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## **The Sketcher's Wife** **by Treble Clef**

There are three things I love most in the world. First of them is Vivian, my wife. Brilliant, sexy, beautiful Vivian; she's the best thing about me.

The second is sketching. I carry a sketchbook everywhere I go. For work or pleasure, I use it every day. I design for a living. Sketching is the beginning of my creative process; it's where notions turn into ideas, as they say.

The third, I'm embarrassed to say, but there's no getting around it: I'm in love with giant, curvaceous women. These imaginary girls, always eight feet tall at least, endowed with impossibly huge breasts and great, juicy bottoms with hips and thighs to match...yeah, I'm a pervert, I know. But, it's more than perversion; it's passion.

Viv, stetchbook, curvy giantesses. Ideally, for me, these might co-exist in harmony. And, they might have, had it not been for my indiscretion. I never got around to letting Viv know about number 3, imaginary, tall, voluptuous fantasy girls. Even after a couple years of marriage, I kept that little personal detail in the closet. Bad move, I know. People deserve to know a thing or two about their spouse's kinks. To be honest, I was scared; I didn't know how Viv would take it. Would she be angry? Disgusted? Would she leave me?

For a long time, I lived out my fantasies by drawing them. I had a small, leather-bound purple sketchbook that I kept in the back of my bedside table. In pencil and pen, I spilled out all my perverted imaginings in those pages, drawing up an army of fantastical women at varying degrees of hugeness and curvaceousness. Some of my sketched out fantasies were on the...oh, modest side. For example, there was a pear-shaped, eight foot-something Victorian noblewoman at teatime with her shrimpy husband. Other sketches were wilder, bigger, more imaginative...

And yes, in some of my most vivid sketches, my lovely wife was my unwitting model. Viv's 5'7 frame was blown up to superhuman proportions, her C cup boobs swollen to massive melons and her rump and hips widened to an adorable, heart-shaped love seat.

One day, Viv found my sketchbook.

Viv works in PR. She travels across the country for a good chunk of the year.

On a Monday afternoon, I came home from work to find my purple sketchbook sitting upright in the middle of our made bed. Viv had just left for a conference that would last until the end of the working week. I opened the book to find, written inside the front cover in Viv's loopy scrawl:

*We'll talk about this when I come home.*

Viv did not call me while she was away. She usually called every night, even if just for a spare minute to say I love you and sleep well. That week, I sent her dozens of texts and got only sporadic replies, all of them evasive. Most were variations of: *can't talk right now, really busy.*

That Thursday night, I couldn't take it anymore. I wrote a long email. It was a lengthy apology to Viv, saying in effect that I was sorry to have kept the sketchbook, and subsequently, my horny obsessions, from her all this time and that I hoped she would forgive me.

Friday morning, I got a quick email back from Viv:

*You know, in some ways, I was kind of flattered by your sketches. But, I want to have this conversation in person. Not by phone, email or text.*

Flattered. Not necessarily a bad sign. But if she was flattered *in some ways*, then she was other things in other ways, and *pissed and betrayed* were probably some of those other things. She was appeasing my desperation, I knew. I was still scared. Viv is no fun to fight with. She's always right, and she always wins.

That Friday, I came home from work less happy than I've ever been at the end of a working week. The least I had to look forward to, I imagined, was a good tongue lashing. The most... I dunno, divorce? Yeah, maybe it was a stretch, but couples have split over less.

When I stepped into the house though, I saw two things I didn't expect.

The first was that Vivian was not alone. A pretty young woman was sharing our living room couch with her. I had never seen this woman in my life. She was skinny, shorter than Viv, and... seemed different in ways that I couldn't put my finger on. She had pale skin, pearl earrings and her jet-black hair was up in a large bun. Like Viv, she wore a suit with a skirt.

The second thing I didn't expect was an object sitting on one of our upholstered chairs. It looked old, possibly made of tarnished bronze. The thing was shaped like an elongated teakettle with a wiry handle and a fat little spout.

The mysterious women on the couch sipped a hot tea and spoke to Viv—about what, I never knew; their conversation ended as I entered the house. Viv stood and greeted me with a kiss.

"Reed, I've missed you. How was your week?"

"Fine," I lied, kissing her back.

"Reed, I want you to meet Sylvia. We've been traveling together on business this week."

I introduced myself and shook hands with the woman. Her well-manicured hand was cool to the touch.

"Very nice to meet you, Reed," said Sylvia. "I am just about to let you and your wife be. I have to be on my way and I'm sure you're both dying to have a chat."

Have a chat. Did she know? Though her accent was 100% educated, white, professional, big city American, I doubted, somehow, that she really was American. Everything about her from her voice to her manner to the way she cocked her head a little sideways as she shook my hand seemed so precise as to seem carefully rehearsed. I was suspicious.

Viv broke in, "Reed, why don't you change upstairs, we're just saying goodbye."

I was frustrated to be kicked out of my own living room at a time like this but I knew better than to argue.

When I came back downstairs in jeans and a green polo, Sylvia was gone. For a half second, I thought it strange that I hadn't heard the front door open or shut while I was changing. My puzzlement was forgotten though, as I made eye contact with Viv, who occupied the exact middle of the couch and smiled as she removed her little brass earrings and unclipped the pins from her orange-red hair, letting it tumble to her shoulders. Viv once said women who wore busy, ostentatious pieces of jewelry always gave her the impression they were making up for a lack of innate talent. All of Viv's jewelry was small, simple and inexpensive, no stones, no elegant designs. Just narrow pieces of brass, plastic, pewter or sterling silver. She set them on the coffee table in front of her. "Sit down, Reed," she said.

"All right," I said.

"You don't sound too happy, dear."

I came around the coffee table. "Should I be?"

"I have some wonderful news."

"What is it?"

The corner of Viv's mouth twisted up in a smile that was really just a grimace in disguise. "But *first*, Reed, we need to talk about your sketchbook."

I sat. "Alright."

Viv looked thoughtfully into space. "Those drawings of yours were extremely... animated. Like no other of yours I've seen."

I said nothing.

"You have some powerful fantasies, don't you, Reed?"

I nodded. My eyes were fixed on that spot on the coffee table where Viv's pins and earrings looked like tiny toy military vehicles, crawling across a flat, barren terrain.

"It made me sad. I wasn't so sad that you *drew* them. But I don't understand why you never told me about it. Reed, I think you've been keeping a big, big secret from me."

"You're right, Viv. I'm..."

"How long have you been thinking about... women like that, Reed?"

"A while."

"C'mon, Reed. Does it go back before us? Before we even met?"

"Since... since I was a teenager."

"Oh, Reed. And even after being together for over four years, married two, you never told me."

"Viv, I'm just... I'm so sorry."

"Yeah, I know you're sorry now, you've been caught, Reed. I've felt for a long time that you were holding something back from me. Tell me something; what kind of wife do you take me for? *I'm a grownup*. I thought we were both grownups. Why would you keep that sort of thing from me?"

"I guess I thought you would have second thoughts about me. About us."

"Maybe you should give me the benefit of the doubt, Reed. And even if you were right about that, not telling me is still not okay."

"I don't know what to say, Viv. I blew it."

“And, does it go any further? Are you keeping other secrets from me, too?”

“I swear, Viv, that’s it.”

She looked me square in the face. Her silver-green eyes were chilly as a frozen marsh. “If there’s more, Reed, and you’re lying to me, I can’t stay with you. You know that’s not the marriage I signed up for.”

“That’s fair, Viv, I understand”

Viv went on staring. Then she sighed, blinked. She fell back on the couch and slipped a red-orange bang back behind her ear. My heart was getting light with relief.

“Well Reed,” Viv said to the ceiling, “I have a bit to spill, too.”

For a few very long seconds, she hesitated.

“What is it, Viv?”

“It was three weeks ago I found your sketchbook. I was looking for the password to the router and I’d thought you kept it in a notebook in a drawer. I was really upset, at first. In fact, I didn’t even know what to think. After a while, I started thinking that it wasn’t just you I was angry at. It was my life. Our life. I’m a brat for saying it, but I’m not happy. I’ve worked so hard all my life just to get stuck in a job that I hate. When I’m not trapped at a conference or trapped at a meeting or trapped on an airplane, I’m trapped in this house. And Reed, I love you and I hope this won’t hurt you, but I’m starting to hate our marriage, too. Not you, I don’t hate you. But look at us, Reed. Every week, we have the same meals, we split up the same chores and we have the same conversations about the same things. This isn’t the life we wanted. We were going to be *different*, do you remember?”

I nodded.

“When I thought about it for a while, I realized that you probably need to escape from this life as much as I do. That’s what your sketchbook is for, isn’t it? It’s not just about kinky obsessions, though I suppose there’s plenty of that, anyway. It’s a whole world you escape into. I realized I was angry with you because you have that escape and I don’t. But, I have to admit I was flattered, *turned on* even, that you put me in those pictures too. It was like you would’ve taken me there with you, if you thought you could. I just wish you’d told me.”

“I should have,” I said.

“Reed. We have to make some changes. *I* have dreams and fantasies, too. Just like you do. I want them, Reed. Will you help me?”

“*Of course*, Viv. I love you.”

“I love you too, Reed.” She took my head in her hands and kissed me. It was like we hadn’t kissed in ages.

“So, Reed,” she said, pulling away. “You’ll understand why I quit my job.”

My heart stopped dead. “V-Viv...what-what were you doing out of town then?”

Viv smiled. “I was in Pennsylvania.”

“Penn—what were you doing in *Pennsylvania*?”

“You remember my uncle Jerome? You met him only the once, at our wedding.”

“Of-of course. Rich guy. Young wife.”

“Mm-hmm. *Very* young wife, for a man pushing seventy. I was visiting Jerome and Tina – that’s his wife’s name. I had a nice visit. And, Uncle Jerome has passed the source of his success on to me. It was a promise he made to me years ago, when I was still a girl.”

“What’s that?”

She pointed to the chair where the oddly shaped teapot thing still stood.

“Open it, Reed. Look inside.”

I got up. My head was spinning. I picked up the old bronze knickknack off the living room chair. Oxidation had turned much of its surface a coarse green. I could just barely make out faint patterns, etched around the lid. It looked like a museum piece. I lifted the lid from its top.

