers.

"Not gonna lie, Maria. Your cute, little bubble butt looks a little smaller than my tits do. I can't imagine it beating my giant ass."

"OBVIOUSLY! And don't call it little! It isn't. Yours is just massive," Maria said with a twerk.

"Hear that, Scotty? My butt's MASSIVE," Gabby added. She passed him to Maria and quickly turned around.

With her back facing them, Gabby placed her hand on her hip and leaned forward, causing her giant booty to expand.

“Hurry up! My big behind’s craving a doll-sized Scotty,” Gabby said with a bounce. Her ass shook violently, forming waves of distorted, thick fat and muscle beneath that rippled and quaked.

“Don’t get your panties in a twist. I’m simply allowing Scotty, here, a chance to take it all in,” Maria said while holding him inches from Gabby’s butt.

Scott couldn’t believe how big Gabby’s ass had gotten. It used to be so small and unremarkable that he barely even thought she had an ass. Now it was a verifiable dump truck. Huge and shapely. Not just wide and protruding, but also long. Her ass crack alone was as long as he was tall, if he were to bend along its curve. Her butt didn’t have that fake, airbrushed look to it either. No. These were giant globes of muscle, caked in layers upon layers of real, womanly fat. Its entire surface was decorated with dimples, the occasional blemish or mole, faint stretch marks, and generous patches of cellulite. None of it was grotesque. If anything, it was hotter because it looked so real.

Maria stuffed him in between Gabby's heavy cheeks, then released.

Scott was immediately bombarded by the warmth and scent of Gabby's giant, sweaty ass.

"Wow. He fits right in there," Lucy commented.

"LOL, Gabs. And I thought my butt was big.

"Hey! Are you calling me fat?" Gabby replied in fake offense.

"No. Just your ass, and fat with a PH," she clarified.

Gabby flexed her hulking ass around Scott. "What do you think, Scotty? Is my ass too big and fat compared to Maria's?"

“No, Gabby. It’s perfect. Easily the best ass on campus!” he said from his spot within her crack.

His entire body was utterly dwarfed by Gabby’s backside. Significantly more than Maria’s. It made hers look perky and petite in comparison. Scott loved a nice, big butt as much as the next guy, but at his size, he felt more like a prop than he did a person. It also didn’t help that said butt belonged to Gabby, the spoiled brat who took him away from his girlfriend, Lauren, and forced him into this one-sided relationship.

“Hey, LOL!” Maria said in mock offense. She got down on her haunches so that her face was level with Scott and Gabby’s ass. “I thought you liked my booty. Your little dicklet certainly did.”

“I dunno, Maria. He was already hard from when I was titty-fucking his entire body. He certainly still is now. What do you think, Scotty?” Gabby asked.

All of a sudden, Scott’s surroundings became a vice grip of powerful ass meat, as Gabby began flexing her butt, grinding his body in between her cheeks like a sweat rag.

“Shit. Not so tight!” he squeaked.

“You didn’t answer the question! Do you prefer Maria’s cute, little bubble butt? Or my big, womanly rear?”

“LITTLE?!!” Maria scoffed. “I’ll have you know, I’ve got guys lining up for—”

“Yours! I prefer yours!” Scott squeaked. He would’ve said anything to stop the pounding her ass was performing on him.

“OK! I know when to admit defeat. Gabby, you’re clearly the winner out of the three of us, with tits and ass for days,” Maria confessed to her enormous roommate.

“Aw, thanks, roomie!” Gabby said back.

“Seriously, Scotty looks like a pervy little butt fairy wedged in your ass crack. He’s lucky you didn’t have one of those spicy burritos from the northside cafeteria. You nearly gassed out our whole house the last time you did!”

“Did not! I only farted, like, twice. You had it way worse,” Gabby argued back. “Besides, we’re boyfriend and girlfriend. It’s bound to happen eventually. I mean, not on him— hopefully. Unless he deserves it, LOL.”

Scott, who was still trapped in Gabby’s butt crack, was equally disgusted and horrified. He wanted out of her ass and fast. “Ladies, I’m still here! A little help!”

Meanwhile, Lucy was too distracted by Scott’s comically outclassed body. The sight of him dangling between Gabby’s ass cheeks was simply too visceral for her to focus on anything else. “You know, Gabs, he looks about the same size as a dildo to you. A rather large one, but still usable if you were worked up enough.”

“Is that a challenge? I’ll have you know that I already tried and succeeded— sort of,” Gabby said.

“What?” Lucy asked.

“I used him like one this morning. Well, half of him,” Gabby explained. “We were fooling around, and after he finished, he shrunk so much that I could barely feel him anymore. He even tried his leg, but that still wasn’t enough. So I grabbed him by the chest and started using his lower half. OMG, it felt so good. I honestly haven't been able to stop thinking about it.”

