The New School

This was originally just a story to “get off” to, but when a plot came to me, I felt the need to write it in. Either way, I hope you enjoy.

Sitting down on the bus, I never would have expected how much my school had changed over the summer. It looked so much like last year: people talking, people texting on their phones, and others trying to catch a few extra Z’s before having to sit through the first day of class. Of course, I myself wasn’t paying much attention to the situation; I was too busy jamming out to screaming guitar solos on my iPod. As I sat in my seat, I took a quick look around the bus, and noticed something was different. Unfortunately, I couldn’t tell what that something was, even if I had cared. I shrugged and went back to listening to my tunes.

As the bus lurched to a stop and everyone stood up to leave, I noticed something was amiss; a very tall figure stepped out of the seat diagonal to me and stepped in front of me. I looked up, not recognizing her.

*New girl, I guess…* I thought, noting how nervous her posture looked. I also took note of some other parts of her figure. Not only was this girl exceptionally tall (at least 6’6” in flats), but she also had a very developed hourglass figure, and long, silky, waist-length blonde hair with a glossy sheen, which cascaded over her shoulders and blue-green shirt, down her back and over her bag, stopping just short of her white shorts. Those shorts contained a sizable ass (bigger than I’d ever seen on a girl my age) and very wide, sexy hips. The girl looked better than most of the girls in my school, and I resolved to introduce myself one we were in the lobby.

As I threw my pack against the wall in the main lobby, I turned to try to find the girl I’d seen on the bus. I hadn’t seen her face, but how hard could it be to find one of the tallest girls in the school? Surprisingly, it took me nearly two minutes of scanning the room to find her, a lot longer than I expected. Walking up to her clique of friends, I tapped her on the shoulder (which was of a height with my forehead). As she was turning around, I took the chance to introduce myself.

“Hey, I saw you on the bus and just wanted to say-“

“Oh, hey Josh! How was your summer?”

I was left speechless. I hadn’t yet looked up at the girl’s face, but I knew that voice well. But that couldn’t be her, could it? I slowly tilted my head upwards…

…and locked eyes with Catlin Elsaesser. I was opening and closing my mouth like a fish as my friend giggled and blushed a bit.

“Yeah, I grew a little bit over the summer,” she said, clasping her hands together in front of her in a show of modesty. I couldn’t take my eyes off of her body; her arms mashed her prodigious F-cup breasts together, creating an enormous amount of cleavage in her low-cut top, just inches from my face. Catlin obviously didn’t know what she was doing to me. Or maybe she did. Either way, I was enjoying the situation.

“Do you like it?” she asked politely, not even hinting at her obvious cleavage.

“Y- yeah, I love thos- it.” was the only thought I could say without offending her.

“Oh, good! I thought you’d freak out like my parents did when they saw me. I mean, they’d only been gone for a month. Even I freaked out a bit when I grew past 6 feet! I can’t imagine how you must feel.” She’d was right on the money with that one. I felt absolutely puny next to my wondrously huge friend.

“I mean, it’s cool and all that you’re tall now, *really tall*… but how did this happen? You grew so much in just three months; the last time I saw you, you were only 5’4”!”

“That’s the thing, Josh; I don’t know how it happened! About a month after school ended, I woke up one morning to find I was suddenly 5’5”, and I just got bigger after that. I literally grew about an inch every day! And I was so hungry all the time! After a week, none of my old clothes fit, but I didn’t stop growing for another week after that! And I didn’t just grow up, either. Well, you can probably tell that,” Catlin said, putting her hands on her significantly wider hips. “Oh, it feels so good to be tall, though! You have no idea what it’s like to be short, Josh.”

“Well, now I do…” I said meekly.

“Hey, I guess you’re right! I’ll have to start calling you ‘Little Man’ now!”

Now that stung a bit. I stood a good 6 feet tall, taller than my dad and the majority of my friends before summer vacation. Now, however, this girl was towering over me. When I looked up again, I saw her leaning over, giving me a perfect downblouse view. I avoided looking to keep from offending her. She pulled me into an embrace, and I hugged back without thinking. She picked me up off the ground as she hugged me, seemingly without effort. Even surrounded by Catlin’s soft expanse of flesh, that really stung.

“Don’t worry, I’m just messing with you, Josh,” Catlin said as she put me back on the ground. “So how was your summer?”

“Oh, the usual: video games, sitting by the pool, vacation at the beach-“

“I loved my beach vacation this year! I looked soooo good in a bikini, and I loved the stares people gave me on the boardwalk! I never knew-“ The bell rang, telling us to go to class. Catlin grabbed her things.

“I’ll talk with you later, Josh. Bye!” Catlin, by far the tallest of the group, walked briskly to catch up with her friends. Was Brittany always that tall, though? Or Sam? I picked up my backpack and slung it over my shoulder, wondering just how much had changed in three months.

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My first two classes included the usual first-day lectures and papers; the things not even the teachers wanted to do. Of course, I wasn’t focused on the teachers very often; it was the students I was thinking about. Specifically of the female variety. No one else had had as dramatic a change as Catlin’s, as far as I could tell, but nearly every girl in the school had gained at least 2 inches in height, and several advances in other areas, as well. Girls that had once stared at my shoulders when talking to me now stared me straight in the eye, and no one could explain why. I wasn’t sure whether to be terrified of this or happy for them. What if this was something bad for them? What if they kept on growing? What if…

My train of thought disappeared as I caught sight of my friend Stephanie Cole. She was in the grade below mine, but we’d shared enough classes to be on good terms with each other. Last time I’d talked to her she was around the same height as Catlin (before school ended, obviously), and always complaining of being short and wanting to get rid of her fat. She had little reason to complain of her fat in the first place; it was barely noticable. Now she had no reason to complain as she strutted down the hallway in 3” black stiletto heels, wearing black mesh pantyhose, a black jacket with a white shirt, and a studded black leather skirt that hugged her body at the hips.

She looked me in the eye as she sashayed up to me, prouder than she’d ever been before. And she had the right to be, with a body like hers: she had one of the most curvaceous booties I’d ever seen, as it stretched out impossibly far behind her, pulling at her skirt from the back as her wide hips did the same from the sides. Her waist, however, was waspish-thin, and looked to be all muscle. Her legs were thick at the thighs, but so thin at the ankles I wondered how she kept herself up. Her long black hair flowed out behind her as she walked. Her jacket was thrown wide open from the pressure of her immense tits pushing out on it as well as the shirt underneath. The lettering on the shirt was so morphed by Stephanie’s massive breasts it was nearly unreadable.

“Hey, Steph.” I said. She smiled through the ruby-red lips on her pale, perfect face.

“Hey, Josh. How was your break?”

“Obviously not as good as yours. How did-“

“I don’t know, it happened the day after school ended. I felt funny that day, so I went to bed early. I woke up hungry around midnight, and ended up eating a whole cake, 2 pints of ice cream, and a pack of cookies. I made myself go back to bed, but I was *still* hungry. When I woke up the next morning, my stomach was empty, I had grown almost an inch around my ass, and I was a full cup size bigger. I guessed at what had happened and cleaned out the fridge, freezer and pantry that day, and still ordered a pizza. I was so stuffed I couldn’t even move. Mmm, so much food…” Stephanie rubbed her flat stomach and closed her eyes, reminiscing. “When I woke up again, my ass was absolutely huge, and my boobs had grown again, too. I even got a bit taller! I did that for a few weeks, and here I am.” She gave a smile as she did a little twirl. I watched every inch of her body jiggle as she did so.

“Well, you can’t complain about your weight now,” I said, grinning. “You look incredible.”

“Yeah, and I love it. After it happened, I dumped Ben because he was being an ass. With a body like this, I could do so much better.”

“Do you think I have a chance at that?” I asked her. She had admitted to having a crush on me a while back, and I was hoping that it still applied.

“Maybe,” Stephanie said, a sly smile on her face. “We’ll see how things go, and depending on how many jocks are fawning over me, maybe…”

I had to chuckle at that. “Could I get some measurements?”

“32E-26-42. Try to find a girl that can beat that.” She gave a wink and a grin as she walked away, swaying her hips as much as possible. I had to turn and take a second glance at her amazing body before walking away, completely forgetting what I had been thinking about before.

“They’ve all grown so much…” I found myself mumbling as I walked down the hallway toward my next class. I was both frightened by their growth and excited to see if they’d get any bigger, especially in the breast department. Girls I hadn’t given a second glance to last year were now sporting C or even D-cup breasts and asses worthy of worship, as well as being nearly as tall as I am. I couldn’t wait to see someone I’d thought was sexy last year.

No sooner had I made that wish that it came true. Walking down the hallway was the girl I’d had a crush on last year, Sandra Lewis, as well as our school’s sexy dance teacher, Mrs. Ellis. While Sandra had a rockin’ body and a great ass, she was severely lacking in the breast area last year. No longer was that an issue; she appeared to be at least an F-cup. Her breasts wobbled wildly in the tight confines of her plain white shirt as she walked down the hallway, but her ass was rock-hard as ever, even bigger than before, and only moved when she shifted her weight from one hip to another. I could see her muscles move underneath the tight T-shirt, and her arms and legs were even more well defined than last year. She looked to be nearly 6’5” as well, and I was slightly intimidated by the size of her. I eventually worked up the courage to go talk to her.

“Hey, Sandra,”

“Hi, Josh! How was your summer?”

“Oh, it wasn’t bad. Yours?”

“Oh, it was just FANTASTIC,” She said, arching her back to push out her proud breasts. They must’ve stuck out 6 inches from her chest. I almost couldn’t stop staring at them, and I’m certain Sandra caught me looking because she had a sly smile on her face when she stopped stretching.

“I see what you mean,” I said, grinning.

“Josh, maybe we should go talk in my office. Sandra and I were just heading there,” Out from behind Sandra stepped Mrs. Ellis, nearly half a foot shorter but no less huge. Her gigantic tits dwarfed even Sandra’s massive mounds, at least I-cups, and I had to tear my gaze away from them in order to maintain control of myself. Her incredibly thin waist very quickly widened to a respectable ass squeezed into a tight pair of pants. “I wanted to talk to you as well, Josh. About taking Dance class again.” Mrs. Ellis smiled as she began to lead the way to her office. Needless to say, I took up the rear, watching these two incredibly hourglassed women saunter their way through the school.

