

Reus Village, Chapters 1-7
By Joyce Julep

Chapter 1

“So let me get this straight,” began Lauren, towering up to her full 10’2 height as she put her hands on her wide, full hips, glowering down at the 5’8 Kevin, her recently-avowed ex-boyfriend, “*You* are gonna break up with *me*...heheh...because you don’t like how I *treat* you!?”

“Th-that’s...that’s right, Lauren!” Kevin stammered timidly, though he was making his best effort to project confidence and resolve. He had rehearsed this scene many times to himself already. “You...you t-treat me like crap and...a-and I’ve had enough!”

Lauren made a point of slowly shifting her weight over to one hip, knowing full well how the alluring angle of her curves would tease and taunt the poor man. The fact that she was decked out in a sexy, dark-red skirt, with black tights outlining her huge, shapely legs, was icing on the cake. She didn’t really care if Kevin was breaking up with her or not – she could take him or leave him. It wasn’t like she couldn’t scoop up some other submissive sap off the street whenever she felt like it. What irked her in the moment, though, was that he had actually had the balls to go through with the break-up. Lauren had known for a while that Kevin was miserable in their relationship, but the truth was that his happiness just didn’t matter that much to her. *He* was the one who should be feeling lucky, scoring a bombshell like her.

“You’ve had enough,” Lauren repeated, spearing the inside of her cheek with her tongue as she stared down sarcastically at her overmatched former partner. She brushed her shoulder-length dark brown hair out of her teal-colored eyes, tilting her head slowly to the side. She was savoring the effort of his rehearsed break-up speech. “Hmmm, you know, Kevin, I think you’ve got it backward – *you’re* the one who’s been dating above your pay grade this whole time. And then you have the nerve to break up with me!?”

“Y-Yes!” exclaimed Kevin. Lauren immediately burst out laughing, making him blink rapidly in embarrassment. He had tried to sound brave...he really had. But when Lauren’s crotch was a full 6 inches above his head, his attempts at presenting a confident visage dissolved in the wake of the sheer size comparison before him. His entire body was smaller than one of Lauren’s legs.

“Ahahahaha! Oh...oh that’s...that’s just *rich*!” Lauren intoned, pretending to brush a tear out of her eye as she leaned down over Kevin, engulfing him completely in her shadow. Her big, strikingly-teal eyes bored down into him, causing him to back up into the wall, where he couldn’t escape. Lauren just stood there, relishing the power she had over him, enjoying the sight of his measly little body squirming around in her shadow. In times past, she would probably say a few degrading things to him, pick him up, boss him around, and show him how much bigger and stronger she was.

But really, if she was actually being truthful with herself, Lauren wasn't enjoying herself right now. It annoyed her that Kevin was leaving her, just because it was his last desperate act of independence. It wasn't even worth trying to keep him. That would mean she'd need to take the trouble to wrangle some other dude...but that would be a pain in the ass, and in any case, how on earth was anyone going to measure up to her!? Even the tallest "hottest" guys were only like 6'5, 6'6 – they came up to the top of her hips! No one could match her...*no one*. When she had started growing, it had been a powerful feeling. But now that she dwarfed everyone so completely, it was just annoying.

WHAM

Lauren smacked her hand into the wall, high above Kevin's head, making him flinch. Her mouth curved into a disdainful grin as she chuckled above him, pushing herself off the wall and turning on her heel to leave his apartment. She didn't even give him one last look – she was already out the door, flicking him off with a long finger, her huge, juicy ass shaking and gyrating back and forth in her tight red skirt as she left.

"So long, pipsqueak," she called over her shoulder, "You just never measured up. Good luck finding someone like ME ever again."

She slammed the door behind her, cracking the drywall, and a few seconds later she was striding out of Kevin's apartment building. Scowling at the normal-sized people staring at her blankly, she put on her sunglasses and stalked down the street, towards her own apartment building a few blocks away. She hadn't walked more than a block's distance when she heard an audible rip around her legs.

"Oh for fuck's sake...!" she complained out loud, bending down to inspect the damage. Sure enough, her black tights had started tearing, and the ones on her right leg had started ripping all the way down the middle.

"I just bought these!" Lauren huffed to herself. And now that she was bending down low, she felt the tightness of her red skirt against her big ass. She straightened up, knowing that if she stayed crouched down in that position, her skirt would start to tear too.

"And if THAT wasn't enough," Lauren sighed out loud...and she held her feet, one after the other, as she tried to wiggle her toes inside her black flats, to get them some extra room. But there wasn't any extra room. Her feet seemed to be constantly constricted these days, to the point where it was actually starting to make her crazy.

"You know what...screw it!" Lauren exclaimed out loud, and one by one she ripped her shoes off, exposing her pantyhosed feet to the bare sidewalk. It didn't surprise her in the least to see her purple-painted toenails poking through the torn hose fibers. She felt a surge of anger, even

as she knew that it was cover for the sinking feeling that was dropping down in the middle of her stomach. She was still growing, and showing no signs of stopping.

Sensing the attention, she jerked her head up, catching a group of young adults who were staring at her from across the street.

“What are YOU twerps looking at!?” she barked out at them. Her loud, sonorous voice carried powerfully on the air, and they all scattered immediately. Lauren chuckled to herself, trying to find some solace in the effortless power she had over these little punks...but she just couldn’t cheer herself up right now. It felt like every atom in her huge body was buzzing with irritation. She just wanted someone to walk past and insult her, so she could lash out at them. But fortunately enough for any people who passed by her, they were much too intimidated to say anything. A few minutes later she reached her apartment, and, with an annoying amount of effort, managed to squeeze her way inside.

“Pssh, look at this crappy little place,” Lauren muttered to herself, flinging her arms at the slightly-disheveled apartment. At first glance, her living area looked like it was cluttered, and hadn’t been kept up well, but upon closer inspection, it became clear that this was no ordinary “clutter.” The splintered remains of two wooden chairs lay heaped up unceremoniously in one corner, while the unsightly mess in the middle of the room turned out to be a caved-in coffee table. The refrigerator was missing its handle, which had apparently been wrenched off and broken in two, and several cabinet doors were loose and crooked, with one of them barely hanging on by its hinges.

“What a dump!” Lauren huffed, collapsing her huge body down in a giant, purple bean-bag chair, the only item of furniture left that she could sit on without breaking. For a few silent moments, she surveyed her cramped apartment with a sour, surly expression, scowling with evident bad-temper at the piles of broken furniture. She hadn’t asked for this...she hadn’t asked for ANY of this. A few months ago, she had just started growing...and growing...and *growing*...and it hadn’t stopped. No one knew what was wrong, not even the three separate doctors she had been to. And what’s worse, the bigger and taller she got, the more annoyed she became at everyone. Even the most basic errand inevitably involved a whole host of unwanted ganders from the tiny people she had to deal with. At first, some of the stares had been mocking, and even aggressive, but once she had grown past seven feet, they had quickly dissolved into meek and awestruck glances.

But Lauren was so sick of it all – the unwanted attention, the clothes that wouldn’t fit, the furniture that kept breaking, the people who just wouldn’t get the hell out of her way. She knew that she hadn’t always been this much of an arrogant bitch, but she just didn’t care anymore. She moved faster than them; she was stronger than them; she could do everything quicker...she just didn’t have the same hang-ups that ordinary people had in their day-to-day lives. In pretty much any sense she could think of, she was superior to them. And so, after all, in her mind, it made sense that she came off as arrogant and bossy. How could it be any other way!?

“Speaking of which...” Lauren said out loud. She picked up her phone and, with effort (since it was so tiny now compared to her huge hands), dialed the number of the furniture store that she had ordered from the previous week. Well-aware that her order wasn’t past due yet, Lauren just felt like right now, she needed someone to yell at.

“Haverty’s Furniture,” answered a crisp and professional voice, moments later.

“Hello, this is Lauren Albrecht,” Lauren announced imperiously into her phone, holding it between her thumb and index finger, “And I was just calling to check up...*again*...on my order.”

“Oh! Oh...y-yes, yes of course, Ms. Albrecht,” stammered the employee quickly. “Let me, u-uhm...let me check on that for you.”

Lauren had paid the store a personal visit a few days before, and none of the employees, including the one on the phone, would soon forget the imposing and angry giantess who had stalked around the store, loudly complaining about why she wasn’t getting special treatment. If it had been a normal person behaving that way, the store would not have hesitated to call the police, but with a 10-foot giantess, it was just different. Everyone had been afraid of escalating the situation, and had instead placated Lauren with simpering gestures of apology.

“I thought I made it clear before how URGENT this order is,” Lauren persisted, taking absolutely no pity on the wretched man on the other end. “I’m literally staring at a pile of broken furniture that my fat ass snapped last week, and I’m reeeeeeally starting to get tired of not having anything to replace it with.”

“I—I understand, Ms. Albrecht,” stammered the man, “B-But...but you see...uhm, w-well, your, uh, your special order...it has to be custom-made, especially given the uhm...the dimensions you sp-specified, and so, uh-hh —”

“So you’re saying this is all MY fault, huh?” Lauren snapped back, kicking her feet up into the air and wiggling her toes through her torn pantyhose. She was enjoying taking out her frustration this way.

“N-no! No of *course* not, Ms. Albrecht!” returned the sales rep quickly. “I just...I j-just wanted to explain to you why, uhm, you know...your order still hasn’t arrived yet.”

“Am I going to have to come back down there?” asked Lauren ominously, “To speed things up?”

“Oh...no, n-no, please, Ms. Albrecht, that, uhm...that won’t be necessary – I will make sure that, uh-hh, that I notify the manager that...that you called, and h-hopefully that will...a-as you said, speed things up.”

"Well it better," Lauren finished decisively. "Otherwise I WILL come back down there. And I won't be as nice as I was last time."

