ROOMMATES 6: PART II

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Although switching schools wasn't technically part of her sentence, staying a thousand feet away from Scott made it necessary. With her height and connections, Gabby had plenty of options, but she'd already chosen nearby Northern State.

"Yes, Daddy. They have a great business program, and I can get a full ride to play basketball," Gabby argued. Both were true. What she left out was Gavin.

Gabby hadn't been able to stop thinking about him since nearly falling on him during her fight with Lauren. She'd never completely gotten over him. He'd been her first love, her first sexual partner, and a big part of the reason she became obsessed with growing bigger. After breaking up with her, he'd immediately started dating someone much taller and curvier.

She started digging into Gavin's whereabouts the same day of her release, the moment she made bail. A few quick searches on her phone confirmed the guy she'd seen really was Gavin. He had since contracted GSRD and enrolled at Northern State.

Now she just had to convince Daddy.

"Gabby, money isn't the issue. And you haven't played basketball since the eighth grade," her father said.

"Who cares? I haven't forgotten how, and I'm eight-foot-four."

Besides, Gabby missed playing. Athletics would also be a great way to boost her social media presence.

"You're not changing your mind, are you?"

Gabby giggled. "No, Daddy."

"Fine. Straight A's, and I'm visiting for parents' weekend. Got it?"

"Yes, Daddy."



“Ladies, Coach, I’d like you to meet Gabby. Gabby, this is the team,” her newest friend said.

Gabby couldn’t believe how tiny they all looked. And to think, every one of them stood well over six feet tall.

“She’s obviously got the height advantage, I’ll give her that. But can she play?” Coach asked.

Gabby arched an eyebrow. She’d played through middle school, but despite being an above-average shooter, she was too short and scrawny to make varsity.

That was hardly an issue anymore.

“Why don’t you grab a ball and find out, Coach?”

Coach laughed. “Ha! I like her.”

“Aaaah!” Gabby cried out as she launched herself through the air and delivered a backboard-bending slam dunk.

She actually had to remind herself to hold back. Any harder, and she might’ve shattered the thing.

Gabby didn't so much stand over the coach as loom over him while the other players stared in awe. She'd seen that look before. Every one of them wanted to be around her—to be like her.

"So, did I make the team?" she asked with a knowing smile.

"Make the team? You are the team!" Coach practically shouted. "When can you start?"

"Monday. I'm a bit of a night owl, though, so morning practices are a hard pass. Weight training and afternoon sessions are fine."

"That won't be an issue. Right, ladies?"

"Right!" they answered in unison.

Gavin had heard Gabby was attending Northern State. It was plastered all over his social media. He still couldn't get over how much she'd changed. The 'Little Gabby' he once dated was now the biggest woman in the world. And he'd left her because she was too small for him.

Thank God he'd never told her that. Still, after seeing the woman he'd dated next, she must have figured it out.

'Was she here for me?'

He dismissed the thought almost as soon as it came. But the way she'd reacted when they crossed paths a few weeks ago made him wonder if she'd ever gotten over him.

Then he began hearing rumors about why she'd left her previous school. She'd kidnapped a guy with GSRD and kept him in her bedroom. It had all come to a head when his real girlfriend confronted Gabby, sparking the fight that led to her arrest—the same fight Gavin had stumbled upon when he bumped into her.

"She's got a thing for little guys," people said, often while giving him looks.

Soon, he started seeing her around campus. The first time, he stopped cold. He knew she'd grown since their last encounter, but seeing how huge she was in person still caught him off guard. Especially after he'd shrunk even more, bottoming out at a measly fifteen inches tall.

Then it happened again. And again. It was beginning to feel like less of a coincidence. After the fifth or sixth time, he started noticing what her eyes were doing. They were always sweeping the ground as she walked, like she was searching for something—or someone.

From that point on, Gavin did his best to avoid her. And as it turned out, he was right to. Before long, Gabby abandoned any semblance of subtlety and started calling out to him whenever she went looking.

"Gavin!" she'd shout.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM

Gabby's resounding footsteps grew louder as she approached.

Gavin would scamper for cover, ducking beneath or behind whatever was closest. Sometimes a desk, other times a discarded purse. He didn't care, as long as it kept him hidden.

He'd stay there, as still and quiet as possible, until the heavy thuds finally faded away.

Occasionally, Gavin would peek as she walked by. It was always a risk, but he couldn't resist. Gabby may have terrified him, but she looked like the kind of woman cavemen would've painted on walls and worshipped.

That didn't make hiding any less necessary.

Take the clingiest, craziest, most attention-seeking brat of an ex imaginable. Give her everything she ever wanted—including the body of her dreams—then multiply the problem by five hundred, roughly the difference in their size.

Gavin already felt like a separate species from most people. Around Gabby, it was more like they belonged to entirely different orders of mammals.

And it didn't stop with hiding…



Gavin stepped up his fitness routine and went clean-shaven. The tiny blades were expensive, but he liked the way he looked. Hell, at fifteen inches, he was in the best shape of his life—even better than before college, when he'd played football. And if his new look bought him even a fraction of a second when Gabby finally spotted him—just enough time for her to pause and recognize him—it was worth it.

No matter how hard he tried, Gabby was relentless. She'd been asking around about him, learning his routines and habits. Gavin kept switching things up, yet somehow she always found out within a day or two.

When he first shrank, he'd stuck to familiar routes he could memorize for safety. Now he was jogging somewhere different every day.

Even then, Gabby always seemed one step behind him.



At her size, those steps could close the distance frighteningly fast.

On a recent jog, she'd caught him completely off guard.

Apparently, his "friend" from anthro had shared the new route Gavin mentioned the day before. They'd been talking about workout routines, and Gavin hadn't thought twice about it.

Little did he know, Gabby was onto him. She knew he was actively trying to avoid her, and had been offering cash to followers on social media for information about his whereabouts.

The lengths Gabby would go to get what she wanted never ceased to amaze him.

Now he was crouched behind a box, staring up at Gabby's fat, jiggly ass as she called out for him. It flexed and wobbled with every turn and shift of her feet, almost like it had a mind of its own.

"Gavin! Stop being a dork and come out and say hi already!" she called, clearly frustrated.

Gavin stuck to the plan and stayed hidden, staring up at a butt so massive it looked like it could swallow him whole.

The day finally came when Gavin's luck ran out.

Gabby had bribed his academic advisor for a copy of his class schedule. His next one was still thirty minutes away, so she planned to wait in the nearby library, then catch him crossing the commons on his way there.

Only, to her surprise, Gavin had apparently had the same idea.

There he was, stranded in the hallway outside the library's closed doors.

"Hey, short stuff!" she called across the hall.

Gavin had already heard the distant thuds of Gabby's footsteps as she rounded the corner.

'Who the hell told her I'd be here?'

After that, everything was a blur. He heard her call out to him—'short stuff,' as she so eloquently put it—followed by the increasingly violent boom of her footsteps closing the distance.

At his size, there was no chance of outrunning her. Not that he had the time or mental clarity to even consider it.

Within seconds, Gabby was on top of him.

Feet as big as Gavin slammed down on either side of him.

