

Emma sat in the observation room and frowned, rubbing her forehead. She flicked through the papers she'd gone through with the test subject only an hour beforehand, and shook her head. "She swore she wasn't lactating beforehand. Look, her signature is right here." Emma said.

"She must have been. This was only a single dose; for her height, weight and age, she shouldn't have grown much larger than bowling balls." Laura, one of Emma's best and oldest friends and the lead scientist behind one of Size Corps' most popular pill divisions, the lactation inducers, was as baffled as Emma was.

Laura had shoulder-length hair that was currently dyed neon blue, with a stud in her nose and several piercings in both ears. Under her white lab coat she wore ripped black jeans that showed hints of her pale white thighs, and a black shirt representing a band Emma had never heard of. Size Corp had only briefly bothered trying to enforce their strict dress code on Laura before giving up; her expertise and raw talent being far too valuable for them to risk losing. They both looked at the test subject on the other side of the glass.

The curvy redhead was sitting against the wall, legs stretched out straight in front of her, her face contorted in an expression of pleasure. Two massive breasts, easily a beanbag in size each, rested on her lap and pale, engorged nipples sprayed milk onto the floor in front of her. Emma looked down at her relatively new basketball-sized breasts. *That was me only a week ago.* She thought.

Laura leaned forward and pressed a button on the table in front of her, turning on her microphone.

"Sandy? This is Laura, head scientist behind the lactation inducers." She waved at Sandy. "Emma here tells me you've put in writing that you weren't naturally lactating before this experiment. Can you confirm that this is correct?"

Sandy flushed red. Milk continued to spray from her breasts, which were swelling bigger by the second.

"I - I mean, not *lactating* lactating." She groaned.

Laura raised an eyebrow at Emma and turned back to the window.

"Elaborate." Laura said flatly.

"I - I was for a while. My girlfriend was really into it and well... so was I. So I induced, and it worked. But my supply was drying up, and I didn't know what to do. I saw the ad online and..." she trailed off into a moan.

Laura looked at Emma. Emma shrugged.

"She signed it! What am I meant to do, test-milk every candidate?"

Laura looked at Emma, then at her chest. "I get the feeling you're doing enough... test-milking at home." She said, teasingly.

Emma flushed red. When she had returned to work this week, it had been painfully obvious she'd been enjoying some pills from the lab on her own time.

She wasn't surprised there hadn't been repercussions, however. *If Size Corp fired everyone who came in one day looking suspiciously bigger or smaller than they had the day before, they would have no staff left.* She thought. She looked at Laura, who was just under 5 feet tall and outrageously curvy. She had been 6 feet and slender only a few months ago.

"You can't talk, shortstack!" Emma retorted. Laura laughed. Another groan from the test room pulled them out of their banter.

Sandy's breasts had bloated so far outward that they were covering her entire lower body. All Emma and Laura could see apart from her chest were her head, shoulders and arms. Laura rolled her eyes. Sympathy for lying subjects wasn't one of her strong suits, plus, Emma suspected she enjoyed watching them grow.

Laura pulled her radio from her hip and pressed in the button.

"We need some reversal pills in room 5, please. No hurry."

Emma rolled her eyes, pushing her chair away from the dashboard and standing up.

"I'll get the paperwork." She mumbled.

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Hours later, Emma arrived home. Mark heard the apartment door unlock and creak open, and jumped up from the sofa to come greet her. She smiled when she saw him coming, and placed her bag and keys down on the entryway table to embrace him in a hug, both resting their heads on the other's shoulder. They both stood at the same 5'11 tall, and Mark's athletic, lightly muscular build complemented Emma's slender, toned body well.

"Big day?" Mark asked, feeling Emma sink into his arms.

"Soooo much paperwork." She stood up straight and kissed him. "Let me get changed and I'll tell you about it."

A few minutes later, Emma strolled out of the bedroom, having changed from her work attire into a pair of gray sweatpants and a loose white shirt, her oversized breasts still easily visible underneath. Her black hair was done up in a messy bun. She came into the living room and flopped onto the couch next to Mark. He smiled at her.

"So. Paperwork."

Emma rolled her eyes, clearly exhausted by the day. "So there was this woman today, trialing the new round of lactation pills. I ran her through the usual check-in process beforehand, and then we did the test. Except... she was supposed to grow no bigger than basketballs. She ended up filling most of the room she was in."

