**Bigger**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion, giantess,* and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

* *Madam Materia*

The brass handle of the strange door gave a sharp click as Bijou finally managed to make her way inside. At only a little over three and a half feet tall most doorknobs were eye level at best, leaving her to struggle with not only turning the things, but hoping her miniscule weight was enough to force whatever portal was in her way open. Old fashioned doors like this one were often the worst offenders.

It was like the small girl couldn’t help herself though. How often did a knickknack shop like this just pop up out of the blue overnight? Let alone tucked away near the bus station. It just didn’t make sense, and thus it just beckoned the small woman to investigate.

Her flats tapped against the ground, frilly dress and long raven locks swaying back and forth as she browsed the shelves. “Hello?” her high voice called out.

“I’m sorry, but we don’t serve children,” a voice came from behind her, catching Bijou by surprise and forcing her to whip around.

The short girl was nearly bowled over by the pair of tits hanging in front of her face. They were huge, probably in the high D range and bigger than the small girl’s head. Stumbling back flustered she found them attached to a fiery headed woman, a wide brimmed witch’s hat shading much of her face as she knelt down above the petite lady. Still it did nothing to hide the woman’s fair features, especially the gleaming golden eyes that seemed to stare right though her.

The dark haired woman's face reddened in a huff, “I’m thirty two,” she protested to the rude witch leaning over her.

This was always how it was, being mistaken for a child just because she was cursed to be born with dwarfism, and proportionate dwarfism at that. Hormone therapy hadn’t done anything to help her through her teenage years, and she didn’t have the luxury of any part of her having grown to proper womanly stature. All of it stirred into a vicious jealousy of women like the witchy redhead, not only flaunting what they had, but actively rubbing it in her face and demeaning her.

“My mistake,” the golden eyed beauty replied with a giggle, revealing just how much of a hollow apology it was; like she knew all along and was just taunting the short woman. “Welcome to Madam Materia’s Magical Menagerie. I’m Madam Materia, though Matty is just fine for customers,” she explained to the pint sized Bijou.

Magic? The chestnut eyed woman help scoffing; what a bunch of hogwash, “And what, Madam Materia, makes you think I'll be a customer?” she challenged, stepping away to browse the shelves.

A smile crossed Matty’s lips, as she goose stepped past the woman, “Because people don’t find this place without reason,” she explained casually, “We specialize in giving people what quote unquote *'real life'*,” she mimed the quotations in the air, “fails to give them, and life has certainly dealt you a cruel hand hasn’t it?”

The words stung, and the way Bijou's body tightened at them was a dead giveaway. Cruel was putting it lightly. The world treated her like some sort of novelty, it wasn’t made for a girl her size, and nothing but stubborn pride had allowed her any kind of dignity. When her boyfriends left her for “real women”; when she was left shopping in the children’s section, or stuck riding the bus because she was too small for a normal car. The list of mockeries went on, and she could only show an unwillingness to let any of it hurt her.

The redhead’s words were a cold read though, nothing more. “And how will you solve the unsolvable Madam? Some snake oil potion to cure what ails me? Make me feel good, as I measure in the morning for that fresh inch to fuel the placebo effect, so you can drain my wallet dry on false hopes? I've seen your kind before,” the raven haired doll hissed defensively.

With a giggle the witchy woman shook her head, “Got it all figured out, don’t you Bijou?” she teased with a smirk, and a flash of her golden eyes.

The colour sank from the small woman's olive skin. She tried to rack her brain, replaying everything to try and remember when the woman had even asked her name, only to come up blank. Could one of her friends have tipped the witch off? No, she'd come in out of impulse, no one had told her about it. She moved to ask, to challenge the redhead and figure out the trick, only to be cut off.

“You’re easy to read as a children’s book,” Materia answered the unspoken question.

It was unnerving, as those ruby lips flashed into a grin. Bijou brushed a strand of her raven hair over her ear, afraid to keep eye contact with the witchy woman lest she somehow give away more about herself. “Alright then, Matty,” she reluctantly conceded, “what have you got?” she asked.

Her spatted heels clicking the redhead made her way to her shelves, brushing her fingers over some of her many potentials, before settling on the one best suited for the hungry woman; a little black book. “This should help you get what's overdue, and then some,” she explained, tossing it over her shoulder.

Bijou caught it to her chest, opening it with the expectation of seeing some fantastical spell, only to be disappointed it was a blank address book. Her frustration peaked, redness filling her cheeks. “Is this some kind of joke?” she growled.

“No,” the witchy woman answered with a simple smirk. “As you fill that book out, it will fill you out. Easy as that,” she explained.

This was stupid, impossible. No matter what parlour tricks the buxom woman had there was no way what she was proposing was possible. Once again when the petite woman was ready to protest she was beaten to the punch.

“What do you really have to lose?” the redhead challenged. “You get to go, have a little fun, and get what you've always deserved,” she purred.