“You’ve been avoiding me, haven’t you, Gavin? Sneaky little thing,” Gabby said as she squatted down and reached for him.

Gavin finally looked up—and froze. From his angle, he could see everything.

Gabby had chosen a skirt that day, paired with what had to be the most undersized thong ever made. The fabric was stretched to its absolute limit, flossing her crotch and barely visible beneath her cheeks. She had also since grown a bush. It was so thick and full that it was bordering on unkempt, a stark contrast to the tiny, shaved pussy he remembered. Gabby might as well have been wearing nothing underneath.

As she lowered herself toward him, her enormous backside expanded to exaggerated proportions. Her deep, shadowy asscrack widened overhead as her cheeks ballooned outward in every direction, blotting out more of his view with every encroaching inch.

“I-I… um…” Gavin stuttered.

He had no idea whether she was going to grab him or sit on him.

Gabby scooped Gavin up like a Ken doll and waltzed into the library. He'd been picked up before, but the way she held him was different. Her hand was staggeringly bigger than any he'd ever been in, warm and slightly clammy against his skin. It made sense that someone with her mass would run hot.

Her fingers clasped firmly around him—gentle enough not to hurt, but firm enough to make one thing clear: she wasn't letting him go anytime soon.

"So," Gabby began, "why do you keep running away every time I come looking for you? Aren't you even curious how I'm doing? Don't you want to catch up?"

Gavin made a conscious effort to keep his eyes on her face. "I d-don't know what you m-mean," he stuttered.

"There's no need to be nervous. It's me. Gabby. Remember?!"

Her voice carried through the otherwise quiet lobby. She didn't care. Who was going to say anything?

Deciding it was best to catch up somewhere she could sit down and relax, Gabby found a nearby desk. To balance herself on the comically undersized chair, she had to set Gavin down for a moment. Even then, her hand returned to him almost immediately, the way someone might instinctively reach for their phone in public.

“Well, aren’t you going to say anything?” she asked.

Once again, Gavin’s willpower was tested by Gabby’s ginormous rack hanging directly in front of him. “It’s n-nice to see you again.”

Gabby stared down at him intently. There was focus in her expression, along with possessiveness and something harder to place—a mix of irritation and something more primal.

“You look different. Obviously you’re smaller, but I mean more fit. Have you been working out?”



Before Gavin had a chance to respond, Gabby was already undressing him. She managed to get his shirt off without tearing it, though she was hardly gentle about it. Gabby tugged and pulled until it came free, then tossed it onto the desk behind him.

“Ooh, somebody got the memo. In case you forgot, I’m a huge sucker for abs. And those two lines that point down to your dick? Delish.” Gabby beamed. “Speaking of which…”

Gabby’s eyes dropped to his waistband as she jammed a finger down behind it.

“G-Gabby?! We’re in public,” Gavin exclaimed.

“Who cares? I want a look at the goods,” she argued. “You can’t expect me to see you all shredded and clean-shaven and not want the full tour. By the way, I’m so glad you ditched the beard.”



First came his pants, then his socks, followed by his shoes. They'd reunited only moments ago, and Gabby had already gotten him naked.

She raised him to her face. "There. Let's see what you're working with," Gabby said.

Gavin instinctively grabbed at her hand, his feet kicking uselessly in the air. He was too flustered—and far too exposed—to say anything.

"You know, I can still remember how big you felt when we used to have sex. I could never fit all of you inside me, no matter how turned on I was or how hard I tried." She drummed her fingertips playfully along his sides. "Now look at the thing. It's so small that I seriously doubt I'd feel anything."

Gavin stared at her angrily. "Fuck. You."

He could hardly believe the words had left his mouth. Until now, he'd been a stuttering, quivering mess. But apparently, there was one line even Gabby couldn't cross without getting a reaction.

Nobody made fun of his dick size.

He'd always been perfectly confident in that department and had never gotten any complaints beyond the occasional cervix bump. Besides, he was fifteen inches tall now. Of course everything else had shrunk along with him.

“Fuck me?! Really?!” Gabby shouted.

Her grip tightened around him threateningly. It wasn’t painful, but Gavin could no longer draw a full breath.

Gabby pulled him closer until his face was only inches from her mouth. At that distance, there was no ignoring her teeth or the hot breath washing over him. Gavin stiffened in her grip as his mind raced with everything she might do next. Was she going to keep yelling? Bite off his head?

“No, Gavin. Fuck you!” she yelled, spraying his face with spittle. “We were meant to be together. We had plans to go to the same university. Build a life together. Then you went and fucked it all up. Tell me, is what’s-her-name still around now that you’re the size of a goddamn novelty dildo?”

“I-she-um—” Gavin stuttered. He could hardly think as each breath from her blasted him with the scent of chicken parm and sugary latte.

“I’m guessing no. So that leaves me to pick up the pieces. Like a good girlfriend does.” Gabby finally lowered her voice. “God, you can be so dense sometimes. I was only teasing you about your dick size. It’s obviously big for someone your height. I was just being a bitch.”

“I’m sorry,” Gavin said.

Clingy as she was, he remembered the good parts too. She was the life of the party and showered him with affection. Constantly.

But things were different now. Hot as she was, he was genuinely afraid of her. She was the biggest woman in the world—and famous, too. Not just on campus, but all over social media. That was intimidating, to say the least.

Then there were the rumors. Apparently, she’d kidnapped that poor guy at her old university and swallowed him in hopes of boosting her height and popularity even further. Gavin had seen glimpses of her self-centered craziness back when they were dating, but nothing even remotely close to that level of depravity. Somehow, her powerful dad and his top-notch lawyer had still gotten her off with community service and a protective-distance order.

Who was to say she wouldn’t wrap Gavin up in a pita and eat him too if she thought it could boost her followers or ad revenue? She clearly had the means to get away with it.

While Gavin stewed over the horrific possibilities, Gabby lowered him away from her face and turned her attention elsewhere.

“God, you’re hot,” she huffed. Pinching his cock between her fingers, she started masturbating him right there in the library, for everyone to see. “Don’t let it get to your head. But seriously, Gavin, what’s your fitness routine like?”

Gavin struggled to answer through Gabby’s insistent stroking. “I… run… a lot.”

“Mmm, I bet you do. I’m gonna have to make sure you never slack on that cardio. Keep that body nice and trim for me. The way it should be.”

“Come to Gabby, pipsqueak. Mama wants a kiss,” she cooed without letting up on her finger job.

Gavin barely had time to register what she’d said before she pulled him toward her puckered lips. She’d formed them into a big, saliva-soaked ‘O,’ clearly trying to fatten them up as much as humanly possible.

Gabby pressed his face into the center of them. “Mmm,” she moaned. Her lips vibrated against his face as her grip tightened around him.

She didn’t so much kiss him as suck on the entire front half of his head. It felt like some warm, wet alien life-form had latched onto him and was trying to pull his skin off. Spit pooled around him, filling his nose and oozing into his mouth, causing him to cough and squirm.

“Hol’ s’ill,” Gabby mumbled against him as she continued exploring his features with her tongue. At one point, he thought she might push his eye back through its socket and into his brain. All the while, she was brashly masturbating him with her free hand. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d been that hard, yet he could barely draw a fresh breath.