“Umm, Gabby? I think you’re growing.” Maria interrupted.

Gabby looked down and noticed that her entire body was beginning to expand. A familiar, tingly warmth came over her, starting from her core and radiating outwards.

“Holy shit, you’re right! He must’ve cum on me. Was it my ass, Scotty? Or was it all our talk about using you?”

Similar to Maria before her, Lucy squatted down until her head was level with Scotty and Gabby's ass. It was as clear as day to everyone in the room that Gabby had grown wider, taller, and thicker all around.

"How does it look?" Gabby asked.

"Like an ass, alright. Definitely bigger than before, and that's saying something," Lucy explained as she stood back up.

Gabby glanced over her shoulder and caught a glimpse of her generous cakes and the tiny boyfriend caught in between them. She had to stop herself from chuckling. He really did look like a big, human-shaped dildo.

Gabby knew he didn't mind. She could feel his boner stabbing the inside of her left cheek. "You love my big ass, don't you, Scotty? The bigger, the better…"

Gabby jiggled her booty, briefly waving poor Scott around like a ragdoll.

"Y-yes. Of course, honey," Scott replied. He wasn't in any position to piss her off, and at least his biology made convincing easier. "Are you going to let me out now?"

"Awww! You called me honey! I don't think I ever heard you call me that," Gabby beamed. "What's the rush? I thought you liked it in there? Your dick certainly does.

Gabby brought her hands to the outsides of her cheeks.

“Let’s see if you like this,” she said as she smooshed them together.

Scott’s entire body felt squished, or at least the part that was stuck in Gabby’s deep, dark, long ass crack, which in his case was from his chest to his knees.

Gabby continued squishing her cheeks together, slowly increasing pressure until there wasn't any pocket or crevice left that wasn't filled with her ass meat.

"S-stop….I c-can't…breathe," Scott begged. The room was starting to spin. He needed oxygen and fast.

Finally, Gabby stopped, releasing Scott's measly form from her backside bear hug. Though his body was still intact, it hadn't budged. He remained wedged deep within her ass crack.

Scott looked up to see Gabby staring down at him over her shoulder, laughing alongside Lucy and Maria.

"I think you have WAY too much ass for poor little Scotty to handle, there," Maria laughed. "Maybe you should go find yourself a real man."

"Nonsense. Scotty can handle my big ol' booty just fine. Isn't that right?" Gabby replied with one last shake.

Gabby reached down and grasped Scott by the chest. She had to wiggle him for a bit before he was freed up enough to remove. The slight sheen of butt sweat that had accumulated while she was drinking had dried, adhering his skin to the inside of her crack.

“It’s like my ass doesn’t want to let you go,” she joked, finally jostling him free.

Scott was lifted up to Gabby’s giant face. She studied him with her mouth slightly agape. Her enormous right hand gripped his upper body tightly, pressing a thumb the size of a softball into his left pec. Scott felt her other hand wrap around his legs and grasp them together. She was sizing him up.

“Amazing,” Gabby huffed. “He totally feels like a huge, human-shaped dildo. Like, for real! Even more than before.”

“I’ll say,” Lucy added.

Scott looked down in shame. He couldn’t stand big, bratty Gabby. How she gripped him like an object and talked about him as if he wasn’t in the room. Lauren would’ve never treated him this way, even at her horniest, and certainly not in front of others. Yet his dick continued to betray his emotions. It stuck out stubbornly, twitching even, trying its best to grab Gabby’s attention.

“How much of him did you say you could fit before?” Maria asked.

“A little over half. From his feet to his waist. Scotty’s got a nice trim build, but his upper body is much girthier. Especially at the shoulders,” Gabby said, giving them a brief squeeze. “I could probably fit most of it in. Maybe even down to his dick if I work myself up enough. What do you think, Scotty? Want to go where no boyfriend has gone before— headfirst?”

Scott didn't reply. He had mentally checked himself out. It's all he could do by this point. There was no stopping Gabby. His fate was literally in her hands, or more accurately, her fist. So he lay there motionless, trapped in Gabby's powerful grasp, as she spread her legs past shoulder width and lowered him down towards her crotch.

"I hope you're ready for me. I'm, like, super horny after all that teasing you did in my ass crack," Gabby said.

As Scott was lowered beneath the shadow of Gabby's groin and ass, he was immediately hit by her scent. It wasn't gross or unhygienic by any means. In fact, he was already familiar with her smell, though not quite at this size. It was a clear indication of just how turned on she was, along with the slightest hint of ass funk. Likely due to all the dried sweat. Gabby, who already ran hot, ran extra hot whenever she drank.