It sounded too good to be true, but really the woman was right; save one thing. “How much?” Bijou asked, flipping to the front of the book to where there was a small section for her name.

With a wave of her slender hand Matty shook her head, “Money means nothing to me. Seeing mortals get what’s due makes my job worthwhile,” she told her, smiling through half-lidded eyes.

Those golden orbs stared though her, but yet the raven haired woman couldn’t help a smirk. Even if it didn’t work out, there was nothing lost. “Well, thank you then Matty,” she chuckled, “Let’s hope you’re not just some charlatan,” she finished, turning on her flats with a bounce of her dress as she fought the door to get out.

The witch dressed woman gave a giggle, her smile turning to a toothy grin, “Oh don’t worry,” she putted, “You’ll get what’s coming to you.”

The bus ride home was the same as it always was; people staring at her from the corners of their eyes, whispering about the “unattended child”. It didn’t matter that she took the same trip every day, there was always someone new, or who refused to take the hint.

At least Bijou had a small distraction this time, as she sat with the little black book in her lap, a pen in her hand as she tapped at the page. Materia had described it all so simply, just fill out the book. She was on the front page, the section for her name still blank as she struggled with the whole idea. “This is stupid,” she grumbled to herself. Why was she even entertaining this nonsense?

If it was nonsense though, why was she reluctant? There was nothing to lose if it didn’t work, she was just right and the witch was just some snake oil saleswoman. Tightening her grip the undersized woman steeled her nerves, putting pen to the page and with long looping letters put her name in its place.

She paused, waiting for something magnificent to happen. Nothing, exactly as she expected. “Of course,” she muttered angrily, flipping further in. Well it was an address book, the least she could do was use it as such and out her current boyfriend’s name in.

Touching the pen to the first slot she dragged it along, only for nothing to appear. A brow raised at that, as she tried a second time to write in her partner’s name. Suddenly the page wouldn’t take ink. Clearly her pen hadn’t died, as she scribbled on the back of her hand to double check. It didn’t feel waxed, or like it had any sort of special coating. Was it just some trick?

The tiny woman scoffed, so she had a black book she couldn’t write in, what use was that?

The recorded announcement for her stop rang out over the crowded transit, bringing her back to reality as she slipped the book into her purse. If it was a trick she'd figure it out later, for now she needed some stress relief after everything. Hopping down off the bus she landed her flats on the sidewalk, frilled dress bouncing from the fall almost a third her height, and started off for her apartment. Three flights of stairs that were like scaling a mountain, and an oversized door with a lever handle installed for her, were the final obstacles standing in her way. Despite the climb the worst part honestly was lining up her key, as she reached up above her head and got it done in record time.

As she pushed in she was greeted by her boyfriend, “Hey Bi,” he offered from the couch as the sound of a movie filled the living room.

Doing nothing as always, why was she even still keeping him around? Stepping up onto the stool that let her reach up to hang her jacket was the immediate answer. For as lazy as the man was, at least he stuck around with her. “Hey,” she replied flatly as she kicked off her shoes.

He didn’t respond to her tone, settling back into whatever he was watching when she entered. Unacceptable. After everything she'd put up with today the small woman demanded his attention.

She crawled her way up into the couch with him, forcing herself into his lap. “Not going to ask about my day?” she purred, running her petite hand over his thigh suggestively as she spoke.

He knew well enough to go along, as she flashed those chestnut eyes his way. “How was your day Bi?” he asked her, pausing the movie to get back to later.

Leaning up her lips connected with his, tongue cresting over to force its way into his mouth. Her small hands went for his bottoms, deftly undoing the knot keeping them up to get inside. In under a minute she was in his pants, stroking along his member to get him hard and ready to satisfy her.

“That bad huh?” he teased as he helped her out with his undressing.

The petite Bijou pressed a finger too his lips, “You missed your chance for talking,” she told him as his cock started to pulse, at full hardness between her fingers.

He wasn’t about to protest, smiling as he watched her maneuver out of her panties. With a flick the cotton garment was flung across the room, and the raven haired woman was straddling over his ready rod. At her diminutive size even her boyfriend’s average length was more than a handful, leaving the tip flopping about as she lined everything up.

Her thin lips rounded into an O of pleasure as she took his tip between her folds, felling how it spread her wide to the point of almost aching. It was torment not to be able to take him completely, as she gave little squirms and wiggles to coat him with her natural lubricant and sink as far as she could.

As he bottomed out in her, her cheeks tinted rose. Now was the hard part, as she started to bounce, focusing on the head as her frills fluttered from her movements. Every bit she could get into herself dragged along her walls, making them tighten fiercely to wring every ounce of pleasure they could from the intruding fuck stick.

Her boyfriend bit his lip, his comparatively large hands resting on her hips. If he truly wanted he could manhandle her with ease, though he never did. Too afraid of her frailty, and much to her dismay.

