

Sam The Streamer

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/64231645) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/64231645>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Rape/Non-Con
Categories:	F/F , F/M , Other
Fandoms:	No Fandom , Original Work
Relationships:	Original Female Character(s)/Original Male Character(s) , Original Female Character(s)/Original Female Character(s)
Characters:	Original Female Character(s) , Original Male Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Futanari , Masturbation , Large Cock , Large Breasts , Breast Expansion , Porn With Plot , Porn with Feelings , Rough Sex , Rough Oral Sex , Tender Sex , Alternate Universe , Dating , Muscles , Growth , Futa on Female , Male on Futa , Muscle Growth , Oral Sex , Bullying , Mini Giantess - Freeform , Mini gts , Dom/sub , Fluff and Smut , fmg , Slow Burn
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-03-28 Completed: 2025-04-19 Words: 56,736 Chapters: 20/20

Sam The Streamer

by [ThatGuy9591](#)

Summary

Sam is a futa, and a special kind of futa at that. She's a Class 1 and isn't allowed to have a real job so she turns to streaming to make some cash. She finds more support than she ever could have hoped and her life is changed forever as the slutty blonde learns to love herself for who she is.

Sam's First Stream

“Hey Fam.” Samantha Miller smiles and waves at the camera showing off her pouty lips and big green eyes framed by messy waves of blonde hair. “I’m, uh, Sam.”

Her first stream ever started to her sitting in her pinkish spare bedroom, smiling hopefully at the camera. She chose a streaming site with less... content restrictions... because she figured she’d try showing off her athletic body to make some money. Her thumbnail was a picture of her busty top half, and she hoped that it would be enough to at least get someone to click. Sure enough, 32 people had clicked on her.

xxDragonKnightxx: show tits

stamina_jay: hey gurl

The athletic blonde smiled at her first responses from her new audience. She shifted in her seat to show more of her body to the camera. Her tight yellow workout top did a great job squishing her full E cups into a delicious looking blob jutting from her trim torso. “Uh, yeah. Sure. Why not. Donate 10\$ and I’ll show you my tits, x x Dragon Knight.”

xxDragonKnightxx: weak

Garvv2 donated 10\$ with the message: “tits or gtfo”!

“Should I stand up?” She looks behind her to make sure she can roll her chair back but instead decides to stand up. Her black yoga pants cling to her wide hips and thick legs leaving very little to the imagination. She swiftly pulls off her shirt letting her perky boobs bounce onto her bare chest settling pointed away from one another on her otherwise slim chest. “Sorry y’all, this is my first stream so I’m not sure what to do just yet.”

Chat immediately filled with naughty suggestions ranging from tame to flat out raunchy and Sam couldn’t help but giggle. She scooped one of her breasts up to try and lick her own nipple but not quite able to reach.

stamina_jay: tell us about yourself princess

Sam blushed at his request, settling back into her seat while still idly groping herself for the camera. “Well, uh, I’m Sam. I said that... I’m not sure y’all really want to know more, actually. It’s all boring stuff. See I’m doing this because I’m not allowed to have a real job but the law doesn’t say I can’t accept donations...”

stamina_jay: i’ll listen to anything you say bb

ProfessorCulture: wtf?? This bitch is full of it
What the fuck did you do to not be legally allowed to hold a job??
I’m a lawyer, that’s not a thing

Sam let go of her breasts and hunched forward with a sigh pushing an unruly bundle of blonde hair behind her ear. “I’m going to have to, like, explain for it to make sense I guess. I’m a Class 1 futa.”

Garvv2: ew another Dickgirl.

“I’m not a Dickgirl, that’s a Class 2. I’m a Class 1. A hyper.” She counters unhelpfully. Chat flooded with question marks. “There’s only 9 of us in history, I guess it makes sense you have no idea what I’m talking about.” She straightens up and runs her hand absently down below the frame.

“There are three classes of futa. Class 3 are the most common, I think they’re usually called “shemales”. They’re like... guy girls. Their body just happens to have both sets of parts that works totally normal. Somewhere in development, their body decides if it’s more guy or more girl.” Sam’s arm starts to move doing something below the frame and chat immediately calls her foul.

deeplick53: what you playin with down there? show show

“Sorry, first stream.” She pushed back her chair a little further to show her hand disappearing into her yoga pants. “I’m totally fingering myself on stream... Whatever, it’s helping me be less nervous. I’m sure you’ll all deal.”

Garvv2 donated 12\$ with the message: “show us you slut”!

“Rude.” Sam scoffs playfully but she pulls down her tight pants anyway showing off her white panties. Even from the front, a tiny bump shows bulging out just a little in front of her, the suggestion that she’s telling the truth. “I’m about to finger myself on the internet... ok yeah, I’m a slut.” She resumes rubbing herself just now for the camera.

stamina_jay: sit back down, just move the camera
you look like you’re being forced bb

Sam’s face flushed red at the simple suggestion. She wiggles her hips a little for the camera as she moves her chair and sits back down, legs up on her desk and the camera tilted further down to see everything she’s doing.

“Ok so where was I. Class 3. Right so they’re totally common. Like, 1 in 10,000 I think was the thing the pamphlet said. Then there’s Class 2’s. Those are Dickgirls. You know the ones I’m sure. Dicks for fucking miles.” Her other hand cups her breast as she continued pawing at her panties. “Ok, not really miles but like... 2 feet long is average for a Class 2.”

deeplick53: they all over this site. r u like that>?

“Kinda, but that’s just me. Most Class 1’s have been big but not as big as a Dickgirl.” Sam shifted her weight to get more comfortable, her pouty lips parting for another breathy moan.

Garvv2: pussy???

“Yeah, we all have pussies. I told you, we’re like a really confused mix. Class 2’s are just dick monsters in addition. Dickgirls are probably like a one in a million occurrence.”

Garvv2 donated 15\$ with the message: “show pussy bitch!!!”!

“Oh.” She giggled again before peeling her panties off without any further hesitation. Her fingers resumed their work but now, hanging free above her pubic mound was a tiny little two-inch prick. “Where was I? Class 2’s? Oh yeah, you get it. You’ve seen them.”

stamina_jay: youre panting but its not hard

ProfessorCulture: who cares, get back to your legal bullshitting
I can’t wait to ruin this bitch’s whole career

Sam couldn’t help but giggle again. “One at a time. Stamina, there’s like three kinds of horny for me. There’s wet, hard, and crazy as fuck. It’s totally normal for a futa to get aroused without getting hard.”

She pulls her pink lips apart to show the camera her sopping wet slit. Satisfied she proved her point she returned to her explanation. “I’m a Class 1. I told you, there have only ever been 9. I’m one of three currently alive. The fourth died like, last year from ‘size related complications’. She was 65? I think? Basically we get so big our heart gives up early.”

Garvv2: bullshit detected
ur tiny

ProfessorCulture: Preach, Garvv2

stamina_jay: get big???

Sam sighed and let her head roll back onto her chair, her toned stomach flexing and relaxing, before she refocused on the task at hand. “Class 1’s are…”

stamina_jay: did you just fucking cum all by yourself???
10 points from Gryffindor

“Oh shit, was I supposed to do something special?” She adjusts her shoulders to better see the screen.

stamina_jay: give us some warning!
we want to play too!

“My bad, Fellas. I’ll tell you what’s happening then. I forgot this is mostly kind of a sex streaming place.” Sam’s cheeks flushed deeper at her misstep. “Give me another chance, I’ll do better.”

ProfessorCulture: ??????????????

“Oh right. So Class 1’s are totally different from other futas, we’re, like, really strong. And usually really really big. Like 9 feet tall ish. And our bodies are fucking stupid too. Like, I

don't know about other Classes but I have one ovary. Like a big, oversized egg cannon that just fucking rapid fires eggs when I'm ovulating. It fucking sucks. And on top of that," she uncovered her tiny dick hidden behind her busy hands for the camera. "No balls. When we cum it's just useless mess. No fucking clue where my body keeps it all."

deeplick53: shits nasty

stamina_jay: ya no more period stuff bb

ProfessorCulture: ??????????????
????????????????
????????????????

"Alright! Alright! Jeese!" Her fingers stop their work and she sits forward in her seat. "I don't remember the statute but all Class 1's are covered under a law that says we're too dangerous to be allowed to be in polite society. I have a handler who comes to check on me and I'm not allowed to have a job in case I like, freak out or whatever they're worried about. Look it up. It's under the Endangered Species act of 1990 something."

Garvv2: fuck urself more

She leaned back to push her big round ass towards the camera and placed her legs on either side of the camera again. "Do I talk while I do it or just like... moan?"

stamina_jay: what are ur measurements bb?
i want to bite that bubble butt

A few donations trickle in asking for random things like cup size, how many times she had sex, or if they can fuck her. Sam smiled at their eagerness believing that so far it was going well. "I'm 32E-24-39. Hot right? And you're totally right, I'm a complete slut. In my last yeah of Highschool they started calling me Hoover from all the dick I sucked."

Garvv2 donated 10\$ with the message: "use toy"!

Sam's face dropped into a concerned scowl. "I thought y'all said dicks were a no-go for stream... do you really want me to grab Victoria?" She suddenly realized what he was asking for. "Oh you mean like, in here. Like a dildo. Shit, I don't own one."

xxDragonKnightxx: Victoria??????
she ur gf?????

Sam laughed loudly making her chest shake a little. "No, chat, I'm single. I swear. And a virgin. Both ends have seen no play. It's hard to get laid when guys find out you have a cock too." Her face flushed as chat demanded to know what the fuck this Victoria toy was. She leaned down off camera and came back up holding an orange five gallon bucket with a stretched out rubber ring attached to the side.

"Chat, meet my favorite toy: Victoria." She laughed again in her musical way. "A bucket with a pocket pussy strapped to it."

Garvv2: fine use that

RustyCat12: No offense sweetie but isn't that hole a little big for you?
You could fit a tennis ball through that.

Sam looked at the ring then back to the camera before her face grew redder. "It's not too big..." She stammers. "I'm a bit of a grower."

RustyCat12: I want to see.

deeplick53: gross. I'm out

Chat seemed to have a lukewarm response to the idea but she didn't really have any other ideas so she might as well go for it. "I'm actually kinda embarrassed to show this to y'all. I like being a cute sexy blonde, and the whole having a huge dick thing gets in the way of that..."

stamina_jay: u'll always b a princess bb

RustyCat12: You'll still be a sexy blonde to me,
not many Dickgirls have a body like yours.

Garvv2: dick

"Alright." Sam nodded hesitantly. Her hand came up to her breast once again but this time the reaction made her tiny nub twitch. Slowly, the two-inch thing started to inflate like a limp balloon. Her other hand moved down to stroke the loose skin and encourage it to bloom further as the head slowly crept down the blonde's thick thigh.

"It does feel really good to get hard..." she moaned to the camera, her eyes drooping heavily and her plush lips parting to let out a breathy sigh. Still the thing between her legs seemed to be determined as it expanded to push her fingers apart, pushing past her knee and starting to rise. Inch by inch the red swollen head pressed up her torso bound and determined to nestle itself between her perky boobs.

Chat was completely still as the beast unfurled itself to finally touch the short blonde's chin. There presented to the camera was at least two feet of cock. It throbbed powerfully as the meat pillar, thick around as a softball pushed her breasts to either side and commanded her tiny frame.

RustyCat12: Wow hun.

BrowneyedCutie: drool

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: I love dickgirl streams

Her viewer count that had been steady at around 50 for a while had suddenly bloomed to almost two hundred as more people came to see what she was packing. Despite their attention Sam felt disappointed, as if they still weren't seeing her. Still, the attention seemed to be everything her dick wanted as it pulsed and twitched for the camera.

“Fellas I’m not a Dickgirl, I told you. I’m a Class 1. A hyper.”

BrowneyedCutie: “fellas”?

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: looks like a Dickgirl, tastes like a Dickgirl

ProfessorCulture: I knew you were full of shit.

Sam let out a long defeated sigh. “Sorry, I guess there are ladies of culture here tonight too. Divas and Fellas, do you want me to fuck the shit out of Victoria or not?”

RustyCat12: Cum for mommy.

Garvv2: fuck the bucket

BrowneyedCutie: Divas unite

Sam set her construction bucket onto the chair and moved to the side of it to line up her mammoth cock with the ring, pressing it through the jell and forcing it a little wider. Her face just couldn’t hide her disappointment even as she dragged her length back and forth through her pretend girlfriend. Eventually, at the insistence of her new modified audience, she started to get into her movements. Her hands crept up towards her favorite part of her body, pinching and squeezing her full tits as she thrust in and out of the accepting ring.

“Oh fuck, chat, it’s coming... I can feel it.”

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: I’ll be your Victoria

BrowneyedCutie: Fill the bucket!

Her well-toned body flexed and tensed as she bucked against the stationary ring. For a second, her silhouette changed, her entire form taking up just a little more room. Her arms tensed into formidable little pillars of dense musculature, her once sexy plush legs rippled with tight lines of straining muscle and her stomach muscles exploded into existence by the dozen. Just as quickly as the change happened it was gone and the sweet unassuming blonde was back, dumping gallons of sticky liquid into a bucket.

When the thrusting and moaning finally subsided, the bucket was almost completely full of pearly liquid. The sweat covered streamer looked at the camera with satisfaction suddenly remembering chat.

“Ta-da.” She said with an embarrassed smile. Chat clicked away with approval, but her satisfaction was short lived. Mean comments started to trickle in. For every two people who approved of her performance, one other thought she was just another boring Dickgirl.

She forced herself to smile. There was always tomorrow. “Well Fellas and Divas, that’s all I got for today... so unless you can think of anything you want I’m going to call it a night.”

ProfessorCulture: We’ll see if you’re allowed back online tomorrow shithead.

Garvv2: slut bucket

stamina_jay: message me bb

Tweetail_9989: Victoria stream when?

Sam sighed again as she shut down the app and finished her first stream. She had made a bit of money despite her immense and all-consuming disappointment. It was \$100 she wouldn't have had otherwise. As she wandered into the next room to flop down onto her king size bed she couldn't help but wonder if anyone would ever see her and what that even meant.

She went on a porn site and streamed herself fingering herself and fucking a bucket, her mind reminded her harshly. What were they supposed to see? As she started to finally get sleepy she vowed to put more of herself into her next stream and maybe even show them who she really was underneath the girly façade.

Stream 2

Chapter Summary

Sam's life has taken a different change now that she's a budding streamer. Sharing her life and her body with strangers seems to scratch an itch for her but it brings other complications.

No sex yet, it's coming next chapter I promise. Comment if you want. I read them all.

The next day started like pretty much every Friday before. She emptied and cleaned Victoria from the night before, ate her usual breakfast, and sat out on her balcony to look out at the city streets and waste time. Not like there was much else for her to do.

About three hours into Sam's daily people watching and short video marathon, a familiar black SUV pulled up in front of her apartment. The petite redhead, Agent Rachel Lee, had come to see her just like she always did. Part of her agreement with the federal government was that she had to allow her handler to check on her ever so often and for the punctual Rachel Lee, that meant every Friday at 1:30.

"Afternoon Agent Rachel Lee." Sam called from the second story in a singsong voice knowing just how to antagonize her regular guest.

"Samantha, how many times do I have to ask you to call me Rachel?" She shoots back at the bubbly blonde. "Is the door open?"

"Agent Rachel Lee, my door is always open to you." Sam purrs through a sultry smile trying to push the woman's buttons leaning forward onto her hands.

"Come down, Samantha. You know the drill." The well-dressed agent commanded compliance with every pressed line of her no-nonsense blazer and perfectly fit pencil skirt. She seemed to glide across the ground rather than walk as if moving her shoulders was beneath her. Sam bounced up from her chair with a clatter and ran, arms flailing, down the curved central staircase and into the kitchen living room combo.

"It's good to see you're still in control of yourself." Agent Lee announced as a statement of fact from the kitchen island where she had set up her leather folder full of no doubt important paperwork. "Are you feeling well Samantha? No dietary changes? Are you still working out regularly? Are you still reporting every incident?"

"You know, you're the only person who calls me Samantha." She ignored her questions just because she liked to see the redhead's face change from stoic and calm to stoic and upset. "I love it. Say it again, won't you?"

“Samantha, this is important.” The Agent pinches the bridge of her cute thin nose, her thin lips pulling into a line. “You know you’re only allowed out because you can somehow manage your condition.”

“You make me sound like a lepper, Agent Rachel Lee. Is that how you see me?” She chides playfully.

“Samantha, you know it’s not about what I think. You must understand...” Rachel’s stoney expression cracked into sympathetic concern. “If it wasn’t for your frankly entirely unheard-of ability to somehow control yourself, even your mother couldn’t have gotten you out of that facility. You’d still be there, buried under concrete like the others.” Rachel’s warm hand fell gingerly on top of Sam’s punctuating the somber moment.

“You’re turning out to be an amazing young woman, but they...” Rachel dropped her voice letting the sentence die on her lips not willing to take the step and call the lonely blonde besides her a monster. Sam’s playful energy dies with the unsaid truth and the room grows still and serious.

Rachel cleared her throat, pulling her hand back and breaking the silence like glass. “Now. Samantha. Behave and answer the questions.”

Sam just nodded in defeat before rattling off the required answers. “I’m feeling fine. Never been sick, still. My diet is fine, no more than 10,000 calories a day, as requested... no incidents to date... still...”

Rachel scribbled down her check marks on various pages. “And your workout routine? Any change?”

Sam scoffed at calling what she’s allowed to do at the gym a ‘workout routine’. “No, no change. I’m still just me.” She holds her slender arms out to either side to show off her trim body making Rachel click her tongue disapprovingly.

“You know why we’re asking Samantha. Your situation may be unique, but we have to know if anything happens.”

“I haven’t grown since high school and I intend to keep it that way, Agent Rachel Lee, and you can write that down for **them**.”

“Are you seeing anyone?” Rachel asked bluntly, taking Sam by complete surprise.

“Are they seriously-“ Sam sputtered.

“Welcome back Samantha. I’m sorry to put you in such a dower mood.”

Sam recoiled for a moment, having been completely outplayed by the stern-looking redhead. A moment later her face slowly lit up into her usual playful smile. “Are you finally offering, Agent Rachel Lee?” Rachel simply made a clicking noise with her tongue and collected her things.

“Contact me if you need anything, your rent and bills have been paid, I know better than to ask you if you want a receipt.” The Agent’s eyes roam around the spacious room and ten-foot ceilings before clicking her tongue again and turning on her shiny red pumps.

“Take care of yourself, Samantha.” The redhead’s quiet sincere voice floats over Sam softly sending an excited shiver through her body. With that she floats out of the room with the steady click of her heels on the tile floor and out into the world once more.

Sam shakes off the remaining tension and bounces back upstairs to get ready for her second stream.

Night comes faster than she’s ready for and before she can even pick a new outfit she’s back in front of the camera in her same yellow and black workout gear. She reaches forward and pushes the button to announce her arrival to the world. “Hey Fam! It’s me, Sam.” She smiled excitedly at the camera as a single ping drew her attention.

ProfessorCulture: Look who’s back.

Sam can’t help but flush at the words on the screen aimed at her head like a dagger. “Good afternoon, Professor, did you finish your research?”

ProfessorCulture: I did.

Article 3 of the Endangered Species Act states that a Class 1 or Hyper covers anyone with “Hyper Characteristics”. There’s a list.

“Yeah, I told you the list already yesterday. Does that mean you believe me now?” She argued trying not to get defensive.

ProfessorCulture: I’m not going to count your ovaries but it does count “those exceeding nine feet in height” and “legally significant musculature”

“I am pretty strong...” She started but the faceless accuser continues.

ProfessorCulture: You don’t look nine feet tall to me.

Sam stared for a moment at the statement not sure what she should do. Do you have to prove yourself to some internet troll? She sets her jaw ready to tell him to fuck himself when one last ping drives home.

ProfessorCulture: I’m reporting you.

A chill encased her body as she tried to comprehend what that would even entail. Sure, Rachel and the facility already know for sure who and what she is, but what if she loses her stream? Worse, what if the government finds out about her stream and takes that away too? Sweat started to break out along her hairline as her mind spiraled.

“Fine.” She said to the camera with an air of finality, her expression more defeated than upset or worried.

ProfessorCulture: So you admit it? Good.

“I’ll prove it to you.” She announced. “On stream, to everyone. I’ll prove it.” Her face dropped as she reached out to grab the camera off its stand, picking up her laptop in her hand so she could bring it along. Without another word she walked the small video device through her apartment and into her living room to place her accuser on the TV stand. Walking over to the middle of the room she stripped down before facing the camera again.

RustyCat12: What did I miss?

ProfessorCulture: A desperate fraud.

xxDragonKnightxx: fraud has a nice ass

With a deep breath she finally addressed the camera again. “I really didn’t want to show you this...” Her eyes closed and she stood still in the dark room. She heard her computer ping once before she felt that rush from inside her spread across her entire body. Like opening a box full of bees, her body started to buzz and pulse as sheer power flooded her every nerve. She could feel every muscle in her body surge and tense as it drank from that fathomless well she kept locked up inside her.

From the camera, 56 people watched as Sam started to become something they’d never seen before. Her limbs swelled and thickened; her chest exploded with corded bundles of muscles fiber. The previously slender blonde inflated like she was attached to an air pump as more and more space in was dominated by her growing form. With a final gasp, the streamer opened her eyes once again.

Chat had exploded. Over 200 people had flocked to watch the spectacle and give their opinion on what beauty really means regarding the mountain of muscle before them. Half of them called her a monster but the other half seemed absolutely taken by her new form.

strongtim2287: I could take her.

stamina_jay: like hell you could

ProfessorCulture: I may be wrong but at least I’m not a freak.

RustyCat12: Step on me mommy

Sam for her part had never felt more exposed or vulnerable as she showed the world what she really was. Stripped of her sexy exterior and laid bare for the world to see. Sam closed her eyes as she felt the prick of tears welling up in her eyes.

Riches_Cool donated 10\$ with the message: “beautiful”!

stamina_jay donated 10\$ with the message: “don’t cry bb”!

strongtim2287 donated 5\$ with the message: “measurements?”!

One by one, chat started to change to support her and her startling transformation. Sam shifted uncomfortably in the middle of the cold dark room still feeling truly naked. “Sorry, I know I look scary... I really don’t like looking like this... do you really want to know my measurements? Like my band size?”

strongtim2287: height, arms, chest, legs
you’ve never been asked? for real?
aren’t you a builder?

“No, this is just how I look, Tim... but you donated so I’ll grab a tape measure for you.” She stomped off camera to return a few seconds later with a tiny cloth tape measure.

“Uh, well I know I’m 9 feet 2 inches tall... Arms then? Like how long my arms are or the bicep?” She struggled with the tape wrapping it around one imposing arm. “Probably the bicep... uh... 45 inches. Legs now? Ok...” She bent over to wrap the tape around her tree trunk thigh “53 inches there.” She called out.

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: Come take me you magnificent thing!

BrowneyedCutie: My Goddess

Sam blushed at the camera not sure what to do next. “Fellas... and Divas... I’m kinda at a loss. What do I do now? Don’t you want me to go back to normal and, like, finger myself silly or something?”

strongtim2287: How do you grow and shrink like that anyway?

Sam considered his question for a second, momentarily forgetting her uncertainty. “When I’m big, it’s like my body is constantly tight, like I’m always flexing... and if I concentrate, I can relax and take the power inside me and stuff it back into the well it comes from.”

strongtim2287: Can you get bigger?

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: I came.

BrowneyedCutie: BIGGER!

RustyCat12: Can I see you hard like that?

Sam smiled a little as chat seemed to be getting back to normal despite the incredible change in their host until their chanting for her to get even bigger struck something inside her hard enough to crack it. “Bigger? For real? I’m a giant already. Third strongest person in the entire world.” Her cheeks flushed as that hungry thing inside her gnawed away at her ego.

strongtim2287: Where’s first? Give us her.

RustyCat12: Please please get hard for me.

Her defiance flared up as the internet called her weak. Her hand moved on its own to start stroking her cock to life as if it would prove she was plenty for them. She suddenly felt desperate for their approval. Her lip curled into a sneer as her pride wouldn't allow her to let this go.

"I'll show you how strong I am." Her mind raced for some way to prove her worth to the internet all while stroking herself to full size. She always goes to the gym on Wednesday, she could prove it then.

"I'll stream from the gym." She spits out hopeful that this will somehow mend her bruised fragile ego. "I'll be at the Loyd's Gym outside downtown Center City on Wednesday. I'll stream from there."

BrowneyedCutie: YOU LIVE IN MY CITY?????

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: I'll find you there.

xxDragonKnightxx: no shit u too?

Suddenly it dawned on her that she had just announced to the world that she lived near Center City and someone might actually be able to find her for real. In a panic she closed the laptop ending the stream abruptly.

Grocery Day is a Happy Day

Chapter Summary

It's grocery day! The one day that the government isn't allowed to say she can't go outside and talk to people! Sam takes great great pleasure in going to the grocery store. Great pleasure.

Saturday morning finally came, and Sam decided she wasn't going to think about her enormous mistake on stream. Instead, she lay in her big soft red quilted bed staring blankly up at the ceiling definitely not thinking about how she may have given the entire internet her home address. The one thought she kept landing on it she should probably inform Rachel right away that she made a mistake but that would mean exposing her stream, her way of connecting with other people, and she wasn't ready for that yet.

Instead, she decided she was going to just ignore it. Her following was still pretty small and there couldn't be that many out of her 50 consistent viewers that know the area. What could go wrong?

She dragged herself out of bed, made herself a nice breakfast and went about her day. Besides, today was the one day she was completely and unquestionably allowed outside the house to go shopping for groceries and interact with other people. Sure, the majority of her food was delivered in bulk, but she was still allowed to get whatever she wanted with her allowance.

The government had even provided her with a small sand colored sedan just for this task. "Tally", for Tally-Ho, was perfect for her even if she was a little old and liked to complain. Sam checked herself in the mirror before leaving just to make sure she was ready. Her form fitting blue sundress showed off her favorite feature, her perky breasts, perfectly and a pair of cute little yellow heels had her feeling ready to dazzle. She climbed into the car and set off for the supermarket.

Two turns and less than a mile later, she arrived at the huge flat building. Reusable bags looped over her thin arm, she swooshed her hair in the wind like some kind of celebrity and bounced towards the door. The automatic door to the dimly lit, poorly upkept supermarket, opened slowly today for her. Inside, her heels clacked on the off-white and black checkered tiles with each excited step as she wandered from aisle to aisle looking at everything they had to offer.

A few older men raked their eyes over her not even trying to pretend to hide their hungry gaze, propping up her mood further still. She basked in their attention. All too soon, she had everything she could think of, and it was time for the trip to end. Still, she had one more moment to look forward to: checkout. To her it was that exciting moment when she could

make small talk with some teenage boy, giggle, and press her tits together casually to donate to his spank bank.

It may not seem like such an exciting moment to most but when your entire life exists in the same four walls under heavy surveillance, you take what you can get. Which was why she couldn't help but be a little disappointed when her fragile looking boy cashier was replaced with a taller thicker girl about the same age as her just before it became her turn. Girls are fun to look at, they're just harder to flirt with, she reassured herself as she piled her haul on the conveyor belt.

The thick woman started scanning her things without even looking up making Sam just that little bit more disappointed. Feminine hygiene products were on sale at least, that was a win. When she finished, the cashier girl raised her eyes to the screen to announce her total before finally looking at the overly excited and overdressed blonde.

There was a change in the girl's face almost instantly and quickly, the girl started to simmer and bubble like a kettle about to scream. Her face morphed from bored and polite to about to scream for joy in a heartbeat and Sam was left stunned as the girl started to screech.

"YOU'RE HER!" Sam blinked. "OHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGOD! YOU'RE THE GIRL FROM THAT STREAM!"

Sam's face dropped and her heart shot into her adorable shoes. Before she knew it, she had the girl by the hand, and she was dragging her off to the bathroom. Seriously? Immediately noticed?

The door closed and the florescent lights buzzed to life above them as Sam shut and locked the door to the maternity restroom. Her brain was exploding with questions about what to do and how bad this was when the girl, her captive for the moment, spoke up again in an excited whisper.

"Seriously. It's you right? You're her?" She makes a flexing motion. "The giant hottie?"

"I- what? Giant hottie?" Sam's thoughts screeched to a halt as her ego barged in front. "You saw **that** stream and... liked it?"

"Liked it?? Sam, can I call you Sam? Sam, I loved it. I've never masturbated so much in my life." The girl was inching closer and Sam felt like she might be the one that's been trapped. Then again... she had really nice wide hips and her face was round and cute. If this were high school and they knew each other she'd have definitely offered to go down on her already.

"Yeah you can call me Sam, that's fine." She smiled back at the girl trying to force her perverted line of thinking out of her mind. "Do you want an autograph or something? I wasn't expecting to meet a fan so--"

"Can you show me?" The cashier cut in. Sam's eye instinctively dropped to the girl's chest. Lola the name tag read. Probably an A cup. Bummer.

“Show you...?” Sam stammers out looking around the mostly empty room. She could probably fit in here if she stooped a bit she decided. “Are you sure you want that? I mean it might not look like it but I get really big and I’d have to get naked first...”

“DON’T!” The cashier, Lola, shouted surprising them both. “Can you do it with your clothes on...?”

“But my clothes would be completely destroyed...” She tried to explain but Lola just nodded right back at her shaking her slightly frazzled straight brown hair. Sam just stared; her thick ruby lips parted in surprise. “I mean I could, but I wouldn’t have anything to wear home-“

“You can wear my clothes instead then! I have a spare set in my locker I can get and I don’t care if they get completely shredded by your enormous bulging rippling enormous muscles.”

It was clear at this point that Lola wasn’t going to take no for an answer and Sam was starting to feed on the girl’s eagerness. She felt wanted, like when people watched her play with herself on camera, just way more intense. This was a real person standing right in front of her and she wasn’t afraid of who she was. No, she craved her.

“Yeah, I guess.” Lola screeched again echoing off the tiny room like a gunshot.

“I’ll go get my clothes and go on break! Ohmygod I can’t believe this is happening!!” The door opened and closed so fast Sam was left to wonder if she made the entire conversation up. Unsure what to do, she stood there in the bathroom, waiting.

She grew bored as the minutes passed and she turned to the mirrored wall over the line of sinks and checked herself out. Her hands roamed over her smooth sundress and cupped her breasts, pushing the braless mounds up as far as they would go before letting them drop again. Before she could explore herself further, the door opened once again and locked quickly after.

Lola stood there panting and clutching a pair of black trousers and a formless white blouse. She presented the clothes to the blonde without a word, arms outstretched as far as they will go, head slightly bowed.

“Alright, let me get changed.” Sam took the clothes and pulled her strap off one shoulder before the brunette looked like she was about to boil over again. “Please don’t scream...”

“Y-You’re going to change right n-now? In f-front of me?” Lola stuttered still looking like she might faint from whatever marathon she just ran.

“Yeah, why? Should I not?”

“N-no.” Lola’s face was so red that the color had completely consumed her neck and ears. “You’re so brave...” She whispered reverently.

Sam shrugged, not sure what was so special about getting changed in front of another girl. Maybe it was the fact she also had a dick that made her brave she reasoned. One strap at a time Sam peeled the form fitting garment down over herself revealing her toned small form.

“You’re so short in real life...” Lola mused, her fingers covering her mouth.

“Yeah, I guess. I’m like five foot four... like this anyway.” Sam shimmied the garment off herself revealing she wasn’t wearing anything underneath it at all.

“Ohmygod... do you always go out like that?” Lola squeaked through her fingers finding a totally new shade of red.

“I usually have panties on but grocery day is special to me.” Sam cupped her boobs for her audience showing off their heft. “I never wear a bra though. My special girls are too amazing to be locked up like that.”

Lola’s finger shakily left her face and pointed at the tiny little nub that was her flaccid state. “It’s so small and cute... Can I touch it...? I want to feel it grow...”

Sam’s ego flared and she suddenly saw the meek girl in a new light. Sam smiled coyly as her switch was flipped, this girl was prey. “You want to feel my cock get massive?” She stalked closer to Lola with a sultry smile pressing her slowly swelling manhood into the brunette’s hand.

Lola squeaked and shuddered as her hand closed around the hot appendage. Sam swayed closer still. “Stroke it.” She whispered hotly directly into the taller girl’s ear and Lola immediately complied. Within seconds the dick in her hands was too thick to fit in one hand and then too thick for both hands. Both girls panted into each other as they stood locked together by this one need.

Sam delighted in feeling the girl’s tiny hands on her swelling beast. Something about it just felt right. Even though she had never had anyone touch her like this in her entire life, she just knew that this was how it should be. This body deserved worship. Sam reached her thin strong fingers up onto the back of Lola’s head and pulled her down the four or so inches into a sweltering kiss.

“Stop.” Sam spoke and Lola’s entire body shook her hands suddenly frozen mid stroke. “Do you want to see me bust out of those flimsy little clothes you brought? Or do you want me to just fuck you unconscious right now?”

Lola could only moan, her legs wobbled under her. Sam took this as defiance and took a step backwards.

“Ohgodplease... I need to see my goddess again...” Lola panted weakly. “You can do whatever you want with me but please let me see your power again.”

Sam was too caught up in the moment to feel any remorse or embarrassment for her monstrous form. She instead struggled her 39-inch hips into a men’s 34. The garment groaned and popped as she forced her ass into the too long but too narrow pants. Her more than two feet of hard dick pressed against the pant leg from below pushing out the shin of one pant leg. Lola watched in awe, one hand covering her mouth and the other working furiously under her pants.