She abruptly hung up and took a few deep breaths. For a minute or so she felt a little better, basking in the afterglow of bossing that little guy around, but soon the irritated restlessness returned. Her stomach growled. She was *a/ways* hungry these days, and the more she grew, the worse her hunger became. It wasn't enough to eat breakfast, lunch, and dinner, even if each of those meals had become a 2,000-plus calorie binge for her – starting about a week ago, Lauren had started having to supplement her three giant main course meals with large "snacks," usually ordered en masse from one of the local fast food restaurants. As soon as her stomach had growled, Lauren huffed out an annoyed sigh, rolling her eyes as she opened her phone again and called the number of the local burger joint, which she had on speed dial. When she heard the click of the person on the other end answering her call, she didn't even wait for them to start speaking.

"Three number 5's, extra large fries, hold the mayo and pickles...and make it fast," she muttered into her phone.

"Right away, ma'm!" exclaimed the teenager on the other end, who was used to Lauren's orders at this point and knew exactly where to deliver them.

Lauren hung up and tossed her phone aside, sighing out again as she tried to spread her huge body out on the purple bean bag chair. She looked up at the ceiling, blinking at the white, artfully-spackled caulk. A few months ago she hadn't even noticed these little details about the ceiling – but now she was all-too-familiar with ceilings in general, since she spent much of her time crouching to avoid smacking her head into them. Those ceiling designs weren't made to look at up close...they weren't made for her. This room wasn't made for her...*nothing* was made for her. In every sense, Lauren was completely displaced and untethered: a giantess freak who couldn't go anywhere or do anything without breaking something, without making people stare. She hated it all with every fiber of her being, to the point where she didn't care how much of a bitch she was to other people. At least she could obtain some sort of smug, cheap, fleeting pleasure by lording herself over all those "normal" people...but deep down, Lauren knew that she was just using them as punching bags to vent her own frustration. She was totally, inescapably miserable.

Lauren didn't know how long she stared up at the ceiling like that, zoning out, and letting herself sink down into a gloomy, catatonic stupor. These brief spells of bodily dissociation were the rare moments when she actually felt like she could catch a break from her predicament, when she could just "float in the ether" and forget that she was 10'2, and getting bigger. It wasn't a particularly pleasant state of mind, but at least it wasn't outwardly wretched – it was just nothing...gray, blank, nothingness...

A knock on her door suddenly startled Lauren out of her reverie. She bolted upright, the little mesh beans in her beanbag seat hissing against each other. Her eyebrows creased together as

she reached over for her phone to look at the time...yes, she had only ordered ten minutes before. How on earth had they prepared her food and brought it over in that amount of time!?

'They must have already had it pre-made,' Lauren thought to herself, standing up and beginning to stride towards the door, 'Knowing that I'd order...huh...it better not be cold.'

She felt a certain sense of satisfaction, knowing that the restaurant feared her wrath enough to pre-make her orders, but she was not going to accept sub-quality food.

'I'll test the food before the delivery person leaves,' she thought, putting her hand on the doorknob, 'And he better hope it's hot, or else I am NOT going to be happy.'

She wrenched open the door, opening her mouth to say something like, 'Record time! You all didn't pre-make this, did you?' and expecting to watch the poor little delivery guy stammer and stutter his way through a response. But Lauren just stood there with her mouth open, with no words coming out. It wasn't the delivery guy standing in front of her, as she had expected. Instead, it was a small, middle-aged woman, professionally-dressed in a smart-looking black blazer, with black dress pants to match. Her blond hair was done up in a tight bun, and her piercing blue eyes stared straight up into Lauren's, showing absolutely no sign of intimidation. She held a black leather briefcase in her right hand. Lauren also subconsciously noticed that this woman had not taken a step back when she opened the door...something every other person had been doing for weeks, ever since she got above 7 feet.

"Hello," intoned the woman pleasantly, inclining her head slightly to the side as she looked up at Lauren, "Are you Ms. Lauren Albrecht?"

Lauren was so discombobulated by the appearance of the unexpected visitor, by the visitor's composure, and by the fact that this woman knew Lauren's name, that she couldn't answer for several seconds. She simply stood there, blinking down at the woman, who continued to stare back at her coolly, patiently waiting for an answer. Eventually, Lauren regained her composure and put her hands on the door frame, leaning down towards the woman in an effort to intimidate her. She figured this was probably the new burger joint manager or something.

"Yeah, that's me," she replied, in her best attempt at gruff offhandedness. "Where's my food?"

The woman blinked slowly a couple times, maintaining her patient demeanor, even as she inclined her head a bit more to the side.

"I'm sorry...your food?" she asked simply.

"*Food...yes,*" Lauren replied rudely, now taking a step outside her apartment so that she could stand up to her full height and put her hands on her hips, to make herself seem even larger. But the woman didn't budge, and instead just kept staring up at her inquiringly, as if asking for an

elaboration. When she saw that her ploy at intimidation hadn't worked, Lauren felt herself becoming frustrated, even as she was inwardly impressed at this woman's apparent bravery.

"I ordered from you guys," Lauren explained, "Where is it?"

The woman broke into a smile and laughed...a light, amiable laugh that puzzled Lauren further.

"Ahh I see now!" the woman chuckled, "You're expecting a delivery – that explains the mix-up." She straightened her head, staring up at Lauren as her blue eyes twinkled. "I'm sorry, Ms. Albrecht, but that's all just a coincidence. I'm not here to deliver food; my visit concerns a much more important matter."

"That's hard to believe," Lauren remarked dryly, hands still on her hips, unimpressed. "And whatever you're selling, I don't want it. So get lost before I lose my temper."

She turned around and ducked her head back into her apartment, and would have shut the door behind her without even turning to look. But something about this woman intrigued her, and she turned to glance back at her. And then, against her instincts (which were exhorting her to slam the door in the woman's face), Lauren asked:

"How did you know my name?"

"Mhm, that's the least I know about you, Ms. Albrecht," answered the woman genially. "We've had our eye on you for some time, ever since you got past 7 feet."

"You've had your...what!?" asked Lauren severely, now turning back around completely as she stared aggressively down at the woman. "What the hell is going on here?? So you're saying you've been...*spying* on me!?"

"Well, keeping tabs on you, yes," nodded the woman. She stepped forward, but not far enough so that she was actually in Lauren's apartment. "Allow me to introduce myself – my name is Gail Farnsworth, and I work for the National Institute of Auxology and Endocrinology."

Lauren blinked a couple times, not moving.

"Never heard of it," she retorted sharply after a few seconds. She did not at all appreciate learning that people had been watching her without her knowing about it, but at the same time, Lauren could feel herself warming to some strange feeling that had taken root inside her. This woman spoke so confidently, and held herself so naturally, that Lauren couldn't help but be intrigued. Still, though, she maintained her usual brusque and unpleasant aura, out of habit more than anything else.

"Well, we do try and stay out of the spotlight, it's true," smiled Gail, as she shifted her weight to one leg, leaning casually against Lauren's door frame. "It's best for our compound's residents

that they don't receive too much media attention, given that the main reason they all agreed to be there in the first place was so they could have some semblance of a normal life."

Lauren was trying hard not to let her curiosity bleed through her expression – this had to be some kind of joke, surely. This woman was pulling her leg.

"Compound's...residents?" Lauren heard herself ask. "What...what are you talking about? What compound?"

Gail made a point of looking to her right, then to her left, and then back at Lauren.

"Do you mind if I come in?" she asked politely. "I'd rather not discuss these things out in the open, where just anyone could hear. We take great pains to ensure that our residents enjoy at least a modicum of privacy."

Lauren stood there, appearing to consider for a few moments. In reality, she was simply too bewildered to utter much of a response. After a few seconds, she wordlessly gestured for Gail to come inside. The small woman smiled and stepped across the threshold, taking care to shut the door behind her.

"Uh, you can...uh...just...sit down wherever," mumbled Lauren, gesturing to a couple wooden stools next to the counter, the only furniture besides the bean bag that was still in one piece. Gail nodded obligingly and sat down, not even batting an eye at all the splintered furniture and household appliances that were strewn everywhere. It was almost as if she had expected to see it. Lauren remained standing, her eyes firmly fixed on this woman, eager to hear more.

"So, this place I'm talking about," resumed Gail, "Is Reus Village, the name of the town where the NIAE's permanent residents live." Her calm, patient answers implied that she was used to giving this spiel. "One of our head doctors is from the northern part of Germany, where they speak Frisian, and "Reus" is the Frisian word for "giant," and...haha, well, that doesn't matter so much I suppose."

Lauren could feel her head beginning to spin. This woman was just chatting happily away, but Lauren still had no idea what was going on. She put up a huge hand.

"Hold up," Lauren managed to say, "*Permanent* residents? Who are these...who are these people you're talking about!?" She was so out of her depth that she had forgotten to be rude.

"They're people like you, Lauren," Gail answered softly, though with enough volume so that she could be heard. "They're people who have rare, undiagnosed conditions that have caused...well...abnormal growth. And Reus is a place built specifically for them, where they can live together."

“Woah, woah...” interrupted Lauren, now holding both hands out. “So...so you’re saying that there’s an entire...a whole town of...like...*huge people*...like me!”

“Mhm,” nodded Gail, “Where everything is built to scale...for some of them, at least, haha...we’re funded by periodic government grants, as well as private donations from families, endowments, and so on. And Reus is self-sustaining, with its own restaurants, custom clothing stores, greenspace, and, of course, houses big enough to accommodate all size varieties of residents. And you’re what? Just over 10 feet tall now?”

Lauren nodded, dumbfounded. Gail smiled knowingly.

“So...a bit on the small side for Reus,” she chuckled, “But definitely big enough to warrant an invite, especially considering that you’re still growing.”

