“Josh?” Anna asked.

“Yeah?”

“Do you think I’m… too big?”

Anna sprawled across the couch on the other side of the room, eyes closed. I had to admit, Anna was by far the biggest woman (in fact, one of the biggest people) I’d ever seen, standing at 6’6” and weighing nearly 180 pounds. While she may have been on the heavy side, Anna was one of the most well-proportioned girls I’d ever met; her heaving breasts and curvaceous body perfectly contrasting her lean muscles and six-pack abs. She’s the perfect mix of femininity and power that I’ve come to adore.

I’ve known Anna since the beginning of high school, both of us intelligent kids working our way through honors classes in high school. I wasn’t a very good-looking kid then; my somewhat attractive face was hidden by acne. My green eyes were the only thing I could say really shone on my face. My body was slim, but nearly devoid of muscle, and I stood about 5’ 10”, not enough to stand out from the crowd.

Anna, however, was quite pretty. I lost myself in her dark brown eyes when I looked at her. Her equally brown hair was always accentuated by a flower or a bow. She had a petite 5’5” frame, with little muscle and perhaps a just bit of pudge. Her tanned skin had come from her Italian heritage and years of running on the track on hot summer days. She lacked something that most teenage boys looked for in a girl, though: her breasts barely made a ripple in the shirts she wore, whether those shirts be thin, loose blouses or tight T-shirts. Because of this, I had never thought about asking her out.

One day after class, however, Anna walked up to me.

“Hey, Josh,” She said meekly, flashing a smile.

“Hey, Anna. What’s up?”

“I’m having a bit of trouble with this essay. Do you think you could help me after school?” I thought about it for a second. My parents were going out for the evening, so I’d have to find my own transport.

“Yeah, I guess,” I said tentatively. “Where do you want to meet?”

“Can you make it to my house? I live on Maple Drive.”

“Yeah, that’s fine. Can you give me an address?” I wasn’t sure where Maple Drive was; I hoped it wasn’t too far.

“Sure!” Anna scribbled her address on a piece of paper and handed it to me. “I’ll see you around 5, then?”

“Yeah, I’ll see you then.” I said as Anna walked away. I was unsure about the whole situation. Why would Anna ask me to help her? She had plenty of other friends in the class. *Maybe she thinks I’m smarter than them,* I joked with myself as I picked up my things.

…

I arrived at Anna’s house at 5:30, my feet sore and my knees aching with every step. I muttered under my breath, angry at myself for not checking where Maple Drive was before I left. As it turns out, Maple Drive is nearly 8 miles from my house, and I had decided to walk. Tired and grumpy, I knocked on Anna’s door and feigned happiness when she opened it.

“Hey, Josh! What happened to you? You were supposed to be here at 5.” Anna asked as she ushered me inside.

“Oh, I had a lot of homework,” I lied, not wanting her to worry about me. “Sorry.”

“It’s alright, I did too,” Anna said, pointing to the mound of homework on the dining room table. “I just got done, actually.”

“Great. Let’s get started on that essay, then.” I said, still smiling softly. Anna stood there, the smile slowly fading from her face.

“Actually, I have something to admit, Josh,” Anna grabbed one arm with her other, and smiled innocently. “I… I wanted to show you this before anyone else, because I think I can trust you…” I was confused, both from the enigmatic situation and from my long walk over here.

“Anna, what-“

“Just watch,” Anna said. She stood in the middle of the room in silence, her eyes closed and her arms out to her sides, palms open. I stood and watched, trying to discern what she was doing. The only change I saw was that she started sweating. Her palms, slick with sweat, reflected the light in the room as her forehead did the same. After several minutes, her shirt was drenched, and clung to her body. I could see her hard nipples through the thin fabric. I turned away, blushing. Anna seemed to notice my embarrassment, though her eyes were still closed.

“No, keep looking, Josh. Look at my body. No one else is here, you don’t have to worry.”

Nervously, I observed Anna’s body, my gaze flashing around the room every few minutes. *Is this some sort of prank?* *No, Anna wouldn’t do that. She’s not mean, is she?* I was engrossed in my own thoughts as I watched Anna stand, still as a statue, in the center of the room. The sweat was dripping off of her now, and I was concerned for her.

“Anna, are you alright? You look like you’re really hot.” A smile flashed onto Anna’s face.

“I’m not hot, I’m working hard,” She gasped. “Just keep watching.”

“At what?”

“What do you want to look at?”

Thoughts came unbidden to my mind. I imagined Anna’s body pressed against mine, her lithe form grinding against me. I imagined her with D-cup breasts and wide hips. I tried to respond, but found myself unable to.

“Well, if you won’t choose something, I’ll just have to choose something for you.”

Anna thrust her chest forward, pushing her nipples even harder against her nearly see-through shirt, drenched with sweat. I nearly looked away again, but this time I found it harder to do so. My earlier daydream gave me the idea to try to picture her with bigger breasts. Anna moaned under her breath and bit her lip, but kept her eyes closed. I wondered what she was doing. I returned to my thoughts.