Mark's eyes widened.

"Really? Bad batch of pills?"

"No, nothing like that. See, she'd signed beforehand to say she wasn't lactating, but she was. She and her partner were both super into it, but she was drying up, so she lied her way into the trial to try and get her milk back." Emma pulled at her collar, the memory of Sandy arousing her. She saw Mark subtly adjust the crotch of his gym shorts.

"See, the pills are designed to induce rapid lactation in woman who aren't already lactating. When you take the milk pills while you're naturally lactating, things get a bit... unpredictable."

Mark felt himself grow hot at the description of this woman, her breasts growing out of control as she filled with milk.

"Did you manage to, you know..." he brought his hands towards his chest, miming shrinking breasts.

"Mostly." Replied Emma. "She came in with apples and left with watermelons if you know what I mean. We were worried she'd want to sue, but when her girlfriend came to pick her up, she couldn't take her eyes off of them. She shouldn't grow any bigger, but she'll just keep filling with milk for the inevitable future. I don't think either of them were disappointed to hear that."

Emma's hand drifted unconsciously to her chest, her own nipples growing hard at the memory of her tits being similarly bloated with milk last weekend. Her own chest had been flat before, and now she was sporting these pale white basketballs, the leftover side effects of her massive growth, albeit without the constant milk. She glanced over at Mark, and noticed that he was watching her fingers trace her nipples. His cheeks were flushed red, and his hand was on his crotch.

Mark's eyes flicked down the hall to the bedroom and back. "Do you want to -" he began.

"Surprise me." Emma said, giving him a smirk.

Needing no further instruction, Mark jumped up from the couch and walked down the hall to the bedroom. Emma heard the distinctive sound of the large metal briefcase being slid out from under the bed and popped open.

Mark studied the open briefcase on the bed in front of him. It was filled to the brim with bottles of pills of all shapes and sizes and his mind swam with possibilities. Many of the bottles had notes scribbled on them in sharpie, often quite crude, and he recognised Emma's handwriting. *She must have made these notes after they'd been tested on subjects. I don't think anybody would've seen them except her and the team leads.*

He tried to call back memories of the stories Emma had told him about various test subjects at work.

*Which seemed to turn her on the most?* He thought.

Rummaging through the bottles, he pulled out two bottles. One contained little pills shaped like a childish drawing of a cock & balls, and the other was full of little white pills in the shape of sperm. A note was written on the side of the bottle in permanent marker, in Emma's handwriting.

*Powerful!!!*

Mark grabbed two of the penis pills and one of the sperm pills, and swallowed them.

*I know she was super turned on by these. What would pair well, I wonder?*

After a few minutes of searching and reading labels, he spotted a bottle of tiny round pink-blue pills and pulled them out to read the label.

*Shrinking - Laura's fave. Can't blame her. Take*

*with elastic and cum metabolisers - her suggestion.*

*Perfect.* He thought, before continuing to rummage through the briefcase until he found the mentioned pills

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Emma watched, hot with anticipation, as Mark walked back down the hallway and entered the living room. Walking right up to the sofa, he straddled her lap with a leg either side of hers, facing her.

"Open wide." He said. Emma looked up at him and opened her mouth. He placed a handful of pills on her tongue and she swallowed them without hesitation. Leaning down toward her, Mark began to place little kisses along her neck. Emma shuddered and let out a small moan, her arousal rising.

He could already feel a warmth and tingling in his crotch. He grabbed her shoulders and rolled across the sofa so that she was now sitting on top of him. Looking at his face, she was surprised to see that it was scrunched up in a mixture of pleasure and discomfort.

"Are you okay?!" She asked in alarm.

"Nnnng... my pills" he groaned. "My shorts are so tight. Take them off, please."

Emma slid off the sofa so that she was kneeling in front of Mark. She grabbed the waistband of his gym shorts, and pulled them down and off, along with his underwear. She fed them through his ankles and tossed them to the side and looked up, and her eyes widened.

Balls the size of apples were sitting in between Mark's legs, pulsing slightly every couple of seconds. On top of them rested his cock, which was soft, but looked thicker than usual, pronounced veins running along the shaft. She reached out and tentatively prodded his cock. Mark let out a groan, and his member swelled slightly.

"What did you take?" She asked, the arousal obvious in her voice.