Gavin pressed his hand against her cheek—not to reciprocate, but to give himself just enough space to inhale. But Gabby’s mouth wouldn’t let go of him, and neither would her hand.

Spit started entering his airway just as Gabby's tongue pressed its way inside his mouth, filling it to the point of jaw strain. The light around him was beginning to fade, all while Gabby stroked his throbbing cock between her thumb and forefinger.

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Gabby finally released his face from her liplock, though she still hadn't let go of his dick.

Cough… cough… Gavin wheezed, finally able to breathe.

"See? I can be nice when you're good," Gabby said. A strand of drool clung between his forehead and her mouth as if it were trying to pull him back in for more. "Not gonna lie, you're like the perfect little trophy husband. Well, boyfriend for now, haha."

Gavin cringed at her Freudian slip, though he could hardly say anything. He was too busy trying to get oxygen back to his brain and keep from cumming.

"Speechless, huh? I think I'll keep you. Let's go back to my place—or should I say our place now? Either way, I want to play with you more," she added, giving his dick a playful flick.

“Gabby, w-wait…” Gavin mumbled.

“What is it?”

He didn’t know what to say. She was moving at light speed, and he was still walking on eggshells. The last thing he wanted to do was piss off a previously scorned ex-girlfriend five hundred times his size. All he could think of was, “Wh-what about my stuff?”

“What stuff? You’re fourteen inches tall,” Gabby said. She lowered him toward her wobbly breasts and used her other hand to part them.

From Gavin’s perspective, they looked like a literal shelf of fat mammary flesh. Even in the air-conditioned library, he could see the shadowy crevice between them glistening with moisture from their overwhelming size.

Gabby proceeded to shove him in feet-first, angling and wedging him down past the sticky skin until he was chest-deep.

“F-Fifteen inches,” Gavin corrected her.

Gabby chuckled, causing her breasts to jiggle around him. “Anyway—I’m big and rich, and you’re tiny and poor. If there’s anything you need, I’ll just buy it for you. Besides, it’s not like you’ll be wearing clothes when you’re back at my dorm. A girl needs her eye candy to keep her motivated.”

“Th-This is going really fast. I haven’t seen you in over a year. Can’t we slow things down a l-little?” Gavin suggested.

But Gabby had made up her mind. She was already heading for the exit, her boobs jiggling around Gavin like waves crashing against a tiny boat.

“That’s exactly why. It’s been a minute. We have a lot of lost time to make up for.”

Between the sheer weight of Gabby’s breasts and the tackiness of her dried sweat, Gavin could hardly move. The flesh surrounding him was soft, yet surprisingly heavy. His gaze settled on the vast, pale surface around him—the network of light purplish veins, the way her breasts heaved with every breath and shifted with each step she took.

“What’s that I feel poking me in the titty?” Gabby teased.

“I-I…”

Gavin couldn't help it. His dick was indeed stabbing into the inside of her left tit.

"Haha, it's okay. God knows I could use a thorough fucking. Haven't gotten any in, what, a month? GSRDers are simply so hard to find. You see, ever since I grew, something shifted in me. I get off on little guys. There's just something about having complete control over someone. Not in an evil way, but in a get-what-I-want-when-I-want kind of way, you know?" Gabby explained.

Gavin nodded nervously while Gabby continued rambling.

"I mean, seriously, Gavin, look at you. Could you be any more my type? You're a shredded, nerdy, fifteen-inch dude. And stuck down there, you look like a cute, cock-sized man pushing his way up my cleavage. It's like you check off all my fetish boxes. Ripped? Check. GSRDer? Check. Huge cock? Proportionally—and your whole body. Double check."

Gabby paused before adding, "Tell you what. You rock my world, and I'll suck on that very attractive, proportionally huge dick of yours until it's all dried up."

Life with Gabby was, in a word, overwhelming. Gavin's entire existence revolved around her. Where she went, he went.

"Don't you just love afternoon workouts? Oh, and don't forget—you're running home too. The run here was only the first part. Then it's pushups beneath my breasts back at the dorm. Got it?" Gabby asked, admiring their reflection.

"Y-Yes, Gabby."

Gabby looked down at him standing beside her calf, still holding her towel, and smiled.

"You remember when we first started dating and you used to bring me to your workouts?"

“How you’d get all sweaty, then pick me up and rub me along your giant body like I was your little living sweat rag?”

Gavin did remember. Vividly. He used to love catching her gawking at his muscles when she thought he wasn’t looking. Then, when she least expected it, he’d scoop her up, kicking and screaming, and hug her against the same sweaty body she’d been so busy admiring.

“I hated it. I mean, I knew you were kidding, but for real, it was so ick,” Gabby continued. “But now that I’m the big one, I totally see the appeal.”



“Speaking of which, my big, sweaty butt could use a nice, thorough toweling right now.”

Gabby reached down and snatched Gavin up from the floor.

“Wait! I dropped it,” he yelped.

“Weren’t you listening? You’re the towel, sweetie.”



Gabby proceeded to wedge Gavin's head and chest into her damp ass crack. It reeked of ass, sweat, and something more. He squirmed and kicked as hard as he could, but his measly body was no match for Gabby's firm hand.

"Make sure to get in there nice and deep, sweetie. That's where it's the worst," Gabby said.

She slowly dragged Gavin's body up and down her crack, making sure he sopped up every droplet of excess backside perspiration.

"Nice work, Gavin! I should bring you to my workouts more often. You can be my little sweat rag."





“I-I’m soaked!” Gavin complained.

Gabby had spent a solid minute rubbing and patting him between her nylon-covered cheeks until she was sure he’d gotten every last drop of excess sweat from her crack. Now Gavin was dripping with it.

“Well, maybe you shouldn’t have done the same thing to me so many times,” Gabby argued. “And stop acting like you didn’t love every second of being up against this big ol’ booty.”

Being with Gabby also meant going along with whatever she was in the mood for. And sometimes that meant dressing up like a mouse and running for dear life.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are! Meow!” Gabby yelled.

Gavin hid behind her gym bag, staring up at her humongous thighs and ass. He knew he wasn’t in any real danger, but there was something about being chased by someone so enormous that genuinely terrified him. The cat-and-mouse theme certainly didn’t help.

"Mrrrreow!"

Gabby chased Gavin across the carpet, his little legs pumping as fast as they could. He dove beneath her nightstand and scrambled across the floor, under her bed, and out the other side of the room.

Meanwhile, Gabby was still searching where she'd last seen him and was starting to get annoyed.

"What the hell, Gavin? You're not supposed to hide this well. Pussy's hungry, and she needs her mousey now!"

“G-Gabby… c-can you please… get off me?” Gavin whined.

“Nope.”

Gabby’s ass was so big that each cheek was roughly the size of the entire seat, forcing her to center herself and balance her bottom on the stool.

“C-Can’t breathe,” Gavin complained.

“Fine, here.” Gabby shifted her weight from side to side, spreading her cheeks wider and wedging Gavin deeper into the center of her damp crack. “Is that better?”