Through glazed eyes she looked upon him, seeing the sweat on his brow as she continued to ride him rough and hard for her own enjoyment. “Planning to cum already?” her voice was practically a groan.

He didn’t answer, not with words anyway. She could feel him swelling within her as his peak approached, the way his fingers were tightening around her less than handful hips. His face reddened, and as his teeth sank into his lip she felt him erupt in her, warm semen overflowing her hot box.

Bijou was ready to roll her eyes, barely even rising and it was already over, when she was struck by a foreign sensation. She could hear the couch groaning under them, her viewpoint rising as she looked down at the man lying under her. Her toes were rubbing against the couch, pushed back by her lengthening legs as she kept her perch atop her boyfriend. She was growing.

Her heart was jumping in her chest, a chest currently fattening before her very eyes into a pert little pair of tits. She could feel the flesh of her rear fill out against the fingers gripping her tight, leaving her mind racing to try and imagine herself. She could see the little cleavage on her chest deepening, though didn’t hear any seams popping. And her boy toy. She let out a moan as her channel deepened, letting her feel more of him enter until his balls touched against her taint.

The petite woman thought she might cry, overwhelmed with the jubilant feeling of her overdue satisfaction. Then all too quickly it was over. She was bigger, a good degree so, but it was impossible to tell how much yet. “Did you see that?” she questioned her boyfriend.

“See what Bi?” he asked, still catching his breath from his climax.

“See what,” was he really that oblivious? “Me you dimwit,” she said, gesturing to herself as he started to soften inside her.

Clearly he didn’t understand what she was going for. “You’re beautiful as ever Bi,” he assured her, trying his best to placate her.

With an annoyed scoff she rose up off him, nearly losing her balance when her feet hit the floor. She was so much higher, still below what one would consider average, but compared to what she was she felt huge. She’d get numbers later, for now she went over to her discarded bag, fishing out the black book as he just watched her confused.

Opening to the first page Bijou’s eyes widened in shock. Her boyfriend’s name had written itself into the first slot, in his rough scratchy print no less. The wheels in her head began to turn, and her lips twisted into a grin. “Have a little fun,” she chuckled, remembering how the witch had worded it. So there was a trick to it, and now that she knew…

“Everything okay Bi?” her boyfriend asked, sitting up and looking over at her; his concern all over his face.

Her chestnut eyes flashed back to him, “I’m fine,” she purred, sauntering back over to him and straddling back over him, “We’re going again,” she ordered, leaning down to wrap him in a kiss to get him going again.

To her dismay, fucking him again didn’t grow her further. It only made sense though the more Bijou thought about it; he was already in her little book now, he didn’t fill it out further. And on the topic of filling out, she'd had quite the little growth spurt. Pulling out the measuring tape the raven haired woman had sprouted up to just over four feet tall, cresting her over the meter mark that had eluded her for so long. Not only that though she had curves. Subtle curves, less than a proper handful, but curves nonetheless. She had bras, little A-cup bras but with the dresses she wore, they were pushed together for a nice sexy little line.

It had been a bit of a shock at first, but the world had changed around to accommodate her new size. The aforementioned bras of course being the obvious one, but all of her clothing had adjusted to fit her new frame, to amazing results, and even pictures of her seemed to have morphed into this new reality. It was only too bad it wouldn’t last, as the short woman changed into something more fitting for a night out.

She had a plan. She could do better than this layabout now, all it would take was another lay or two to pump her up to a level where she could get herself a man worth her time. And dressed up with a simple tube top and skirt she knew just the place. The done up cutie didn’t even bother to say goodbye to her soon to be ex, slipping out and onto the first bus for downtown as he hazily went back to his movie.

Nighttime lights bathed the streets in a neon glow, as Bijou waited in line for The Mark; a night club with a well known rep for getting exactly what she wanted. All she'd have to do was set the flags and wait for it. Not even the stares, or of course getting carded at the door, could bring her down. She paid her cover fee and with a smirk slipped straight for the restrooms.

Quietly she peeked her dark haired head into the stalls, one at a time until she found what she was looking for. A smile crept onto her lips when she came across the small hole drilled into the back of the stall, connecting it with its neighbor; a glory hole. With how her boyfriend's name had filled itself in, she figured she didn’t need to even know the guy, just get him off and she would get another boost to her stature. No better or quicker way then an anonymous meeting.

With barely a second thought she slipped inside, locking the door behind her as to avoid any unwanted interruption. All that was left to do was wait. Fishing through her purse she drew out the hook, opening it up and laying it on the ground; she wanted to watch it happen, make sure that this would indeed work as intended. Then finally she took out a small lip balm, applying a nice gloss to her cock suckers and giving them a smack. No reason not to make it pleasant for her donator, he was offering her something greater after all.

The petite woman perked at the sound of the other stall door whining on its hinge, signaling her John's arrival. She reached up, giving a knock on the wall dividing them as a grin crossed her lips. “Hey there,” she purred.

