

The B&M Princess



Amira struck a flirty pose in the mirror. But, truth be told, she was exhausted. It had been a long day, analyzing public health policies and writing out long reports on them. She had liked her work at first, eager to put her work in college to practical use, but the monotony of it had started to wear her down. A little bit of standing out wouldn't be so bad, she figured. She was good at her work too, if what she heard from her boss via email was anything to go by, but the fact that she never directly spoke to her except outside email made it feel mechanical. In other words, Amira's work was no longer as rewarding as she first found it. Nothing was new, nothing changed. *If I stood out more, she thought, I might get more recognition at her job, and maybe find a more rewarding position within the organization. Probably still unlikely though, considering I'm only a few years out of college – and I graduated way earlier than most people.* Glancing over to her table, her diplomas were proudly on display. *I guess this job isn't so bad, especially considering I'm only eighteen,* she thought to herself. On top of that, it was luckily the weekend for her; her boyfriend would be dropping by tomorrow for breakfast, when she would be teaching him some more Arabic. *Just got to take things a day at a time,* she thought to herself.

She dropped off her handbag, and took off her bracelets and her watch. Sighing a little from tiredness, she then made her way to the kitchen, wanting to get a refreshing drink.

However, upon searching her fridge, she discovered something unusual. There was a coffee drink can that she didn't remember that was present there.

"That's a bit weird," she said to herself, examining the can. When did she buy this? And what was this brand? Feeling confused, she was about to throw it out when she noticed that there weren't any other coffee cans inside the fridge. *I really do need a pick-me-up, and I don't want to go outside again just for coffee*, she thought, barely stifling a yawn. *Guess I might as well give it a taste*. She opened the can, hearing the coffee inside fizz, and took an experimental sip. Amira's eyes popped open. The coffee tasted wonderful, sweet and creamy! She tipped her head back, trying to get as much of the delicious taste over her tongue, relishing the delightful sensations in her mouth. Before she realized it, she'd emptied the entire can.

"Wow..." Amira put the can down, having never gulped down any coffee like that before. The coffee seemed to already be working its magic, she felt much more alert already. But then, something unusual happened. Over the next few moments, Amira could swear the kitchen felt a little warmer than usual; it was May, so the weather was getting warmer, but this felt out of season, and her window was closed. She fanned herself, trying to relieve the heat, but it remained. Looking towards her arm, Amira noticed that she looked... buffer? The sleeves of her shirt seemed to stretch around arms thicker than she remembered, and her entire outfit tightened around her as she packed on a bit of subtle muscle.

"Ohhhh..." Amira moaned a little, the odd sight of her more athletic form falling from her attention. Lovely tingling sensations had begun to wash over her in pleasing waves, and they were progressively increasing in intensity. Soon, Amira found herself panting and gasping, her breath coming in more raggedly than before. The tingling sensations surged particularly in her breasts and ass, and the heat within only increased. Embedded deep inside her, the B&M hormone she'd just drunk was changing her. Amira whimpered and gasped, feeling herself losing her footing, luckily falling down into the chair behind her. The tingling had intensified enough for Amira to feel herself slicken a bit between her legs.

The heat was becoming unbearable – Amira desperately wanted to pull off her clothes. She removed the pins from her Hijab and pulled it off, undoing her hair bun as well, allowing her hair down. However, before she could take off the rest of her clothes, a sudden erotic rush jolted through her much harder than before, and she dropped the headscarf, barely stifling a loud moan. It felt as if lightning was arcing across her body, and she shuddered and mewled, her knees pointing inwards as she leaned back in the chair.

And then... the waves dissipated as quickly as they came. Amira, still panting, felt her vision slowly come back into focus. "What was that about?" she asked herself, trying to catch her breath. She'd felt wonderful, horny... but that was quite unusual for her, especially as spontaneously as what had just happened. She was about to get up, when she saw her arms again. "Wha...?" The subtle muscle that she piled on before was still present. Amira was incredibly confused – she'd never heard of anyone who became more jacked in a second! She tentatively poked each arm, feeling the tight muscles beneath the surface of her skin. She shook her head. "I have to be imagining this. Maybe it's just the work getting to me." Getting up from the chair, she made her way to the bed. "Maybe an early night might be all I need."