It wasn’t, but at least he had more room to breathe.

“Dammit, Gavin. You know how horny I get whenever we play cat and mouse. But you had to go and act like it was the hide-and-seek Olympics. Now I’m all pent up and late for practice. So you’re going to stay put while I finish this donut.”

Every night, Gavin would sleep with Gabby, nestled against her enormous breasts. She was a side sleeper, so one tit was often draped heavily over the other, with him sandwiched in between.

She had made a habit of dressing him up like a teddy bear. Gavin hated it. It was humiliating, not to mention itchy. Plus, sleeping between the breasts of your eight-foot-four-inch girlfriend while dressed in a thick fleece onesie wasn't exactly the comfortably cool sleep Gavin preferred.

But he'd learned the hard way not to venture too far during Gabby's beauty rest.

“I swear, that’s the last time I ever get drunk and order Korean barbecue. Uggh… I should open a window,” Gabby groaned.

Poor Gavin had spent most of the night bearing the full brunt of his girlfriend’s poor dietary choices. After a solid hour of sweating like a pig in that dreadful teddy outfit, clutched tightly against Gabby’s chest while she snored loudly and drooled on him, he finally decided he couldn’t take it anymore. He wiggled his way out, ditched the onesie, and found an open spot to sleep.

But with Gabby’s constant tossing and turning, Gavin eventually found himself beneath her overgrown ass, wedged right into her sweaty crack. It was the worst possible place for him to end up that night.

“Wait, where’s Gavin?”

“That little brat better not be hiding,” Gabby warned.

Gavin tried to call out, but his mouth was too dry. He was so badly dehydrated from the heat and all the sweat dripping down Gabby’s ass crack, not to mention exhausted from being up all night. Spending hours squished and soaked beneath her rear would’ve been bad enough on its own. But all the alcohol and spicy takeout she’d consumed had made things so much worse for him. His lungs felt like they were burning from the muffled bursts of wind he’d been forced to breathe back there. Even now, he could still smell traces of it.

All he wanted was a glass of water, some fresh air, and a chance to sleep off the night’s indignities. Instead, he was stuck to his giant girlfriend’s ass like the literal butt of a dirty joke.



Gavin did the only thing he could do. He mustered up what little strength he had left, along with whatever oxygen his starved lungs could still pull in, and squirmed.

“What the…” Gabby looked over her shoulder and saw her fifteen-inch boyfriend trapped between her heavy cheeks.

“OMG, hahaha. Wait till I tell the girls about this at practice,” Gabby chuckled. “How long have you been stuck in my ass like that?”

“A—cough… all night.”

“Oh, shit!” Gabby scrunched her nose and smirked. “You must’ve had one hell of a time back there.”

Gavin stared at her miserably.

“Don’t give me that look. You shouldn’t have let me get so drunk and order takeout. You know what that does to me,” she continued. “Especially if you’re planning on wandering off from my boobies. I know I’m hot shit, but I’m still just a girl. And girls do that too!”

“Guhhh…” Gavin groaned.

“Stop your whining. Maybe next time you’ll stay put.”

Gabby reached behind herself and grabbed hold of Gavin's hand. "Ew, why are you wet?"

Still unable to talk, Gavin simply stared at her.

"Okay, let's get you out and cleaned up. Trust me, you do not want to be there for what's coming next." Gabby began dragging him loose from between her cheeks, peeling his damp body away from her skin little by little. "I clearly need to use the bathroom, and I'd like you to come with me and try to go too. Sex always seems to settle my stomach, and I'd really prefer it if I didn't have to stop using you mid-fuck because you suddenly need to pee."

With another tug, Gabby finally pulled him completely free and held him in her hand. "Then a nice hot shower, followed by breakfast."

Gavin barely reacted, too exhausted to argue.

Gabby's expression softened. "Tell you what, if you're good, you can take a break from cardio today, and I'll let you cuddle with me without the teddy outfit. Get some much-needed sleep between my nice, warm boobies." She flashed him a playful smile. "Just don't be surprised if I wake you up with the occasional smooch. I can't help it when you look all cute and shit nestled against me."

Having sex with Gabby may have sounded hot, but for Gavin it was always a grueling ordeal. She'd thrust him in and out of herself for as long as thirty minutes at a time, achieving multiple orgasms along the way. It often left him a cum-soaked, ragged mess. Once, he swore his entire rib cage buckled from one of her kegel squeezes. And the way she gripped his calves always left them sore for hours.

"Hey, penis man! It's time to go spelunking! Cave Gabby is wet and waiting!" Gabby shouted as she barged through the front door.

Gavin heard her loud footsteps and darted behind the bookshelf. He still hadn't grown accustomed to Gabby's needs. She had an insatiable drive that he couldn't possibly keep up with.

"Sorry about the sweat. Coach had us doing laps, and I may be big and strong, but I can't run for shit," Gabby continued. She ducked through the kitchen doorway and scanned the bed and floor for her boyfriend.

"Come on out, Gavin! I'm horny as hell and need you inside me."

Gavin didn't move an inch.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM Gabby stepped into the room.

Gavin glanced out from behind the safety of the bookshelf. He could see beads of perspiration dripping down Gabby's calves. She was drenched, her tits and ass bouncing violently above him like some fertility goddess of sweat.

"C'mon, pipsqueak. I promise not to go as hard as last time," Gabby assured him. "I'll even suck your dick afterward. I'm talkin' every last drop, until you're shooting blanks."



“Seriously, Gavin. You’re starting to piss me off!” Gabby shouted. She began turning her entire dorm upside down, moving furniture, tossing clothes out of drawers, checking anywhere and everywhere she thought he might hide.

Gavin watched his giant, sweaty, sexually frustrated girlfriend get down on all fours beside the bed and look underneath it. For a moment, he felt lucky he’d chosen the bookshelf instead of one of his usual hiding places.

“I swear to God, Gavin. If you don’t come out right now, I’m going to tie you to the back of my thong every morning and wear you around for a month.”

He stared at her humongous ass from across the room, wobbling and swaying with each swipe of her arm. As sexy as her big ol’ butt might be, he did not want to spend an entire month in it. And since there were only so many places he could hide, it was only a matter of time before she found him.

“Hell, I’ll even sleep with it. You will literally live in my ass. I’m talking eating, sleeping, breathing—everything in my ass!” she continued. “The only break you’ll get is when I have to take it off to shower or go to the bathroom—or when I need to untie you long enough to fuck you, or move you to a clean pair. So come out if you know what’s good for you!”

Gavin took a deep breath and walked out into the open. “Gabby, I’m here.”

Gabby shot to her feet and stomped angrily toward him. She wasted no time lowering her shorts. Since they were a few sizes too small, she had to fight the waistband over her hips. It took quite a few violent bounces, but she eventually managed to get them off.

Gavin stared at them. They were completely soaked with sweat, with a large, dark wet spot right where her pussy had been—one that was likely from something else entirely.

“Go ahead. Take a nice long look at that dark spot,” Gabby said, like she was scolding a dog. “That’s how much your big, sexy girlfriend needs you, and you decided to go and hide from her? I thought we were over this!”

Gabby squatted down over her little boyfriend.