She could hear shuffling on the other side, and after a delay her call was answered with a, “Hey.”

His voice was deep, almost making her wonder what he looked like on the other side. Not that it mattered though, she'd resigned him to a stepping stone long before this moment. “Here to use this?” she inquired, poking a pair of her delicate fingers through the glory hole and running them around its edge, “Cause I'm looking to get a mouthful,” she teased him.

Once again his answer wasn’t immediate. The sound of his pants buckling however caused her heart to start racing with anticipation. “I wasn’t originally planning on it,” he replied coyly, “but who am I to say no to a lady?”

Bijou couldn’t help rolling her eyes. They were here anonymously and yet he was still trying to act cool. The light from the hoke dimmed, and she was nearly smacked in the face as the stranger's dark, half-hard meat flopped through the hole.

Her chestnut eyes practically sparkled as she looked at it. It was huge, he has to be at least porn-worthy with his size. A part of her wished she could ride it, feel the sensation of being fucked by something so big, but unfortunately that wasn’t in her plan; not to mention dangerous.

The choice between fucking this slab of meat and growing bigger into the woman she deserved to be though was a no brainer, and to get there she had work to do. Gingerly she wrapped her fingers around his base, giving him a few languid strokes to prove she meant business before letting out her tongue and running it from base to tip. His response was immediate, his cock pulsing in her grip, butting against her face insistently on its way to full mast. She couldn’t help but giggle, continuing to tease with cat-like laps that had him glistening with a layer of her spit.

She heard his hand hit the barrier, stabilizing himself at her attentions, along with the gasping of his breath. The raven haired cutie had always been good at this, practicing with partner after partner to try and make up for her small stature. Soon though she'd have both, a perfect rockin' bod, and her killer skills.

Opening wide she took his head inti her mouth, moaning softly as her tongue did laps around the sensitive flare. “Oh fuck,” she heard him cuss, driving her further to more of him in until she was gagging on his turgid dick.

So big, but her determination was bigger. She shifted her legs back, lining up to dive deeper onto him. Her breath paused, as her throat was sorely filled with his thick rod. Bijou tried to count the seconds, how long she could last as she bobbed to fuck her own face with him. She got to five, as his hips were slamming into the wall for more, before she had to let up.

With a lewd pop she came off him, gasping for air with a smile as she drooled down her chin. He wasn’t done though, not a quick shot like her ex at home. Her hand went to work stroking him base to tip, as with a giggle she locked her eyes with her prize. “How you doing big boy?” she purred, kissing the tip tenderly.

It took him a while, telling her he was concentrating just to make words. “You’re one hell if a cocksucker,” he complimented, as he throbbed in her grip, “Think you could do that again?”

The raven haired woman grinned in response, not that he could see it. “Of course,” she told him, dipping back onto his fuck stick and taking him back.

She heard him grunt, another hand slamming onto the wall as she let him into her throat. That did it. She felt him swell, plugging her and making her squirm fruitlessly just before he exploded inside her. She could feel the way his cock jumped, firing thick ropes deep into the pit of her stomach as she started to see spots.

She refused to pass out though, feeling a warmth fill her body. Her eyes flit down to the book, seeing the stranger’s name fill itself into her little black book; and just as promised she started filling out.

Her knees skidded in the tile, as she was forced further back by her rocketing height. She felt the weight of her tiny tits grow, dragging her towards the ground as they pulled against her chest to rest in the deepening cups of her bra. She was hot, the idea of being that much closer to what she deserved riling her up and making her grind her thigh, wiggling her hips and feeling the way her plumping rear jiggled behind her.

As he finished and softened between her lips she slid off him, coughing and sputtering a few drops of unswallowed jizz onto the floor below. Not that it mattered, it did it’s job. “Thank you,” he praised her through the wall.

Bijou simply chuckled, rising to her feet so fast she almost got dizzy. “No, thank you,” she replied looking down at her gorgeous self.

She could hear him shuffling, dick disappearing back through the hole as he returned to his business. Collecting her things she made her way out, dabbing the mess she'd made of her chin with some toilet paper. She immediately noticed the difference, barely a head shorter than most of the people around her at the club now. She was drawing looks, not the usual gawking stares of her as different, but legitimate hungry looks of interest for the, still petite, but now much more average sized woman.

With a giggle she adjusted her top, pulling it down to show off some of her new cleavage. It was beautiful, were she not in public she'd have fondled the delicious little handfuls that were her boobs, hiding the top of her tummy from view. It felt good, so very good, to have what she’d always wanted from life; what she’d endured surgeries and treatments for that failed her. And yet, she still wanted- no, demanded- more.

It didn’t take minutes for a drink to come her way, catching the raven haired beauty almost by surprise when the blue dyed beverage was placed in front of her. “From the gentleman at the end,” the bartender told her.