As soon as I walked into the office, I heard the door lock behind me. I didn’t have to ask who did it, nor did I have the time. As soon as I opened my mouth to talk to the sexy blondes, they closed in on me from either side, smashing me between two massive piles of soft breast flesh barely contained in tight T-shirts. They immediately went to work tearing my shirt off before I knew what was happening.

“Ooh, I told you he had a big dick,” Mrs. Ellis said as she pressed herself tighter against my front. I was certain she could feel my rock-hard cock through my pants. She began to grind her hips against me.

“Mmm, I’m so horny right now, Josh,” Sandra said as she finished taking my shirt off. “I don’t care what you do to me; I just need to cum so bad…”

I turned around and started to take her white shirt off. She had no bra on, and so my jerky movements set her breasts wobbling. Meanwhile, Mrs. Ellis kept grinding against me as she took off her own shirt, throwing it across the room.

“Oh, Josh, I want you so bad…” Sandra said, caressing her breasts with one hand while fingering herself through her tight yoga pants. I could’ve hopped on her right then, as she looked to be already soaking wet. I reached around and grabbed her ass, pressing my dick into her as I did so. I began to lick her tits, and she began to moan almost as loud as Mrs. Ellis, who was masturbating on her desk, her titanic tits wobbling.

After several minutes, Sandra looked me in the eye and smiled, and I knew full well what she wanted to do. Mrs. Ellis looked on with anticipation, obviously turned on by the event, as she began to finger herself even harder. Within seconds, Sandra’s pants and panties were off, and, much to my surprise, she knelt down and began to slide her tits along the length of my shaft. I was in heaven, to say the least. Perhaps the most surprising thing, however, was that Sandra needed no lubrication to do this: soon after she started, her tits erupted with milk, spouting from nipples nearly a quarter inch long.

I stood, speechless and in rapture, as Sandra continued to jerk me off as if she’d been doing it for years; I suspected Mrs. Ellis had something to do with that. As I watched, I began to notice that Sandra’s tits seemed to be getting… bigger. As incredible as it sounds, her already F-cup tits seemed to cover more and more of my dick as time passed onward. By this time, Mrs. Ellis had begun to lactate, as well, and the linoleum floor of the office was covered in thick, creamy white milk. I watched as Mrs. Ellis led a nipple the size of a thumbnail into her own mouth, and I nearly came.

However, Sandra seemed to sense that I was close, and stopped her incredible display. Rather, she stood up to her full height, and gently, slowly, pushed me down onto the milk-soaked floor. I couldn’t wait for what was about to happen, but Sandra seemed to extend it for as long as possible, showing off her incredible, toned body and massive tits as much as possible. She even turned and dropped her ass mere inches from my face, teasing. When she finally did mount, I did my best to last as long as possible. Surprisingly, it only took a few minutes for her to cum, and a few seconds after that I did as well. She collapsed off of me, still orgasming. Her incredible body quaked in the throes of ecstasy, her tits wobbling wildly as she did so. It was only when she stopped that I noticed something was different.

As we both stood up and Sandra began to rub her milky, sensual body, I noticed that she seemed even bigger than before; where my head had been about at her chin before, now it barely reached to her collar bone. Her breasts seemed to have grown, as well; they looked to be several cup sizes bigger, easily able to encase my head.

Sandra moaned, “Oh, Josh that was incredible. And look at how much bigger you made me!”

I couldn’t make words come out of my mouth. I even stopped breathing for a moment. “What-“

Mrs. Ellis butted in, a couple of inches taller than me now. “Oh, sweetie, you don’t know, do you? The reason why all the girls got so sexy over the summer is, well, sex.” Mrs. Ellis pulled me into a deep kiss as I stood, stunned.

Was this really why all the girls were so huge now? Or was it like Stephanie said? Was it different for every girl? Was it some combination? Will they stop growing, or will women eventually outgrow buildings? What if… I lost myself in Mrs. Ellis’s kiss, and gave into my passion as I felt my dick harden again.

“That’s it, get nice and hard for me. I need a big boy to fill me up, now.” Mrs. Ellis grabbed my dick and knelt down, and then I realized just how much she had grown. Her massive tits easily covered my entire dick, and within minutes I exploded into her cleavage. She licked the cum off her tits hungrily, then looked up at me, disappointed.

“Sweetie, you should’ve told me you were about to cum. I’ll just have to get you hard again…” She said as she went to work on my slowly dwindling cock. She put its full length in her mouth, fondling one huge nipple as she did so. I was starting to feel absolutely tiny next to these two massive women; Sandra had already cum 2 more times, and was closing in on 7 feet tall, while Mrs. Ellis’s tits were able to hide most of her lower ribs. Yet, for some reason, I loved every second of it.

Sandra sauntered sexily toward me, stretching upward to flaunt her full height and lithe body, setting her massive tits in motion as she did so. She came up behind me and placed her breasts on either side of my head, their mass resting on my shoulders. She began to rub my body with them, until I grabbed one of her nipples and shoved it in my mouth, sucking. She gasped, then began to moan and tousle her hair, obviously loving the feeling. Meanwhile, I was loving the taste of her milk; warm, sweet and creamy, it flowed down my throat like liquid gold.

“It looks like someone’s hard again…” Mrs. Ellis dragged me down to the ground before I had time to object. She climbed on top of me and hefted one of her massive udders.

“Don’t worry, I have plenty of milk for you, too. Just give me what I want, and you can have all the milk you’ll ever need.” She said with a sly smile as she ground her hips against mine. Even that subtle action set her breasts wobbling, and soon Mrs. Ellis wasn’t able to contain herself. She began to drop onto my dick as fast as she could, her gargantuan tits nearly slapping her in the face with every drop.

“Oh, yes, Josh! Make me bigger! Make me huge! I want to be so fucking big that my tits rip apart shirts! Come on, baby, don’t leave me so tiny!” I laughed in my thoughts at that. Mrs. Ellis had the body of a goddess, was taller than 98% of the student body, and was the biggest breasted woman in the school, possibly the state. If she thinks she’s tiny, I don’t think she’ll be able to fit through the door when we’re done.

As she continued pounding, I could see her get bigger and bigger. Each drop had more force than the last. Her ass swelled to cushion the impact as her body, hardened from dance, took on an even more muscular form, her physique becoming more toned still. She began to get abs, which were soon covered with titflesh. Finally, she came with a scream as every muscle in her new body clenched tight. She collapsed onto my chest, smashing her breasts against my body from my navel to my neck. I couldn’t move under her weight, but I could feel her growing; skin stretching, bones lengthening, breasts filling with milk. When she finally stood up, she was a true sex goddess.

I stood up as well for a comparison. I’m about six feet tall; I came up to Mrs. Ellis’s chin. Her tits hung down from her frame nearly to her navel, and extended a foot in front of her, a perfect spherical shape. Her ass wobbled with every movement, and each cheek looked to be as big as my head. I stood, astonished at the growth of this woman, who easily dwarfed Catlin and Sandra, the two biggest women I’d ever seen.

That is, until I turned around. Sandra had obviously been hard at work; tits the size of her head jutted from her frame, yet still hung a few inches above my head. Her ass was just as big, and her torso had stretched out to give her a perfect hourglass shape. Her legs came up to my abdomen as she tried to avoid hitting her head on the ceiling, her firm breasts jiggling slightly with every movement. She smiled down at me, leaning forward to see over her tits. She had to have been at least 8 feet tall.

“Mmm… that was fantastic, Josh.” Mrs. Ellis said, stretching as she walked over to stand next to Sandra.

“Yeah, it was way better than masturbating.” Sandra said, a deceptively innocent smile on her face.

“So now that you know why we’ve all grown so much, what do you think you’re going to do? I’d love to be even bigger…” Mrs. Ellis looked up at Sandra, then down at my dick, still rock hard.

“As much as I’d love to help with that,” I said, smiling, “I think I want to go see a friend. Have fun, though, and don’t break the room. At least not until I get back.” The two giantesses shot a knowing glance at each other and giggled as I pulled on my clothes and slipped out of the office.

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“Damn, you weren’t kidding,” Stephanie said as between bites of her lunch. “She’s fucking huge.”

“Yeah,” I sighed, admiring Sandra as she sauntered through the cafeteria in clothes that barely contained her massive body. Her J-cup tits jiggled within the tight confines of her paper-thin halter top as she ducked under the doorway out of the cafeteria. The only thought that ran through my head was how absolutely huge she was; it was hard not to get a boner right then and there.

Across from me, Stephanie sat, wolfing down food as fast as she could. As soon as I said that I’d found someone that was bigger than her, she decided she wanted to be bigger, too. The next day she packed 4 lunchboxes full of sandwiches, and was constantly sneaking sips of one drink or another throughout the day. Her rich parents paid for all of the food, and didn’t seem to care. I thought she was going to burst the first day, but she didn’t seem to mind her giant belly wobbling with every step she took. In fact, she even seemed to like it. When I asked her if it bothered her, she said that she loved feeling so full, and not having to worry about it. Within a few days, the results were showing for themselves. Her body was fighting for room in the tight confines of clothes that fit her super-curvy body perfectly the day before. She’d grown a full cup size within the first 2 days, and looked to be a bit taller, too.

“Damn,” Stephanie said as she leaned back on the bench, exposing a pot belly that nearly stuck out as far as her tits. It was all I could do to not gawk at her body, so curvy and fertile. “I’ve got to get more food. I’m so tiny compared to her!”

“Don’t overstuff yourself, Steph,” I warned. “I don’t want you hurting yourself by eating too much too fast.”

“Oh, don’t worry. This is nothing,” She said, gesturing at the 12 now-empty bags before her, which had once contained 2 pizzas and at least 6 mayonnaise-slathered sandwiches. “You ought to see me at home. I spend hours at a time eating, and every day it’s more and more food.” She popped the last bite of a sandwich into her mouth. “And I love it.”

I thought about what Mrs. Ellis had said, and weighed the options carefully. This was my friend; I didn’t want to hurt our relationship. But at the same time, she’d admitted to having a crush on me, and I thought she was super-sexy already. And she did say she wanted to get bigger…

“Steph, I did hear about another way some of the girls got bigger…” I talked slowly, choosing each word with the utmost care.