“An invite...” Lauren said breathlessly, feeling her hands and fingers beginning to tingle. Gail’s “a bit on the small side” comment had whisked over her head, even though it was already subconsciously sinking in that there were people like her...*even bigger* than her! She didn’t know what she felt – anxiety, disbelief, excitement, relief – or all of it and more. “Y-You mean...”

“Yes, Lauren,” declared Gail clearly, lifting up her briefcase and putting it down on the counter, with her fingers poised to open it. “We’d like to extend a formal invitation to you to come and live at Reus, free of charge, for however long you choose. The only stipulations are that you submit to a series of weekly blood tests – so we can study your condition, of course – and therapy sessions, in which you’ll be discussing the psychological aspects of your condition with a licensed professional who is trained in the particulars of the dysmorphia and dissociation that our growers inevitably experience. Oh, and you’ll have to share a house with a few roommates, but I assure you that this camaraderie is one of the most positive aspects of the whole experience. You’ll be able to connect with other people like you, who are living with similar disorders...although, like I said, you’ll find that there are much more...ahem...advanced cases, shall we say. But that’s about it, Lauren.”

Gail paused, snapping open her briefcase, and giving Lauren a chance to process everything she had heard.

“Of course,” Gail added, kindly filling the silence between them, “I don’t expect an immediate answer, but I’ve brought you some handouts here...some brochures of Reus, some pictures of the little town...it’s quite charming, really. I think we have a very nice thing going, if I do say so myself. But no one will ever force you there – the decision’s yours entirely. The only reason I’ve come is that I know we’re offering you a chance at a better life, Lauren. We’ve watched your progression over the past few weeks, and there’s no need to try and sugarcoat it for us; we know you’re unhappy. Who wouldn’t be? The “normal” world isn’t built for people like you, as I know you’ve realized. But you don’t have to be unhappy, Lauren. You don’t have to feel ostracized. There’s a place for you. So what do you say, hmm? Like I said, no rush with your decision – I’m just curious what you’re thinking right now. Clue me in – what’s on your mind?”

Lauren was breathing hard now, clenching and unclenching her fists without realizing it. Her head was still spinning with the vertigo of her emotional roller coaster – less than 15 minutes before, she had been in the same angry, bossy, miserable mood she had been in for months, ready to bully and intimidate anyone she came across. And then, this woman...Gail...had just popped into her life, cool as a cucumber, totally unfazed by her monstrous size, and dropped this...this *bombshell* on her. Lauren wanted to be skeptical; she wanted to somehow expose Gail as a fraud, as a monumental practical jokester. But she knew that Gail was telling the truth. She could see it in the woman's eyes, in her posture, in her movements; she could hear it in the tone of her voice.

Exhaling out as she stood there awkwardly in her partially-demolished kitchen, Lauren's next words came out without much forethought, and made her sound strangely childlike in her own ears. But she didn't care – she knew she was expressing her genuine feelings, bare and stripped down, without any doubt in her mind:

"I wanna go."

Chapter 2

“Hey so, um...thanks for letting me eat in your car,” Lauren muttered sheepishly to Gail from the back seat. The fast-dwindling remains of three giant double cheeseburgers and a large order of fries was spread out on an expanse of wrappers laid across her lap. “Or...you know, van...truck...whatever you call it.”

“We usually just call them “resident taxis,”” came Gail’s pleasant voice from the driver’s seat, “And of course! It would have been rude of me to whisk you away before your delivery order came!”

Lauren finished off her food, wiped her fingers, and gathered the wrappers and napkins all up into a ball, tossing them down into the brown paper bag they had come in. “So...I’m assuming you had my phone tapped too?” she asked, glancing out the window of the large van-like vehicle at the passing city streets. “And you heard my delivery call?”

“Oh no, no, nothing like that,” Gail replied, shaking her head as she kept her eyes on the road. “We only had one agent assigned to you, and he stayed in the hotel across the street from your building, keeping tabs on when you left, what you did out in the world, and so on.”

“Agent?” asked Lauren, again feeling a bit irritated at the invasion of privacy. She was so excited by what was happening, though, and where they were going, that she couldn’t even bring herself to lay into the negative emotions. Still, though, she was in the habit of snappy replies, and so she added, huffing, “Well I didn’t see anybody.”

“Of course you didn’t,” chuckled Gail. “He’s an Agent. It’s his job not to be seen.”

“Huh...” murmured Lauren. She felt the desire to retort melting away inside her. Clearly, there was already so much more going on than she could have ever imagined. Her head was still swimming as Gail continued driving them through the city, passing block after block. Lauren kept staring out the window the whole time, watching all the small people passing by, going about their everyday business, totally oblivious to this new world that she had only just learned about. She swallowed, shifting in her large seat a little to get into a more comfortable position. Her car seat, incredibly, was actually too big for her...way too big. Her feet only barely managed to touch the floor, and the armrests were much too wide for her to even think of putting her arms on them. The headrest towered far above her own head by a good two or three feet.

As Lauren glanced up in confused wonder at this headrest, a glint of sunlight reflected off the glass windows of an office building, and shot through the tinted van windows, revealing something she hadn’t seen before: a long strand of blond hair, stuck to the very top of the headrest. Lauren blinked and kept staring, hardly believing the implication. And yet there it was – one of the last people to ride in this van had been absolutely gigantic compared to her. The fruity, feminine smell that she had initially noticed seemed to grow stronger. Lauren’s eyes

scanned around the rest of her seat, trying to imagine another woman's body filling it completely. At once, she felt something throb in her loins, like a quick little shot of electricity. But she did her best to ignore it, burying it down in her psyche as she turned to look out the window again.

"So this place..." she said after a little while had passed, still staring out the window, "Where is it, exactly?"

"Way out in the country," replied Gail, driving calmly, "Far away from the media spotlight. As I told you before, Reus values its residents' privacy immensely, so you won't have to worry about journalists or tourists gawking at you."

Lauren turned to look at Gail. This woman was so poised, and so calm; Lauren found herself wondering how many times Gail had done this with other giant people.

'Well, there was at least one blond woman that was like 15 feet tall,' she thought to herself, glancing up at the top of the headrest again. And once more, Lauren felt that twinging little spark of electricity in between her legs. She again tried to ignore it, but she knew that, sooner or later, her latent feelings were going to rise to the surface. The concept of human size had preoccupied her from a very young age, and there were certain...impulses surrounding the idea of size and size comparison that she had been struggling with for a long time. Her present growth predicament had done nothing to assuage these strange impulses, but, for the moment, at least, she was determined not to let her mind wander. She shoved the feelings back down inside of her, knowing full well that she would have to contend with them sooner or later. Right now, though, she had questions.

"But...how is it possible?" Lauren asked, turning back to Gail, "For something like, uhm...like Reus to exist without everyone knowing about what goes on inside!? I mean, a whole giant town, built to scale, giant people?"

Gail was quiet for a moment; she seemed to be gearing herself up for a response, and Lauren's anticipation deepened with the passing stillness.

"Have you heard of Area 51?" Gail asked quietly.

Lauren was about to say "Duh!" but she caught herself, not wanting to be rude. Already, she could feel herself changing, becoming calmer, more measured, and less irritable. "Yeah, of course," was her more polite response.

"Do you know all the incredible, groundbreaking research going on there?" asked Gail, "I mean, like, things you wouldn't even believe, Lauren. Technology that normal people can't even conceive of. Weapons that will completely alter our definition of war; cutting-edge discoveries in robotics and nanotechnology that will revolutionize the medical industry. Do you know about all this?"

"No...no, I don't!" Lauren exclaimed. She could feel her heart starting to beat faster, and had the sense that she was on the precipice of yet another fundamental alteration of her worldview. Her next question came out in a childlike kind of blurt, but Lauren didn't care: "Do *you* know about all this stuff!?"

"Sure don't!" Gail responded, a smile brightening her features as she drove. Laren felt a bit deflated...and confused.

"But...ugh, I don't get it," she muttered, feeling her irritation starting to return.

"My point," Gail continued gently, "Is that lots of people know about Area 51, just like lots of people know about Reus, though those who do tend to be taciturn friends and family of the giants and giantesses who live there."

"Taciturn?" asked Lauren.

"Oh, it just means that they're not really willing to say much," Gail replied, "Even though they know about it...the reason of course being that they want their loved ones to have peaceful lives, unbothered by people who might take an inordinate interest in them. So yes, lots of people know about it, but, like Area 51, almost no one really knows what goes on inside."

"Because the government protects it?" asked Lauren.

"Precisely," Gail nodded. "Families of the residents have managed to accumulate enough political power to support a permanent government security apparatus which protects Reus from intruders."

"Damn..." Lauren's head was spinning again. "This is, just...damn..."

"I know, it's a lot to take in," Gail smiled kindly. "But don't worry, Lauren – everything will start to fall into place once we get there. You'll likely be a bit overwhelmed at first, given that..."

And here Gail paused again and trailed off. Lauren was beginning to think that her handler rather enjoyed keeping her on the edge of her seat like this. But, in contrast to how she would've expected herself to react, she didn't much mind. She could feel her sense of intrigue building again.

"Given that...what?" she asked.

Gail turned around for a moment and gave her a friendly little glance before returning her eyes to the road. "Oh, well, given that you'll be the smallest one there."

Lauren felt her mouth drop open. Now there was no hope of stemming the tide of her physical reaction – she could literally feel her clit beginning to swell, as her labia started getting wet.

“Uhm...*what* did you say?” Her voice had trembled slightly with the question, though not in fear. The excitement that Lauren had been feeling had suddenly rocketed off into the stratosphere.

Gail sniffed a little appreciative mirth out of her nose. “I thought that might surprise you, especially since you’ve gotten so used to being the giant girl around all the little midgets. But yes, I’m afraid that, at Reus, you’ll be the little one that everyone else is looking down on...I mean, of course, literally, not figuratively. The residents are all very pleasant people, despite their conditions.”