Nothing in my life was the same after I saw what was inside.

At first, I thought it was some kind of dollhouse. A tiny Turkish rug and a circular arrangement of little, overstuffed pillows furnished the inside of it. A little lantern in the center illuminated the interior with impressive light.

Something colorful was moving inside, something with long hair and arms and a face with tiny, almond eyes. It waved at me politely.

It took me a few seconds before I realized what I was looking at. Sylvia. She was tiny and naked; she had violet skin. Her long, black hair was slung over one shoulder and fell over one of her small, exposed breasts. A deep purple nipple poked through the black tresses. The tiny woman looked up at me, unembarrassed in her nakedness, a hand propped on her tilted hip.

I couldn’t process it. My knees were weak and I felt a chill. I set the knickknack down on the chair. Somehow, I made it back around the coffee table before dropping on the couch. I tried to say something to Viv, but unreality crowded my head, made me weary.

\* \* \*

I tasted water, tried swallowing, choked and sputtered. Viv’s hand massaged my forehead.

“I’m sorry to spring that on you, Reed. I thought it was better for you to see than for me to try telling you.”

I glanced up. Sylvia was in the room. She sat on the upholstered chair, her skin once again that pale, Caucasian flesh tone; wearing the same beige suit I had seen her in when I first walked through the door. The knickknack, her home, sat on her lap now, her hands resting over the tarnished lid like she was clutching a purse. Sylvia looked at me and made a smile. It was a distant smile, without sympathy or spite, a true look of equanimity.

Even now, I’m still getting used to the terminology. She said she was a *сила*, a type of jinni or *genie*, in western nomenclature.

“Is Sylvia your real name? Who are you?” I said.

Viv sat beside me, her fingers patiently stroking the back of my hand as I struggled to grasp it.

Sylvia smiled, all lips and dimples, no teeth. Her face was like a mask.

Then she spoke, her voice dropping to a sonorous almost-croon that was fuller and deeper than any human being's. It projected with such unnatural magnitude and range I actually looked around, wondering if other people were nearby, saying her words with her, breath for breath. The phony American accent was gone; she spoke with what sounded like dozens of accents rolled into one. Viv seemed unphased, just sat there watching Sylvia, head propped on hand.

*"I've had many names," the genie said. "I've worn many clothes and skin colors and spoke in many languages. I have lifted poor, miserable souls out of poverty, sickness and starvation. I have saved unhappy wives from cruel husbands. I have aided ambitious courtiers in murdering their kings and I have granted rich men forbidden satisfactions that their money could not buy. I have delivered young women from the jealous arms of their families into the waiting arms of their lovers. I have saved prisoners from executioners' blades and given sickly mothers the chance to see their children once more before death."*

It was a highly-wrought monologue, indeed, almost a song. A thousand years ago, maybe, this sort of thing passed for an instruction manual.

"We get three wishes? Is that how it is?"

*"My former master, Jerome, passed my bondage on Vivian. She, not both of you, is my master, now. And she will have as many wishes as she dares to."*

"Can we...can she wish for anything?"

*"I cannot quite grant anything. I cannot bring loved ones back from the dead or change history or stop the sun in the sky or put a baby inside a woman's belly. My powers of creation are limited to the small and purely material. I am little more than a magician who does not deal in tricks."*

With that, her almost hymn-like introduction came to an end and her voice shrank down to that of an ordinary woman.

"But isn't it wrong to keep her trapped in this lamp?" I said to Viv. "Shouldn't we make a few wishes and then wish for her freedom or something?"

"You can't," said Sylvia. "That too, is beyond my power to grant."

"But, there's got to be *something* we can do. Don't you want to be free?" I said.

"Ha" said Sylvia. "And eventually die? I mean no disrespect to you or my master, Reed, but it is you mortals who are the prisoners to me. I was bound to this lamp to amuse the gods by twisting the fortunes of human beings, for good or ill. That is how it will go until they assign me something new. Please, Reed, forget the Disney movies. I have heard this pity song too many times."

It was eight o'clock before I was ready to accept it all. Viv had cooked us dinner. Sylvia ate nothing, but she accepted a glass of wine.

"So, are we going to wish for money?" I said to Viv, who had just finished scraping the remains of our plates in the trash and was coming out into the living room, toweling her hands off.

"Easier said than done, Reed," said Viv, taking her seat by my side again. "Uncle Jerome tried making himself rich several times. The first time, Sylvia put money right into his account. His bank sued him for hacking into their system. After that mess was cleared up, Jerome wished for a pile of cash. In a week, he was arrested by the feds for counterfeiting. The unmarked bills were incontrovertible evidence and he spent some time in prison."

"But he's rich *now*," I said.

“Right. When he got *out* of prison he started a business. He built it up with Sylvia’s help and made a fortune over many years, you know, in a more plausible, legal way. And believe me, he couldn’t have done it without her. It was the only way he *could* get rich.”

“It was much easier to make my masters wealthy in the days when I could shower them with silver and gold coins,” said Sylvia, a chuckle beneath her breath. “Alas, I do not have the power to easily change your country’s currency.”

Viv put hand over my knee. “Anyhow, you’re looking at this the wrong way, Reed. I don’t even want to wish for money. We don’t need it. I don’t want to go penniless, but I have a better plan.”

“What’s that?”

Like she was pulling a handkerchief from her sleeve, Viv produced my sketchbook. When she had retrieved it from our bedroom, I have no idea. She flipped through the pages. I was unnerved that she was doing it in front of Sylvia. But then, who knows what a genie thinks of a human being’s fetish fantasy illustrations.

Viv set the sketchbook on the coffee table.

The open page was a pencil sketch of a woman on a beach in a bikini, flirting with a lifeguard in his lifetower. The woman, who stood a solid ten feet tall, leaned into the tower, her elbow resting on one of its wooden cross slats. Her face, exactly level with the lifeguard, was turned toward him, her lips pursed provocatively. Her skimpy, polka-dotted two-piece was stretched taut over her enormous breasts and wide hips. Each breast was as big as her head and as big as the lifeguard’s whole torso. The lifeguard might have been pleased with his sublimely enormous company, but his face was smitten with alarm. His tower was tipping slightly by the sidelong leaning of his huge acquaintance. Two of the tower’s legs, the ones closest to the giantess, were suspended half a foot above the sand.

The huge woman was Vivian, of course. She had the same full cheekbones, same bobbed haircut, same glamorous smile. I drew her happy. I always liked to think of my giantesses as very, very happy. And dominant.

“I’m going to be her,” said Viv.

I blinked. “What?”

“You heard me.”

I laughed nervously. Viv smiled, her face mirroring that of her curvaceous replica. “I’m not joking, Reed.”

But she had to be joking. “Viv, I don’t *literally* want a giantess, *in real life*. It’s just a fantasy! That’s all it ever was.”

“Well, that’s a shame, Reed, because it’s about to become more than just a fantasy.”

I laughed harder. This was too much.

“Are you about done, Reed?” said Viv.

I wasn’t. Viv huffed as I went on laughing. She got up from the couch.

It was a late spring evening. The sun had set, turning the skies a muddy dark gray. Viv went around the living room and lowered the blinds, first over the two big windows behind me, then the single window facing the front yard. She turned out the lights over our front steps, closed the

door to the study and went to the kitchen, lowering the blinds over the sink. She finished in the dining room where our longest window's blinds were always down but angled sideways. Viv twisted them closed. The house sealed up, she returned to the living room. She flipped on the overhead fanlight as she entered.

Sylvia said nothing this whole time, just stared at me, lips closed tight, and sat cross-legged on the living room chair, tracing two narrow fingertips around the edge of her empty wine glass. I realized in that moment what it was about Sylvia that had struck me as odd from the start. Sylvia had no breath. No, she *had* breath; after all, how else does a person talk? But, she didn't use it much. Her chest did not rise and fall. She was still as a mannequin. The stillness made the genie vaguely insubstantial. It was as if Viv and myself were really the only living persons in the room. Sylvia, though supremely intelligent and evidently sentient, was somehow not quite *alive*, if only because she had no need of oxygen.

Viv, meanwhile, took to the center of the room, her short heels clicking over the hardwood. Once there, she stepped out of the heels, kicked them out of the way and stood in her black tights and two-piece gray suit. Though shoeless, she looked poised, ready to make one of her conference speeches at the job that she had recently quit.

I had stopped laughing long ago. I was scared now. The genie set her glass on the coffee table, put her hands on her lap and watched Viv respectfully.

Viv slowly unbuttoned her blazer and tossed it to the couch. In her white button-up and gray pencil skirt, she drew up her hands and set them carefully over her hips. "We'll start here."

"Viv, no," I said, getting up.

"I'm not asking your permission, Reed. Sit down and watch."

"Viv, can't we talk about—"

"Sylvia, fill out my hips, my bottom and thighs. Make me curvier, wider. And, of course, be sure my waist stays exactly how it is. And do it slowly. Don't stop until I say so."

"Viv..."

"Ignore him, Sylvia."

In the blink of an eye, Sylvia's navy suit dematerialized. Her hair, no longer tied up in a ponytail, dropped over her shoulders. Her skin deepened to lavender once more. She was naked, purple, with her right leg still crossed over her left. Sylvia's features were soft, her body neither skinny nor fat. She wore nothing but some minutely etched gold ring anklets and bracelets. Though no longer in a business suit, she seemed more businesslike than ever. She faced Viv, her mouth tight and thin and her little, pointy nose fixed in the air like a beacon transmitting a signal.

Viv, who was looking down at her abdomen, hands clutching her hips, said, "yes, that's it, a little faster."

And then I saw it. Viv's skirt was stretching.

"Stop it. Stop doing this, Sylvia," I said.

"Shut up and sit down, Reed," said Viv.

Sylvia ignored me. Her hands were still on her lap. It was her unblinking eyes that were doing all the work, blowing up my wife's butt like a balloon.

Centimeter by centimeter, Viv's skirt stretched, thinning. Viv's hands caressed up and down her sides. She bit her lower lip eagerly.

My face was burning with embarrassment. They were just pictures. They weren't supposed to ever be real. "Viv, why are you doing this?"