“Really?” She leaned forward over the table, and spoke softly. “Tell me.”

“Well…” I whispered it to her. She raised and eyebrow and cocked her head to the side.

“No way. How does that even work?”

“I don’t know, it’s just what I’ve heard. I think it’s true, honestly.”

“Then you’re saying that Mrs. Giganto over there is a huge whore?”

“I guess.”

Stephanie turned away. “Well I don’t believe you. I think you’re just trying to get into my pants.”

“Stephanie, I’m not kidding.”

“Sure, you aren’t.”

“But I’m not!”

“Okay, then. Prove it.”

I sighed. I didn’t want it to come to this. “Steph, I know it’s true. I speak from experience.”

Stephanie turned back towards me, eyes wide open. “You mean you-“

“Yes, I had sex with her. And Mrs. Ellis. Sandra was only about 6’5” before Monday.”

Stephanie smiled. “Wow. I didn’t know you had it in you,” she said as she took a huge triple-chocolate cake out of her backpack. “So what’s an orgy like?”

“I’d rather not talk about it, honestly. At least not here.” I took a nervous glance around, seeing more than a few kids staring at Stephanie. It felt like they were staring at me, though. Stephanie shrugged.

“Suit yourself,” she said as she cut a quarter of the cake out and put it on her plate. “But why are you telling me this?”

“Well, I figured if you’re really serious about getting bigger, maybe we could…” I closed my eyes, waiting for the words to come.

“Do you mean-“

Words rushed out of my mouth. “I know we’re friends and all, but you said yourself you had a crush on me a while back, and I would really love to see you get bigger, and you to be happy. I mean-“

“Josh.” I stopped talking and opened my eyes. Stephanie was staring straight at me. “Do you really want to do this?”

“Y-yes.”

Stephanie’s eyes lit up as she jumped up from the table, nearly shaking her tits out of their top. I openly stared at them as she bolted around the table, thinking that this might be the last good look I’d ever get at them. *Goodbye, friendship,* I thought to myself as I closed my eyes and prepared for a hard slap to the face and a beating. I opened my eyes in surprise as Stephanie hugged me as hard as she could, enveloping my body in her soft flesh. “Oh, Josh! This is so cool! Thank you so much!”

Stephanie’s burgeoning body was barely contained as she bounced up and down, her stomach and tits flying every which way. I blushed madly and smiled back meekly as I saw at least 30 kids staring at us.

“Steph, now probably isn’t the best time. We’re causing a scene.”

Stephanie giggled as she saw the faces of those around us, then walked back to her seat, blushing. “Josh, you have no idea how happy this makes me. Come over to my house tonight, and I promise you’ll have the night of your life.”

Just then, the lunch bell rang. Stephanie cursed under her breath and inhaled the rest of her chocolate cake within 30 seconds and stood up, catching me on the way out of the door.

“I’ll see you at 5?”

“Yeah, see you then.” I could barely contain my excitement as Stephanie walked on beside me, her shirt and skirt stretched to the limit.

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I showed up at Stephanie’s house at 4:30. Stephanie poked her head out of the door, food stuffed into her cheeks. She quickly swallowed and opened the door.

“A little eager to get started, aren’t we?” Stephanie asked as she let me in, both of us grinning stupidly. “My parents are out of town for the week, so we’ve got the house *all to ourselves*.”

Steph had changed clothes since school had ended, as her old clothes were very tight on her new frame. Instead, she now wore something that resembled a schoolgirl outfit in a porn movie; a white dress shirt that was left unbuttoned at the bottom to make room for her massive gut, with a blue blazer overtop, blown wide open by Steph’ massive tits. A blue skirt climbed down her legs stretched tight against her burgeoning body, only reaching halfway down her calves. Beneath them she wore the same fishnet pantyhose that she’d worn the first day of school, although they were pressing into her skin now.

“So what’s up with the schoolgirl outfit? And aren’t those a bit tight?” I asked as I stepped in.

“Yeah, but it reminds me how much bigger I’ve gotten. And how big I’m going to get. As for the outfit, I figured I’d dress up a little to make this more fun. Do you like it?” Stephanie gave me a sultry look as she turned to go sit on the couch.

I shut the door behind me, and turned to find an array of things laid out on the coffee table in the middle of the room. Nearest to me was a giant pile of trash; discarded candy wrappers and empty bags of chips. *Steph has really been fattening up,* I thought to myself as she bounced around the table, her round belly so taut with food it didn’t move. Just beyond that sat a wide variety of measuring equipment, from a small scale laying on the floor underneath to measuring tape to a chart denoting dress sizes, bust sizes, etc.

“What’s all this for?” I asked, although I had a pretty good idea already.

“I want to see just how much I grow from all this. I already marked down the calories I’ve eaten today. About 50,000 calories bumps me up a cup size.”

I almost thought I misheard that number for a moment, before I looked back at the table and saw the huge pile of garbage again.

“Who knew cheating on your diet could feel this good?” Stephanie said as she deftly unwrapped several chocolates at once and threw back her head, plunging them all down her throat. She moaned slightly as the warm chocolate slid down her throat, rubbing her stomach.

“How many of those things have you had?” I asked, pointing at the pile of trash.

“Well, let’s see,” Stephanie said, grabbing a piece of paper off the table. “I’ve had: 2 family-size bags of chips, 1 2-Liter soda bottle, 2 gallon tubs of ice cream, and this’ll make 5 boxes of assorted chocolates. All in all, that’s about 30,000 calories, and that’s not even including breakfast, lunch, or dinner.”

“Wow.” That was the only word I could get out as I stared at Stephanie’s bloated stomach. “A little hungry today, weren’t we?”

“Mmm, a little…” Stephanie said quietly.

“You’re going to be so huge tomorrow.”

“I know. And tomorrow, I’m going to eat so much more. We don’t have to go to school tomorrow, so I’m going to pig out so much. Do you want to come over and help me get bigger tomorrow, too?” Stephanie pointed at her boobs, fighting to escape the confines of her shirt.

“Y-yeah, sure,” I said, sitting down on the couch next to her. She was so heavy that I had to put effort in to not slide into her. “Damn, how much do you weigh right now?”

Stephanie pulled the scale out from under the table. As she stepped on, I couldn’t help but look at her giant butt. It was so round, so huge, so perfect. And this girl was willing to let me have a piece of it. I tried to control my excitement as I looked at the scale’s numbers.

“160 pounds, and gaining. In all the right places,” Stephanie said as she lightly caressed her bosom, then smiled wickedly at me. “Don’t worry, we’ll get there soon enough…” she said as she sat back down. I fell into her side as the weight shifted around the couch. “Now, why don’t you help me measure myself, then we can go have some fun.”

I eagerly obliged, standing up quickly and grabbing the measuring tape. As she stood up, she began to tell me what to measure.

“First, height…” I placed the end of the measuring tape on the ground, and Stephanie stepped on it. I pulled the tape up to meet her scalp.

“Five-foot seven.” I marked the measurement down on the chart Stephanie had printed out.

“Next, waist…”

“Maybe we should wait for that one. You did just eat a huge amount of food.”

“Oh, fine.” She pouted. “How about hips?”

I wrapped the tape around Stephanie’s wide hips. “Forty-three inches.” I marveled at the number.

“How about chest?”

I carefully wound the tape measure under Stephanie’s monster boobs, and read the measurement. “Thirty-three inches, and,” I readjusted the tape to sit on Stephanie’s bust. “thirty-nine inches.”

“That’d make me…” Stephanie thought for a moment. “An F-cup! I grew a cup size within a week!” Stephanie smiled and stared bouncing up and down, hugging me as I tried to wrap the measuring tape back up. I couldn’t help but grin back; her happiness was infectious. That went on for several more minutes, including several calculations and explanations to me, who was clueless on most sizing techniques. Finally, we finished filling out the chart. Stephanie and I stood across the table from each other, looking at each other with a mix of anticipation, excitement, and, in my case, fear.

“Are you ready for this?” Stephanie asked, her voice quivering with excitement as her body quivered with food.

“I guess,” I said, suddenly unsure. There were several moments of silence.

“Josh, you don’t have to do this if you don’t want to. I mean-“

“No, Stephanie. I do want to do this, it’s just that, well, you’re my friend, and I’m not sure how I feel about this. I support everything you’re doing. I love your new body, and I love that you love it, too. I love that you want to get even bigger. I like you as a friend, and maybe even more than that. I like you a lot, but I just don’t know-“

“Josh, is that really how you feel? You have no idea how much it means to me that you’re even supporting me. If you don’t think that you can go through with this, I’m sure we could find another way. Maybe we could…”

I drifted into my own thoughts, weighing the options carefully. After a minute of thought, I came to a decision. I looked Stephanie in the eye and sighed.

“If you want to get bigger, then I’m more than happy to help. I want to see you get huge.”

Stephanie squealed with joy and ran around the table, throwing herself into me. We embraced each other and began to kiss fervently as I realized my passion for her. I realized at that moment how much I wanted to see her grow. I wanted to see her outdo Mrs. Ellis in tit size, Sandra in height. And the best part was that Stephanie did too.

After a few minutes, Stephanie took my hand and led me to the bedroom, her eyes alight with excitement. I nearly couldn’t hold back my anticipation. She smiled as she turned on a dim lamp, which gave the room a warm glow. Stephanie was beaming by that point, and led me to the bed.

“Sit down,” she said as she walked out of the room. “I’ve got something to show you.”

I did as I was told, and soon enough Stephanie came running back in, holding a small black piece of fabric, torn and shredded.

“Do you know what this is?”

“No.”

“This is one of my old bras from before I started growing. Do you know what happened to it? Four days after I started growing, I woke up and found out I couldn’t get the clasp undone. Do you want to know what I did? I broke it. My tits got so big that day that they ripped the front of it in two. Imagine me doing that with this bra, Josh. By the end of this weekend, I want to be so big that none of my wardrobe could possibly fit over my sexy body.” Stephanie leaned over, looking me in the eye. “Do you want that, Josh? Do you want to make me gigantic?”