Lauren could barely contain her shock, her excitement...everything. She didn’t know which question to ask first.

“So, I mean...I...” She trailed off, having gone into a kind of temporary vocal paralysis. Gail turned back around in her seat, giving Lauren another brief look.

“I’m sorry, I should’ve mentioned that earlier,” she said, with a tinge of empathetic concern in her voice. “Does knowing that change your desire to go?”

“Wh-what!? No! No, not...at all!” Lauren exclaimed quickly. As soon as she heard the words leaving her mouth, she blushed, feeling that perhaps she had revealed too much about her internal thoughts revolving around the idea of size in general. The truth was that, ever since she had been a little girl, the idea of height and size had fascinated her. It all started, as with so many others, with her exposure to Alice in Wonderland – the scene in which Alice shrank down to only a few inches tall had exerted a powerful effect on Lauren, and had planted the seeds for a size fetish that had blossomed when she became a young adult. Lauren told no one about her strange fixation, fearing that they would find her bizarre. When she masturbated, though, she often fantasized about shrinking, or just being small in general.

Her recent condition, therefore, had come as a most unwelcome surprise, and had caused Lauren to bury her fetish deep down inside herself, since she figured it was now utterly impossible to fulfill it in any way whatsoever. A 10-foot tall young woman with a fetish for being small?! It seemed that she had the worst condition possible for someone of her persuasion.

And yet, now...Lauren could feel these feelings rekindling again. But her excited exclamation had been the first external indication she had ever shown anyone about her fetish, which was why she was blushing now. Gail, though, in her typical calm and understanding fashion, simply smiled as she proceeded off onto a smaller highway, one that went straight into the rural heart of the country.

"It's okay, Lauren," she said genially, "You really don't have to worry about anything. It's quite common for our residents to experience...well, *unusual* feelings about their size, both before and during their stay at Reus."

"Oh...really?" Lauren couldn't tell if Gail was referring to sexual feelings or not, but she somehow doubted that Gail understood the extent of her history with size fetishism. She hadn't told anyone about it, ever.

"Mhm, it's only natural," continued Gail, "To experience any range of thoughts, feelings, and emotions surrounding physical size, since, of course, it has such an effect on interpersonal power dynamics." Gail grinned and shook her head, as if to remind herself to stop. "But...that's not really for me to be talking about with you. You'll be able to talk all you want to your own personal psychotherapist who you'll have access to. Needless to say, they are far more qualified to speak about this kind of stuff than I am. I'm just speaking from experience, and from what I've seen and heard from others."

Lauren was listening to what Gail was saying, but, as she watched the whizzing trees give way to the rolling fields of the countryside, she could feel her next question burning in her mind. Part of her didn't even want to ask, since it would further expose her fetish, but Gail's light, reassuring demeanor had encouraged her, and made her feel like she could shed the hard outer shell of her exterior.

"So..." Lauren ventured in a quiet voice, after having taken a deep breath to keep her voice from quivering, "How big is...is everyone else there?"

"Well let's see...I guess we have to start with Nancy and Greg, Reus's co-founders." Gail watched as a red sports car zoomed past her in the left lane. "Geez," she muttered, chuckling to herself, "That guy sure is in a hurry! I'm already going 80..."

"So how big are they?" Lauren asked, letting her eagerness get the better of her.

"Haha I'm sorry, Lauren," laughed Gail, "Got distracted there for a minute...okay so, Greg...hmm, last I remember he's about 25...no wait...26 feet. And his wife Nancy is 32 feet tall, and for a while she was the tallest. Actually, I think since Reus was founded she was always the tallest. But recently her eldest daughter Nicole overtook her, and I don't think Nancy was too happy about that! Haha she always loved being the tallest. But goodness, Nicole has been shooting up like a weed – what is she now? I think...god, I think she must be 38 feet tall by now. And she's got company too, because I believe her younger sister Kayley has also recently overtaken their mother. Last week Kayley measured out at 33 feet, and if the current precedent is any indication, she'll be as tall as her sister, and maybe even taller!"

To Lauren, once Gail had mentioned "25" and "32 feet," the rest of the words sounded like they were coming at her through a tunnel. She had been expecting her handler to say that most Reus residents were 11 or 12 feet tall, and that maybe, *maybe*...the tallest ones were like 15

feet. Never in her wildest dreams would she have imagined that there were people there who were over 20 feet...THIRTY feet tall!! The rolling fields outside her window passed by like a blur in her vision, as she tried to picture what such a gigantic person would look like from her perspective.

'If I'm 10 feet,' she thought breathlessly, 'And this...Kayley or Nicole or whoever...is 38 feet, then that would mean I would be, oh my god...like, less than a third of their height!? From their perspective, I would literally be shorter than a 3-foot tall person would seem to me now!'

Her brain continued to twist and somersault over itself as it performed these dizzying mental gymnastics, and from time to time Gail glanced behind, evidently enjoying the effect this new information was having on her.

"Pretty incredible to try and imagine, isn't it?" Gail chuckled presently. "But let me just say – however hard you try to imagine it now, it doesn't even come *close* to the real thing, when you see these people in person."

Lauren shook her head, her mouth still partially agape. "I bet," was all she could muster up at this moment, and for the next minute or so she just stared out the window, still absorbing the shock of this crazy new information. Part of her felt incredibly excited about the prospect of being so dwarfed, but another part of her, which was becoming more intense by the minute, was feeling quite intimidated, and even scared. If Reus was full of people who were *that* big, wouldn't it be easy for them all to push her around? She had grown quite accustomed to bossing everyone else around, and this change of scenery was going to be a complete 180-degree turn for her.

"So is...is *everyone* there pretty much that big?" Lauren asked a minute later. "Am I gonna be the, you know...the total runt that everyone picks on?"

"Oh noooo, no, no!" Gail exclaimed pleasantly, "Like I said, everyone at Reus is quite nice, for the most part, at least. I mean, it's a small-town community, heheh, you know, at least in the sense of being a tight-knit group of people, right? So of course there's the occasional disagreement or conflict, just like anywhere else. But I think the reality that everyone there shares this unique growth condition...well, you know...it makes everyone more understanding of each other. And, of course, far less likely to resort to violence, especially since violent behavior of any kind is grounds for immediate expulsion from the town."

Gail paused for a moment before remembering Lauren's first question, and continued:

"And no, most of the residents aren't *that* big...though I must say that we've been getting a fair influx of people taller than 20 feet recently. There appears to be something of an increase in these cases. But anyway, no, most of the residents are under 25 feet tall, and a good portion of them are under 20. I think maybe...hmmmm, trying to remember here...I think that something

like a quarter of our residents are under 18 feet. You'll of course be staying in the Lavender Compound..."

"The...Lavender Compound?"

"Mhm, yes – the housing unit reserved for those under 18 feet," Gail replied. "We have a variety of compounds at Reus that are designed to meet the unique needs of each group of residents, organized by size. The Lavender Compound is for the smallest residents under 18 feet, the Jade Compound houses those between 18 and 22 feet, the Scarlet Compound between 22 and 28 feet, and the Burgundy Compound takes care of those 28 and up. Nancy and Greg...you know, the founders...they have their own special house in the center of Reus, since they founded the whole place, and also considering that their family, heheh, has unique size requirements, even by Reus standards."

"I'll be living in a compound with other people?" asked Lauren. She had forgotten that Gail had mentioned roommates before, and now that she knew she'd be the smallest one there, she was beginning to feel even more nervous.

"Yes! And Lauren, listen..." Gail said amiably, "I can hear it in your voice – it's totally normal to feel a bit anxious. But really, I can assure you that you're making the right choice here. Your life is about to get a whole lot better. And worst case, if you have a terrible time, you'll be free to leave. But you should take it as an encouraging sign that no one who has moved into Reus – not a single one of our residents – has ever moved out once they got there. Now that's got to tell you something positive, right?"

Lauren nodded her head as she turned to look back out the window. Her head was swirling with all the new information, and it was difficult not to feel anxious about moving into this strange new village field with people who dwarfed her – with some of them more than *triple* her size! But Gail had done a good job to reassure her, and she managed to keep her anxiety under control the rest of the trip. She even managed to doze a little, and was roused by the gentle sound of Gail's voice:

"Might wanna wake up, Lauren – we're here!"

She opened her eyes and sat upright, heart pounding in her chest. The rolling fields on either side of them hadn't changed, but, looking forward, she saw that their car was about to descend down into a valley, the extent of which she couldn't yet see. But before she could see what lay beyond, they had to drive under a huge, stone, gated archway, with the word "Reus" displayed in gigantic black iron letters across the middle. Gail stopped the car at the gate, whose high black bars, ornately decorated, remained closed.

"And remember Lauren," Gail was saying, as she signaled to the guard who had come out to check her credentials, "This gate isn't to keep you or anyone else *in* – it's to keep everyone else *out*."

Moments later, the guard had opened the gate and waved them in. Gail drove slowly through the gate, and suddenly, as the car began its descent on the steep slope, Lauren saw the entire extent of the valley open up before her. She felt a thrilled jolt go through her, even as her mind struggled to process what it was seeing. Reus Village. The shape of the houses and shops were the same as any other, with all of them painted a variety of bright and inviting colors. But even though Lauren had been trying to prepare for what it would look like, the sheer scale of everything was mindboggling. Houses and shops rose hundreds of feet into the air, with doors and windows that were as tall as three-story buildings. Street lamps towered so high up into the air that Lauren had to arch her head to look up and see the gargantuan lighting fixtures on top. The sidewalks were huge expanses of pavement, and it suddenly occurred to Lauren that the roads themselves, along with the traffic lights were the only “ordinary-sized” things that she saw.

“None of the residents here drive,” Gail said, seeming to answer her question before she asked, “And so the streets are pretty much the only thing at Reus that are sized like the outside world. Gives you guys more room!”