Scott was so insignificant compared to Gabby that his entire body was encased in her shadow. He could literally feel the warmth wafting off her pussy and onto him. When he looked up, he saw that he was only moments away from being inserted. That was enough to wake him up from his stupor, only instead of wiggling, his body went rigid.

"That's right. Stay nice and stiff for me," she moaned.

Gabby drove Scott into her opening. It was sudden and without hesitation. He tried to squeal, but his face was mashed against her insides. Gabby was drawing little circles with his head, trying to open herself up more.

“Fuuuck, your head feels like the real thing. Like the mushroom tip of a big, fat cock that’s about to ram me.” She was speaking more to herself than she was to him.

Just when Scott thought things couldn't possibly get any worse, he felt Gabby's hand tighten around his legs.

"In you go," she huffed.

She forced him inside until he was in up to his shoulders. Her opening wasn't quite wide enough to allow more of him to pass through, but Gabby didn't stop trying. The pressure on his shoulders was indescribable.

"Get. In. There," she grunted as she joysticked him around and continued to press.

Buckets of fluid had formed along her walls and dripped onto his face, chest, and arms. This was both a gift and a curse. For just when he thought his arms might pop right from their sockets, his shoulders slipped past.

"UNGH! YES!" she moaned loudly.

Earlier in the day, when Gabby first tried using him, Scott was mostly bothered by how he was treated. It was like he was a pet or object instead of a person. Yet he couldn't deny the fact that it still felt good physically. That was when he went in feet-first. He didn't have that luxury now.

Now, it was more or less a sexual pounding. Her walls gripped his head and chest, squeezing the air from his lungs. When he opened his mouth to try and breathe, he was instead met with a mouthful of Gabby's cum. He knew she was a squirter firsthand, but now he could see how wet she got from the inside. There were literal strands of thick, sticky juices that extended across her vag like stalagmites. Any air he was able to get consisted solely of hot cunt breath that puffed onto him. If he thought her scent from before was strong, then this was a whole different league entirely. It felt less like fucking and more like he was being fed to a giant snake.

"OMG, Gabs! You've got almost half of him in already," Lucy enthused.

"Fuck, he feels good. Just a little bit more," Gabby moaned.

She wiggled him around and drove more of him in. Scotty was being such a good boyfriend, remaining as stiff as a board, just like she had asked. Gabby was so close to getting him in past his hips that she could feel his dick tickling her labia.

“MMmm, there! I did it! Took his whole upper half and then some!” Gabby announced. She released her grip on his legs.

“Yeah, you did!” Maria lauded.

“Fuck me, he feels so goddamn good in there. Like a nice warm dick. Big too, filling up every little nook and cranny. Only unlike a dick, he has all these extra features and parts that stick out. Gawd, I can even feel his hard little dick poking against me,” Gabby added. She paused briefly before continuing, “I wonder if I could…”

Gabby closed her eyes and concentrated. Her face turned beet red, like she was about to burst.

“Gabby, is everything—” Lucy began.

“Yes….fuck….just a sec,” Gabby interrupted.

Scott felt an immense amount of pressure form around him. Like she was trying to crush his body like a soda can. Then, without any kind of warning, Gabby’s pussy pulled more of him inside.

At least that's how it felt. In reality, he was shrinking, and Gabby was growing. Scott was so ragged that he failed to notice himself cumming or the tingly sensations that followed.

"Holy shit, Gabs. I think you just grew!" one of the other girls said.

Gabby was too far gone to know who or what was said, nor did she care. All she knew was that she hadn't cum yet.

Well past the point of no return, Gabby gripped her boyfriend tight and began thrusting him in and out. Scott's legs were the perfect little handle. Gabby was able to hold onto him despite all the sweat dripping down her ass, and juices splashing out her opening. She was able to get more of him inside now, driving Scott in up to his thighs before pulling him back, stopping at his shoulders.

"Jesus! Scotty's LITERALLY your dildo. You're, like, using most of him to dick yourself down with," Maria said.

Gabby paid her no mind. She was a girl on a mission. Thrusting and jabbing, pausing to joystick him around before plunging him faster and deeper than before. "Almost…*grunt*...there…" she huffed, trudging ahead with her barbaric use of Scotty's form.

This went on for minutes on end— Gabby brutishly ramming poor Scott in and out of herself, over and over again.

“Gabs, I think you better give him a chance to catch his breath,” Lucy suggested.

“SHUT UP! I’m…I'm…Grrrr…about to….!” she yelled, jabbing him in a few more times before letting go.

Gabby jerked up with Scott still inserted. Her pussy clamped greedily around him while cum came rushing out past his legs.

“Holy crap! I don’t think I’ve ever seen a girl squirt like that before,” Maria commented.