*Anna’s pretty hot, now that I look at her. She’s pretty, she’s got great hair, and she’s got a nice body. If only she had some decent tits, then maybe I would ask her out. I’d even settle on a B-cup, but she’d look incredible with D-cups. Hell, why stop there? Could you imagine how many guys would want to do her if she had F-cups? Man, I don’t think I could control myself if she- wait. Were her tits always that big?*

I slowly realized that her breasts, in fact, hadn’t been that big; where once her breasts barely left a ripple in her shirt, now they had pulled her shirt out from its place tucked into her jeans. She looked to be nearly a C-cup now, and with each breath her breasts seemed to grow bigger. I gaped in awe as Anna grinned wickedly, her eyes still closed. She unbuttoned the top two buttons her shirt.

“Now do you understand, Josh? Mmm, I never knew that big boobs could feel so good! I can feel them rubbing against my shirt,” Anna grabbed one of her breasts with her sweaty hand. Every thought emptied from my head as I felt a stirring in my dick. “Come on, don’t stop now! Or do you want to feel, too?” Anna put her hand back down by her side and thrust her chest out again.

I slowly walked up to her, and noticed her breasts had stopped growing. She was still grinning, though. I figured she had heard my approach.

“Go ahead, Josh,” Anna said. “Touch them.”

I obliged, albeit slowly. When I lightly caressed her breast with my hand, she threw her head back in ecstasy. Her moans encouraged me, and I began to explore her newfound breasts more rigorously. While I watched her writhe in pleasure, I tried to reason my way through this situation.

*She has to be at least a C-cup now. How did this happen? Girls don’t just grow through cup sizes overnight. I wish this would happen to every girl, though. Man, even some of the female teachers would be hot with boobs this big! They’re almost more than a handful. This is amazing! This… is…*

“Holy…!”

I looked back down at Anna’s now-respectable chest, only to find it had grown even bigger. Each of the breasts I held in my hands were now the size of grapefruit, and seemed to be growing slowly. My hands dropped as my jaw did the same. I backed off.

Anna frowned, disappointed.

“Aww, why did you have to stop? It felt so good…” Anna resumed where I’d left off, feeling her newfound assets eagerly. “Am I big enough for you now, Josh? Is that why you stopped?”

“Why I stopped? You’re the one growing! Why are you showing me-“

“Josh, you don’t get it yet? The more you think of me, the more I become what you want. So, Josh,” Anna grinning once again, “what do you want me to be?”

I stood there stupidly, in awe of the revelation before me.

*I didn’t even know Anna that well this morning, and now she wants me to… change her? She wants to be my dream girl?*

Once again, pictures came unbidden into my mind. My dreams the previous night had been filled with women far taller than me, sporting great, heaving breasts that could cover my head with ease. I began to think about these images this time, trying to imagine Anna being one of these fantasy girls. She gasped suddenly, setting her new breasts jiggling.

“Oh! What are you doing to me now? You want my boobs even bigger? Mmm, okay then, I guess that’s fine. They feel great, anyway. But what else are you doing? I can feel myself getting… stretched. I kinda like it!” Anna laughed giddily, glad I’d embraced her ability.

“So is there anything you want to do to your body, Anna?”

“I want to be the sexiest woman ever, Josh! Make me irresistible!” Anna moaned even louder as I heard bones creaking, her legs becoming longer, her torso stretching. *She’s nearly as tall as me now,* I thought to myself as I willed her still bigger. I moved closer to her as she began to inch above me, her breasts each easily as big as her head. Suddenly, a thought popped into my head. I began to focus on Anna’s face.

“Josh, why did you stop? I thought you wanted to- Oh!!“ Anna’s speech slurred as her lips puffed out and turned a ruby-red shade. Her eyelashes lengthened slightly and darkened, and her hair started to extend downward. Her hair continued to grow out for several minutes, down to the small of her back. Thick, lush curls of brown hair cascaded down her body. When I stopped, she reached back and jumped at the length of her hair.

“Wow! I hadn’t even thought about that, Josh. But, this shirt’s getting kinda tight…”

I looked at Anna’s clothes. Her shoes looked close to exploding outward, the laces already undone. Her already-tight jeans had slid up to her mid-calf, stretched on her new frame. Her shirt barely covered her navel now, and it was stretched incredibly tight over her new breasts. She stood a head taller than me.

“Here, let me help you with that,” I said, pulling the shirt off of her head.

I could barely reach up high enough to help her pull her sleeves out. However, I was more concerned with her chest. Her cantaloupe-sized breasts rippled with every movement, each breath causing them to quiver. Dark nipples capped each tanned breast, and were hard as diamonds. I resisted the urge to touch them, instead focusing on making Anna even bigger. She gasped as she began to grow again, her exposed chest covered in sweat.

That was when I noticed Anna looked a little… pudgy. Her stomach stuck out in a small potbelly over her tight jeans. I resolved to fix that.