Next came the blouse. The formless shirt was made for someone just a little smaller overall and so as she buttoned up the front, the buttons strained around her soft boobs even though her tiny torso was otherwise swimming in fabric. Once fully dressed Sam turned around for her captive audience. "I almost bust out of this puny outfit at my smallest..."

"You ready?" Sam asked sweetly, turning back and forth like she was on a catwalk.

"Ohmygodyes."

Sam closed her eyes and retreated towards the center of her power, letting it flow back into her starved body. She opened her eyes as the changes started. Just like before, her body inflated in every direction all at once. The shirt exploded open as more mass was suddenly pressed against the already stressed buttons but the arms of the shirt held their ground. Pant legs ripped down the seams as her legs swelled until they were almost 17 inches across at the thigh. Lola sank to the floor as she fingered herself to orgasm after orgasm, leaking down her leg and into a pool on the floor.

The shirt sleeves however resisted her. Her chest swelled past two feet wide but the arms refused to give her the satisfying crunch. Her biceps, more than 14 inches across, weren't quite enough to overwhelm the stretch garment. Sam reached out to each side and flexed her biceps as big as they could go finally forcing surrender. With a sound like fireworks the sleeves burst around her massive bulging muscles. Sam stood there, panting in the too small space, and looked down at Lola hungrily.

"Stand." Sam's voice shook the mirror as she commanded the brunette to squeak again and rush to her feet. Sam stepped once and she was on top of the shaking cashier.

"Ohmygod take me." She whispered.

"Say it right." Sam growled as she snaked her thick finger into the girl's waistband and plucked her pants open letting them fall uselessly to the ground.

"You're a goddess. I'm not worthy." The brunette panted. "Please, fuck me. Use me. I need you."

Sam adjusted her hips ever so slightly, using her hand to push her enormous cock between the desperate girl's legs and lift her off the ground with just the tip. Lola melted.

The giant woman dragged the helpless girl's body around the four-inch-wide flared head trying to figure out how to lose her virginity with something so small. Lola for her part came messily as her soaked slit was rubbed and smeared over every inch of the unyielding bulbous tip.

"Please put it in..." Lola begged needily. "I can't wait anymore. I'm going to lose my mind."

Sam's face turned red as she was forced to admit she didn't know how. "I've never..." She started but Lola was already moving, spreading her pussy with her fingers and rocking her hips lewdly.

“Use me like Victoria!” She almost shouted as her grinding and pushing couldn’t get her over the fat tip. Suddenly getting the idea she grabbed Victoria roughly by her torso in both hands and shoved her down. With a loud pop, the seal was broken, and six inches disappeared into the open-mouthed brunette.

Hot wet deliciousness flooded Sam’s senses, and she couldn’t stop herself from claiming more of that feeling. Without any regard for the person attached, she roughly slammed the limp body attached to her new favorite thing up and down her shaft jerking herself off with an entire person.

Lola’s world collapsed as the impossible rod attached to a literal god entered her body. Nothing else mattered; not the whiplash of being tossed around like a doll, not the way her body screamed that she was going to rip in half. She had found her purpose in life. She relaxed into the experience and basked in more pleasure than she could handle.

“OH GOD FUCK ME MY GODDESS!” Lola screamed again, her voice reaching a new pitch as another orgasm ripped through her exhausted body. “NEVER STOP! I’LL DIE IF YOU STOP!”

Her body jerked and spasmed as it tried to cope with the constant climax, rolling from peak to peak each time her entire body was pressed against her goddess’s scorching hips. She couldn’t think anymore. Her world was nothing but the pleasure she felt.

Sam jammed the little person up and down her steel-hard cock in slow powerful thrusts and each time she pressed the entire enormous length into Lola, a cock shaped bulge would press out of the girl’s stomach. She could feel her body reaching a precipice and fast.

“Oh fuck I’m gonna cum.” Sam barked ripping Lola out of her trance and back to the present. She looked up into Sam’s panicked face and smiled back at her.

“Fill meeeeeeeee” Lola managed to find her voice again despite screaming herself hoarse. The girl’s thick little legs suddenly snapped around Sam’s waist in a death grip as the behemoth inside her started to buck and swell. Sam didn’t have a choice now, it was too late. A flood was coming.

Sam grabbed Lola and held on for dear life trying with all her strength not to crush the warm wonderful thing impaled on her cock. Sam bellowed at the door making it shake as she let loose the first wave inside Lola’s greedy womb. The incredible volume inflated Lola’s abdomen making her look pregnant and she could still feel more coming. For what felt like ages, the spasming Goddess stuffed more and more hot lava inside her body swelling it impossibly large to contain it.

Finally spent, Sam let Lola slip off her softening shaft and onto the floor looking like she had stuffed a beachball in her stomach. Lola’s eyes fluttered and stared at her unfocused from the ground giving her a weak happy smile.

As Sam was considering what to do, a low moan escaped her languid lover. Slowly the pitch and volume started to rise as something invisible took hold of her. She arched her back off

the floor like she was possessed and moaned louder. Steadily, the bulbous deposit inside her started to shrink.

Sam stared slack jaw as the impossible happened right before her eyes. As her cum was being consumed by Lola's body, changes started happening. Her hair lightened a shade and grew silky and straight. Her pudgy limbs slimmed down as fat melted away and her stomach shrank further making it soft but flat. Her voice raised an octave making her voice sound like a musical instrument. Her thin lips swelled a little into soft kissable pillows. Finally, Sam's eyes were drawn to the girl's now loose shirt as beneath it two delicious mounds rose like bread loaves to fill the space.

Lola slowly sat up suddenly feeling a rush of energy course through her as though she was plugged into an outlet. Her body seemed to forget her brutal pounding but moments ago, the soreness and pain floating away. She felt lighter and heavier all at the same time.

"Sam what...?" Lola squeaked out, her voice like the sound of a bell. "How?"

"What the FUCK?" Sam shrieked rattling the door and shaking the lights with her surprise.

The Rise of the Monslut

Chapter Summary

Sam tries something new to please her small but dedicated fan base and with that becomes something totally new: The Monslut.

This is a longer one, hope you don't mind.

Lola wobbled over to the bathroom mirror like a baby deer leaning to walk. Her small hands roamed across her face to touch her new soft pillowy lips. Her brown eyes shined with eager curiosity as her fingers danced down her slender neck to trace her pronounced collar bones. The white blouse, now filled with some new weight, seemed to only impede her progress and her cute full lips swelled into a pout.

The offending garment slowly fell open as her delicate fingers worked every button open to expose more and more of her porcelain skin to the mirror. With a small shimmy of her now delicate shoulders the fabric fell away to reveal the tan bra underneath.

The simple tan holster looked both too small and too big at the same time. It was clear she had lost a little bit of weight allowing the wide cloth straps to lay uselessly to the sides of her body while the meager cloth flaps, once meant to cover barely existent breasts struggled to contain new soft mounds.

Transfixed by her transformed body, the girl's delicate fingers quickly worked the bra off, letting it fall away to the floor with the rest of her discarded coverings. Tiny fingers pressed against soft yielding flesh as she squished and rolled her now modest assets.

"How big do you think they are now?" Her voice finally cut through the silence, wrenching Sam out of her trance and snapping her mouth shut. Lola had turned to the gigantic woman and somehow made her way all the way over to her once again without Sam even noticing.

"Beautiful." Sam rasped through a dry mouth, licking her lips instinctively.

"I feel so sexy..." Lola sang up to her partner reaching out a slender hand to caress the monumental steel pole now throbbing at the sight of her. "Do you want to do it again maybe?"

Sam's brain kicked into high gear as a million questions pounded against her skull. Would she change again? Was that ok? What if the changes are uncontrollable and she grows a third arm? What if they are controllable and she has to decide how to remake another person? Did she even want this new power?

Lola watched as her gentle giant's mouth opened and closed in confused panic. Sensing the turmoil within her new lover, she pressed her finger to the giant's lips.

"I'm happy this happened, my wonderful Goddess." Lola's words quelled the storm within her but only enough for her to decide what to do with this information.

"Lola... I think I need to think about all this..." Lola purred at Sam's whispered words, pressing her hands against the broad muscles of the giant's midsection as if she was trying to map out every crease and vein.

"Say my name for me again... You make my heart flutter." She continued to grope and massage Sam's impossible broad torso, her hands slowly getting closer and closer to the root of her still aching dick.

"Lola, please... I'm sorry..." Sam concentrated hard, trying to press her power back into that bottomless well inside her chest. Soon she could feel her body begin to deflate.

"Please don't be sorry... just promise you'll let me see you again." Sam's dick jumped at the suggestion and Lola giggled, her laugh even more magical than the shrinking woman could have expected. More sex her body echoed. More. Now that she knew that pleasure, Pandora's box would never be closed for long again. Already she could feel herself craving more of that incredible sensation.

"Yeah, that's fine. I mean, you're kinda my first so how can I even say no?" Lola gave another shrill screech this time trying hard to be quiet.

"I'm your first??" Lola's face lit up like she had won some kind of award. "I'm so happy I could be that for you."

"Now that I'm small I'm not your Goddess anymore?" Sam jabbed playfully, feeling more like herself now that the mood was getting lighter as Lola's impossible changes became a less pressing. Lola for her part took the playful attack with another giggle.

"Oh Sam, you'll always be a Goddess to me no matter how big you are." Lola leaned down to the now shorter Sam and pressed her lips against hers in a tender kiss. Tongues explored each other as the kiss grew hotter before Sam had to pull away and catch her breath.

"Do you want to come over to my place sometime? I'm not really allowed out often, so..." Lola gave another muted screech of excitement.

"Yes please!"

Sam nearly sprinted to her car, groceries looped over her arm and blue dress wrinkled and disheveled around her a mirror of her mental state. She slammed herself into the car seat making the car rock and slide a little under the impact. Slamming the door shut she tried to

catch her breath as her confusion swarmed around her once again. She looked at the phone number in her hand and tried to collect herself in the quiet safe space of her car.

“Tally, I got laid.” She spoke to the dashboard in a hushed tone as if she was worried about being overheard. “I guess that’s not really true... I fucked the hell out of someone. I think I’m addicted.”

She started the car despite its protest and drove slowly home as her mind started to bombard her with all the heavy questions again. She was going to have more sex. Was that irresponsible? She set her jaw as she returned Tally to her usual spot on the street. First things first, she needed to know if that was a fluke or a constant. If it was a constant, she just had to learn to control it.

From the safety of her car she unlocked her cell phone and slowly worked out a text to her new fuck buddy.

<Hey Lola, it’s Sam from the ~~store~~ stream. Would you want to join me Monday for my stream?>

<OMG YES!>

<You should go all beast mode on me!>

<Tie me up and pretend I’m some helpless victim!!>

Sam blinked at the rapid fire responses. That wasn’t a bad idea actually. Chat might like watching her have sex more than just watching her stand around and play with herself.

<Are you sure you’re ok with that? I’d have to be like really fucking brutal with you.>

<drool emoji>

<I think I just came a little.>

<Use me like a dirty little toy, my Goddess.>

<You’ll be big right???>

<heart eyes emoji>

<If you’re sure, I stream at 7pm Monday so like show up early?>

Sam tucked her phone away and carried the groceries inside to overthink everything that just happened for the next two days.

Monday came painfully slow because Sam was looking forward to it. All day Sunday she had cleaned every square inch of her already spotless apartment stressing about having someone over to her safe cage. Monday morning she ate more than normal and even let Rachel know she was going for a run. Her keeper begrudgingly allowed it demanding she not get too far from home just in case.

Trying her best to stay to the letter of the law, Sam did laps around her block. Four hours flew by in a blur of cars and pedestrians, but she still wasn't close to working off her nerves. She stalked back to her apartment deciding to change her focus to getting herself ready for her guest.

After a long shower Sam locked herself in her closet to deliberate what to wear. After pulling every skimpy article of clothing she owned on one at a time, she eventually settled on her usual streaming clothes... just a plain yellow lycra shirt and a pair of black yoga pants.

She barely heard the knock on the front door when her heart leapt out of her chest. "Coming!" She called loudly sprinting downstairs to find Lola standing nervously at the door. The door barely cracked open before Lola was in motion, throwing herself into Sam's arms. Despite their height difference, Sam held the thin girl up without any effort.

"Ohmygodohmygod, I'm so excited!!" She sang with a muted screech. Lola had decided on casual clothes for their play date. The band logo sat comfortably over her new larger bust but baggy over the rest of her. Though she couldn't really tell through her shirt, she looked smaller in the chest than when they were together last. Her ripped light wash jeans hung loose at the hips and even her white sneakers seemed loose on her.

"Hey Lola. I'm really happy you could make it." Sam gave her a polite response despite her heart hammering away excitedly in her chest. She was going to have sex!!!!

Lola planted kiss after kiss all over Sam's face as the blonde tried to close the door and carry the voracious girl deeper inside her cave.

"Your apartment is gorgeous!!" Lola gasped finally pulling her attention away from the blonde still carrying her around. "Do you pay for this all with streaming???"

"Uh, no. Actually I'm not really supposed to make money..." Sam admitted sheepishly. "The government pays for my... everything..."

"Is that because you're some kind of super being and you save obviously save the earth with your amazing muscles?" Lola babbled from her perch wrapped around the blonde's wide hips.

"Uh... no. Pretty much the exact opposite." Sam's voice dropped in embarrassment. "I'm seen as dangerous. If it weren't for my mom I..."

"People are always afraid of what they can't control and you..." Lola purred down at her chauffeur. "Are a force of nature..."

"I got a little carried away last time... I'm a good girl..." Sam tried to plead with the girl that was now grinding her hips against her pelvic bone.

"Are you sure you have to be a good girl?" Lola's face was flushed and her lips parted as she worked herself against Sam's hip. "Don't you want to be that unstoppable powerful **Goddess** that dominated me relentlessly?"

Her words touched something broken inside her and emotional pain sparked through her from the impact. “Lola, I really am a good person. I just... I just got excited...”

Lola finally noticed the vulnerable twinge to Sam’s words and her expression softened. “I’m sorry baby, I didn’t mean to hurt your feelings. I just got so excited thinking about it. I know you’re a good person.”

Sam moved her hand underneath Lola’s backside and gave it a fond squeeze realizing she was the one who misunderstood. “I’ll be your ‘unstoppable Goddess’ tonight on stream, I promise.” Lola screeched excitedly and wiggled her hips against Sam’s side.

With a few practiced bounds, Sam bounced up the stairs in two steps bringing Lola to the pink spare bedroom they would be using for the stream.

“How strong are you?” Lola asked dreamily as she was set on the pink flowered bedspread in the corner of the spare bedroom. Sam could only shrug.

“I work out a little on Wednesdays but I’ve never really pushed myself... I just want to keep my body tight and sexy.”

“So you’re that big and you’ve never...” Lola’s face glazed over as some idea was forming in her head that no doubt had her excited again. “What would happen if you really tried? Could you get even bigger?”

“I bought some bondage gear, like straps and stuff... for tonight.” She changed the subject, getting a little uncomfortable with the thought of getting even bigger though something hungry inside her liked the idea. A lot.

“Ooooooh, do you have a blindfold? Are you going to tie me to the bed and **rip** my clothes off my helpless body and ravish me?”

Her insistence to drag the conversation into a dirtier place was having a visceral effect on Sam’s ability to hold back her own needs. “You’re really into this, huh?”

“Ohmygod you have no idea.” Lola gave a playful nip to Sam’s lip.

“Tell me more, I want to hear about your... fetish? Desire?” Sam didn’t want to say the wrong word, but this was all new to her. Lola didn’t seem to mind her choice of words and just scrunched her face a little in thought.

“I’ve always dated bigger guys. I guess they make me feel safe. But when I saw you... ohmygod... It was like a sexual awakening. I couldn’t stop imagining what it would be like to be utterly overwhelmed by someone so powerful...” She bit her lip and squeezed her legs together at the memory. “Can I tell you my selfish wish without hurting your feelings...?”

Sam just nodded, wanting to support this woman as she admitted her deepest secret desire but at the same time, deeply aroused by another person finding her so irresistible. She felt truly powerful under Lola’s adoration, and it was intoxicating.

“I wish you were even bigger. I couldn’t stop touching myself imagining you towering over buildings...”

The room fell silent as Sam processed that thought. Little sexy Sam replaced by a veritable mountain of power blotting out the sun and touching the clouds. Despite herself, she was turned on by this new desire. What if she could be someone special to Lola, someone so primally desired. All she had to do was embrace who she really was.

But what if she lost the ability to go back?

“Wow.” Sam rasped. “That’s...”

“Do you think I’m weird?” Lola asked with a sudden vulnerability that made Sam just want to smother her in affection.

“Not at all. You’d laugh if I told you my secret fetish.” Sam gave a small laugh trying to set her at ease. “You’re definitely not weird.” Sam left the last part unspoken that she might want to try and be that monster for her.

Lola giggled happily at being accepted by her idol. “You have to tell me your fetish now!”

“I am obsessed with boobs. Like... obsessed. I always wanted to play with my own set of absolutely huge pair of breasts.” Sam blurted out with a flush of embarrassment.

“That’s it?? You’re already pretty stacked, does that mean you got your wish?” Lola’s hand roamed up the front of tight workout shirt to search the breasts pressed inside, searching for her nipple.

“No like... really big.”

“Like... porn star big?”

“Bigger. Like... could be used as a bed big.” Sam dropped her gaze at the ridiculous admission. “I don’t want mine to be that big, I wish mine were porn star big, don’t get me wrong, I just want...” Sam couldn’t force herself to admit what she wanted.

“So if we keep having sex, and I keep getting bigger and bigger...” Lola pinched Sam’s hardened nipple through her shirt making Sam gasp. “And bigger until I was trapped by my own size... would you take care of me forever?”

“Is that what you really want though? To give up your freedom for my weird fantasy?” Sam tried to reason with the horny girl. “Besides, you look like you’ve shrunk a bit since...”

“To be with you, I’d do anything. You’re already my weird fantasy.” Lola leaned forward into another passionate kiss. Sam’s hand slid under the brunette’s t-shirt to explore her smooth stomach. A tone rang out from her phone before she could get deeper into the moment. 30 minutes to stream.

“I’m, uh... I’m going to have to tie you up now.” She said trying to sound more sure than she was and definitely not as flustered. “I want to go through the beginning of the stream and

then introduce... uh...”

“Your first victim.” Lola chimed in grinning like a cheshire cat. “Ohmygod this is gonna be so hot.”

“You’re sure you’re ok with this? I’m going to like get into it when we start.”

“You have to sell it. Tell them you kidnapped me off the street or something. I’ll pretend to be terrified.” Lola smiled broadly as Sam started to strap her down to the bed with the heavy leather cuffs. “Please! No! L-Let me go!” Her pretty face twisted into a look of terror as she begged convincingly.

“...Already?” Sam stopped her work with a look of concern.

“I’m just acting. I was a drama kid. Pretty good, right?” Lola’s smile returned to Sam’s reassurance. “I’ll say ‘pineapple’ if I really need you to stop. But that’s not gonna happen.”

Sam tightened the last strap, securing the brunette to the queen-sized bed.

“You have to blindfold me.” Lola stated as a matter of fact. Sam complied, putting the soft cloth over her guest’s eyes tying it tightly.

“I’m going to start the stream now; are you ok for a little bit?” Sam asked one last time.

“I’m really turned on.” She breathed hotly. Sam turned towards her computer trying her best to ignore the needy woman breathing hard behind her.

Her third stream began, and she smiled excitedly at the camera as names started to pop up in the window. “Hi Fam, it’s Sam.” She called to the camera with an eager wave as chat began to say its hellos.

xxDragonKnightxx: show tits

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: Hello beautiful.

RustyCat12: Who is the person on the bed behind you?

Garvv2: show bucket

Her audience had grown since her last stream, holding steady at around 500 people. She was somewhat surprised at the sudden jump but the show must go on.

“Before we get to the new toy I found, let’s have some fun. I’m really horny chat and I don’t know what to do about it...” She pouted her thick lips and squeezed her breasts between her arms trying to be seductive. Chat responded to her attempts with suggestive commands and propositions to help her out.

She went through the motions, teasing her audience by slowly removing her top and playing with her tits before sliding off her pants for all to see. She waggled her firm large ass for the camera and spread her legs to show off her glistening slit and the string of drool it was

producing. For their part, chat responded eagerly, getting her even more in the mood. The rhythm felt fun and natural.

The donations all asked for different things to be done, and she willingly played with herself to satisfy them. Her heart fluttered as she started to feel accepted. They even begged her to measure her dick for them, discovering she was 28 inches long and 14 inches around at the middle, a fact that surprised even her.

RustyCat12: Why is she tied up?

Sam felt like it was finally time to unveil her surprise. She stroked her long dick as she spoke to the camera with an innocent smile. “Well, fellas and divas... I was a naughty girl today.”

Chat exploded with questions but she just pursed her lips and continued. “I saw this cutie outside my apartment all bent over to tie her shoe and she was just begging for it... so I maybe... kinda... captured her.”

A new wave of excitement bubbled up in their replies as chat started to unravel. “What should I do, chat? I’m so horny today and I want to just...” She let her voice trail off as she looked back wistfully at the bed.

Garvv2: fuck

Tweetail_9989: You didn’t really do that did you Sam?

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: Show us your new toy.

She took the camera off its stand and swayed over to the bed, climbing on top of Lola’s chest, dropping her girthy cock onto the brunette’s face with a heavy slap. “Look at those lips chat... she would make such a good toy. Right? I should do it. Right chat?” She made her intentions clear by rubbing the bottom of her swollen dick over her captive’s lips. Lola started to whimper underneath her hot steel rod, pulling futilely against the bonds.

She looked back at her computer to witness the deranged fury as her viewer count suddenly spiked and bubbled over in a horny frenzy. They were in to it, begging her to continue the deranged act. Sam felt that same controlling hunger from the bathroom grip her as her switch was well and truly flipped.

Caressing her captive’s hair she rubbed herself along her chin and neck as she cooed at Lola in a sultry whisper. “I’m going to fuck your mouth pussy with my hungry cock now...”

Lola struggled and sobbed loudly playing the part of the helpless victim. “Please don’t... It feels too big... Please let me go...”

“It’s not too big, silly whore... I’ll prove it!” She dragged her finger down Lola’s lips, dragging them open and pressing the enormous head against her. “You better behave, or I’ll push real hard and your jaw might break. Snap!”

Lola just whimpered and shakily opened her mouth, tears rolling out from under the blindfold. “I haven’t even seen you... you can let me go... I won’t tell anyone!”

Sam pushed the wide tip of her dick up into the blindfold nudging it off her face before moving back to her lips. “Oopsie! I guess I have no choice now. Say Aaaaaaah.”

Sam saw Lola’s jaw start to open and she lifted her hips high above her victim’s face and started to fuck down into her mouth. Strangled noises bubbled up from her helpless toy as Sam drove her enormous length deeper and deeper into her throat. “Oh chat, that feels so good... I’ve never had a mouth pussy wrapped around my cock before... I can’t stop now, chat.”

Dinging sounds filled the room as Sam worked the entire two feet of softball thick meat inside the small face beneath her. As her pelvis touched Lola’s chin she let out a contented moan. “Such a good toy. I’m going to cum soon, chat. Should I cum down her throat?”

xxDragonKnightxx: good lord

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: I can’t look away.

handbraButler: fuck that slut up

NutScoop: drown her

Sam giggled back at her computer and turned her attention to the impaled mouth beneath her powerful hips. Lola’s nostrils flared as she struggled for breath with the impossible mass fucking her stomach. “Buckle up, whore. I’m going to give you a present.” She caressed Lola’s cheek before starting to piston up and down into her mouth.

It only took a few minutes of wild thrusting before her dick started to swell and twitch against Lola’s trapped tongue signaling the impending tsunami. Lola could only give a small whimper before Sam drowned her out with a loud moan. “Here it comes! I’m cumming!”

Like a water balloon attached to a hose, Lola’s stomach stretched into a spike at the force of the explosion inside of her. The rest of her torso rushed to catch up as gallons of liquid rushed into her. Blast after blast blew the human condom into a fat bulbous cum tank. Finally spent, Sam rested her hand on the stretched stomach of her victim.

Sam climbed off her toy with a wet slurp and she climbed off the bed, camera never leaving the shaking mess on her bed. Part of her hoped that the changes wouldn’t happen but another part of her, the part in control, delighted with what was to come. Grow bigger she commanded in her head as if she had any control over what was going to happen.

Sure enough, before she could turn to check the chat box, Lola’s stomach started to suck back towards her body. This time nothing other than her chest changed. All of that delicious slime packed inside her stomach turned into fuel to feed her greedy body as it pressed against the band logo. There was no way of telling how much she swelled up as her boobs mashed against the stretchy fabric, forcing it into a single huge deformed bump.

“That’s right, grow those fat titties for me. Show us all what a slut you are.” Sam growled, fingering herself furiously at the sight of her deepest fantasy coming true.

“I’m going to fuck her chat. Look at her, I have to.” Chat dinged wildly behind her drawing her attention back to the screen to witness the decent into absolute anarchy she had started. More donations than she had ever seen flooded the stream and almost 500 people had come to witness her depravity. Get big. Fuck her. Ruin her. Chat was in a frenzy.

Almost without permission her body responded to their pleas. As she set the camera back on its stand, her form had already begun to change. Legs and arms became stone pillars and her back exploded with thick muscles. Lola whimpered at the sight of her once again straining against her bonds.

“You can’t!” She begged. “Please don’t! I’ll die!”

Sam took one step and was back at the foot of the bed, the room shaking under her enormous weight. With one finger she hooked into her victim’s pants and peeled them off her, effortlessly shredding fabric. Using the same finger, she probed Lola’s spread legs, testing her delicate folds and wetting her finger with slick excitement in the process.

“Your body is more honest than you are.” She growled, shaking the walls with the force of her voice. “Say it right, slut. Beg for it.”

Lola whimpered and thrashed trying to escape. Sam growled again and swatted her once again flat stomach with her cock knocking the wind out of her. Juice squirt out of her captive in a shot as she came messily from the impact.

“Beg for it.” Sam repeated, leaving no room to argue.

“Please! Fuck my slutty pussy, Master!” Lola shrieked up at the ceiling, dropping all pretense of fear and forgetting her act entirely.

Sam leaned down and lifted Lola’s hips up off the bed with the palm of her hand lining up for the second round. This time there wasn’t any rubbing or fumbling, Sam simply gripped Lola’s hips between her fingers and smashed herself inside. Lola bucked and thrashed against her restraints, her voice building in pitch as she screamed.

“I’m going to die!” She screamed. “If you stop I’ll die! Oh fuck I’m so full!” Her hips started to buck harder trying to fuck herself in midair against her captor. “Break me! I’m your slutty toy!”

Swept away by the moaning and writhing doll in her hands, Sam started to thrust. At first, she simply moved her hand out from under Lola’s ass and pressed herself in and out of the incredibly tight hot space. The harder Lola begged however, the harder and faster Sam would respond until her hips were a fury of motion and each thrust shook the walls. Below them, the bed began to creak in protest.

Lola squirted again, coating the fist sized abs in clear fluid but Sam was too far gone to care. Even as the figure below her tensed once more and collapsed, limp, Sam couldn’t stop. With one final roar she slammed her entire length inside the broken toy and let go.

Frantic dinging finally reached the titan's ears, turning her head away from the bloated cum balloon laying in front of her. She was still streaming she remembered slowly. With a wet slap, the deflated sex organ slipped out of Lola's ruined pussy and onto the floral bed cover as Sam turned to shuffle through the cramped space to loom over her computer.

RustyCat12: Is she dead?

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: I ned that. Just lik that.

Tweetail_9989: What did I just watch? Why am I so wet?

NutScoop: holy fuck. monster stud

Sam smiled weakly and tried to pack herself back away, starting the slow process of losing mass. "Sorry chat. I got a little carried away... Turns out I really really like sex."

Garvv2: shut up and take my money

stamina_jay: ur a monster but that was hot af bb

xxDragonKnightxx: shes growing fam

Sam remembered what happens next mid deflation and wheeled around to watch as Lola's breasts tore lines down the sides of her pack t-shirt. Even jammed into the failing fabric prison they looked twice as big as her own at least. She resolved to measure them if Lola would let her after what just happened. 1200 people watched Lola go from busty to outrageous in a matter of seconds and they couldn't get enough. Donations poured in begging for more.

"I guess you want to see more of that." Sam marveled at the outpouring of interest. "I guess it is a sex streaming site, go figure. Sex is popular."

RustyCat12: I've never seen anything like that before.

"I hope that's a good thing... maybe I'll have to do more like that. Just... not all the time. I'll run out of 'victims'." She mused back at the rising and falling set of tits on her bed. "Oh yeah, important note, she was an actor and not a real victim. Please don't call the police. I got her permission, I swear."

stamina_jay: seriously, ur a monster

Garvv2: slut monster

"Yeah, I guess I am huh... a big, slutty monster." She sighed feeling that pang of disappointment again. "A monster slut. Slut monster. Slutster... Monslut."

xxDragonKnightxx: lol @ Monslut

handbraButler: Monslut Fam 4 lif

She couldn't help but giggle at the name she had given herself. "Oh god, I hope that doesn't stick..."

RustyCat12: Too late. You are the Monslut now.

NutScoop donated 10\$ with the message: "Monslut gang go brrrrrrrrr"!

"Ok chat, I'm going to end the stream there and tend to the wounded." She motions to the bed behind her. "Tomorrow will just be a normal stream so don't get too excited." She waved at the camera before closing everything down.

"Uh... Lola? Are you ok?"

Aftermath and New Beginnings

Chapter Summary

Sam nearly killed Lola with her antics and now it's time to get serious about what's next.

Sam wandered over to the bed to check on her over inflated guest. "Lola, are you ok?" She asked again.

"Can you untie me now? My nipple is squished in my shirt..." Lola sounded upset but from her vantage she couldn't see over the boob pile. Not wanting to make things worse, Sam plucked the buckle on each strap and let her captive free. She watched as Lola tried to sit up but failed, the weight on her chest swaying as she rolled around on her back. Finally, she rolled to the side and managed to drag herself to a sitting position.

"Can I help you with your shirt...?" Sam asked meekly, not sure how hurt or upset Lola might be.

"Ohmygod that was insane..." Lola breathed out a heavy sigh. "Sam. I thought I was going to cum to death. Seriously. I almost died."

"You could have said the safe word if-"

"And miss out? On that? I would rather die." Lola shook her head, and her full shirt swayed with her pulling her around the bed with the added weight. "Do you want to do the honors and let me out of this?"

Sam obliged and reached her slender finger into the incredibly soft skin beneath the crammed fabric. With a small tug, the shirt split and fell away in two pieces. Two head sized globes dropped heavily into Lola's lap almost touching her thighs.

Neither girl wanted to be the first to speak. They both sat there on the bed and stared at the incredible bulky mounds jutting from the brunette's chest.

"Can I-"

"Stay the night?" Lola cut in hopefully smiling at Sam with an excited look. Sam blushed, no longer wanting to finish her selfish thought.

"Oh, yeah. For sure." Sam nodded with a distracted smile.

"What were you really going to ask?" The overly busty brunette asked swinging her boobs into Sam's arm like a wrecking ball and giggling at the impact.

“I kinda want to measure you...” Sam admitted. “I’m obsessed, remember?”

“I’ll let you do whatever you want with my new breasts if you make me one- no two promises.” Lola tried to cross her arms but couldn’t make it all the way around her new bust, settling instead for folding them underneath their pendulous mass.

“I’ll do what I can...” Sam offered, not sure what the brunette has in mind.

“One: I get to sleep in your bed tonight. With you.” She held up her slender finger to denote her first demand. “And two: You have to agree to let me measure you whenever I want.”

“Doesn’t that mean you’ll just make me get big for you whenever you want to ‘measure me’?” The blonde crossed her arms in response also folding her arms under her bust but definitely losing that fight.

“Maybe I’ll want to measure you small too, you don’t know. Those are my terms.” She tried to look cross but her big pouty lips just made her look like she was wanting a kiss.

“As long as you don’t abuse your power, I don’t see why I can’t make that happen for you...” Sam agreed with a smile. Lola let out a muted happy screech and leaned back on the bed.

“Measure these puppies, baby.”

Sam fumbled through her junk drawer for the sewing kit and retrieved her trusty cloth measuring tape, moving behind Lola to wrap it around her waist and sinch it up under her overflowing breasts.

“34 inch band...” Sam mused, moving the tape to try and scoop up the doughy blobs.

“Really? I was a 36 before. 36A.” Sam just gave a small, interested noise as she continued trying to wrangle the unruly globes.

“I’m a 32E when I’m like this but I think you definitely have me beat now.” Sam finally managed to get the tape from one nipple to another and pull it taut making Lola gasp. “Wow, 46 and some change. What’s that, like a K cup?” She started counting on her fingers.

“That’s an M cup, baby. How’s that for your obsession?” Lola rolled over and pushed the surprised blonde backwards climbing on top of her and trapping her under her pliable breasts. She swooped down on the surprised streamer capturing her in a hungry kiss, driving her tongue into Sam’s mouth. Despite their size, they still sat firm against Sam’s hard stomach, pushing back with a delicious tension.

“Aren’t you hurting...?” Sam broke the kiss to give Lola a worried look. “I did not hold back, like at all. Aren’t you sore?”

“When you fill me up... all the pain and soreness just vanishes. I feel incredible. Like. I could run. A marathon.” She spoke between kisses placed all over her stunned bombshell.