“Fuck, it won’t….stop,” Gabby moaned. Her entire body was visibly shaking.

“Whew, I DEFINITELY needed that,” Gabby said.

The now seven-foot-four nineteen-year-old slowly withdrew Scott. Her pussy slurped and queefed wetly onto his one-foot-three-inch form as she pulled him free. He was soaked in layers of Gabby’s hot, thick cum. So much in fact that globs of it were dripping off of him. He looked barely alive, like he had just been forced to run a marathon without any prior training.

“You sure did a number on him,” Lucy said.

“I’ll say. You’re just too much woman for a guy his size,” Maria added.

“LOL. You’re not wrong, but look at his little dick. It's practically begging to go back inside! Who am I to deny him that?” Gabby declared, eyeing his form hungrily while she played with her hair. “I’m taking this to the bedroom. See you bitches later.”

30 Minutes Later...

“OMG, Scotty, you feel so…OH…fucking good. Your whole body’s like a dick to me. A goddamn BIG one, too!” Gabby huffed. Her entire body was covered in sweat after having spent nearly half an hour jackhammering Scott in and out of her starving cunt.

Gabby started using him as soon as she entered the room, only giving him the occasional breathing break. They had already cum twice, making it easier for Gabby to fit more of him inside. She now stood a whopping seven-foot-six, while he was under a foot. Eleven and a half inches exactly.

Each time she plugged her pussy with him, juices splashed out. It looked like she was trying to plunge a severely clogged toilet. With their new sizes, Gabby found it better to pinch his ankles between her fingertips instead of gripping his lower legs like she did before.

This allowed her to pump more of Scott's form without sacrificing too much grip. Still, it wasn't easy with all the sweat and cum splashing about.

“UnGH, you’re like the…OH…perfect little boyfriend. I can take you with me wherever I…grrrr….go. Ungh! Keep you in my purse or bra. OH, right there you little shit…fuck me…then pop into a stall and whip you out for a quickie,” Gabby moaned.

Her wrist was beginning to cramp from all the thrusting, but she was so turned on that she simply powered through it.

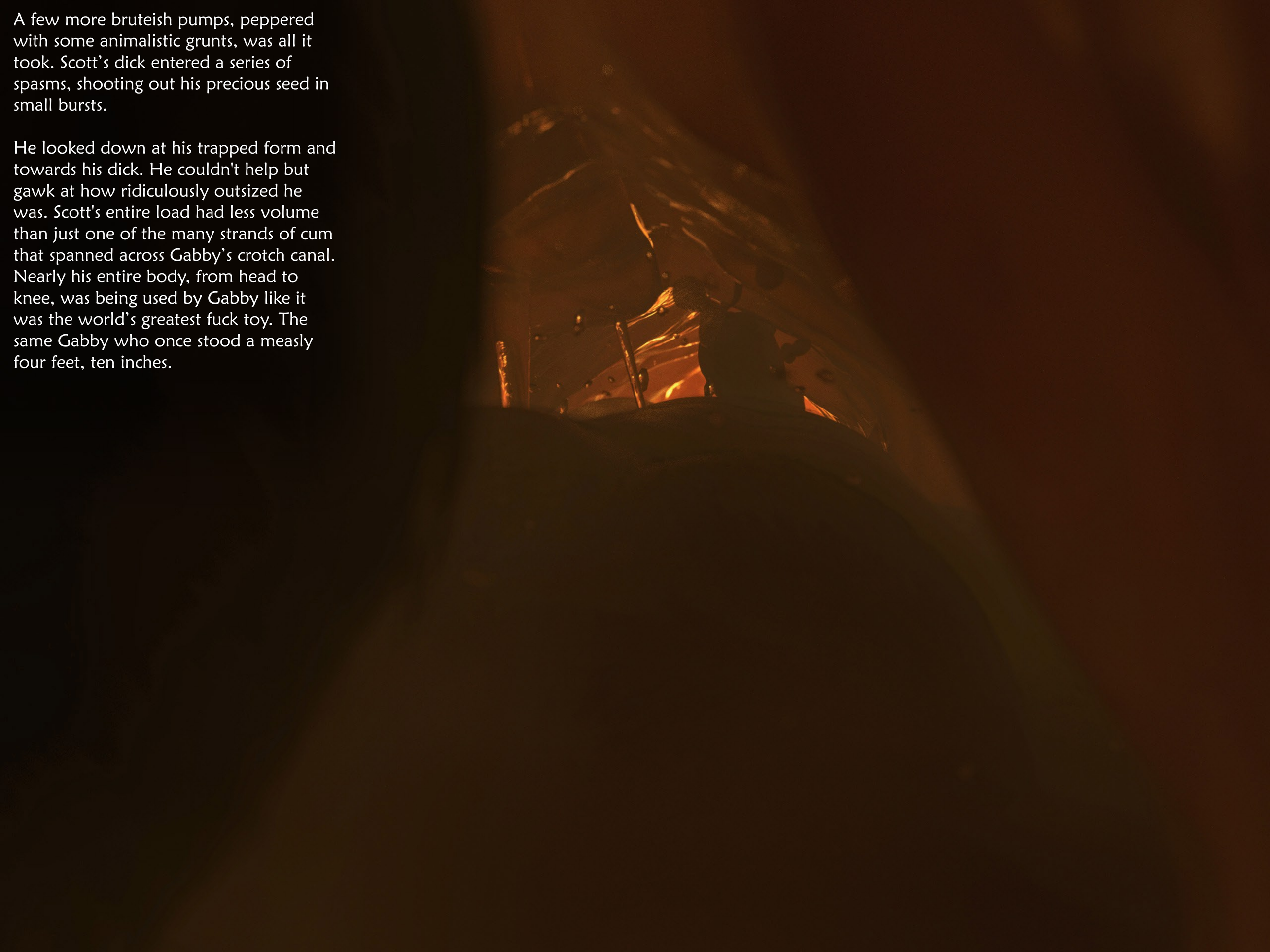
“God, you’re small. I’m pumping you in and out up to your knees. You love it do…OH…don’t you? You already came twice, and I can still feel your hard little penis flicking against my walls every time I shove you…IN!” she grunted. This time, upping the speed and force of her plunges.