“Josh, are you changing something else, too? I feel… more powerful. I feel really strong, actually. I feel great!”

I saw as Anna’s stomach gradually changed, becoming more muscular, and the rest of her body followed suit. All of this happened as she was growing taller, her toned body a perfect dichotomy with her irresistible curves.

“Anna, do you want to take off your pants? I have another idea, and I don’t want you to get squeezed.”

“What could you- oh, alright, help me out.” Anna slowly wriggled out of her pants and shoes, her breasts wobbling as she did so. I marveled at my creation so far; a 6-foot 5 female athlete stood in front of me, her body tanned by the sun, with titanic breasts capped by huge dark nipples as big as my pinkie. Anna was half-naked now, the only piece of clothing left on her being her panties, stretched tight across her slowly widening hips. I smiled, knowing what would happen next.

“Oh! I can feel it, Josh! I’m going to be sooo sexy!” Anna squealed as her butt began to slowly build up, more muscle packing onto it as her hips widened to support her growing body. All the while, she never stopped growing up and out as I managed my thoughts carefully to sculpt this woman the body she craved.

For several minutes, Anna kept growing. The look of pure bliss on her face showed how much she was adoring her transformation. I was in heaven, myself; the rather scrawny girl who’d been sitting before me not a half hour ago was blossoming into one of the most beautiful women I’d ever seen, her magnificent curves and sculpted body perfect in every aspect. Her long, toned legs reached up to nearly my navel as the rest of her body stretched far above me. Her huge, firm ass stood at attention right in front of me; her giant, pert breasts were above my eye level. She was absolutely huge now, going on 7 feet, but it wasn’t until something brushed past her face that she opened her eyes. Anna realized in horror that it was the blade of the ceiling fan.

“What the- Oh my god! Josh, I’m huge! Why did you do-“

“Sorry, I like tall girls! Really, really tall girls…” My voice trailed off nervously as Anna glared at me. I was afraid of what she could do with her size and strength.

Anna raised an arm as if to hit me, and I cringed away. The blow never came. When I looked back, Anna was staring at the softball-sized muscle bulging out of her arm. Her gaze slowly flowed over the rest of her body, from her arm to her giant breasts to her incredible ass and legs. Then she looked back at me.

“You know, Josh, maybe being big isn’t so bad,” Anna said, reaching over to grab me. I squealed meekly as she picked me up off of the ground. Her massive breasts created a canyon of cleavage just below my chin. “But I think this is a little ridiculous.” Anna giggled as she watched me ogle her incredible body. “Oh, so you like this, don’t you? Well, maybe I can stay this way for a little while…”

Anna stayed that way for a few hours as we both explored her new body. Her magnificent breasts were the center of attention, though, even after her panties came off. They wobbled with every motion, and covered her torso when she laid down. Her huge nipples got the attention they deserved from both of us as we made love on the couch, my awkward body struggling to keep going as my mind struggled to cope with what I was doing. Anna and I orgasmed at the same time; a glorious symphony of teenage lust. Afterwards, I collapsed on top of her.

“Josh, that was amazing,” Anna gasped between breaths. “But I don’t think I could stay this big in public. What would I wear?”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” I said, disappointed. Anna seemed to notice.

“Hey, don’t worry,” Anna leaned close and whispered in my ear. “Just so you know, I loved every minute of this. I can still be big for you, though. All you have to do is think about it.” Anna giggled and rolled off of the couch, standing up and preparing herself.

I sighed as I shrunk her back down to a more normal size, still giving her the same proportions. As I finished, Anna opened her eyes and looked down at herself, standing about 6’6” with still-huge breasts and a very sexy body. She still stood head-and-shoulders above me. She hefted one of her massive tits in her hand, testing its weight. It looked to be at least a G-cup.

“We’ll have to get measurements for later,” Anna said, admiring her new body.

“So does this mean we’re going steady?” I asked stupidly. Anna smiled and kissed me on the cheek.

“Definitely.”

…

Eighteen months and a hundred transformations later, Anna and I still loved the little games we played. Anna put on loose clothes and grew into them, packing herself as tight as she could and every now and then ripping something at the seams. She reveled in the stares she received, lusty ones from males of all ages and envious (and occasionally lusty) ones from females. She’d grown as big as 8’2”, had breasts bigger than her body, hips so wide that she couldn’t fit through doorways. We’d changed her hair color, eye color, even skin color. Yet we both still preferred the form we’d chosen that day.

As Anna was lounging languidly on the couch, I looked her over. Her breasts were spilling out of a dark blue halter top. Her lush dark hair cascaded down her body in curls, down to the small of her back. Her tanned six-pack was displayed proudly, and below that was a mini jean-skirt, pulled extremely tight across her wide, fertile hips. I closed my eyes as Anna had, and after a few seconds the snap on her skirt flew open and her breasts bulged out of her top even further. Anna’s eyes opened and she looked at me accusingly.

“Anna, there’s no such thing as too big…”

THE END