Sam pushed the hungry brunette off her and sat up with concern. “I mean, that’s great but like, what if I cause cancer or something?” Lola giggled and tried again to pin her host down

with her breasts but this time, Sam didn't budge.

"Why are you so worried? This is a great thing." Lola sat back onto her legs on the bed. "We can have all the sex we want and I'll never get sore afterwards, no matter how... wild you get." Lola purred out the last bit fondly.

"Yeah, I guess you're right..." Sam sighed not sure why she felt so uneasy about the whole situation. "Can we hold off on the sex for tonight though?"

"If you think you can keep your hands off me, that's fine." Lola challenged, scooping up her breasts and pouting at Sam.

"Hey, I never said I was going to keep my hands to myself. I just think I shouldn't cum inside you until I, like, figure this all out."

"That leaves a lot of options, baby..." Lola moved off the bed further surprising Sam who was just getting back in the mood. "Can you show me where your bathroom is...?"

Sam lay in bed staring at the ceiling, her mind was just too busy to let her sleep. Lola was curled up against her side, her new enormous bust cuddled in between them like a body pillow. Her breath pulled at the teddy she decided to wear to bed making it cling and stretch in awkward ways reminding her why she usually slept in just her ducky print pajama pants.

The room was both too bright from the moonlight streaming in through the balcony door and too dark in the corners for her to be able to sleep comfortably. Everything was either too hot or too cold and it was driving her crazy.

"Lola..." She whispered both hoping that her tender guest was asleep and awake at the same time.

"Yes baby?" Came a soft chime from beside her.

"I'm... I'm afraid. Like all the time..."

"Why baby?" Besides her, Lola moved slightly propping her head higher on the pillow so they could see each other.

"I just want to be wanted but who would want a monster like me?" Sam murmured. "The internet is accepting but they don't really know me... They just like me for my body. Both of them I guess."

"Oh baby..." Lola slid closer, pressing her nipples into Sam's warm side and kissing her on the cheek. "I want to accept you, won't you tell me what has you so worried?"

“I’ve never been hurt before. Physically... I don’t know if it’s even possible. I’ve never been sick, I’ve never had a boyfriend... or girlfriend... And I’m going to die young. The oldest one of us lived to 68... And then there’s my body...” Lola pulled the worried girl’s hand and placed it on her wide firm breast for comfort but Sam pulled back. “I’m a huge slut, I’ll let basically anyone fuck me... I crave attention. And I have never been angry before. I’m... damaged or something. Sometimes I wonder if I’m really even human anymore...”

Lola pushed herself up on her elbows to look at the vulnerable little girl next to her. “Sam... I think I get it. You have so many worries and no one to lean on. You’re the strongest person I’ve ever met and that’s not because of your body. Even through everything, you still try. You still put yourself out there and try.”

Sam sighed and wrapped her arms around herself as Lola’s words dragged a tear out of her. “I just want to be loved...” Sam muttered attempting to hide her unsteady voice.

“Let me love you, Sam... I want to be with you, forever. Yes, it’s greedy of me. I love your body. But I want to love the person inside of it too.”

“You want to be with me?” Sam asked in a small voice. “But I’m a sex streamer... I’m going to have sex with other people. Probably a lot of people. I’m too selfish to give that up...”

“As long as you don’t forget me, I can live with that.” Lola said firmly. “I’m selfish too but I’ll share you if I have to. It’s just sex, right? I want you to share your life with me.”

Sam shuffled against her pillow finally turning to face Lola only to find her face firm and serious.

“I have one, no two conditions...” Sam eventually replied, looking away and laying back on her pillow.

“Oh yeah? And what are those conditions.”

“One: you have to decide our first date.” Her slender finger sprung up into the air between them. “Two: We both have to tell each other when there’s going to be someone else.”

“Sam, are you asking me to go out with you?” Lola started to kick her feet under the red comforter.

“Not until you agree till my terms.” Sam crossed her arms across her chest with a pouty look.

“Well, there isn’t ever going to be anyone else for me so that’s super easy. And I definitely know where we’re going for our first date.”

Sam sighed in frustration. “So I’m the slut who wants to keep my options open?”

“As long as you’re my slut, I don’t care what it takes.” Lola’s lips pressed against Sam’s tear slick cheek. Making her give another heavy sigh.

“Lola...”

“Yes Sam?”

“Will you be my girlfriend?” Lola rolled over and kicked her feet wildly making a mess of the blankets as she rolled around and squealed as quiet as she could.

“Of course I will!” Her lips peppered the subdued blonde with kisses as her huge new boobs smushed into her shoulder. “Oh Sam, I’m so happy!”

“Can you... can you call me Samantha?” She asked sheepishly. “It makes me feel like a cute little girl...”

“Aw, my adorable Goddess. I could just eat you up.” She shifted suddenly and disappeared under the covers. “Samantha...” she purred from somewhere inside the disheveled blankets making Sam shudder.

“So what’s our first date going to be?” She asked the formless shifting pile of blankets.

“We’re going to the Outlets. I’m going to show off my towering Goddess and I’m going to buy you cute clothes and walk around with you making people jealous.” Something warm collided with the tender lips between her spread out legs making her gasp in surprise.

“Lola what are you doing under there?” She started to move but hands on her thighs urged her to stay.

“My turn, Samantha... I want to play with my Goddess girlfriend...” Another small hard something brushed against her lips dragging another startled gasp.

“What are you touching me with?”

“Do you like it?” Her voice was dripping with mischief as a much larger and harder something pressed itself against her. All she could feel was soft skin and a hard long nub working against her clit.

“Are you... is that your nipple?”

“Do you like it, Samantha?” She purred from her hiding place continuing the strange play. Despite the completely foreign sensation, the hard but yielding bottle cap was doing a lot of work for her as it pressed into her slit and dragged up to brush her swollen clit.

“Oh god, this is the craziest tit fuck I’ve ever heard of...” Springy skin pushed between her legs as Lola moved closer, forcing the relatively large nipple inside her. Two inches of spongy flesh spread her tight folds.

“If you don’t answer me, I’m going to stop.” Lola scolded, squishing her firm breast against Sam’s leaking pussy. “Do you like it?”

“Yes!” She answered hastily only to be rewarded by a wet tongue swirling her engorged clit as the determined brunette kept trying to fuck her with her nipple.

“If you want to make me even bigger, maybe I could fuck you for real...” Her proposal was only met with pleased moaning as Lola's tongue worked her eagerly only for the nipple toy to return.

“Oh god don't stop. I've never-“ She moaned dragging her fingers through her wavy mess of blonde hair. Her hand moved up to clasp and smash her own perky breast. “No wonder girls begged for my tongue.”

“Cum for me, Samantha...” Lola urged from beneath the blanket, wiggling the nipple around inside her by moving around the attached spongy breast and licking and sucking at whatever her mouth could find.

“Bite my clit.” Sam begged holding on to her breast like a safety blanket. Lola immediately delivered, giving the tiny hard spot a nibble. Sam's legs snapped shut as a powerful climax crashed over her like a wave.

“Wow baby. I've never heard you scream when you orgasm before.” Lola peeked her head up out from the blanket, her lips and chin almost dripping wet.

“I screamed?” Sam asked as she tried to catch her breath. Lola crawled back up on all fours, breasts nearly scraping the blanket, and curled back up next to her girlfriend.

“Do you feel better baby?” Lola asked sweetly, tracing her fingers around Sam's petite frame.

“That was incredible...” Sam marveled. “I feel like I'm floating.”

“Get some sleep, my wonderful Goddess.”

Sam smiled peacefully as sleep finally rushed to catch her.

Vulnerability Stream

Chapter Summary

It's stream time again and Sam has a lot on her mind but she finds that her stream is willing to listen to more than just her moaning.

This chapter is mostly character stuff. No sex until the next chapter. It's about to get real plotty around here for the next two chapters as we make our way into the middle.

“Can you get pregnant?” Lola interrupted Sam’s morning feast as she bit into her single waffle. The ravenous blonde peeked up from the strewn plates and half-filled containers as if she might also take a bite out of the buxom brunette for interrupting her.

“No.” Sam grunted, going back to her food with gusto. “Well... kinda. Not unless we’re ovulating.”

“We?”

“Class 1’s.” Sam grunted back shoveling another mouthful of eggs into her face from her salad bowl. “Our tubes are squished by the big stupid ovary and nothing gets in.”

“Right. That’s what you meant.” Lola turned her attention back to her crunchy chocolate chip covered breakfast. “That’s really convenient.”

“Yeah, sure.” The grumpy blonde scoffed, discarding the empty bowl and snatching up the next. “It’s convenient until you get a super strength period and it starts firing eggs like a god damn cannon. It’s like PMDD but with a 9-foot rage monster... I’m not allowed to go outside during that.”

“Will I have to go away when that happens...?” Lola looked at her disheveled girlfriend with concern. Sam stopped eating for the first time since they had sat down and considered the question.

“You’re probably safe but like... the government doesn’t know I have a girlfriend so who knows what they’ll say... They could pass a law that I’m not allowed to date.”

“Isn’t that against the law...? I mean don’t people have rights?”

“I’m not ‘people’. I’m an endangered species...” She said glumly, returning to the second batch of scrambled eggs leaving the room chilly from her obvious disinterest in talking further.

“I’ll suck your dick if you let me ask more questions...” Lola smirked playfully as Sam looked up only briefly.

“Later maybe...” Lola’s mouth dropped in indignation.

“Is food really that important? I don’t get it.” Lola couldn’t help but let herself feel slighted by the bad mood settled over the table. All she was trying to do was talk to her girlfriend and Sam was ignoring her. Metal slapped on stone as Sam smacked the fork down onto countertop and glared across the insane pile of food spread out around her.

“I’m fucking nine feet tall and 650 lbs of muscle packed into a tiny sex machine that measures her cum in gallons.” She growled over the island. “When I wake up it feels like my body is fucking eating itself.”

Lola swallowed hard at her girlfriend’s frustration, but she kept her immediate retort to herself. As she sat there and stewed it started to sink in that Sam might actually be hurting. Moving all that mass must take a lot out of her, not to mention sex...

“Sorry...” Lola muttered into her exposed chest. “I didn’t know...”

Sam sighed and took a few more bites before she spoke up. “I’m used to being alone... You didn’t deserve that, it just hurts...”

Lola waited until the food was almost gone before trying again.

“Can I ask you a really selfish favor?” Sam nodded with a small smile looking far less tired than she had before. “When you do your gym stream... can you try to get bigger? For me? I just have to know...”

“Bigger?” Sam choked on her toast before blinking at her girlfriend’s guilty expression. “Like how?”

“Just work out real hard. Really push yourself.” Lola perked up wiggling in her seat and setting her bust wobbling back and forth. “Will you do that for me?”

“I can try but... why? I thought you loved how I looked already?”

“Sam, I love the way you look. I really do...”

“But?”

“The thought of you getting even bigger makes me so hot Sam... I can’t even explain...”

Sam considered for a long moment letting her fears swirl around in her head. What if she can’t get bigger? Would Lola be disappointed? What if she can? Would she even want to?

The day passed quickly. Lola had to go to work and had to figure out what she was going to do about the boob situation. None of her shirts would even come close to fitting even having shrunk a little overnight. Sam managed to come up with a solution by letting her borrow one of her “period shirts”, a tarp with arm holes made for a giant, but at least it would get her to the store with some decency intact.

After she left it was just the normal stuff; dishes, cleaning, internet videos, and more food. In the blink of an eye it was stream time.

“Hey Fam, it’s Sam.” She smiled and waved for the camera and waited for people to finish typing. “I didn’t really have any idea what to do today but I spent a lot of time thinking last night about connecting with other people.”

stamina_jay: i’ll keep you company bb

NutScoop: sex?

Garvv2: show bucket

“Sorry chat, just me tonight. My guest isn’t here tonight and I haven’t ‘captured’ another victim yet.”

BrowneyedCutie: She’s also on lunch break.

Sam blinked at the message and realized at the same time as the rest of the internet that BrowneyedCutie was Lola. “Anyway, I was wondering if we could just talk today chat. No sex, just some real talk with my fam.”

xxDragonKnightxx: no tits?

“I can be topless if it makes it better. I just... I don’t know, I just feel like I need to talk.”

NutScoop: lame

handbraButler: the real Monslut Fam is here

stamina_jay: u should put on ur jammies for us

“Oh god that would be embarrassing. Me in my ducky pajamas for the whole internet to see. I don’t know if I could show my face on this site after that.”

BrowneyedCutie: DUCKY JAMMIES STREAM

xxDragonKnightxx: yeah fr. duckies or gtfo

handbraButler: as long as you have ur tits out i’ll watch

RustyCat12 donated 10\$ with the message: “Duckies or GTFO”!

Sam sighed with defeat. “Alright, you win. Come on, we’re going to my bed.”

She scooped up the camera and laptop and brought her ‘fam’ into her bedroom next door. She collected her favorite fuzzy pajama bottoms and returned to where the camera was pointed to get changed. As promised, she soon climbed into bed wearing nothing but her baby duck print pajama bottoms.

She sat cross legged in front of the camera and looked over the chat log to see what she missed. Surprisingly, her viewer count hadn’t dropped yet if anything it was climbing back towards the 1000 mark.

strongtim2287: We’re all here.

“When I was a growing up, I grew up really strong really fast.” She reached up to comfort herself by playing with her breast. “And I mean fast. I was like 250 pounds of muscle by the time I was 10. That’s when my mom brought me to the doctor. Futa Class 1, you already know all that but what you don’t know is no one liked me.”

She shifted in her spot trying to get more comfortable. “Everyone in my town was afraid of me. I was 13 years old and just passing 7 feet tall and 400 pounds. Despite all that I did everything I could to make friends. A boy I liked invited me to a nearby lake for a date once only to find out everyone was there to laugh at me... I pushed him and really hurt him. I still feel bad about that...”

“Then I found the ‘well’.” Sam stopped and took a deep breath. “It’s like this hole inside me that glows. It’s where all my power comes from and its always there, always trying to spill out more. But after the lake, while I was trying to make myself disappear, I found that I could lock that glow back inside the well. Like relaxing my entire body, I could make myself smaller and weaker.”

“Does that sound insane?” Chat responded with their best attempts to understand and ask her to continue.

strongtim2287: I think I get it. The well part.
It’s like when you lift and you have to really dig deep.

“Maybe everyone has a well. That’s kinda comforting to think about. Thanks Tim.” Sam shrugged before continuing her recounting. “Chat, I want you all to understand something... I was 16 years old when I realized I could make myself smaller and coincidentally, smaller me is fucking hot. I was a horny ball of power that just realized she had E cups.”

“High school started, and I used my body to be popular. I’m not ashamed to say... I sucked everyone’s dick. Anyone who asked me on a date got to see why I was called “Hoover”. Guys, girls, it did not matter. Girls were definitely my preferred delicacy, but I was not a picky slut. I learned how to flirt my way out of anything.”

“I guess somewhere in there, I made the connection that big = bad and small = sexy. I still feel that way but y’all are making me feel better about myself.” Sam smiled appreciatively at the camera as chat engaged with her recounting though interest was definitely waning.

“Ok, let’s move on to what I need help with.”

RustyCat12: What's up hun?

Garvv2: bucket 4 prez

stamina_jay: let me help bb gurl

"I'm a very controlling person." She started by stating the obvious. "I need to be in control at all times. I'm sure you get that about me by now. But what you don't know is that I wish I was a cute submissive little girl."

stamina_jay: i'll be ur daddy

"Here's the thing... I'm terrified of giving up control. Like... terrified. What if I can't do it? Or worse, what if I can't go back? I'm terrified that I'm going to embrace this weak side of myself and I'm going to give up everything that makes me special. Like what if I meet someone who's stronger than me? Or one day I put too much in the well and I can't get it back?"

Sam took another deep breath as chat did their best to comfort her and assuage her unease.

Tweetail_9989: Can there really ever be someone stronger than you?

strongtim2287: I'll take em out for you.

RustyCat12: Being submissive isn't about giving up your power
It's actually the power role. If the submissive says stop, play ends.

"Actually Tweetail... out of the three Class 1's currently alive, I'm the smallest and weakest, even at my maximum." She admitted with a mix of pride and shame. "I probably stunted my growth or something but I don't mind."

"Whatever. Anyway, I want to learn to be submissive but it's scary. Rusty Cat, I hadn't thought of it like that... do you think even someone as damaged as me could learn how to do it?"

RustyCat12: I'm sure you can do it.

"Maybe some day I'll try... Too bad I can't have you all with me when I do, right?" She giggled at the thought of carrying her laptop on a date. "Ok, problem 2. This is a big one."

"Apparently, my... secretions... oh whatever, this is a sex stream. Y'all can take my potty mouth. My cum can make people change. That, to me, is fucking keeping me up at night."

xxDragonKnightxx: ah yeah. spiderman shit

"Spiderman...? What the heck is that? Sounds like nightmare fuel."

handbraButler: "with great power comes great responsibility"

xxDragonKnightxx: with great ya that

“Oh. Wow, you get it. Ok.” She giggled at how easy that was to explain. “Yeah so what if I do it and like... they grow another arm or their legs fall off. Or even if it’s controllable somehow, would I really want that control? Or what if the other person controls it and they do something terrible because of whatever I gave them?”

xxDragonKnightxx: superhero origin story shit fr

RustyCat12: If you can control it, you should.
You can’t just go changing everyone you leak on.

“I agree, Rusty Cat, but doesn’t that make me responsible for the other person on a fundamental level?”

RustyCat12: Unless you plan to never have sex again,
you have to control it.

ProfessorCulture: I can’t pretend to understand every implication
but control wouldn’t mean complete control where you could turn it on or off?
In that case, you’re not responsible for anything beyond normal safe sex.

“Huh.” She stared at the screen for a moment. “Being able to control it, in theory, would mean being able to make nothing happen. Why didn’t I think of that before?”

ProfessorCulture: I assume because you’re a dumb bitch.

“I may be a dumb bitch but you’re the stupid prick who watches my streams.” Sam pointed at the camera with a playful wink.

ProfessorCulture: Fair.

xxDragonKnightxx: got eeem

“Ok last one then I’ll do whatever you want.” She shifted which leg was on top and leaned towards the camera again. “My girlfriend wants me to try and get bigger. The idea scares me because part of me... that deep glowing hole inside me... really likes that idea. It’s like a hunger woke up when I thought about it and it won’t go away now. But what if by getting bigger I lose my ability to be small sexy Sam?”

xxDragonKnightxx: superheroes always gotta test themselves to
learn to control their powers

ProfessorCulture: As dumb as Dragon Knight sounds, he is right.

RustyCat12: The Monslut getting bigger makes me so wet.

BrowneyedCutie: You can thank me later.

“I’d be locked away in the facility if I lose my ability to get small, but maybe it’s worth it to see what I can really do. Is that insane? To risk it all for one horny girl?”

handbraButler: thikning with your dick is usually bad but...
you could be a human mountain n that;s pretty hot

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: ^^^^

RustyCat12: Listen to handbra. For all of us.

strongtim2287: Sister we all walk our path for ourselves alone
Having Strength allows you to have Compassion

“I can’t believe I’m going to potentially ruin my life for a bunch of sex crazed fellas and divas...” She giggled and leaned back. “Alright, I think that’s everything chat. Tomorrow I’ll be at Loyd’s Gym outside downtown Center City around 7pm if you want to drop by and say hi to your favorite Monslut. I’m going to actually see if I can get any bigger. So, what do you want me to do for the rest of the stream?”

Garvv2: bucket stream

Stretching Out - Gym stream time!

Chapter Summary

Sam is excited to show off her third favorite place in the city and has a very special surprise in store for her audience.

I wasn't sure how much focus to put on what, let me know if there's anything you want me to spend more time on.

Sam putters slowly through the empty backroads making her way to Lloyd's Gym just like she always does on Wednesdays but this time her car is packed with streaming gear.

"Agent Rachel Lee, I'm not going to do anything crazy... I just want to stretch a little bit." She could already hear the anxious sigh from the other end of the call.

"Samantha Miller, this is a deviation from your normal behavior and constitutes a serious red flag." Rachel's accusing tone was laced with concern taking all the edge out of her stern statement. "...Fine. I'll submit the deviation under one condition. You have to make sure the gym is empty before you 'stretch out'. And no damaging private property."

"You're the best, Agent Rachel Lee. I knew you'd understand!" Sam smiled at the road as she pulled into a parallel parking space a few buildings down from the gym slamming the car in park a little too hard.

"I don't understand, Samantha, but... you sound excited." The Agent let out another wary sigh. "I don't know what you're up to but I just hope you remember how precarious your situation is."

"I remember, I remember! I'm a good girl, I just have been feeling the need to really push myself lately."

"Samantha..." The voice on the other end once again sounded like they were going to issue another harsh warning but instead, she just breathed out heavily. "Enjoy yourself."

Sam giggled happily and hung up the call without even a goodbye, scooping up the cardboard box full of microphones, lights and her trusty white camera. She nearly skipped her way to her Wednesday haunt not paying attention to the group of men congregating outside.

"Sam, right?" One of the men called. They were all wearing the same basic outfit, jeans and a button down making them seem more like a work team than anything. Sam didn't give them a second thought even now that they knew her name. Surely they were just fellow gym patrons or something... just in jeans... and button downs... at a gym. Sam furrowed her brow.

“Yeah?” She asked with more curiosity than concern moving her way to the gym entrance and reaching for the door. The man that spoke up, Mr. Red Shirt, put his hand on hers.

“Why the rush?” He gave a crooked smile showing off a few yellowed teeth. “Don’t you have time to play with your fans?”

Sam couldn’t help but smile at their admission. They came out to see her! “Oh! Yeah, sure! Let me drop off my box and talk to the owner and I’ll be right back to chat!”

The man removed his hand and looked to his two companions with a look Sam completely ignored. Sam bounced and swished her messy ponytail inside dropping the box on the back counter.

“Hey Felicia! Is Greg in? I need to ask him about using the gym late tonight.”

“Sure thing Sam. Let me go get him.” The large strong brunette smiled at the regular across the counter from her paying only a small glance to the unusual box. “Hey, are those guys at the door with you? They’ve been lurking for a bit...”

“Kinda. They’re here to meet me.” Sam replied dismissively enough that Felicia’s concern seemed unwarranted.

“Hang on sweetie, I’ll get Greg.” With that she moved away towards the back hallway leaving Sam alone at the counter. From behind her, the group of guys began to pull up closer to her raking their eyes over her with hungry looks.

“Sam.” Greg, the aging gym owner stepped up to the counter giving the group of men a stern look. “What’s up blondie?”

“Well you said I could use the gym after hours if I wanted some time and I was wondering if I could take you up on that...” She shuffled the box for him to see. “I’m a streamer now and I want to stream while working out... alone if possible...”

“These jokers gonna stay with you?” He asked with another stern look at the three. “You can stay late blondie, this is your safe place.” His words were targeted at the three but Sam completely missed his meaning, too excited or too naïve to give it a second thought.

“You’re the best, Greg.” She scooped up her box. “I’ll go get changed and wait till you close up?”

The wide balding man just nodded, his eyes not leaving the three as she bounced off to the locker room.

A few minutes later Sam returned in tiny black shorts and a tight white tank top to see the gym empty and Greg waiting at the front door for her. The three from earlier were nowhere to be seen but Sam had completely forgotten about them at this point.

“Here’s the key, lock up when you leave and bring it back to me next week. It’s my spare so don’t lose it. You hear me blondie?” Sam nodded excitedly and gave the owner a big hug before he turned and left her alone. With two hours left before stream time she went about

setting up her lights and camera in front of the window wall at the front of the gym. She effortlessly moved a few things around to make sure there was a bench and at least one rack of weights in frame at the front window for her to use.

“Hey cutie.” A voice called from behind her as the three men from earlier walked up from the propped open back door.

“Oh! Hey fellas.” She gave a small wave before returning to her setup work. The three surrounded her in no time at all, looming over her with toothy smiles.

“So, cutie... how about we play some?” He reached out his hand and placed it on her firm behind. Sam, either not knowing or not caring about the danger she was in, just smiled up at him.

“I can’t really play now, I want to work out some before stream. It’s my Wednesday after all.”

He groped her ass and another hand found its way onto her breast from behind. “We came all the way out here to see you, don’t you think you should be more grateful?”

She gave it a thought as the two greedy hands played with her body to her indifference. “I tell you what... If you let me warm up, I’ll give y’all a special show.”

“What if we don’t want to wait?” He said with a threatening tone, trying to pull her closer but she didn’t budge. “What if we just take what we want?”

Sam giggled at the thought, remembering her earlier desire to be submissive. “Are you trying to help me be submissive? That’s so sweet of you!” She gushed but turned away anyway. The man in the red shirt’s face darkened as she turned away from him and he snatched at her hair to push her down. She didn’t even twitch.

“Wait, are you trying to attack me?” She turned back to him with a look of wonder. “Are you three trying to force me to have sex with you?”

A knife came out of the red shirt man’s pocket and he held it towards her. “That’s right slut. Now you’re gonna get on your fucking knees and do what we say.”

“This is kinda exciting.” She purred back at him without an ounce of fear in her voice. “No one’s ever tried to force me before... Ok, let’s play. I’ve got time. Take your pants off.”

“You’re not getting it,” He brandished the knife pushing it towards her flat stomach. “You do what we say or you get hurt.”

She rolled her eyes at his refusal to play along in the way she thought the game was supposed to go. “How am I supposed to suck your dick if you keep your pants off?” One of the men dropped his pants for her without waiting for the others but the man in the red shirt just seemed to get angrier. He pressed the cold steel against her skin and put a small slit in her tank top.

Sam felt her hand get tugged backwards to envelop the now pants less would be assaulter’s hard dick. She turned away from the man in the red shirt to pay attention to the person she

felt was playing along and suddenly felt the knife move along her stomach.

She looked down to see a long slice on the shirt she had picked out for this occasion. "That's rude." She said dismissively, fully turning her attention to the one who was willing to play along. "I don't know if I want to play with you anymore, you cut my shirt..."

Her thick lips enveloped the one exposed attacker leaving the other two completely bewildered. Mr. Red Shirt looked down at his useless knife and just stared at the back of the blonde's head.

"What the fuck are you?" He whispered as fear crept over him.

"I'm the Monslut, duh." She said back at him. "Now are you going to play with me or not?"

"This bitch is crazy; we should go Steve..." The previously silent attacker finally spoke up, Mr. Blue Shirt.

"Don't say my fucking name!" Mr. Red shirt hissed as he started to retreat back towards the back again. "This isn't over, you freak."

Sam didn't bother to acknowledge him as her mouth was currently full of warm dick. She looked up at her would be attacker's face as his eyes rolled back into his head. A small splash hit her tongue as that familiar salty goo flew towards the back of her throat. For her efforts she was rewarded with a decent contribution she could swirl around in her mouth before swallowing to show off her now empty mouth for him to see.

Something warm spread through her body as his cum disappeared down her throat. The warmth leaked from her inner well and rushed towards her breasts. She moaned softly as the feeling of her shirt stretching slightly passed through her. It felt so similar to when she got bigger she suddenly felt overcome with excitement.

"Oh! I think I can control it!" She called up at the stunned man with a broad smile. "Can you go again?"

He just nodded dumbly. "Can... am I allowed to fuck you?" He asked hopefully.

"You've been such a good boy, I don't see why not." She walked over to the workout bench and wiggled her shorts off to lay on her stomach.

"Can you lay on your back?" He asked, getting more confident as she complied with his previous request.

"You know I have a dick, right?" She offered with concern. "Guys in high school always said they couldn't do it while looking at it so I just thought,"

"I don't care." He interrupted. "I just want to see those fat tits bounce for me."

Sam smiled at his approval of her favorite body part. "You like them?" She pushed them together finding a little more mass to work with than before which made her lower lips drool even more. "Do they look bigger to you?" She purred.

He just nodded enthusiastically and climbed between her legs, pushing her panties to the side with shaky fingers. Without any foreplay or warning, he dove inside her virgin slit.

“I wish your friends had stayed, I have two more holes...” She said in a sultry voice, overjoyed that someone wants to have sex with her even knowing she’s a futa.

“Fuck you’re a slut, aren’t you...”

“Well yeah, don’t you watch my stream?”

“My friends said you were just some blonde dickgirl streamer...” He stopped thrusting to answer her question, and Sam wiggled her hips against him to keep the action up. She moaned as he picked up the pace again.

“I can feel you twitching inside me... are you close? Are you gonna fill my little pussy with your hot cum?” She teased him through parted lips feeling completely satisfied with the situation.

“Fuck” he choked out as he tumbled over the edge pushing hard against her as he came. Sam closed her eyes as the warmth spread through her like before. She could feel his energy trickling into her and rushing around looking for a place. With the same effort she used to push her power back into the well, she guided the rogue energy into her chest, immediately feeling it swell again.

She sighed happily as her shirt grew ever so slightly tighter.

“How do you do that?” He gasped trying to catch his breath.

“I’m the Monslut, silly.” She said dreamily too interested in feeling herself up to look up at him as he started to collect his things.

“You’re kind of a freak... but I don’t think you’re an affront to god...” He said hastily as he rushed to replace his pants. “I’m sorry for them.” He rushed out leaving Sam alone to play with her new delightfully larger breasts.

They felt heavier, the soft full orbs stood up on their own defying gravity even as they almost touched in the middle. Just a little more and she’d have cleavage even on her back. If the other two had stayed she would be even bigger and sexier, she thought with dismay.

Somewhere off near her forgotten things an alarm went off, her phone signaling that it was 30 minutes until stream time. She pouted as she sat up feeling their weight pull against her and shift under her top. Her ruined top... Oh well, she may as well just get big with it on now she decided.

“Hey Fam, it’s Sam!” She called at the camera sitting across from her, her back to the large window behind her showing off front of the gym and the empty dark street with only a single black car. Chat greeted her like they always did with their usual polite greetings and requests to see her tits.

xxDragonKnightxx: you got a boob job somehow???

“Wow you already noticed?” Sam pushed her boobs together in the tighter shirt before letting them settle back to either side of her torso with a heavy bounce. “It’s not a boob job but they are bigger. I had sex chat. With a man.”

handbraButler: we cultured folk will always notice titties

xxDragonKnightxx: sex makes you bigger too? that’s hot af

Sam nodded excitedly. “I think I figured out how to control it, chat. I’ll just have to find a volunteer to test it out with...”

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: I need you to pick me.
fuckmesam@kixmail.com

RustyCat12: I also submit myself as tribute.

Sam giggled again causing her larger chest to wobble a little. “That’s not why we’re here today, is it chat? Today is all about showing you how big and strong I am.”

strongtim2287: Did you stretch?

BrowneyedCutie: Get bigger for me, Goddess.

Sam stretched some for the camera, raising her arms above her head to pull her shirt up off her stomach revealing pale toned skin. She then turned around to touch her toes, wiggling her tiny shorts for the camera clearly showing the dark spot in her panties to the camera.

“Ok chat, it’s time to get big.” She said with a flirty smile feeling a little more comfortable with her true form. With a breathy sigh she let her power flow into her body quickly inflating to her full nine foot height, her neck craned forward just to fit in the space.

BrowneyedCutie: You’re getting faster at that.

Sam stretched out to either side to flex her arms and legs like she had just woken up. “Getting big feels a lot like finally getting to stretch after a long car ride...” She mused.

She sat on her bench and picked out as much weight as she could, starting with curls. The full size barbell bent slightly in her palm under the 400 pounds of weight she had loaded it up with. Her body eagerly flexed and rolled as she lifted the weight with one hand continuing her reps until sweat started to glisten across her skin. She switched hands and continued.

500, 600, 800, 1000 pounds she kept adding more weight until she started to look tired. As she curled the thousand-pound Olympic barbell, something started to change. Slowly, as if she was flexing larger and just not relaxing, her body started to grow.

Her face was scrunched with effort as she pushed herself to continue. Each curl was like a tire pump was pushing her larger. “This is getting tough chat...” She moaned, unaware of her slowly increasing mass as she finally switched arms.

strongtim2287: Dig deep diva.

xxDragonKnightxx: Sam stop
ur getting bigger

Sam couldn't pull herself away from the incredible feeling of finally pushing herself and feeling that exquisite burn. Her lips parted in another small happy moan as she worked her other arm until it became a struggle. Just like before, as she started to shake and struggle, more mass began to pile on her body.

xxDragonKnightxx: Sam stop

BrowneyedCutie: Don't you dare stop!

xxDragonKnightxx: Sam pay attention

Sam finally set down the barbell and smiled a supremely satisfied smile at the camera. "Chat, that might be the best thing I've ever felt. I'm actually a little sore." She stepped forward and her shoulders collided with the concrete roof making a loud crunch. "What the hell?"

She blinked around her to take in her suddenly smaller surroundings. Her head flew to the computer to see what everyone was pinging about.

"Chat, I think I got bigger." She said with a mix of breathy excitement and dawning fear. "Thanks for trying to warn me Dragon Knight. I didn't realize what was happening. That could have been bad if I got much bigger in here..."

She looked outside at the street considering what to do next. That hungry feeling inside her had awoken with force and demanded more.

"I can probably do some squats outside if you want to come with me." Her proposal sounded distant and a little unsure, like she was asking permission to keep going. Chat dinged excitedly begging her to continue. Several donations sealed the deal making her feel compelled to agree.

She scooped up the camera and laptop and carried her 1000 pound weight outside. She set the camera on the black car and set herself up to start her squats. After several seconds her face grew cross.

"It's just not enough weight..." She complained in a whiney needy tone.

BrowneyedCutie: Lift the car!

strongtim2287: You can't lift a car, that's insane.