All I could do was smile and nod in awe of this incredible girl as she slowly removed her blazer, shaking her long black hair back as she did. As she began to undo the top buttons of her shirt, she said, “I want to be so. Fucking. Huge,” popping a button with each word. It was all I could do to not rip off her pants right there. Stephanie’s hands hovered over the last button.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes,” was all I needed to say. As Stephanie undid the last button of her dress shirt, miles of cleavage poured out from within, crammed into a bra a cup size too small. She was wearing a sexy red bra with black lace and thin shoulder straps. Her breasts dug into the cups of the bra as the shoulder straps dug into her shoulders. She looked at her burgeoning assets, then back at me.

“Do you see this? I’ve already given you a head start. Do you think you can finish up the job?”

“Oh, I know I can.” I said, playing along.

“Now that’s what I like to hear…” Stephanie leaned in and kissed me again as I began to grope at her magnificent breasts. She began to moan, and I could almost feel them getting bigger already. Then she pulled back and turned around, showing off her very sizable ass. The skirt she was wearing barely covered it.

“Now, who’s going to help me get this off, I wonder?” Stephanie gasped as she felt my hands fumbling with the zipper of her skirt. Within moments it fell to the floor, and I was greeted with the sight of Stephanie’s incredible, round ass encased in a tight pair of panties. It jiggled uncontrollably as she stepped out of her pantyhose and heels, leaving her standing in only her underwear.

“I think it’s your turn now,” Stephanie said, pressing herself into me. I obliged after a slight hesitation. I was never very proud of my body; with little muscle and little tan, the only thing I could pride myself on was my height. Stephanie seemed to love every inch of my body, though, and I soon gained enough confidence to take off my pants. When I did, she gasped.

“Josh, you’re so… big!” I looked down at my underwear, confused. While Mrs. Ellis said I had a big dick, I was only about 5” hard. I was below-average, and I accepted that. But what I saw when I looked down was an 8” long python jutting out of the top of my boxers. I was astounded, to say the least.

“But, what-“ Then it hit me. Nothing had changed in my body, or what I’ve eaten, except that I’d drunk some of Sandra’s milk when we were having sex. *That must’ve done it; I’ll have to thank her later.* I thought to myself as confidence surged through me. Stephanie grinned madly as she yanked down my underwear, and proceeded to jerk me off. I watched as Stephanie eagerly began to pull my dick into her mouth.

I held back the oncoming orgasm for as long as I could, grunting along the way. However, after a few minutes, Stephanie suddenly stopped. I looked down to see that Stephanie was looking at her own boobs.

“What’s wrong?” I asked, worried.

“This bra feels… tighter all of a sudden. Like something’s building up in my tits. Are they getting bigger already?”

I smiled knowingly as I knelt down and began to kiss Stephanie once again, exploring her mouth passionately as our hands explored each other’s bodies. I began to rub Stephanie’s bloated stomach, hoping it would help the food digest faster. While Stephanie’s tits weren’t growing just yet, I’m sure she’d still love the next part.

After a few minutes, Stephanie pulled away from me, and looked down at her tits. Her bra was soaking wet by this point; she’d begun to lactate.

“Oh my god! I’m leaking milk? Josh, did you know this was going to happen?” Stephanie said, feigning anger that soon turned into a huge smile. I smiled back and pulled her up to a standing position, and led her to the bed.

“Steph, are you ready?”

“I don’t know; do you think you can get these panties off of my ass?” Stephanie said, turning and putting her hands on the bed, putting her ass out even farther behind her. I smacked one of her cheeks and both erupted with movement as Stephanie moaned. I grabbed a hold on the piece of fabric (close to a G-string now) from either side of her hips and ever so slowly began to pull it over her ass. The poor little thing was so stretched out that when it finally came off Stephanie’s curvaceous body it didn’t stretch back to its original shape.

“Damn, Stephanie. You easily have the second biggest ass I’ve ever seen.” I said, smiling as she looked back.

“I want it to be the biggest. I want it to be so big that no one can ever hope to be bigger. Come on, Josh; make me huge.” Stephanie leaped onto the bed and spread her legs. I happily obliged to Stephanie’s request.

Surprisingly, Stephanie was able to take all of me. The fit was tight, but that just made it better. As we began to rock back and forth, I watched as Stephanie’s impossibly sexy body moved seemingly of its own free will. Her tits, even while pressed against the wet walls of her bra, sloshed up and down with each thrust. Her distended belly hadn’t lost any of its earlier girth, and didn’t move at all. Her ass, even while pressed against the soft cushions of the bed, lurched back and forth with every movement. However, I couldn’t keep my eyes off of Stephanie’s face. Her look was one of pure bliss, and nothing escaped her lips save for the occasional gasp or moan.

Soon enough, I could see it happening. First, her gut began to move with its own rhythm, losing mass as its contents were poured into other parts of the body. Within minutes it went from sticking a foot in the air to almost nonexistent to 6-pack abs. Meanwhile, all those extra calories were getting put to good use; Stephanie’s arms were getting more toned, as was the rest of her body. Her ass became more muscular, and a bit bigger, as well. I could feel her legs becoming longer and shapelier, more muscle building even as she built to orgasm. I was sure I could keep going for a while, until I looked at Stephanie’s tits again.

Their wet prison was barely able to contain them anymore, as thousands of calories converted into hundreds of milk glands and fat cells in her tits. Stephanie’s areolas began to slip out of the bra, pink and smooth. I could feel myself coming to climax as I thought about how big they would get. Stephanie didn’t seem to care, though; whether or not she could feel herself growing, she seemed to love the sensations she was having. Her eyes were shut, a smile on her face. I smiled back, even though she couldn’t see me.

Suddenly, her eyes snapped open as her muscles clenched. She gasped as the sensations all culminated into a huge orgasm that lasted for nearly a minute. I kept pumping the entire time, grunting as I came, as well. I collapsed at her side, sweat and milk glistening off of her skin. Both of us were panting hard.

Suddenly, Stephanie turned to look at me. “Josh?”

“Yeah?”

“That was the best thing I’ve ever felt.” We lay there for several more minutes before Stephanie shot out of the bed and ran into the other room naked except for her bra, grabbing her measuring supplies and throwing them onto the bed.

“Come on!” she urged, tugging at my arm. I was surprised at her strength; she nearly pulled me off the bed. I slowly rolled out of the drenched bed and stood up, taking in how much Stephanie had grown.

I could tell Stephanie had grown at least an inch in height, a fact that was confirmed by the tape measure. She had actually grown 2 inches taller, a good 5’9”, and she was giddy as could be because of it. Her waist was about the same as the beginning of school, 26 inches, although Stephanie swore she hadn’t had that much muscle there before.

“Look at me; I have more muscle than you do now!” She said, admiring her own physique in the mirror. I had to admit, she looked like she could be a female athlete at this point, if not for the fact that she had a porn star’s tits and more ass than any other woman I knew, save for Sandra and Mrs. Ellis. She flexed an arm, and both of us were surprised to see a bicep the size of a fist pop out.

Stephanie had gained another inch around her ass while growing, putting her at an impressive 44 inches. Her ass looked even better now than it did before, more muscular but still extremely jiggly. I smacked it as she finished writing the measurements down.

“We’ll have plenty of time for that later,” Stephanie said, intently focused on recording. I still saw a smile creep onto her face.

“Finally, the bust…”

I wrapped the tape around her chest, having to put effort into lifting up her boobs. “Thirty six for underwire, and forty for bust.” I said. Stephanie just stared at me at first, confused.

“Steph, you grew two cup sizes from that orgasm.” I could hardly believe it myself. “My guess is that you eating all that food earlier gave them a jumpstart.”

“No wonder this thing feels like it’s constricting me!” Stephanie said as she put down the measurements. Yet still, she didn’t take the bra off.

“Maybe you should take the bra off if it’s hurting you, Steph.” I was legitimately concerned for my friend’s safety at this point; the bra was leaving red marks and was even digging into her toned figure. Girls weren’t meant to cram their tits into bras 3 cup sizes too small. Stephanie turned to me, adamant.

“I already told you, mister; the only way this bra is coming off is if it explodes off of me. So if you think you can arrange that, by all means…” Stephanie said, pushing me onto the bed and knocking her equipment and charts onto the floor. Before I had a chance to protest, Stephanie leapt onto the bed and pulled my cock into her mouth.

Stephanie was able to take more of my cock than before into her mouth than before. Her tongue swirled around my tip as she tried to get me hard, massaging my balls with one hand and running her other up and down the length of my cock with her lips. Already I could see her lactating again, and she copped a feel of her own tits a few times. Soon enough, the thought of Stephanie getting even bigger made me hard again, and Stephanie began to lower herself onto my cock ever so gently, shuddering with every inch.

She wasn’t quite as tight as before, to my disappointment, but the sight of her slamming into me more than made up for that. Her breasts nearly bounced out of their prison many times, and Stephanie’s incredible ass cushioned the blow a lot. However, the most encouraging thing Stephanie had was coming from her mouth.

“Oh, Josh, I fucking love this! I can eat all I want, fuck anyone I want and get sexier and sexier every time! Oh, but you’re the only one I want right now, baby. I know how much you love seeing me grow, watching me get huge. You’re helping me get MASSIVE right now. I want to be huge. I want to be so big I could bury your head in my tits, so big that I can’t fit through doorways, so big my ass can’t fit in any pants! Come on baby, help me get bigger! Yes, Josh, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

Stephanie’s shouted encouragement drove us both to orgasm, but she kept on pumping, and I got hard again before she even noticed. I even saw her grow right before my eyes, her breasts seemingly seconds away from destroying her bra. I silently urged them on as Stephanie continued to pound away, obviously loving it. I was closing in on orgasm, and Stephanie seemed to be, too. She screamed in ecstasy as we came simultaneously. She thrust her chest forward, sending her poor overstretched bra flying across the room to land with a wet splat on the wall.

What a sight they were. Pale, perfectly spherical tits capped by pink areolas and nipples spurting streams of milk exploded away from Stephanie’s body as their confines were broken. They looked to be at least as big as Sandra’s, and Stephanie wasn’t even close to Sandra’s final height. *This girl is going to be a sex goddess,* I thought to myself as I lay in the rapture and aftermath of the best orgasm I’d ever had.

I didn’t go home that day. I was too busy helping Stephanie measure and admire her ever-growing body, and stuff it with food so she could grow while we slept. As she ate, we talked about all sorts of things, but it always came back to how big Stephanie was going to get. She stayed awake snacking until the early morning hours.