"Umm. A few of the dick-shaped pills, and one of the sperm ones."

Emma nodded, realization dawning on her. On cue, Mark squeezed his eyes closed in arousal as his balls swelled, gaining several inches in diameter before their eyes.

"There were a few sperm production containers in there. Did the ones you took have a note on the side? Something about them being strong?"

Mark nodded, as the pressure in his cock grew, seemingly getting rapidly heavier by the second. Emma's face flushed red, her hornyness evident. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she noted that her body was beginning to grow warm. Her eyes drifted from Mark's eyes back down to his crotch, almost in a daze.

Standing up, Emma pulled off her shirt and threw it aside. She slipped off her gray sweatpants, revealing a black pair of panties underneath. She climbed onto the couch onto Mark's lap. She grabbed his cock in her hand. It was definitely significantly heavier than usual, and was pulsing powerfully.

"Interesting thing about the cock expansion pills." She said breathily, looking him in the eyes. "They're really fast acting, but the growth tends to build up, and many subjects need some sort of stimulation to actually trigger it." Without warning, she gripped his cock and gave it a few rapid strokes. Mark cried out in pleasure as it swelled in Emma's hand, engorging and pushing her fingers apart.

Precum continuously leaked from the tip, an indicator of what was happening within his balls. She could feel them beneath her, still slowly swelling. Emma released her grip on his member and noticed that her full-body warmth was rising quickly, feeling nervous and excited as she wondered what pills he had given her.

She still sat on Mark's lap, facing toward him with his cock between them. In the brief seconds that she had been touching him, it had swelled to half the length of Mark's own forearm, and become just as thick. It stood upright, pulsing and twitching, and Emma gently pressed it against her torso, admiring how far up her frame it stretched, the tip reaching past her bellybutton. She looked at him, biting her lip.

"How much bigger do you thi-"

She stopped abruptly as her whole body erupted into pleasurable tingles, and began to feel... tight? She looked at Mark, and opened her mouth to speak. Suddenly, the tightness intensified, and the world seemed to grow around her.

Mark was watching Emma as she sat on his lap, his engorged cock standing up against her torso. She had opened her mouth to speak, and had suddenly trailed off, a puzzled expression on her face. Without warning, she let out a groan of pleasure and began to shrink. Her entire body grew smaller at once on Mark's lap, and he felt her weight begin to lessen. His cock began to look larger and larger against her shrinking torso as she continued to moan, her eyebrows furrowed.

After a few moments the shrinking stopped and Emma opened her eyes, panting. They quickly widened as she realised that she was sitting eye-level with Mark, despite sitting up on his lap.

She felt a tapping on her torso and looked down to see his twitching cock, which had almost reached her breasts.

Emma looked back up at Mark, who was looking at her and smirking, but Emma could see the lust in his eyes.

"I wondered whether shrinking would feel as good as growing. Definitely sounded like you enjoyed that."

Emma nodded, stretching her arms out in front of her and looking at her hands. She didn't *feel* smaller, because all of her body had shrunk together. Her arms still reached as far away from her as they had before, and her hands still looked the same size to her.

"It feels different to growing, but definitely good. The sensation is already building again though. It's definitely not over."

She slid off the couch and stood in front of Mark, grabbing his hand and pulling him up to stand in front of her, and looked up at him. Her eyeline was now at his chest rather than being eye to eye with him.

"I've never had to look up at you before." She purred, pressing her chest up against him and looking up at him with the best doe-eyes she could manage. "I like it. I feel... like I'm yours." The tingling sensation was already beginning to rise in her body again.

"I like it too." Said Mark, looking down at Emma, her ample chest pressed against his torso, causing it to bulge out in all directions. He began to trace his fingers up her arms, eventually making his way to her chest. He began to gently trace the soft flesh, still holding eye contact with Emma, and then suddenly squeezed her breasts in his hands. She gasped and moaned as he started to fondle her huge tits, squeezing and pulling in all the ways he knew she liked.

The tingling sensation began to spread through her body again.

"Mark, the sensations... you're making the pills speed -" she was cut off as one of his hands found its way to her crotch, which was already slick with wetness, and his fingers began to work. The sensations were too much, and her body erupted in warmth and tightness. She looked up at Mark, an expression of intense pleasure on her face, and saw that he was receding away from her, seemingly growing larger by the moment as her body began to shrink again, faster this time. His hand slipped from her crotch as she shrunk out of his reach, and she shuddered and moaned.