She followed his gesture, to a suit-wearing blonde man flashing his dark blues at her. There was something funny about the idea of going from sucking off a stranger through a glory hole immediately to being hit on by such a treat. Bijou revelled in it.

Taking a sip she made her way over, hopping up into the seat next to her gracious giver. A small bit of giddy happiness filled her that she didn’t have to get a stool, or climb up like it was some sort of great wall. “I’m told I have you to thank handsome?” the olive toned minx teased, holding up the offered drink.

There was a confidence in his laugh, the kind that sung loudly he knew what he was doing. “I believe pretty girls shouldn’t be paying for their first drinks of the night,” he flattered her, raising his own glass to meet hers.

A coy smirk crossed her lips, “Is that so?” she mused, taking another taste of her drink, “Last I checked nothing was free, so what is it you're after from a pretty girl like me?” she pressed, leaning forward and showing off her new assets.

He had enough composure not to make his stares obvious, but they were there, fueling the raven haired woman’s inflating ego. “Some company never hurt,” he replied smoothly before a swig of his harder beverage. “Enabling a good time is its own reward though. That’s what people come here for after all.”

Her smirk grew into a grin, “That it is,” she purred, shooting the rest of her drink back and slamming the glass to the bar, “So how many more drinks you think it'll take for us to both have a good time?” she challenged him.

There was that confident laugh, as she revealed they were on the same page, “Well if we wanted, I'd say none. I don’t think that’s the answer you’re looking for,” he teased her.

“Depends on what you’re playing with,” her hand reached out, running her fingers up his thigh towards his groin, “How far does that confidence go before you fall short?”

She could feel him flinch under her fingertips as she found the head of his member, creeping its way down his thigh from her actions. He played it well though, fishing his keys from his pocket and giving them a shake. “Would you like to find out?” he offered, blue eyes flashing with his smile.

Bijou nibbled on her lip; clearly the confidence went far, and they both knew what they wanted. “I think I would,” she responded, hoping off the stool ahead of him.

He was quick to follow, reaching an arm around her to rest his hand over her hip. Yet another new experience she got to chalk up to being “normal” sized. She naturally leaned into him, able to settle her head against his chest and let her hand explore over his abs. Even through the shirt she could feel the tone of his muscle, demonstrating further he was a man who took care of himself.

Together they walked out, into the parking lot where he kept his car parked. Had the lithe woman not already felt his manhood she'd have thought he was trying to compensate, as the scissor doors swung up over her head to let her in. Still she teased him over it, her chestnut eyes darting to him with a smirk to let him know just what she was thinking.

His dark blues took it in stride, as he closed the door for her and slid into the driver’s seat. “Good looks, nice car, I suppose next you'll be taking me to a mansion?” she joked playfully, reaching over to once more brush his thigh suggestively.

The distraction didn’t stop him from getting them on the road. “I wish,” he chuckled, “a princess like you deserves it. Sadly I’m here on business, so my hotel room will have to suffice,” he offered as he started them off uptown.

An uptown hotel? That was almost better. Her hand crept closer, outlining his bulge through his bottoms. “Calm down Romeo, or I'm gonna have trouble waiting,” she teased, running the tip on her tongue over her lips to make them shine.

His smile flashed as he kept his cool. “Not that I'd mind that too much sexy,” he replied, “Gotta keep us on the road though unless you'd prefer me to pull over.”

The hungry Bijou considered it. For as attractive as he was, in her mind he was still just a means to an end; a stepping stone in becoming who she deserved to be. She relaxed though, sinking back into her seat with a giggle and leaving him be. She’d been on a roll today since after work, so not only was his ability to go twice and actually satisfy her needs in question, but her own stamina to actually go two more times without being sore in the morning as well.

“Don’t make me wait too long,” she warned him with a smirk, “I bore easily,” she tacked on the extra challenge.

A challenge he accepted, as he reached his free hand over, kneading his fingers over inside of her thigh and making her squirm with anticipation. He had the touch, the strength of his caress as he moved up her body had her gasping with want. He wasn’t even looking, eyes locked to the road as he explored her sinuously, telling the raven haired cutie that this wasn’t his first rodeo.

Biting her lip Bijou spread her legs, letting him go higher and lift her skirt to get closer to her simmering sex. Closing her eyes she savoured his rough digits moving over her skin, gliding up her shaven thighs to tickle her foods through her panties. He could probably feel her wetness, soaking her undergarment sheer.

“We’re here,” he announced, removing his hand from her as he brought them into a parking spot.

The horny girl let out a frustrated whine, glaring at the blonde tease. His response was just a calm grin; he knew what he was doing, riding her desire higher and toying with her. It was so much fun to be actively playing these games for her though, after so long being overlooked, now she was a real player in the game.

He got out, coming around to open the door for her like a proper gentleman. “Better deliver on what you've been selling me so far,” she teased, accepting his hand to get out.