Sam was already sizing up the large sedan. "It's not that big..." she finally muttered. "I'm going to try."

She moved slowly to the car, repositioning her camera behind her on the street so it could only see her foot and one tire.

“Sorry chat, I’ll give you a better view in a second...” The camera watched as a giant hand moved under the car and the foot shifted slightly. Every muscle on camera bulged powerfully as she lifted. As she fought against the weight of the sedan, her leg steady swelled larger. She was gaining mass fast and the tire was steadily rising at it was holding less and less of the car. Finally, with a roar that seemed to shake the ground, the car left the frame.

“Chat I did it!” The car returned to frame and she scooped the camera back up with an ecstatic laugh. She flexed one titanic arm for the camera to show off her victory. “I can’t believe I actually did it! I feel amazing! I think I want to do more of-“

Tires screeched and headlights bathed the streamer as the camera was suddenly flung away to the street with the sound of crunching metal.

BrowneyedCutie: Samantha???

Sam lay in a heap, bent over the crumpled hood of a blue pickup.

“Futa’s are an abomination!” Mr. Red Shirt spat at her enormous motionless body. The man started to recite scripture, condemning the creature he’d just run down as she started to move once more. Slowly, her head shook trying to figure out what had just happened. “Die by the grace of god, demon!”

“You...” She murmured in disbelief. “You tried to kill me?” She stared at the man in shock.

“H- How can you still be alive?” He shrieked, pulling out a handgun and pointing it at her. Her head shook slowly and a pink tint spread across her neck and shoulders under the streetlights.

“You want to see a demon?” She snarled, the camera shaking from her fury even as far away as it lay. Her hands gripped the car’s front crushing the metal between her fingers. A shot rang out as he fired.

Down to the Dungeon

Chapter Summary

Gym stream didn't end on the best note and Sam may have to face the consequences for her actions as everything catches up to her.

Next couple chapters will be more fun but we're heading towards the more serious part of the story.

“You want to see a demon?” She felt hot blood forcing itself into her face and limbs like lava. She’s never been angry before, it just never made sense to her. Except now, confronted by such a wicked act, she lost control. Her fingers flexed on their own, digging trenches into the truck’s fenders. A loud bang echoed from besides her and something pushed her face to the side as it whizzed off into the distance.

Her vision pulsed and shook as her arms strained to clasp the offending object bent around her torso. This stupid truck was used to attack her. It tried to end her, she seethed. Her arms bulged larger as she tried to pull the fistfuls of metal away from one another making the truck deform.

“You dare to attack ME?” She fumed, slamming her enormous fist into the middle of truck’s hood and crumpling the cab into a deep V before slamming her arms back on either side and trying to rip the truck in half again. The person, that shit head who made the loud noise and struck her face ran off but it didn’t matter to her as long as the target of her rage was destroyed.

Her well, pulsing red, fed her need for the power to crush and rend this pathetic tissue box that tried to snuff her out. With a bellow, her fingers sunk deeper into the soft metal to grab something sturdy in the center. She gripped it and lifted, swinging the truck into the air and over her head before smashing it back into the black ground with a satisfying crunch. She wasn’t going to stop until this **TOY** was obliterated.

With a shift of her massive feet, pushing small dents into the soft asphalt below her, she bellowed again and finally pulled the truck into two pieces. Her rage was blinding and directionless as she screamed again at her defeated attacker.

Behind her a familiar sound drew her attention. All at once her body was awash with cold as a breeze hit her broad sweating form and snapped her back to the present. Her computer was dinging. She stalked over to her to the tiny white camera and suddenly remembered she was still live.

BrowneyedCutie: I’m coming to get you.

She read those words and a flood of emotion tore through her. She started to sob uncontrollably, not even sure what she was so upset about but what she did know is something terrible had happened. She knew she had done something terrible. Her trembling hand gingerly pushed her laptop closed not wanting to even read what the world thought of her outburst.

As she shrank back down, all she could do was sob as she packed up her things and waited.

Red and blue lights bathed the area just as she saw Lola scrambled to open the locked gym. Sam opened the door shakily and embraced her panic stricken girlfriend as they both wept.

“Miss, we had reports of a gunshot in the area. Do you know what happened here?” A stern voice spoke up from behind them. Sam lifted her blotchy face to try and speak but nothing came out except a whimper.

“Some... WHACKO tried to kill her with a truck!! And then he shot her!! It’s all recorded too!” Lola shouted at him, offended he would dare even try to speak to her poor girlfriend.

“So someone hit this young woman with that truck over there, and then shot at her?” He repeated incredulously. “And she’s not only uninjured but the truck is somehow in two pieces.”

“Officer, I’ll take it from here.” A familiar voice came from the dark as Rachel floated up besides the door. “Special Agent Rachel Lee.” She withdrew a shiny leather folder with a large gold badge for the officer to see before she placed it back in her blazer.

“Special Agent, ma’am, what does this have to do with the Department of Defense?” The officer asked, his voice showing surprise for the first time.

“Miss Miller here is under our protection and any incidents involving her are to be handled by our department first and foremost.” She stated with her usual icy cool tone leaving very little room to argue. “We’ll share our resources with you and your investigators but for right now, I need to take Miss Miller into custody.”

“I’m... back to the facility?” Sam managed to sniffle out letting go of Lola and facing Rachel with her arms out, hands open towards the sky. Rachel nodded, taking out a syringe and injecting Sam in the wrist.

“Miss, please step back. I’ll be taking care of Miss Miller for... We’ll be in... please give the police... everything will be ok...” Sam’s head swam with butterflies and sparkles as the dose of medication immediately took effect on her. She smiled a pleased smile at the Lola blob and waved her hand watching it sparkle and swirl in the yellow lights.

“I’ll be back soon.” She said in a sleepy voice before her face found something cold and hard. The comfortable tile floor caught her and whispered nice things to her as she let the cool air caress her to sleep.

“Sam.”

Sam’s eyes fluttered open to be assaulted by too much light all at once. She tried to shield her face but her arms wouldn’t listen leaving her to blink and squint at the flooded blurry world around her.

“Samantha Miller, can you hear me?”

That was her name. Gosh, she really liked when people called her Samantha. No. She liked it when Agent Rachel Lee and her Lola called her Samantha. Everyone else said it like her mother did when she was in trouble.

“Am I in trouble?” She rasped out, her voice sounding like she had swallowed sand.

“Miss Miller, please answer my question. Are you feeling ok now?” The stern voice stated. Definitely male from the sound of it. She blinked some more to try and see where she was and the small sterile space slowly came into view. She was laying down but she couldn’t feel anything but her face.

“I can’t move my body...”

“That’s the paralytic we had to administer for everyone’s safety.” The calm male voice spoke back to her from somewhere nearby. She blinked again and the room came into focus. “It should start to wear off soon. We’ll need to know if you’re experiencing any pain.”

“How would I know?” She croaked annoyed that she was so helpless and being forced to answer stupid questions.

“Your sense of touch shouldn’t be impeded, Miss Miller, just your ability to move. Nurse, could you please?” Something soft touched her hand but she couldn’t tell what it was. She couldn’t lift her head, just stare at the white ceiling and florescent lights.

“I’m not in pain.” She answered letting her frustration show.

“Are you angry, Miss Miller?”

“I’m annoyed.” She rasped trying to shrug but her body still wouldn’t listen.

“But are you angry, Miss Miller?”

“No, I don’t really get angry.” She scoffed.

“Were you angry when you attacked the truck that hit you?”

“Oh... that... yeah, I guess I was. I was really angry.” She tried to move again and felt her finger twitch in response.

“Am I big? I can’t see myself.”

“No, Miss Miller, you were brought in in your petite state.” His voice was so calm it was starting to frustrate her. If she could move, she wouldn’t feel so helpless.

“Can we talk after I can turn my head? Talking to the ceiling is really lame.”

“No, Miss Miller. I need to determine if you’re a danger to yourself or others or we’ll have to dose you again.” His voice didn’t even change as he was threatening her. Then again, she did beat up a truck with her bare hands... She sighed at the ceiling.

“I’ll behave and answer your questions.” She relented just like she did with Rachel. This would be so much easier with Rachel.

“We’ve reviewed your stream, Miss Miller. Is there any reason you didn’t report that you had found employment?”

“It’s not ‘employment’... I don’t get a paycheck, I get donations.”

“Very clever, Miss Miller. You’re right, the law doesn’t prevent you from receiving donations.” His voice changed a little like he was genuinely impressed making her smile a little. “Either way, we’ve reviewed your past streams and have some concerns.”

Sam sighed continuing to twitch her finger as it was the only part she could control still. “It’s a sex stream, I didn’t do anything that crazy...”

“You tied a young woman to your bed and, and I’m quoting your audience, ‘brutally fucked’ her.”

“Lola consented. We talked about what was going to happen before hand...”

“Is Lola your girlfriend?” Sam kept quiet. “Miss Miller, please don’t make me have to dose you again... you said you would behave.”

“Fine. Yes. She’s my girlfriend. Is that illegal too?”

“We’ve never had a Class 1 capable of being in a relationship before, so no, there’s no law preventing it.” She heard a page turn, and she tried to turn her head but wasn’t able to. Another finger started to listen to her though, so she focused on moving that one around as well.

“I’m plenty capable.” She sulked.

“You are indeed, Miss Miller. Too capable these days.” Another page turned. “It says here you can control changes in your body and the body of others using bodily fluids. Can you tell me about that?”

“Bodily fluids- oh you mean the cum thing.”

“Sure. The ‘cum thing’. Can you tell me about how that works?”

“It’s weird. It’s like I can feel the power held inside it and make it go places.”

“You’ve described moving power around before with Special Agent Lee. Do you feel that these two abilities are linked?”

“Oh, good point. Yeah it is really similar.” Her whole foot moved, making her smile as she gained yet another thing she could do.

“None of the other Class 1’s have shown anything similar despite extensive testing. Do you think this is unique to you?” That calm voice sounded nervous under it all. The more she listened to his monotone the more she could pick out the way his face moved as he spoke and the hints hidden within.

“Why are you nervous?” She asked bluntly hoping to gain some control back from the otherwise helpless situation.

“Miss Miller, I know you have a need to be in control but I request that you do not deviate too far from the questions for now.” He sounded surprised this time, like his cheek was lifted slightly. “I’ll ask again; do you think this ability is unique to you?”

“How the heck would I know?” She shrugged slightly, feeling something press back against her. She must be tied down. “If you haven’t seen the other two do it, maybe I’m like a mutant or something. Or a Class 0.”

“Would you like that? Being completely unique?”

Sam’s heart sank at the thought. “No... not really. I don’t want to be different.”

“You just want to be special.” His words cut her deep. She did want to be special.

“I want to be pretty and wanted. I don’t want to be some weird freak.” She tried to clarify shifting her bicep slightly and feeling the heavy leather strap shift against her.

“I see.” He sounded like he was frowning. “We’ll talk more when the medication wears off, Miss Miller. I appreciate your cooperation.”

The door opened and closed three times leaving her to feel completely alone as her body slowly started to respond to her.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were streaming, Samantha?” Agent Lee’s words struck out from outside her vision like cold daggers. She sounded almost hurt.

“I was afraid you’d tell me to stop...” She felt tears welling up in the corners of her eyes and she was powerless to stop them. “I didn’t want you to have to take it away...”

A warm hand touched her thigh before the door opened and closed one more time leaving her to cry alone.

A few minutes later a tall woman entered her room, clacking her heels against the tile as she approached. She had an air of authority about her that projected that she was the boss of this place. She pointed and a buzz was heard and suddenly the straps holding her down went slack. Sam sat up finally getting to see the room she was in.

The ceiling was vaulted high above them and the bed she was laying on looked like it was made for a giant. Fitting for a Class 1 facility. There was nothing in the room except the bed and a small metal desk that the boss lady took a dainty seat at. She was wearing a white lab coat over a suit very similar to the one Rachel liked to wear.

“Do you go by Sam or Samantha?” Her voice was deep and raspy for a woman like she was a smoker but sexier. Her thin rimmed glasses perched on the end of her nose and her black hair was drawn up into a tight bun.

“Uh, Sam is fine.”

“Do you know why you were brought in, Sam?” Her eyes never left her clipboard as if she was just some lab rat barely worth noticing. It was kinda hot.

“Probably because of the truck thing.”

“While it is unfortunate that you were attacked, my colleague has assessed that you aren’t dangerous and that was an isolated incident. Not your fault, as it were.” Her steely blue eyes lifted from her paperwork and cut Sam in half like lasers. It was like she could see straight through her.

”Oh. Great. Then no, I have no idea why I’m here still.”

“You recorded yourself working out and you showed an impressive increase in size and strength for such a short period of time.” She stood up and walked to the center of the room to stare at Sam, her face a complete mystery to the young woman.

“Let me guess, no other Class 1 has ever gotten bigger?”

“Quite the contrary. We’ve seen Class 1s continue to grow with regular exercise, but they all have stopped growing by the age of 20. You’re 22 and at your presumed maximum. We don’t like being wrong, Sam.”

Sam just shrugged it off. “Maybe I just didn’t reach my max size yet? I avoided exercise pretty hard before I could shrink...” The black-haired woman pursed her lips.

“Come with me.” She turned on her heels and clacked towards the door forcing Sam’s compliance. She slid off the far too tall bed and raced to catch up as the woman clacked down the wide hallway.

“In your reports, you talk about a well. The other girls have mentioned something similar, but they say theirs is quiet and empty, content even, where you describe yours as overflowing and “hungry”.” Her hips swayed slightly as she walked her long, toned legs down the empty corridor. Sam was smitten by her grace.

“So what?” Sam asked like a child questioning their parent.

“So what if what you say is true, what if you’re not at your maximum size and this ‘well’ is the source of your incredible growth?” She stopped at an enormous metal door covered in warning signs. “Imagine you’re me, a doctor who has dedicated their life to writing papers and creating laws to keep futas and the public safe. And one day a Class 1 comes along that breaks every one of those established rules. How would that make you feel?”

“I’d feel pretty mad, I mean all that work...”

“I’m not mad, Sam, I’m fascinated.” She pushed a piece of plastic into a black board looking thing and the door started to flash big yellow lights. “There’s so much I could learn from you but I’m not allowed to.”

The enormous door yawned open slowly showing what looked like an incredibly oversized apartment building hallway. This must be where the other two live she thought with a shudder.

“Your unique ability that allows you to stay a part of society is the same thing that keeps you out of my reach.” The woman sounded excited, desperate almost. With the door open she clacked into the apartment hallway and immediately turned a corner.

Sam gasped as an enormous back appeared before her. She watched as the muscles undulated and shifted as the creature moved something unseen in front of it.

“Marcela, are you busy?” The woman asked the back and the creature it was attached to stood up. And up. And up. The thing before her was several feet taller than she was at her largest and for once, Sam was intimidated.

“Did you bring me a new toy?” She asked with a false sweetness that put Sam immediately on edge. “I’m sorry I broke the last one...”

“You tormented her until she hung herself, Marcela.” The woman’s voice dropped to a cold accusatory tone but the thing in front of them just smiled apologetically.

“I didn’t torment her... I was just trying to explain the difference between us and she slipped.”

“I read your report... but that’s not why I’m here. This is Sam, she’s a Class 1 as well.” Marcela gave a high-pitched laugh and covered her mouth with the back of her hand as if she were royalty.

“Like me? But she’s so small! I could crush her with my pinky toe!”

“Sam is unique, she can change her size at will.” Marcela’s face shifted from pompous to calculating in the blink of an eye. The giant looked her over as if she were suddenly appraising her from the inside. A cruel smirk split her lips.

“We’ll have to get to know one another, Samantha. I think we could be great friends...” Marcela said in her fake sweet voice. “I’m sure we can be best friends even. You’ll fit right

in.” Sam only moved slightly, and Marcela had already homed in on her weakness. “We’ll accept you here.”

“We’re leaving, Marcela.” The woman in front of her spoke up before turning on her heel to clack further down the hallway. Marcela gave a wave of her fingertips as Sam followed after her. Sam could tell, Marcela was dangerous.

A few minutes later the pair arrived at another enormous doorway. The doctor cleared her throat and knocked on the doorway. Something moved in the dark and a blanket fell away.

Sam was used to seeing giant and imposing figures, she was 9 feet tall and Marcela was probably 11 feet tall but this... this was a mountain. Easily tall enough to dwarf a one story house and wider than one, the girl inside this room turned lazily around to look at the door.

“What brings you all the way down here, Doctor?” Her low voice shook the doorway and rattled Sam. She had no idea Class 1’s could get that massive. If Lola was here, she’d throw herself at the hulking figure before her. She was sure of it. “Do you have another worshipper for me?”

“Bailey, you don’t have worshipers, you’re not a god. You have escorts. Like you asked for.”

“Whatever.” She reached forward a finger and reached from the back wall all the way to the doorway. “Is this a new one? She’s cute.”

“No Bailey, I’m showing Sam around her eventual home. She’s a Class 1, like you.”

“No one’s like me. I’m the strongest living thing on the whole fucking planet.” Bailey moved faster than she would have expected from someone so large. With the movements of a fighter, Bailey squared herself up to the doorframe and swelled up as large as she could. Bailey moved her arms like a bodybuilder, flexing and posing as she did. “Do you see this body? I’m a fucking God among ants.”

“You look great...” Sam stammered out not wanting to upset the narcissistic titan.

“You better fucking believe it.” She smirked. “See these? 93 fucking inches. That’s wider than one of your tiny fucking doorways. That’s just my arm.”

“Thank you Bailey, that’s enough.”

“You can’t tell me shit. I could rip through these fucking walls with one finger if I wanted to.” She sneered down at her two visitors.

“Yes but then who would bring you new escorts and keep you fed? You like it here, Bailey, and we like having you.” The doctor for her part held her ground.

Bailey tsked and turned to wander back to her bed. “Whatever.”

With that the doctor turned once more and clacked back towards the entrance. There were so many empty rooms it looked like they were ready should the population suddenly boom. As they passed Marcela’s ‘room’ Sam finally spoke up.

“Why did you show me that?”

“I wanted you to understand why we don’t know what to do with you.” She replied without any edge to her voice. “You’re not that different from Bailey. She just wants to be accepted.”

“She wants to be worshipped.”

“How is that different? Acceptance takes many forms.” The doctor countered. “If you do in fact keep getting bigger, and your fears come true, even I may not be able to help you.”

Sam looked through the closing door to see Marcela listening intently just as the enormous door sealed shut.

A Normal Day at Last

Chapter Summary

Sam and Lola go on a date to take a load off.

No sex scenes until chapter 11 unfortunately.

Sam walked up to her door late that night to find Lola sitting, shivering, on her front step. As soon as Lola noticed she was in the air flying at Sam for a tight embrace.

“What happened to you!?” She shrieked, kissing Sam desperately anywhere she could find. Sam didn’t answer, she just carried her sobbing girlfriend inside and locked the door. She remained silent until they were finally seated in the living room next to each other.

“I got taken to the facility...” She started to explain as Lola comforted herself by attaching herself to any part of Sam she could find. “I met the other Class 1’s and... Lola they’re terrifying...”

“Terrifying how?”

“They’re both way bigger than me, one of them, Bianca or something thinks she’s an actual god and the other one is just... mean. I think she killed someone Lola... They didn’t even seem human...”

Lola shared a look of concern with her girlfriend and held her closer. “But what happened before that Sam? You ripped a car apart on stream and someone shot you, baby.”

“Someone shot me?” She seemed surprised by the thought of that. “I don’t think anyone shot me, Lola... I think I would have noticed if that happened, right?”

“He had a gun and he fired it at you baby... you’re were a big target. Do you think he missed?”

“He had to have missed. That’s the only thing that makes sense.”

“Did the truck hurt you? It sounded like you got hit really hard.” Sam just sighed with a look of clear distress.

“What if that’s not enough to hurt me...?” Sam muttered considering the consequences.

“What if I can’t be hurt?”

“That’s not a bad thing, baby. I never want you to be hurt...” Sam wasn’t persuaded. Lola sensed her distress and tried to change the subject. “Your stream was a big hit. It was all over

the internet today... You're famous."

"What do you mean? Famous or infamous?" Lola just shrugged unable to say really how people would react.

"The local news channels are calling you a hero for taking down a dangerous rapist. The internet is calling for the Monstrolite to be set free. You really started something." Sam shifted against the couch uncomfortably.

"I don't want any of that... I just want to have sex on camera..." Lola shrugged again burying her face in Sam's thick thigh.

"How about this instead; you got bigger and you promised to let me measure you whenever I wanted..."

"Not now, Lola... I'm not really in the mood to be big..." Lola looked disappointed more that her diversion didn't work than that she wasn't allowed to play. "I'm hungry and I want a shower..."

Lola perked up and smashed her shrunken chest into Sam's arm. She was still pretty large but more F or G cup than the incredible wobbly assets she had before. "I'll make you a huge dinner! You go take a tub with some bubble bath and candles and let me take care of the cooking!"

"I usually don't need a big dinner, I get most of my calories for breakfast... but I feel like I'm going to waste away so that sounds excellent." Sam started towards the stairs before she turned around with a small smile. "Take a tub? Is that how you say take a bath?"

"It's what my mom used to say..."

"Bubbles and candles sounds perfect. I might be a while..." She turned back towards the stairs to head upstairs to her master bathroom.

"I promise not to come jump you!" The excited brunette called after her sad looking girlfriend. "But only this time!" Sam finally giggled breaking the tension in the apartment.

Sam sunk into the hot water as deep as she could go. Luckily at just over 5' 4" tall she could slip under the water up to her nose without more than the top of her knees being uncovered. She blew little bubbles into the water's surface lamenting that she had run out of bubble bath.

Her hands naturally gravitated to her chest surprised to find it was still as big as it was after her rendezvous. "I guess I don't shrink down like everyone else? Or did I do something different by forcing a specific change?" She muttered to herself sitting up out of the water and watching the water drip off her still tiny nipples. Lola's nipples got nice and big when she grew but she didn't... maybe she had to be really specific when she forced it to happen...

Her fingers found their way to the pert little points on her swollen boobs and she gave herself a test pinch. Lightning shot through her body like a live wire was attached directly to her pussy and she gasped loud enough for Lola to call something up to her from downstairs.

“I’m fine! Sorry!” She called back, not even sure what her girlfriend has said before sinking back into the hot water. “Holy shit...” She whispered giving herself another small pinch. Even prepared for it, her body spasmed and her dick twitched. What would it feel like if she made herself bigger? Would it feel even better? Or was it because her nipples were so small that all those nerves were tightly packed...?

Bigger is always better she decided. Now to find someone to cum in her so she could get more fuel to grow with. Maybe she could make Lola grow a dick... She giggled to herself at the thought of manufacturing a Dickgirl. Huge pendulous balls and towering cock on a trim little brunette with big swollen boobs. She giggled again at the utterly ridiculous fantasy... even if it did get her a little worked up.

She sunk back down into the water and closed her eyes to process everything that had happened recently until finally the water started to get cold. Her stomach growled angrily bringing with it renewed hunger pangs.

Sunlight streamed through her windows and brought with it a small promise of a better day. She looked beside her to look at Lola’s sprawled out form, drool collecting in the side of her open mouth as her hair spread out around her like tentacles. Trying to leave the bed without waking her girlfriend, Sam quietly climbed down towards the foot of the bed only to accidentally lean on a stray foot.

“Morning...” Lola moaned through a stretch.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to wake you, I was just going to get breakfast...”

“Waiferme...” The brunette sat up a wild tangle of thin hair. She yawned again and fell forward, dragging herself towards the side of the bed like an inch worm.

“You really are not a morning person...” Sam remarked with a stifled giggle.

“I work nights,” She protested through another yawn. “And who wakes up every day at freaking 6 am anyway?”

“It’s just when I wake up.” Sam scooped her girlfriend up in her arms like a princess and carried her down to the island to set her in what has become her seat. The two of them sat in silence as Sam prepared her usual feast. “You can sleep in you know...”

“No.” Lola pouted back at her, her lips still deliciously swollen. It seemed some changes didn’t have an expiration date making her wonder if it was more of a percent loss thing. Sam

shook her head and went back to cooking.

“I want to spend the day with you. We can have that date you came up with.” Sam offered, chewing on a stray piece of bacon.

Lola nodded her fuzzy head and gave a tired smile. “I get to measure you first though. You promised.” Lola crossed her arms and closed her eyes.

“No problem.” Sam agreed. “How can we buy clothes for me if we don’t know what we’re working with...” Lola squealed excitedly.

“We’re going to the Outlets. Have you ever been there?”

“I get all my clothes online.” The blonde admitted with a small shrug.

“Wait, you’ve never been clothes shopping?? How do you know how something fits you if you don’t try it on??”

“I shop for clothes all the time, I told you. If you have your measurements right, online shopping works just fine.”

“Of course it works for you, you’re built like a supermodel. Some people walk in the light.” Lola scoffed. “You have yet to experience the joy of clothes shopping and I’m going to pop your cherry.”

“Technically your nipple has that honor.” Lola giggled a perverted giggle at the memory. “They’re too small to do that again. Too bad, right?”

“I kinda learned to control it now, I think anyway.”

“You told the internet before you told me. I was there. Rude.” Lola crossed her arms in fake indignation.

“In my defense I learned like 30 minutes before I told chat.”

“You can text me you know...” The brunette pouted.

“I’m new to this, I’m sorry. I’ll do better.”

“Ok so here’s the plan. You wear your period clothes until we get you something you can actually wear.”

“Don’t you want to measure me first?” Sam asked through a final bite of sausage finishing the tray.

“I’ll measure you at the Outlets. They’re outdoors so even a Goddess like you can shop without trouble.” She tapped her head indicating she thought it through.

“You’re going to measure me at the store? What are you planning you devious slut?”

“Rude!” Lola’s mouth dropped open in pretend shock. “You’re right though, I’m totally going to do it to make the sales girl jealous. I still have your old measurements to compare. This will be fun.”

“I have to tell Agent Lee where I’m going.” Sam remembered suddenly fishing her phone out of her pocket and firing off a text. She waited for the dreaded questioning, but none came. Instead, Rachel simply told her to have fun and that she’d be around if needed.

The two of them arrived at the Outlets in Tally just as the stores were setting up their clothing racks. Lola turned to her girlfriend with an expectant look.

“Right here? The parking lot is empty... Everyone will see me.”

“Yeah. Exactly.” She wagged her fingers indicating for Sam to hurry up smiling hungrily. “Put your tarp on and get big.”

Sam opened the trunk and took out the enormous black t shirt, draping it over herself and wiggling out of her slender pink halter top underneath it. Next she pulled on the cavernous pair of boxers, kicking off her short shorts and form fitting thong. Small clothes went away in the trunk and she took a step back from the car to fill herself with power.

“Can you do it slow?” Lola asked through a playful smile. “I want to touch.”

Sam closed her eyes to concentrate. She reached inside her to the glowing yellow well deep inside her, drawing from it in a trickle. Slowly, her body started to change in response. Like soaking a wet sponge, her muscles drank in what was offered and demanded more. Still she held back, keeping the pace as agonizingly slow as she could.

She felt Lola’s fingers on her arm slowly spread apart as her bicep swelled from a small straight tube into a rocky crag. Lines and dips drew tight across her skin as new muscles inflated beneath soft skin. She could feel herself inching taller as her trapezius and deltoid muscles flared out wide behind her. Her legs thickened and pushed out creeping larger. Her thighs thickened and shredded into a tangled web of root thick bulges. Quadriceps exploded into thick powerful knots. Two tiny hands clung to her arm as a formidable basketball bicep formed between her hands. Sam stayed crouched, not wanting to take away Lola’s enjoyment as she pressed past her previous full size.

Lola watched her girlfriend’s loose shirt start to run out of space as shoulders and chest muscles continued to demand more room. And those arms... She licked her lips watching a basketball grow into a beachball. As Sam finally stood up, the horny brunette couldn’t help but compare the giant’s legs to her own waist.

Sam let out a relieved sigh as the hungry feeling subsided as her body finally stopped growing. Her shirt was pulled tight across her chest like it might rip just from breathing.

“I’ve definitely gotten bigger.” Sam whispered down to Lola snapping the brunette out of her trance.

“Well come on, my Goddess. Let’s get you measured. I know just the place.” She threw her hands up like a small child would. “Carry me.”

Sam obliged, scooping Lola up and setting her on her broad forearm so she could sit facing forward. A protective hand moved to hold her in place and make sure she didn’t slide off. Her first step at her new size cracked the pavement below her just from the impact of her heel making her wince at the damage. The next step she tried a more delicate step, moving her weight to the front of her foot first and that seemed to work. Plus, the ground no longer shook from the impact. She felt like an elephant learning to walk.

The two of them walked onto the concrete walkway and made their way from store to store until they arrived at Lola’s target.

“Oh Rebecca...” Lola called loudly in a singsong voice. “Come out you slut.”

“Lola? Is that you? You sound different.” A tall broad brunette appeared from the clothing racks in front of them and stared. Her eyes started at Sam’s eye level stomach and slowly worked their way up to her messy waves of blonde hair.

“I need you to measure my girlfriend. She needs new clothes... she’s a **growing** girl after all...” Lola purred triumphantly down at the chunky brunette staring slack jawed at the pair.

“Can I borrow your girlfriend?”

“Sure.” Sam and Lola both answered at the same time, confusing who she needed to borrow.

“Do you want to borrow Lola?” Sam asked in a soft voice and Rebecca shook her head.

“No. You, you enormous slab of sexiness.” Rebecca clarified without an ounce of reservation. “You can do whatever you want with me after I get my hands all over that body of yours.”

“You slut! Hands off. She’s mine.” Lola said with a mischievous smile.

“You let me seduce your last boyfriend, why not this one?”

“She’s special.” Lola stuck out her tongue.

“Well how am I going to measure him- sorry, her if I can’t-“ Rebecca suddenly cut herself off mid thought. “Is that a cock?”

“Yep!” Lola chirped nuzzling back into Sam’s broad chest comfortably.

“Alright, that’s it. Put the little whore down. I need to get you measured.” Rebecca snapped her fingers expectantly and Sam complied not sure exactly what the dynamic between these two was until Lola ran to hug the chubby brunette.

“I missed you. Why don’t we hang out anymore?”

“Probably because of her if I had to guess.” She pointed loftily at the tremendous confused blonde. “C’mon. I need to get you measured- You aren’t going to fit inside. Never mind I’ll do it here.”

Rebecca wandered off leaving Lola and her stunned girlfriend to mill about the clothing racks. Sam had to kneel to comfortably reach the clothes, but she still found the experience a feast for the senses. Every tiny soft garment that she could ever imagine wearing all right here for her to touch and imagine herself in.

Padding up behind them came up a slightly out of breath familiar voice. “Samantha, what are you doing at that size?”

“Lola picked out the date... It’s not my fault.” Rachel gave a cross look at her charge and let out a long sigh.

“Fine but I’m staying with you two, just in case.”

“Just in case I crush another car?” Sam frowned.

“In case someone tries to shoot you again, Samantha. You have created quite the stir. Don’t you live on the internet?”

“Ohmygod, you’re her!” Rebecca re-emerged from the clothes carrying a long bundled cloth tape measure. “Duh, how many giants are there? Of course you’re her.”

“There are three of us actually.” Sam corrected unhelpfully.

“You’ll have to help me out, Lola’s Girlfriend, I’m only normal tall and you’re really a lot.” Sam complied and followed the pudgy girl’s every instruction.

“11 feet, 3 inches tall. Hot damn girl. How’s the weather up there?” She didn’t wait for an answer and simply continued her work.

“The weather doesn’t change in just 11 feet...” Sam tried to answer her but ended up being ignored. Rachel let out a single stifled laugh.

“89 inch band. I’m definitely not going to have anything in your size.”

“Shut up. You’re loving it you pervert. Keep going.” Lola called from the side still pulling outfits off the rack. From what Sam could tell, Lola had a very different style, picking almost everything pink and black with straps or belts. “And don’t forget her arms.”

“You slut.” Rebecca seemed to be listening to her anyway so Sam had no idea what the name calling was all about.

“61 inch biceps, 89 inch thighs, and a relatively tiny 42 inch waist.” Rebecca put her fists on her wide hips looking up at Sam with an indistinguishable look.

“So?” Lola peaked her head around the clothes with a cheshire cat grin.

“I want her to use me as a napkin, happy? What do you mean ‘so’.” Lola pranced out from where she was and threw herself into Sam’s side.

“You can’t have her.” Lola sighed happily.

The two disappeared somewhere into the clothes chatting and giggling leaving Sam seated on the edge of the clothes wondering if she should follow.

“Those two seem to be good friends.” Rachel spoke up surprising Sam enough to make her jump slightly.

“That’s what friends are like? I thought they didn’t like each other...” Sam pondered in confusion.

“My sisters used to talk like that when they were together.” Rachel’s face softened into a distant expression.

“Do you get to see them often?” Sam implored quietly, not sure if she should pry.

“No, they live on the opposite side of the world practically. They are both still at home with mamó.” Sam watched her smile and couldn’t help but smile along with her.

“That whore ordered you a bunch of clothes that are way too big even for you.” Rebecca announced to Sam drawing her attention back to the two brunettes emerging from the storefront. Lola had changed into giant black boots, a pink and black leather corset complete with poofy ribbon skirt in matching colors. Sam couldn’t deny she looked pretty hot in her outlandish outfit.

“I got myself stuff too. What do you think?” The pink ribbon skirt flared out as Lola did a twirl on her heel. “Do you like it?”

Sam just nodded wordlessly.

“Stunned speechless. I like that answer.” She climbed back into Sam’s arms, taking her place on her forearm again. “I bought clothes in a bunch of sizes in case you get over eager baby.”