In just a few moments, Emma's transformation stopped again as quickly as it had begun and she found herself at eye level with Mark's engorged cock, which looked even bigger to her in her shrunken state. His balls had swelled considerably and took up most of the room between his thighs.

She breathed heavily, mouth open, the sight of his twitching manhood combined with the feeling of shrinking clouding her mind with arousal. As she stared at his cock, it began to swell, growing erect. She looked up at Mark, who seemed so far away from her now, and saw him looking down at her with a similar expression to her own.

*He just needs a little push.* She thought. She licked her lips while holding eye contact with him, and let out a little moan.

Mark's cock swelled fully erect rapidly, its tip coming to a stop only an inch or two from her face, dominating her field of view.

"It's so big!" She whimpered. Without warning, Mark bent down and placed his hands either side of her torso and lifted her into the air. He strode across the living room and pressed Emma against the wall, still effortlessly holding her in the air. Mark lifted Emma up until her crotch was level with his head, and began to eat her out.

Emma's body shook with pleasure as Mark's relatively huge tongue explored her crotch. Her shrunken clit seemed more sensitive than usual, and she groaned with every movement. Her hands flew to her chest, which was now technically smaller but still just as oversized relative to her slender frame, and squeezed her chest while Mark worked.

After a few minutes, her body began to grow hot again.

"I can feel... more." She panted, her face flushed red. Mark lifted his head from her crotch and lowered her down so that she was eye level with him, her feet still not touching the ground.

She felt something brush her crotch and looked down, eyes widening. Mark's cock had continued to expand whilst he had been eating her out, and was rock hard, pressing against her crotch. It was longer than his forearm now, and thicker to boot. Thick veins ran along the shaft and it pulsed and twitched constantly. Two basketball sized testicles hung between his legs. Emma gulped, noting how huge his cock looked compared to her shrunken torso. She looked up at Mark.

"Was there an elastic pill in that mix?" She asked. He nodded, and she felt reassured. Without saying another word, she reached down and grabbed her ankles, lifting them up above her head, presenting herself to Mark. He pressed his tip against her, and they both saw how comically large he looked compared to her, the tip of his engorged cock almost as wide as her pelvis. Slowly, he slid himself in until the tip was completely inside her. He let out a groan as he did so, and so did Emma.

She had never felt as... *filled* as she did at that moment. In theory, Mark's massive cock would've never had a chance at fitting inside her, but the elastic pills were one of Size Corp's most impressive, and she could fit virtually anything inside herself with ease.

The tip sliding in effortlessly, Mark continued to slowly push his way into her, looking for resistance. Emma squeezed her tits and groaned as his member slowly filled her up.

"Fuuck... it feels like you're fucking my entire body at once. This is incredible. Please... faster."

Emma's request seemingly clearing up his reservations, Mark lowered Emma down slightly and slid the rest of his massive cock inside her. He could see the outline of himself within her, a

bulge running along the length of her torso. He slid himself back out and then began to thrust more quickly. Emma's eyes rolled back and she raised her face to the roof and cried out in ecstasy. With every thrust, she felt like her entire torso was being fucked.

She could feel Mark's cock pulsing within her as he fucked her, every throb slightly stretching her out. Hazily, she noted that she could feel something else too; a tingling sensation filling her body. Mark was thrusting quickly now, pumping her body with an animalistic hunger. All the sensations within her body were building at a rapid rate. She moaned loudly and grabbed his forearms, his hands still wrapped around her torso as he held her to the wall.

"Fuck... Mark, I'm gonna - *mmmm* - I'm gonna shrink and cum... don't stop!"

Mark grunted, still furiously thrusting his engorged cock in and out of her.

"I'm gonna cum too... get ready." He warned. As he said it, Emma felt his cock begin to tense and throb more intensely inside her. The combined feelings of Mark filling her out from the inside, combined with her imminent shrinking and orgasm, were almost too much for her.

She gripped Mark's forearms tightly and cried out in pleasure. Her orgasm hit her like a tidal wave, and the tingling and tightness in her body told her she was shrinking again. Mark began to cum, and she felt him somehow filling her out further as she shrank around his pulsing cock, her belly swelling slightly as she was pumped full of cum from his engorged balls. The world seemed to grow rapidly around her as she shrunk far faster than she had earlier.