Immediately she hung herself on his arm, pulling him between her breasts with a cat-like grin as he guided them in. They were drawing stares, feeding her ego as she leaned up to nibble on the blonde boy's earlobe. The elevator door was barely closed and the curvy cutie was all over him. She tasted his lip, moaning softly as the rough taste. She wondered if he could taste the jizz on her lips from her earlier activities? Though if he did it didn’t show, as he let his hands run down her sides to her hips.

His confident laugh broke her attack, forcing her to kiss her way down what was exposed of his neck. “Eager aren’t we?” he scolded her playfully, taking a handful of her juicy rear.

She replied with a chuckle of her own, locking her chestnut eyes with his as she draped her arm over his shoulders to keep herself up. “You’ve been revving my engines since we left the bar,” she growled, jubilant at the fact she could be face to face with him without a stool or some other support, “I’m purring and ready to go, whether you like it or not.”

He flashed a smile, pulling her out as the elevator door opened up and let them onto his floor. The pair stumbled out, Bijou laying kisses and nips all over him as they slid along the walls to his room. Again without looking he was keeping them moving, fishing out the card key for the door and swiping it as the raven haired woman was shoving her tongue into his mouth. She was guiding them, peeking over his shoulder to find the bed and pushing him that way.

As his knees found the bed she made the move to shove him down, only to have him turn the tables on her. The blonde spun her around, laying her onto the bed and pinning her hands over her head. Her mind blanked, and she found herself staring up at him blankly as he trailed kisses down her neck.

Her sudden lack of passion wasn’t lost on him, as he pulled away to look her in the eye, “Something wrong cutie?” he asked.

It took a minute for her to wrap her head around what was wrong. “I’m usually on top,” she muttered out loud. She’d always been too small to be on the bottom, at best she'd taken it from behind once or twice, but she’d never been allowed the bottom.

“Would you prefer it?” he offered, unbuttoning his jacket and loosening his tie for the coming action regardless.

Pink tinted her cheeks as she thought about it. She finally got to savour something that had been a forbidden fruit for all of her life she wasn’t going to pass it up. “No,” she answered, sitting up to drape herself on him once more and steal a kiss, “I want you to fuck me good big boy,” she purred.

He put on a smile, looping his thumbs into her skirt as she lifted her legs to help him. Just feeling the air on her sopping folds was enough to make her shudder, tightening her hold on her plaything. Her panties were tossed across the room, and soon enough her man’s hands were toying with his belt to join her.

She slipped her lithe hands into his top, tearing the buttons open and sliding the whole ensemble off his shoulders to reveal his sculpted chest. “Rowr,” the raven haired minx mused, laying her lips over his muscular core.

It caught her off guard when his fingers tickled up her sides, insisting entry into the hem of her tube top. She was so used to having nothing the idea he wanted to undress her once again had her stumbling. Her breaths were hot and heavy as she was forced away, the blonde lifting her top up over her head and letting her breasts bounce free. Even so little motion tugged on her chest, her fat nipples pointed upwards from the new perfect globes behind them. And just like her stature they would be better when she was finished here.

Bijou couldn’t help a gasp as she was lain to the bed, the man she'd picked up looming over her with a primal hunger in his eyes. They were both naked, she'd barely even noticed when he'd joined her so lost as she was in her own thoughts. She could feel him though, that thick head pulsing against her entrance, encouraging her lips to spread to accommodate what her body was crying out to have inside her.

Waiting on him was agony, how did normal girls stand it? She was letting out horny whimpers, bucking her hips like an impatient child to get him in and only serving to tease herself more as the head of his cock brushed her velvet folds. He only replied with a chuckle at her antics, leaning down and taking her in a kiss to silence her whining.

As he slipped into her she moaned, eyes fluttering back as inch after inch sank into her moist box. Her legs jumped out, wrapping around him and pulling him into her greedily. It was such a rush being out of control, being fucked and treated to it rather than taking it at her pace. She say stars, she couldn’t slow or stop only do her best to hump back and stay along for the ride.

She laid kisses on him, and when he rocked her world bit him to stifle her own lewd outbursts. God how had she gone without this for so long? She had a climax, maybe even two, before she could feel the telltale signs of his own. The way his dick started to pulse, jumping inside her as it swelled to plug her right before the blonde let out a grunt. Sweat coated his brow, and his breath caught as he fired his sticky seed all over her insides.

The raven haired beauty couldn’t help a pleasured cry, clinging to him tight as she rode out the high of her orgasms. Her blissed face twisted though into a grin as she felt that sensation course through her body. She could feel her throbbing walls loosening around him, as she grew away from his girthy fuck stick. Her nipples tickled up his chest, rising up past his own to rest on his collar, as her breasts inflated towards his chin to fill his view. She could help a laugh, as her grip was now pulling his head into the depths of her cleavage.