He stared up at her and was immediately reminded of the time she'd found him outside the library a few weeks ago. Only now, the view was far more graphic.

Sweat dripped down her thighs and crack while a particularly large dollop of cum hung from her hairy, revved-up pussy. Her hand reached for him possessively.

"I'm disappointed in you," she said as she picked him up.

Gabby grabbed some string from her desk that she'd recently purchased and proceeded to tie him up. She didn't want his tiny arms or legs getting in the way, or worse, getting injured.

Once finished, she grabbed him by the legs and took a knee beside the stool.

"Eep!" Gavin practically squeaked as she lifted him upside down to her face.

"You're lucky I love you—and that you're hot," Gabby huffed. "But I'm still mad about that little stunt you pulled."

"I-I'm sorry," Gavin stuttered.

She pointed her finger at him accusingly. "You should be. Just for that, you're going in headfirst. And I'm not changing my mind, so you might as well save your breath."

“It’s not enough that you’re the size of a giant dick just begging to be fucked. You also have to go and act like one. Shit. I can’t wait any longer,” Gabby huffed.

She brought her other knee to the floor and began lowering Gavin between her legs.

Gavin’s head brushed against Gabby’s bush as she guided him past her crotch. His nose was instantly bombarded by the scent of her post-workout ass and overly aroused crotch. It was so strong he felt almost drunk on the fumes. A fresh glob of cum drooled toward his face. Farther back, her asshole puckered as if daring him to try it instead.

“Hold still,” Gabby commanded.

Gavin felt her angle him upward, carefully lining his head up with her opening.

Gabby pressed Gavin's head into her pussy and started working him in. He was so long and thick that she had to maneuver him around like a joystick just to make any progress.

"Fuck, you're big," she moaned as she finally wiggled him past his shoulders.

As annoying as Gavin's hiding was, she was glad he'd come out when he did. Gabby had been thinking about using him all through practice, and after those sprints at the end, she was just about ready to burst.

Once Gavin's shoulders were in, it didn't take much for Gabby to shove the rest of him in up to his thighs.

Every one of Gavin's senses was bombarded by his giant girlfriend's vagina. Her walls hugged his body while juices seeped into his nose, eyes, and mouth. Her smell, which had been strong before, was now so overpowering that it stung his nostrils. Combined with the heat, he thought he might pass out. The only part of him that remained outside was gripped firmly in her hand.

Gabby let go of his feet and flexed her kegels. Her walls clenched powerfully around Gavin, squeezing him while simultaneously pulling more of him inside. All that remained was a small portion of his legs and feet for Gabby to hold on to.

“OMG, it’s like my pussy wants you so bad that she’s willing to do some of the work herself,” Gabby chuckled. “Look, Mom, no hands,” she joked, giving her pussy another flex.

With only Gavin's lower legs and feet still exposed, Gabby wrapped her fingers around them once more and began slowly removing him.

She pulled him out inch by inch, savoring the sensation of his entire frame rubbing along her vaginal walls and stretching them out. She continued pulling until only his shoulders and head remained inside. Then she slowly pushed him back in.

Gabby repeated the motion over and over, gradually increasing her speed and force until she finally found her rhythm.

"Nngh…"

Sweat rolled down her body and dripped onto the floor beneath her while her heavy breasts jiggled with each movement. Driving the little dork in and out of her was like a massage for her pussy. She'd been waiting all practice for this. It's what kept her going through all those sprints.

With each thrust, Gavin's head and chest were met with a fresh helping of Gabby's juices, only to be pulled right back out for the whole process to repeat.

Every now and then, she'd hold him inside and squeeze, twisting him around like a pig on a spit while she talked dirty to him.

"Yeah, that's it, penis man. I'm gonna jam you against every goddamn inch of me…until you can write a fucking story about it from memory."

Other times, she'd angle him to the side and grind his head against a rough patch about the size of his hand. Whenever she found it, Gabby would moan and briefly speed up her thrusts before settling back into her rhythm.

"Oh, that's the spot. Don't you fucking move."

Gavin had learned during their first encounter that this was her G-spot. To think, it had been smaller than the width of his thumb back when they first got together.



As the minutes rolled by, Gabby became increasingly aggressive, pumping poor Gavin harder and faster.

It felt like an eternity to him as she used his entire body like a plunger for her pussy, working him in and out as though she were trying to unclog every last droplet of cum and sweat her aroused muff had produced. Her heavy breasts and ass shook violently with every thrust while sweat and cum splashed off her body and onto previously dry parts of the carpet.

“So… close…” Gabby moaned.





“Nngh, stay stiff,” Gabby commanded. “Unless you want me to have to start over.”

She gripped his feet even tighter and started pounding him into her cunt. Each thrust was harder and faster than the last.

“GRRNNNGH—UUUHHH—FUCK!” Gabby bellowed, the sound deep and almost animalistic.



Gavin’s entire body ached from being repeatedly hammered into his giant girlfriend’s pussy like a two-dollar dildo. Sex with her had always been exhausting and objectifying. It was a natural consequence of their difference in size. For Gabby to feel anything, she had to manhandle him like an oversized cock.

But this time was different. She was more desperate, more aggressive, like she needed to wring every last drop of pent-up arousal out of herself.

Suddenly, Gabby thrust Gavin in as hard and as far as she could. His head bumped against a firm, spongy surface with a small indentation in the center. It was her cervix.

“OHH—SHIT—YOU STRETCH ME OUT LIKE A GIANT FUCKING HOG!” Gabby cried out. Her knuckles turned white around his legs as she maneuvered him around.

“I’m cumming… I’m cumming.”

Gabby's vagina clamped tightly around Gavin. The pressure was so intense that, for a moment, he thought she might actually crush him.

"UNGHH!" she grunted loudly.

Her pussy started spasming all around him. Gavin squeezed his eyes and mouth shut as cum blasted him in the face, flooding the entire cavity before squirting out of her like a firehose.

“Fuck, I needed that,” Gabby sighed.

She slowly began extracting Gavin, but not before giving him a few more thrusts for good measure.

“Just a little hair of the dog.”

When she finally did remove him, his head popped free with a loud, ugly SQUELCH.

A deluge of trapped cum splashed down, leaving thick ropes of it stretching between him and her opening. This was quickly followed by a loud burst of air belching onto his face.

PFFRT

“OMG. I can’t remember the last time someone made me queef that loud,” Gabby laughed. “I don’t know about you, pipsqueak, but I could definitely use another round of Hide-the-Gavin: Pussy Edition. Whaddya say?”

“Guhhh…” Gavin groaned. He was still trying to catch his breath, and she was already talking about using him again.

“Oh, stop. You know you love it, you little simp. Look at this thing.” She reached down with her other hand and gave his hard-on a gentle flick. “It’s practically begging me to shove you back in.”

Gabby got up from her knees and made her way to the bed.

“Ooft.” The air was forced from Gavin’s lungs as she planted a hand on the bed and climbed on.

She propped herself up against the pillow, spread her thighs, then carefully aimed his head toward her opening. “Remember, dweeb. Stay nice and stiff for me, unless you want a broken arm or worse.”