She wasn't wrong. At least the part about his dick being hard. Scott couldn't help it. Despite how harrowing the experience was for him, being used like a makeshift dildo by his ginormous, bratty kidnapper/self-proclaimed girlfriend, who also happened to have the same build as a thick Instagram model, was too much for him to resist.

It was quite the feat for his dumber head, all things considered. Between the constant barrage of Gabby's cum, and her oxygen-depriving Kegel squeezes, not to mention her preference for mashing his face against her G-spot every few thrusts. There was a lot for the rest of him to endure. Even her finger grip around his ankles caused him severe discomfort. Yet none of this was enough to make his dick deflate. It stood as proud and stubborn as ever—well on its way to yet another size-altering finish.

A few more bruteish pumps, peppered with some animalistic grunts, was all it took. Scott’s dick entered a series of spasms, shooting out his precious seed in small bursts.

He looked down at his trapped form and towards his dick. He couldn't help but gawk at how ridiculously outsized he was. Scott's entire load had less volume than just one of the many strands of cum that spanned across Gabby’s crotch canal. Nearly his entire body, from head to knee, was being used by Gabby like it was the world’s greatest fuck toy. The same Gabby who once stood a measly four feet, ten inches.



A warm, tingly sensation began at her core and radiated outwards. Gabby's entire body was expanding.

"You came, didn't you?" Gabby asked in between thrusts. "Yeah, you did. I can feel it happening. Fuuuck….don't you go thinking that I'll stop once it's over! I still need to get what's mine."

She shoved him in, this time all the way to his ankles. Her gooey vaginal walls contracted around him. When it was all over, Gabby had grown a full two inches, making her seven feet, eight inches tall. While Scott had shrunk all the way down to ten and a half inches.

“OMG, Scotty, that was a big one! I totally felt it!” Gabby beamed. “You must’ve too. You feel WAY smaller!” She gave him one final jostle before finally letting go of his ankles. “Of course you did. Just look at you! Your entire body now fits inside me, except for your feet and ankles. Which is perfect because they’re kind of your handle now. Seriously, Scotty, you’re like, officially my pet dildo/boyfriend!” Gabby added. “What'd ya say we christen it with a nice, little switcheroo? My thighs are starting to ache, and I could really use a change of scenery before I rub this last one out.”

With Scott still deeply embedded in her, Gabby clenched her vagina and rolled onto her stomach. She then pressed herself up until she was on all fours.

“Mmmm, this’ll work,” she moaned.

She reached around her back, grabbed one hefty cheek, and clapped it against the other, creating a loud slapping noise.

Gabby let go of her butt cheek and reached around to grasp Scott by the ankles, or as she now liked to call them, his handle. She then began to slowly but deliberately withdraw him.

“UnGH, you feel so fucking good, Scotty,” she moaned as she dragged most of him out. Plugged-up juices spilled to the bedding below.

As soon as he reached his neck, Gabby plunged him back in, only stopping so that her grip on his ankles could remain. Then, after a brief twist and jab to the side, she pulled him back out— quicker this time.