"Because, I like it, Reed. And I think you do too."

Little horizontal creases formed in the skirt at Viv's pelvis. Her hands traveled around to her bottom. "Mmmm, it feels nice," she said. She was dropping her strict, bossy voice, the low-pitched one she always used when she wanted to get shit done. In its place was her throaty, alluring voice, the one she used to make me come to bed early so we'd have time to play. She purred, "so nice and *tight*. I can feel my ass growing inside this *tiny* little skirt, Reed."

Viv turned about slowly, making a provocative display of herself. My heart skipped a beat when her bottom came into view. Already, it was no longer the pert little butt that I was used to eyeballing when Viv turned about. It bulged through her straining skirt, testing the gray woven fabric. Deepening creases were visible at the line where Viv's butt cheek met her thigh. The line dropped lower as those cheeks got bigger, fuller.

Viv glanced at me over her shoulder. "Keep watching, Reed. I'm going to bust out of this skirt."

Was this some kind of sadistic torture? Was Viv having her revenge by rubbing the realization of my fantasies in my face? Unfortunately for me, my juices were flowing to my nethers. An erection is no help in a spousal dispute, least of all one like this.

The slit in the back of Viv's skirt widened as the expansion carried down to her thighs. My heart skipped another beat as I watched my wife's backside puff out against the fabric.

"A little faster, Sylvia. I think Reed wants more."

"N-no I don't!"

Viv sent a giggle over her shoulder. Her mounting ass was getting packed inside that little skirt, filling into a big, fat heart shape. The outlines of full, round cheeks were progressively visible through the gray fabric. There was a sound of popping threads and I watched as the slit broke upwards along the seam like a parting zipper. Two ripe, fleshy thighs were just waiting to split that puny garment.

There was no stopping my libido. I was pitching through my jeans.

"Mmmm, that's it. Keep watching, Reed."

Viv turned, giving me a profile view. It was even more impressive than the view I had from behind. Viv's butt extended inches behind her, round and full. The skirt was comically misshapen over the swelling cheeks. There was another round of popping threads. Viv ran her hands up and down her hips and thighs, cooing sweetly, occasionally glancing up at my horny, miserable self as I stood there, dumbfounded.

"Faster Sylvia, faster," she said.

The fabric groaned. Threads burst. The skirt parted. Full round cheeks, big as volleyballs and scarcely covered by the translucent black mesh of her thinning tights, mooshed through the widening slit.

Viv turned once more, facing me. Her arms reached behind her back and unhooked the clasp in the cinched waist of the skirt. The broken garment dropped to the floor, leaving Viv in her straining tights. Gaping tears were already visible in the black nylon, especially over her ass and hips. Viv stepped out of the heap of her torn skirt and approached me.

I was scared. Within minutes, my wife had grown into an improbable pear shape. The openings in her nylons parted wider over her hips and thighs and grew thicker and fuller. She came right up to me, put her hands on my shoulders and gently pushed me down on the couch.

“Well, horny boy, what do you think?” said Viv, turning once more to show me her bubbling bottom. “Is my ass looking yummy to you?” And, as if she knew what was about to happen, Viv arched her back, bent down and shoved those glutes in my face. With that one motion, Viv’s nylons burst apart, baring her huge bottom. Her straining, cotton white panties framed her massive cheeks, now approaching basketballs.

Cruelly, mercilessly, she took a seat on my lap and started grinding me, squishing down on my throbbing manhood.

“Mmmm, I know you like it, Reed. I can feel it.”

I couldn’t help it. I put my hands on her queenly hips and helped guide her gyrations. I was uncomfortably aware of the fact that the flesh beneath my fingers was still filling out, setting my arms wider apart.

Over her shoulder, I saw stone-faced Sylvia watching us as Viv pumped me gleefully, grunting and giggling and stealing glances at my flushed, gasping face.

The show came to halt when a quick snapping sound heralded the surrender of Viv’s little white panties. The cotton snapped apart on either hip and fully exposed my wife’s sumptuous trunk.

“Enough, Sylvia,” said Viv.

We were paused in a bizarre freeze frame. Between my hands was an ass, two feet wide, full, ripe, round, soft...honestly delicious.

Viv got off me and examined herself, running her hands around the girth of her hips and ass, pinching the plump, squeezable butt flesh. Experimentally, she stood on the balls of her feet and glanced down her backside. I was taken by the way her lower body resembled a long nozzle, how it tapered from hips to toes in a neat, almost conical shape.

Finally satisfied with her inspection, Viv set her hands on her imposing hips and looked at me. Her slightly loose, white button up sectioned off her narrow upper body from her naked and cartoonishly round hips and thighs. She looked a little like the front side of a centaur.

Viv smirked at my dumb expression and placed her hands over her chest. “Well, Reed. How about we get to work on these little C cups of mine now?”

A wretched part of me wanted to say yes, do it now. But, she was toying with me and I couldn’t play along.

“Do you think this is funny, Vivan?”

Viv shifted her weight to her left foot, extended her right hip to one side and propped a stately arm over it. She made a grave face. “No Reed. Do you?”

I didn’t know what to say to that.

She grinned at me then, turned about and skipped like a schoolgirl to the center of the room. I watched her booty leap and jiggle with each springy step. Oh, she was killing me.

Like a weather vane, Sylvia turned in her seat as Viv passed and watched as her master took the stage.

“Sylvia, make my boobs grow, nice and slow.”

“No Sylvia,” I objected, “she doesn’t *really* want it. She’s just doing it to screw with me.”

Both Viv and Sylvia turned to me. I was even a little surprised by the words that had slipped out of my mouth, but I realized I meant them. Viv *was* screwing with me. She was trying to prove something.

Viv said, “don’t listen to him, Sylvia. I do want it. And so does Reed. He just doesn’t want to take responsibility for it.”

“That’s not true.”

“It is true, Sylvia. Deep down, Reed can’t *wait* to see me my tits bust through this blouse.”

Sylvia turned my way. “You are not my master anyhow, Reed.”

She turned back to Viv and started, her eyes casting invisible magic.

Viv clutched her chest with both hands, parted her lips and teeth slightly as she watched for the first signs of growth. Her fingers began to knead at her breasts. “Yes, yes, that’s it.”

The white button-up began to rise on top.

“Viv, can you please just stop, at least for a minute so we can talk about this?”

Viv smirked. “Just like we *talked* about the naughty ideas in your head before you drew them in your sketchbook, Reed?”

“Look, I’m *sorry*, Viv! I didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“Reed, dear, please be quiet. You’re going to ruin this for both of us.” Already, her button up was slackening in the chest, pulling taut over two rising mounds. Creases formed below her armpits and gaps widened between the buttons. Viv was already a couple sizes above her former C cups. “Faster Sylvia.”

A gap at the fore of Viv’s bosom yawned with a surge of growth, exposing her nude colored bra. Viv’s buttons twisted sideways with the yanking tension. Viv kept kneading herself, moaning joyfully, as if her growth were scratching some long-repressed, sensual itch.

A shiver of arousal hit me as I caught the outline of a thick nipple poking straight through Viv’s bra and shirt. Viv’s rack was starting to look misshapen as it slowly peaked over and under her bra. It was sinking into a mass too big for it to hold. The gap in Viv’s shirt was wide to the point of absurdity. She stuck out her chest and grunted. “Unf!” she said. The shirt snapped and a little white button pinged off the ceiling and another one skipped off the floor.

The window in her shirt was open wide now and I could see the mounds of doughy titflesh surging over the tough elastic. The whole bra was getting pushed outwards, the wired bridge between the two cups was no longer sunken in beneath them but stretched out evenly with them—though the cups weren’t really *cup-shaped* any more.

The gaping hole did not relieve the tension in Viv’s shirt for long. Her boobs puffed out into more and more of the white fabric of her blouse, particularly on the sides. Gaps appeared between remaining buttons.

Like a parody of a professional wrestler, Viv puffed out her chest again. Finally, the entire upper-to-mid section of the shirt blew apart. Viv tore off the last of it and let it fall to the floor.

Her bra was the last soldier standing before Viv’s impending nakedness. Fresh, bulging boob swelled over the top and under the bottom. It was hard to gauge the size of Viv’s tits when they were so misshapen by that stretchy garment but softballs were fast coming to mind.

Viv looked my way, pointed her mighty tits in my direction and said, “faster again, Sylvia. Help me finish off this stupid bra.”

She pulled the bra straps from her shoulders.

My brain and my loins were sending different messages to me as I watched my wife's rack balloon out into inhuman sizes. The bra was stretched thinner and thinner as fat, creamy boob overwhelmed it on all sides. It looked like it hurt, but if it did, Viv refused to show any sign. She stroked the bulging flesh with her fingertips, sighing and moaning again. Soon, her nipples were the only things covered. The elastic audibly groaned as the swelling mass of boob advanced forth.

In a split second, something came up at me fast and I was blinded and didn't know what hit me. But, a sharp pain in my forehead told me I'd been jabbed in the brow by a flailing eye-in-hook.

I took the ripped garment off my face and studied it. Then, looked up to see Viv, my beautiful, wife with two giant, teardrop shaped flesh melons in her hands. She was still growing, titflesh spilling over her palms on either side. Her face broke into a grin as she put her arms beneath her giant boobs and cradled them the way silicone models do, aligning the trajectory of her huge, plump nipples like little canons.

"Mmmmm. So, what do you think, Reed?"

"I..." There was nothing to say that the look on my face and the pitch in my jeans didn't already.

And, once more, she came to me, boobs ajiggle, nipples quivering. Viv's boobs were steadily catching up with her lower body, bringing her closer and closer to a freakishly exaggerated hourglass.

She stood before me. Boob filled my vision. Viv took me by the shoulders and drew me into the great, soft, fleshy chasm between her magnificent hooters.

I could feel them growing, the smooth, warm flesh building up and rubbing out against my burning cheeks, covering more and more of my face. Pretty soon, they would reach my ears. My hands sank into warm, soft tit. It was getting hard to breathe.

"Mmmmm, yeah Reed. Don't you love my big, swollen boobs?"

I couldn't answer, but the question was probably rhetorical.