Lauren had heard what Gail was saying, but her attention was fractured – she was staring at a series of park benches on the sidewalk. One bench was about 6 feet tall, one was 12 feet, and another one was about 15 feet. A *bench*!? 15 feet tall?? Lauren could hardly believe it, but then, as the car went slowly around a bend, she felt her breath catch in her chest. Two giantesses were walking together down the sidewalk, their arms swinging freely by their sides, animatedly chatting about something. The shorter one, a pretty brunette, was wearing a pair of black athletic spandex shorts, which showed off her shapely curves. She had to be at least 18 feet tall. But the taller one, a voluptuous blond with a gorgeous red dress flowing around her shapely thighs, couldn’t have been less than 22 or 23 feet, at least a few feet taller than a 2-story house. Both of them turned to watch the car drive by, and, spotting Lauren gaping at them from the window, they laughed and waved at her. Spellbound, she waved back reflexively.

“You’ll get used to seeing them soon enough,” laughed Gail, who clearly enjoyed this part of her job. “Now, we’re almost to the Welcome Center – we’ll get you processed in no time, and then...you can meet your new roommates!”

Chapter 3

An hour later, Lauren's head was spinning as she made her way across the manicured gravel path from the Welcome Center to her dormitory, the Lavender Compound, where she was to meet her new roommates. Under her arm she carried a large, packaged bundle of new clothes and linens, given to her by the Reus staff, which would serve as her bedsheets and temporary outfits, while the village tailor made her new clothes later on that week. The pleasant welcome attendant, Marjorie, a cute middle-aged woman with long black hair, had smiled apologetically right after Lauren had been officially weighed and measured for her clothing.

"I know this will sound crazy to you," Marjorie had chuckled to a befuddled Lauren, "But at 10'2, 519 pounds, you're quite small, according to Reus standards, and I'm afraid these clothes are the smallest we can offer you for the next few days."

"That's...uh...that's fine," was all Lauren had managed to say, blinking as Marjorie struggled to hand her the large bundle of clothes and bedsheets. It was insane – Marjorie was just as tiny as Gail, no taller than 5'8, and yet there she was, sitting across from Lauren at her desk, cheerily chatting away like Lauren was some kind of dwarf. But already, Lauren was beginning to understand the mindset of the people in this...this sanctuary. Throughout the past hour, she had been treated with the utmost respect by all the people who had processed her: all the doctors who had measured her and interviewed her about her condition, all the employees who had asked about her dietary and lodging preferences, and all the others – the accountants, the law enforcement, even the janitor – who had crossed paths with her, giving her friendly smiles and welcoming salutations. But none of them, not one, had looked a bit intimidated by Lauren's size. If anything, the Reus employees had looked at her a bit curiously, like they were eying her because she was so small, rather than because she was twice their size.

'They're used to seeing all the others,' Lauren thought to herself, adjusting her torn black tights and tight red dress in her chair as her orientation at the Welcome Center wrapped up. 'Like those two giantesses I saw walking down the sidewalks a little while ago...that's the norm here, not me...'

Everything seemed to confirm this. Even the chair she was sitting in was oversized compared to her, so much so that Lauren couldn't even lay her hands on the armrests without feeling absurd. And her feet, hanging down from the chair, swung freely in the air – her legs weren't even long enough for her feet to graze the floor.

"Well alright then!" Marjorie smiled, bringing her hands together as she stared up at Lauren from across her (normal-sized) desk. "I think that about covers it, Lauren. We've got all your measurements, your vitals, your dietary info, and we've got you set up with your first psychotherapy session with Dr. Lamont here next week, along with the preliminary blood tests...but it's our policy here not to thrust you straight into all that stuff right away, you know? We want to make sure that you have a good week to get your bearings, meet your roommates, and just...you know, get comfortable."

“Uh, thanks,” Lauren nodded, swinging her feet a little in her chair. There was no question about it; in the midst of all this flurry of activity around her orientation, she was beginning to get very nervous. Because the end of the orientation meant that she was going to her new compound to meet...what were their names again?

“Anything else you’d like to ask me?” Marjorie inquired, “Before I cut you loose?”

“I...actually yeah, what were their names again?” Lauren asked, holding her bundle of clothes and linens tight to her chest, almost like an oversized teddy bear. “My roommates?”

“Michelle and Jennifer,” Marjorie replied, “And right now they’re the only other residents in the Lavender Compound, so the three of you have the whole big place to yourselves. And I know they’re both excited to meet you!”

“Oh so...uh, so they know I’m coming?” Lauren asked uncertainly.

“They sure do,” grinned Marjorie. “They’ve known for a few weeks that we’ve had our eye on you, and I think they were both rooting for you to come here. Not that they get lonely, with our warm community here, of course, but I think they were just tired of being the runts of the pack!”

Marjorie gave another one of her pleasant laughs, throwing her head back briefly before looking back to Lauren a bit more seriously.

“Not that you should feel like a “runt” here, of course, Lauren,” she added, “But I think you’ll...mhm, I think you’ll learn very soon just what the size scales are like here.”

“Yeah, that’s what Gail was telling me,” Lauren answered, before adding, feeling almost childlike in her curiosity, “So how tall are Michelle and Jennifer again?”

“Well let’s see...” Marjorie hummed, consulting a laminated document from a pile on her desk, “According to last week’s measurements...they get updated each week, see...Jennifer is 17 feet tall...oh no, wait...haha, sorry, actually she’s not *quite* 17 feet – she claims that she is so often that sometimes I forget that she’s just stretching her numbers, because, see, she *wants* to keep getting taller. Jennifer’s “only” 16’8, haha...she’s the tallest of the two, but her growth has slowed considerably over the past few months, to the point where it’s essentially ceased. Michelle is 14 feet, one inch, but she’s still growing...rapidly, heheh...seems like she’s averaging almost half a foot per month since the start of the year...and, haha, oh Michelle! She’s a riot. I mean, don’t get me wrong, I love them both, and Jennifer is soooo much fun to be around, but Michelle kind of, I don’t know...owns the room, right? She’s hilarious – they’re both hilarious, actually...Jennifer hates being so much smaller than everyone, and wants to keep growing, so obviously she’s been a little bummed out that her growth has slowed down.”

"And Jennifer is...16'8?" asked Lauren, still trying to wrap her head around everything, "And she hates being...*smaller* than almost everyone!?"

"It'll take some time," chuckled Marjorie, rising up out of her chair and coming around the side of her desk, "But you'll get used to it here, Lauren. I know it all sounds crazy to you right now. Which is why the best course of action is just to move into your new place, meet Michelle and Jennifer, and let them help you through the process of adjusting to life here."

The 5'7 woman stared up at Lauren, the top of her head even with the swerve of Lauren's hips, and extended her hand straight up. Lauren blinked and slowly reached down, her huge hand wrapping around Marjorie's. She felt the welcome attendant squeeze her hand for all it was worth, beaming a big, genuine smile straight up at her as they shook hands.

"We're *thrilled* to have you here, Lauren," Marjorie declared, her words shot through with firm, unadulterated genuineness, "Not everyone who has this condition wants to stay here, but, as I'm sure Gail mentioned to you, those who do choose to reside here have their lives transformed...to the point where no one has ever left once they've come here."

"Yeah, I...she did tell me that, yes," Lauren nodded.

"Welcome to your new life!" Marjorie exclaimed happily, shaking her hand one last time before letting go. "You can follow the signs, but the Lavender Compound is just to the right of this building when you exit the back way, down the gravel path. You can't miss it."

Now, a couple minutes later, Lauren found herself crunching down the gravel path, towards her new home. All the details of the previous hour were swirling around in her mind, but right now, there was only one thing at the forefront of her thoughts: Jennifer and Michelle. What were they going to be like? She'd find out very soon...in a matter of minutes, in fact. Her stomach was full of butterflies as she rounded a bend (after noticing huge footprints in the gravel, almost twice the size of her own feet) and saw, there on a slightly raised hill, the Lavender Compound. True to its name, it was painted an attractive deep lavender, and looked absolutely enormous to Lauren, taller than a 6-story building, though only apparently having two discernable floors. The entire compound was ringed around with a massive covered porch, and, as she ascended the enormous steps (having to step with both feet on each step since they were so big), she saw that there were two gigantic rocking chairs close to the front door, one of them about 16 feet tall, and the other around 12 feet, both of them reaching well above the top of Lauren's head. And then she saw, in a kind of surreal moment, a third rocking chair right in between them, much, much smaller...not quite as small as a normal rocking chair, but certainly too small for Lauren. She registered if she had been about 2 feet shorter, it would have been the perfect size for her.

'Well...' she thought, swallowing nervously as she stood there in front of the huge, imposing front door (which was a deep shade of red), with the bundle under her arm, 'Here I am...I guess...'

Her heart was hammering away in her chest, and, for a split second, she seriously considered whether or not she could actually do this, whether or not this was something she actually wanted. But almost immediately, images flashes through her mind of her cramped apartment, all the destroyed furniture...and, even more than all that, the scared, confused, perplexed, and sometimes even angry faces of all the “ordinary” people that she passed by in the street, staring at her, whispering about her, laughing at her, jeering her, running away from her...no, there was no question – she couldn’t go back to all that, back to the “normal” world. This place was where she belonged, even though she was so, so nervous right now.

‘Come on,’ she thought to herself, staring up at the door. ‘Just knock...you can’t stand here forever...just knock...’