Pungent, moist heat wafted onto Gavin. He tilted his head back and saw her humongous, hairy cunt. Despite having used him to fuck herself ragged just moments ago, Gabby was still aching for release. Her lips were spread on their own, pulsing for him to enter.

“Shouldn’t we take a breather? I d-don’t want you getting sore like last time,” Gavin suggested.

“OMG, that was like one time. Plus, I was drunk and didn’t warm up enough,” Gabby said as she tightened her grip and brought him closer. “I swear that’s the last time I share stuff like that with you. Now be a good little boyfriend and hold still.”



Gabby pressed Gavin's head against her opening.

"Uh… G-Gabby—mphhh," he whined.

"Shh," Gabby shushed. She plugged his entire head in with barely any effort, effectively muzzling him with her pussy.

“Ungh,” Gabby moaned as she worked him in.

Gavin felt her hand tighten as her lips spread around his shoulders. Juices oozed from her opening, coating his upper body. He was completely drained, yet his cock remained at full mast.

“In you go!”

Gabby drove him up to his knees. It was easier this time around.

“Holy fuck, you feel good, Gavin,” she gasped. She glanced down at his exposed legs and smiled. “And OMG, your calves are like the perfect little handle. Complete with a textured grip.”

Gabby drummed her fingertips playfully against his shins, then gave him a little wiggle as she clenched her cunt around him.



After a moment of savoring the sensation of Gavin's body inside her, Gabby began thrusting him.

In… out… in… out… just like before. Only this time, she no longer needed to warm up. With each plunge, juices spat out of her like they were being shot from a spray bottle.

"Fuck me, I could get used to this," she gasped, never breaking her rhythm.

Gavin didn't think it was possible to feel more like an object to Gabby, but here he was, being used like a cheap sex toy she'd toss aside once she was done. He knew that wasn't entirely true. Gabby was a little off the rails, but she still loved him in her own controlling, clingy sort of way.

Still, his body was a means to an end. It didn't matter that his muscles ached from all the squeezing or that he had a splitting headache from the incessant jamming against her cervix. She was getting hers.

And the juices. They were constant. Whenever he tried opening his mouth to help with his breathing, it quickly filled with them.

Yet a part of him liked it. He'd always been into bigger, curvier women who took charge. Gabby had been half of that when they first met. Now she was all of it—and then some. And the way she'd positioned him meant his hard-on brushed against her G-spot every time she shoved him back in or pulled him back out.



“Ungh… I’m such a slut. I need a full fifteen inches to get off. Hear that?!” Gabby half moaned, half yelled. “You aren’t going anywhere, pipsqueak. Not unless dudes start sprouting fifteen-inch cocks. No, you’re staying right here.”

Gabby sped up her pumps.

In. Out. In. Out. In. Out.

“Shit, shit, shit, I’m so fucking close…”

Her hand squeezed Gavin’s legs tightly as she drove him all the way in and started angling him around. Cum spattered from her opening, staining the bedspread below.

“OHNNGGHHH!” Gabby moaned. She forced Gavin in another inch and released his legs.

Her pussy spasmed around him, squeezing him harder and more erratically than ever before. It was as if her vagina had decided to take out all of her pent-up frustration on his insignificant frame.



“Yes! Take that, Gavin, you weaselly little fuck. Take all of it!” Gabby screamed.

She leaned back against the pillow and lifted her legs. Anything she hadn’t already expelled shot from her opening. Somehow, the little dork had managed to one-up himself from earlier.

Gavin slowly slipped out of Gabby's spent pussy. Her cum helped him along like water on a Slip 'N Slide.

He landed face-first onto the bedding below with a wet, ugly splat. All the trapped air escaped her pussy in a series of loud blurts, followed by the last rivulets of sweat and cum.

huff, huff

Gavin lay face-down, panting in the puddle between Gabby's thighs. His joints ached, his ears rang, and his entire body felt overheated. He'd lost count of how many times he'd thought he might black out from the pressure and lack of oxygen, and now nausea was beginning to set in from everything he'd been forced to swallow.



“That was amazing,” Gabby gasped, beaming at him. Sweat and juices continued to trickle down her crack.

She sat up, shaking the bed beneath her. Her ass ballooned outward against the mattress as she looked down at Gavin. He and the bed were completely soaked.

“You only have yourself to blame. Trotting your hot, naked body around, playing hard to get when I’m already horny as fuck. I hope you know I’m never letting you go. Not that I ever planned on it, but certainly not after an orgasm like that.”

Gavin perked up at that. Physically, he was a wreck, but knowing he’d brought his sexy behemoth of a girlfriend that much pleasure filled him with a warped sense of pride.

Gabby reached down and carefully lifted him from the soiled sheets. “C’mon, Romeo. You need a bath, and I want to return the favor.”

Gabby removed the string wrapped around his legs and chest then took him to the kitchen sink and gently washed him beneath the faucet. Her grip remained firm around his torso. Not painfully, but securely. Like a young woman unwilling to let go of her most prized possession.

Gavin lay back and enjoyed the feeling of the warm water and her fingers against his muscles. He peeked through half-lidded eyes and saw her udder-sized breasts and outrageously fat ass jiggling nearby. They were coated in sweat, glistening in the kitchen light.

His gaze drifted toward her face. She looked pleased with him, wearing a slight smile that softened her otherwise focused expression.

“Do you think they can make wedding rings your size? Ooh, I know! I could get you a wedding collar,” Gabby said excitedly. “Now, would you rather have a bunch of little diamonds around it, or one big one right in the middle?”

“I think one really, really big one in the middle makes the most sense. It’ll show everyone how rich I am. Speaking of middles, you’re about to find yourself in the middle of two very big ones.”

Gabby plopped down on the undersized stool and heaved her enormous breasts onto the desk. Each landed with a heavy, moist splat as they splayed out across the surface. After parting the clammy divide with her hand, she lowered Gavin to her chest and wedged him between them so that he was facing her.

“Wh-Why am I tied up again?” he asked.

“Because it turns me on, dummy. Now shut up and hold still. I want to make out with your face.”

Gabby pursed her lips and pressed them against Gavin’s entire face.

“Mphphp,” he yelped into her maw. It was hot, sticky, and he could still taste the fruity sports drink she had guzzled down before she arrived home.

He secretly liked her kisses, but like everything else about Gabby, they were overwhelming and always seemed to catch him off guard.

Post-orgasm kisses were in a league of their own. Gabby may have been peeved about his hiding from her, but whenever she orgasmed, she became extremely affectionate. Depending on how intense they were and how many she'd had, that could mean dozens of minutes of her nonstop Frenching his entire head.

"Y'rlly do feel like a giant dick-man hybrid stuffed 'tween my tits," Gabby mumbled around him.

Her lips vibrated against Gavin's skull as she spoke, the muffled words buzzing through his head more than reaching his ears.

Then her mouth spread even farther around his face, swallowing the entire front half of his head into her overpowering suckle. The suction tugged relentlessly at his skin, cheeks, and lips, as if her mouth were trying to pull his entire head deeper inside. Each wet pull left him more thoroughly coated in saliva.

Then came her tongue.