“How big was I after that last orgasm?” She asked, gesturing toward the measuring chart with a hand grasping two ice cream bars. She’d somehow packed herself into the schoolgirl uniform again. I picked up the paper.

“You were 5’11”, and your measurements were 34H-27-46. You’ve grown 4 inches taller and 3 cup sizes just today. Damn, Stephanie, you’re going to be gigantic.”

Stephanie smiled slyly as she popped about 10 truffles into her mouth. “I know. I love it, and I know you do, too.” She grabbed her giant tits within her shirt and shook them, making her nipples leak a bit.

“Damn right I do.” I thought for a second. “You know, you’re not the only one who can grow, though; I wasn’t this big before I had sex with Sandra.”

“What do you mean? You can get bigger, too?”

“Yeah. Well, at least my dick can. I think it was from drinking her milk.”

Stephanie’s face lit up. “Oh, no way! That’s so cool!” Her sticky hands flew to the buttons of her shirt, undoing them as fast as she could. Her breasts flopped out of the shirt, already leaking slightly. I didn’t need her to tell me what to do; I’d already leapt over the coffee table and knelt down in front of her, caressing her beautiful breasts. Soon enough, the milk was flowing. Stephanie shuddered as my mouth slipped over her nipple and began to suck ever so gently. A tiny rivulet of milk dribbled down my throat. As I sucked harder and harder, the rivulet became a stream. Stephanie moaned with pleasure as she grabbed another box of chocolates. I began to massage her taut stomach as she poured more and more food into it, coaxing me along as she did so.

“Come on, Josh, I’ll need a bigger dick if I’m going to be a bigger girl. And I know how much you love *me* getting bigger.” She ran her fingers through my hair as she grabbed handfuls out of the box of chocolate on the coffee table. The taste of her milk was better than any chocolate, though; rich, sweet and creamy, its taste lingered in my throat even after she pushed me away.

“Now let’s not get too greedy, Josh. I still have to be able to ride that monster tomorrow.” Stephanie said, smiling as she stood up, the last of the chocolates in her hand. She tilted her head back and dumped them unceremoniously into her mouth. She stifled a yawn. The clock read 1:00 am.

“Someone’s getting tired,” I teased her as we both stood up. *She’s nearly as tall as me,* I realized. “Come on, you’ve got to get some sleep if you want to grow up.”

“And out.” Stephanie finished, grabbing her ass. We both made our way to her bed, leaving the giant pile of trash on the table.

…

8:00 am the next day, I woke up from the most incredible dream I’d ever had. Stephanie was in it, and so was Catlin Elsaesser. Mrs. Ellis and Sandra were in it, too. They were flaunting their bodies and lording over Stephanie and Catlin, when suddenly Steph and Catlin began to grow. Up and up they grew, until they exploded out of their clothes. Fabric ripped and shredded, leather split, bra clasps buckled. Within minutes Sandra and Mrs. Ellis had gone from the sexiest women in the school to cowering under these towering girls topping out at 11 feet each, so tall they have to crouch to keep their head from bursting through the roof. When they finally stopped growing up, they kept growing out, their fantastically shaped bodies becoming even more hourglassed as time went on. Conventional cup sizes were surpassed as Stephanie and Catlin became absolutely massive. Even in my sleep, I could feel myself getting a boner.

I was jolted awake by the feeling of something warm laying down on top of me. My eyes snapped open, but I already knew what it was before my eyes were able to make sense of it.

“Good morning, Stephanie.” I said, smiling sleepily. I could feel her hard nipples pressing into my chest as my eyes started to focus on her face. She had a wicked grin on her face, and was staring at me with her big green eyes, her long black hair a mess.

“Good morning, sleepyhead. Having a good dream, were we?” She reached down under the covers and grabbed my cock with her hand. I could tell that either her hand was smaller or my cock was bigger than yesterday; I was willing to bet on the latter.

“Definitely not as good as this,” I said, pulling my head up to kiss her on the cheek. She giggled a bit, her breasts undulating from the movement.

“Come on, let’s go measure me, then we can have some fun,” Stephanie said, climbing off the bed and winking at me. I flipped the covers off and found myself staring at my noticeably larger cock. It looked to be at least an inch bigger, and was painfully erect. *Milk does a body good,* I thought as I pulled my underwear up and followed Stephanie out of the room, watching her ass jiggle with every step.

Stephanie’s late-night binge hadn’t changed her body too dramatically, although it did add a bit around her bust. Not a cup size, but still something. She’d grown a lot height-wise; she stood around 6’1”, taller than me. She now weighed about 192 pounds, nearly 10 pounds heavier than yesterday. Which wasn’t surprising, considering how much taller and bustier she was.

Suddenly, Stephanie’s stomach rumbled. “Breakfast time,” she said, turning to me. “Do you want anything? I made sure to stock up for this weekend.”

“I’ll have a couple of eggs, I guess,” I said, walking over to the coffee table. I cleared off the massive piles of trash while Stephanie made breakfast, shoving all of the wrappers and bags into a nearby trash can. It barely fit, but it fit, so I left it. I was curious as to how much I’d grown, as well, so I walked over and got the tape measure.

“10 inches…” I said to myself. Just about the time I finished, Stephanie came striding back into the room, still wearing her poor overstretched schoolgirl outfit. She was balancing several platters of eggs and bacon on her arms, and set them carefully down on the table.

“I said a couple of eggs,” I teased her, knowing that was mostly her food. She was really enjoying being able to eat whatever she wanted. She just smiled and raised an eyebrow.

“Want to help me bring in the rest?”

“Sure.” I followed Stephanie into the kitchen, where every spot of counter space was taken up by ingredients or platters of food.

“Steph, how much were you planning to make?”

“As much as it takes.” Stephanie said, undoing a button of her outfit. A canyon of cleavage poured out. I just stared at her as I picked up a few platters and carried them into the other room. Stephanie quickly took notice of the bulge in my pants.

“Just let me finish eating, and we can do whatever you want for the rest of the day, Josh.” Stephanie began to cram food down her throat; bacon soaked with grease, scrambled eggs, even a whole platter of pancakes soaked in syrup. She had finished off 2 platters and was eating with reckless abandon by the time I’d finished my meager meal.

“Steph, you’re supposed to taste the food, too.” Stephanie just grunted and kept shoveling food into her mouth. I contented myself by watching her stomach push out, food hiding her abs and giving her a fertile look. A faint smile crept onto my face as she finished up, rubbing her stomach. Stephanie smiled evilly at me.

“Now, I suppose you’re about ready for dessert then?” Stephanie asked, standing up. I stood up as well, and we looked each other in the eye from across the coffee table. The desire in her eyes was unmistakable. We bolted to the bedroom as fast as possible, pulling clothes off our bodies as we went.

I wasn’t able to get a good look at Stephanie while we scrambled down the hallway, but what a sight she was when she stood in the bedroom, stark naked. She had an incredible hourglass shape, perfectly rounded breasts tapering down to a thin waist, now stuffed with food that hid a six-pack that would make most girls jealous. *Hell, it makes me a little jealous,* I thought as I continued to admire Stephanie’s incredible body. Her impossibly huge ass stretched out behind her for what seemed like miles as she turned sideways and bent over, emphasizing her long, shapely legs in the process.

“Stephanie, have I told you this is the best weekend of my life yet?” She smiled back at me.

“And it’s only 9:00,” Stephanie grabbed me and pulled me onto the bed with her, both of us laughing. As we began to kiss and explore each other’s bodies, Stephanie’s breasts erupted with milk. I was tempted to begin sucking on them, but Stephanie was already guiding me inside of her, gasping as she felt my new, bigger dick penetrate her.

This time, Stephanie couldn’t quite take all of me, but she damn well tried. I did my best to keep from hurting her as I pumped inside of her, setting her beautiful body in motion. Her breasts were almost like bags of water, each movement making them undulate as they leaked milk. I couldn’t keep my eyes off of them, their symphony of movement too enticing to ignore.

I could feel Stephanie’s breakfast getting redirected into other parts of her body as I saw her stomach begin to shrink. Pounds of fat flowed through her body, making her legs grow even longer and more shapely, her breasts even bigger. When Stephanie finally came, I felt her body grow as it clenched, trying with all its might to become the giant, sexy body she wanted. I felt her skin rub against mine as her legs grew on either side of me. You could almost see the milk glands in her breasts multiplying as more and more milk shot out of them. The look of pure bliss on her face was a reward all its own, though.

As her eyes snapped open, she smiled slyly. “Did you come yet?”

“No,” I said, although I didn’t care at that point. I was in heaven anyway.

“Mmm, let’s change that.” Stephanie said, pulling away from me and kneeling by the bed. I swung my legs over as Stephanie grabbed by cock and began to pile her breasts around its length. She nearly buried it in their mass.

“I’ve always wanted to do this…” She said, putting her mouth around the tip of my cock. Using her own milk as lubricant, she slid her breasts around my crotch, constantly swirling her tongue around the tip of my dick. I could barely hold on for more than a minute until I came.

Rather than let her glorious tits be covered in cum like I expected her to, Stephanie began to suck me dry, pulling every last drop that she could out. The entire time she kept milking my cock with her giant breasts. When she finally finished, I sat there in awe as she stood up, cum dribbling down her lip.

“Mmm, that was delicious! I didn’t know you tasted so good, Josh.” She said, one hand absent-mindedly rubbing her breasts. I stood up to get a height comparison, and was shocked to find that I barely came up to her chin.

“Holy- Steph, you’re huge now!”

Stephanie stared down at me, confused at first. Suddenly, her eyes lit up.

“Oh my god! Let me go get the measuring tape!” She squealed as she dashed out of the room. Already I could see her breasts had grown quite a lot as she bounded back into the room, giggling giddily. She handed me the tape.

“Alright, let’s see…” I said as we started the procedure we’d done 3 times already. “33 inches,” I could barely keep my hands from shaking out of excitement as I wrapped Stephanie’s bust in the tape. “forty-one inches. Steph, you’re an I-cup, easily.”

“Wow,” was all the came out of Stephanie’s mouth as she stroked her enormous breasts. “How tall am I?” I placed the end of the tape on the floor as I stretched my arm up to reach the top of Stephanie’s head. *Soon, it’s going to be impossible for me to measure her,* I thought to myself as I read the tape.