Her head swam with pleasure and she could barely form a coherent thought as the crescendo of sensations washed over her, until all she could do was moan and quiver. Her vision began to blur and she blacked out.

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Emma woke up in a puddle of cum, her mind foggy. She lay on her back for a few moments, collecting herself as everything that had happened came back to her. As her head cleared up, she noted how far away the ceiling seemed.

*It's like the sky itself.* She thought. She sat up and then placed a hand in the cum, pushing herself to her feet. She stretched and looked to the side. Her eyes widened and she took a step back in surprise.

A wall of flesh rested to her right, and she looked at it in puzzlement, and then it twitched.

*Mark's cock!* She thought. *How big did he grow? Or, wait... how small did I shrink?*

She looked around the room and the realization hit her when she noticed the skirting board on the wall behind her. Rather, she noticed that it was taller than she was.

"Holy. Shit." She said. She turned around and looked at Mark's cock again. She was standing by his tip, and a slow stream of cum was trickling out continuously.

*Explains the puddle.* She thought, looking down at the lake of cum at her feet.

Emma began walking alongside Mark's shaft towards him, veering slightly away from his cock so that she could get a better look at Mark himself. She stopped in her tracks as she saw him. His cock, which was now easily twice the length of his leg and twice the width of his thigh, raised slowly into the air as her eyes followed it back towards his body. It draped over the top of his massive balls, which had swelled significantly larger than when she'd last seen them. They had been roughly basketball-sized then, but now she estimated they must be at least 4 or 5 times bigger.

Mark was slumped against the couch, panting with his eyes closed. As she reached his torso, she put her hands to her mouth and shouted up at him.

"Mark!"

He gave no sign of having heard her. She drew her breath in and shouted again, louder this time.

"Hey, Mark!"

Mark sat his head up and opened his eyes, rubbing them. He looked dazed and slightly euphoric. He looked around the room, seemingly confused as to where her voice was coming from.

"Down here!"

Mark looked down and his eyes widened.

"Emma? You're tiny! And..." he trailed off as he saw his cock and balls, dominating the space between him and the wall.

"I'm... huge." He looked down at her again and lowered his hand down next to her. It looked absolutely gigantic from her point of view, and she took a step back.

"Wow, you're like... as tall as my middle finger!" He remarked, looking down at her. He reached down and gently plucked her off the ground, and then placed her on his torso. Emma's head spun; the feeling of being picked up and moved so easily by a giant hand was surreal.

"How do you feel?" Mark asked earnestly.

"I... good, I guess. Really good." Emma scratched her arm and looked around at the giant body she was standing on.

"There's something daunting about being so small, but I feel safe with you. Plus, shrinking with you being inside me, being used like a toy..." she flushed and trailed off, before looking up with a start.

"Mark, can you stand?" She asked. Mark looked puzzled by the question, but tried to stand anyway, placing his hands on the ground and attempting to lift himself up. Emma had to put her hands out to stabilize herself as his torso shook.

"No way." He laughed. "My cock and balls are way too heavy." He looked down at Emma, who was looking up at him with a blank expression. He held her eye contact for a few seconds, then his face dropped.

"Ah." He said. Emma rolled her eyes and sighed, sitting crossed legged on his stomach. He barely felt the impact as she dropped from standing to sitting.

"I take it there isn't a vial of reversal pills hiding under that too-heavy cock?" She asked, teasingly. Mark shook his head. "The briefcase is still on the bed with everything in it."

Emma nodded, her hand on her chin. "Is your phone in reach?"

Mark looked over his shoulder and saw his phone on the arm of the couch and reached back to grab it.

"Who do we call?" He asked. "I mean..." he gestured to Emma, and then to himself. Emma turned to look at his cock, which twitched on queue. The puddle of cum at the end was still steadily growing bigger. She sighed.

"I know exactly who to call." She said. "But I'm never going to hear the end of this."

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Around twenty minutes later, Emma and Mark heard the front door handle rattle, and then keys jingling. Emma sat up from where she had been lying on Mark's stomach, flat on her back. Laura's voice rang out from the entryway.

"Hi guys! I was still at the lab so I got here quick. Is everything..." Laura trailed off as she entered the living room and saw Mark sitting up against the couch, and she smirked.