She slipped me out from her crevasse, helped me out of my shirt and laid me down on the couch where she climbed on top of me and plopped her huge, heavy boobs on my chest. Viv was unfamiliarly heavy. And even now, I could feel the weight of her boobs building on me.

Viv grinned. All I could see of her from this vantage was boobs and face. Her head was diminutive as compared with the squishy basketballs between us.

Viv ran her hands through my hair and kissed me hungrily. Even with my pants still on me, I was dangerously close to orgasm. She wiggled and writhed on top of me, moaning, panting, bringing me closer still. "Mmm. Oh yeah. Touch my nipples Reed, squeeze my big, fat nipples!" I did as told and she squealed and ground against me and yanked at my hair. I was conscious of Sylvia watching us impassively but I couldn't help myself. I had never seen, let alone touched, bigger boobs. They were like huge, fleshy pillows, so soft and round. I tried gathering them in my hands but they spilled out everywhere, feeling fuller and heavier every second. "Yeah, Reed. Keep touching my huge titties! Mmmmm, that feels so nice!"

We went on like this for a minute or so more, then Viv stopped me with her hand. "Okay, Sylvia, that's enough."

Viv got off me and checked herself out.

She had to use to her forearms to comfortably lift her breasts and arch her back to keep from falling over. They went down to her naval. Their weight gave them a slight vertical extension so

that they resembled large watermelons in shape, not to mention size. Even when Viv turned away from me I could see them, curving a few inches past her arms on either side. Viv had pretty close to matched her two-foot width in the thighs and hips with her chest and if there was a bra in the world that could lift those melons, she would probably be about dead even. In any case, she was an hourglass of such exaggeration as to stagger the eyes. Viv turned my way, grinning, holding each breast in an arm like filled grocery bags. The thickest, ripest pair of nipples I've ever seen pointed slightly outward to either side. They were roughly quarter-sized and mounted on aureoles the size of splayed hands.

Viv jostled the prodigious flesh bundles in her arms and sighed. "These got a little bigger than I meant them to. But I won't fret over happy accidents. Keeping my balance isn't so easy, but I'm sure Sylvia can help with that, can't you, dear?"

"If my master wishes it so," said the genie with a matter-of-fact half smile.

"We'll deal with all that later," said Viv. "Now for the last step."

"Oh no," I said.

"Oh yes."

"Viv, c'mon," I pleaded. "This has gone so far already."

"Not nearly far enough, Reed." Viv turned, rotating her tremendous bottom in my face. Her hands did something in front of her that I couldn't see but understood when she bent over, teasing me with the flexing of her gigantic gluteus, and put something down on the coffee table right next to her hair pins and earrings. Her wedding band.

"C'mon Viv," I said. "It was just a fantasy! Something I dreamed up!"

She looked over her shoulder. "You know the old saying about dreamers and doers, Reed? Well, I'm both. Why is it that my dear, sweet husband is so eager to just be the one and so determined not to be the other?"

I came up behind my supercurvaceous wife and wrapped my arms around her. "You don't have to do this to make me happy, Viv. I love my wife exactly as she is. Please, tell Sylvia to change you back and we can talk about all of this."

Even as I spoke, I could hear the patronization in my words. Words that so many husbands have used on their wives, since time immemorial. Yes indeed, I was trying to protect his wife from her own irrational behavior. Trying to talk sense into her. In my right mind, I knew not to talk to Viv like that. She never fell for it; hated it, in fact. But, I was starting to panic and wanted to break whatever ambition was driving Viv on this strange evening.

Viv put a hand on mine, turned in my arms, squishing her huge boobs up against me, pressed her lips to my ear and said, with ice on her breath, "I'm *not* doing this to make *you* happy, Reed. I'm doing it for *me*. And, you'd better start getting used to it, because Sylvia is *never* going to change me back."

"What?"

"Wake up, Reed. This is no joke. I tried to tell you before."

She looked me in the eye. I released her, took a step back.

I was outnumbered. It was me verses the combined power of my wife's outsize personality and the immortal, close to omnipotent genie in her thrall. It suddenly hit me that, perhaps, Viv really *wasn't* changing her body for me. Or, that catering my interests was, at best, a secondary motive. But, *why*, then? What game was she playing?

“Sylvia,” she said. “Make me grow. All of me. And make me a bit stronger. I’ll need it to carry all this extra mass around.”

Viv and I looked into each other’s eyes. After a few painfully pregnant seconds, hers started to move up.

It was slow, subtle. Centimeter by centimeter, Viv’s eye line was closing the gap between her 5’7 and my 5’9.

Viv saw the fear in my eyes. She put her hands over my face. I watched her face rise before mine, clearing an inch. I could see the infinitesimal lengthening and widening of those ripe cheekbones, that little pointy nose, those full lips and white teeth that I loved to stick my tongue between. Her eyes swelled out to bigger, deeper pools of silver-green. “Are you scared now, Reed?” she said.

I didn’t know what to say. Yes?

In my sketchbook, page thirty-something, there’s a drawing of a man running across a grassy hilltop in the evening. His shirt is torn almost to shreds, barely hanging onto him. His jaw hangs in comic terror. There’s a bruise on his face and a gash on his arm. The giant she-monster in his pursuit creeps over the hillcrest behind him, outlined by the sky. Her face is split in a menacing grin, like a jack-o-lantern. She’s stripped down to bra and panties. She surmounts the hill, her hair billowing ethereally in the wind, her huge breasts swinging from side to side. She relishes the chase and is in no hurry to catch her prey. In a word bubble, she calls, *yoo-hoo! Honey, do come back! We’ve only begun to play!* The doomed man cries, *the formula was just supposed to augment her breasts a little. But she took the whole thing and it made her huge all over! I’ve created a monster!!!*

Be careful what you wish for.

Viv now matched my eye level. Even at only two extra inches, her size was a task for perception. Now that everything about Viv was growing, it was an increasing challenge to grasp her physical shape. Much harder to believe that this was my own wife! Her breasts were starting to make large watermelons look small. The newfound girth in her hips and thighs widened to higher and higher circumferences. All of her rose before my eyes like Jack’s beanstalk.

As she cleared my own height by a centimeter, Viv extended a hand that was unsettlingly larger than I was used to and stroked my cheek. Her voice dropped to a whisper. “Oh, Reed, my love. If you’re scared now, then maybe you should start running. This is just the beginning.”

And, as if by magic, I was indeed scared. Truly terrified. How? Had Viv made some discreet, under-the-table wish for Sylvia to fill me with fear? Or, had Viv mastered the art of suggestion? Could it be that I was always secretly frightened of Vivian, my beautiful, implacable wife, and it only took a little magic and a gentle nudge to tip me into a state of abject terror and panic?

I backed out of Viv’s grasp and tripped when my leg hit the coffee table. I fell back on the couch and rolled off it to the floor. Viv just stood there, towering over me, watching me crawl between the pieces of furniture in the shadow of her towering, voluptuous figure.

I turned about and staggered to my feet. It was I who was behaving irrationally, not Viv. Thanks to her and Sylvia, fantasy and reality were bleeding together. Viv was dissolving the boundary that had kept me safe for so long from embarrassment and shame. Even as I was in my pants, I felt naked, more naked indeed than the two naked women in the room.

Viv suddenly seemed very, very tall. She probably hadn’t hit six feet yet, but it didn’t matter. Her breasts were huge; her thighs were huge, her arms and legs were huge. If she looked this huge with only a few inches, how enormous would she look after a couple feet?

She smirked. “Obviously, you’re enjoying the show, Reed, judging by the bulge in your pants.”

“Why are you doing this, Viv?”

Her eyes regarded me from an increasingly downward angle. My knees shivered.

“Oh, Reed. You really should have shown me that sketchbook sooner. If you had, we might’ve understood each other a little better.”

I was looking up at her now. She must have passed six feet tall.

She continued, “Do you think it was just a mistake that you married a woman who would love *nothing more* than to look down at her husband, all day long? Love to be bigger, stronger than him?”

I glanced up at our high ceiling. The top of Viv’s head was little over three feet away from it.

“There was a reason,” she said, “why I chose such a sweet, shy, reserved man for a husband, Reed. You made me feel like a big girl. You even seemed to like it that way. And, you know, now that your little sketchbook showed me just how far that goes, I feel like I can do whatever I want.”

Viv’s breasts were fast approaching small yoga balls in size; her nipples had grown to fat nubs. Her ass probably would’ve taken up the better part of our couch. At their widest, her thighs were thick as telephone poles.

“So, little man,” she said, her voice acquiring a fuller, broader timbre by expanded lungs and vocal chords. “I’m going to give you ‘til the count of three to get away from me before I come after you. And you’d better run, because I’m not going to play soft once I catch you. One.”

And, as prompted, I did the same thing that every dumb horror movie chick does when she finds out that the killer is inside the house. I ran for the stairs instead of the front door.

“Two.” Viv’s voice echoed up the stairwell.

I was close to the top when she boomed, “three!”

I rounded the corner and tore down the hallway past our bathroom and bedroom. When I got to our guest room at the end of the hall, I turned on the lights, shut the door behind me and ran over to the window.

A heavy footstep sounded across the house. My heart skipped like a hot potato.

My trembling hands pulled up the blinds, unlocked the window as the creaking and sighing of stairs under heavy weight reverberated through the house’s frame.

Window open. Now the steel latches on our screen. They were stuck in place with grime and I had to push hard. They gave with the sound of the last heavy step on our stairway.

A loud voice blew across the hall. “Reed?”

Too bad the guest room door didn’t have a lock.

My thumbs pressed at the latches. I put the weight of my upper body into the screen. Another step and another step and another, up the hallway.

*Ka-chick.*

The screen popped out and dropped one story to the gravel with a tinny clatter. I peered down. A shrub partially obscured my path to the ground. Would I chance it?

*Thump. Creeeeaaak.*

“Oh Reeceed...” Halfway down the hall. So loud.

I grabbed the windowsill and leaned out. Dammit. I should have gone into our bedroom, whose window opened over the roof of our garage. A second story window is a long way up.

*Thumpcreeeaaaak.*

Close.

I drew my leg over the windowsill. Down on our street, a car whooshed past and weakened my resolve. What if someone saw me?

*THUMPcreeeaaaaaak.*

Shit.