Sam cleared her throat and looked back at Rachel in time to catch a slight flush in her cheeks. “Food?” Sam asked hopefully.

The three of them spent the rest of the day touching clothes and flustering shopkeepers with Sam’s insane size requirements. Several hours passed and even Rachel started to get in on the game, going in first to make outlandish requests for a mysterious client only to bring them out to see Sam in her full glory.

A ringing scream split through their giggling making Sam wheel around in concern only to find a very slender blonde clutching her purse to her mouth.

“YOU’RE THE MONSLUT!” She screamed again and Rachel glided in front of the other girls defensively.

Sam smiled and waved. “Are you a diva or did you just hear about me on the news?”

“I’m UnsurePumpkin91! I’ve been a Diva since the beginning!” The underweight girl pranced in place and reached into her purse unaware that Rachel nearly tackled her if not for Sam’s hand on the Agent’s shoulder. “Can I have your autograph!?”

Sam looked at the marker and considered what exactly she was supposed to sign. “Sure, I can do that Pumpkin. Do you have any paper?”

The teen shook her head, straight blonde hair flying every which way as she did. “Just sign me!” Her bony fingers grabbed hold of her shirt and yanked it up showing off her tiny breasts and defined ribs. “No bra, just like you!”

“Ok but I’m going to have to pick you up to do that...”

“Can I take a picture while you’re holding me?” Sam set Lola down to her quiet dismay and extended a hand the size of a standard pillow to lift the girl off the ground gingerly. They both smiled at the camera as the diva snapped away pictures. Sam held the girl flat and signed her name across her body before setting her down and sending her on her way to scream somewhere else.

Destruction as Therapy?

Chapter Summary

Sam is asked to do the impossible, live on the internet, for the sake of... therapy?

“You want me to what?” Sam said with a look of utter confusion as Lola and Rachel stood in front of her.

“Doctor Octavia wants you to work out more and she has purchased a building near the city center for you to use as you see fit.” Agent Lee repeated without any indication she was joking.

“Right right, but get back to the part where she wants me to destroy it.”

“Samantha, you have to know it’s important to have a healthy outlet for your emotions. Doctor Octavia is worried you have pent up aggression and is simply offering you a way to work that out.”

“On a... building...” She stammered back at the pair. Lola wiggled around in her pink corset and combat boots obviously excited about this turn of events.

“My girlfriend’s going to lift a building.” She purred at the stunned blonde.

“I can’t lift a building, Lola, that’s insane.” Sam shoots her turned on girlfriend a small knowing smile before turning back to Rachel. “Agent Rachel Lee, you can not be serious. She actually wants me to tear down a building on the internet...”

“Samantha. Stop being difficult.” Rachel crosses her arms in that serious pose she takes when she’s about to give a lecture. “Pent up aggression and anger can cause you to lash out and we both saw what happens when that happens, need I remind you of your tantrum on Wednesday?”

“I don’t get angry,” She started to defend but both Lola and Rachel looked at her with that look that told her she was definitely wrong. “Ok fine. I got angry one time. But why does she want me to stream it?”

“Doctor Octavia believes your relationship with your stream is an integral part of your continued therapy.”

“Sex streaming is not therapy, Agent Rachel Lee.”

“It kinda is for you, baby.” Lola chimes in, sitting next to her blonde girlfriend and resting her hand on one firm thigh. “You lean on them. And you ask them for help. It’s good for

you.”

Sam opened her mouth to argue some more but at this point it felt entirely academic. She knew that if she didn’t agree, they’d just make her do it and on top of that, part of her found the idea really exciting. She wouldn’t admit it, but ever since Lola started begging her to get bigger she had been trying to imagine more intense feats of strength. If she could actually lift a building...

“Fine, I’ll do the building thing on stream.” She relented putting her hands up in defense. “You’ll both be there, right?”

“I have to work, baby. But I wouldn’t miss it. I’ll be online as much as I can.”

“I’ll be there for your protection and to ensure safe execution.” Rachel stated clinically but Sam could see a small smile at the edge of those thin lips.

She sat with Tally outside a beaten down heavily tagged garage. Despite her hesitation, she starting to look forward to this on the long drive over. During her drive on the highway for the first time she had worked herself up to the task, imagining her pushing over an office building. Instead, this small, squat single floor structure just seemed so disappointing in comparison.

“How would I even film myself tearing down an office building...” She chided herself. “Besides, I would have no idea what to do to keep other people from getting hurt. This is a good start.” She nodded to her dashboard as if the sputtering sedan was agreeing with her assessment and shut the engine off.

With her cardboard box in hand, she climbed out of the car and wandered into the barren lot surrounding the tattooed structure.

“The facility bought this property and a few others for you.” Rachel floated up beside her with her usual supernatural grace. She moved like a dancer or a predatory cat in her spotless black suit. For a moment Sam was overwhelmed by her appreciation for the tight knit woman. Despite everything, she was always there.

“Rachel I...” She started but couldn’t find the right words to thank her silent guardian. Instead her heart jumped into her throat and shut off her ability to continue.

“Samantha, did you just call me Rachel?” The Agent’s stoney expression broke into an actual smile.

“Agent Rachel Lee-“

“No no, you already lost. I’ve been asking you for years to call me Rachel and today, I finally won and now you have to say it again.” The up tight agent was nowhere to be found, replaced

by a powerful and playful redhead. Her secret best friend.

“Rachel, I don’t really know how to thank you... for everything.” She poured herself out onto the barren dirt between them. “You’ve always been there for me no matter how stubborn or difficult I was and I just... I’m so grateful. You’re such a good friend to me...”

“Samantha... Sam, I’m happy to have been the one to be there for you. You’re a stunning young woman.”

“Please keep calling me Samantha...” Sam muttered with a healthy blush. “I really like it when you say it.”

The two women shared a quiet moment as neither of them wanted to be the first one to speak up and break the tender glance they shared.

“You should set up for your stream, Samantha.” She said with a little more inflection as if she was trying to be a tease. “I’m sure your fans will get a good view if you use both cameras.”

“Both cameras? I only have the one...”

Rachel floated over to her SUV and returned with an expensive looking camera. “Consider it a gift for being such a good girl all the time.”

Tears welled up in her eyes as she buried her face in the Agent’s pristine jacket shoulder squeezing her best friend in a crushing hug.

“Now you’re just taking advantage of the situation, Samantha. Is that your hand on my skirt?” She said sternly but Sam couldn’t hear any edge in her voice, just a smile. Her hands were on her shoulders... was she making a suggestive joke?

“Sorry.” Sam sniffled as she stepped back looking at the damp patch she had left in the otherwise spotless back blazer. “I should go set up.”

The two parted finally and Sam went about figuring out how to work her new camera into her stream. With the new wireless camera placed far enough to see the building from the outside and the other camera tight on her in the basement, Sam was finally ready with a plan. She’d try a few times to lift the big beams that ran across the floor and when that failed, she’d just move upstairs and reenact Godzilla in Tokyo.

It was time.

She flicked on her portable lights and smiled for the camera. Her flower print tube top and jean skirt made her feel like a surfer girl in the bright lights. “Hey Fam, it’s Sam.” She called at her trusty white camera with a smile and a wave.

Garvv2: where bucket?

NutScoop: sup hotie

RustyCat12: You look radiant despite the dour surroundings.

Chat pinged furiously as more and more people piled into her stream. Thousands of viewers had suddenly come from everywhere to see her and the popularity filled her with a dirty thrill.

“ I have a very special stream for you all today, fellas and divas.” She spoke in a measured tone trying to hide her excitement.

MonslutLovrrr: I can't wait to see this.

strongtim2287: Gonna get swole today or is this a deep dicking stream?

“Chat, brace yourself...” She pat her legs in a terribly off rhythm drumroll. “I’m going to try and lift this building and then I’m going to destroy it.”

ProfessorCulture: I don't want to burst your bubble superman but buildings aren't like cars. They aren't made to have all their weight on a single point.

“Yeah but I figure...” She scooped up the camera to show the two i-beams running under the building. “If I can lift these, I might be able to get it off the ground a little. Besides, if it falls apart in the process, we'll just call it an early victory.” She set the camera back on its stand in front of her.

MonslutLovrrr: Can she really do that??

RustyCat12: Oh you sweet summer child, you have no idea who you're watching is do you.

xxDragonKnightxx: our Monslut is the best she's a fucking superheor

“Ready for the Monslut to get big chat?” She smiled eagerly at the pinging chat box and trickling donations asking for various states of undress obviously not aware of what she was planning or how things were about to go down.

She stripped her clothes off quickly and crouched down before the camera in a frog squat.

pleasesitonmyface: what's with the squat she gon take a dump or smth??

NutScoop: shut up freak, she's about to change

Sam's body had already started its transformation much faster than she was anticipating. Her body fed off her eager energy and swelled into her new 11 foot form. Even squatting her head brushed the low basement ceiling.

strongtim2287: You got bigger queen.

BrowneyedCutie: She's a Goddess not a queen.

strongtim2287: Respect.

“God this is cramped. I should have made sure I could fit first... I’m almost going to burst through the floor.” She placed her enormous palms on each beam and pressed her wide back against the concrete floor above her.

She took a moment to collect herself as her dick swelled up as a flag to her perverse pleasure in attempting this. Not wanting to look at chat and get distracted she took a deep breath.

“Alright fellas and divas, let’s do this.” She grunted and pressed up with all her strength. Her body shook against the weight of the floor but nothing budged until a crack rang out from the far corner making her stop.

“Shit, I have to do this with just my arms and legs...” She huffed already seeming winded. “Don’t want to crack the floor.”

She shifted her grip and curled herself into a power position; legs fully bent, weight on her toes, and her hands just above her head as close to her shoulders as they would go.

“Let’s... fucking... go!” She grunted and her entire body tensed with exertion. Her breath became ragged and her legs began to shake beneath her but still, nothing happened.

strongtim2287: Dig deep and find that well.
Don’t forget to breathe.

BrowneyedCutie: We all believe in you.

xx_Cultured_Hound_xx donated 100\$ with the message: “Mon Slut hype train!”!

Sam once again turned her attention away from chat as dings erupted from her laptop. Dig deep, she thought, use the well.

She pushed once more, this time she closed her eyes and reached deep inside the glowing pit inside her. It responded explosively, rushing in every direction to touch every inch of her body and bathe her in new pulsing power. Immediately she felt the change inside her.

Every part of her body inflated with more and more raw strength as she forced a deep crack to form in the far wall of the foundation wall. She grit her teeth and growled against the stubborn weight in her hands, reaching into the well even deeper than before and splashing more glowing yellow liquid into her every muscle. Her mouth parted in a hungry noise as her torso clenched and rolled sending a powerful climax crashing through her enormous frame.

The surprise orgasm brought with it another swell from her already titanic frame as her hands spread wider on the beam and her arms and legs packed themselves larger. She felt a euphoria erupt from the well inside her as another unprompted splash coated her body from the inside and the building shuddered in her hands.

She stood up slowly, every inch she lifted meant two inches for the building as her body eagerly inflated. Her arms erupted into new muscle as they swelled until they were maybe half as wide as a car. Her legs didn’t stop there, not to be outdone they kept slowly gaining more and more mass, pushing out into the air by several more inches. She roared

triumphantly for the camera shattering the windows of the building above her with the vibration carried through her impossible arms.

Suddenly the thought struck through her excitement as her eyes met the deeply flushed Rachel over by the other camera. What do you do when you're holding up a building?

"Rachel." She hissed pleadingly making the redhead jump. She floated over towards the gaping hole Sam had torn in the foundation with a surprised smile.

"I shouldn't be this close, what if you drop it or it breaks?"

"I need your help." Sam whispered back. Rachel gave a fleeting look back at safety before the resolute redhead looked back, all business. "Move my laptop outside and tell me what chat says."

Rachel scrambled quickly on her stomach into the yawning split between the two parts of the garage scooping the streamer's laptop up and scuttling back outside.

"Chat..." She said through grit teeth. "How do you want to see this? Do I just drop it? Or do you want me to like... chuck it?"

Rachel stammered and muttered half words as chat flew by her face.

"Half of them say to throw it but, it looks like someone named x x dragon king x x. Sorry, dragon knight, paid 200 dollars to see you try and rip it apart like the truck." She stared at the screen trying hard to make sense of the chaos. "Now they all seem to agree, they want to see you tear it in half. Are you really going to do that Samantha? I will back up."

"Alright Dragon Knight..." Sam boomed from her position, arms stretched skyward holding an entire building above her head. "You're one of the original fellas, I can't say no. Let's try it."

Her arms flexed as her hands closed on each i-beam and pulled roughly out to either side. Like tearing paper, the building simply split into three pieces and fell to either side unceremoniously. When the dust settled, Sam was left looking powdered but untouched. She climbed out of her hold and immediately left the frame as she towered over the camera.

The white camera jostled and shook as Sam raised it up to her face to look down at the destruction with a smile and a peace sign.

MonslutLovrrr: That was both the hottest and lamest thing ever.

NutScoop: fr

ProfessorCulture: I don't think that counts as "destroyed".
If I were your demolition contractor, I'd want my money back.

Sam laughed down at the screen and felt herself unintentionally deflate as a wave of exhaustion hit her. She held on for a moment, staying about half size, before the rest of her power was drained from her and she was left tiny and naked once again.

“I’m going to have to try and do it small size, fellas and divas... I’ve never been so tired I can’t stay big before.”

BrowneyedCutie: Don’t push yourself baby.

xxxSexyMommy86xxx: Don’t push yourself baby.

RustyCat12: Yeah, don’t push yourself.
Baby

Sam waved her hand dismissively. “Who wants to see a five foot bimbo smash what’s left of a building?” Chat erupted in the affirmative and Rachel even gave her a small nod of approval.

Sam replaced the white wired camera with the new wireless one and wandered naked over to the building making sure her tits were in frame as she did. Then, with one arm out front and the other holding the camera to her shoulder, she gave a lame sounding “rawr” and monster stomped through what was left of the building.

Despite her small size, she smashed through walls like the cool-aid man and crushed concrete under each stomp like clumps of dirt. She moved the camera to face her a few times to give another lame dinosaur noise or to pretend to breathe fire before giving a monster snarl and jumping through more rubble.

By the time she was done, Rachel had even joined in pretending to be a dinosaur and giggling wildly as they kicked different parts of the building.

Finally, Sam and Rachel emerge back to the static camera covered in concrete dust from head to toe.

“Alright Fam, I hope you had as much fun as I did. I’m going to sign off and get dressed.” She waved before closing the laptop with another tired giggle.

Sam pulled on her panties and flopped down onto the hard dirt.

“It’s a good thing we don’t do this more often, I think I could get a taste for destruction...” Sam admitted sheepishly not sure what the implications of that admission will be. “With chat egging me on, maybe I am dangerous.”

“Samantha Miller, you are the biggest baby I have ever met. You ugly cry every time you watch Brave. If you ever went on a rampage I am pretty certain the police would just have to call you a bad girl and you’d pout and stop.”

Sam smiled at the reassurance and looked down at her concrete dusted body. “Yeah... It was fun though, wasn’t it?”

Rachel made another dinosaur noise, holding out her hands and pretending to attack the blonde from above making her shriek and giggle. Rachel continued the playful attack, tickling Sam onto the ground and pinning her down.

In the blink of an eye Rachel felt something wet and hot press her lips as Sam had reached up to pull her into a deep passionate kiss. Tongues fought for dominance against one another, exploring and teasing each other as they shared a scorching moment. When the kiss ended, they smiled at each other but the moment slowly grew cold. Rachel's sense of duty crept into her face as lingering dread over the line she had crossed and Sam flushed at letting herself get carried away.

"Rachel I'm so sorry-" Sam stammered out, scooching back to her feet.

"No, don't be." Rachel said with a forced smile. "Thank you for tonight, Sam."

Sam tried to smile as her heart sank watching Rachel silently climb into her car and drive off.

Sam Learns a Hard Lesson

Chapter Summary

The happy couple has to deal with the fallout of an unexpected kiss.

Sam sat on her couch with her head in her hands replaying the kiss from the night before in her head over and over again. Why did she have to do that? Rachel probably hated her now, she jabbed at her own open wound. Her phone went off but instead she went upstairs to sit on the balcony.

Another notification. And another. It was probably Lola. She flipped her phone over with a guilty sigh. Sure, they agreed that she could see other people but Lola was supposed to always know and she definitely did not know about this one. Why did it feel so much worse than having sex with some random dude in the gym?

She sighed again and checked her phone finally.

<Hey baby.>

<Want company? >

<Last night was omg amazing.>

<I can't wait to see you.>

Her rapid-fire texts set Sam's teeth on edge as she read the texts. <Yeah come on over.> She replied more out of obligation than desire. Maybe talking to her girlfriend would help her sour mood.

--

"Hey up there!" The bouncing brunette called in her usual sing song way. She had lost almost all of the mass Sam had fucked into her at this point leaving her in just a normal tight black t-shirt and weird strapped pants. "Come get me, you **Goddess**."

Sam stood up and trundled downstairs to return Lola's tight hug.

"You seem down. What's up? Want to talk?"

"I'm fine, it's just something happened yesterday and I don't know what to do about it."

"You mean how you exploded into a giant??" She added unhelpfully obviously buzzing about her size gain. "I wonder how big you are now? God. I wonder how big you can get?"

Sam smiled distractedly really wanting to get her confession over with but Lola didn't seem to have brakes today.

“Want to get really big and **fuck** me?” She whispered hotly into Sam’s ear but this time Sam just pulled back. “Baby, are you ok?”

“I’m really not...” Sam started to explain but was cut off again making her face flush red.

“Some deep, wild **sex** should help. Come upstairs.” Sam batted her hand away in frustration.

“Lola I’m trying to talk to you.” She snapped. “Can’t you let go of your weird fucking fetish for one second and listen to me without me having to be bigger than a building?” The words had a life of their own and she couldn’t stop as her heart hammered in her chest.

“Weird fetish?” Lola recoiled, wounded and ready to strike back. “Excuse me?” Her voice shook with indignation but Sam couldn’t stop herself. The words were out of her mouth faster than she could even think.

“God, you’re so selfish. Will you ever be satisfied? Can I ever actually be big enough for you? It’s like you’re just using me for my body.”

“Excuse me!?” Lola shrieked, her voice reaching a higher pitch. “Some internet slut isn’t about to tell me I’m just using her for her body. Who was the one who can’t keep her legs closed long enough to have a real relationship?”

Sam’s eyes stung as tears fought their way free. “I am a slut and you should have known that already. If you can’t handle that maybe you should just go. You know what, you should go. Just go.”

Sam turned and stalked back into the apartment hearing Lola let out a primal shriek behind her and slam the door. An engine started and zoomed into the distance. Her hurt shook her limbs and stung her eyes as she choked back angry hurt tears.

That night, Sam snuck out to a bar one street over. She made sure to be extra careful about it too. She made sure to use incognito mode and clear her browser cache after finding the place so she couldn’t be found out later and she shut off her phone so she couldn’t be tracked by GPS.

Her heart hurt but she was too stubborn and angry to admit it. Instead, she came up with a plan. She was going to go and find someone who appreciated small Sam. God damn it she was hot, she affirmed herself, she didn’t have to feel like this.

She had lost track of how many of the delicious pink drinks the group of good looking guys had bought for her as she giggled and swam around in her head. They had found her almost immediately, sitting alone at the bar in her smallest black dress, and swept her off to the corner.

“I’m famous god damn it.” She sputtered at the blondish one next to her. The other blondish one, the spikey hair one with the big mouth chimed in and poured her more of that tasty drink.

“You deserve so much better, Samantha.” Her name sounded flat when he said it, not special like Agent Agent Lee, like when she did said it.

“You’re really hot.” The first blonde one with the blue horse on his shirt said in her ear making her giggle ticklishly.

“I am.” She agreed loudly, laughing again. “And now I have to pee. S’cuse me!”

The bathroom wobbled into view as she sat down heavily in one of the stalls placing her dizzy hair in her head. Her hands. The door opened as someone else came in and the cold air felt really good against her hot face. Instead of going to a nearby stall, the feet stood in the middle of the room and suddenly said her name.

“Samantha. Are you in here?” The voice whispered loudly drawing her curios- curi- excitement.

“What are you doing here you naughty boy?” She whispered to the blue horse guy, placing her hands on his shoulder in a friendly gesture but also trying to stabilize herself.

“Shhh.” He put his finger up and dragged her off towards the last stall and shut the door. She watched as his fingers struggled with his pants making her smile. Dick would make this all better. Lola doesn’t have a dick. “Who’s Lola?” He whispered but Sam ignored him.

She sank to her knees and grabbed the flap of cloth holding his pants together giving it a teensy-weensy yank. The zipper and button immediately escaped across the stall, broken and ripped open.

“You’re really strong...” She heard him say but she didn’t want to be strong today. Today she was sexy. She wasted no time swallowing his hardening dick. He was a little on the small side but that didn’t really matter as she made him shake and sputter with her tongue.

“Can you cum for me?” She whispered at his pants before placing her hot mouth back over him. She could feel him getting close already.

“Oh god, you’re-“ He whimpered grabbing the door behind him with a crash. “You’re really good at that.”

She just moaned around him remembering how good that felt when Lola did it to her. With a small grunt the man finished against the back of her throat. It took a few seconds to get it all and despite his lack of stamina, it was a sizeable load much to her delight.

She swallowed his donation loudly and opened her mouth for him to see but he was already escaping out the door to the bathroom making her frown. She didn’t have time to wonder as her bust rippled larger against her tiny dress making her look even more obscene.

On unsteady legs she made it back to the table where only one of the men was left. The spikey one.

“Where did your friends go?” She asked, her voice distant and airy.

“Don’t mind them... how about you and me go back to my place?” He put his hand on her thick thigh and Sam felt her chance to get more tits open back up.

“Can I tell you a secret?” She half whispered at his neck. “I can make my tits really big for you if you fuck me a lot...”

“What the fuck?” He coughed back at the drunk slut already reaching for his crotch. “Shit, you’re not a hooker are you? Whatever, come on.”

Sam felt her hand get pulled away towards the door and out into the cold air outside and she blacked out.

She woke up in Tally, her head pounding angrily. Against her side her phone vibrated. She reached past her immensely swollen bust towards her phone to check who it was. 12 missed calls. Lola calling. Oh god, 8am hurts.

“H- hello?” She croaked feeling like she did when she woke up in the facility.

“Sam are you ok? Where are you? You’re not at your apartment and Rachel and I are really worried.”

She groaned and held her phone against her massive left breast. She looked almost twice as big as she was when she went out... but where even was she? She blinked at the neon sign next to her with the words “Patrick’s Supermarket”.

“I think I drank too much and went to see you...” She reasoned. “I’m at the supermarket... I’ll be home in a sec.” She hung up quickly and started the car trying to piece together what happened after she left the bar. Not that it mattered if she remembered. She obviously fucked that spikey headed guy and based on her new additions, they either fucked a lot or he came like she did.

She stepped out of the car to see Rachel and Lola both standing in front of her apartment. She climbed unsteadily out of her car with her broken heel in her hand and her black dress a stained mess. She walked silently past the two and opened the door for them only for Lola to jump on her in a tight hug.

“I was so worried...” She sobbed into her cum stained shoulder. “You reek.”

Sam nodded and wandered inside ready to get an earful, but no one spoke. They just sat on the kitchen island across from her staring at her.

“What happened baby?” Lola broke the silence first. The word ‘baby’ hitting Sam in the chest like bricks. She had been so angry before but it just didn’t mean anything when Lola called her that. Why was she even angry again?

“I was mad...” Sam started. “So I went to a bar nearby to pick someone up. I wanted to prove I could find someone who appreciated me even small but-“

“Oh Sam... Baby... I do appreciate you. I’m so sorry I made you feel like I only care about your size.”

“Lola, let Samantha finish her story. I want to hear what happened that led to... those.”

Sam looked down at her dress noticing she had swollen so much the seam down the sides were popped. “They just kept handing me juice drinks and before I knew it, I couldn’t really think... I remember hooking up with them but that’s all. It’s all black after that.”

“At least we know alcohol is effective against Class 1’s, I’ll have to let Doctor Octavia know.”

“Is this all because you and Rachel kissed?” Lola broke in scrambling for Sam’s hand which she just couldn’t pull away from her girlfriend. “You could have told me, baby, I don’t care about any of that... I just want to be with you.”

“I tried to tell you.” Sam started, looking at Rachel apologetically but getting nothing from her except her usual stoney expression. “And then I just got so hurt I lashed out... I said a bunch of stupid things and acted like a child...”

“Samantha Miller, when will you realize that you are a child. You haven’t had the same experiences as everyone else and while you may be very capable in some places you’re lacking in others. That’s why I’m here. For you. You should have called me.”

“I should have done a lot of things...” Sam muttered feeling Lola squeeze her hand.

“Sam, baby, you are always my giant.” She tried to reassure her girlfriend but shook her head as Sam looked up like she was going to say something. “You are intelligent, kind, and ambitious. You’re also stubborn, juvenile, and impossibly willful... but that’s what makes you my wonderful giant. Not your body.”

Sam felt the sharp prick as tears welled up again.

“I’m so dumb...” She sniffled. “I’m so dumb and so hungry...”

Rachel laughed a small laugh for breaking her otherwise unreadable façade momentarily. Lola pushed off her seat and made her way to the kitchen. “Are we ok baby? Can I still call you my Goddess?”

“We’re ok... I’m sorry I acted out and... did this.” She motioned to her chest and Rachel’s expression changed for the briefest of seconds. Sam was way too tired and hung over to catch it though.

“I’m going to make you breakfast. You go take a shower. I have, well we have news for you.”

Sam came back down in her ducky pajamas to find an impressive quantity of food spread out for her. As Sam sat down and dug into her late breakfast, Rachel was the one to speak up first.

“Lola got contacted by a nearby fan. X x... sexy mommy 86 said she wanted to know if you would meet with her to discuss having her on stream as a guest. Lola will give you the details but I want you to know ahead of time, I do not like the thought of this one. Too many people could get hurt and the facility won’t repair any damages.”

Sam dragged her face towards Lola with confusion written all over her features.

“Amber wants you to show her inattentive husband how it’s done. In front of him. And she wants you to make her bustier while you do it.” Lola spilled the details with a broad smirk. “Stream will love it. All you have to do is pretend to break in to Amber’s house and have sex with her in front of her helpless husband.”

“Oh that’s all.” Sam looked back at her plate wondering what she even thought about the situation. She didn’t really like the idea of humiliating someone but she did like playing the dominating monster... maybe this was just like that. “Can I meet her and talk about this before I decide or did you already say yes?”

“She’s hoping you’ll meet her for lunch. Rachel will be there. I can come too if you’re ok with that.”

“Of course you can come with me Lola, you’re my girlfriend.” Sam smiled across her mostly empty plate having eaten everything else. “Wait, why are you against this Rachel? It sounds like an act just like with Lola.”

“Breaking and entering is where my concern starts. The facility, my bosses, won’t approve money to replace damage done because you were acting.”

“Oh. Whatever. I have enough money to replace anything I break.” Sam said dismissively turning back to finish her plate.

“How much is that?” Lola asked with a hint of excitement in her voice.

“Well after the building stream I have like... 300 thousand or so saved up.”

“You mean we’re loaded!?” Lola burst out and nearly climbed onto the countertop.

“Samantha Miller... you have to pay taxes on that money... please let me to help you with your finances if you need it. That is a very large amount of money for someone who has only

ever had an allowance.” Rachel’s face drew tight with concern in that matronly way she did when Sam was giving her a hard time.

“I haven’t really had any idea what to do with it to be honest.” She added unhelpfully.

“You could buy your girlfriend a strap on...” Lola purred making Rachel clear her throat.

“What?”

“We should be talking about the meeting with Amber, you don’t need me here to discuss your sex life.”

Sam just shrugged. “I’ll meet her. Why not? I don’t really like the idea of hurting someone else but I’ll at least hear her out.”

“That’s very mature of you, Samantha.”

Just a Weird Day

Chapter Summary

Sam gets asked to do something new and ends up learning something new.

I had trouble writing this one, I just don't get how it's supposed to go haha so it probably ended weird for those who are into that.

Sam sat in the back of Rachel's black SUV jostling and wobbling with every bump and turn. Her new expanded bust was straight up unruly leaving her to wonder what it must have been like for Lola when she was even bigger than she is now.

"I'm not upset, but if you take this opportunity with Amber and you don't have sex with me, I'm going to start to take it personal." Lola whispered in her ear, putting her hand on the inside edge of Sam's thigh to make her point known.

"Sorry Lola... I've been neglecting you, haven't I." She leans up to the slightly taller girl to push her against the door in a hungry kiss. Her hand slid up the brunette's shirt slowly determined to find something to play with.

"Hands to yourselves, ladies." Rachel scolded with a glare from the rearview mirror making the mischievous couple sit back up straight and behave. Sam took the opportunity to look around the spacious back of the car noticing a toolbox of sorts in the back of the truck. Syringes, vials, rubber glove, bullets maybe? And what looked like a giant taser. Before the curious girl could investigate further, she felt her phone vibrate in her hand.

<Do you want to go clothes shopping tomorrow? Looks like you need new tops. Heart eyes emoji>

<I think most of my clothes still fit, I'm not that much bigger.>

<Doubt. You look big big to me. Come shopping with me? Kiss emoji, eggplant?>

Sam got fed up with texting the person next to her so she just smiled at Lola and gave her a nod just in time for the car to pull up in front of a small local coffee shop. The three piled out looking like a stern mother and her two unruly kids.

Once inside, Sam looked around not sure who she was looking for until a curvy middle aged woman caught her eye waving her arm out of its socket. The blonde nudged Lola and pointed before leading the two over to the far corner to sit down.

"Amber, I guess?" Sam asked with a polite smile.

“Call me whatever you want, darlin’.” She placed her warm hand on top of Sam’s and stared into her eyes across the table making everything a little more uncomfortable.

“Right but, I mean, are you Amber?” Sam tried to clarify trying to make sure she was actually at the right table and not just getting hit on by some stranger.

“I’m Amber. Amber Cloet. Or sexy mommy 86. That’s me.” She spoke quickly this time like she was trying to keep the blonde from running away or perhaps she didn’t want anyone to overhear. Sam just nodded and smiled again, relaxing into her seat and taking her hand back to place it on her knees.

“Lola said you reached out to her about wanting to join the stream. Is that right?”

“Lola is your girlfriend? Brown eyed cutie?” The middle aged woman shook her head in a circle whisking her hair out of her face in dramatic fashion. Sam nodded again hoping to get to the point but Amber just smiled dreamily across the table at her.

“So what did you want to talk about?” Sam prompted after a few seconds of awkward silence.

“I want- no no. I need you to let me have a taste of you.” The older woman pulled her hands back and grabbed a hold of her long black skirt in bunches. “My husband just doesn’t understand how to do it. I’ve tried to teach him to dominate me, but he just doesn’t seem to understand. He’s a very caring man and I’m sure he’s just trying to respect my feelings but god, what does a woman have to do to get her husband to pull her hair, you know?” Her voice slowly grew louder as she spoke, her head making small circle motions like a bobble head as she talked. She let out a forced nervous laugh at her statement before she settled back in her seat.

“So you’re hoping I’ll show him how you want to be treated?” She asked to make sure she understood the assignment. “It’ll be tough to do anything big inside...”

“I have 10 foot ceilings. That’s big enough for you, right? I read online you’re 9 feet tall when you’re... not like that.” The matronly woman leaned forward as she spoke in an urgent whisper making it clear how bad she needed Sam to say yes.

“I’m a lot bigger than 10 feet these days I’m afraid.” She watched the woman’s world start to unravel in front of her and she felt compelled to try and help. “I can just, like, stop when I run out of room.”

“You can do that?” Rachel piped up from her place beside Amber before falling silent and stern again.

“I’ve never tried it before but if I can grow and shrink, I should be able to stop before I get too big. Otherwise, I’ll just have to hunch.”

“You can tear my roof off if you have to. I’ll pay for the damage, I don’t care. You don’t understand how bad I need this.” She leaned closer to the table again, her sizeable bust pressing into the table edge making a crease in her shirt. Sam leaned back and considered the

situation. It was just sex, and as long as Amber was ok with the whole body-changing-cum thing what was the real issue?

“Alright but remember, my... stuff... it can make people change.” Lola looked over with a questioning glance about to interject, probably to ask if she lost the ability to control it or something, but Sam squeezed her knee getting her to play along.

“Change me however you want. I’ll do anything.”

“Amber, I’m serious here. You’re already looking pretty curvy in that blouse. What are you, like, a 36F? Are you seriously saying you’re ok being even bigger that?” Amber let out a startled gasp as Sam pressed her question. Once again she got that frantic look, her eyes looking around the table for any hint of support before she pulled her lips into a line and leaned back into her chair.

“Does it have to be my breasts?” She pleaded eventually. “Can’t you just make my hair longer or something?”

“I’m already going to be focusing on not crushing you and not bursting out of your house or smashing through the floor.” Sam warned not wanting to let this go without some form of understanding. Amber for her part recognized the line in the sand.

“I can deal with looking like a bim-“ She suddenly noticed Sam’s expanded bust and clamped her mouth shut. “I mean to say I can deal with having bigger breasts if that’s what it takes.”

Sam smiled and leaned back letting off the pressure. “It’s fine, I like looking like a bimbo. Your change will be temporary anyway, I just needed to make sure you weren’t going to freak out after.” Amber let out a relieved sigh and Lola’s hand squeezed hers.