As she made her way to the bed though, the powerful sensations suddenly gripped her again. A strong twinge shot between her legs, causing her to fall forward on to the bed, and she gasped as she felt herself slicken. Luckily, she was fast enough to throw her arms out to catch herself on the mattress. Amira tried to recover and stand up again, but found it hard to as her whole body began to tremble. She rapidly lost her breath again, and she let out a deep moan, her lithe form shaking from the intensity of the tingling. It was then that she started to feel a tight sensation, particularly around her almost-flat chest and ass. Looking down, she gasped in shock.

“Oh my gosh!” she cried. Her once small boobs were rising like balls of dough within her shirt, making their careful way into her bra. Amira was surprised to see that she actually had cleavage inside her shirt now. The feeling of her nipples rubbing against the fabric of her bra was overwhelming, and she fell on to the bed, unable to resist the sensations much longer. Her shocked thoughts were beginning to dull a little from the pleasure she was experiencing, and her shaking hands tentatively made their way to her boobs. She experimentally pinched her tits, the pleasure from the feeling causing her to gasp sensually again. She craned her neck backwards, eyes widening as she saw her rear was doing the same within the skirt. Her hips stretched and widened, slowly pushing their way across her bed. She was pleasantly curved now, her clothes creaking from the swelling flesh they were containing. *I’m growing so quickly! When will this end?* Unknown to her, she was far from finished.

Amira gulped in a breath as the pleasure of it all coursed through her. She rolled over, whimpering as she felt her growing ass pressing on the bed, adding to the bombarding sensations thrilling through her. Her hips rose up into the air as her ass plumped up even as her torso was weighed down by the mounting fleshiness of her bosom. Her boobs were past handfuls now, coming closer to head-sized, and their mass had stretched the shirt really tight. The pressure on her curves felt amazing to her, and Amira mewled and cooed as her sensitivity increased. This hardly prepared her for the massive wave of sensuality, the strongest of them all so far, that crashed against her in a great shattering wave, her mind struggling to comprehend the feelings that were rushing through her. She cried out as she came, feeling the muscles in her back, abdominal, thigh, and ass areas tightening and bulging. The sensation of her skin stretching drove her wild, whimpering loudly as her transformation continued.

Her clothes were becoming unbearably tight, her shirt and her bra taut over her blossoming head-sized breasts, while her skirt and panties barely contained her basketball cheeks. A few seconds later, the clasps on Amira’s bra finally gave up the struggle and popped off. Despite breaking her bra, Amira was still becoming more constricted, finding it increasingly difficult to breathe with such a tight shirt on. Her hands approached her widening décolletage, but before her hands could reach the top of her shirt, the shirt finally ripped a little, giving Amira some breathing room, the tight cleavage partially on display. Amira’s hands reached into the tears, hoping to rip off the shirt, but her fingers brushed her increasingly sensitive boobs, causing her to boobgasm for the first time. Gasping, she held on to the sides of the tears, and managed to pull her arms back, finally tearing the shirt off and exposing her topless torso, the ruined cups of her bra slipping off her trunk as well as she writhed on her bed.

Amira's hands immediately returned to the sensitive skin of her tits, having graduated past head-sizes and were approaching her navel. She mewled as the wonderful sensations of her self-groping caused her to boobgasm again. Meanwhile, the back of her skirt ripped loudly underneath her as her ass plumped up, her cheeks overflowing through the new gaps in the fabric. Amira finally willed herself to take a hand off a breast and pulled what was left of the destroyed garment off, leaving her clad only in her panties. The underwear had become stretched so tight that it looked more like a thong now, the skimpy garment barely covering Amira's nethers and completely buried by her cheeks.

