

Author's Note: If you are under 18 turn back now! This is NOT for you.

Who doesn't love unaware growth? A sequel is planned for this story! I look forward to any and all feedback and suggestions. Feel free to follow me on deviantart at [a-spooky-ghost](#) which is the best place to contact me.

The Ballad of Bob

My name is Robert and I am the most forgettable man on Earth. We may have even met; not like you'd know. I tried shortening my name to Bob to make it easier for people to remember it. At work, I get Steve, Brett, Trent—any you can think of, somebody's guessed it's my name. Except, of course, for Bob or any possible variation. I don't want to brag, but I'm not a plain-looking guy, either.

I'm five feet nine inches tall, I keep my brown hair short and parted to the side. I'm at the gym every other day and am what I'd consider pretty muscular! I keep a clean shave; I dress neat and I'm polite. There's a sea of other men out there that don't put the kind of effort I do into my appearance. Then again, it's not like I don't have a social life.

I have a wonderful girlfriend named Jenny. She's a gorgeous red head with a slim figure that makes her C-cup boobs look huge. I love her gorgeous bright red hair; she has beautiful freckles decorating her skin. Best of all though: she loves me! I just have one, teeny, tiny little complaint about her. It really all came to a head today, in many ways. Though I didn't know at the time, it actually started early this morning.

I was getting ready to start the day and I couldn't find my phone. So, naturally, I asked Jenny to give it a call. I was sure I'd recognize my ringtone once it started playing.

"Sure thing, baby!" Jenny had said sweetly. Every time she flashed a smile, I could feel my heart melt a little. Still, I wished she would have used my name at the time. I was privy to something that I hadn't seen before, however. I got to see her open up her contacts and scroll through them. I watched as she scrolled past A, and then B which had me a little worried. I presumed she was heading to R for Robert.

I was wrong, of course. Jenny stopped at H for Honey, started the call and sure enough my phone started ringing. I knew and still know for a fact that it isn't malicious on her part, but the damage was done. My girlfriend of the past two years doesn't know my name! It was nice, I guess, that she wasn't calling me Brett or something. Still, it drives me nuts! Don't say you wouldn't feel the same way!

So, the day went on like any other. It's a rare Saturday in which we both happen to have the day off. Jenny and I had gone to the local mall to pick up a few things and maybe have lunch, too. I had been pretty quiet the entire day. I was too focused on trying to figure out how to broach the subject that Jenny didn't know my name without starting an argument.

“Hey, honey?” Jenny asked and lightly tapped my shoulder. I suddenly realized that we had traveled to the middle of the mall. It was like I had entered a fugue state while buried in my own thoughts. I looked down at Jenny’s smiling face and briefly forgot my frustrations.

“Let’s check out that antique shop,” Jenny nodded toward the shop’s direction, “I want some knickknacks!”

I agreed, of course, because I didn’t mind decorating the apartment with weird odds and ends. Usually when we went into these places, I would grab the weirdest mug they had. You’d think that the guy with a cup shaped like a giraffe head or a world map would get name recognition, wouldn’t you? I did, and let me tell you—it doesn’t!

So, I let Jenny wander off in the store which of course means she made the mistake of letting me on my own. Something caught my eye that nobody could have resisted picking up. Few things are so pervasive throughout western media as the monkey’s paw. I was sold instantly based purely on the idea that nobody would forget about the guy who owned a monkey’s paw. I wasn’t sure if it was real monkey, I kinda hoped it wasn’t, and I decided not to ask.

Jenny came back with a plate that had a picture of a kraken attacking a pirate ship. We had a good chuckle about the items we’d found and checked out a few minutes later. As we left, I didn’t notice that a vase was set next to the doorway. You guessed it: my elbow went right into it and that thing shattered when it hit the floor. I instinctively grabbed the bag the paw had been placed in, utterly mortified.

“Oh, shit! I’m so sorry,” I pleaded to the clerk. What I said next was only the first mistake I would make and was perhaps the most destructive, in an insidious way. I don’t know why I thought to vocalize the thought. It just tore out of my throat with little to no forethought.

“Days like this is what makes me wish that it was my mistakes nobody would remember,” I muttered to myself. Or so I thought. Something in the bag shifted but I hadn’t noticed yet, or maybe I had but I had more important things to look at. In an instant the look of concern vanished from Jenny’s face, and the clerk looked away from the mess. It was like I hadn’t broken the vase, but I certainly had.

“Is...this going to be okay? Should I pay you?” I questioned the clerk.

“Honey, you already paid, remember?” Jenny gently patted my back. The clerk looked up at me, bewildered, and nodded along with what Jenny had said. Despite my reservations I allowed us to leave the shop. As we walked, I thought to examine my purchase one more time. I remember my heart jumping in my chest: one of the paw’s fingers was curled.

I don’t think I mentioned that this was the classic monkey’s paw. It had three fingers, all stretched out and was stiff as a board. I had tried to move the fingers with no success. So, to see one of them had curled sent my mind racing. I couldn’t remember just then what I had said to make it happen. I was certain, however, that I needed to be more careful about what I said. Looking back: I could have been a little more careful. Just maybe.

I held myself together until we had arrived at a little clothing outlet within the mall. Jenny went off on her own giving me ample time to consider how I should test the paw's authenticity. A few juvenile fantasies played out in my head. I was thinking so much about the phrase that I managed to make a conscious decision to speak.

"I just wish that I could see some...bigger women whenever I wanted," I had thoughtlessly mused. This is the sentence that has permanently changed my life. Should I say ruined? I'll let you make that decision. I can still feel the blood draining from my face when I saw the second finger curl. Part of me tried to justify that it was some kind of toy with voice-activation for the words "I wish." I stashed the paw right away. If I was going to be remembered I didn't want it to be because I was staring at a severed limb in the middle of the women's clothing section.