“Six-foot six,” I said, reminding myself that that was how tall Sandra was when I’d first seen her. And she hadn’t even been close to this sexy. I was already hard again from just looking at Stephanie.

“Josh, are you ready for another round?” Stephanie asked as I put the tape away.

“Definitely. Are y-“ I said, getting a face full of tit as I turned around.

“Yep.” Stephanie said as she pulled my mouth to her breast. I began to suck on it like my life depended on it as Stephanie began to moan and rub herself. Milk began to pour out of her engorged nipple as she hefted her other tit. Her hands were lost beneath its fleshy mass as she pushed her other nipple into her mouth. I was beyond hard as she yelped in surprise, her own milk rushing down her throat. I couldn’t contain myself any longer; I pushed with all my might and made Steph fall onto the bed behind me.

Stephanie opened her mouth in surprise and her nipple popped out of her mouth. Her breasts were wobbling madly as she bounced on the bed. She smiled again.

“Well, someone’s excited…” Stephanie said as she opened her legs. I dove in with reckless abandon, my full length slipping into her. I was surprised at how much she’d grown, but the sheer fact that she was able to take all of me this time made me especially turned on. I slammed into her with each thrust as she braced herself against the headboard. Her long, toned legs stretched out behind me, her feet hanging off of the bed. I meant to make her knees do the same before the day was done. All the while, Stephanie was coaxing me on.

“Oh, yes Josh, yes! Keep going, keep making me grow! Make me gigantic, so big I break the bed! I want to be so big that every woman in the world is jealous of me! Make me the sexiest woman in the world, Josh! Oh, yes! YES!”

Stephanie screamed as her hips bucked, her muscles tightening again. Her breasts once again began to surge forth as the rest of her body did the same, all the while her body was spasming in ecstasy, her muscles easily visible. Stephanie’s head cracked against the headboard as she threw it back, but she didn’t seem to notice. When I looked closer at it, she had actually cracked the headboard. Her orgasm went on for minutes as I kept pumping away, milking every last incredible moment to make her as big as possible. When she finally stopped, she gasped for air.

“Josh, that was incredible.” She said between breaths as I finally stopped pumping. I realized how tired I was then, and collapsed onto her body. She made to move, and I rolled off to the side, exhausted from my effort. I looked down at her legs, and was surprised to see them hanging off the bed to mid-calf. I could only guess at her size now. Stephanie just laid there, still coming down off of the high.

“Steph, I think you’re growing faster now.”

“Really?” Stephanie said, sounding surprised. I had a feeling she wasn’t, though.

“Yeah. You must’ve grown at least 3 inches. You’re getting so huge.”

Stephanie rolled over to look at me.

“I know. Isn’t it great?”

“Yeah, but aren’t you worried about getting around? What if you can’t fit through the door? And what about clothes? You’re not planning on going to school naked, are you?”

Stephanie rolled off the bed and went to her closet. She was nearly as tall as the door frame now. “Do you think I wasn’t prepared for this?” She asked as she opened the door. Inside were her normal school clothes, but beside them was an wardrobe made for someone nearly double her size when we’d started; about her size now.

Stephanie pulled a baggy sweatshirt off of a hanger and threw it over her heaving breasts. It fit snugly over them, making it look like she was smuggling watermelons. Huge, jiggly watermelons. The shirt touched the small of her back and barely covered her navel.

“This was the largest size they had,” she said as she pulled out a mass of fabric, looking more like a parachute than a bra. She pulled the sweatshirt off and threw it aside, then struggled to clasp the bra at the back. When she did, the bra groaned in complaint, but held nonetheless. Breast flesh bulged out on every side, and I was reminded of the previous night. *If Stephanie grows again, that could be the situation we have,* I thought to myself, feeling a stirring in my dick again. I had a feeling Stephanie was about to grow again, very soon…

…

Monday morning, I walked into school, excited and proud. Needless to say, Stephanie had grown again, and by the time I left Stephanie’s house Sunday I’d had quite a workout, myself. I woke up Monday morning feeling very sore, but I also noticed a bit of muscle peeking out beneath my skin. I was now the proud owner of an 11-inch long dick, too; I felt great about myself. I set my things against the wall and waited for Stephanie to walk in.

After what seemed like eons of waiting, Stephanie sauntered into the lobby, and immediately drew the stares of nearly everyone in the room. She was hard not to look at, honestly; she had to duck to fit through the doorway even though she was wearing flats. Her gym shorts were plastered to her ultra-curvy body, and only covered her legs to mid-thigh. She was wearing the baggiest T-shirt she’d shown me, and it still barely covered her waist. Of course, the center of focus for me (and the vast majority of the males in the room) was her breasts. Quaking gloriously with every movement, Stephanie’s gigantic tits were measuring K-cups last time we’d measured before I left. However, I saw another pile of food sitting on the table as I walked out, so I wasn’t sure anymore. Smiling, Stephanie walked over to me and peered at me over her tits. I had the pleasure to be at eye level with them before she kneeled down to kiss me.

“Good morning.” Stephanie chirped cheerfully. I responded with the same intonation.

“Hey, Steph. So how big are you now?”

“About 7’2”, 40M-30-47,” Stephanie said, grabbing one of her breasts through the fabric of her shirt. “Let’s see how your girl measures up to this.” Stephanie stood back up to her full height as the bell rang, and we walked down the halls, holding hands and chatting as if nothing were out of the ordinary.

Occasionally, Stephanie and I would catch the occasional comment: “She’s massive!” or “That guy’s crazy,” were common. With each remark, though, Stephanie’s ego seemed to grow, and her smile widened until she was beaming.

At least it was, until we caught sound of other comments, made at someone elsewhere in the hallways. It wasn’t long before we caught sight of Sandra Lewis, even bigger than before.

Sandra was, in a word, a giantess. Even ducking, she was so tall her head was brushing the ceiling. Her long golden hair flowed down her back almost to her calves. Her hair covered her more than her clothes did; while the dark green shirt she wore would’ve fit most girls like a dress, it barely covered her heaving breasts, let alone her stomach. While she didn’t have muscles like Stephanie, Sandra’s stomach was flat, with no sign of flab anywhere on her body. Her huge, perfectly round ass was covered by a pair of tight blue spandex shorts that looked to be straining at the seams. Her backpack was slung over one shoulder, looking like a little kid’s book bag. I was unable to take my eyes off of her as she proudly strode down the hall and stopped before Steph and me. She stood a head above Stephanie.

“Looks like you’ve been working hard all weekend, Josh,” Sandra cast me a sultry look. “Who’s your *little* friend?” She eyed Stephanie carefully.

“My name’s Stephanie.” She sounded almost defiant, glaring at the woman towering over her.

“Well, you’re on your way. Maybe one day you’ll be as big as I am… for now, at least. I’ll see you later, Josh; you can’t resist my charms for too long,” Sandra said as she leaned over, giving me a great view down her top. She had at least a foot of dark cleavage between her pale breasts.

She winked at me as she strode off, managing to look cocky even while hunched over. I, Stephanie, and half the hallway were left in silence as Sandra walked off. Stephanie was fuming.

“How could you have sex with that bitch?”

“She wasn’t that mean before. I guess she thinks she’s better than everyone else now.”

“Well, she could smash you to a pulp. Then again, so could I. Anyway, you’re not having sex with her again, right? She’s big enough as it is.”

“Definitely not. I just hope Mrs. Ellis didn’t get any bigger over the weekend. Her tits were as big as yours are now.” Stephanie stared at me, incredulously. “I’m not kidding.”

“Well, I’ll see you after class, player.” Stephanie said, kissing me on the cheek. I smiled as I watched her saunter away, reveling in stares.

The entirety of my first class was spent contemplating what had happened lately. All the girls in the school had started growing again, and I had a good idea why. Half the girls in my first class had breasts that they could lay on their desks, and all were of a height with me, if not taller. Sandra was growing taller than all of them, though. *She must’ve found someone to have sex with,* I told myself. *How else could she have gotten so big?*

When the bell rang, I was the first one out of the room. I had to find Stephanie and tell her that I was worried. Stephanie would still want to be bigger (I did, too), but I wouldn’t let things get out of control. I wouldn’t let Stephanie start crawling through the halls of the school. I rounded a corner and nearly slammed into a wall of flesh. When I looked up, I saw that it was Mrs. Ellis.

“Hiya, Josh! I was just looking for you…” Mrs. Ellis grabbed me by the wrist and dragged me to her office in a blur. As she locked the door, I tried to explain.

“Mrs. Ellis, I-“ I turned to find myself staring at the most massive tits I’d ever seen. They bulged from her chest, extending to her navel, and were almost too big to be covered by the dark blue satin top she wore.

“Oh, Josh, look at how big I am now,” Mrs. Ellis began to rub her titanic breasts through the thin fabric of her shirt; I doubted I could give them a cup size if I tried.

“M- Mrs. Ellis, how did you-“

“Josh, you know I have a loving husband. And he just loves my new body.” Mrs. Ellis turned and displayed her immense ass, only half-covered by the sweatpants she was wearing. Creamy white flesh poured out of her dark grey sweatpants. Her hips were so wide I found myself wondering how she got through the door. “He helped me get as big as I wanted.” Mrs. Ellis began to advance toward me, enveloping me in her soft breasts. Her nipples were rock hard underneath her shirt and pressed into my chest. “In fact, I got so big I pinned him to the bed. Did you know that men can even get hard when they’re scared?”

Mrs. Ellis’s fact was proving itself true. By this point, I was terrified, yet still turned on. Mrs. Ellis looked to be a good 5 inches taller than me, and I couldn’t break free of her. *Her strength has increased with her height,* I realized to my dismay.

“I’ve been waiting all morning for this, Josh.” Mrs. Ellis pushed herself even harder against me, forcing some air from my lungs. I could still feel myself getting hard. “Ooh, you’ve grown so much! Been busy, have we? Well, if it’s milk you want,” Mrs. Ellis pulled her shirt off of her glorious tits, exposing pale, white expanses of flesh that looked to be three times as big as my head, each capped by a nipple as wide and long as a joint in my finger. It was already leaking a stream of milk. “I could give you as much as you’ll ever need…”

I couldn’t control myself. I grabbed Mrs. Ellis’s head and began to kiss her, grabbing handfuls of her massive breasts and massaging them. I was in heaven.