While down there, Amira's hand lingered a little by her thickening thighs. The temptation to reach in between her legs was great, and there was barely anything in her telling her not to. Despite avoiding pleasuring herself like this in the past, her growing horniness made it hard to resist. *Screw it*, she thought. Her hand shot under the weakening waistband of her underwear and two fingers plunged into her. She was so wet by this point, she slipped in another finger and went knuckle deep. Amira melted with the pleasure; it felt like every enlarged muscle in her body relaxed as she came once more.

Her other hand still toyed with a plumping breast and the fattening nipple atop it. Amira's growing boobs were so firm, they felt almost unnatural, tight and round. The pressure continued to grow, Amira beginning to frown a little as it became almost uncomfortable. Just as it approached becoming painful, Amira pinched a nipple, only for both breasts to suddenly let loose a torrent of milk as she grew. "Oh, fuck," she swore – she would've scolded herself if she could think straight – as her super-sensitive nipples let the cream flow like rivers down her tits, the pure whiteness of her milk contrasting sharply with her olive skin tone. At her current size, with her breasts pushing past her waist and towards her hips, there was plenty stored inside to make her lactate like this.

The young girl's knees bent slightly as her butt and hips continued to plump, snapping the band of her panties, leaving her completely naked; Amira's hand still worked her fingers in and out of herself. Her breath hitched in her throat and her toes curled as she built to a climax, milking one of her swelling boobs. Even without assistance, her free breast was leaking a deluge just as strong as the other one. She whimpered and moaned with her ministrations, now working another finger in, then even managing to squeeze her thumb inside too, her vagina widening with her hips. Amira's eyes widened when she felt every digit on her hand slide inside herself for the first time all together. Her thoughts consumed with maximizing her pleasure, and she managed to go deeper, until she found her entire hand could fit inside. Her mouth hung open as deep, throaty moans escaped from it, until she finally, finally, had the most powerful orgasm of her life, her legs shaking atop her thick, jiggy ass, her hips twice as wide as her dainty shoulders, and her boobs, now the size of beach balls and hovering just above her hand and pussy, swaying then laying on either side of her, a slow trickle of milk still leaking from her. As she stared at her hand – wet up to her wrist – Amira wondered how she was going to be presentable to the friends she was seeing.

At least I stand out now. She giggled a little at the thought, sending little jiggling motions through her expanded body. Suddenly, a great tiredness gripped her, Amira's body having

become exhausted from the dramatic change it had undergone. Amira slowly passed out, satisfied.

“Despite being pubescent, subject has not grown as large as expected.”

“We did pack in some other things beside the usual, though... adding in more muscle growth might have been a factor.”

“Keep observing the subject, there might be more going on.”

Amira woke up the next morning to the sound of her alarm. She instinctively reached out, only to feel her arms brush against her swollen tits and causing them to wobble. The sheets on top wobbled too, and Amira realized that they were wet. *Uh oh*, she thought, as she pulled her arms around her nipples. The wet sensation only increased, confirming her suspicions. She'd been lactating all night, and now her bed was drenched in her milk.

She flailed around a little more, until she finally managed to free her arm from the weight of her tit, and she switched the alarm off. Amira's thoughts, now less clouded by the horniness of her growth, began to really take in her situation. Yesterday, she had been a scrawny and petite, but perky girl. She was still perky... but she hardly had a small-curved figure anymore. Sitting up, Amira felt her ass projecting herself higher than before, and she felt herself jiggle as she tried to make sure the weight on her chest didn't pull her over to one side. While sitting, Amira's boobs lightly grazed the tops of her thighs as well.

“What am I going to do...” Amira said to herself sadly. She was enormous! She would have difficulty fitting into her car again, that was for sure. What would her coworkers say if they saw her? What would her family say? While she was considering all the implications of her growth, her phone buzzed. Amira looked at it, and her eyes widened. It was her boyfriend letting her know he was on his way!