I dove and crawled under the guestroom bed. It hadn't been slept in in a while. The floor was musty and it was hard to breathe.

The knob clicked.

I made myself as small as I could, snaking into the corner.

The creaking in the floor was lighter, more careful than I'd expected. Deep lungs expelled air like wind through a gutter. I couldn't see anything, but I listened as her steps crossed the floor to the open window.

I could hear my heartbeat pulse in my head. No Reed here, nossir. Just us dust bunnies.

There was a long silence. Then, I heard the blinds slide closed, steps, back across the middle of the room. My breath caught in my throat as I waited for the lights to go out or for the sound of that first heavy step in the hallway.

Silence.

C'mon, c'mon. Leave. She must be taking one last look around the room.

"Ow!" My head, hitting a board suspended across the bedframe as something tight closed around my ankle.

I screamed. My fingernails dragged across the floor. My chest burned as hardwood slid over my bare skin.

"Nice try, Reed."

I passed out from under the bed and looked up. Her head fully eclipsed the overhead light. Her dangling boobs filled the space between us, nipples like cherry tomatoes tracing arcs in the air. She was kneeling over me. I couldn't be sure of her size, but I'd have guessed that she was about two heads taller than her dear husband.

I struggled but she held my arms down with strength that I could barely believe. With her hands clamped over my elbows she lifted me. I couldn't wriggle out of her grasp. But...

*Crisssh!*

"Ouch!" she cried.

I fell back to the floor.

The lights flickered. Bits of glass hit the floor next to me. Viv was rubbing her head where it had hit the overhead light. The glass dome was partially shattered, leaving a bright bulb exposed. The plaster in the ceiling was dented, riddled with a web of thin cracks. The woman wasn't used to her height.

I scurried out from under her, ducking away from a breast like a punching bag and stepping over an enormous thigh. A big hand brushed my leg as I scurried out the door.

I looked back to see her turning about. She was grinning. Her giggles echoed down the hall after me. She must've been big as a polar bear; her massive tits and ass were swiftly filling up the visible space in the doorway.

I froze in the hall.

"Come here you," she roared.

On hands and feet, in a squatting position, she charged like a gorilla, her tangles of orange red hair waving like an angry flame, massive boobs knocking about beneath her.

And then, "OOF!"

Something had stopped her partway into the hall. She practically fell on top of her monstrous boobs, which flopped onto the hardwood in a flurry of mesmerizing undulations, making the floor shake all the way to where I stood.

The hall was filled with her heart-stopping laughter. She pounded on the floor with fists the size of oven mitts. The walls rattled around me.

"I'm-I'm stuck, Reed," she cried. "Help me."

With her eight-something feet of height, her massive thighs were too wide to clear the doorway. She was a funny, if intimidating sight. Her knees propped her bottom high in the air like a cat's, fixing to pounce. Pitched over on boobs like beanbags, her dinner plate-sized face was stuck chin first in her own cleavage.

Should I help her? I was too scared to go near and much more inclined to stand and watch.

"You're a jerk, Reed." She gritted her teeth and pawed at the floor, pressing her hips into the frame. I could hear the faint groaning of plaster. Little hairline cracks appeared in the wall where her sides dug in. Even as she was getting too big to fit through doorways, Viv was getting strong enough to break them. I backed off a few paces, ready to run again.

"Oof, screw this," she said, and pulled out of the narrow space.

Before I could wonder what she was up to, she twisted over on one side, holding her boob in place with an arm so her side wouldn't pinch it against the floor. Her hips were lengthwise with the doorway's height. She jabbed an elbow into the floor for traction and levered herself forward. At one and a half times her normal size, Viv's already huge ass had gotten huger still—roughly the size of an overstuffed chair cushion, now—but not quite huge enough yet to get jammed in a doorway.

I scurried into the bathroom and locked the door behind me. The window was too small for escape, but, seriously, what was Viv going to do, break the door down?

Steps again, louder than ever, coming up the hall.

"Mmmm, Reed, you naughty boy. You left me stuck in the doorway. Wouldn't even help your own, poor, growing wife. What kind of man does such a thing?"

Her voice was so loud. I said nothing. Silence hung in the air for a painfully long time. Then, WHAM!

The doorframe shook. The mirror rattled. Inside the cabinet, ibuprofen pills and antihistamine tablets skipped in their containers and electric toothbrushes toppled over.

“Come on out, Reed. My huge, swollen titties need your attention. They need a little man between them. Oh, don’t you want to play?”

Viv. What a tease. I couldn’t describe to you how bad of a boner I had, had pretty much maintained since the start of all this.

WHAM!

The floor seemed to shift beneath me. I lost my footing and fell to the carpet. For a split second I thought I saw the door warp slightly in its frame.

“Oh Reed, I’m getting sooooo big. This hallway is starting to feel kinda small. I don’t think I can stand up in here any more. Won’t you come out? You’re making this so much harder for us both...”

SMASH!!!

The door’s bolt tore through the wall. Chunks of splinters and plaster blew across the bathroom. The door twisted in its frame on a diagonal axis, its upper and lower hinges breaking loose, leaving only the bent and partially broken middle set to hold it, virtually by a thread.

A huge head filled the space in the upper doorway, framed by thick waves of red-orange hair. Her silver-green irises were as big as nickels. My stomach fluttered at the surreal sight of a giant, living, blinking face. It was like those Universal Studios rides, when the mechanical monster pops out at you, and even though you know you’re in no real danger, your gut still churns.

Except, I didn’t know that I was in no real danger. I drew back into the corner. She took the door in her hands, yanked it off the frame, pulled it into the hall and tossed it away. It tumbled across the hallway floor with a series of bangs and slams.

She was squatting. Her enormous boobs filled the doorway. Her nipples were big as golf balls. I could see them swelling, millimeter by millimeter. All of her was swelling. Eyes, lips, hair, shoulders, collar, forearms, boobs, knees and feet. Down on her hands, she wriggled herself inside the bathroom, boobs squishing slightly in the doorframe but popping through without trouble. The line of her back trailed a mesmerizing six feet from her shoulder blades to her tailbone. She stopped hip deep into the room, unable to squeeze through any further, save by breaking the wall. Maybe it was a mistake for Viv to blow up her butt and hips before growing her whole body. On the other hand, these inconveniences just seemed to amuse her.

She couldn’t reach me, not quite. Not with me backed up flat against the far wall. She clawed at the air, giggling. “Eh! C’mere you!”

Her fingertips were inches shy. The doorframe dug into the soft cushion of her hips as she pressed forth, batting in my direction like a cat harassing a mouse in its no-longer-safe hideaway.

“You’re mine, Reed. Give up already!”

I tried to dodge but I couldn’t even bend my knees without giving Viv a golden opportunity to snatch me by my leg and drag me across the floor. I watched her fingers draw closer and closer as her arm grew longer, advancing with every swipe. The wooden doorframe creaked in protest at the pressure of her hips. Her beanbag boobies swelled like pumpkins. They propped Viv up slightly. She clutched them for support with her left hand as she reached with her right.

And then she got me. My heart stopped. Her long, marker thick index finger and thumb hooked my belt.

She laughed evilly. I tried to sidestep away but there was untold strength, even her fingers. She wouldn’t let me shift more than an inch or so.

“Why are you resisting, Reed? Don’t you want me?”

“N-no.”

“Hmm. Not too convincing, dear. Let’s see what your little friend has to say about it.”

Even as a giantess, Viv was nimble. She pulled the strap out of my belt buckle and slipped the thing off of me with one hand. Then, she reached out with both hands and tore my fly apart like a package of potato chips.

She slid the ruined pants down my legs, I felt uncomfortably like a Ken doll.

“Ooooooh, I think somebody wants to say hello,” she said, taking each side of my boxers in either hand.

*Riiiiip.*

There they went, exposing my engorged manhood and shame.

“Why, he’s practically *bursting* with eagerness to see me! Oh, Reed, why do you keep him locked up like that? His little cage is much too small for him.”

But my attention was elsewhere. Viv’s hips were positively jammed in the doorway now. With her constant, continuous growth, cracks appeared in the white, porcelain tiles that made up the lower half of our bathroom wall. A couple tiles even fell to the floor, revealing squares of crumbling concrete. Viv’s preposterous hourglass was getting stuck between two rooms. Even her shoulders were well approaching the width of a door. It was unlikely now that she could back out, boobs and all, without breaking something.

Her arms were long enough to pass behind me and coax me forward, which she did. I took a nervous step toward her head, now as big as a computer screen, and her humongous boobs, which were quickly filling up the space between the sink and shower.

“C’mere, honey. That’s it.”

I took another step, my traitorous member pointing the way to Viv’s mouth.

It was too easy. If Viv wanted me—wanted me like this—she’d have to work harder. She would have to *really* catch me. Yeah, I know, I’m a coy little twat when I want to be.

I took two steps closer to her moist, eager lips. Her big delicious, shiny, pink tongue flexed in her mouth.

“Viv,” I said.

“Yes, Reed?”

We made eye contact. Her huge, superball-sized eyes fixing on me with her mouth agape, anticipating my entry.

A second passed. Then, I leapt over her arm, jumped and landed on all fours on her back.

“You little brat!” she shrieked.

She tried to twist me off but she was too big to move when she was wedged in. Still, I lost my footing and tumbled down to the small of her back, then climbed for the next mountain.

Her ass, now as big as a child’s bed, was super squishy and warm and easy to get a handhold and a foothold and another handhold on, even as Viv squirmed beneath me. I tumbled down the slope of a massive, wobbly butt cheek the size of a laundry basket and fell to the floor.

Viv tried to pull herself out of the bathroom and I staggered backwards as the wall around the doorframe busted out to make room for the passage of her shoulders and elbows. The whole upstairs groaned, whined, rattled and creaked.

Viv drew herself up, trying to get those huge, long legs underneath her. She managed it, but Viv knew neither her size nor strength now, and, as she lifted herself, she collided with the ceiling once again. Her head and shoulders tore into the attic.

“Ugh. REED!”

I dove into the bedroom, climbed over the bed and debated for half a second the merits of jumping out of my second story window wearing nothing but my socks.