“Mmmh, Josh… Help me get even bigger…” That shocked me back to reason. I was supposed to be helping Stephanie get bigger, not Mrs. Ellis. I broke away from the embrace, still pinned to the desk by her massive breasts.

“Mrs. Ellis, I have a girlfriend, please-“ Mrs. Ellis’s face lit up with concern.

“Oh, you do? Sorry, I didn’t mean to…” Mrs. Ellis backed off and pulled her shirt back down. “It’s just that you seemed to love last time, so I figured…” Mrs. Ellis’s voice trailed off, blushing. I sighed.

“It’s alright. I just- I made a promise to my girlfriend that I’d help her get… big. She wants to be the biggest girl in the school.”

Mrs. Ellis laughed. “Well, she’s got a long way to go. Have you seen Sandra lately? And of course, I’m here, too…”

I cracked a smile. “Yeah, I guess you are pretty big. Sorry to disappoint you, Mrs. Ellis, but I’m taken. Besides, you’ve still got your husband.”

“True, Josh, true,” Mrs. Ellis smiled as she unlocked the door. “Well, have a good day. And if you ever want to help make me bigger, all you have to do is ask.” Mrs. Ellis squeezed her breast through her shirt as I walked out. I set out again, trying to find Stephanie. Seconds later, the bell rang, and I began the long walk to my next class.

…

I finally caught up with Stephanie at lunchtime, following the stares and comments of my fellow classmen back to their source. I sat down on the bench opposite Stephanie, and noticed we had the entire table to ourselves. She’d covered the entire table in a buffet of fattening foods and sweet treats, and was busy scarfing it down while the kids at neighboring tables gave Stephanie wary glances, talking nervously.

“Steph, I think you’re scaring people a bit.” I said, chuckling.

“They’ll warm up to it, I hope.”

“Me too. I don’t think I could get used to this every day.”

“Me neither.” Stephanie pushed the remaining half of her sandwich into her mouth, and immediately picked up a thermos full of soup and began to greedily slurp it down.

“Steph, if you keep eating like this in school, people are going to be really scared of you. Are you even hungry?”

“Not really, but it feels so good to be full!” Stephanie groaned and patted her stomach, full to bursting underneath her sweatshirt. She looked to have grown some in class; her clothes seemed a bit tighter than I remembered. “I mean, more means bigger, and bigger is better, right?”

“Actually, that’s what I wanted to talk about. I know you want to be the biggest, but-“

“But what? I want to be bigger than that bitch, and nothing’s going to stop me!”

“Stephanie, you have to think about this. What if she has someone helping her get bigger, too? What if she doesn’t stop growing? What if you don’t stop growing? I don’t want to see you bursting out of your house. I don’t want you to be a complete freak.” I could almost taste the irony in the air. Stephanie seemed not to notice it, or otherwise ignore it.

“I- I never thought of it that way. There’s no way I want to be that big, but… there has to be a way to get bigger than her!”

“Stephanie, just promise me you won’t go overboard. I’ll try my best to find a way, but until then…”

Stephanie sighed. “Okay, I won’t go too far. Maybe 8 feet, then I’m done.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. *That went better than I thought.* After our talk, Stephanie let me help myself to the massive feast in front of her. We talked and ate, and when the bell rang, we parted ways. As I walked out of the cafeteria, I found myself being pulled to the side of the hallway, and down a flight of stairs. In the blur of motion I couldn’t tell who was dragging me, but I knew it was a girl, and she was far taller and stronger than me.

*That really narrows it down, Josh,* I said to myself. Suddenly, I was pulled around a corner and into another hall, and then my wrist was released. This hallway was quiet, surprisingly. No teachers, few doors, and less noise. I could feel my arm starting become sore from this girl yanking on it. I began to rub my shoulder.

“I couldn’t help but overhear your problem,” the girl said as she turned to face me. Beneath her curly chestnut hair, the girl’s face was round and pale, her deep blue eyes like twin sapphires. She had big, pale pink lips, and freckles, lending an almost Irish look to her face. She smiled slightly as she turned, her curls bouncing. “The name’s Haley. Nice to meet you.” She extended an arm in greeting.

“My name’s Josh.” We shook hands briefly as the pain in my shoulder sank in. “So do you mind telling me why you dragged me down here? What problem are you talking about?”

“Your growing problem. Well, more specifically, our growing problem. Everyone’s growing problem.” Haley gestured at her body. For the first time I noticed what a knockout she was; her ass was perfectly rounded, encased in blue jeans that seemed tailor-made for her. Her thin waist managed to hold up what looked to be G-cup tits, and her slender arms showed only the barest hint of the muscle beneath. She began to meander down the hallway. I followed. “You see, I know why it’s happening.”

“What!?” I was amazed; finally, some answers to this whole situation.

“Shh, teachers are trying to teach. Hmm…” Haley eyed me up and down. “You seem smart enough. Come on, follow me.” Haley began to skip down the hall, her longer legs easily outpacing my strides. I had to run to keep up with her.

Haley led me into parts of the school I’d forgotten existed; down hallways only half-lit by dimming fluorescent lights and past empty classrooms. Finally, Haley skidded to a halt in front of a darkened room.

“In here.”

I followed her into the darkened room as she flicked the lights on. The room looked more like a kitchen than a classroom; racks stocked high with spices hung above massive oaken cabinets strewn about the room. I spotted several dishes and foreign utensils in one corner, piled on top of a counter top.

“Welcome to class, Josh.” Haley smiled as she picked up an old, beaten wooden ruler.

“And what, pray tell, are you teaching?”

“You’ll see…” Haley jogged to the back of the room and bent over, revealing more of her delicious ass. She grabbed a bottle full of blue-green dust and, without hesitation, grabbed several handfuls and threw them into the air.

“What are you-“ I was broken off by a fit of coughing, the dust filling my lungs.

“Don’t talk,” Haley pointed toward the floor. “Watch.”

So I watched. And watched. For several minutes we sat in silence, watching the floor tiles collect the dust. Then, slowly, almost imperceptibly, I noticed spots that were lighter than others. Next, lines appeared, glowing a faint white-green color. The lines began to lengthen and curve around one another, until they weren’t just lines anymore; they were symbols, glowing brightly as they fell across the floor.

“What are they?”

“They’re called runes, and they’re magic.” Haley said, never taking her eyes off of the runes.

“Magic? You expect me to believe that magic is causing all of this? You’re crazy.” I almost walked out right then and there, but Haley held me in place by my shoulders. That only made the bad one feel worse.

“You don’t believe me? Then believe this,” Haley smiled as I gazed into her eyes. Suddenly, her eyes weren’t deep blue anymore; they were a vibrant green. Her freckles disappeared; her hair shifted through hues of brown and into black. I was captured by her shifting face, until I felt something pushing into my chest. I looked down to find her completely naked, her breasts doubled in size. Her rock hard nipples pushed into me as her body became more and more curvy. When I looked up again, Haley’s face had changed yet again, her hair blonde and her eyes a bright purple. I looked around her burgeoning body to see her ass begin to push chairs out of the way, its mass becoming bigger and bigger by the second. Her legs began to grow as she inched taller, her mammoth breasts easily dwarfing Mrs. Ellis’s in size.

“This is unreal,” I told myself as Haley’s head brushed the ceiling. She pushed my head in between her breasts, and I was unable to resist.

“No, this is magic.”

I closed my eyes as I began to feel her growing bigger still, milk spewing out of her nipples. When I opened my eyes, though, Haley was standing in front of me again, giggling. She was fully clothed and had her normal face back. I breathed a sigh partially of relief and partially of disappointment. I realized she was waiting for a response.

“Okay, magic. My question is how is it affecting the girls in the school?”

“Well, that’d take way too long to explain,” Haley said, waving the gnarled old ruler about. Suddenly an image of a human appeared before her. “Let’s say that this is you. Everyone can use magic, but that doesn’t mean they should. If you were to use magic, it would exhaust you.” The little human collapsed into a heap and disappeared. “Magic requires energy, get it?”

“Sure.”

“Okay, now think about what gives you energy.”

“Rest, and-“ My eyes shot wide open. “Food.”

“Exactly! Now, you saw the runes; runes are magic too. They can keep making a spell go for as long as they have energy. Now, because your friend is stuffing herself with so much food,“

“She’s got a lot of excess energy,”

“Which is being fed to the rune,”

“Which is continuing to fuel the spell.” I smiled, proud of myself.

“You catch on fast, mister!” Haley grinned as she clapped me on my bad shoulder. I tried to ignore the pain.

“But why does sex make girls bigger?”

“It does!?” Haley scratched her head. “I don’t know why that happens. Hmm…” Haley stared out into nothingness, obviously deep in thought. I didn’t have time for wait for a response.

“My question is why is the rune even here in the first place?”

“Well, I may have tried to make myself super-sexy over the summer. I tried to use everyone else’s energy to fuel it and make them less sexy along the way.” Haley giggled nervously as I shook my head. “Hey, it worked, didn’t it? Not as I wanted it to, but… Anyway, the problem I have now is that I’ve found the spell to counteract the rune, but I don’t have enough energy to do it.”

“Where do I come in to all of this?”

“Well,” Haley whispered into my ear. I sighed as she finished speaking.

“Okay, but on one condition: you’ve got to teach me some basic magic later.”

Haley inspected me again.

“Hmm… I’ll have to run it by my group first. I’ll see what I can do.”

“Then we have a deal.”

“Great!” Haley hopped up and down, setting her breasts bouncing wildly. “Now, let me fill you in on what needs to happen…”

…

That evening, I went to Stephanie’s house and told her about my little experience, save for Haley’s growth. Needless to say, she didn’t believe me, so the next day I introduced Stephanie to Haley, who put on quite a display by making her own breasts grow until her bra gave way. Stephanie believed me after that.

I sat alone at the lunch table, glancing over at Sandra every now and then. I hadn’t bothered with lunch today; I just wasn’t hungry. I stood up from the table and confidently strode to her, and tapped her on the shoulder. She turned and looked down at me.

“Well, if it isn’t Josh. I knew you couldn’t stay away from me for too long.” Sandra tossed her hair back and smiled, patting the empty seat next to her. “Sit down.”