“Oh, shit! How do I explain this to him?! I don't even have clothes to wear!” she pouted as she tried to figure out her situation. She glanced around her room, but found nothing that could cover herself up... except her bedsheets. Amira grimaced a little - all her clothes were useless now. Picking up her blanket, she tried wrapping it around her shoulders and letting it tumble down. She wasn't very successful - her nipples were barely covered up, and her ass projected far enough behind her (around a foot, if Amira had to guess) that the shelf it made drew a significant part of the blanket higher, threatening to expose her pussy. After making some adjustments, she was able to cover herself up a bit more, but the whole thing was barely holding together. “This'll have to do, though...” she whispered to herself, as she thought about how to explain this to her boyfriend. To make matters more complicated, she was still very sensitive, and she was already getting wet just from the touch of the blanket. She tried not to think about it as she approached her makeup table. *At least putting on a Hijab hasn't changed much*, she thought as she tied up her hair.

“Amira?” Tom called as he knocked on her door. “Here for breakfast and Arabic!”

“Coming!” she called as she wobbled towards the entrance. Walking was decidedly more difficult when her center of balance had shifted, and she had to time each pace with the jiggling of her boobs, or she would risk tipping over. She opened the door a crack, feeling it press into her boobs, forcing her to stifle a moan. She peeked over in the small opening so that Tom could only see her face.

“Hey, Amira! Erm... why aren’t you letting me in?”

“Well...” despite spending the last hour trying to give it some thought, she really didn’t know how to explain it. “Something really surprising happened to me. I can only show it to you, but you need to promise you won’t get too startled.”

“Sure Amira, I can promise that.” Tom obliviously said. Amira walked back to give the door more room to open, and pulled the door back, letting Tom see Amira in her new curvaceous glory. His jaw dropped at the sight. After a moment, he managed to find his voice again.

“Amira? What’s going on?”

“I’m not sure.” She led him into her apartment, feeling self-conscious as Tom stared at her new figure. She was supposed to dress modestly, but here she was, in front of a guy, barely hiding her nakedness. She turned back to face him, but accidentally knocked over one of her diplomas on her table with her right tit.

“Honestly, I think I’m too shocked by this to really process what’s happened.” She bent over to pick up the photo, feeling Tom’s gaze on her as her boobs lightly slapped her thick thighs. She stood up again, adjusting the blanket to better cover herself, and placed the frame back where it was.

“Er... yeah.” Tom was having trouble trying to hide an erection, but Amira spotted it quickly. Something inside Amira suddenly just slipped, and she felt her nipples and pussy slicken.

“Oh... oh wow...” She blushed. “I want... want you to fuck me.” she whispered. She gave her beautiful, dazzling smile, and Tom’s heart melted. She took his hand and led him to her room. They sat on the bed, and Tom leaned in and gave her a soft kiss on her lips, taking in her wonderful scent. As he did so though, Tom felt her large, pliable breasts pushing up between them, and her thick, wet nipples poking through the blanket. After a moment, they pulled back, but she noticed that he was glancing at her tits. Her smile widened, and she started giving him a more devious look. “Like what you see? I can show you more...” she whispered seductively. She moved her small brown hands towards her Hijab, and sensuously pulled it off. She undid her bun, her raven tresses falling down to her shoulders and framing her gorgeous face. Taking Tom’s hands, she moved them to her hair, allowing him to run his hands through its silkiness. She then slowly pulled his hands towards her neckline, which had been covered by the headscarf

before, but now exposed some cleavage. Despite the size of the blanket, it was tight enough for Tom to make out the shape of her boobs, and some of her titflesh was bulging out the top of the blanket. She brought Tom's hands to the tops of her boobs, and let him feel her up. Her skin was so soft and smooth to run his hands across. She shifted her legs a little as she felt her sex tingle, and she moaned softly. She took his hands again, this time bringing them to the sides of the blanket, and motioned for him to pull it off. Despite how much Tom was enjoying this, he started to think through his increasing arousal about what they were doing.