And, taking a deep breath, she reached up and knocked on the door, not overdoing it but making sure it was loud enough to be heard inside. Immediately, she felt a deep vibration rumble through her feet, as the wooden beams of the porch trembled and shook. There was a tremendous commotion coming from behind the door, the sound of heavy, thumping feet, and the excited, deep, feminine exclamation of a voice from behind the door, something that sounded to Lauren like “She’s here!” before being shushed by another voice. The next thing Lauren knew, the door flew open and there, standing in titanic majesty, were two young women, each of them with big smiles on their faces as they stared down at her excitedly with wide eyes. One of them, a pretty woman with long black hair, was much taller than the other, and Lauren gulped as she saw that she was staring slightly UP at this woman’s belly button, which was visible in between her skin-tight black jeans and blood-red crop top. The other young woman, who had short-cut blond hair and big, gorgeous green eyes, was clearly much shorter than the black-haired woman, but to Lauren, she was still absolutely enormous; the top of Lauren’s head only came up to the lower part of her large breasts, which pressed up against a tight white t-shirt, complimenting a tight pair of blue jean shorts that showed off her long, elegant, strong-looking legs. Both women were curvy, the “shorter” blond even more so, and Lauren, in an ironic reversal of what she was used to, took a timid step backward.

“You’re Lauren!?” asked the blond excitedly, stepping forward and extending out both arms towards her.

“Y-Yeah...” Lauren stammered, feeling dwarfed in every sense by these two women. Gail had been completely right – nothing could have prepared her for being around people this size. It wasn’t just their bodies that were imposing and massive: it was their voices too. And even though the blond was speaking in a “normal” voice, Lauren could literally feel the deep powerful sound waves coursing through her body.

“Oh my god look at youuuuu!” the blond laughed warmly, and the next moment, catching Lauren totally off-guard, the giant woman leaned down, wrapped her huge arms around Lauren’s body, and whisked her up off her feet, engulfing her in a warm, tight embrace.

“We’re so happy you’re here!” the blond smiled, twisting left and right so that Lauren’s dangling feet knocked into each other like she was a rag doll, “They just told us this morning that you were coming, and we were sooo excited!”

“Geez, Michelle, ease up,” chuckled the taller woman. “Can’t you see she hates being picked up?”

It was definitely true that a feeling of embarrassment, and maybe even light humiliation, had passed over Lauren when it became clear just how thoroughly she could be manhandled. But there was also something else that was tickling her brain, something that dealt with a kind of forbidden enjoyment of being so effortlessly dominated, and especially by someone as gorgeous and huge as this blond girl. Lauren felt her clit twinge again, but she tried to ignore it as she pushed that taboo sense of pleasure out of her brain.

“Sorrory, sorry!” laughed the blond, setting Lauren back down on her feet before rising high up above her again, putting her hands on her thick hips. “I just couldn’t help myself – my name’s Michelle, obviously...and this is Jennifer.”

“Hi there,” Jennifer said pleasantly, waving a gigantic manicured hand down at Lauren, who registered that Jennifer had on black nail polish, while Michelle was wearing an intriguing white nail polish that bared out into sharp, clawlike points. Both women looked intensely, immaculately feminine, though in different ways; Jennifer was dark and mysterious, very pretty and almost goth-like in her aesthetic, while Michelle was almost like a ray of sunshine, bright and effulgent, and intimidatingly beautiful.

“N-Nice...nice to meet you guys,” Lauren managed to say, feeling increasingly ridiculous as she stood there with her bundle under her arm.

“Come on, come inside!” Michelle exclaimed, reaching down and taking Lauren’s hand in her own, which wrapped around Lauren’s and hid it completely. “We’ll show you around!”

The three women walked back into the big house, with Jennifer shutting the door behind them. Lauren’s lips parted in amazement as she beheld the interior, which was even larger than she expected. The whole ground floor was open and got very good sunlight, so that it was easy for Lauren to look around and marvel at everything. A fully-fitted kitchen was over to her right, with a dining room table under a colossal chandelier straight ahead, and a living room, complete with two gigantic armchairs and the biggest sofa Lauren had ever seen, to her left. The whole interior had a kind of “cabin” aesthetic, with homey, quaint-looking, wood-carved beams on the ceiling, and warmly-stained wood walls all around. But despite the modest aesthetic, it was immediately clear to Lauren that a lot of money had gone into this place – everything was exceedingly well-made, and obviously of the highest quality. The air inside was fresh and fragrant, and Lauren detected a touch of sandalwood in the air.

“So you had a good journey?” Michelle asked, letting go of Laren’s hand as she stood close to the kitchen. “We heard that you were coming in from the big city.”

“Uh...yeah, yeah it was a nice ride,” Lauren said blankly, still not quite wrapping her mind around the fact that she was talking to 14 and 17-foot-tall giantesses. “I, uh...I actually dozed a little in the car, I think.”

“Heh, of course you did,” chuckled Jennifer, “With Gail driving, she can put anyone to sleep...” And here, both women snickered. “Just kidding, we love Gail,” Jennifer added quickly. “I bet she kind of freaked you out at first, though, huh?”

“I...yeah, she did, actually,” Lauren smiled, beginning to relax a little. “Showing up at my apartment like she did, knowing my name and everything...”

“Uh-huh,” nodded Michelle, “That’s Gail alright. She sure loves giving all us Biggies a jolt, doesn’t she?”

“But that’s why she’s perfect for the job,” noted Jennifer, “Because, I mean, it IS a jolt, isn’t it? The reality of our situation? She doesn’t try and sugarcoat it.”

“Mhm, yeah, that’s why, uhm...” Lauren nodded, still getting her bearings in the conversation, “That’s how she convinced me to come here. I guess I just, like...appreciated her honesty and straightforwardness.”

The two huge women nodded down at Lauren, smiling at her, and even though it was obvious that they were happy to see her and eager to get to know her better, Lauren felt suddenly overwhelmed by the intensity of their eyes on her. She just wasn’t used to being scrutinized by people this huge.

“I...I’m sorry,” she blurted out, “But...heh, I’m still...uh...I’m still kind of in a daze about all this, and n-now I’m meeting you guys and...”

“It’s a lot, isn’t it?” chuckled Jennifer appreciatively.

“WE’RE a lot,” laughed Michelle, spreading her arms out, making Lauren’s eyes pop because of how wide her reach was on both sides. “Heh, trust me, Lauren, we totally understand how you’re feeling right now. We’ve all been there...every one of us.” She paused, putting her hand up to her chin as she reconsidered. “Except, well...probably not – ” she began.

“Nancy and Greg,” Jennifer finished, completing her sentence. “And Nicole and Kayley, obviously.”

Lauren’s ears perked up. She had heard those names before; Gail had mentioned them during the car ride.

“Oh yeah!” she spoke up, eager to try and show them that she could carry on a normal conversation, “Gail, I think, mentioned them.”

“Yeah, Nancy and Greg founded this place,” Jennifer explained, “What was it, fifteen years ago? A while back...anyway, yeah them and their two daughters, Nicole and Kayley...haha, they haven’t really experienced Reus quite the same way that we did when we came here.”

“Because they were born here,” Michelle continued, “But all the rest of us...yuuup, we all had to go through what you’re going through now. That kind of surreal disbelief, like you’re wondering if all of this is actually real, or if you’re just in the middle of a very weird dream. Trust me, Lauren, there’s no point in trying to hide it – I can see it in your eyes!”

Lauren felt herself blushing, smiling up at Michelle despite her embarrassment. It was clear that the both giantesses had good energy, and Lauren already found herself a bit entranced by Michelle’s looks...just...those big green eyes...and the way her face seemed to light up when she smiled...and the way her clothes tightly hugged her curves...actually, on BOTH women...

The 10’2 “midget” in the room felt herself starting to get aroused again. Something about just looking at her roommates’ clothes, and how it fit their huge bodies tightly, just kind of hit home to Lauren how gigantic these women actually were. She suddenly found herself thinking about what it would be like if she put on Michelle’s tight white top...or if she tried to step into Jennifer’s tight black jeans – she would look absolutely ridiculous! The sheer absurdity of that mental image was actually what was arousing her right now. It was that “size stuff” again...and, fearing that she would too obviously telegraph her arousal, she pushed it back down into her mind, determined not to fixate on it.

“Well come on,” Jennifer said, clapping her hands together, “Let’s show you around real quick – here’s the kitchen, where Michelle and I like to make lots of yummy midnight snacks, haha...the food here is great, though, and all provided for at the dining hall. But we like making some stuff ourselves, just because we, you know...have the time!”

“Wait, wait!” Michelle exclaimed, cutting Jennifer off right before she was about to move to the dining room, “We should have Lauren change out of her old clothes first! No offense, girl, but that dress is looking like it’s on its last legs...”

“Heheh, uh, yeah,” chuckled Lauren, glancing down at her outfit, lifting up her right leg. “And these tights too...they fit perfectly last week, but now...”

“Totally useless,” smiled Michelle knowingly. “Uh-huh, that sounds familiar...” – and here she glanced slyly up at Jennifer – “To some of us, anyway.”

“Hey!” Jennifer exclaimed, miming offense as she folded her arms across her chest, “You don’t have to rub it in, okay?”

"She's basically stopped growing this past year," chuckled Michelle in an aside to Lauren, "And she hates it because she loves being big and wanted to get even bigger, but...oh well, you know? We can't always get what we want!"

"Sorry, um, are you two having a conversation down there?" asked Jennifer, jokingly bending down and putting a huge black-manicured hand to her ear. "I couldn't quite make out what you were saying, since you're sooooo far down there."

"Aha you can say that now," laughed Michelle, sticking her chin up at Jennifer and thrusting her chest out proudly. "But I'm growing at 6 inches every three weeks, and maybe even faster, soooo...yeah, watch out big girl. I'm comin' for you!"

Lauren had to giggle a little as she watched her two new friends square up with each other, with the top of Michelle's head only shoulder-height to the much-taller Jennifer. It was clear that the two of them enjoyed playing around and teasing each other, and Lauren found herself longing to somehow fit into that dynamic.