“I’m a school teacher for... high schoolers... I might just call out sick until the swelling goes down.” Amber whipped her hair behind her again in that same dramatic fashion as before.

“Now that I’m on board, when do you want to do this? I stream tomorrow at 7pm. How are we going to get the camera in the room anyway?”

“Leave that to me.” Amber stated, holding up her hand with her fingertips pinched together. “I’ve been telling my husband we should make a sex tape to spice things up. I can set up your camera and just say it’s one I bought.”

Sam nodded considering the plan she had come up with so far. “Ok so I’ll give you my new wireless camera to set up and you’ll have to give it back to me after. I can set up in my car out front of your house as long as I have the WiFi password.”

“You should take the camera with you when you leave. You’re going to break in to my house anyway, you can take some things on your way out to sell your motive.”

“I don’t need to steal your stuff, Amber. The camera should be plenty.” Sam reassured her feeling uncomfortable with the idea of actually committing a crime just to sell a sex scene. “Let’s talk about the actual ‘breaking in’ thing.”

“Smash through the wall, our bedroom is on the first floor.” Amber responded way too quickly.

“I’m not comfortable with doing that much damage to your house... I mean you have to sleep there afterwards.” Amber looked disappointed for a moment before she spoke up again.

“I’ll leave the side door unlocked or you can break down that door. Losing that door for a few days just means our laundry room will be open to the outside. And it isn’t facing the road so no one should notice and take advantage of the situation...”

“What you just leave the door unlocked... The actual break in won’t be seen on camera so there’s no reason to cause more damage just because it’s hot.” She saw the mature woman pout a little unconsciously.

“What about the bedroom door? My kids don’t live at home so we have the house to ourselves. Breaking that door won’t change anything, we leave it open most of the time anyway.” Amber leaned forward again seemingly determined to get some part of her house destroyed.

“If it means that much to you, I can break your bedroom door. I can pay for a replacement with my stream earnings.” Amber opened her mouth to argue again but settled back into her seat and swished her hair behind her once again.

“Okay. Thank you for replacing the door.” Her voice was measured and calm now leaving Sam to wonder what she was thinking now.

“Last question then. What’s the story? I broke in because I smelled some hot unattended pussy and decided to wreck up the place?” Amber flushed at her brash word choice but didn’t seem to want to argue otherwise.

“You’re from the school and you followed me home because you want a...” She dropped her voice a little before continuing with a deep blush. “you wanted a piece of this hot ass.”

“Ok I can work with that. Maybe I can even look up a school uniform and like, hulk out of it in front of him.” Sam offered trying to really sell the scene.

“We don’t have uniforms and can’t you just be naked and giant for the whole thing?” She had that needy look again like this was important to the fantasy.

“Oh. You don’t want to see me grow for you.” Sam stole a look at Lola suddenly realizing that she might be just as into the actual getting bigger part as Lola was and hadn’t considered that it wasn’t the same for everyone. “Yeah, that’s fine. I can start big from the start. Besides you’ll tell him this was all an act afterwards so he doesn’t like try to have me arrested. Right?” Amber squirmed in her seat with that thin lipped look she had when she wanted to argue but knew she shouldn’t.

“Do we have to tell him?” Amber asked, bunching her skirt up in her fists again.

“That is not negotiable.” Rachel chimed in with an air of absolute authority. “Samantha will not be tied to a potential police report simply because you don’t want to admit to your husband that he’s not satisfying you properly.” The entire table felt as though they were in trouble as she sat there stone faced and scowling.

“I think we have a pretty good plan.” Sam chimed in after a few moments of silence trying to wrap up their meeting. Amber just nodded with her lips still pulled in a thin line. “I’ll be outside your house tomorrow at 6 pm with the camera, I’ll start the break in at 7 sharp. Does that work?”

“I’ll turn on my bedroom light to let you know that everything is all set” Amber offered leaning forward again.

“If you set up the camera, I’ll be able to see what’s happening in the room.” Sam shot her down one final time before standing up and reaching out a small hand across the table. Amber took it in a weak handshake. “This should be fun.”

The rest of the day went by fast. Lola dragged her girlfriend all over the outlets again this time not insisting she be a giant for the trip and instead ran around measuring every part of both women. Rachel was a 34B and Sam’s new bust was a 32L, a size not stocked in stores, in case you were wondering. After that Lola insisted on “helping” her girlfriend pick out clothes. Their tastes could not be less similar.

Lola wanted to dress her in black pink and extraneous buckles while Sam’s taste was more slim fit “cute and sophisticated”. Her girlfriend eventually got her way after convincing her to buy at least one shirt with her favorite band on it in a size that fit her chest but looked like a dress on the rest of her. Rachel even got swept up in the madness, having a matching band tee forced on her.

Even through the mayhem that was Lola, Sam managed to walk away with some cute tops and dresses that while not made for her exact body type still looked good enough for her to wear. She resolved to return to her favorite online shop that evening to get some actual properly sized clothing.

As soon as Rachel pulled off the curb Lola pounced, dragging Sam into her own giant open stone shower built for her old maximum. “Do you want to practice stopping at the right size? And maybe if you’re really into it... You can make me feel like a little toy again? As practice for tomorrow.” Lola reached behind her back to turn on the water drenching herself, clothes and all.

Lola’s hungry smile pushed Sam over the edge and she tore her clothes off before stalking into the shower stall, swelling larger with each step. Lola started to peel her wet clothes off but Sam pinned her to the tile wall with one growing hand. Slowly she swelled up, her hand

covering more of Lola's torso as she filled up more of the space. Sam bent down to place a hungry kiss on Lola's neck before biting her possessively.

She found it hard to stop at first as they played under the water. It was like trying to stop a raging river mid-downpour but after swelling and shrinking several times and concentrating hard, she managed to get that hungry feeling to fade mid-way.

"Baby. Your nose is bleeding. Are you ok?" The brunette pinned to the shower wall by the two-foot appendage slipped off of her meaty pillar to check on her girlfriend. Sam poked her nose as is basically required in these situations and noticed the red smear of blood on her thick digit.

"Yeah, I feel fine." She smiled as the world swirled around her once making her legs buckle, dropping her to her knees. "Ok maybe I overdid it."

Lola didn't even pout at not getting the shower sex she wanted as the two of them walked the rapidly shrinking unsteady blonde to the bed.

"Now my covers will be all smelly..." Sam whined as she was helped into bed still dripping wet.

"Is that seriously what you're worried about? Your brain could be bleeding or something."

"Can't I lay on a towel or something? I just did laundry..." Lola stomped off to the bathroom to whip a towel at her unreasonable girlfriend. "Thank you..."

"What do we do? Do I call Agent Rachel? That Doctor Octopus person?"

"Doctor Octopus? What?"

"Do you seriously not watch movies? And this is not the time. Your girlfriend is having a heart attack here!"

"Lola, baby, I'm fine. See? The bleeding has stopped so I probably just used the well too much or something."

"Or your eyes will start bleeding like Eleven when you try to use your powers tomorrow."

"Is that another movie reference I'm missing?" Sam patted the bed next to her. "Come cuddle with me."

"Seriously. Uncultured heathen." She finally smiled again as she climbed up next to the resting blonde. "We're doing nothing but watching whatever I pick next weekend. No arguments."

After a tense silence between them finally spoke up, deciding to put the elephant in the room to rest. "I'm still going to do the stream tonight for Amber." Lola made a high-pitched whine against her tightly closed lips and started flailing useless punches and pushes against her immovable girlfriend.

“You’re the worst!” Lola yelled back helplessly, having exhausted herself. “Fine. But if I see blood on stream, I’m calling Agent Rachel.”

“Agent Lee.” Sam corrected unhelpfully getting hit some more for her efforts. She scooped her girlfriend up into her arms and pulled her onto her stomach to rest on her bloated boobs. “I’ll be fine, Lola.”

Lola nuzzled into Sam’s chest and just pouted for a few minutes.

Hours passed and Lola left for work after finally getting the sex she wanted. Sam sat in her trusty car, Tally, trying to figure out how to connect the new wireless camera to the relative stranger’s house wifi network. At least she was early.

The house caught the golden rays of a beautiful sunrise like a pretty clean canvas making it look like a model home in some magazine. By Sam’s reckoning and her extensive knowledge of houses, it was clearly classified as huge. The two-story mansion at the end of its own little street-bulb turn around thing had no neighbors on the entire street, just perfectly manicured trees and bushes. If she had guessed what this place was before meeting Amber, she would have called it a golf course or a country club.

And Amber wanted her to rip the walls off.

Sam took a moment to consider where that kind of rage could stem from, if she was that unhappy in her life or if she was just swept away in the fantasy. She could only come to two answers. Either one, her husband did something awful. Or two, money makes people weird.

Her alarm went off denoting she had thirty minutes before it was time to stream and Amber had already come out to get the second camera. She rolled her shoulder and remembered the script one last time. Break in through the side door and destroy the bedroom door. Commanding. Strong. Monstrous.

“Yo. Sup. Fuck you slut.” She tried to growl in a deeper voice, making her cough at the reverberation. “Bitch.” She spat, satisfied that that had the right punch to it. “Sup bitch.”

Feeling somewhat prepared, she climbed out of the car and gave a small hop. Bouncing once up to float past the roof line she took a deep breath as she fell back down for her toes to catch her silently. She was ready.

The building shook as something enormous wandered through their home’s interior. Jack was a tall well built man in his late 40s with a distinguished salt and pepper beard. In his youth, he had been in impeccable shape, with a will of iron. Now, as he sat bolt upright from his place on the bed, he felt terrified of whatever was approaching. They had been talking about his wife’s daring idea to make a sex tape when what must be a dinosaur entered their house and started stalking around.

“Amber!” hissed at his wife as she moved towards him still dressed in her white sex costume. “Amber, get my gun!”

The brown-haired woman reached into the nightstand beside her, too thrilled to think better of her actions. She handed her husband the revolver and smoothed out her costume, shaking her head to swoosh her long shiny hair behind her.

Five enormous fingers pushed through the door to their hiding place as the door was crushed into splinters before his eyes. He quickly pulled up his weapon and aimed it at the rippling creature that squeezed itself inside.

“Stop!” He bellowed with all the authority he could muster as muscles unfurled and stretched in all directions to reveal the head of blonde hair sitting atop those boulders that should be shoulders.

“What do you plan to do with that little thing?” The voice from this monstrous woman shook the walls and rattled the windows behind him shaking him to his core. His fingers pulled against the hard steel of the gun in his hand.

Sam’s face twisted into surprise as she watched the gun in front of her jerk and fire. Shit. That was all she could come up with before her stomach screamed out in pain as something smacked into her. As she looked down at the bullet smashed uselessly against one of her abs she learned something very important: pain sucks. The place around where she was shot slowly grew red as the stinging feeling dropped to a throbbing pain.

“Happy?” She sneered, forgetting the reason she was there in the first place and simply upset at this new and terrible experience.

“No! Don’t hurt us!” Amber called, rushing in front of her husband to try and get Sam’s attention back on her. “Please, we’ll do anything!”

“Uh... Yeah.” Sam whimpered slowly remembering her character, rubbing her wounded stomach as it swelled into a small purple welt.

“Oh god, you’re one of my students!” Amber whimpered a little too loudly, her face angled slightly at her husband. If he hadn’t been so stunned he might have noticed she was totally full of shit. “How did you get so... And what do you want from us!?”

“Shut your mouth, bitch.” Sam snapped back, puffing herself back up to brush the ceiling above her. Her anger was a little too real and Amber immediately slumped onto the corner of the bed. “I followed that sexy ass home and what do I find? Some limp dick husband who thinks I’m weak enough for his puny fucking gun.”

Sam lunged forward with a stomp, raising her arms like a threatening bird would just like she saw Bailey do making Jack drop the gun with a whimper. With the situation successfully dealt with she went over her plan in her head staring down at the two for a little too long.

“You see this?” She finally motioned to her giant flaccid meat log. “This is why I’m here. I want a piece of that sweet ass, Bitch.”

“You can’t!” Jack yelled in surprise. Sam just laughed back at him buying time to get her practiced lines straight.

“Stand up, Bitch.” Amber shot back to her feet with a secret flushed smile. Sam willed herself to get hard despite the small throbbing reminder of how this all started. “Turn around. What do you call that thing?”

“That’s my husband...” She replies with a healthy dose of confusion.

“Not the fuck stick on the bed, the tiny thing between its legs. What do you call that, Bitch.”

“His... penis?” She struggled to play along, not sure where Sam was going with this.

“That’s right. That’s a fucking penis. A useless little prick.” Sam stroked herself larger embracing this crude persona. “Now turn around. What do you call this?”

Amber looked from her slowly inflating pillar up directly into her eyes before responding in a breathy voice. “That’s a cock.”

“I knew a horny Bitch like you would understand. Take a look you prick, I’m going to show you what a real fucking cock can do.”

“You can’t...” Amber half whispered as her hand slipped under the skimpy schoolgirl outfit. “I’ll... I’ll break...”

“Shut up, Bitch and get on your knees. Use those fat fucking titties and worship a real cock or I’ll fuck you to death.”

Amber moaned quietly up at Sam and sank to her knees, her eyes never leaving the blonde’s face. She stuck her tongue out and rubbed the enormous meaty rod all over her small lips trying to kiss and lick every inch.

“You watching, prick?” Sam growled at the man on the bed making him jump but he didn’t dare to move. Between his legs, Sam noticed the man was hard. As Amber worked, she unconsciously bit her bottom lip wondering if she could have a ride with the distinguished man after this was all said and done.

“Am I doing it right?” Amber asked needing Sam’s attention back on her. Sam looked away and remembered herself, scowling down at the woman working desperately to please her.

“That’s right, get me nice and wet. Bitch. You’re gonna need it when I split that big ass of yours in half.” Sam sneered down at Amber. “You know what, that’s not enough. Use those big fat cow tits of yours.”

Amber shifted onto the bed and pressed her sizeable breasts around Sam’s shaft. Her inexperience started to show as she tried to rub herself along the far too large pole and ended up just jerking her off with more steps. Sam grabbed the brunette by the hair and tossed her onto the bed, using a finger on her dripping slit to lift her hips off the bed.

“You dumb bitch, can’t even use that body of yours to please a real cock. You let her get away with this? I should snap you in half for letting this slut walk leave the house without leaning what her body is made for.” Sam plucked Amber’s panties off and threw them at Jim hitting him in the face. “A bitch like this shouldn’t be allowed to wear panties until she learns her fucking place.”

Amber moaned into the bed, getting off on Sam’s harsh words.

“You hear this bitch?” Sam climbed onto the bed making it creak in protest. “Bitch is desperate for it.”

Sam rubbed the soft ball sized tip against the waterfall between Amber’s legs, pushing slightly to make her moan even louder.

“Say it, bitch. Tell the class what you want.”

“I want to be your bitch!” Amber shouted trying to force her hips backwards. “I want it! Please!”

“Not good enough. You have to say all the words like the fucking slut you are.” Sam chided moving backwards away from her eager thrusts. “Tell us all what a needy bitch you are. Tell us how you’re only good as a fuck hole.”

“I’m a useless cock slut! Please!” Amber unraveled, panting and writhing in desperation. “I want to be used like the dirty slut I am!”

Sam put her heavy foot next to Amber’s head making her mouth snap shut. “You hear that you ungrateful prick? This bitch is dying to be someone’s fucking cock sleeve. Now be a good prick and watch me show this bitch what it’s like to get fucked.”

She grabbed Amber by the lower back and drove the entirety of her two feet bitch breaker into the tight woman in front of her. Amber bit the blanket hard as she screamed. A hot splash hit Sam in the stomach as Amber squirted all over her just from being so brutally claimed.

Sam ignored it and just started slamming her hips forward as if she was trying to fuck the woman between her and the mattress into the basement below.

“OH GOD YES!” Amber screamed, thrashing her head and clawing at the bed. “I’M A WHORE! I’M A SLUT! I’M GOING TO BREAK!”

“You hear this bitch?” Sam asked coolly still threatening to bring down the entire house with her thrusts. Below them, the bed had enough and fell uselessly to the floor. “Tell this prick how you really feel.”

Amber couldn’t form words anymore, just high-pitched yowling as she came over and over again. After a few minutes, Sam had enough of the intense pace and had to stop. Her wounded stomach pulsed angrily at her efforts making it hard to focus on getting to release.

“This sloppy bitch can’t even handle me.” She looked at the camera, wandering over to pick it up off the desk. “I’m taking this so you can’t jerk off to me later. Use that wrecked slutty

hole as much as you want, I'm out.”

Sam wandered out of the room wholly unsatisfied leaving Jim completely stunned.

Beginning of the End

Chapter Summary

Sam can't catch a break and now chat has gone off the deep end.

This is a short chapter but it marks an important turning point. Buckle up.

“Hey fam. It’s Sam.” She smiled at her camera from the safety of her car. Chat was losing its collective mind over her performance, but she just wasn’t feeling it.

MonslutLovrrr: MONSLUT IS IMMORTAL

RustyCat12: That was all staged, right?

xxDragonKnightxx: You’re superwoman. Bulletproof confirmed.

“It was all staged, chat. Well, except for the bullet. That hurt like hell...” She rubbed her stomach through her shirt. “Chat, pain sucks. You guys really deal with that all the time?”

HEYKAZOO: You’ve NEVER felt pain before?
What the fuck are you?

MonslutLovrrr: THE RECKONING IS HERE ALL HAIL MONSLUT

xxDragonKnightxx: That’s wild. I don’t know how to feel.

“Chat, I’m just a normal girl. You have know me by now, I’m just really strong.”

handbraButler: nah brah that shit is whack

“Want to hear something really stupid? I’m actually upset that the bullet didn’t work on me. What does that mean for the others? Are we really as dangerous as the government says we are?”

MonslutLovrrr: BOW BEFORE MONSLUT

RustyCat12: Normally I’d be right there to pat your back but,
I’ll be honest... I’m kind of afraid right now.

“RustyCat, not you too...” Sam sighed, running her hand through her hair feeling like her stream was turning on her. “Alright fellas and divas, I’m going to call it a night. Next stream will probably be tomorrow night if I can get permission. I’m going to try and go to the Alley

Cat club downtown and try and learn to be submissive and just go back to being a normal girl for a bit.”

She waved at the camera not daring to check what everyone was saying and not caring if anyone showed up. Maybe people seeing her would make her feel more normal again.

Sam drove back to her apartment without any music on. She was feeling... misunderstood? Frustrated maybe? It just didn't go right. And she got shot.

“It's fine. Just one bad stream is no big deal. Just... no more guests for a while until people get back to seeing me as normal old sex streamer Sam.” She proclaimed to Tally, patting the sun worn dashboard.

Why was everything going so wrong? Ever since the kiss with Rachel... Agent Lee... things had been feeling real downhill for her. Back at her apartment she just decided to take a shower and turn in. Tomorrow would be better, Agent Rachel Lee was going to be checking in on her, meaning they would have a chance to talk just the two of them.

“Samantha, what did you do?” Agent Lee... Fuck it, Rachel asked with a scowl. “Your online following is going insane. You even were covered on the local news, again.”

Sam rolled her eyes. Of course chat would get her back in the news... “Why now? I told them to calm down...”

“A few people have called the local news demanding for Class 1's to be released claiming you're 'beyond mere mortals' or something like that. You need to get in front of this, Samantha. Doctor Octavia will not be happy to hear this, she already thinks you're too close to becoming like Bailey.”

“Maybe I just need to get out and show my face, let people see me as just a normal person again.” Sam smiled hopefully. “Do you want to come with me to get something to eat? I really think people seeing me will help.”

Rachel sighed and shifted uncomfortably over her usual pile of papers at the kitchen island. “Did you really get shot?”

Sam sighed and gave a begrudging nod. “Amber's husband had a gun and I guess I antagonized him... but I'm fine. Really.”

“That is not my concern, Samantha. We had theorized that guns might not work on Class 1's but hearing they're entirely ineffective means we're going to have to revise our containment strategies.”

“They're not completely useless, my stomach still hurts... and it's all purple and swollen. Is that normal?”

“That’s a bruise Samantha.”

Sam rubbed her bruise again trying to figure out how to make the situation better. “I really think I need to get in front of this. You know, get out there and let people see I’m not some hostile creature.”

“Perhaps you’re right, we’ll go to lunch.” Rachel pinched the bridge of her nose making Sam’s heart sink. She was really upset.

“Doesn’t it sound like a good plan though? Just two regular ladies having lunch together? We can talk about... things...” Sam coaxed, realizing she was more interested in spending more time with Rachel than making anything better. Rachel to her credit gave her a knowing sigh.

“Alright, Samantha, you win. We’ll go out for food.”

Sam climbed out of the SUV and smiled at Rachel excitedly as they made their way into the posh-looking café. Sam had never seen so many desserts all lined up behind the round glass case at the front her mouth was practically watering. They sat in the front for once instead of their usual place in the back corners, right in front of the window.

“I really just wanted to spend time with you, but I do still think this could help...” Sam admitted guiltily as their small treats arrived on far too large plates. Weird streaks and smears of red shiny goop decorated the plate making it look like some kind of spectacular prize.

“I noticed...” Rachel said with a small smile, her stony expression from the drive over softening. “I just worry about you, Samantha. It’s... hard for me. You do things without thinking and I just want to protect you from the world, but I know that that’s not what you need. You’re growing up so fast...”

Sam’s heart fluttered at the first frank conversation they were ever really having. Rachel’s eyes looked so soft, it made her feel like she might melt like her intricately plated tasty treat. “I’m really sorry for making things harder for you, Rachel... I guess I really don’t know all that much about how I should act, and I end up making things harder for you.”

“Samantha... I just want the world to see you like I see you.” She smiled but Sam couldn’t read between the lines. How did she see her? Her heart was floating, she needed to know.

“Rachel, I want to admit something to you but I’m... terrified.”

“When my brothers and sisters needed to tell someone a secret, we had a thing we would do. Kind of like a game. We would exchange secrets so neither person felt like they were alone.” Rachel shifted in her seat to sit up straight giving Sam a comforting smile. “How about we do that here. You tell me your secret, and I’ll tell you a secret.”

“That does sound like it would make me feel better, actually...” Sam dropped her eyes to the mostly eaten dessert in front of her. She took a deep breath and looked back into Rachel’s kind brown eyes. “I think I like you, Rachel. Like, a lot.”

The table fell silent between them, both parties suddenly finding their plates so much more interesting than they were a moment ago. Sam stole a look up to see Rachel blushing all the way to her ears but her face completely unreadable.

“Ok, that was a big one... so I’ll give you a big one and then we can talk on even footing.” Rachel finished the last bite of her yellow bowl thing with the crusty shiny top. “When I found out that you could change bodies, I got very excited. **That** kind of excited. I got excited because I have a really specific desire. A fetish. I have always wanted bigger breasts.”

Sam couldn’t keep quiet, Rachel wanted her too! “Me too! I finally got my dream with these!” she scoops up her L cups before letting them drop.

“No, you don’t understand. I want to be very big. In my fantasies, I’m bigger than you are at your full size by a lot.”

Sam was vibrating with excitement. This was perfect! “That’s great! I can make that happen for you!”

“Samantha...” Rachel’s eyes looked sad. Why was she sad? They’re a perfect fit, how could she be sad?

“I’m obsessed with big breasts. I knew it, we’re perfect for one another.” Rachel’s fork clattered onto the plate and her warm hands came up to hold Sam’s cheek.

“Samantha, I have a fiancé-“ She started to say but Sam couldn’t contain herself. No normal guy was going to stop her, she was Rachel’s ticket to fulfilling her dreams!

“But I can offer you so much more than he can.” Sam protested but the warm hand fell away from her cheek and Rachel still looked so sad.

“Samantha it isn’t that simple. Life is complicated... I’m in love with someone else and I’ve always thought of you as my favorite little sister... I’m so sorry...”

Sam was crushed but she wasn’t going to give up. Rachel was always around her, it was her job. She would just have to win her over.

“I’ve requested to be reassigned.”

How to Submit

Chapter Summary

Sam's been having a hard time but she has a plan to turn it all around. She'll learn how to be a good girl.

Shit's about to get real. Fair warning.

It was dark and raining. Of course it would rain. Rachel was leaving her, and she had promised to stream from the Alley Cat club and now she would have to stand outside in the rain. Tally whimpered and sputtered to a stop in the middle of the dark road. Perfect.

“Hey, yeah, my car stopped and I don’t know what to do...” She tried not to sound to whiney or panicked on the phone but that’s exactly how she was feeling and she couldn’t even call Rachel for help now. The nasal sounding boy on the other end of the call let her know someone would be out to her in the next 4 hours. As she hung up her head dropped to the steering wheel with a dejected sigh.

After a few minutes pleading with Tally, she finally groaned back to life. She had only lost an hour and it was only 7, she could still get to the club and start her stream late she reasoned as Tally sluggishly pulled off the side of the road once more.

Luckily she wasn’t that far from the club so as Tally started to throw another coughing fit, she was only a block away and decided to let the old girl rest. She wasn’t bringing her computer and cameras into the club so as long as her phone was hidden somewhere safe from the rain she could make the trip on foot. Maybe things weren’t that bad after all.

Things were that bad. She passed the strange line of people just milling about just after leaving the safety of her car and it just kept appearing in front of her as she walked to the club. Her tiny yellow mini dress stuck to her every curve as it soaked up every drop of water it could find and made walking a much more unpleasant experience but whatever, the club sign was in view and the entrance sign promised it was just one turn away.

“Are you freaking kidding me?” She stared in disbelief. All those people she saw on the way to the door... this was all the line for the club??? Not to be deterred she walked up to the big man in the black shirt standing by the door and smiled as she tried to walk past.

“Line starts over- hot damn.” His tone changed an octave higher as he saw her enormous breasts completely visible through her now see through dress. “And what can I do for you?”

“I’m a streamer and I promised my fans I’d stream from the club tonight. I guess I have to wait in line to get in or something?”

“Nuh uh. Royalty does not wait in the rain, Queen, and I can see your crowns clear as day.” His voice was smooth as he purred at her making her feel better than she had all day.

“So, I can go inside? Wow, that’s really kind of you.”

“Unless you want to stay out here with me a little longer, the Alley Cat welcomes you.” He licked his lips with another look at her before he stepped back. “The bathroom is straight back, you might want to take care you don’t take someone’s eye out.”

Sam had never known modesty, especially as someone large and handsome wanted to look at her with that look, but he was right. She would probably feel better being less soaked.

She pressed herself past him into the narrow space leading to a dark hallway and then into an ocean of neon lights and pounding bass. Her eyes went wide as she wandered through the packed space, everything looked like Lola just struck by lightning: black and neon pink.

She wiggled her way through the crowds of people towards the back taking in her surroundings and ignoring the shock of those she inevitably pressed against. Yes, she was wet, get over it. The wall beside the entrance was lined with booths, most of which were already occupied and across from that was a metal table covered in lights where the music was coming from. Along the back wall were a bunch of doors marked “VIP” but there, at the corner, she spotted her savior, the bathroom.

“Damn, did you see her? I’m in love.” She heard someone say over the music as she finally slipped into the relatively quiet sterile looking bathroom. She stripped to her panties and wrung out her dress in the sink before tending to her hair. She never much cared for how it looked, unkempt wild and wavy always looked hot on her and with tits like hers who’s really going to look at her hair. Still, as she re-dressed herself and checked herself out in the mirror she felt the awful past few days start to melt away.

She had slipped into one of the booths and logged in to her streaming account to launch the camera shot of her smiling face for the internet.

<Hey fam! It’s Sam! Live from the Alley Cat!> She typed out as no one would be able to hear her over the music. Chat hadn’t calmed down from the other day it seemed and most of her regulars didn’t seem to be online. She spent a few minutes showing off her well and truly filled out dress for the camera and typed a little bit to try and bring them back to her objective but they seemed more interested in talking amongst themselves.

Someone sat down at the booth across from her and she instinctively set her phone down to get a better look in the flashing neon lights. He looked tall, probably six foot, and very thin. He had nice eyes and a kind looking smile hidden behind his expensive looking glasses. He was smiling at her and saying something, but the music made it impossible to hear. Eventually she beckoned the boy in the blue shirt over next to her making him blush deeply.

“You’re Sam right?” He spoke loudly in her ear but at least she could hear now. She smiled back at him and nodded eagerly. “There’s like twelve other people here from your stream. I saw them over by the door.”

“Are you one of the Fellas?” She asked excitedly directly in his ear mashing her still damp bust into his arm squishing the huge gravity defying globes out over her arms.

“No I’m obviously one of the Divas.” He said coolly making her giggle. “I’m Dragon Knight. I’ve been a Fella since the beginning.”

“It’s so great to meet you!” She called back at him from their little corner immediately lighting up and pulled him into a tight hug. “You’ve been on my side since the beginning!”

“Uh... did you... are you really trying to learn to be submissive tonight?” He asked her with a deep blush that crept into his shirt collar. She just nodded wanting to see if he had any suggestions. “Do you wanna? With me?”

“Right here?” She asked eagerly.

“No, we should go in back to the VIP rooms.” He took her hand and her off to those doors she saw earlier. Someone steps in front of him wearing a similar outfit to the big guy at the front door, stopping them as her skinny fan reaches for the door. They talk for a few seconds and her escort shows the man in the black shirt some kind of small card and the guard gets a surprised look before stepping away into the shadows again letting them into the room.

Once inside, he closes the door and the heart pounding music gets comfortably muted. The small dark colored room looked pretty cozy all things considered. She was expecting like a bed or something but it made more sense that there would be two expensive looking couches on either wall of the slim room and a glowing bar under an enormous mirrored back wall.

He pushed his slightly longer hair back with his fingers as he moved to the back of the room as if he knew just where everything was already. “Sorry about that. These rooms aren’t just for anyone.” He said in a matter-of-fact sort of way as he poured two glasses of something milky brown offering no further explanation. He offered her the drink and gestured to one of the couches.

She took a sip of the chocolate milk drink and smiled happily as she plopped down close next to him.

“You can help me learn to be play submissive?” She asked, drinking her drink eagerly.

“Yeah, I think I can help you. It’s super cool that you’re trying something new.” He sipped his drink, smiling at her with a look of awe. “I didn’t think you were really... real at first. AI can do wild things, you know?”

“I’m 100% real!” She pushed up her breasts as if she were making a joke about implants before finished her drink and setting the glass on the table in front of them.

“You really have no shame do you.” He said reverently.

“I do have sex on the internet as a job...” She reminded him, starting to feel that light feeling as the drink hit her stomach. “So how do we do this?”

He set his glass down and stood in front of her.

“Show me your tits.” He said in a commanding tone making her shiver excitedly.

“Are you going to punish me if I’m bad?” She purrs in a naughty tone but his face looks cross instead of pleased.

“Sam, that’s not quite it. You’re still keeping control.” His voice was calm and reassuring but he sounded disappointed. “Good girls obey their Master without question.”

“I can be a good girl, Master.” She folded her hands in her lap and pushed her swollen yellow dress up towards her chin. He still looked cross but maybe that was just how Masters look.

“I gave you an order. Show me your tits.” He spoke clearly and gave a small pause at each word as if she didn’t hear him the first time.

She complied, eagerly pulling her dress down around her waist for him to see her bulbous eight inch wide bust on full display. She couldn’t help but check herself out in the mirror out of the corner of her eye, she wasn’t quite big enough to satisfy her obsession, not until they could be seen from every angle, even past her arms.

“That’s a good girl.” He gave a small satisfied smile making her heart flutter. She pulled one large breast up to her tongue to show off that she could reach. His smile fell again. “Did I give you permission to touch yourself?”

“No Master. I’m sorry, I’ll be good.” She squirmed.

“Open my pants.” He commanded and she followed the letter of his command making him smile down at her again. “You’re going to please me now, do you want that? Tell me.”

“I really do...” She breathed getting swept away in the moment.

“Take my dick out and suck it.” He growled his command this time making her tingly with excitement. She eagerly popped his pants open and reached inside to fish out his hefty dick.

“Master, it’s so big...” She mused as she swallowed him in between her hot lips, swirling him around as he swelled against her mouth. She would guess it was probably ten inches and impressively thick, her excitement got the better of her and she slipped her hand between her thighs.

“Don’t make me punish you. Hands up. You don’t get rewarded until you satisfy me.” She nodded slightly not wanting to remove his girthy cock from her mouth. With all the skill she accumulated through her life a true turbo slut, she throatated him entirely and worked him with her head until she could feel him starting to lose it. He throbbed against her throat muscles as he came a satisfying wad down her throat.

She didn't want the moment to end though, she kept caressing him with her tongue and begging him to get hard again even as her breasts swelled at least another cup size, maybe even two.

"Oh fuck, you're such a good girl." He moaned as she worked him back to life inside her throat. "If you keep that up I'll reward you."

She pushed her new and improved boobs against his hand as he roughly squeezed her like bread dough in his hand still focusing on her work. She looked up at him with a hungry look, dragging herself off him slowly before licking him from bottom to top teasingly. She moaned and arched her back, spreading her legs slightly to try and entice him to give her what she desperately wanted.

His head flew back as the sex machine between his legs overwhelmed him, kissing and teasing the swollen tip before shoving her nose back to his stomach. As she face fucked herself on him she smashed his hands into her chest greedily finally ripping another load from him.

He staggered backwards almost tripping over the table, his eyes wide but he didn't look happy for some reason.

"This just isn't gonna work..." He panted. "You just don't get it, do you?"

Her face fell as he started to straighten himself out. "Wait, what did I do wrong?" She whined suddenly feeling like she was about to lose something else.