I hopped onto the bench and immediately felt incredibly intimidated, as the girls that sat across from me were all taller than me, and looked stronger as well. Some smiled and waved, some glared at me, and some ignored me completely.

“So what’s up with you?” I asked stupidly.

“Everything, baby. I’m getting so big now, and I love it, especially all the ‘attention’ I’m getting,” Sandra scooted into me, and I heard the bench creak. I could feel her massive body pressed against mine. Her hip pressed into my ribcage. “So you finally ditched that girl, huh? Why bother helping her when I’m already so much sexier?” I looked back at Stephanie and saw she looked very upset. I could understand why.

“Those were my thoughts exactly. So, do you think we could go somewhere a bit more…” I squeezed Sandra’s ass through her tight spandex. My hand couldn’t even begin to cover it. “private?”

“We could, but you’ll have to let me finish eating first, sexy. A body this big needs its energy.” Sandra gestured at the whole pizza sitting in front of her. I watched in excitement as she gluttonously devoured the pizza in front of her within minutes, her friends gaping at the feat. Lunch was only half over when she finished.

“Mmm, that really hit the spot,” Sandra said, rubbing one of her monstrous breasts idly. She turned to face me again. “Now I’m hungry for something else.” Sandra put her hand on my hardening dick, feeling it through my pants,

“I know just the place we can go to help with that,” I said as I stood up. Sandra followed suit, and nearly bumped her head on the ceiling. “Damn, how tall are you now?”

“Oh, somewhere around nine-five. Of course, that was before lunch. Who knows how big I’ll be after such a big meal…” Sandra glanced at my crotch. I smiled and led her through the cafeteria, watching everyone stare at her. Everyone, that is, except Steph. She was glaring at me, disgust in her eyes. I tried to ignore her unnerving stare as I made my way through the cafeteria.

“Your ex seems a little pissed at you.”

I just grunted and kept on walking, taking Sandra’s hand and walking as quickly as I could down the hallway.

“Ooh, excited, are we? I don’t think sex will ever feel the same after I’m through with you.”

“Oh, I’m sure,” I looked back, grinning. “I’m going to be on top, though; I don’t want to be crushed. How much do you weigh now?”

Sandra pouted. “It’s not polite to ask a girl about her weight. I weigh more than your puny girlfriend, though. And it’s all in the right places.” Sandra tried to flash me, but lost her balance and her grip as I jerked her around a corner.

“Come on, in here, sexy…” I said, gesturing to a darkened classroom. Sandra ducked as she went inside.

“Damn, there’s no one in this hallway.”

“No one but us,” I said as I locked the door behind me. “So are we going to do this or-“ My eyes opened wide as I got a face full of tit. Sandra had already slipped out of her clothes and was sitting on the floor, her giant tits at my eye level. They were a sight to behold; cream-colored expanses of pliable flesh as wide as my torso, so perky that there was no sag. Each was capped by a massive pink nipple, as wide as a stick of gum and half the length. I helped myself to one of them. I was greeted to a torrent of milk after several seconds of sucking, filling my mouth as quickly as I could swallow. Sandra smiled, knowing she was the one in power here.

“Mmh, little Josh likes his milk, does he? Let’s see how big it’s made him…” Sandra reached under her breasts and unzipped my pants, pulling out my 11 inch cock. “Ooh, you’re so big, Josh! Definitely the biggest I’ve seen.”

I let her nipple pop out of my mouth. “So are you. Do you think you can take all of me?” I said as I stripped down.

“Oh, definitely.” Sandra said, looking down at me. She laid down on the floor and stretched out. I watched in amazement as her body lay before me, nearly stretching from the door to the center of the room.

“Am I too much woman for you, Josh?” Sandra asked, her face hidden by her immense breasts. “Come on, we’ve done this before; you know what goes where.”

I slowly walked forward, my hand caressing Sandra’s long leg. She shuddered in anticipation as I began to run it up her inner thigh, already soaking wet. Her body was slick with her own milk and juices already, and her breasts kept pumping out more and more milk, seeming to get faster every minute. I grabbed Sandra’s ass as I slid myself in, massaging it as I started a slow rhythm.

Sandra groaned as she played with her massive breasts, just out of my reach, which were wobbling wildly even while being held down. Milk spilled out of her mouth as she began to lick a nipple. The slight bulge the pizza had put in her stomach was nearly gone already, the energy being converted into mass. I could already feel her growing; her giant ass pressed outwards against my hands, her torso lengthened.

Sandra urged me on with occasional comments such as “Oh, Josh, you don’t need any other girls,” or “Come on baby, make me bigger.” Her encouragement may have been substandard compared to Stephanie’s, but her astounding body was more than enough to compensate.

“I’m going to make you so huge you won’t be able to fit through the door. We’ll have to grow you out of here, and when you come out, you’ll be a goddess. You’ll be the sexiest woman in the world, Sandra. Would you like that?” I stared into Sandra’s eyes

“Oh, yes Josh! I want to be a goddess! Make me so big everyone in the world can see me, and worship me!” Sandra bit her lip and began to play with her tits even more, milk flowing from them in streams now. She was growing noticeably now; every pump pushed her another millimeter taller. I watched in earnest as Sandra’s eyes lit up with desire. “Oh, god Josh! I’m almost there! Don’t stop!” Sandra pulled her breast into her mouth.

Sandra came with what seemed like an explosion. Milk shot into the air as her muscles clenched, her head slammed into the ground as she writhed in ecstasy, screaming at the top of her lungs. Her body grew and grew, an inch every few seconds, covering more and more of the classroom. She must’ve been at least 10 and a half feet tall now. Her hands sprawled across the room, shoving desks out of the way as her knees bent to make room for her legs, her feet pressed against the wall. I could feel her growing as I kept pumping, until I heard a small tinkling sound. I pulled out.

“Josh, don’t stop! Keep go- What’s that tingling feeling?” Sandra reached for her breasts, which stopped lactating. Her breasts surged forth as more milk flooded into them. Sandra gasped as they slowly stopped growing.

“Josh, we have to do that again. That feeling was… amazing.” Sandra rubbed her swollen breasts with her massive hands. I noticed that her hands looked than they had a few moments before. Suddenly, Sandra was rubbing empty air as her near R-cup breasts began to recede.

“What? No! What’s happening!?!?” Sandra screamed as her titanic breasts shrunk down to H-cups, DD-cups, and smaller. In her focus on her breasts, she didn’t notice that her feet weren’t even touching the wall anymore. Her tremendous ass shrunk as well, down to even less than its original size.

When Sandra scrambled to her feet, she shrieked. She was shorter than me now, about 5’ 7”, with breasts that were maybe a cup size bigger than they’d been before this school year. Her hair had lost its luster. Her ass was even smaller than it’d been before, though; I almost felt sorry for her as she tried to put her clothes back on, only to have them slide off of her body. Suddenly, her eyes lit up with rage and she stormed over to me.

“What did you do to me!? You, you-“ Sandra tried to slap me, but I grabbed her wrist.

“It’s not what I did to you,” I said, gesturing across the room as I let go of her wrist. Haley stepped out of the shadows holding an old, chipped ruler.

“It’s what I did to you.” Haley looked at me. “Nice performance, by the way. Very sexy.”

“Thanks,” I said, chuckling nervously and blushing madly. I reached for my clothes.

Sandra had tears in her eyes.“My body… But Josh, I thought you thought I was sexy. Didn’t you want me to be huge?”

“Sandra, I did think you were sexy. But I also thought you were being a complete bitch. Sometimes bigger isn’t always better.”

“Besides,” Haley cut in, “we needed someone who had enough energy to counteract the spell.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You don’t think things just happen for no reason, do you? There was a spell that was letting you grow, you idiot. We counteracted it using your energy.”

“B-But why?”

Haley let out a sigh and flicked her wrist. A bolt of ethereal blue energy shot out and struck Sandra’s ass, and it swelled. Sandra let out a gasp of joy and grabbed it. She begged Haley to do it again.

“Just for that,” Haley flicked her wrist again and Sandra’s ass shrunk back down. Sandra began to cry again.

“I can’t go out in public like this! I’m, I’m-“

“You look perfectly normal. You’re average, just like me. Just like Haley.” I threw my shirt over my head.

Sandra looked at Haley’s huge breasts, then at her own meager B-cups. “No I’m not! Everyone’s way bigger than me now!” She continued to sob.

“She does have a point,” I said.

Haley sighed again. “Fine.” Once again a bolt of energy shot out and struck Sandra, but this time she grew everywhere. She shot up 4 inches in height, and looked to be a DD-cup. Her ass didn’t grow very much, however. *This is average? Times are changing, I guess,* I thought to myself as I watched her grow.

“O- Okay, I guess I can live with this…” Sandra said, looking herself over.

“You’re not getting any more,” Haley said. She was panting, and looked somewhat pale. I walked over to help her as Sandra walked to the door. She stopped and turned as she unlocked the door.

“What am I going to wear?”

Sandra jumped as Stephanie came striding into the classroom, towering over her. She tossed Sandra a shirt and sweatpants.

“Put these on, then get out of here.” Sandra did so quickly, then sprinted out of the room. Stephanie walked over to Haley and I, smiling. “That went well.”

“Oh, your boyfriend did wonderfully,” Haley said, gesturing at me with her wand.

“Don’t point that thing at me.” I said, helping Haley walk to a seat. “She won’t remember any of this, will she?”

“No, she won’t. Don’t worry, your secret is safe with me,” Haley said, grinning.

“And me,” Stephanie winked at me and leaned against the wall. I pulled the blue-green powder from the shelf and sprinkled it over where the rune was. Nothing appeared.

“Well, it looks like it worked.”

“Of course it did. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m exhausted…” Haley closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep. Stephanie and I walked out of the classroom as the bell rang, holding hands.

“So how does it feel to be the biggest girl in the school?”

“The school? I might just be the biggest in the state,” Stephanie exclaimed as she grabbed her deliciously round ass. “And I love it, by the way.”

“I do, too.”

“So did you come while you were… you know?”

“No.”

“Well, let’s fix that…” Stephanie said, pushing me into another vacant classroom. I couldn’t help but smile as her size and strength overwhelmed me, but I was even more happy that I didn’t have to worry about her growing anymore. Still, I couldn’t wait for Haley to teach me some magic…

THE END