"How fast are you growing?" Michelle asked suddenly, turning to Lauren as she and Jennifer both looked inquiringly down at the newcomer.

"Uh...I think about, uhm...two inches a month," she replied, hoping that her answer wouldn't disappoint them. Michelle and Jennifer both nodded thoughtfully.

"Hmmm, okay, okay," Michelle hummed. "About standard, especially for an entry-level height...even though you're tiiiiny, even by that comparison."

"I...well maybe I'm tiny compared to *you*," Lauren retorted, feeling a humorous instinct to push back against Michelle, "But compared to everyone else, I –"

"Oh god, you think you're little compared to ME!?" burst out Michelle, making eye contact with Jennifer as they both laughed. "Just wait until you meet Greg and Nancy tomorrow...and their *daughters*!? Wowwwwww, yeah I can't wait to see your face then!"

"When she meets Nicole?" chuckled Jennifer, shaking her head. "Haha oh boy...Lauren, you're in for quite the shock. I'm glad that you got to meet us first, to kind of ease you into it, haha!"

Michelle sauntered over to Lauren, putting her hands on her hips as she peered over her big breasts at the "little" woman. Lauren felt the sudden pressure of arousal again, but she again pushed it down into her mind, preferring to stand there as tall as she could, humorously defiant under Michelle's dominant pose.

"I'm 14'1, you know..." Michelle intoned, "And right now, to you, I look absolutely huge...yes?"

Lauren blinked and nodded, figuring that it would be a little silly to try and pretend otherwise.

“Well, now if you double my height, Lauren,” continued Michelle impressively, “And then stack YOURSELF on TOP of all that...THAT’S how tall Nicole is.”

Lauren’s eyes went wide and she just stood there, her mouth slightly open, trying to imagine what that kind of size would look like.

“I don’t even come up to her hips,” Michelle laughed, her breasts bouncing over Lauren’s head. “But that’s gonna change...because I’m getting bigger and bigger and –”

“Yeah, yeah, we know,” Jennifer sighed, rolling her eyes. “But yeah, Lauren, just to put it into perspective, even I don’t come up to her hips, so...yeah...you’ll see what we mean at dinner tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?” Lauren asked nervously.

“Oh yeah, we’re all getting together for a big meal at Nancy and Greg’s place tomorrow,” Michelle replied, gesturing for Lauren to follow her and Jennifer to the living room. “Your welcome dinner at Reus!”

“W-Welcome dinner!?” stammered Lauren, “For me?!”

“Of course!” laughed Michelle, plopping herself down on the sofa (which still looked slightly too big for her, the way the pillows almost swallowed her, and the way that her feet barely grazed the floor below). “We only get a handful of newcomers every year, so it’s always a big celebration when it happens!”

“Don’t be too nervous,” said Jennifer kindly, as she lowered herself down into one of the armchairs (which seemed to fit her size perfectly). “You won’t have to give a speech or anything.”

“Yeah, all you gotta do is eat bucket-tons of food!” laughed Michelle. “Speaking of which...those clothes...let’s get them off! I’m starting to hurt just looking at how your poor little body is squeezed into that little dress.”

“Uh-huh, it’s pretty tight,” chuckled Lauren. “Uhm, so, okay, where’s the bathroom?”

“The bathroom?!” giggled Michelle, “Oh come on, girl, we don’t stand on ceremony here – we’re your new roommates, not the morality police! Just change in front of us – we don’t care!”

“Michelle, but...maybe *she* cares,” Jennifer offered gently, before looking back at Lauren and smiling. “Do whatever you want – the bathroom’s down the hall there.”

"I...okay, haha...I'll just change here," Lauren laughed, feeling a mixture of excitement and self-consciousness as she peeled off her red dress and tore off her shredded black tights. It certainly felt good to get all that off her body, and just standing there in the living room, naked in front of her new friends, Lauren felt a strange new sense of liberation as she took a deep breath.

"There we go," Michelle nodded. "God, I bet that felt good."

"Yeah, it...it sure did," said Lauren, before digging into her bundle, setting her linens aside, and holding up her white panties, a big pair of jeans, and a white t-shirt.

"Marjorie in the office said these were the smallest they had right now," Lauren said, "But...that, they'd still be too big."

"Go on, try em' on," encouraged Michelle. "I'm sure they'll feel a LOT better than that tight dress, in any case."

"Oh totally," agreed Lauren, "And I'm sure these will be fine for a week or so until they can have some new clothes made for me that will...uhh...that'll...oh...damn...!"

She had trailed off in the middle of her sentence because of what had just happened...or, more specifically, because of how the new clothes looked on her. She had stepped into the panties, which of course were supposed to be skin-tight, and they were so loose on her that they actually slipped back down her legs into a crumpled heap at her feet. Staring up at Michelle, Lauren blinked incredulously...and it seemed like Michelle's big green eyes flashed with a kind of humorous mischief. In that moment, Lauren understood that Michelle was *enjoying* this.

"Hah, juuust a little on the big side," Jennifer chuckled. "Maybe try that shirt on?"

Lauren did, and a moment later was standing there in front of them, with the shirt hanging loosely on her body, going all the way down past her waist, to the middle of her thighs.

"Wowww..." Michelle giggled, putting her white-clawed hand up to her mouth. "Lauren...this is adorable...you're soooooo small!"

Chapter 4

"I...I mean – I'm not THAT small," Lauren chuckled, gesturing her arms to her two gigantic roommates. But her gestures only served to prove the opposite of what she was trying to say, since she was wearing a t-shirt that was supposed to fit her tightly – Michelle's white t-shirt was hugging her curves, and Jennifer's red crop top was adhering to her torso like it was glued. But Lauren's t-shirt was incredibly baggy, hanging so loose on her body that it looked utterly ridiculous – in the act of gesturing, she only highlighted how the "short sleeves" of the shirt went all the way up to the middle of her forearms.

"Oh my god...but you are...you totally are!" laughed Michelle, her white-nailed hand still obscuring her pretty mouth from view. But, by the way she was gently shaking, with her face turning red, Lauren could tell that Michelle was getting a real kick out of this whole situation. And again, Lauren was surprised by another sudden hot wave of arousal that passed over her, almost giving her goosebumps. Just having these two huge young women (who were both very pretty...especially Michelle, Lauren thought) playfully teasing her for not fitting into the smallest clothes that Reus Village offered was...well, it was a little overwhelming for Lauren, in a titillating, exciting kind of way. But it also made her want to stand up for herself and keep pushing back. Her roommate's apparent glee at her wardrobe issues was honestly a little annoying.

"Look, it's not my fault that Reus doesn't have anything in my size!" Lauren protested, moving to back up. But, in the process, she had forgotten that her oversized panties had bunched up around her feet, and she tripped on them, stumbling backwards and nearly wiping out completely. In a flash, Jennifer swooped behind her and caught her fall, easily cradling Lauren's 10'2 form by simply standing behind her; the 16'8 mini-giantess didn't even have to use her hands – all she did was absorb Lauren's backward momentum with her body. For a few seconds, Lauren just half-stood, half-leaned backward against Jennifer, panting. This was all so disorienting – just a day before, if she had taken a fall like that, her entire apartment would have been destroyed, but now, Jennifer had just stood there and absorbed everything, all seemingly without any effort whatsoever.

"Whoopsie-daisy!" Jennifer laughed, bringing down her huge hands and wrapping them around Lauren's shoulders, standing her straight up on her feet again before flipping her around. For a moment, Lauren could see nothing but the smooth, creamy flesh of Jennifer's lower stomach, but then Jennifer took a couple steps back so that she and Lauren could actually look each other in the face.

"Better watch your step there!" Jennifer continued, pointing down to the crumpled black panties on the floor. "Ugh, sorry, Lauren – I know you're probably a little, uh..."deer in the headlights" right now, huh?"

"I...yeah, a little," Lauren managed to reply, blinking way up at Jennifer's face. Behind her, Michelle had quietly snatched up the black panties, and was holding them out in front of her face, stretching them out over and over as she pondered them thoughtfully.

"Damn...it's been so long," she murmured, "Since these size 12's actually fit me..."

"Wait, so you were...uh, I mean, of course you were smaller before," Lauren cut in, straightening up off Jennifer and looking up at the 14'1" Michelle as she stumbled a little over her words. It was strange – Lauren certainly thought Jennifer was very pretty, and was of course in awe of her towering stature, but already, Lauren felt a kind of ease around her, a kind of safety. Michelle, on the other hand, made Lauren nervous. She had this jaunty, playful personality, and clearly liked making fun and needling people. But, even more than that, Lauren just felt intimidated around Michelle because she was so...*hot*. Everything she did seemed to have a kind of edge to it, even when it was just holding up a pair of panties to her face.

"Yep!" giggled Michelle, holding the panties down to her hips and trying to stretch them to make them fit. But even stretching them as far as they could go, they still didn't come close to spanning the width of her hips. "I came in right around 12 feet, actually."

"And she's been the absolute Runt of Reus ever since!" laughed Jennifer, "Until now, that is."

"Hey, you and me both!" Michelle retorted, gesticulating with the panties. "Last time I checked, we BOTH live in the Lavender Compound, so that makes BOTH of us the Runts, okay?"

"Michelle reeeeeeally, really wants to try and pretend like we're basically the same height," chuckled Jennifer to Lauren, going back around behind Michelle and putting her hands on her shoulders, leaning into her from behind as she rested the bottom of her chin on top of Michelle's head. Michelle sighed and rolled her eyes, putting her hand on her hip as she copped a sassy pose.

"Yeah, I mean, to YOU, Lauren, there's a big difference," Michelle began, "But, like...come on, let's get real, Jen – do you really think that we look that different to Greg or Nancy...or especially Nicole or Kayley, for godsakes!? Psssh...to them, we're essentially the same."