“Glad you had fun,” he offered, catching his breath and turning his blue eyes up at her.

Bijou leaned down to kiss him, beyond content with the results. “Ditto cutie,” she teased, feeling the exhaustion start to settle in.

Her blonde plaything crawled up onto the bed, showing her she was now almost his height; which meant she'd cracked five feet at least. She’d get the exacts in the morning, for now she curled up against his chest, as he pulled the covers up for them to bask in the afterglow.

The morning sun flit through the curtains, casting rays across the sleeping Bijou’s olive skin. It was warm, pleasant, as it stirred her to wakefulness. Beside her was her catch from last night, still sound asleep; and along with the weight of her chest and the wave of vertigo she got from sitting up, confirmed everything yesterday had been real. She couldn’t help smiling, looking down at herself and barely seeing her belly button between the now tits that she bore proudly. Fat, perky melons any woman would be jealous of.

With pride she checked the bedside, finding her purse and wasting no time in fishing out her phone. She'd get to her walk of shame in a minute, for now she had to show off. Brushing a lock of her raven hair over her shoulder she flashed her smile for a selfie, free arm draped over her chest to keep her nipples hidden. Seeing herself she was gorgeous, an absolute bombshell, she doubted it would be hours before her post had a hundred shares, maybe a thousand? She could probably quit her day job, get some pay pigs to tend to her every need.

One step at a time though, for now she posted the pic to her feed, then set about finding her clothes. They'd have grown up with her, so it was a good chance to see just how big she was. According to her bra she was a scrumptious thirty six double D, something that had her practically squirming with glee. Her panties hugged her flared hips tight, accentuating her perfect hourglass all the more, and they even peeked from the bottom of her just slightly too small skirt. How many looks would she get on the way home?

With a giggle she slung her purse over her shoulder and snuck her way out. Her blonde would be in her black book if she ever wanted to look him up again, for now she had to figure out her next few steps. Kicking out her ex seemed like a wise choice, so as she waited for the elevator she flicked him a text to be gone before she got home. She wanted the place to herself to plan her next steps.

Even just making her way through the lobby the dark haired beauty drew hungry stares, and she replied to all of them with a foxy little grin. This wasn’t a walk of shame, this was a walk of triumph; even if she still had to bus home. As the vehicle pulled up she made her way in, feeling how she bounced with every step and revelling in it. People stepped aside, offering her their seats for perhaps just a chance she might pay them attention. Not that she’d give it, after last night she was well above anyone here.

Settling in and brushing her hair over her shoulder her ears caught onto something over the rumble of the engine. Quickened breath, and another all too familiar sound. Her chestnut eyes darted to the back, catching the disturbance with his hands down his pants.

“Disgusting,” she mumbled to herself, seeing the way the profane man's eyes were locked onto her, uncaring fir the consequences. On the other hand though, knowing she was hot enough to make a stranger touch himself was empowering. How long would the pervert last with her as his muse.

The thought had her chuckle, as she kept an ear out for him. She could count it down in her head, from the second his breaths started to become ragged to his finish. “Three, two…” she mused under her breath, hearing the pause from the masturbator tensing and signalling she was right in her estimate. She gave a giggle, listening as he let out a sigh of completion, however her humor over the act was short lived.

There was a feeling in the pit of her gut, blooming out to the rest of her body. The colour sank from her face, and she felt her thighs shifting over the seat beneath her. She couldn’t be…

Scrambling Bijou tore into her purse, pulling out the black book and catching the end few strokes as a new name was added to her roster of conquests. She hadn’t even touched him, was it just acknowledging him? Whatever it was she was creeping up, her head rising up past the people she was sitting beside. Her clothes adjusted to her growing state slower that her body, making her breasts push up towards her chin as they overflowed her bra and struggled for what little space the tube top offered.

Suddenly the tall girl wasn’t quite so confident. She rose to her feet, nearly dragged to the ground by her whorish tits. She was now on par vertically with many of the men squished into the sardine can of transportation, something that would have excited her moments ago, but now filled her with dread.

Trying to weave through the crowd another wave of that growing sensation flooded her, and she watched as her point of view started to rise over everyone around her. In her hand she saw another name filling itself into her black book. Was there someone else?

With her raised perspective she scanned around the bus. No one seemed to have just gotten off, which only added to her panic. What was one name second ago was looking like three, all writing themselves simultaneously and adding to her growth. Her top felt like a strip, stretched over her expanding tits, her underthings were riding up into her snatch. What was happening?

As her head bumped the roof it dawned on her. She dug through her purse again, fishing out a phone that barely filled her palm anymore. Her digits fumbled on the small screen to put in her password, and immediately she jumped to her post from this morning. It was blowing up, quite literally. She had hundreds of shares and likes, spreading it to hundreds of people, and before her very eyes the image was changing along with her. Her breasts were slipping over her arm, as she tried to contain massive boobs bigger than her own head. If she was model-esque before now the picture had her looking like some sort of fetish model. The bed beneath her was sagging from the huge girl’s weight; and it wasn’t alone.