Mark felt himself flush red. "Sorry - I would've covered up but, uh..."

Laura chuckled. "Relax, dude. You think it's the first hyper cock I've seen? It's not even my first this week. It definitely doesn't get old, though." Mark felt himself grow even more red.

"You've, uh... you've changed. You were taller last time I saw you, and..." He trailed off, his awkward attempt to make small talk falling off. Laura looked down at her curvy figure, her breasts straining against her shirt and her thick thighs poking through the tears in her jeans. She grabbed her hip and gave it a jiggle. "Perks of the job!" She said, and looked around the room. "Uh... where's Emma?"

"Hi!" A small voice chimed out from Mark's direction. Laura's eyes widened as she spotted Emma sitting on Mark's torso. She walked up to Mark and knelt down beside him, leaning in close to her.

"Holy shit, you're tiny!" She exclaimed. Emma took a step back. Laura's huge face looked down at her.

"I noticed." Said Emma, folding her arms. Laura laughed.

"Emma, looking angry is *not* an option for you when you are that small, it's just adorable." She looked from Emma down at Mark's cock, then looked back at Emma.

"What're the logistics here anyway?" She asked teasingly. It was Emma's turn to flush red, and she looked away.

"Oh, c'mon dude." Laura said. "I think we're past the point of embarrassment here! Do you want me to take my shirt off in solidarity or something?"

They both looked over as Mark's cock twitched at the suggestion, and then both looked up at him. He threw his hands up in mock surrender.

"I can't help it." He said. Laura looked back at Emma and cocked her head sideways. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Fine. He grew in me while I shrunk around him, and we both passed out after we climaxed. I woke up in a puddle of cum sometime afterwards."

Laura nodded thoughtfully, moving from a kneeling position to crossed legged beside Mark.

"Hmm, okay. Firstly, super fucking hot. Secondly, why am I here?"

Emma put her hands behind her back and looked down.

"The, uh... pills are in our bedroom. Up on the bed."

Laura looked from Emma to Mark and back, and then threw her head back and laughed.

"You guys are stuck like this?" She asked. "You know the number one rule is always keep reversal pills on hand, right?" She shook her head.

"We got carried away!" Emma said. I was telling Mark about the woman at work today, Sandy, and we both got worked up. I told him to surprise me with his choice of pills and I forgot to tell him to keep reversals on hand."

Laura nodded. "Fair and valid, I guess. That was pretty hot, watching her bloat bigger and bigger. She won't grow bigger any more, but her breasts will still keep filling with milk. When she gets too full and the pressure builds, she'll just start spraying milk everywhere. Her partner is going to have to milk her eeevery day."

Emma felt herself growing hot, and Mark's cock began to pulse. Laura grinned.

"Quit it!" Emma said, failing to hide the arousal in her voice. She hoped she was small enough that Laura wouldn't see the wetness between her legs.

Laura stood up and shrugged, smirking. "Fine! Fine. Just having a little fun is all." She turned and walked towards the bedroom and ducked inside, coming back out with the metal briefcase. She walked into the kitchen and placed it on the counter, opening it up.

"You're far too small to take any pills at the moment, Emma." She said, filling a glass with water. They both heard the sound of a bottle being opened followed by a small splash. She walked around the kitchen counter and back into the living room, sitting down beside Emma.

"We make all the pills water soluble for pretty much this exact reason. We'd be in a bit of trouble if people got themselves into a state where they couldn't take a reversal pill with no other way to turn back, after all. I call it 'more fun' but the suits upstairs call it 'a serious liability'". She placed the glass of water on Mark's firm stomach beside Emma. The glass was nearly as tall as she was, which was a bizarre sight. Walking towards it, she leaned over the rim and gulped down a few mouthfuls.

Emma stood back, wiping her mouth.

"How long does drinking it normally take to work?"

Laura shrugged. "Usually almost instantly, and it works a lot more efficiently too. Do you feel slightly engorged yet?"

"No, not yet, I..." she trailed off. "Engorged?"

Laura nodded, grinning "Yeah, from the pill cocktail I just gave you."

Emma's eyes widened. "But, you said that the reversal pills were water soluble. That's what you gave me, right?"

"I said that *all* pills are water soluble." Laura replied with a wide grin on her face. "And I didn't *give* you anything. I just happened to have put that glass down near you, and you drank out of it."