"Do... do you like this, Habibti?" he asked. Amira smiled again, and giggled, causing her curves to wobble.

"Oh, Tom! I know how much you wanted me, but I was shy and a little unsure. But, after I blossomed," she shook her boobs and ass seductively to emphasize her new curves, "I realized how much I trust you, and how much I want you." Amira kissed him again, and Tom felt himself relax. "I love you," she said softly. "Make love to my new, voluptuous figure. Make love to me." She gave him a warm, inviting gaze, and he knew he couldn't resist her for much longer. "I'll show you how to unwrap your presents," she whispered as she tapped the areas that were holding her makeshift blanket garment together. Smiling at each other, Tom put his hands at the fold of the blanket knot, and pulled. It didn't give, causing Tom to frown. He fumbled around a little, but despite his awkwardness, she just gave him her warm smile. "It's OK, here..." she gestured again, and he managed to get her blanket to loosen, before finally coming off. Her breasts, free of their confines, bulged out to their full beach ball size. He brought his hands to her cork-sized nipples, and she gasped as Tom gave them a quick squeeze, a small spurt of milk coming from each teat. The sensations Amira felt from her already sensitive breasts was indescribable, and her arousal continued to grow more. She leaned in to kiss him again, this time more passionately, and after they stopped kissing on the lips, she moved on to nibble on his ear while he planted kisses on her wonderful, slender neck. *He's awesome*, she thought.

Amira then took off most of Tom's clothes, leaving him in his underwear, smiling as she saw his erection closer. When she was finished, Tom pulled off her the blanket completely, her fleshy ass and thighs finally out in the open. Amira shuddered a little as she became more aroused from being undressed, her breath becoming heavier and her sex slickening more as she let herself go. She pulled off Tom's boxers, leaving them both fully naked. Amira was delighted as Tom's eyes roamed over every inch of her stunning body. Amira wrapped her legs around Tom, and brought him forward towards her hips. She pushed him down on to the mattress and straddled him, kneeling just a few inches above his erection.

"Are you ready to pop my cherry?" She cooed. She gazed at him again lovingly. Her nipples were hard, ready for Amira's first lovemaking session.

"I'm ready, Habibti." Smiling, Tom grabbed her massive, sensitive thighs. Amira gave a loud moan as she felt a powerful twinge of pleasure between her legs. He gradually pulled her down on top of his penis, feeling himself slide inside of her. He encountered her hymen, but then pushed harder until he was rewarded when he felt it break against him. Amira let out a breathy sigh, her deflowering complete.

“Oh, fuck yes!” she cried as Tom pushed deeper inside her until he bottomed out. Still holding tightly to her huge thighs, Tom pushed her heavy ass off him. After a few thrusts, Amira got the rhythm of it, so he let go of her thighs and began running his hands across her slim waist and toned belly. Amira’s tits were splayed on either side of the lovers, and Tom move his hands to them. He grabbed her nipples once more, and she made another sensuous, throaty shriek. Milk sprayed out of her body and into the mattress around them, Amira loving the added scent to their lovemaking.

“You like that, my curvy habibti? How about this?” He started to rub gentle circles around her nipples, and Amira went wild. She gasped for breath as her moans became louder, and the mattress creaked as the force of her going up and down was increasing. She was so aroused she couldn’t even speak, her mouth attempting to form words but the moans pushing through her lips were too strong. *Keep going! Please, keep going!* she wished she could say. Luckily for Amira, the desperately horny look in her eyes sent the right message to Tom. He obliged, and he couldn’t get enough of her soft, delicate olive skin, now finally unclothed for him to explore, admire, and fondle after being covered up for so long. Tom planted kisses across her smooth body as he continued.

“Let’s see what else a body like yours can do.”