It pressed insistently against his mouth until he finally opened it. Even then, only the very tip could fit, forcing its way inside and stuffing his mouth while the rest of her tongue mashed heavily against his face. Saliva pooled over him, dripping down his chest and shoulders. Her arms squeezed the sides of her overheated breasts, smothering him from the chest down. It was like being stuffed back inside her vagina, where every inch of him seemed trapped in a sauna while simultaneously being hugged, pushed, or sucked on by some part of Gabby.

It felt like hours, though it couldn't have been more than several minutes, before Gabby finally released his face from her lips. Thick ropes of drool still stretched between him and her mouth while her oversized bosom continued to heave around him.

Gavin immediately started panting, sucking in whatever air he could find. He turned his head and spat a mouthful of her saliva out onto her tit.

"Such a gentleman," Gabby huffed onto him, steaming his face with another wave of her hot, fruit-punch breath. "Judging by that pretty cock of yours stabbing me in the tit, I'd say you enjoyed that just as much as I did."

She giggled and squeezed her breasts inward, playfully squishing them around his body. "Aww, poor Gavin. It must be so hard having such a loving giant girlfriend," she teased.

Gabby stuffed her hand between her tits and pulled Gavin out. His body clung stubbornly to her sweat-slick skin, her breasts squishing around him as she slowly dragged him free from between the pale, veiny orbs.

“That’s okay. Since I’m big and you’re small, I can make things easier for you. Make all the decisions. Like what to wear, where to go, when to go—yes, even the bathroom. You’ll be on the same schedule as me in, like, a week. Tops. I’ll even make room for you to stand on the seat between my thighs and go. Might be a little crowded with how big they are, but I’ll spread them as wide as I can, haha.”

“G-Gabby—”

“Shh, I’m not done yet,” she warned, tightening her grip. “Like I was saying… you do what I do, you go where I go, and you go when I go. That includes masturbation. I can’t have my prized little boyfriend getting a severe case of blue balls. But I also can’t have you masturbating like some horny animal, rotting your brain and wasting what’s rightfully mine.”

She smirked down at him.

“You see, I have a big oral fixation. Every now and then, I just need something in my mouth. Whether that’s your face, like before, or that stubborn boner of yours.”

“I… uh…” Gavin stuttered dazedly.

“C’mere, you dork. Gabby wants a taste.” She brought him close to her face until his dick was directly in front of her lips. “Ooh, is that for me? Don’t mind if I do.”

Gabby wrapped her lips around his dick and began to suck.

“Oh, fuck,” Gavin sighed. She’d sucked his dick plenty of times before, but that never changed how much of a shock to the system it was.

She giggled around him, sending vibrations through his whole frame. Wrapping her hand around his sides, she pressed him more firmly against her mouth while continuing to make out with his cock.



“Hm… izzat you twitching? Already? Mmmm,” Gabby mumbled around him.

Her sucking grew more insistent, broken up by little movements of her tongue and brief pauses that only made the next pull feel stronger. It was almost too intense for him to enjoy, but it never quite crossed into pain.

Gavin felt her clammy fingers tighten as she pressed him even harder, sealing her mouth around his cock.

“Oh… God… I don’t think I can… hold…” Gavin stuttered.

“Tha’s alright, short stuff,” Gabby mumbled. “Go ’head. You don’t hafta hold back. Cuhm… c’m f’r Gabby.”



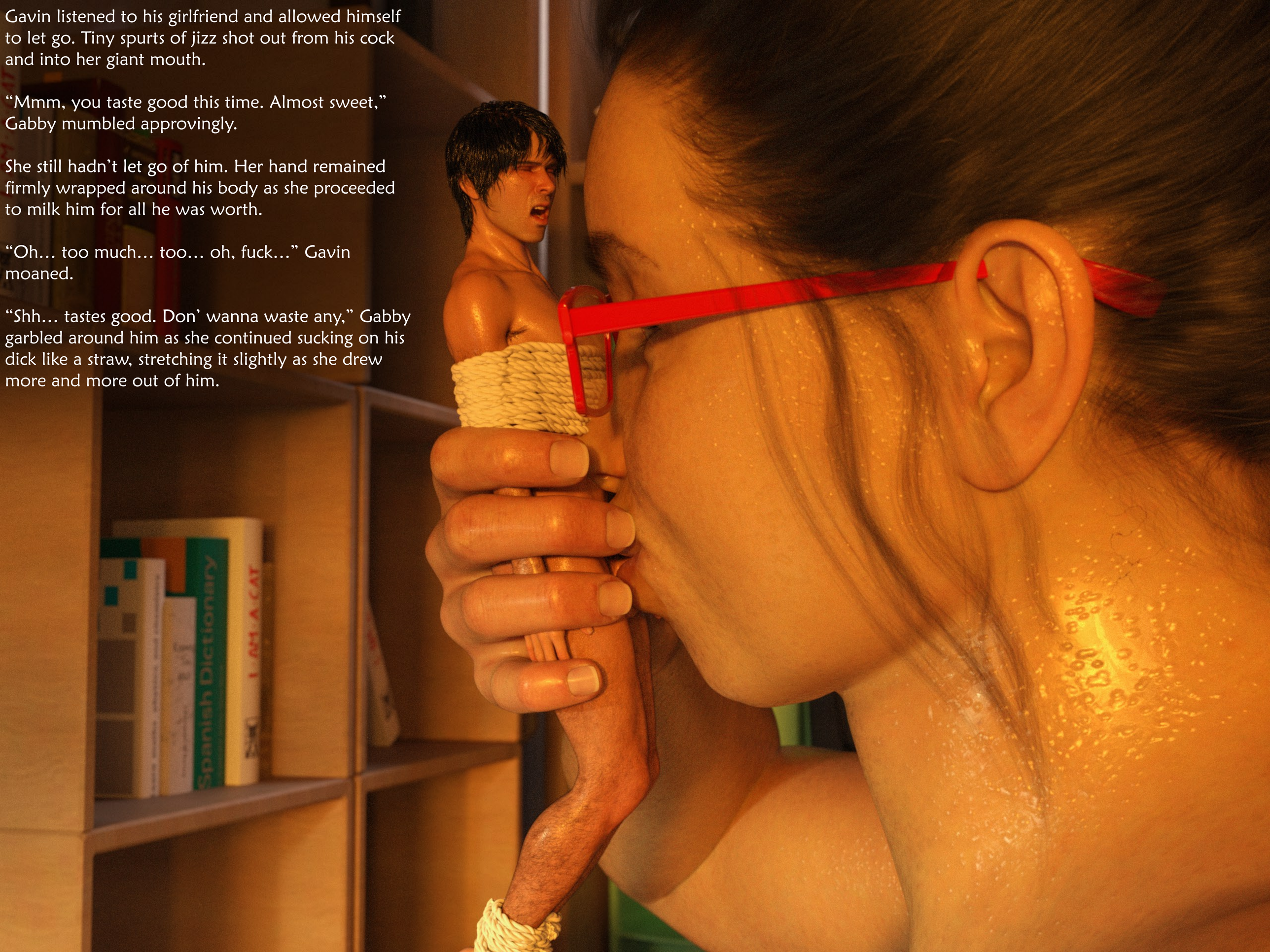
Gavin listened to his girlfriend and allowed himself to let go. Tiny spurts of jizz shot out from his cock and into her giant mouth.