Soon, Gabby was vigorously thrusting him in and out of her soaked pussy. Her pumps were so fast and urgent that she looked like a woman possessed. She was so big and wet by now that she could fit all of him inside. This allowed her to not only go faster and harder, but deeper than she had before. Drops of sweat dripped down her crack while juices splashed out from her opening, adding to a large stain on the comforter below.

“You came already. Now it’s my turn!” Gabby yelled.

Each time Gabby plunged him in, her ass shook violently. Her hulking butt cheeks were literally clapping along to her thrusts. The sound they were making was so loud and wet that even Scott could hear it from inside. “That’s right, Scotty. Give it to me. Make your giant girlfriend’s big, fat ass cheeks clap,” Gabby moaned.

Gabby continued plunging her boyfriend-turned-dildo in and out of herself from behind, only stopping to allow him the barest of breathing breaks. Although she achieved orgasm soon after they went to the bedroom, Scott had already reached his second. That wasn't fair in her eyes, and she was determined to keep using him until she was made whole again. Lucky for Scott, Gabby was so purposeful in her pumps that it didn't take her very long.

"I'm almost there, but I want to try something first," Gabby moaned. She pulled Scott out to his waist, then let go of his ankles.

The seven-foot-eight, four-hundred-forty-seven-pound nineteen-year-old planted her hand firmly back down on the bed and flexed her pussy.

Using only her cunt, Gabby pulled Scott nearly all the way back in.

“Holy shit, Scotty, I can’t believe—
oh…FUCK…I’m…uNGH…”

“I’m cumming! I’M CUMMING!” Gabby cried out.

Her vaginal walls spasmed around Scott as cum squirted past him and out of her opening. It was like water shooting out of a pressurized tube that had just been punctured.

Gabby reached for her face to adjust her glasses but couldn’t. She was shaking too much. “OH FUCK!”

Gabby's pussy churned and hugged Scott for what felt like hours but was likely only seconds. Cum blasted him in the face, covering his already soiled body in yet another thick layer of her juices. Every time he tried to breathe, air was squeezed from his lungs, and cum flooded his mouth and throat. The powerful musk and overwhelming heat inside Gabby's crotch weren't helping things either. He needed fresh air fast.

Yet despite all of this, part of him wanted more. Even if it meant getting smaller. He hated himself for it. That this feeling he had was with Gabby instead of Lauren.

“Unhgh…it won’t…FUCKING…QUIT,” Gabby screamed.

She flexed her snatch one last time, squeezing the last bit of air from Scott. Another geyser of cum blasted out of her, thoroughly soaking him and the bedding below.

Finally, Gabby's orgasm began to die down. It had only been thirty seconds or so, but it was so intense that it felt like forever. Once the aftershocks ceased, Gabby got off her hands and knees and laid back down on her back. She reached between her legs, pinched Scott by the ankles, and started to pull him out. It took every ounce of self-control she had to stop herself from thrusting him back in.

She could've easily gone another round, but her friends were waiting, and she needed to make sure that Scott was still intact.

“Ah, I needed that,” Gabby sighed.

She removed Scott’s exhausted body from her pussy with an ugly-sounding squelch and gently tossed him onto the bed between her legs. He landed in a puddle of her juices larger than he was. A loud, wet queef blurted from her still-recovering pussy, startling Scott and causing him to stir.

“Oops! Excuse me, haha,” Gabby laughed. “How’s my favorite little shrinky doing down there?”

Scott willed himself to his feet. There was so much of Gabby's cum that he almost slipped. He looked up to see Gabby's humongous face beaming down at him. Below were the giant swells of her breasts, which overlooked a tummy that was mostly out of view for him, then her gaping pussy and her humongous ass beneath it. Juices were dripping down from her cunt and seeping into her deep, dark butt crack, which was now longer than he was tall. Scott, along with everything around him, was covered by Gabby's giant shadow. He was no longer merely a different species to her, but a different class of animal entirely. Like a rodent, albeit a particularly large one.

"There you are! I may have gotten a bit carried away. You felt so goddamn good that I couldn't help myself!" The sound of Gabby's voice booming down at him sounded strange. Feminine and young, yet exceptionally deep, like she was using a voice changer.

“Let me have a looksee,” Gabby said.

Her giant hand came reaching down like a claw in a stuffed animal machine. It wrapped around his torso, like someone grasping a deluxe action figure. He was not even the size of a Ken doll to her.

Cool air rushed across Scott’s cum-soaked skin as he was carried up towards Gabby’s face.

Gabby scanned Scott's body for scrapes, bruises, and anything that looked out of place. "You look a little red, but it's nothing serious."

"Can we go to bed now?" Scott asked. He coughed up some of Gabby's cum that he had swallowed.