There was a grinding sound beneath her, as she was pushing further up into the small space she had. “Sorry miss,” the bus driver called back to her, drawing her attention, “I don’t mean to discriminate but you’re too big, it's causing axel problems, you’re going to have to get off,” he told her, opening the mid door for her as he pulled over.

“Y-you don’t understand,” Bijou stammered, adjusting her stance as she tried to stop from being squished by her own growing body. Every little step though had the vehicle groaning underneath her, as names continued to write into her book and fuel her rapid explosion of size.

The raven haired giant didn’t have much choice, if she didn’t get off she was stuck. Trying to coral her enormous chest in her arms she made for the exit while she could hopefully still fit. Her soft squishy tits barely fit through, dragging her top down in the effort and putting the beasts on display. Their dark nipples hardened at the wind, each one like a shot glass pointing up accusingly. Unfortunately her hips were not so pliant.

She snagged, half stuck in while her topless half was outside. Reaching down her hands could touch the sidewalk from her predicament, and behind her she could feel her feet dragging along the bus's floor as she continued her unrelenting magnification. She could hear the click of phone shutters taking pictures, pictures that would be uploaded and add more fuel to the fire.

Within seconds she could feel her waist touching the sides of the portal she was stuck firmly in, her hips had to be as wide as more than a meter. There was no was she was getting out, not without breaking something. The bus driver was ushering people out, calling ahead for a replacement that would get everyone else home after this giant had stopped the route dead.

Panicking she tried to cover her face, “Stop!” she ordered in vain, voice now deep and booming, to everyone capturing the moment.

Bent down with her tits hanging low she felt them brushing on the ground beneath her. She couldn’t take much more, her knees were pressing against the frame as her toes were pushing on the opposite side window. The sound of rending metal grew louder as her lower half distorted the steel frame of the bus like it was made of aluminum. Below her the black book was still filling, now pages at a time as she was spread worldwide by dozens, maybe hundreds of people.

What could she do? She couldn’t just stay here. With a grunt she kicked out with her legs, glass and metal exploding as she destroyed her trap. She felt air across her skin, she was naked. Of course she would be, did they even make clothes her size.

Crawling from the wreckage she rose, wobbling on her legs as she tries to find her center of balance. She couldn’t see past her cleavage, the world below her mammoth mammaries lost to her. Reaching out she could hardly cover her fat nipples, her dark areola bigger than even her huge hands.

The air felt thin, and as she looked around she saw she was standing eye level with the third and fourth floors of many of the buildings downtown, seeing over some entirely. She could see through the windows of apartments, to men looking out their windows at her and flagrantly jacking off to her.

“Stop it” the raven haired giantess pleaded. Even if they did though, it was a drop in the bucket. She was still growing, stretching higher, feeling as her breasts pressed into her arms; only counterbalanced by the rear she felt undulating with every uncomfortable step she made.

Everything about her world had been turned upside down. She’d gone from small and overlooked to monstrous and unmissable. She could see people making way, trying to get out of her way as she stumbled nervously. She felt the pavement buckle under her steps, splintering like cheap clay. Eventually she ran out of room on the street, feeling her breasts touching the buildings on either end of the road.

And there was no signs of it stopping. Could it ever stop? Tears were rolling down her cheeks as she struggled with what to do. All she could think was to run, her great steps quaking the earth beneath her as she tried to think of where she could hide. Though as she cleared the sixth story she knew there was nowhere to hide. Even if she did escape direct eyes there were pictures flooding around, video. She could never be forgotten, and as she grew past reason they would find her.

The biggest thing on the planet, never to be overlooked again.

Materia gave a sigh, waving her wet digits dry as she finished herself off. She couldn’t help a giggle, as her glazed golden eyes looking at the scene unfolding in the orb between her fingers. “Not everything you hoped it was, was it?” she posed rhetorically as the rapidly growing giantess fled the city.

Rising to her feet the redheaded witch pulled up her panties, giving her voluptuous curves a wiggle before taking off her hat. A pair of pale yellow fox ears popped out from between her fiery locks, flicking and getting comfortable as her tails sprouted out from the hole in the back of her dress. Heels clacking she took the orb to the shelf, tapping one of her fingers turned claw to her chin, as the rest of the vulpine woman’s true form was revealed.

Settling she placed the story in its place, a catty little grin crossing her lips. “That one was long overdue,” she purred, foxy tails dancing mischievously.

With a bounce on her heels that had her hefty chest ripple with motion she took her wide brimmed cap back up, “Unfortunately there was no rest for the wicked,” she sighed, resting the garment back atop her crown.

Her human guised returned at once, and still wearing her Cheshire grin she left to tend to the next soul who'd be no doubt coming to join her. After all, mortals would always desire more from life.