“Mmm, you taste good this time. Almost sweet,” Gabby mumbled approvingly.

She still hadn’t let go of him. Her hand remained firmly wrapped around his body as she proceeded to milk him for all he was worth.

“Oh… too much… too… oh, fuck…” Gavin moaned.

“Shh… tastes good. Don’ wanna waste any,” Gabby garbled around him as she continued sucking on his dick like a straw, stretching it slightly as she drew more and more out of him.





If Gabby was anything, she was thorough. Gavin wiggled and squirmed from the overstimulation of her powerful suckles on his spent dick. Eventually, she couldn't coax another drop out of him. She pulled his cock from her lips with a loud, wet pop and lowered him back to her chest.

"What was it I gave you for dinner again?" Gabby asked as she wedged him into her sweaty cleavage.

Gavin was still recovering from the intense high of Gabby's blowjob. "Water, celery…" he panted. "Fruit salad… and… chickpeas."

"Right!" Gabby continued. "I'll have to remember that. Your jizz tastes like coconut water."

She felt his dick begin to harden against her breast and chuckled. "Already? I've got you hooked, don't I, penis man?" She gave him a playful squish. "Say, you wouldn't be up for another round tonight, would you? Maybe switch things up and do some anal?"

"Maybe after…" Gavin panted. "A bit of rest."

"You act like I couldn't just make you." She placed a finger on his head and moved him around playfully. "That's okay. I can wait till tomorrow. Just don't write checks your tiny ass can't cash. You know how I get in the morning."

Gabby grabbed the outsides of her breasts, creating a soft but secure hold around Gavin as she stood up. “I still can’t believe it.”

“Can’t believe what?” Gavin asked.

“How much we’ve changed. And for the better. Honestly, I couldn’t have dreamed this up if I tried.”

Gavin turned his head slightly. He couldn’t move much, still tied up and hugged tightly between her pillows, but he could see her bespectacled face beaming down at him with affection, focus, and… ownership.

“Like, that we’re back together?”

“No, stupid.”

She pressed her breasts together tightly, winding him and nearly blotting out the light.

“I mean, yeah, but I’m no longer your ‘Little Gabby,’ and you’re no longer the big, hulking jock who can come and go as he pleases. Sure, it was hot being so much smaller than you, but it didn’t fit our personalities. Now I’m eight feet four inches tall, with thick thighs, big tits, and a huge, fat booty—and you’re fifteen inches of handsome, shredded boy toy. It’s like our personalities manifested into our physical selves. And to me, this is so much hotter.”



“I’m famished. Are you hungry?” Gabby asked.

“I could eat.”

“K. Help me with a video and I’ll get you a snack.” Gabby held him between her breasts and ventured into the kitchen, where a box of chocolate-frosted donuts sat on the counter. “Don’t even bother asking for a bite. It’ll go straight to your gut, and I seriously hate dad bods.”

Gabby returned to her desk, where the lighting was good, and grabbed her phone. Even without her hands supporting her breasts, they were large enough to hold Gavin in place if she leaned just right. The drying sweat helped, too. She held up her phone, carefully framing the shot to keep her nipples just out of view, and pressed record.

“What up, fam?! It’s your big booty bestie, Gabby, having a snack with her uber-cute boyfriend, Gavin. He’s a little tied up at the moment. Still recuperating from the vigorous workout I just put him through,” she said with a wink. “I know, donuts are, like, terrible for you, but I worked out really hard today. Besides, who doesn’t love a little extra something to grab onto? I know this little guy does.”

She glanced down at Gavin.

“Did I ever tell you about the curvy skank he left me for back when I was short? Yeah, it’s gonna take a whole lot of trips to Cave Gabby to make me forget that one,” Gabby said before returning her attention to the camera. “Anywho, like this video if you love donuts and subscribe to my PledgeHouse for exclusive stories I can’t post here. Oh, and for the last time, PocketPresley, if you ask for nudes again, I’ll ban you. So be a good Gabbyfile and enjoy what you get.”

Gabby tapped the stop icon on the camera app and uploaded the clip. Almost immediately, she noticed her left nipple was showing.

“Dammit, not again,” she complained.

But it was already too late. The video had taken off.
“Holy shit, Gavin, look!”

She lowered the phone to her chest, squishing her breasts back around him. “Two thousand likes, ten thousand views, two hundred comments, and thirty new subs in under a minute!”

Gavin could feel Gabby’s excitement jiggling around him.
“You have a lot of fans,” he said.

“So do you. Seriously, Gavin. You should see the DMs I get from lonely women asking to borrow you. And one really fucked-up one last night from a heavyset forty-something named Barb. Seriously, you think my butt’s big? You should see the size of her fat ass. Thing looks like it’s got its own gravitational pull. Anyway, she sent me something about a procedure to make GSRDers like you even more like a penis than they already are.”

“A procedure?” Gavin asked nervously.

“Don’t worry, squirt. I’m fucked up, but not that fucked up. You’re perfect the way you are,” she added. “Now, how about we get you that snack I promised?”

“Can I have granola and and some of your chocolate protein shake this time?”

“Sure, but only because you look so cute down there. And yes, I’ll untie you. Let me just put my phone away.”

Gabby looked at the post one last time before setting it down. For the first time in a long while, she wasn’t focused on growing larger or becoming more popular. She’d already arrived. Now it was time to enjoy what she had and whatever came next. Best of all, she had Gavin, her boyfriend and soon-to-be fiancé, right there with her. Funny how things work out in the end.

DIANE AND PAUL

Diane:

Height: 6ft1
Weight: 212lbs
38E-35-50

Height to Paul:
425ft

Paul:

Height: 1in
Weight: 0.25g

Diane:

Height: 7ft3
Weight: 373lbs
50GG-42-64

Paul Perspective:

Height: 55ft
Weight: 133tns

Paul:

Height: 9.5in
Weight: 225g

LAUREN AND SCOTT

Scott:

Height: 6ft1
Weight: 191lbs

Lauren:

Height: 5ft5
Weight: 127lbs
34D-25-36

Lauren:

Height: 8ft3
Weight: 511lbs
52GG-38-60

Scott Perspective:

Height: 202ft
Weight: 3242tns

Scott:

Height: 3in
Weight: 5.7g

GABBY

Gabby:

Height: 4ft10
Weight: 88lbs
30B-20-32

Gabby:

Height: 8ft4
Weight: 656lbs
56MM-52-76



GABBY AND GAVIN

Gavin:

Height: 6ft3
Weight: 215lbs

Gabby:

Height: 4ft10
Weight: 88lbs
30B-20-32

Gabby:

Height: 8ft4
Weight: 656lbs
56MM-52-76

Gavin Perpsective

Height: 42ft
Weight: 37tns

Gavin:

Height: 1ft3
Weight: 1.6lbs

BEGINNING AND END



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Thanks for reading!

Thanks to Nesh for proofreading. You can check out his stories here:

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