“Ohhhhhh, oh wow! I love you, babe! I love you so much!” Amira finally managed to moan between gasps. She was absolutely taken with everything that was going on, and she struggled to embrace it. As she slid up and down, Amira, in the few moments when her arousal wasn’t spiking, considered how her life had changed since her transformation. *I’d have never considered premarital sex before my explosive growth, but now, I’m having difficulty processing how much I enjoy all the sensations my new body is giving!* She was in unspeakable ecstasy, relishing the affectionate lovemaking she was having for the first time, squealing a little every time she descended into a thrust.

Amira’s moans and whimpers began to go up a few octaves as Tom continued to thrust while caressing and squeezing her huge tits, milk spurting everywhere. “Yeah! Yes! It feels... so GOOD!” Amira gasped. Her orgasm was building, even stronger than the one from yesterday, and there was no way she could prepare for the feeling of sensuality that would crash over her in just a moment. “Oooohhhh! Aaahh!” she moaned loudly. Knowing what was coming, Tom reached up to give her another passionate kiss. As their lips were locked, she finally climaxed, pulling back. “MmmmmmmMMMM!” she mewled, shaking from the intensity of the most powerful and pleasurable orgasm of her life. Tom himself grunted and came not long after. Amira gasped as she felt his cum splash around inside her, eagerly trying to get as much of it deep within her as she could.

Amira gasped for breath, her face flushed from everything that she’d been doing. Finally, she moved her legs, her feet pushing into her giant ass for a few moments before she stretched them out again. She lay next to Tom, both lovers too exhausted to go for another round, on the mattress soaked with her lovely milk. Tom threw his arms around her amazingly slim waist, drawing her closer to cuddle. Her boobs were squished between them again and leaking a little still, but the bed was already wet, so neither really minded. Tom grinned at her.

“Not bad for your first time?”

“Not bad? I just had the best time of my life!” Amira giggled, throwing her arms around Tom’s neck and gazing with deep longing into his eyes. “I wasn’t really supposed to do that, of course...” she whispered, looking a little embarrassed for a moment, “... but I couldn’t deny you, or myself, any longer. I needed you.” She reached down between her legs with her small hands, and moaned softly before putting them around his neck again. “I’ve just been so sensitive lately...”

“Thank you Amira. I didn’t want to push you into something that made you uncomfortable, but you gave me a chance to show you how perfect you are. I love you,” Tom whispered, as he kissed her. She drew closer to him as they kissed, and Tom heard her milk splash out a little more forcefully from the motion. They broke off, but, still gazing at each other, touched foreheads, slowly shutting their eyes as they drifted off together.

Tom opened his eyes a few hours later, and gazed at his love in her satisfied slumber. Her scent, and that of her milk, filled his nostrils, making Tom feel extremely comfortable. Even with her disheveled hair after their passionate lovemaking, it framed her face quite sexily. On top of that, her face still seemed to be elegantly radiant. She looked absolutely irresistible, even when she wasn’t trying to. Tom loved her for that. He gave her a kiss, which caused her to stir for a moment before opening her eyes too.

“Good morning, Habibti. Do you want me to make you some breakfast?” Amira giggled.

“The reason why you came here! You trying to show me up?” she asked coquettishly. “Still...” she patted her capacious bosom, saying, “These girls insist on producing more! Got to keep them well-fed!” They laughed together, and, after a few cheeky kisses on the tops of her soft boobs, Tom made his way to the kitchen.

Meanwhile, Amira marveled at how much space she was taking up in the bed. Her huge breasts rose up under the sheets like small hills, and she ran her hands over the sensitive flesh. She still couldn’t believe she was producing milk now like a new mom, it was one of the most amazing feelings she’d ever experienced – at least, before a few hours ago. *And I’m not a virgin anymore*, she thought as she giggled. *But I didn’t use any protection either*. She sat up, and pushed her boobs to both sides of her body so that she could get a clear view of her smooth belly and clitoris. She ran her hands across them, which aroused her – but then felt that wonderful tingling spreading over her again.