Footsteps thudding incredibly, Viv was in the doorway. Then, she was through the doorway. Her hips dislocated the doorframe, tore apart the wall. She was a beast.

“Enough, little man!”

The ceiling was two heads too low for Viv now. She had to squat and spider walk around the bed, the floor which groaned in wretched protest. I jumped on top of the bed, intending to take off for the door again once Viv got close enough but she was ready for me. She leapt, throwing her weight on the cushion, blocking my exit with her arms, sending me to my back, crawling on top of me.

“Gotcha!”

CRACK.

Where did that come from? It was so loud...

Suddenly, I was jerked downward, head and shoulder first.

“Shit,” said Viv.

The wall by my head spat chunks of plaster. I was at an angle of about thirty degrees. So was Viv. I looked over the side of the bed. The bedroom floor was closer than I expected. And then I saw the leg of the bed. Or didn't see it, rather, because it had gone through the floor. Viv was struggling, trying to do something. She grabbed me in her arms, just as—

CAAAARRRRRAAAACK.

We fell. Me. Viv. Bed. Everything. Cradle and all. Viv twisted about, fractions of seconds before we were in free fall and everything was air and dust and floating wood splinters and fluttery bed sheets and jiggling, airborne boobs and tonight's dinner on the upper side of my stomach and Viv's enormous, fiery mane whipping the air like an angry pirate flag in the wind.

Death waited at the bottom. It all seemed kind of funny.

CAAAAAARRRRRRRAAAAAAASSSSSSSSHHHHHHH

Wood splitting into splinters of splinters. Glass shards, hurtling through the air, colliding in far off places. A spurt of pillow feathers. Sawdust and plaster dust so thick it was practically fog. Mostly darkness. Patches of light in far off places. A black hole hung below. Or above. Down was up.

Maybe I died for a minute there but a heartbeat sang in my ears. Not mine. Not human. A churning, magma core, miles below. Or, perhaps, right by my face. My cheeks burned against the hot, squishy surface of a new planet. Or planets. Yes. My whole head, sunk into boobs. How long had I been here? Forever? Had I spent my whole life dreaming I was Reed and suddenly woke up after the dream got too freaky and dangerous?

Water spurted from the hole. Was there a storm starting up? The water gushed in a sparkling waterfall, cascading through the air, splattering on hardwood somewhere near me. I was reminded of that Beatles song about fixing a hole where the rain comes in.

“Reed? Are you okay?”

I looked around and saw flesh; squirmed and felt flesh; tilted my head and felt warm, soft, pillowy tit flesh.

Creaks and groans continued. They crawled up and down the house like evil creatures. A whining and cracking echoed from the hole.

“Reed! Watch out!” said Viv.

Her arms took me and twisted me over and pressed me into the warped wire of the ruined mattress. Boobs dropped on my chest, knocking the wind out of me. So heavy.

Wood rained down on us. Big, heavy chunks of timber, splitting over Viv’s spine. Hunks of plaster showered on her head and shoulders, kicking up another cloud of gray dust. She didn’t grunt or cry or even tense up. She was unhurt.

In the shadow of her enormous, powerful body, I was safe.

When the rubble cleared, we laughed, our cat-and-mouse game ended.

\* \* \*

Viv, at her original size, was 140 pounds. Anyone who remembers high school physics will understand why, at over twice her original size, she now weighed over a ton. Our second story floor wasn’t meant to take a ton, much less a ton, plus my weight, plus the weight of our bed. Viv probably saved me when she flipped us around and took the brunt of the fall—gods help me if all twelve hundred something pounds of her landed on me when we hit the floor.

Sylvia was watching us from the same living room chair where we left her, still naked, utterly unphased in the yellow light of the living room lamp. The overhead light was dead. We had probably cut through a critical line. “You’re lucky to have survived such a fall, Reed. I couldn’t have saved you,” she mused.

Viv said, “Sylvia, that’ll do. I’m big enough now.”

Sylvia cleaned our mess. The bed was levitated back into our bedroom, the springs and wires of the mattress unbent, the dust blown off our blankets in a poof. The broken water pipe in our ceiling was fitted back on to its missing part and the huge puddle of water all over our dining room floor was sucked up into an invisible vacuum. The broken power line was refitted and the lights in the bedroom and kitchen flickered back on. A whirlwind of splinters and hunks of wood flew into the big hole and assembled, grain by grain, into the structural beams of the house, followed by a second whirlwind of plaster that sealed the hole. Glass shot into the bent brass mess of our broken chandelier like nails to a magnet. The chandelier leapt up to the ceiling where it was suspended by its chain and wire once more. A home disaster in rewind.

Our house was restored in a minute or so. It was a good thing too, because the outer wall would probably cave in soon with that kind of structural damage.

Even in our living room with its high ceiling, Viv had to duck her head almost to the same level as her shoulders. At well over a ton, the whole house seemed to shake when she took so much as a step and it was hard not to fear another accident into our basement, despite the thick layer of concrete beneath the floorboards.

To measure Viv, we had to move the living room furniture so she could lie on her back. My tape measure put her at eleven feet and one and a quarter inch. It was physically impossible for me to hug her below the neck and above the waist, though it was now possible to hug one (or the other) giant breast. Together, they would have filled up a small couch. Probably would have crushed it, too. Viv's increased strength gave her the muscle to lift and stand up straight with her beanbag-sized boobs but they were clearly an annoyance now, causing her to frequently lift them in her arms to even out her center of gravity. Once we were finished measuring, Viv squatted into the corner where the wall met the staircase. She looked a little like a giant statue from the Louvre. Even after the near death experience of falling through the second floor, I still couldn't cut off my arousal at the sight of her goddess-like proportions. The cock is a tenacious animal.

"Sylvia, is it possible for you to make me magically lighter without making me any smaller?" said Viv, hefting either massive boob with hands that sank into their undersides. It was hard not to cover your ears when she spoke. Her expanded lungs and vocal chords produced an inhumanly large voice, deeper than I was used to.

"There are shortcuts," said Sylvia. "But, unless you want to be made of mostly helium, you won't weigh the same as a normal human at that size. The physical world can be bent only so far."

"Well, significantly lighter at least? Without changing how I look?"

"Alright."

Viv gasped. Even I could feel the sudden decrease of weight in the floor. It was as if the floorboards rushed up to meet my legs.

"Oh my gosh, I feel so much lighter now, like tissue!" she said, "How much do I weigh?"

"About four hundred pounds," said Sylvia.

Four hundred pounds, roughly the weight of an upright piano. Well, the floor could take her now. And there was less chance she would crush me.

Viv was wiggling her forearms and lifting her humongous boobs, feeling the difference in mass.

"How exactly did you do that?" I said.

Sylvia pondered. "Sorry, Reed. I doubt I could explain it to your satisfaction. Even one of your chemists would have a hard time accounting for how it works. And I am no chemist. The universe looks different to me than it does to humans like you."

Viv said, "okay, Sylvia, how about softening my voice now?"

"Done," said Sylvia.

"Thanks," said Viv, in her normal, familiar voice. In the midst of so much chaos, it was comforting to have my wife's voice back again.

Viv stood, taking care not to hit her head on the ceiling. Sylvia and I were like children in her enormous shadow.

"Sylvia, I want you to come upstairs with me. We're going to get out every stitch of clothing I own and make it fit again."

“Very well.”

“Reed, while we’re busy with this, I want you to get out your old equipment.”

“What equipment?”

“Your camera! The lights! Everything. I want to take pictures, Reed. Don’t you?”

I took a quick trip upstairs, got into some new clothes and went down to the basement.

Four years ago, before working as a graphic designer, I did a stint as a couture fashion photographer. I never liked the work all that much but I had a few friends who were dedicated to it. One day, one of those friends harangued me into doing some unpaid technical work when her assistant flaked out on her. I lost my day off, but I gained a number from one of the models. In theory, we were setting up a tentative plan to do our own photo shoot. The shoot never actually happened, at least in any official sense. We just liked talking to each other and wanted to talk some more. A lot. Viv was in grad school at the time, modeling on the side. She had the right sort of personality for the work, but for most agencies she was an inch too short and, at the time, fifteen pounds too heavy. And indeed, in her mid twenties at the time, Viv was too old to hope for any career in the business and too smart to think that she could.

Of course, we did do photo shoots, Viv and I. Back in our batshit-crazy-in-love first year, Viv would spend an hour putting on makeup in my bathroom then take all her clothes off and slink, kneel, twist, and strut across the floor of my apartment in front of a muslin backdrop. It wasn’t what you’d call tasteful photography, but Viv loved doing it.

Though Viv has always advocated getting rid of old stuff that we never use, she never let me sell off my camera or equipment, even when we were both working full-time, never having the energy to take pictures just for fun. We kept it all safe in a basement closet. We hadn’t used it since we moved in.

Even after I had everything set up in the living room and was only waiting for my camera’s battery to charge, they were still up there. I got lonely and tried to join them but the bedroom door was closed and Sylvia answered my knock, opening it a crack, saying, “she’s not ready for you, yet.”

An hour later, I heard slow thumps on the staircase. Not the heart-stopping thunder rolls that she had made at her maximum weight, but still, heavy.

The first thing I saw on the steps was her foot in a red pump the size of a toaster oven. Viv had small feet, but at her new size she had to keep them twisted sideways on the steps, especially in heels. Her ankles were still narrow; semi-muscular calves as thick as fire hydrants followed. She had to strafe downstairs, with her toes pointed diagonally. Next appeared the hem of a tight, navy pencil skirt with a foot-long slit, hanging over her giant knees. From the knees up, her magnificent thighs blossomed into view, testing the stretchy, navy spandex and cotton close to the limit. How could she even fit in that stairway without getting stuck? Well, she barely did. The railing dug into her left hip. There was a faint zipping sound as she descended and I realized it was the friction of her butt cheek pressing the coarse, stretchy cotton skirt into the wall behind her. I could feel my pulse in my crotch.