Emma's body began to grow hot, quickly. She felt flushed, and her entire body was tingling. She looked up at Laura, who was still grinning. She opened her mouth to speak, and then began to grow.

Emma's entire body started to grow at once, her height increasing with every second. She moaned as the incredible feeling of growth overtook her body and she swelled bigger and bigger. She felt a pressure on her hips and put her hands on them, feeling them swelling outwards at a faster pace than her body was growing. She looked up at Laura, whose face was getting closer and closer as she continued to grow.

"You were always slender!" Laura said. "I may have slipped a couple hourglass pills in there... I've always wanted to see what serious curves look like on you!"

Emma closed her eyes and groaned, the sensations of growing washing away everything else. She stood up and off of Mark, worried she was going to squish him if she didn't move. He let out a breath as her growing weight moved off him. Standing beside Mark, she turned to face Laura.

She was already the same height as Laura's crotch.

"Laura." She panted, her head swimming with pleasure. Her head reached Laura's belly.

"How big am I..." her head was already at Laura's chest. She stifled a moan.

"Going to get?" She finished. She was already at Laura's shoulders and still rising rapidly. She looked down at her body. Her hips were growing wide and curvaceous, and she could feel a jiggling ass behind her. Her breasts, already disproportionately big on her torso, were swelling larger by the minute, growing heavier and heavier.

Laura eyed Emma's chest. "Ah. I forgot about the huge tits because you were so small... maybe I should've given you ass pills instead of hourglass. Oh well. To answer your question, your apartment *should* be fine."

Emma's eyes widened. She was already head height with Laura, already taller, and was still growing rapidly. Her ass grew out behind her and she took a step back to balance herself. Her breasts swelled out in front of her, slowly hiding her growing torso.

Emma took a few steps back from Mark and Laura as she continued to grow. She realized she was already towering over Laura.

"Mmmph... I must be nearly seven feet now." She groaned as she started to fondle her growing breasts.

"I'd say closer to 9." Laura commented. Emma ignored her as her body continued to swell and grow, wider and taller with every passing moment. She closed her eyes and moved one hand down to her clit, which was on fire with sensitivity as she grew.

Emma began to finger herself, shuddering and moaning as her growth began to accelerate. Mark and Laura watched on, both entranced, as the previously tiny girl grew into a curvy giantess in front of them, her eyes squeezed shut in her own world of pleasure.

Emma opened her eyes as her head hit the ceiling with a thump.

"Ow!" She cried out, although it was more from surprise than pain. She began to hunch over as her body continued to grow with no more room to stand up straight. She took a few more steps back from the others and then sat down, immediately going back to fingering herself. She had her feet flat and her knees spread apart in full display for both Laura and Mark, all her previous embarrassment gone.

Mark and Laura watched in silence as the growing girl began to shudder and moan, her head slowly moving towards the ceiling as she continued to grow. Her ass swelled out underneath her as her hips widened, and her massive tits filled all the space between her legs and her chest, spilling out over her upright thighs. Laura turned to Mark as Emma continued to shudder.

"Is she about to..."

"Yup."

Emma cried out in ecstasy as her growth-fueled orgasm hit her. Her entire body swam with pleasure and all thoughts and logic were lost to her. Her growing tits swelled rapidly as her body grew faster, powered by her climax. She shook and moaned as the waves of pleasure washed over her, each lesser than the last. Her head bumped the roof again as the experience slowly came to a close, and she began to breathe slow and deep.

Laura and Mark looked up at Emma's massive form. She sat on the ground, flat footed with her knees up in front of her. Two massive breasts filled all the space between her thick thighs and her chest, pale pink areolas peeking out from behind her thighs. Her widened hips and huge ass pressed out either side of her body, squished by the weight of her torso above. Despite being seated, her head was touching the roof.

Slowly, Emma opened her eyes as her mind came back to her. She looked down at herself and she seemed to come to her senses. Panting, she spoke.

"This isn't - *huff* - this isn't why we called, Laura." Her tone was cheeky and slightly malicious. Laura took a step backwards, as though to move out of the giant girl's reach. Emma's hand shot forward and wrapped around Laura's torso, lifting her off the ground and towards her. Her other hand reached out and grabbed the metal briefcase from the kitchen counter.

“Your turn.” She said with a smirk.