“Tom! Get back here! I think it’s happening again!” Tom ran back in, a look of surprise on his face. Amira started fanning herself a little, and Tom noticed that she was getting flushed again. Her eyes were squeezed shut as her breath became heavier. Then, all of a sudden, Amira felt her entire frame begin to lengthen, as her whole body began to stretch. About the same height as Tom before, she had already surpassed him in just a few seconds. At the same time, her

already wide hips were spreading out even further. Suddenly, Amira's eyes snapped open, and she looked at Tom with desire in her eyes again.

"Please... inside me," she whispered. She lay seductively down on the bed, still completely naked, as her lengthening, glossy legs pushed down. Her expanding ass was pushing her hips even further in the air, and her teardrop-shaped tits were rising majestically. With Tom on top this time, he knelt, marveling at how her ass was so big, he had to angle himself up to reach her pussy. After placing his hands on her huge tits again, which led to her gasping, Tom gently eased himself inside her.

Amira moaned louder than before – not only was she being penetrated again, she had just felt her swelling ass get so big, it was beginning to push into the small of her back, and showed no signs of stopping. Her skin felt almost electric as she writhed from the sensations from all across her body. Her breasts, once beach ball-sized, had now far exceeded those dimensions, looking more and more like overstuffed, tight bean bags. The skin of her enormous tits was stretched so taut, and it felt delightful to her. Scooping up a breast in each arm, Tom pushed a little, causing her boobs to envelop her shoulders and neck, jiggling against her chin and pressing against her cheeks. She gasped again from her curves wobbling across her body, milk spraying everywhere again, but this time, with her nipples angled towards her, a lot of the milk was splashing on her face. She giggled, in awe at how much milk she was producing now as it poured over her face.

"Oh, Tom! Keep going! Keep going!" she mewled. Their orgasms were building, and would be released soon enough. Her newly-lengthened legs wrapped around him tightly, as the rest of her body continued to increase in height. She threw her arms around Tom's neck again, her fingers gripping his shoulders, burning with her strong desire. Tom was amazed at how wide her hips were now – they were at least three times wider than her shoulders! Her height was impressive too, reaching to about seven foot, if Tom had to guess. Finally, Amira's eyes rolled backed as an orgasm somehow even bigger than the one from a few hours before shook her expanded body. Tom came around the same time, releasing more of his semen inside her. Amira's growth came to a stop not long afterwards.

Amira continued to gasp, trying to catch her breath. Her huge breasts barely fit on to the bed, pushing past her ankles and overflowing to the sides. At the same time, her ass stuck out at least a few feet behind her now, acting like cushions for her newly-begun sex life. Her legs hung off the mattress too – they were going to have to get a new bed to accommodate her new height in addition to her other proportions. Despite how he was shorter than her now, Tom lay his chest next to her head, and she wrapped her athletic arms around him, closing her eyes to listen to his heart. Amira was astounded – she was bigger and stronger now, but she felt so desired, so sexy. *Losing my virginity with Tom was one of the best decisions I've made*, she thought with some satisfaction.

"I love you, babe. I love you..." she whispered. Tom kissed her hair, as they cuddled. She giggled again suddenly; Tom looked at her quizzically.

"What is it?"

“Your Arabic lesson for this morning... I got a word for you. My name, Amira – it means ‘princess.’” She winked at him as he chuckled for a moment. They looked at her old, torn-up clothes – clothes that had been made for a scrawny girl, hardly fit for the fertility goddess Amira had become. They looked back at each other, and laughed, holding each other tighter.

“Subject became pregnant after losing her virginity, and that activated the last hormones and brought her within the expected size.”

“Hm, interesting. I expect the hormones from her pregnancy will cause her to become even bigger. Have we tested what might happen if a non-pubescent girl became pregnant as well?”

“All of the subjects are sexually active, and several of them enjoy unprotected sex. We just have to monitor them.”

“That’s convenient. Let’s see what else might happen with them then.”