Gabby drummed her fingers against him playfully. "Scotty, you know how clingy I get after sex. Especially when I'm drunk. Normally, I'd just make out with your cute little face until we both passed out, but Maria and Lucy are waiting."

"B-but…it's Sunday," Scott argued.

"Yeah, duh? We don't have class until twelve tomorrow. It's basically like another Thursday for us. So, like I was saying, Lucy and Maria still want to hang out. I can't really do that if I'm too busy kissing you. So, I have another idea," Gabby explained.

Gabby lowered Scott towards her crotch. She used his feet to pry her lips apart, then inserted them. He immediately felt the intense heat and wetness that he had grown accustomed to. She gave him a firm, playful squeeze and pressed.

“Mmm, this way I get to keep you nice and close to me while I go finish my hangout sesh with Lucy and Maria.”

“Oh, stop it,” she scolded, misinterpreting his bracing himself against her palm as nerves. Her hand curled around his back to prevent his tantrum from going any further while she continued to press. “You should consider yourself lucky. So many guys would KILL to be in your shoes. YOU get to be MY boyfriend. ME! Gabby— the hugest, most hottest, large-boobied, fat-bootied girl in school! And you’re getting more pussy from her than anyone ever has. LITERALLY!”

“UNngh,” Gabby grunted.

She pressed her head against the top of Scott’s head, inserting the last inch of him with an ugly squelch. Her cunt vibrated against his body, queefing on him as soon as he was pushed in.

“Jesus, Scott. I keep doing that! You’re just so BIG to me that you really stretch me out,” Gabby moaned.

Just moments ago, he had been in a similar position. Only now he was fully inside her. Gabby was so big to him that she could store him there and go about her business without anyone the wiser. His hopes of being found and returning to his true girlfriend, Lauren, were beginning to fade.

“There! Snug as a bug,” Gabby beamed. She clenched her pussy around Scott, hugging him tightly and causing juices to drip down his body and onto her thigh.

Grabbing a red thong from the floor that she had discarded earlier, Gabby stepped into each leg hole and squatted down to pull them up. Although Scott was barely moving, she could still feel the little adjustments he’d make, especially when she crouched down like that.

“You might want to keep still while in there. Unless you want me to cum all over you again. I have a thing for fucking in front of people, so this is, like, a HUGE turn-on for me.”

Scott looked down from his tight, wet, hidey hole, past the strands of cum that expanded across her slobbery opening, and out towards the red, lacy fabric of her thong. It looked like he was inside the prop of a kinky horror movie. Knowing that he was inside the pussy of a hot girl was undeniably sexy. Yet the heat, smell, and frequent wet squeezes were enough to give him pause. Not enough to turn him off, but enough to make him nervous at least.

As much as his lower half wanted it, the rest of Scott was too tired for another round of sex. Besides, Gabby wasn't his actual girlfriend. Lauren was. So he heeded her advice and did his best to keep still.

Gabby finished putting on her panties and stood up.

“Mmm, I could get used to this,” she moaned. She gave Scott yet another powerful, albeit brief, cunt squeeze.

Thoroughly satisfied with his positioning, the hulking nineteen-year-old exited the bedroom and returned to her friends.

“I can’t believe you’re seven-foot-eight now. Where’s Scotty? I want to see how small he is,” Lucy asked.

All three of them had freshly poured wine glasses in their hands.

“Oh, HAHA, he’s around,” Gabby replied. Her cheeks were burning while she played with her hair.

“C’mon, Lucy! You heard her moaning like a wildebeest. Where do you think he is?” Maria interjected.

“Hey!” Gabby shouted in mock offense.

“I’m right and you know it! You haven’t stopped squirming since you sat down with us,” Maria argued.