The skirt ended at her diminutive waist, which nonetheless was as big around as a bed pillow. Red and white horizontal stripes girded her from the waist up. She was wearing her long sleeve, striped pinup shirt. I hadn’t seen that thing come out of the closet in ages. Another step. Wow. They were too big to fit comfortably in the stairway and visibly spilled out under the ceiling. The

stripes were warping vertically, stretching to contain every inch—scratch that, every square foot of surface area. Another step. From the Antarctic, up to the Indian Oceans, her boobs emerged, still fighting their way out. Hoisted up in a transmogrified brassiere, Viv's boobs looked like museum globes. How did any pair of breasts, however mighty the undergarment, get so spherical, much less the most massive and humongous breasts in the world? They looked like great, candy cane-striped balloons, except for being squishy and bobbling with every step.

Her legs teetered. "Mmmf," she grunted from somewhere above the boobs. Her collarbone came into view. Viv's lovely head was ducked practically flat on the shelf of her rack to clear the ceiling on her way down.

Her lips were dark cherry red, her cheeks rouged, her eyes encircled in violet. It was as perfect a make-up job as I'd seen in a photo shoot and so much more impressive for being on a face twice the size of any normal woman's. The artist was obviously Sylvia. Viv's red-orange hair was pinned up once more and she wore a huge, white rose on one side of her head. It was bigger than any natural rose.

She kneeled before the backdrop, making herself comfortable on the living room floor and smiled at me. My wife. Glamorous, sexy, huge-breasted and fat-bottomed and eleven feet tall.

Sylvia followed. The naked, purple genie scurried down the steps in a flash, somehow without looking rushed. Her little grape-colored nipples bounced on her small jiggling breasts; her face remained tight, stern, as always.

Viv cocked her head at Sylvia and I swore I caught an unspoken exchange between the giantess and the genie. It was like they were partners, co-conspirators, maybe even friends in confidence. Perhaps Sylvia's tight, little violet face was a façade, obscuring her own complicity in the events of a bizarre night in which fantasies jumped out of sketchbooks and dreams and walked around in flesh and blood and tore the house apart.

I had a chilly but arousing thought that there were more secrets held between her and Viv. Secrets held from me. I wondered then if husbands and wives, maybe, need some, just a *little*, distance between them, just to be happy and function the way spouses, ideally, are supposed to. Get *too* close to your wife and may start to see right through her. She's gone, but you don't know it.

Viv said, "If it's all the same to you, Reed, we're going to have to change the dimensions of this house a bit so I can walk in it. I would've had Sylvia do it already but you seemed to enjoy watching me stuff myself through all these little rooms. But I suppose all that can wait. How do I look?"

"Like...like you stepped out of a billboard." Not that I'd ever seen billboard boobs the size of mini fridges before. She was so hoisted up and held firm with such expansive top surface I thought I could balance a beer bottle on each breast. Hell, several beer bottles. But, I waste words singing the praises of my wife's humongous boobs.

Viv twisted toward me. "Well, what are you waiting for, Mr. DeMille? Start taking pictures!"

I turned on the light, adjusted it as high as it would go, and took up my camera.

She propped herself up on her hands, squeezing her boobs between them, smooshing them out from globes to zeppelins and lengthening her exposed cleavage to two feet long. She rested on a massive hip, twisting her lower body sideways, tucking her legs in. Her knees peaked out below the hem of her skirt.

My flash bulb blew white light across the room.

Viv was enormous enough in the lens of my camera, but, before a white backdrop, it was hard to tell in my viewfinder whether the effect was from a giant woman as subject, or a tiny lens with decent focus on a normal-sized (if impossibly voluptuous) woman. So, I had to rethink the shoot.

We started with props. First, I gave Viv a wooden chair from our dining room. At her physically improbable four hundred something pounds, the chair held, through it creaked enough under Viv's gigantic ass, with her hips pouring over either side. The back of the chair only got as high as the small of Viv's back. Viv planted her heels on the floor, her two-and-a-half-foot calves holding her knees high above seat level. She arched her back to land most of her weight straight down on the chair so it wouldn't scoot out from under her; and also to keep her boobs high and spherical.

My best shot of this concept was Viv in profile, feigning a state of shock with a dramatic hand covering her open mouth as she glanced bottomward and realized that her tiny, rickety chair was too small for her enormous seat. *Oh, my! However did my ass get so huge? I can barely stay on my chair* she seemed to be thinking. It was, silly, awkward. Just adorable...

*Click.*

I changed lenses and we dragged the dining room table into the living room and set it with a fancy tablecloth and nice chinaware. Viv squatted and set her ginormous boobs on its surface and made as if to pour out a white teapot whose tiny handle her fingers had to pinch to hold in the air. She made an industrious face as she held the pot over a cup that looked like a shot glass in her hand. The background of the shot was all boobs, snug in the stretched out, red and white stripes of her shirt and the mesmerizing length of cleavage above her neckline.

*Click.*

After props, I decided we needed to change things around. Sylvia raised the first floor of our house, giving us another two feet to play with. It was just enough room for Viv to stand up. No doubt, the neighbors would soon be scratching their heads, wondering why our roof seemed just a bit higher than they remembered.

Sylvia also materialized some extra lights out of thin air so we could work within the relative dimness of the house.

Viv stripped to her undergarments, a huge bra with black and red vertical stripes and black panties with red trimming. She lay sideways, head propped on hand, looking sultry but relaxed across the living room floor in front of the couch. Her hip was near as high as the upholstered chairs and her boobs looked like overstuffed, striped lounge cushions. A giantess, loafing kittenishly in her undies amid furniture for smaller people. Oh, we were getting somewhere now.

*Click.*

We got tired of the living room so we moved into the kitchen. Viv, still in her underwear, laid on her back over the counter, tossing her gaze backward at my camera. Her boobs were thrust into the air, stretching the bra slightly east and west, still mind-bogglingly round and upright. She

kicked her legs into the air and intertwined her fingers on her belly. Viv's smile was all warm confidence and sensual freedom. *Put that pot roast back in the fridge, little man. You're serving me for dinner tonight.*

*Click.*

"Sylvia, as we discussed," she said.

Sylvia's hair suddenly shrank to shoulder length, her skin turned coffee-colored and her nipples brown. Her boobs sprung out a couple sizes and her ass got full and ripe. She climbed on top of our little dining room table and lay down. Viv came up behind her, unhooked her bra and tossed the huge garment aside (the thing could've net salmon). Her ginormous, fleshy boobs now exposed, she kneeled on the floor, gently put a hand beneath Sylvia's head and sank her nipple down to the genie's face. The ethnically modified Sylvia held the massive breast in both arms and opened her mouth to take in a nipple the size of a medicine cap.

*Click.*

Up to the bedroom. Viv threw off her panties and fell, naked and demure over our bed. The bed was too small for her now but she angled herself diagonally to stay on board. She covered her pussy with her hand and vainly tried to hide her fat, fantastic nipples beneath her forearm. Her face was coy, innocent, vulnerable. *Oh please, little mister, don't violate me! I know my boobs are huge and my ass could seat three children and...yeah, I'm a pretty big girl now but...oh, still, I just couldn't!*

*Click.*

Sylvia, still dark-skinned, got on the bed with Viv. Viv kneeled upright at the edge of the bed and held her gigantic jugs over Sylvia's head, nipples pointed cameraward. Sylvia looked up in the shadow of Viv's massive bosom and held a hand to the fleshy ceiling. The genie looked into the camera, her mouth wide with amazement.

*Click.*

Squish. Right between Viv's boobs, Sylvia's head was submerged. Completely. Viv laughed wickedly as Sylvia struggled, arms and legs flailing, to get herself out of the fleshy vice grip. Lucky for Sylvia she didn't need to breathe.

*Click. Click. Click.*

They were all drawings in my sketchbook. Every last shot.

Viv was still laughing after I put my camera down. She released Sylvia and Sylvia was laughing too. Sylvia's coffee-colored skin melted into lavender once more as she laughed and I thought that Sylvia, maybe, was showing her true colors, figuratively.

And I was laughing. We were all laughing. Viv said, "Come here Mister Photographer. No more clothes for you." I did and she tore them off in a few quick motions like she was unwrapping a birthday gift and hugged me and kissed me with huge, moist lips and we were still laughing.

It was four thirty in the morning.

"Sylvia, could you fix this bed, please?"

The bed widened and stretched, its legs scooting across the floor. The mattress rose and all three of us were lifted. New pattern squares grew out of the center of the comforter and we had to shift around on the bed so as not to rumple it beneath us. The pillows grew to twice their size and the bed posts rose like totem poles.

"Me first," said Viv. She snuggled under the covers in the center and invited us with open arms to join her. Sylvia and I each took a space next to a giant breast, nuzzling against the warm, soft skin. Viv put her hands over our heads and pet us lovingly.

I drifted off.

\* \* \*

"...oh, you saw the pictures already? Great! I..."

Viv's voice, echoing down the hall through the partially open door. She was on the phone. I swallowed, tossed on the bed, evading a sunray that poked through the blinds at an odd angle, buried my head in an enormous pillow. Drifted off again...

The clock read almost noon when I woke to the sound of a heavy vehicle. I clambered out of a bed that was nearly the size of the room itself, bent the blinds apart and looked outside. There was a dark, orange pickup truck in front our house and attached to it was the biggest, tallest RV I've ever seen.

They were up to something.

I threw on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt and went into the hallway. As I made for the stairs, I could hear Viv's voice behind the closed door of the guest room, where less than twelve hours ago she smashed the overhead light. She was still on the phone.

Once downstairs and in my sneakers, I went outside into the bright, spring afternoon, shuffled across the lawn and found myself dwarfed by that RV. It was bigger than it looked from the window. I went to the passenger door of the orange pickup and knocked. The door flew open. A woman with big, dark curls was in the driver's seat. She wore jeans, leather boots, a white tank top, large sunglasses and a blue baseball cap. I knew immediately that it was Sylvia.

"Hey, what's going on?" I said.

She answered in a husky, throaty heartland voice that pretended years traveled back and forth across country highways. “Boss’s orders,” she said. Her ‘orders’ had a hard *d* and *r*. “I abracadabra-ed it into existence out in the park behind some bushes. Vivian doesn’t want to attract more attention than necessary.”

“But what’s this all about?”

“She hasn’t told you?”

“No.”

“You’ll have to take it up with her.”

“She’s on the phone.”

“Then I have time to show you inside the trailer. She wanted your opinion.”

