

“Look No Higher”

By Hunter S. Creek

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Jim was absolutely gob smacked as he stared straight ahead at the biggest, firmest, most gravity-defying pair of breasts that he had ever seen!

But he dreaded the thought of what he would undoubtedly find when he would eventually have to look higher: and, up into the face of their owner. Because, improbable as it seemed to Jim at the moment, those magnificent breasts could only belong to one person.

After all, there was only one other person in the house.

Jim knew that for a fact.

And, that solitary, other person was Tracy: the girl that Jim had been hired to stay with for the evening while her parents enjoyed a rare night out together.

It seemed like only moments ago that his charge had run out of the room and down into her basement laboratory wailing in her squeaky voice, “You think you’re so hot! You think you’re so cool! Well, I’ll show you! You’re going to change your mind! You’re gonna be begging me for a kiss, Jim Newton! You just wait and see!”

The kerfuffle started when Tracy had coyly asked Jim for a goodnight kiss and Jim had turned her down, flat.

Her request had taken him completely by surprise. They had lived next door to each other for many years. He knew that she was only a couple of years younger than him; and that she was old enough to stay by herself; and that she was sensitive about being such a nerdy, undeveloped late-bloomer; and that she was older than she looked. Jim always bristled lately when his Mom would tease him that she suspected that Tracy had been developing a crush on him for a while now. It was likely that that was a reason why she had asked her parents to have him stay with her while they were out this evening.

Jim had briefly considered giving her a peck on the cheek or on her forehead but then realized that he saw no good that could come from granting her request. Besides, although she was very cute, she was built like a pipe cleaner.

So he turned her down: perhaps not as nicely as he should have; but as mentioned, her request took him completely off-guard.

At first she seemed almost comical: the short, scrawny, completely flat-chested girl wearing an overlarge, pink, zipped-up hoodie was standing on tiptoe in anticipation.

But then as his response of, “No, kid … Sorry” crashed into her consciousness she dropped back onto her heels and glared up at Jim. She was standing almost toe-to-toe with him and, given that she was a good foot shorter than the 5’ 6” Jim, she had to crane her neck fully just to make eye contact. During the instant after he turned her down, she merely looked up at him. The look she gave him was not so much one of disappointment or anger – but one of a calculating frustration.

But then, before he knew it, she had then started screeching and dashed through the doorway that led from the kitchen down into the basement.

Jim was not sure what to do next. He felt bad that he had upset her but he was also sure that he had done the right thing by not encouraging her.

As he reflected for another few moments, he heard a few muffled gasps and pants and then a crash of glass from down in the basement.

He called to see if she was okay.

After a few moments he heard a tearing sound and then some barely audible grunting and groaning. A few moments later Jim’s ears were met by a soft, intoxicating female voice that floated up the stairs and caressed his ears. It said, “I’m fine, Jim. I just cut my finger”. He did not immediately notice it but there was something about the voice that subconsciously stirred his manhood. Jim dismissed the change in Tracy’s timbre as being the result of the basement acoustics and he began to search for the First Aid box under the kitchen sink.

While he knelt and searched, he could hear an unevenly paced but sequential creak of footfalls on the old, wooden cellar stairs slowly ascending and coming closer. He heard another low, muffled groan. Jim again asked if she was okay. There was no answer.

Jim found the box. He could now hear footsteps entering the kitchen behind him.

As he began to stand up, he again asked if she was okay.

Before he turned away from the sink, he once again heard that intoxicating feminine voice: the voice that he had heard from down in the basement a few moments ago. It now purred to him from somewhere just behind him and up, over his head, “Oh … I’m actually much, much better than *just* okay … *now* … Jim.” He stood stock still: frozen by the sultriness of the voice and the mysteriousness of what it had said. “Now … Jim … why don’t you turn around and have a look for yourself?”

That’s when a very confused and apprehensive Jim slowly turned around and found himself face to bust.

For maybe only a twinkling or perhaps it was several minutes: neither spoke.

Time was frozen for Jim. He was utterly mesmerized by the steady rise and fall of those magnificent, monster mammaries with each of Tracy’s breaths. For her part Tracy just looked down at Jim and mutely relished seeing his unfiltered reaction to her freshly bloated bust.

As Jim slowly came to his senses, he realized that his ultimate fantasy of meeting a busty Amazon had been somehow made flesh -- and, was standing directly in front of him – but, with a very cruel irony.

Jim was fully aware that he probably was having both the most awesome fantasy moment and the most tumescent erection of his life. But the one thing that would surely ruin it would be to look up and see “little” Tracy’s face looking down at him from atop this wonderful, tall, overdeveloped physique.

So he decided to prolong the inevitable and maximize the moment. Tracy indulged him.

Jim reluctantly tore his hungry gaze from her beautifully ballooned bust and started to scan downward. Before arriving at her perfectly flat abdomen and slender waist, he noticed that the pink hoodie that had only recently been much too big was now laughably short and tight – and almost completely unzipped. There was no way that she could hope to have it cover her bust: or to even zip-it-up more than the couple of inches that it already was: even if she wanted to. He wondered if Tracy had unzipped it to relieve the pressure from her rapidly ballooning breasts or if the increasing force of their growth had forced the zipper to unzip itself.

Jim noticed that in contrast to her very womanly, overdeveloped bust; her hips retained more of a girlish size and shape. They had obviously grown some, however, because her pink sweat pants were ripped. He also noticed that a destroyed training bra was dangling from a feminine left hand that was obviously bigger than his own.

Her long, athletically-muscled thighs stretched down to equally long and shapely calves.

Jim was not at all surprised to see that the shredded sweat pants now reached only to her knees. Her feet were bare: and much larger than his own. There was no way that her sneakers would come close to fitting feet that were proportional to the new height of their owner.

Meanwhile Tracy patiently waited as she watched Jim’s head slowly scan down her new, incredible body and then pause and start back up, and Up, and UP because she knew that the payoff for her was going to be when Jim would finally decide to yield to the inevitable and look up and into her eyes.

She was not disappointed.