"You're just pretending. You're playing at being submissive while still being in control. You're still calling the shots..." He sighed and ran his hand through his hair. "You have to be willing to give yourself completely to the other person... mind and body. I hope you can find someone you can do that for."

The door closed and she shrieked in pain. All the loss, all the hurt she'd collected for the last few days came crashing down on her as she sobbed and screamed. The last thing she remembered was uncorking that sweet brown liquid and drinking it all.

Crime and Punishment

Chapter Summary

Sam faces the music for her wild night out and the world holds its breath as everyone has to come to terms with the existence of Class 1's.

Light came crashing over her in a blinding wave. She remembered well the last time this happened she was paralyzed by the facility but this time, her fingers moved just fine. That realization was both great and terrible, especially coupled with the pounding headache and the unfamiliar concrete walls. At least she was seated on something moderately comfortable.

“Look who’s finally awake.” An unfriendly male voice called at her from somewhere nearby. As she turned away from the wall in front of her, thick metal bars came into view. She tried to turn, but something stopped her abruptly with a metal clink. Looking down, she was chained to the floor. “Don’t go anywhere, I’ll get the detective.”

“I... I can’t move...” She pondered aloud, still only able to see the concrete wall in front of her and the bars to either side. Below her, heavy anchor chains attached to a strange metal shirt holding her in place on a thick metal chair. She could move if she broke the chains, but she wasn’t about to cause some kind of trouble without understanding what was happening.

“Good.” The unfriendly voice spoke again seeming to be in the same place. “I was there when they brought you in... It’s good to see you in chains.”

“I’ll take it from here, George.” Another voice from behind her joined in. This one sounded older and less callous but more like it had smoked a pack a day for 90 years. Sam stared at the wall in front of her waiting tensely for something to happen. Finally, a door opened and closed somewhere to her left.

“I’m going to unchain you, are you going to make me tranq you again?”

“I’ll behave.” She promises to the wall and something heavy slides across the floor behind her. Thick weathered hands appeared around. A loud click echoed through her chest and the metal shirt and anchor chain fell away with a loud bang.

“Turn around.” His voice was harsh but not cruel like the other man. Still, she didn’t feel like she was in a place where she should argue. She complied, slowly shifting herself the sturdy chair so she could see the rest of the room.

She was in a basement of some kind, at least the high thin windows led her to believe that, and she was definitely in a cell. The door sat open and a greying man in a long coat stood

before her. Like a cowboy out of a movie, he chewed absently and stared into her eyes with cutting indifference.

“Do you know why you’re here? The doctors said a dose that high could cause trouble with memory if it didn’t flat out kill a normal person.” He spit something black to his side. “But you’re not a normal person, are you.”

“I don’t remember anything...” She winced as her brain throbbed at the very concept of thinking. “I remember being at the Alley Cat with some fans.”

“Yeah, that tracks.” He kept chewing but offered no help. “Then what happened?”

“One of my fans, Dragon Knight... I don’t know his real name... He was trying to help me but I... I wasn’t able to do it right.”

“Dragon Knight. You must mean the mayor’s kid, Liam. Tall, brown hair, blue shirt?”

“Yeah that’s him... he was trying to help me but I’m just no good. I remember drinking a lot and then I woke up here.”

“Liam’s story matches close enough with that for me to think you’re not full of shit.” He said in an even tone. “You don’t remember anything after that?”

Sam just shook her head feeling tears well up in her eyes. “Did the facility have to come? Did I do something really bad?”

“What’s the facility?” He pounced on the added information.

“I’m a Class 1, there’s a facility for us. They get involved whenever we... I cause trouble.”

“I don’t know anything about a facility or Class 1. Is that some kind of diplomatic immunity? You some emissary’s kid or something?”

“No... I don’t know what you mean. I’m just Samantha.” Rachel had left her, the facility probably didn’t know what she was up to anymore. Her eyes burned as tears welled up and trickled down her cheeks.

“Well, just Samantha, I’ll tell you what I know so far.” He put something in his mouth and ignored her silent sobbing completely. “Reports say you started some kind of incident in the Alley Cat just after 10 pm. A group of people were confirmed as making a scene at the club and taking over the bar for their ‘God’. Shortly after, you became mobile and announced to the club that you demanded their praise or they would all, and several witnesses have quoted this, “know your sexy wrath”.”

He reached into his pocket and produced a small pad of paper, flicking through a few pages before continuing.

“10:30 pm, your group of friends started chanting something and you forcibly removed the front wall of the building.”

“Oh god, I didn’t get bigger did I?”

“Is that an option I should be aware of?”

“No, I’ll behave.” She shut up not wanting to make things worse but she also felt like she shouldn’t hide anything. “I can get much bigger and stronger sometimes.”

“Miss, you’re saying you can get even stronger? We’re going to have to move you alright…”

“You should probably contact the facility… they’ll know how to help you.”

“They’re on my list.” He looked back at his pad and took a sigh before continuing.

“Approximately 10:36, the group grew in size and became mobile, carrying you into the streets on their shoulders. 10:38, the group became violent and individuals began to vandalize the immediate area, presenting you with “tribute”. Liam, Dragon Knight, alerted the police claiming he was worried you might get hurt.”

Sam shrank in her seat at the retelling.

“10:39, police arrive on scene. The mob presents you to the officers on scene and you demand their “undying love and affection”. 10:40, the situation deteriorates into an armed standoff as the mob makes increasingly sexual demands. 10:41, the mob chants for you to “show these mortals your power” and you proceed to… “crush into a ball” one of the police cars before throwing it in to the river.”

“10:41, local police open fire, but you remain a threat. Police retreat to call in the national guard. 10:48, national guard sets up perimeter. 10:51, the order is given to administer 5 kilograms of dexmedetomidine via tranquilizers at range to attempt to sedate you. The mob becomes violent, and the national guard successfully carries out riot response.”

He finally closes his book. “The end of that is on the news if you don’t believe me, because I didn’t believe it until I saw it either.”

“Oh god…” Sam’s head fell into her hands as her stomach lurches. Before she can move, brown slime escapes her and splatters onto the floor.

“And now the monster threw up on my shoes.”

“I’m really not a monster…” She tries to defend herself but there’s no conviction left in her. She truly fucked up this time. “I’m in so much trouble…”

“I’ll say.” He says indifferently. “Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t ask a judge to bury you in concrete.”

“I…” She tried to defend herself but she just had no fight left in her. She did this. She lost control. “Did I hurt anyone…?”

“Two responding officers were injured by your cult, but you personally only injured one person when you crushed him inside a police car and threw him into the river. He’s hospitalized but stable.”

She sighed with a tiny bit of relief hearing that everyone was relatively ok. “No, I’m dangerous. You should bury me in concrete.” She replied unable to even find a reason for her to be allowed to walk free. She had ruined everything, drove Rachel away, turned her stream into a weapon and wasn’t even able to be human enough for Liam to accept her. He was right, she was a monster.

“Pardon?” His eyebrow moved ever so slightly upwards. “Is this an admission of guilt?”

“Yes.” She sniffled, setting her jaw. She could still do one thing right. She could at least be punished so she couldn’t hurt anyone again. “I’m a danger and you’re right to punish me however you see fit. You should probably move me somewhere more secure.”

“I need you to understand what you’re saying, this is a big deal.” his voice was cool but stern. “Are you waiving your rights and accepting full responsibility for the crimes committed?”

“I should be punished. I’ll go to jail and even use whatever money I’ve made from streaming to pay for all the damages... I have to do something...”

For a moment his expression softened and the chewing stopped but he didn’t say anything more. He simply turned and knocked on the door across from her cell. “Call the judge.”

Sam stood in front of a robed woman the next day fully prepared for whatever punishment was to be foisted on her. It was the right thing to do, she repeated to herself.

“Samantha Miller.” The robed woman behind the desk at the far end of the small book lined office finally spoke up. “We have contacted a representative from the Class 1 facility. Senior Special Agent William Harper, can you step forward?”

A short wide man with a buzz cut stepped up next to her and sneered over at the heavily chained blonde. “Present, your honor.”

“If I’m reading this correctly, this woman isn’t even legally considered a person let alone a citizen of this country. What do you expect me to do with this?”

“The Class 1 has agreed with local law enforcement to be charged and punished for her heinous acts.” He looked over at Sam again and scowled. “The government fully supports whatever judgment you pass down. If I may speak frankly, she should just be put down like the beast she is.”

“Senior Special Agent, you’ll keep your tone civil in my chambers.” The judge looked through the papers spread out in front of her and sighed. “It says here she’s classified as an endangered species. Do you expect me to just make something up? I am not the source of the law, Agent, no matter what television would have you believe.”

Sam shifted under her anchor chains as the woman's eyes fell on her. "I know your mother, Samantha. She has handled more than a few cases in my courtroom. Why didn't you ask for her to handle this for you?"

"I messed up, your honor, ma'am... It's the right thing to do to take responsibility..."

"What do you want me to do?" She asked again. "Where do you see this going?"

"I should be made to pay for the damages and, I don't know, put me in jail or something."

"You have money to pay for damages?" Her eyebrows furrowed. "The law is clear, you're not supposed to hold a job. Are you working under the table somewhere?"

"No, nothing like that. I'm a streamer. I accept donations."

"Donations."

"My viewers donate money." Sam repeated. "I can pay. I need to pay."

"Out of respect for your mother I'm going to give you what you want." She collected the papers before her as she spoke after a long drawn-out sigh. "This isn't a court order, I can't legally sentence you to anything but I truly believe you want to make this right so I'm going to agree with you. I'll contact the local prison and have you taken in to their custody as a person of interest."

"Local prison?" Sam reeled, that didn't sound right. "Your honor I'm a dangerous monster. I need to be in maximum security."

"No matter how upset you are with yourself, I can't send you to federal prison just because. You're not even legally a person. But I can put you in a men's prison for two weeks. I wish I could send you to a women's prison but because of your unique anatomy, you don't qualify. This is the best I can do." The man next to her seemed more upset by the news than she was. "I'm going to call your mother and let her know what's happening. And you Agent, I expect you to keep an eye on your charge. She's your responsibility after all."

Back in the concrete cage, she sits in her seat chained to the floor. Outside, the Agent she could only assume was Rachel's replacement stood and glared at her.

"I should just shoot you and be done with it." He growled at her. "You're just like the others. Just some wild animal."

"Bullets don't work on me even like this unfortunately..." Sam mumbled unhelpfully. "But you can shoot me if you want, it still really hurts."

"Your wounded act isn't going to work on me." He snarled through grit teeth.

“I’m not acting, Agent-“

“Senior Special Agent, get it right.” He spat back at her. “The facility says gas and drugs still work on you freaks. If you so much as think about stepping out of line, I’ll end you.”

She just nodded at the ground waiting for her time to come where she’ll be moved to prison. She felt his eyes on her, boring holes in her skull, as the door to her tiny concrete world opened and a new face entered.

“Mind if I talk to her?” The voice from earlier, the angry one before the detective, spoke up to the Agent, sorry, Senior Special Agent that was overseeing her. Agent Harper simply grunted back. “The detective says you’re only going to jail for two weeks. Two weeks.”

Sam just sighed accepting his feelings.

“Do you have any idea the kind of damage you’ve caused?” She nodded a little but he didn’t seem to care. His heated tirade continued all the same. “People, normal people, watched some a big titted bimbo shrug off getting shot by a line of cops after ripping apart a cop car with her bare hands. Do you have any idea what that has done? People are terrified. My friend got wadded up inside that car you used like a toy and I don’t know if he’ll ever be able to serve again.”

“I didn’t...” She tried to defend herself, but he was right, this was right.

“Everyone had to learn that there are bulletproof super people walking around looking just like anyone else and the worst part in all of this? There’s nothing we can do about it. We just have to hope you feel sorry enough to allow yourself to be punished...”

“What should I do?” Sam started to sob soundlessly, feeling completely helpless. “I didn’t ask for any of this...”

A long tense silence stretched out as Sam’s tears fell onto the stained concrete between her heavy chains. She didn’t even realize the man had moved until the door closed with a bang leaving her alone again. All she could do was cry.

Rock Bottom

Chapter Summary

Sam can't handle her situation.

If you are uncomfortable with sexual assault, skip this one.

A deep depression took hold inside the wounded streamer as she began her new life in prison. She was placed in a solitary cell on one of the main prison blocks and her days became empty and rigid. It was only one days after incarceration that she started to realize she was going to have a hard time here.

The orange prison jumpsuit she was issued was for men and not someone with breasts that were almost two and a half feet around each and pushed out 12 inches wide across her chest. She couldn't zip it up at all leaving her exposed all the time. The large standard issue white under shirt just looked like a cropped tee shirt, lewdly hanging off her a full six inches away from her body.

"Hey, Freak, you're in my seat." A voice called from behind her and she just instinctively moved over on the bench. "Nuh uh, that's the wrong spot too. People sit at the table. And you ain't people, ain'cha?"

She looked up at the heavily tattooed skinny man wandering up behind her. She didn't bother to argue, he was right. She didn't deserve a table anyway. She picked up her tray and folded her legs underneath her settling down cross legged on the floor.

With a loud bang the man slapped the tray out of her hand and sent it clattering across the floor. Fight back. She just sighed at the mess and crawled across the floor to go collect her breakfast. She hadn't eaten a proper meal in days and the gnawing pain was just another reminder of her situation. What did it matter if she even ate at this point, she was just going to be still be hungry anyway.

"Agent Harper send his best." The man whispered into her ear as his hand slipped between her legs in a quick grope. She could feel it in his steady predatory touch, he was dangerous and not like the rest of these small-time criminals. This man had taken a life before.

She wandered around the floor on all fours to collect her scattered food, heavy breasts hanging almost uncontained and almost scraping the floor. She didn't even bother to pick the hair off it as she took a bite of her rice. She just sat there as the others watched not sure what to do about her.

Everyone in her block knew who she was and what she had done, yet the demure husk eating bread off the prison cafeteria floor was not what the human wrecking ball they had expected.

“You see those tits?” “Do you think she’ll fight back?” “Do you think she has a pussy?” The room started to collectively contemplate her future and just as a few people decided to stand up to try their luck, the bell rang out signaling breakfast was over and it was yard time.

Sam was let out into the yard followed by three others but no one else came out of the door. A loud clack removed all doubt, no one else was coming.

“Hey. Freak.” The confident killer sauntered over to her flanked by three other heavy-set men. They each wandered up to her withdrawing makeshift weapons as they approached. “Agent Harper paid us extra to make sure you got what’s coming to you.” He brandished something that looked like the end of a toothbrush. She could clear the prison walls in seconds, snap the four of them in half, scream. Fight back.

“You can’t hurt me with that.” She corrected them. “It won’t work.”

“But we don’t need them, huh?” He placed his palm on her left breast making her shift uncomfortably. “You better play along or my friends here will have to hurt the guards. This little bird cage ain’t nothing for us.”

“I’ll scream.” She said unconvincingly.

“But you won’t. You don’t want more people to get hurt, huh?” Sam shrunk before him as that powerless feeling crept up into her heart. In a year of first, this was the first time she felt repulsed by someone touching her.

“Don’t...” She whimpered looking away, not wanting to see her own body touched by him. The other three soon joined in, hands pawing and slapping whatever soft place they could find.

“Take your clothes off.” He commanded and once again she was back in the VIP room. She realized what Liam meant, the safe control of trusting someone else with your body and the potential thrill of giving up control. Instead, this was none of that. There was no trust, no silent agreement. She was a victim.

Her arms moved slowly as she worked the jumpsuit down off her slender shoulders with a whimper as it fluttered off her hips and fell uselessly to the ground leaving her in her dirty panties and large white shirt. “Did I tell you to stop?”

Her breath hitched as her eyes pricked with tears. Slender fingers pulled her shirt over her head with a heavy wobble and finally, pushed her panties down to the ground.

“This slut’s first rate.” The toothbrush knife lifted her nipple before letting it fall back with a heavy bounce. Her body betrayed her completely, the cold air mixed with the first physical attention she had gotten in so long made her nipples stiffen but there was no tingle of excitement. Instead, she felt sick.

“My boys here are going to fuck you now.” He explained making her insides boil in disgust. “Be a good slut and show them a good time, huh?”

She could fight back. She could break them like twigs, she had more than enough strength, but all the power had been robbed from her. She knew if she fought back and didn’t kill them, they would just take their anger out on anyone and anything around them. Despite her revulsion, her entire body screaming as she was roughly pushed onto all fours from behind, she couldn’t find it in her to take a life.

She begged for them to stop, for the door to open and someone to care, but her salvation didn’t come. Instead, something hot and thick shoved into her dry slit. She wished her skin could rip and bruise, that she would bleed from the unwanted entry, anything to make herself unappealing.

Instead, her body responded to the rough dry fucking by becoming slick and inviting. Her sex trained body didn’t seem care who or what it was that had entered her. Her lips parted and a strangled sound escaped her lips as her body tried to moan. Her body shook enticingly despite her tears.

“Damn, you really are a slut.” The man behind her slapped her thick ass drawing another tear from her as her body clenched around him without her permission. That tiny threat that kept her fighting, kept her feeling these awful feelings as she was used against her will, just let go.

She retreated back into her mind and let her body take over. It didn’t really matter after all, she wasn’t even really a person anyway. She never wanted any of this and she was happy to just give it all up. This was what she deserved for hurting everyone. For being incapable of forming real connections with anyone. She curled up in a ball in the back of her mind and just let it happen.

Her legs spread for him and her fingers delicately parted her lips for the man behind her giving him an easier time sliding in and out of her. She let out a small moan and arched her back, pressing her face and useless chest into the dirt so he could grab her ass and pound away. If she did a good job, everyone else would be safe at least.

“What the fuck is going on here!?” A voice called out from somewhere next to them, maybe a different door. She was too far away to really care.

“Not your problem.” The man with the toothbrush growled and his feet moved drawing her attention up from the dirt. It was that officer from earlier, the one who hated her for what she did. She was doing this for him, in a way, for his friend. So it was only right that he get to be a part of it. “Fuck off.”

“Are you ok, Sam? You can’t be doing that to her. I’m calling the guards.”

“The guards don’t care so just fuck off, huh?” The man with the toothbrush was advancing and the officer didn’t seem to notice the weapon yet. Just go, she tried to whisper.

“Back up from the girl!” The officer bellowed, reaching for his gun but he was too slow. The man with the toothbrush slammed the white object into the officer’s stomach, pushing him

backwards to bleed on the ground.

This wasn't supposed to happen. She did what they said, she went along with this. They said no one would get hurt. Her body tensed unconsciously as rage quickly rushed to fill her empty shell.

"WHAT THE FUCK!?" The man behind her yelped. Her hips rose higher into the air as her body swelled. The glowing yellow liquid that filled that hungry well inside her was instead filled with boiling red lava and her body needed it.

"I don't understand..." She growled into the dirt, her voice low and furious. From the back of her mind, she watched as her fists clenched and at the ground as she took up more space. The usual feeling of power replaced with nothing but white hot fire. It didn't feel good, it felt necessary. "Why did he try to stop you?"

She rose to her feet, the ground shaking as she stumbled and caught herself on the roof. Her eyes fixed on the man with the wet red hand. Her hand moved like lightning and soon his tiny head was between her fingers. She lifted him into the air and stared at him still not able to wake up from her place curled up inside.

"He should hate me... but he tried to stop you..." She stammered applying a little pressure and making him shriek. "I don't understand..."

"Fucking let me go, Freak!" He shouted, scratching and clawing at her thumb uselessly.

Her attention turned to the man in her hands. She could feel his heartbeat through her fingers as she held him carefully in her palm. She could feel something else in him too.

"Do you still think I'm 'first rate'?" She mocked her now powerless attacker, delighting in the feeling of having such control over his very life. She pressed her lips against his trying to make him feel the same disgust he made her feel but instead she felt something else. Instead, she felt that familiar feeling from when she made someone change. She could feel his well.

"You can be better... Do better..." That cruel angry voice from earlier sounded hopeful now, apologetic even. Could she, a horrible monster, still do better? Was there still something in her worth saving? "Don't become a real monster, not like them."

Even bleeding he was trying to spare the... thing in her hands... no. Sam let go of her captive and started to cry again, weeping uncontrollably as all the pain and fear she had written off crashed over her. He wasn't trying to save the other man, he was trying to save her.

An idea flashed through her head, cutting through the confusion with a singular purpose. Her lips once again met his but this time, she let the hungry yellow well inside her reach out to his disgusting green energy. All at once, she devoured the energy within him feeding it to her own fathomless pit. She could feel it happen before she saw it but like he was a crumpled straw, the man deflated.

She dropped the stick figure to the ground and clutched her chest as all his essence warred against her own. She could feel his sick need to hurt people, his overconfidence, his

insecurity, all fighting to overtake her. Just like how she learned to shrink, she forced his essence deep into the well and drowned it once and for all.

“What...” His voice hit her like a hammer. He was bleeding, she’d seen enough movies and TV shows to know that bleeding people die. She reached out her hand and he recoiled from her making her stop dead.

“I want to help you.” She whispered and he simply nodded. She quickly stuffed her size and strength back into the well and took a deep breath.

“WE NEED HELP!” She yelled with all her might. Windows shattered but sure enough, armed help arrived quickly.

“It’s just a scratch, Sam.” The officer said dismissively looking upset as he got loaded onto a gurney. Sam sat there in just her shirt and panties sobbing uncontrollably feeling all the trauma from her experience all at once. “You didn’t have to blow out all the windows... You really don’t think before you act, do you?”

“I’m sorry...” She sobbed.

“You remind me of my daughter whenever she does something wrong...” He was looking away from her but she felt like this was an apology. “But she’s 12. You should know better by now.”

“I’ll do better...” She whimpered, wiping her face on her arm.

Tipping Point

Chapter Summary

Sam learns how to be batman. Well, not really. More like she learns that you are what you do.

Next chapter will be back to streaming fun but I'm probably a few chapters from the finish line. There will be some fun next two chapters but then it's back to plot.

“Does anyone want to start off by telling us what a big relapse trigger for you would be?” The kindly man sitting among the circle of inmates spoke with a reassuring smile. This was Sam’s first session of group therapy so she remained silent but the group didn’t wait long before someone spoke up.

“Probably, like, too much free time. You know? Too much time to like think about stuff. I get in my head and just can’t get out.” A mean looking man says calmly, speaking to his hands as he moves them around in front of him.

“For me, it would be having too much extra money and then I’ll just want to be like yo, I’ll feel good today.” Another man with a wide face and glasses spoke up, looking around the group as others nodded in understanding.

“What about you, Bunny Girl?” A tattooed heavy-set man chimed in, looking directly at Sam sitting amongst the burly men with her overly large breasts bulging out of her prison jumpsuit.

“I’m not really sure what you’re talking about...” Sam said with a little bit of hesitation.

“Samantha, you’re with us because you caused a commotion downtown.” The kindly man in the charcoal suit spoke up. “What makes you feel like you’re going to lose control? Why did you feel like you needed to lash out?”

“I guess I was just sad.” She responded in a small voice but the group just nodded in understanding making her feel like she needed to continue. “I feel so lost some time, like I missed something important that everyone else has.”

“For real.” The heavy-set man spoke up. “I get that, for real. It feels like, everyone else knows. They all just know how to live life. And I just... missed it or some shit.”

“Yeah! Like that!” Sam piped up suddenly feeling all her hurt and pain bubbling up inside her. “No matter what I do, I’m always doing something wrong. I just want to be normal or ordinary for once. Why does it matter that I can lift a house... why can’t someone just for once say I’m enough.” The group nodded along as she spoke.

“Maybe, like, the answer is in you and not, like, out there. You know?” The animated man spoke up. “It’s like Mr. Green says. You have to, like, accept it first. You know?”

“Yeah, for real Bunny Girl. Are you enough for you? Like Dougie says, you got to accept yourself first.”

“But...” Sam started to say something but her words died on her lips as she suddenly felt naked in front of them.

“Go on Bunny Girl. We got you.”

“What if I think I’m a monster?” She asks the group and they all nod again.

“You have to forgive yourself. You’ve got to be like, I made mistakes but it’s going to be ok.” The wide faced man spoke up, smiling at her from behind his glasses. “When you’re all alone you have no one else and that has to be ok, right?”

“Very well said Robert.” The kindly man added. “We all have a past we have to face down and sometimes, it can feel like we’re all the same person who made those mistakes but you time grants you the power to change.”

“Yeah, like, if you want to be Batman you just decide to dress up and, like, prowl the rooftops. You know? If you do it, it becomes who you are now.”

The group continued to talk amongst themselves, sharing hardships and small victories but Sam was floored. You aren’t who you were. Something so simple but powerful had never even occurred to her. As she listened to their struggles and found kinship amongst these neglected and cast-off men, she could feel hope bubbling up inside her.

“Bunny Girl.” The heavy-set man called to her as she filed out with the rest of the men back into the prison block hallway. She turned around to wait for him to make his way out of the room. “Take this. When I feel myself starting to get lost, I squeeze this and remember. I think you need it more.”

“Thanks.” She looks down at the coin in her hands, a token from a children’s amusement park ride that has been faded on one side from years of being rubbed. “Why do you call me Bunny Girl?”

“Cause you’re like a scared little bunny. I just want to pat your head and tell you it’s ok.” He said before turning down the hall. A few steps away he turned back. “We got you, Bunny Girl.”

Sam lay in her cell staring at the coin between her fingers and contemplating all the things swirling in her mind. How do you just be ok with yourself after all the things that have

happened? How do you just be ok with the person in the mirror when no one else likes them...

It had been three days since she got admitted to prison and life had taken an interesting turn. She had started a garden in the yard and was asked to help renovate an old section of the building. She got a good workout from helping them lift the old cell block so a new foundation could be poured and no one seemed to care what she looked like.

She was still grappling with accepting herself but group time was really helping her come to terms with how she felt and she almost had a plan. When she got out of prison, she was going to try to go to college to learn more about being normal. The guards even warmed up to her bubbly personality and made jokes with her.

"Bunny Girl, get up. It's mealtime." A hard bang rang out from her cell bars as the guard banged his stick against them. A loud siren blasted once, and her door slid open with a heavy clunk. She wandered out of the cell with a small smile as she made her way to the mess hall.

"Bunny Girl!" Came a familiar voice. "Spot over here!"

She smiled and took her tray over towards the heavy-set man from earlier only to find the other people from her group sitting there already. She sank into the seat and smiled to herself.

"Yo George, like, how's the family?" Dougie asked, brandishing his plastic spoon at the man who gave her the coin.

"My daughter had her kid the other day." He said with his usual cool calm voice. "I'm a fuckin grandad, for real."

They continued talking amongst themselves, but Sam just sat and enjoyed the company of friends.

"Bunny Girl. I heard from the guards on D block that you've got some kind of official visitor coming. Like, for real important."

"An important visitor?" She started to open her mouth to ask more when the alarm blasted once, denoting the doors were opening.

"Miller, Bunny Girl, you're with me." The cell block guard from earlier, Johnny if she remembered off hand, called to her from the door.

"But I'm still real hungry..." Sam shoved as much food as she could in her face as she slowly stood up.

"Tough shit. You've got a visitor, and you can eat when you get home."

"Home?" Sam asked, her head whipping around towards the guard. Behind her back her group of friends started to cheer and holler. "Do I really have to go home?"

She walked down an unfamiliar corridor in silence towards a part of the prison that seemed much nicer than the one she was used to. Rooms marked “visitation” started to appear beside them as the guard stopped suddenly.

“You’ll have to come back and keep helping with the remodel or they’re going to start asking us to lift the building.” He says without looking at her before he opened the door she was standing next to with a heavy click of the lock.

“SAMMY!!” Sam couldn’t even step foot in the room before her mother smashed her perfect suit into Samantha’s front. “Are you hurt? Did they treat you poorly? Where is Agent Lee? What is this I hear about you being a **sex** streamer!?”

“Hi mom.” She said with an embarrassed voice as she was pulled by her mother into the visitation room and directed to sit down by a single point of her mother’s manicured nails.

“What am I going to do with you, little Sammy...” her mother lamented as she pulled out a pile of paperwork. “I have talked to the judge and worked out your release...”

“Mom, I asked for this.”

“Do not argue with your mother.” The stern look from the older blonde immediately shut Sam’s mouth like it was spring loaded. “We worked out a community service schedule where you can make up for your mistake instead of just sulking in prison.”

“I’m not sulking.”

“Samantha Ann-Marie Miller.” A perfectly polished pump clacked on the tile floor and that was that. “You have no idea how scared you made me. First, I find out about the breakout at the facility and then I hear that you have gone and locked yourself up. I was so worried they got to you.”

“Got to me? Mom, what happened?” Sam’s anxiety rose with the hair on her neck. “What breakout? Who got to me?”

“Sammy, darling, the other Class 1’s... those two girls from the facility broke out.” Her mother started with a look of concern. They have taken over an area of downtown and they are calling themselves gods or titans... It is all over the news, Sammy. They are looking for you saying you are one of them.”

“I’m not one of them, you know that...”

“Sammy they know about the incident at the club and they are doing the same thing to gather followers... They are saying you started it.”

“But I didn’t, mom. People have to know that I’m not a monster...”

“Sammy, you have to go back to your apartment.” Her mother’s face was more concerned than she had ever seen, even when her father had passed away, she had never seen her look

that worried. “Let the facility agents protect you until this all blows over. Promise me you will stay safe.”

“No, mom, I can’t just hide. I need to show people I’m not a monster.”

“This is not your fault, little Sammy. You have to just wait until this is all over.”

Sam sighed a frustrated sigh not sure what she’s supposed to even do about this. She finally realized she can change the world’s view of her and instead, those two monsters are on the loose making her look even worse. She reached into her pocket and rubbed the token she was given with another sigh. “Ok mom. I’ll stay safe.”

Reunion

Chapter Summary

Sam gets home to those she loves and the rules are set for the foreseeable future.

Hope this is more fun.

Sam wandered up to her apartment seeing Tally waiting out front for her like she never left. A surreal feeling settled over the scene as if this space was a part of a photograph, untouched by the tumult of the outside world. She couldn't help but shed a tear as she stepped up the three steps to the recessed front door.

"Samantha, we meet again." A voice cut through her quiet contemplation and wrenched her hand back as if her door handle was about to bite her. Her breath caught in her throat as she started to feel tears welling up behind her eyes.

"Agent Rachel Lee, why are you here?" She asked calmly, not looking up for fear of breaking down entirely.

"Senior Special Agent Rachel Lee now thanks to your mother." The curt voice from above cut her off but she could hear Rachel's tiny smile in the corners of her thin lips.

"Senior... Senior special agent..." She sniffled through happy tears.

"Just call me Rachel, Samantha. Let's not start that game again." She could hear her thin heels clack on the wood of her balcony as she moved inside. "One moment, I'll open the door for you."

"The door locks...?" Sam mused to herself as she wiped her puffy eyes on her jumpsuit sleeve. A few moments later, her up tight friend was standing there looking stern and serious as ever as if nothing had happened.

"Why did you come back..." She whispered. "I thought you had to leave...?"

"Apparently my particular skills are needed to keep you out of trouble, Samantha, and no one else would do." She crossed her thin arms across her well fit blazer. "I'll be staying with you for the foreseeable--"

Sam rushed forward and threw her arms around her friend as if she were back from the dead and sobbed into her shoulder.

"You are such a baby, Samantha." Rachel commented with no edge in her voice as she patted the sniffing blonde on the back. "If you get snot on my jacket, I'm going to be very cross."

Samantha let out a small laugh and stepped back. “I can’t believe you have to see me in this...”

“Orange is not your color, Samantha.”

“I really just want a shower and a big meal...” She sighed looking past Rachel at the stairs. “You’re staying with me? Does that mean I lost my streaming room?”

“Yes. I moved that bucket thing into your bathroom as well. That’s gross, Samantha.”

“I need my spare bedroom for streaming though...”

“You can adapt, I’m sure.” She started to say but Sam got a devious smile. “Smanatha, what are you planning?”

“You can’t have my spare bedroom if I lock you out of it...”

“Samantha don’t be such a child.” Sam’s smile only grew wider though.

“Dibs!” She yelled and took off towards the stairs but Rachel wasn’t far behind even in heels.

“Samantha Miller don’t you dare!” Laughing and shrieking filled the room as the two clamored and shoved each other around the rounded wall and up the stairs. Sam made it first, slamming the door shut with a victorious laugh.

“Too slow Special Agent!” She called through the door.

“That is not fair!” Rachel stomped her foot in frustration. “You tickled me on the stairs! That’s cheating!”

“Aw, someone’s a sore loser.” Sam peaked through the door to see Rachel’s face red and frowning.

“I did not lose!” She stamped again. “You cheated! That’s the only reason you won!”

“Ok, you got me.” She opened the door still smiling. “You can keep your room; I won’t make you sleep with me. I’ll just stream from the living room or something.”

Rachel took a deep breath and smoothed out her suit. “Have you told Miss Lola that you’re back? She came by a few times hoping to find you but at the time I didn’t know when you were to be home.”

“Oh shit, yeah. I should call Lola later.” She looked down. “Shower first.”

“Bow before me, worms!” Bailey called out to the crowd, amassed in front of the twisted steel structure of the shredded skyscraper. The two girls had made themselves thrones out of the wreckage and sat among the rubble preening down at their gathered horde. The masses cheered as Bailey gave a mighty flex of her 30-inch-wide arms making her bicep pop out like a basketball. The news camera recorded the spectacle from aboard a helicopter keeping its distance from what was now being called the SDZ.

Bailey roared and threw a chunk at the helicopter as Marcela simply sat, legs crossed and rolled her eyes.