As though on cue a member of the staff approached me. I remember her starting out as an average brunette with cute pink-framed glasses. I was worried she had seen the paw and that I had somehow violated the store's no monkey paw policy.

"Excuse me, sir? Do you need help finding anything?" the brunette asked.

When she'd first walked up, I was certain she was about a head shorter than me. Once she started talking, however, I realized I was mistaken. It appeared that the brunette was only a few inches shorter than me. Moreover, her button-up shirt had the first few buttons open, revealing a hint of cleavage.

In the moment my eyes darted down to inspect the goods I thought she had just taken a deep breath. Her tits seemed to suddenly bulge out of her shirt. I was shocked but tried to play it cool. I reestablished eye contact with her, directly at eye level. Something seemed off but I just couldn't place it.

"Er, no, I'm just waiting for my girlfriend," I said with a nervous chuckle. The brunette seemed to shift onto her tiptoes. Even looking directly at her face, I could suddenly see the curvature of her breasts at the bottom of my vision. It took me far too long to realize that I was actually looking up at her eyes. I readjusted my head so my eyesight was level, and realized I was making direct eye contact with her cleavage.

More buttons on her shirt had opened and I could see the bra supporting her boobs poking out. Once more, her breasts seemed to stretch out toward me. All social mores had left my brain as I squinted at her surprisingly large bust. I followed the swell of her tits upward, unsure of just what I was looking at. If I didn't know any better it seemed like her tits were now spilling out of her shirt, and she was becoming taller with each breath I took.

"Oh, okie dokie!" the brunette broke the silence, "well, if you need anything, come find me!"

An eternity had passed between my answer and her response. I couldn't deny my eyes: this woman might have been seven feet tall with G-cup breasts. I've never had problems with

hallucinations, and I've never touched LSD or shrooms. I had watched this woman grow before my eyes. I didn't make the connection just yet, but I did appreciate the fulfillment.

I watched her walk away utterly agape. I probably looked ridiculous but can you blame me? I could swear I saw her ass and hips plump up as she left. Heck, she seemed to still be growing because she had to start craning her neck to avoid bumping into the ceiling!

"Hey, honey..." Jenny seductively purred from behind me, "don't you wanna tell me how I look?"

I turned around with every intention to ask Jenny if she had seen anything of the tall woman or her growth spurts. Jenny had wrapped herself in a coat, clutching it closed with both hands. I was all too familiar with this routine and, so, I adjusted my priorities. I smiled, I took her hand, and I followed her back to the dressing room. Her grip seemed to be firmer than normal but I placed the blame on arousal.

Once inside Jenny daintily removed the coat and placed it on a hangar. She was wearing a lacy red chemise and absolutely nothing else. I was fully erect as I embraced Jenny and kissed her deeply. It wasn't the first time we had had sex in a changing room and I was sure it wouldn't be the last. We broke the embrace, both in a state of high arousal. I began to disrobe but not without drinking in the image of my girlfriend wearing the lingerie as I did.

Something about this particular chemise was doing Jenny's breasts a huge favor. I said before that her tits looked big on her slender frame but the vision before me was something special. Freckled cleavage was absolutely spilling over the garment's neckline. Just as I was she, too, was breathing heavily causing her boobs to heave further over the neckline. I wasted no time noticing that as her breasts gently pushed up and over, they did not recede.

Furthermore, I could tell that the chemise didn't seem to reach as far down her legs as I first thought. In fact, if I didn't know any better I would say I was watching Jenny gradually expanding upward. I began to notice the chemise bunching up around her thighs, too. I was undoubtedly watching as soft, freckled flesh poured into her hips.

I finally managed to get my underwear off in time for my eyes to drift upwards. Jenny's tits were distorting the chemise to the point of threatening to tear it. In fact, the more I looked the more boob there seemed to be. More than that; there was more Jenny the more that I looked. Apparently at the point she couldn't stand the tension and grabbed me.

We ravished one another, assuredly making enough noise for just about anybody in the outlet to hear. Each time I fondled or sucked on her breasts; each time I paused to kiss her and, indeed, with each thrust there was more Jenny for me to grasp. I wasn't in the right state of mind to ask how her chemise could possibly still fit, or how a nine-foot-tall-and-growing woman fit in a small dressing room.

Finally, Jenny began moaning with aroused abandon, I suddenly took stock of what had happened. I was grasping the thick, juicy thighs of a woman nearly twice my size. The thought

pushed me over the edge and I came immediately. Jenny let out an orgasmic cry as I collapsed onto her. Both of us were covered in sweat and panting. I could still see her heaving breasts slowly swelling outward. She must have been somewhere in the H-cup range, and still getting larger.

“Jenny, yo-you’re huge!” I managed to gasp. I remember feeling her body spreading out beneath me. The heavy breathing made it easier to tell what was happening. Her body swelled outward when she breathed in and retained its size when she exhaled.

“Yeah, baby,” Jenny said between breaths, “isn’t that why you love me?”

I was too tired to continue the inquiry. I shut my eyes and let myself get carried away on the rhythm of Jenny’s lusty breaths. I awoke, at some point, atop a loudly snoring Jenny. Gazing at her it seemed she was even larger than before. Slowly, the pieces began coming together in my head. When my eyes were shut the feeling of her swelling body had stopped. Just like the brunette employee she had only started growing when he turned to face her.

“But can you stop growing?” I absentmindedly said. When the swelling apparently stopped, I chalked it up to coincidence. I had only just begun putting the pieces together, and had no idea what was in store for me.