Nearly half the interior was a bed with a thick, enormous mattress and a white sheet and a light blanket. It wasn’t quite the grand empress size that our bedroom bed had become but it would have been enormous for even a very tall human being. The bed was in the front side, toward the pickup. In the middle was a kitchenette with an astonishingly high countertop, complete with a sink basin, a mini electric stove with two large burners, a medium-sized fridge and a very large microwave. A bright, high green sofa the size of a full bed occupied the opposite corner, next to which was a tall table with one very high chair. In the back of the trailer, next to where we entered was a sectioned off compartment with a large doorway. The bathroom.

“You suppose she’ll have enough room?” said Sylvia. “I’ve never made one of these before. She’ll just barely be able to stand up, but she’ll be able to stretch out comfortably.”

That voice Sylvia did was starting to annoy me. I said nothing. I left the trailer and went straight back into the house.

She was coming down the stairs, whose steps had been lengthened by Sylvia last night to give her feet more landing surface. A black hem swayed above her bare ankles, patterned with red and green and violet butterflies with white dotting on their wings. Sylvia had not changed the size of the butterflies when she altered the dress, just repeated the pattern over a greater expanse of cloth. I was angry, sure, but as a great army of butterflies flew down the stairs to meet me, I wondered if I really should have been afraid.

I was face to face with her crotch. She looked down at me and I was reminded—I had somehow forgot, or at least not been able to process—what my wife had become in a single night. “Reed, are you okay? You seem distressed.”

“What’s...what’s going on?”

She smiled down at me with her huge face. Her hair was wound in perfect, red-orange curls and a huge beret held her bangs above her brow. She wore simple, light makeup with dark pink lipstick. “I’ve got wonderful news, dear.”

“What’s with the RV? Where are you going?”

“Calm down, Reed.”

“I’m as calm as I’m going to be. Please, tell me why—”

“Reed, I just got off the phone with three photographers. One is in Salt Lake City, the other two are in California.”

“What?”

“This is it, Reed. This is the start of our new life.”

“I don’t understand. You’re going back into modeling?”

She squatted down, close to eye-level with me. Butterflies swam the expanse of her ginormous bosom, fluttering in clusters. I was feeling a little sick to my stomach. “Yes, Reed,” she said.

“I’ve wanted to do it for years. It’s like a dream come true. Your photos were wonderful. Sylvia and I narrowed them down to the best two-dozen this morning and we sent them out. I had calls in less than an hour. On a Saturday!”

“But... Viv, you’re...you’re thirty...”

“Reed, you of all people should know, there are special interest areas in modeling. And in those areas, they tend to be looser about things like age, especially if you’ve got something special to offer. And I know for sure that there are a lot more naughty little boys out there who would just *love* to see an eleven-foot woman with amazing tits and ass. Besides, I have some good years left in me.”

“But we haven’t even discussed this.”

“That’s true, but, Reed, for once in our lives, can you take it on faith that I will do right by us? It would make me very happy if you would.”

“By going away all of a sudden and leaving me here? For how long?”

“Oh, Reed. I’m not leaving you here. In fact, I’m through traveling without you. You’re coming with us. In fact, we might consider just selling this place. I’m not sure it’ll ever suit us again.”

“But-but what about my job? What about everything we’ve done to get here?”

“What about everything we’ll be missing if we don’t take a chance, Reed? Is your job really worth that? Worth living in this house for the rest of our lives?”

“I-I...” I was speechless. Everything was going so fast.

The screen door opened behind me. Sylvia stepped into the house, her boot heels clapping on the hardwood.

Once again, Viv exchanged glances with Sylvia in that disconcerting way. I was dizzy.

Viv’s face changed suddenly. Her eyes narrowed. She bit her lower lip, blinked twice, said, “I’m going to make this easier for you, Reed. After all, we haven’t talked about your punishment yet.”

A chill washed over me. “What?”

“Reed, I hope you’ll know from now on, you can’t keep secrets from me like you did. It really holds back our relationship.”

“The sketchbook? I thought you forgave me for that!”

“I did forgive you. But forgiven doesn’t mean *absolved*, dear.”

“Wh-what? What’re you going to do to me?”

“Sylvia,” said Viv, ignoring me.

I looked from Viv to Sylvia, from Sylvia to Viv. Nothing was happening. Was it a joke?

Then I noticed my collar was hanging a little low beneath my collarbone, my wedding ring felt loose. And I knew what was happening.

I turned to Sylvia. “Sylvia, stop! Stop doing this!”

“I can’t and won’t, Reed,” she replied.

I felt my sleeve sliding down one shoulder. My pants were getting loose.

“Viv, Viv, I’m sorry! *Please!* You don’t have to do this!”

Viv raised an eyebrow as if bothered. “Reed, I’ve become the huge-boobed giantess of your horny fantasies. Now, I’m not complaining. Honestly, I’ve never felt sexier in my life. But don’t you think I have some fantasies of my own? You could stand to meet me part of the way, at least sometimes. It’s more than fair.”

I felt my jeans creeping off me, sliding down my hips. The elastic of my boxers slackened around me.

I started to run, hoping to get away from Sylvia’s magic, if that were possible. I made for the kitchen. Already, my jeans were dragging along the floor and my feet were rattling around in my sneakers.

The living room grew all around me. The kitchen doorway got further away, even as I ran toward it. My arm sank into my shirt and I had to stick it through the neck hole to untangle it. My belt was about to fall.

*Ping ping ping p-ping ping...*

My wedding ring, rolling across the floor. I looked around for it and then my foot stumbled over my pant leg and I tripped.

I was down to a crawl. I slipped out of my pants and pressed on for the kitchen. My shirt dragged across the floor. Pretty soon, my knees were snagging it.

And then, something warm wrapped around me and lifted me high in the air. I felt dizzy and absurdly light as I went up and up. The shirt was pulled off me. I was naked. I turned my head and saw my wife’s huge, grinning face, filling my vision.

“Are...are you serious, Viv?” I stammered.

“I’ve never been more serious in my life Reed. And *you’ve* never been more adorable. Just look at you!”

Even now, I could feel her fingers lengthening around me as I sank, smaller and smaller into her palm.

She drew me in and I looked down over the expanse of her titanic boobs. She was a big, fleshy landscape with real hills and valleys. I was brought down slowly until I began to sink into something warm and fleshy and familiar.

Viv pressed me down into her cleavage by my shoulders until I was chest deep. And, by the strength of Viv’s sturdy bra, I was stuck in place, my legs virtually immobile.

“Now, that’s not so bad, is it, dear?”

I looked around and saw nothing but curvy, sloping titflesh. I looked up and saw Viv’s enormous face, her huge pink lips, her great, silver-green eyes, her narrow little nose and red mane and rounded chin. Fear and wonder overwhelmed me and near made me faint.

She was right. I didn’t have a choice now.

“Sylvia, would you mind grabbing that ring?”

I couldn’t see the floor anymore. Hell, I couldn’t see Sylvia from nine feet up. But I briefly noticed a flash of white gold leap in the air across the room and heard it land in Sylvia’s palm.

Viv took us to the far side of the living room and she squatted (careful not to bend over and drop me). She extended her huge hand and drew it back, holding something. Her wedding band. It was too small for her enormous fingers but it would've sat on my head like a crown now.

"Sylvia, could you adjust this please?"

In seconds, the ring widened and thickened in her fingers until it was just right. Then, she put it on and it was clear that she meant for me to see it.

"I love you, Reed," she said. "We'll always be together."

She took us back across the room, got my ring from Sylvia and slipped it into the single pocket at the front of her dress.

"Are we ready Sylvia?"

"Yes, Vivian."

"Good. I'll go get my bags."

Sylvia had started the pickup and was waiting for us as we came down the stairs.

Bags in tow, Viv squeezed herself sideways through a door that had been widened slightly, just for her. Still, the trailer door would be more accommodating to her endowments and no doubt she would be happy for that.

"Viv, how long am I going to stay like this?" I said, as she took us out in the warm spring sun. I glanced down the street and saw neighbors frozen over their lawnmowers, thunderstruck in their driveways. A car skidded in the street at the sight of the eleven-foot woman with boobs the size of giant pumpkins and an ass the size of a widescreen TV.

"Oh...I was thinking three or four months..."

"Three or..."

"But you're soooo adorable like this! Maybe six months will do...maybe seven. And I can already tell it won't be so bad for you. I can feel you down there between my tits, you naughty boy..."

"You really like me this way?"

"Oh, I *love* it."

And we got inside the RV, a giant woman and her six-inch husband, bound for some strange and mysterious future.

\* \* \*

And so we are, two months later. With just a few photos posted, Viv was a left field Internet sensation, though her website hasn't even launched yet. It's due in a week. She doesn't always tell me what she has planned next but there's already talk of her doing a couple B-grade cheesecake movies. She's been on the phone with several studio execs. Silly titles like *Island Of The Last Amazon* and *Vast Venusian Vixen Attack!* have been thrown around. We're still traveling across America in the RV, which Sylvia handles like she'd done it all her life. My own room is the interior of a kitchenette cupboard. There's a little bed, couch and bathroom of my own. I even

have a window. But the bed is hardly used, because, every night, I sleep in a bed the size of a small neighborhood (to me, anyway).

I asked Viv the other day whether I was her husband or her prisoner. She said, “if you want to, Reed, you can say the word and I’ll have Sylvia change you back and you can fly on home.”

That shut me up.

But I still wonder every day where Viv’s fantasies end and mine begin. So many boundaries in our life have been torn down. Everything’s all mixed up now. I wake up in the morning, expecting to find myself in a place I understand. Instead, I find myself on a building-sized breast or in a great tangle of red-orange hair, or, sometimes, on a gigantic pillow by her huge face which smiles at me and carefully nuzzles my body. There are worse ways to come to.

The final page of my sketchbook: A huge bosom, filling the page from side to side, its owner’s face only visible from the mouth down. It’s a cute mouth, ripe with lipstick and grinning.

A man is stuck in the middle of those gargantuan boobs. He looks up at his sweetheart and says, “Where are we going?”

“*You’re* not going anywhere,” says his sweetheart. “You’re staying right there!”

“Well, where are *you* going?” he replies.

“Wouldn’t you like to know, dear?”