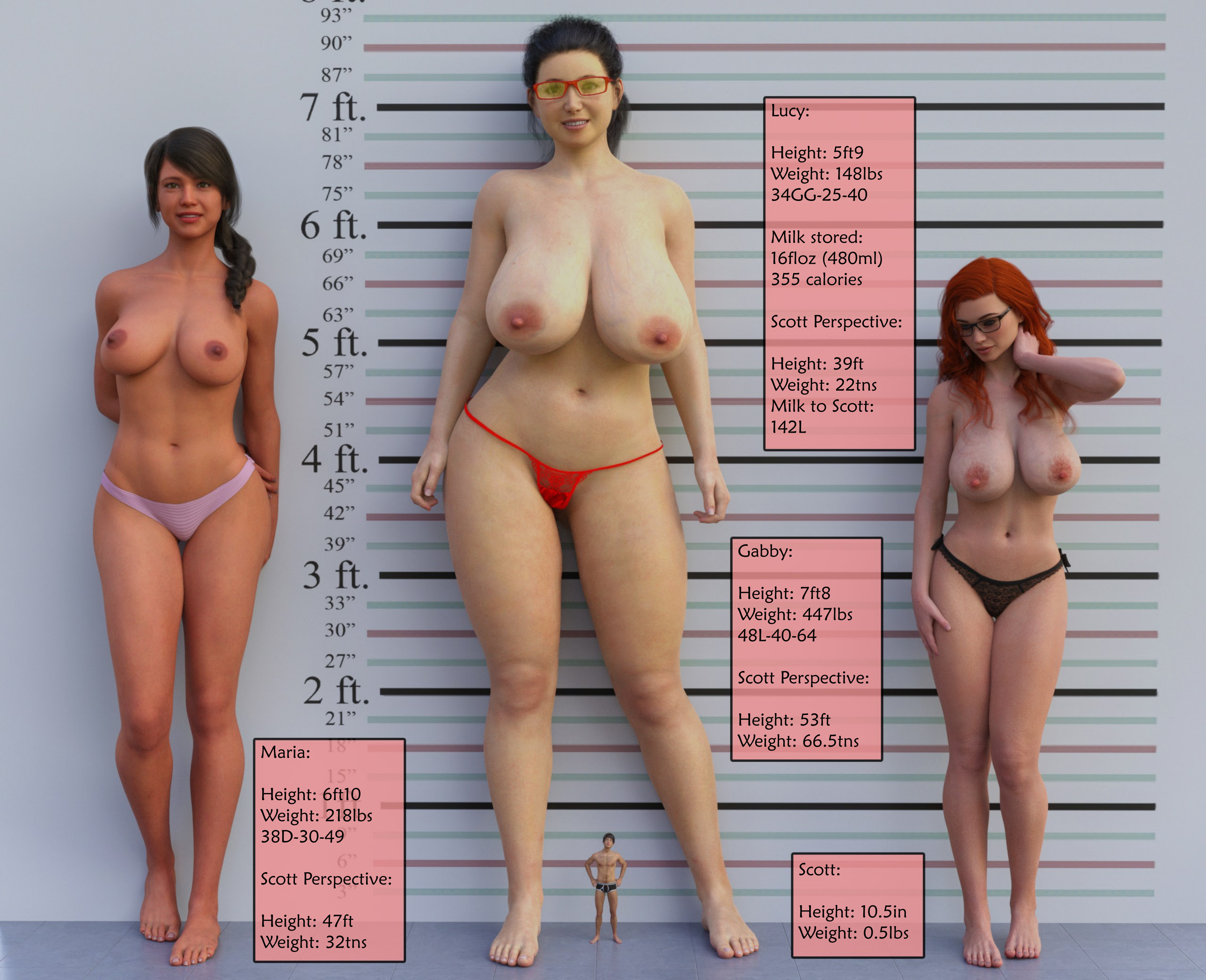
“Let’s just say he’s small enough to keep on me without anyone knowing. Except you, MARIA!” Gabby admitted.

“He’s inside you, isn’t he?!” Lucy asked with wide eyes.

“Mhm. He feels amazing in there. Like he was custom-built for me. And OMG, ladies, he’s SUCH a cute size now. I can take him with me wherever I go. Dress him how I like. Use him wherever, whenever. Plus, when we kiss, I don’t have to deal with some big oaf trying to choke me with his tongue. I’m the one doing the choking, I MEAN, kissing, LOL. He’s, like, the perfect little boyfriend for me,” Gabby explained.

“Don’t be a tease, Gabby. We gave you the bedroom for almost an hour. Let’s see him, already,” Maria urged.

Gabby wiggled her hips and downed the rest of her glass with one large gulp. “In the morning. He’s all mine until then.”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Lucy:
Height: 5ft9
Weight: 148lbs
34GG-25-40
Milk stored:
16floz (480ml)
355 calories
Scott Perspective:
Height: 39ft
Weight: 22tns
Milk to Scott:
142L
Gabby:
Height: 7ft8
Weight: 447lbs
48L-40-64
Scott Perspective:
Height: 53ft
Weight: 66.5tns
Maria:
Height: 6ft10
Weight: 218lbs
38D-30-49
Scott Perspective:
Height: 47ft
Weight: 32tns
Scott:
Height: 10.5in
Weight: 0.5lbs

Lauren:

Height: 6ft6
Weight: 216lbs
36F-27-42

Paul Perspective:

Height: 101ft
Weight: 373tns

Diane:

Height: 6ft7
Weight: 281lbs
44FF-38-56

Paul Perspective:

Height: 105ft
Weight: 486tns

Paul:

Height: 4.5in
Weight: 24g

LAUREN GROWTH

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1ft.
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6”
3”

GABBY GROWTH

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