“This is the territory of the Titans.” She spoke loud enough for the news camera to hear her even as they began their retreat. “Just surrender already, you puny mortals can’t even hurt us.”

Sam stared at the TV in shock. She knew what had happened even before the facility completed their investigation and Rachel passed on the information. Marcela must have convinced Bailey she didn’t want to be captured anymore. Bailey would never have come up with anything on her own and Marcela must have used the chaos Sam created when she made a mob downtown to collect followers. Sam’s online fame had served as the perfect vehicle for Marcela’s rise to power.

“I have to go and stop them...” Sam muttered to herself and the TV clicked off from behind her.

“You will do no such thing.” Rachel scolded her from behind the couch. “Your mother has made it very clear that you are to stay put until this is all resolved and with the facility in tatters, that’s the closest thing to an order as I have.

“What about gas or tranquilizers? Those worked on me.” She said hopefully.

“They’re cover for each other. When one gets hit with a dart the other brushes it off before it can fully take effect. They don’t stand still so gas wouldn’t work unless we gassed the entire SDZ and we just don’t have that ready yet.”

“I should-“

“SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!” For the second time in as many days, Sam got tackled hugged from an unknown party. Lola slammed her face on Sam’s cheeks and lips as she smothered her in kisses. “Oh my god. I thought you were gone. I thought I lost you baby.” She said between kisses.

“Hey Lola. Sorry I didn’t reach out to you... I was in prison.”

“I met your mom. That means we can get married right?” She said obviously not wanting to talk about her being gone anymore. Sam just laughed at her girlfriend’s resilience and determination.

“Are you going to stay the night?” Sam asked before looking at Rachel’s concerned expression. “Can my girlfriend spend the night, Roomie?”

Lola made that high pitched squeal she reserved for particular levels of excitement and despite herself she found herself smiling after hearing it after so long. “You two are living together!? That’s so cute! Are you a couple then!?”

“No, Rachel has a fiancé Lola.” Sam chimed in trying to keep the situation from straying back into awkward territory. Rachel for her part simply clicked her heels on the tile as she left the two alone to make out on the couch.

“Do you want to join my stream tonight?” She smiled at Lola sitting on her lap.

“You’re going to stream? Even though those two are all out there? Won’t people be scared?”

“I have to try something... besides, even if no one’s watching we can still have sex.”

“Hey Fam! It’s Sam!” Sam called into the camera with a cheery wave. Surprisingly, after a few minutes, people started to log in.

RustyCat12: You’re not one of the Titans, are you?

xxDragonKnightxx: you’re back. I am so sorry.

strongtim2287: Shit’s getting spooky out there.

“I’m not one of those nut bags...” Sam says trying to give her best reassuring smile. “And it’s cool Dragon Knight. I’m the one who should be sorry to all of you. I acted poorly but I’ve learned that I can be batman.”

xxDragonKnightxx: superman mebe

RustyCat12: You lost me.

“Sorry, that’s how my block mate put it. He was saying that, like, your past doesn’t make you who you are. What you decide to do does. So, if I wanted to be batman, I would just have to beat up criminals and dress like a bat. Or something like that...” She shrugged lightly. “When he said it, it made sense.”

strongtim2287: Respect.

BigPoppy65: for real Bunny Girl

“Oh, holy shit! George!” She smiled broadly as she recognized one of her audience members. She fished out the coin and held it up to the camera before putting it away. “Are you really allowed to watch porn from the library?”

BigPoppy65: dont snitch

She just nodded and shook her head with a happy smile. “Anyway, this is a sex streaming sight and this bitch does way too much talking with her clothes on. Don’t you think?”

xxDragonKnightxx: I’m listening

handbraButler: go back to hell freak
take your mega cunts out of our city you piece of shit

ProfessorCulture: Not to white knight here, but Sam isn’t one of them
So politely go fuck yourself @handbraButler

“Aw, Professor, that’s the nicest thing you’ve ever said in my chat.” She smiles as Lola leans over into her lap from off screen. “I lost my streaming room but there’s still a bed. Want to see me fuck Lola’s brains out?”

“Yes please!” Lola says in a chipper voice giving the camera sideways thumbs up but only getting the tip of her thumb in frame.

Sam pulls Lola up onto the bed above her to start to peel off her clothes. She kisses and licks her way across Lola’s stomach as Lola giggles and wiggles at the attention.

The computer beeped behind them, but Sam was tired of waiting. She dragged her tongue across Lola’s thigh from her knee to her hip dragging a moan out of her girlfriend.

“Don’t tease me so much...” Lola protested pointlessly as Sam continued to lick her way up the inside of her thigh, always stopping before getting too close.

“You taste delicious.” Sam whispered, her breath tickling Lola’s stomach.

“Sam, I need you so bad...”

Sam reached inside herself and pulled out just a handful of yellow power, just enough to swell her body into a cut bulky look without losing her trim figure.

“Oooh, I like.” Lola wiggled her hips again underneath Sam as she pulled off her big grey T-shirt and black shorts showing off her completely nude body.

“I missed you.” Sam said softly before giving Lola a tiny lick between her thighs, making her clench and shudder. She slipped her tongue inside the hot folds between Lola’s legs and sampled the slightly sweet taste of her girlfriend. She licked around the outside of her folds tracing circles around the outside before licking up towards her hard nub.

Lola’s body shook under the assault on her from the blonde captured by her thighs. Her hands reached up to grab hold of the covers above her head as Sam licked and sucked her clit.

“Oh god. Baby.” She moaned into the air, arching her back as Sam nibbles gently on the hard bump ripping an orgasm from Lola’s body.

Sam doesn’t give her much time to recover, kissing from her stomach up to her neck. Lola gasped as she felt Sam’s enormous cock pressing against her.

“Baby please... I missed this.” Lola purred as Sam pressed forward slowly feeling her girlfriend shudder underneath her.

Sam rubbed her enormous thick head against Lola’s wet entrance savoring in the noises her girlfriend was making as she pressed and rubbed against her. The camera sat forgotten, watching the intimacy unfolding between the two lovers.

“Baby. I need you.” Lola whispered in a needy whimper and Sam wordlessly obliged, clamping her lips on Lola’s and driving her tongue into her mouth to explore as the giant rod started to push inside painfully slowly.

Sam slowly forced the overly large object between them further inside just so agonizingly slowly they both were losing their minds.

“You’re so fucking big...” Lola whimpered trying to force more of Sam inside her, but Sam wouldn’t let it happen. She continued her snail’s pace, pushing inch after intense inch inside her panting girlfriend. For what felt like hours they lay there, locked in a passionate kiss as Sam continued to push down.

Lola started to thrash wildly, trying desperately to impale herself, anything to get more of that delicious friction. From the door, Rachel stood quietly, mouth open as she watched the two girls.

The couple was completely lost to anyone but each other as they both struggled against one another.

“Please. I can’t. Just do it. Fuck me.” Lola begged through kisses.

“I love you” was all Sam replied as she complied, finally picking up the pace to a gentle rocking like waves crashing on the beach. Rachel should have left; she only came to tell Sam... something... but she couldn’t look away from the tender scene before her. Her thighs clenched unconsciously as she watched Sam bottom out and pull all the way out in that same slow rhythm. Each time Lola shook and moaned, her pleasure spiking higher again in an uncountable series.

“You’re going to make me crazy!” Lola said as yet another orgasm broke over her like a lightning bolt making her toes spread out and her fingers shoot out like she’s been electrocuted. “Don’t! I can’t!” She moaned incoherently up into Sam’s waiting lips as she pushed her cold lips against Sam’s searing hot kiss.

Sam started to lose herself in the feeling, her movements becoming jerky and desperate as she fought against the tsunami building inside her. Her dick pulsed and throbbed inside Lola making her stomach swell from the immense object trapped inside her hot slick depths.

The blonde’s hands grabbed for Lola looking for anything to hold on to as her efforts became more erratic and uneven. She latched her mouth on Lola’s neck, biting her softly as her own release barreled forward.

With a grunt, Sam lost it finally and came. She could hear Lola scream and chant something, but her world was consumed with the incredible sensation of the strongest climax she had ever experienced. She rode wave after wave that threatened to make her pass out as she felt like an entire ocean rushed to inflate her girlfriend.

Just like every time before, Sam knew what to do when Lola's well connected to hers. She pushed all the energy swirling inside her spent girlfriend into her breasts, making the change temporary as she had before.

Sam leaned back to look down at Lola who was teetering on the edge of consciousness herself.

"Oh god. Baby. That was so much." She breathed weakly, the blonde's eyes confirming that Lola looked several months pregnant just from her enormously full womb. "I can feel it starting... Fuck I missed this feeling..."

Lola's skin seemed to tighten and smooth as her body processed the vital energy Sam had filled her with. Her hair looked shinier and her eyes clearer as she gasped and writhed on the bed. Even her teeth looked a shade whiter.

This wasn't what Sam was watching though. Sam's eyes were glued to her girlfriend's little A cups as they took on a life of their own and spread out across her chest. They fell away to either side as they crept up the alphabet and swelled out across her arms and ribs. They until they finally seemed content to stop as the two wobbly piles of deliciously soft flesh just barely brushed the covers on either side. She had to be a big F cup, maybe even bigger from Sam's untrained estimation.

She scooped up delicate piles into a mass on her chest so she could lick both nipples at once, savoring the rough texture of Lola's engorged nipples.

"Baby. I can't... I'll die..." Lola moaned making Sam remember that there was a spent girl attached to those heavenly breasts.

"Sorry..." Sam opened her mouth when a soft moan ripped through her brain. Her head shot over to the door to see Rachel's hand wiggling inside the front of her pants.

The Iron Giant

Chapter Summary

Sam has some competitive fun with Rachel.

If you're just in it for the smut, I'm afraid that's going to be the end. The rest is plot resolution.

Sam woke up well before her usual time feeling a strange mix of emotions. She had definitely seen Rachel playing with herself while she was with Lola... right? Was she supposed to say something about that?

Food first.

Sam untangled herself from her expanded girlfriend and left her there to sleep as she wandered downstairs to start the long process of cooking herself a proper meal. She had gotten so used to eating 'normal' portions, the thought of finally being full for the first time in forever made everything else a lot less pressing.

Surprisingly, there was another need she needed to take care of before that though. As she stood there, her cock was stubbornly throbbing in front of her demanding her attention. She wandered into the bathroom and pulled Victoria out of the corner hoping to make this quick.

Lola came and went, having to excuse herself for an early shift at work before Sam could even finish making herself breakfast. Her taller and much-bustier-than-yesterday girlfriend excused herself with a passionate kiss promising to return later. As Sam packed as much food as she could manage at a time into her mouth, she considered maybe just asking Lola to move in. They had been dating for a little bit, sure, but they basically stayed together as often as work allowed... what could be the harm?

"Good morning, Samantha." Rachel's neutral calm tone tore through her quiet contemplation like a hot knife. Sam just grunted, not able to waste any effort on a response when her mouth had so much more important work to do.

With the food finally gone, Sam sighed and leaned back. She was happy. Like, really happy. Across from her, Rachel had made and finished a small breakfast and was now nursing a hot cup of light brown coffee. The clock on the wall stated that it was already almost noon but neither of them seemed too pressed to do anything about it.

"You have a sweet tooth, Agent Rachel Lee." Sam said mockingly.

Rachel just sighed. "Are you planning to stream tonight, Samantha?"

“Yeah, it’s a weekday and I don’t have anything better to do. Why, are you worried?”

“Why would I be worried?” Rachel took a small sip of her coffee. “You aren’t planning to create another public menace or start another violent mob, are you?”

“Ouch, low blow.” Sam said with a small smirk. “But also no. I was just going to like flirt and masturbate on stream.”

Rachel made a small click with her tongue but said nothing back. Sam’s face slowly curved into a mischievous smirk.

“You disapprove?” Sam asked coyly.

“I just don’t see why you have to do something so vulgar for strangers on the internet, Samantha...”

“Vulgar? Lots of people like watching other people have sex...” Sam floated casually making Rachel’s retreat into her cup of coffee with a deep blush. “But you wouldn’t do vulgar like that, would you Agent Rachel Lee?”

“I just came to make sure you were ok, and I happened to walk in on you two.” Rachel said with a slightly pink poker face. Sam could call her out, but what’s the fun in that?

“Is that so?” Sam asked loftily, tapping her finger against her chin. “I challenge you.”

Rachel’s face changed immediately, her usual unreadably tight expression twisting in determination. “Challenge me? To what, an eating contest? A foot race?” Rachel said with an air of superiority.

“No, we’ll do something I saw in prison. Flip-cup. You have to take a plastic cup like this and whack it, so it flips over and lands on the other side.” She gestured to her imaginary cup trying to show how to play.

“What would be the point of that?” Rachel asked looking away to seem disinterested in such a pedestrian challenge.

“We’ll make it interesting through. Whoever gets their cup to stand up first gets to make the other person do what they say one time.” Sam smiled hoping to rope the competitive agent into her game.

“That’s absurd, Samantha and you know it.” Rachel said, finishing her coffee and moving to stand up in defiance.

“I get it, you’re afraid you’ll lose.” The blonde shrugged nonchalantly dropping the challenge flag squarely on Rachel’s tense shoulders.

“Afraid?” Rachel squawked louder than she probably meant to. “How could I possibly be afraid of such a simple...”

“It’s fine, Agent Lee, you don’t have to play.” Sam egged her on.

“Samantha Miller! Set up the stupid cups!”

A few minutes later, the tense standoff began on the kitchen island. Both girls thwapped their respective cups in hostile silence as they both tried to outdo the other.

“Ha!” Rachel cheered as she was the first to get their clear cup to land on its bottom. “I win. Now you have to... clean my room.”

Sam smiled sweetly. “Yes mistress.” As Rachel stood there preening, Sam smacked the lip of her own cup and sent it teetering onto its bottom. “Oh no, looks like I win this time.”

Rachel’s face fell realizing the game didn’t end at the first victory.

“You have to tell me how long you were watching Lola and I have sex.” Sam said with a laugh.

“Shit.” Rachel clicked her tongue before looking down at the cups trying to think of a way out of this. “Not if I win again, I can tell you to drop it!”

The two girls laughed and smacked their cups before Sam finally landed another win. “Cough it up, Agent Lee! Did we turn you on? You can tell me; I’m a sex streamer. I get it.”

“Yes. Ok? I watched. It was something else.” Rachel admitted, throwing herself into the game with a competitive smile but Sam landed another in quick succession.

“Did you see Lola grow big like you want to?” Sam asked without stopping slapping the lip of her cup. Both women laughed and jeered as they continued to make a racket.

“I watched it all.” Rachel admitted not looking away from her efforts and finally landing a win of her own. “HA! I demand you drop it!”

Sam flipped her own cup again and pointed an accusing finger at Rachel. “I dare you to drink some of my spunk!”

Rachel’s mouth fell open. “What?” The game paused.

“I order you to let me make your boobs bigger. Drink my seed.” She said with a wicked smirk.

“Fine.” Rachel said hotly, too taken by her competitive nature to let something like this stop her from winning. “Take it out and fill something.”

“Victoria.” Sam said before running off to get her bucket toy. She dropped her pants and poised herself over the bucket to get herself off and the game seemed to be forgotten for the moment as Rachel tried to look away from the strange display. That didn’t stop the blonde

from filling her bucket after some effort. She held up Rachel's coffee cup filled with pearly liquid to Rachel.

To her credit, she drank it down.

"EEEEEW!" Sam giggled.

"It's sweeter than I thought it would be..." Rachel said showing her tongue to prove her task is complete. She immediately returned to her cup, leaving Sam to scramble. Sam could feel her essence mingling with Rachel and she pushed it all into the agent's shirt. As they both played, Rachel seemed oblivious as her modest B's swelled into button stretching D's. "It's like white chocolate..."

Sam tried hard to get another win, but it was too late, Rachel was getting the hang of it.

"Ok my turn!" Rachel said with a victorious smile. Rachel dove her cup back into the lake in the bucket and drank deeply. "Make me bigger!"

Sam stared as the usually composed Agent willingly drinking her sperm and demanding her to make her bustier. Despite just getting off, the sleeping beast in her yoga pants started to swell. The stunned blonde wordlessly complied, pushing all of the essence into her chest once again.

"Why does it taste and feel so good..." Rachel purred, putting down her cup and feeling her growing chest up leaving Sam bewildered. She snapped back to her cup on the counter and gave it another swat, landing it cleanly on the bottom.

"You have to tell me, does this turn you on?" Sam asked quietly watching as the Agent's coat struggled to contain her chest now. The buttons on her blouse stretched open and revealed peeks of pale freckled skin underneath. It looked like she was hiding two pale squishy grapefruits.

"I've never been so turned on." Rachel said not even paying attention to the cups anymore, her focus was instead on Sam. She had that pouty look that she remembered from just before they kissed before.

Their lips collided before Sam could even think about the fact that Rachel was taken. She ground her bulge against Rachel's skirt and kissed her with everything she was worth.

"Your fiancé..." Sam started, not willing to stop her hands from finding the gap in Rachel's shirt to slide inside and cup the newly enlarged boobs beneath.

"We broke it off." Rachel said, kissing Sam in between words. "It wasn't fair to him, I couldn't stop thinking about you."

"Rachel, you left your fiancé?" Sam pushed her back in shock trying to get serious despite their roaming hands. "Is this just because I can give you boobs because-"

Rachel pressed herself against Sam hard and pushed her against the small wall dividing the kitchen and the living room. "Shut up Sam, I made my choice. We weren't right for each

other.”

“But I’m a slut-” Sam tried to protest but Rachel wasn’t having it, she had unbuttoned her shirt and pulled Sam into her cleavage.

“I am too.” Rachel panted. “I want you to help me be free like you.”

Sam freed herself from the space between Rachel’s new large breasts and smiled at her best friend. “First, you deserve the boobs of your dreams.”

“That’s impossible.” Rachel laughed loudly making her breasts shake as she did. “I would have to quit before I could let you do that to me.”

“Wait why?” Sam looked concerned that some part of the process was going to hurt or incapacitate her new lover.

Rachel leaned into Sam’s ear to put her fears to rest. “My dream size is bigger than your apartment, love.”

In the SDZ, miles from where Sam was entering into uncharted territory, the Titans and their growing cult had caught the ire of the local military. As riot teams had failed to recapture the area, they began to act. Two tanks, the armored answer to armed conflict, rolled into the business part the Titans had taken up residency in to demand an end to this.

“Put your hands up and evacuate the area or you will be treated as an armed combatant!” The tank declared to the crowd surrounding the two boulders of muscle. Immediately, the crowd began to disperse before this new apex predator, but Marcela simply held up her hand.

“Oh you.” She cooed from her twisted metal throne. “Haven’t you figured out yet? We are gods. Your puny mortal toys can’t hurt-“

The tank fired once off into the distance, aiming at an already demolished building with an explosive report. The shell had more than enough power to shake the two women as their faces went from shock to anger.

“Put your hands up and come quietly or we will open fire.” The tank speaker warned one last time. The business park was empty now except the armored machines and the two enormous women.

“Bailey, show them we mean business.” Marcela pointed at the tank in front and the person next to her moved faster than anyone could react to. Her hands grasped at the tank, stressing and groaning the metal but she couldn’t seem to lift or move the tank.

For a moment, the world watched as Bailey struggled to find a way to deal with the metal machine. It seemed like these two would-be tyrants had finally found their match.

Bailey raised her massive foot and kicked the tank between where the top and middle meet, denting the metal. Another kick and the dent became a hole. She shoved her hands inside the new opening and pulled as hard as she could. Her entire body swelled as large as it could under the strain but after a few seconds, the metal gave in and the tank came apart at the seam.

Not satisfied with just ripping it in half, Bailey stomped down with both feet on the front of the tank, bucking the back up off the ground. She grabbed the flipping machine in both hands, holding it over her head before tossing it into a second tank like a paper airplane with a monstrous roar.

The remaining tank fired at the enormous woman with its machine gun and managed to draw blood, but it was short lived, Bailey launched herself up into the sky and came down with both feet, punching through armor and asphalt like a missile.

--

“Hi Fam!” She called to the camera from the living room couch. Lola and Rachel were upstairs talking or something, so she decided to spend the time streaming. “It’s Sam!”

xxDragonKnightxx: sup batman

strongtim2287: Hey Sam. It’s Fam.

RustyCat12: Things are getting pretty dark out there.

“Dark?” She looked outside to see it was getting close to night. “Yeah I guess it is like afternoon or whatever. But listen! I have a girlfriend!”

Sam stopped to consider chat’s reaction.

“Ok, a second girlfriend! Rachel agreed to go out with me!” She cheered at the camera.

RustyCat12: Small victories I suppose.

“Small victories?” Sam hunched on the couch looking concerned as chat didn’t quite reach the level of excitement she was hoping for.

xxDragonKnightxx: the Titans are threatening to take over

RustyCat12: Frankly, I’m concerned.
What do we do against something like this?

Sam frowned and read as chat seemed more dismal than ever. “I was told to keep out of this but I really want to help...”

xxDragonKnightxx: you can’t. they would just beat you up

strongtim2287: We need you.

“Need me?” She asked quietly.

xxDragonKnightxx: don't be like that @strongtim2287
you're asking her to go hurt herself

RustyCat12: Maybe you can talk to them? Get them to see reason?

strongtim2287: That's what heroes do though.
Why have strength if not to the benefit of others?

Sam just stared at the words on the screen. What was all this strength really for anyway? What if Bailey and Marcela decided to attack Rachel, Lola, her mother? Why were others different from them?

“You're right.” She said before she stood up from her couch. “I have to do something. I'm the only one who can.”

Emptying the Well

Chapter Summary

So it ends. Or does it?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Rachel dropped Sam off just outside the yellow police tape of the SDZ. Beyond looked like a war zone of broken buildings and upturned concrete. From the street level it looked like the girls had tried to make a wall out of broken roads decorated every so often with park benches sitting upright.

It had taken hours to convince Rachel that this was the right thing to do but, in the end, she knew there was nothing she could do to convince the determined blonde. Not because she was strong but because she had set her mind to it.

Sam stood for a moment before drawing on that yellow well of strength as deeply as she could. Her head rose up over the wall as her body swelled and transformed from the busty streamer into the strongest, largest human on the planet. Her arms slowly swelled up until they were half the width of a car, each bicep larger around than a mini fridge.

Her legs bulked and shredded her yoga pants like paper, pushing out and rippling with new muscles. Each thigh was almost the width of a full size couch and impossibly strong.

She had never felt bigger or stronger and at the same time, she had never felt so afraid.

Sam stepped carefully through the wreckage into the small square business park to see the two girls, the Titans as they called themselves, alone atop their trash pile.

“I’m really glad you’re here.” Marcela’s voice was so sickly sweet she could feel her hair stand on end. It was like being stared down by a venomous snake. “We really couldn’t have done this without you. So really, thank you.”

“I’m not here to help you, I’m here to get you to see sense.” Sam said resolutely making Marcela scoff from her perch.

“Oh, don’t be ridiculous.” She started, standing from her ‘seat’ and stalking down towards Sam with Bailey in tow. “You can’t possibly be happy with them, you know they can never accept you. We all know that. They’re afraid of us.”

Sam scoffed this time. “You’re not helping your cause, you’re just giving them more reason to be afraid.”

“Maybe they should fear us.” Marcela dropped the sweet act and closed the distance between them having to look up to look Sam in the eyes. Bailey’s eyes went wide.

“HOW THE FUCK” She shouted, slamming her fist into Sam’s stomach making her buckle over.

“Bailey, enough.” Marcela barked and thankfully the taller of the two listened. “You’re bigger than Bailey now... interesting.”

“That’s right.” Sam coughed trying to stand up and look menacing, but Bailey lurched making the blonde flinch. Bailey smirked, feeling superior for the moment. “I can get even bigger too. You’re both out matched.”

“We don’t have to fight, Samantha. We’re on the same side. This world isn’t willing to accept us unless we make them. I’m just trying to make it that they will never dream of locking us up again.”

“Bullshit.” Sam growled and Marcela sighed. The manipulative brunette rolled her head to the side and her fake smile melted away.

“Bailey, make her kneel.”

Before Sam could react, Bailey was on her. A fist like a cannonball collided with Sam’s midsection again making her see stars. The shock wave from the hit ripped up some of the grass around them as a knee came up to connect with Sam’s chin and a heavy slam hit the back of her head. Sam slammed face first into the dirt.

On instinct she grabbed Bailey by the foot as she stood and tried to punch back but was met with another sharp impact to the armpit. Bailey jumped and slammed both feet into Sam’s face, sending her slamming back into a nearby building with a loud crunch.

Sam coughed trying to find her breath as Bailey rushed her again. The blonde threw her hands up in front of her face just as another practiced punch sent her through the side of the building, ripping through metal and concrete as she went spiraling to her stomach on the road.

She scrambled to her feet and threw out her hands, capturing Bailey in a hug as she flew at her in a rage. Sam dug deep, reaching into the well to find more power to contain the struggling Titan. Her body grew quickly around Bailey but it didn’t matter. Strength was no match for tenacity and practice. Bailey’s head flew back and smashed into Sam’s nose making her vision spin as she fell backwards.

“You’re not better than me.” Bailey growled down at Sam, stalking over to her. “I’m the fucking best on this entire god damn planet.”

A hand grabbed Sam by the hair and smashed her face into the ground. She was completely overwhelmed. Why was she even trying to fight these two?

From somewhere off in the distance she could hear a voice calling to her. Rachel. That's why she was doing this.

"Bailey... what does beating me up get you?" Sam asked quietly.

"It proves I'm still the fucking best." Bailey spit back readying to pummel her again.

"But people still won't accept you. Isn't that what you want? Adoration?" Sam looked up to see Bailey looking back at Marcela. "I can show you how to get fans."

"You're fucking with me." Bailey snarled but her balled fist didn't move.

"You want to be worshiped. I can show you how easy it is."

Bailey stayed quiet, scanning her face for signs of deception but something Sam said had reached her.

"You saw the video, right? I had an army of men following me around just because I was hot." Sam said calmly trying to appeal to Bailey's narcissism. "And you could be even hotter than I am."

"The hottest?" Bailey asked suddenly sounding vulnerable.

"Bailey, bring her over here." Marcela broke in seeing something shift in Bailey's grip. Bailey complied, dragging the defeated blonde over to the pile of junk the snake was standing in front of.

"Marcy, she says people would worship me if I was hot. Is that true?" Bailey asked quietly, her usual commanding presence lost to whatever turmoil Sam had whipped up.

"You are sexy, love. We just have to make the world see it." She smiled that sickly sweet smile and kissed Bailey.

"But where's your fans?" Sam piped up and Marcela wheeled on her.

"We have an army of followers!" She barked but Sam just smiled.

"But where are they? You saw the video, Bailey. The cops showed up and my followers didn't leave until they got taken away. Because they loved me. Do your followers love you?"

Marcela slapped the blonde across the face, but it didn't have the same insane sting that Bailey was capable of.

"Shut up!" Marcela spat, slapping Sam again. "What makes you so special!?"

"I'm just saying Bailey doesn't have to fight to be accepted. I can put her online right now and she'd be worshiped by thousands."

Bailey just stood still, pondering what Sam had said. Marcela was going to be impossible to win over. She had to be stopped somehow.

“You should be worshipping me! You should be thankful to me! I’m going to make us gods! People are going to finally see how much better we are!”

“You’re right…” Sam said softly, dropping her gaze demurely. She wasn’t sure how to turn this situation around but maybe she could buy herself time to figure it out.

Marcela was caught off guard by her sudden change but didn’t seem to immediately believe that she had won the stubborn blonde over.

“Thank me.” Marcela demanded with a smirk.

“I really appreciate what you’ve done for us.” Sam replied solemnly realizing her compliance was working.

“That’s right. You should be appreciative.” Marcela preened, her own social isolation making it harder to realize that Sam was just giving her what she wanted to hear. “With you on our side, we’re unstoppable.”

“You’re right.” Sam parroted, looking around for a way to capitalize on the situation but her searching didn’t go unnoticed. Marcela’s face darkened with suspicion.

“You’re just placating me, aren’t you.”

“No, Master.” Sam purred, looking at Marcela with a seductive look. Marcela was once again surprised but her ego seemed to enjoy this new dynamic more than her rational mind could handle.

“Say that again.” Marcela demanded, pulling Sam up by her hair to stand the blonde back up. Bailey stepped back seemingly very confused with the sudden shift.

“Yes, Master.”

“You have to do whatever I say.” Marcela challenged, trying to shake Sam into fighting or revealing the ruse.

“Of course, Master.” Sam replied immediately.

“Kiss Bailey.” Marcela said, trying again with all her naivety to come up with something Sam would object to. To her surprise, Sam swept Bailey up in a sweltering kiss. She poured herself into the kiss, closing her eyes and feeling all of Bailey’s essence pressed against hers. There, deep inside her was a soft pink well of exhausted energy. Scared and alone.

Sam had an idea. Marcela stared at the coupling as Sam left Bailey a panting mess just from a kiss. “You’re really serious? You give up?”

Sam nodded, smiling seductively at Bailey and making her blush.

“You belong to me.” Marcela said hastily trying to turn attention away from Bailey feeling like she had lost out on something. “Say it, say you belong to me.”

“I belong to you, Master.” Sam repeated, leaning back towards Marcela with all the seductive charm she could muster. She could steer the conversation to kissing Marcela but that risked Marcela catching on. She would have to just wait until-

“Kiss me then.” Marcela demanded and Sam stepped forward. She tenderly wrapped her wide arms around Marcela’s neck and kissed her deeply.

Inside Marcela was a yellow energy like hers, but this one felt twisted and wrong. As she kissed, she reached out to feel the power circulating throughout Marcela. With a firm tug, she ripped it all away. Like stuffing a bundle of snakes into her own well, she pulled as hard as she could on all of Marcela’s essence.

Her own body swelled as Marcela suddenly started to struggle and shrink. Harder and harder, Sam pulled on everything that was inside Marcela and stuffed it inside her own bottomless well. Her arms thickened and swelled as she slowly crept taller and wider.

“Marcy?” Came a small voice behind her but Sam couldn’t stop. She needed to finish the job. With a final tug she ripped the rest of the lingering strength from Marcela and dropped the small naked futa to the ground.

Sam folded over on herself as Marcela’s essence threatened to tear her apart. She looked down at the tiny form of Bailey as she towered over her. If she had been strong before, now she truly was unstoppable. She could reach up and touch the clouds, grow bigger than skyscrapers. Marcela’s essence mixed with her own and she could feel the power inside her swelling out of control. Her growth wasn’t slowing as she started to crack the ground beneath her. She looked over at the buildings she was now eye level with.

She was losing herself.

Unable to come up with a better plan, Sam shoved all the new power down into a ball and turned it into the only thing she could think of. As she grabbed her swelling dick and pumped furiously, her normally monstrous extremity bulged and extended until it was the size of an entire train. With a loud groan she poured everything inside her into her efforts and let loose.

“Hey Fam! It’s Sam!” She called to the camera like she did every weeknight. She her usual 5 foot 4 self and as usual her chat assembled.

xxDragonKnightxx: sup batman

strongtim2287: You’re looking good. How are you feeling?

“I’m great. Stubbing my toe sucks, do you guys have to deal with shit like that all the time?” She asked with a smile.

RustyCat12: Yeah, normal people bleed a lot.

“Can’t say I’m looking forward to that.” Sam laughed.

xxDragonKnightxx: did you really give up all your strength?

“Yeah it was either that or, like, outgrow the city and hurt a bunch of people.” She shrugged. “Besides, I hear that the cum shower I created covered most of the US and gave a lot of woman a boost. You can thank me for everyone looking like a supermodel.”

RustyCat12: Did Rachel move in?

“Rachel lives here too, she’s just so horny all the time at her new size...” Sam sighed. “She’s insatiable, always wanting to get even bigger.”

strongtim2287: What happened to the well?

“I had to empty it. All of it.” She says with a small look of disappointment. “Anyway, news time! I moved into the new house! Rachel moves in in a few days.” She motioned to the space around her showing off all the workout equipment in her basement gym.

strongtim2287: Strong is a way of life.

RustyCat12: What happened to the Titans?

“Bailey’s a streamer back at the facility. She’s loving it. Marcela is hating life as a normal person.” Sam moved over to one of the pieces of workout equipment and stripped off her tight yellow shirt to show off her enormous perky M cups. She picks up the bars of the machine and started to push.

Like she’s used to doing, she reached into her well but could only find a tiny echo of the power that used to be there. She let out a sigh and looked at the camera with an apologetic smile.

“Ok, that’s too much for me...” She said a little ashamed. “I’m still getting used to this, you know?”

strongtim2287: It moved. Try again

xxDragonKnightxx: it lifted

BigPoppy65: do it again Bunny Girl

Sam shrugged and tried again, reaching deep inside for strength and found that the well was a little more full than it was a moment ago. Her arms tightened as muscles peaked out from her thin form and her body bulked up slightly. Sure enough, the handled clattered and shook as she found herself barely able to press the weight.

Her heart leapt in her chest as she felt her body swell. Quickly, she stuffed the power back into the well shrinking her body back to normal.

“It’s coming back!”

Chapter End Notes

I'd be willing to explore more of the world and the concepts in other stories if anyone is still interested in the whole deal. I was thinking about making a story about the other Futa types or even continue Sam's story. Dunno though.

If you're inspired, I give whoever wants to complete permission to add on to what I started, reach out if you have questions or whatever, Just let me know so I can read it! This was meant to be kind of like a superhero origin story originally but I got a little carried away.

Either way, thanks for reading. I appreciate your time. =)

-ThatGuy

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!