"Yeah, to THEM, maybe," Jennifer replied, going around to the kitchen before opening the fridge. She suddenly yawned, feigning exhaustion. "Ooooooh goodness! I'm actually pretty tired all of a sudden..."

"Don't you do it!" Michelle snapped. "Don't even think about it!"

"Whaaaat?" asked Jennifer innocently. "I just...ugh, I'm really bushed and...I was just wondering, Michelle, if you could maybe...help me out with something?"

"She does this to me all the time," Michelle muttered down to Lauren, shaking her head. "So annoying."

"Does...what to you all the time?" asked Lauren, puzzled, wondering what the hell was going on.

"Could you get me a yogurt cup from the top shelf?" Jennifer asked Michelle. "I'd normally do it, of course, but...it takes effort to reach all the way back there and –"

"How about you get fucked?" Michelle huffed at her.

"Ohhhhh...oh waiiiit," Jennifer smiled, her sarcasm suddenly apparent, "You *can't* help me get one...because you can't reach the top *shelllll!*"

Michelle strode over to the fridge, where Jennifer flinched and danced away, giggling, before Michelle could get there.

"Okay, yes...see?" Michelle said, obviously annoyed as she stood in front of the fridge, facing Lauren. "She's right – I can only reach the middle shelf."

For the first time, Lauren was actually realizing that the Lavender Compound wasn't just too big for her. As crazy as it sounded, the fridge, the counters, the chairs and sofas...they were all too big for Michelle as well! Lauren hadn't noticed this before, since her brain was still getting used to how gigantic everything was around her – and because Michelle was over 4 feet taller than her (with Lauren staring straight into the middle of her stomach), it hadn't even occurred to Lauren that the whole compound itself was too big for this absolute giantess of a woman. And, looking even closer at Jennifer's stature, Lauren couldn't help but think that she was just *barely* big enough for everything.

"So...wow...then this place, the, uh, the Lavender Compound..." Lauren began, "It really was made for people who are a lot bigger?"

"Yeah, basically Jen's size and up," Michelle grumbled, standing on her tiptoes as she tried to reach the top shelf. At full stretch, she actually managed to graze the top shelf with her fingertips, which elicited an excited cry from her lips as she proceeded to hop around the kitchen, while Jennifer watched her, shaking her head at Lauren, as if to say, 'You see what I gotta deal with every day?'

"I did it! I finally touched it!" Michelle sang out, then pointing in an enthusiastic, ribbing way at Jennifer. "Ha! You thought you were just making a point, but actually all you did was show Lauren that I'm still a growing girl!"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever," sighed Jennifer, and Lauren, despite getting a kick out of Michelle's bubbly reaction, actually found herself feeling a bit sorry for her 16'8 housemate. It was quite

clear that Jennifer envied the fact that Michelle was still growing at a fairly rapid pace. But just as Lauren really started to pity Jennifer's demeanor, Michelle seemed to notice that she had perhaps gone a bit too far and, without losing her buoyant energy, she bounded up to Jennifer and half-tackled her, engulfing her in a full-body hug. Jennifer stumbled back a single pace, easily arresting Michelle's full-throttle momentum as she rolled her eyes and tried to keep herself from smiling. Lauren watched all of this with amazement. She still hadn't gotten used to being this close to such gigantic people, and just being in the vicinity of their play-wrestling was borderline overwhelming; she could feel the tremors through the floor, and even through the air. It occurred to Lauren that if Michelle had tackled her with only a quarter of that energy, she'd be totally laid out, flat on her back, with more than a few broken bones. But all Jennifer had to do was plant her back heel on the floor.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Michelle mumbled playfully into Jennifer's tits, bracing all her weight against her much larger friend and continuing to "wrestle" with her. It wasn't really "wrestling," though, since Jennifer was barely budging as she stood in place, easily absorbing all of Michelle's force. "You know how excited I get whenever I reach a new milestone..."

"I know, Michelle," nodded Jennifer, reaching down and tenderly petting her head. "You're not trying to rub anything in, I know that. Besides, I was kinda asking for it anyway, wasn't I? Teasing you like that."

"Hey," chuckled Michelle, pushing herself off Jennifer as she grinned up at her friend, "Your words, not mine! Anyway, I can't wait to tell Nancy tomorrow that I can finally reach the top shelf of the freaking fridge...heh, I know Nicole and Kayley will just make fun of me, but I don't care, y'know? They're so huge that anyone shorter than 30 feet looks like a damn midget. Although I...what?"

Michelle had stopped talking when she noticed that Jennifer was silently gesturing over to Lauren with her head. Turning around, she saw that Lauren was standing there, still looking a bit overwhelmed, with her oversized t-shirt draped unceremoniously around her body and, most conspicuously, with her black panties still crumpled up in a heap at her feet.

"Lauren, sweetie," Jennifer smiled kindly, "You'll have to excuse us – we're just so used to bickering and bantering that we're doing a terrible job of welcoming you! Look at you, poor thing, standing there with your panties around your ankles."

"N-No...no you're not," Lauren replied, stepping out of the oversized underwear and blushing, "You guys are great! It's just...sorry, I kinda got a little dazed there for a second."

"Mhm, it happens to all of us," Jennifer nodded knowingly. "It really does take a while to get used to how giant everything and everyone looks...and even once you get used to it, you still have moments of just, like...when everything just seems so surreal."

"And if you think it's surreal now," laughed Michelle, "Just wait until dinner tomorrow. Just wait until you see Greg and Nancy...and Nicole and Kayley!"

"Whoooo boy," whistled Jennifer, "Yeah, it's gonna blow your mind, Lauren...but anyway, look, obviously those panties aren't going to work. Let's see if we can find you something that'll work better...maybe the washcloths are small enough to wrap around you, or something..."

"Or," Michelle piped up, striding up to Lauren and placing her hand down right on top of her head, "We could do the opposite."

"The opposite?" Jennifer asked, putting her hands on her hips. "What are you talking about?"

"So how about, instead of wrapping our new housemate in washcloths," Michelle proposed, blatantly palming Lauren's head before playfully releasing her, "We just make her feel more comfortable by stripping? So we're all naked?"

"Michelle..." sighed Jennifer, "That's not even a serious...idea..."

But her words had trailed off, because Michelle had apparently been quite serious. In the blink of an eye, she had stripped off her shorts and her panties, so that she was standing there, completely naked, from the waist down.

"See?" laughed Michelle, pointing at Lauren's blushing expression, "She's already starting to feel more comfortable! Right, Lauren?"

"I...y-yeah, I guess," Lauren chuckled, trying to downplay the arousal that had fired up within her. Michelle really was quite the character, even if she could be a bit over-the-top sometimes...and again, Lauren could feel herself attracted to this "sparkplug" of a 14-footer.

"Now I just need to put on one of your t-shirts, Jen," Michelle declared, "And then Lauren and I will look like twins!"

"No way are you wearing another one of my t-shirts," Jennifer retorted. "Last time you did you ate that giant tub of strawberries and I was scrubbing out the stains weeks later."

"Awww come onnnn!" Michelle whined, spreading her hands out innocently, "That was, like...one time. And besides, remember how Jillian was saying how I was going through an extra-big growth spurt at the time, and that I wasn't thinking straight because I was so hungry all the time?"

"Oh my god," Jennifer laughed, shaking her head, "That's not what she said! She said that an acute growth spurt was an opportunity for self-care!"

“And explain to me how exactly eating a tub of strawberries isn’t self-care?” Michelle shot back, striding up to Jennifer and putting her hands on her hips. Lauren had to smile a little at Michelle’s spunk – even standing up to her full height like she was doing now, her eyes didn’t even reach Jennifer’s shoulders.

Jennifer put her own hands on her hips, which made her look even bigger, in an implicit challenge to Michelle, as if to say, ‘Oh, you think *you’re* big!?’ She looked over Michelle’s head, smiling at Lauren.

“Jillian’s one of the nurses here,” she explained, her smile widening as she quickly extended out her arm, pressing her hand into Michelle’s forehead. It seemed like Michelle was attempting to “chest-bumping” her, but it wasn’t working. It looked like Jennifer was keeping a younger sister at bay.

“Oh, the...nurses?” Lauren asked, intrigued, even as she tried to keep from cracking up, watching the humorous tussle happening in front of her.

“Mhm, yep,” Jennifer nodded casually, having no apparent issue with Michelle’s feisty attempts to get at her. “Each Compound gets its own nurse...or, well, nurse team in some cases. Jillian’s the nurse for the Lavender Compound.”

“I’m gonna get you,” Michelle hissed determinedly through gritted teeth, grappling with Jennifer’s solid arm. “One of these days...eventually...I’m gonna be bigger than you!”

“Mmmm keep dreaming, hun,” Jennifer chuckled, though Lauren did detect a bit of uncertainty behind Jennifer’s expression. After all, Michelle was still growing quickly, and she wasn’t.

“Aaaanyway,” huffed Michelle, finally giving up and turning back to Lauren, “We’ve only got one nurse between the two of us...well, I guess the three of us now. But the Jade Compound’s got a couple at least, right?”

“Yeah,” nodded Jennifer, “And then I think the Scarlets have four...and the Burgundys have four too.”

“Oh right...” Lauren replied, “Gail had mentioned those other houses...”

“Well they are *legit* compounds, actually,” laughed Michelle, gesturing around, “Unlike our tiny, meek little, ahem...compound...which is actually just a single cabin, as you can see.”

“Yeah, a cabin that’s still way too big for you,” ribbed Jennifer, causing Michelle to stick out her tongue at her. “But yeah, Michelle’s right – the Jade Compound is only a few cabins, but the Scarlet and Burgundy Compounds...oh my gosh...yeah, they’re basically villages unto themselves.”

"And we're not allowed to go there," Michelle sighed wistfully, going over to the window and staring out of it, presumably down the hill towards where the other compounds were. "I mean, like, we can visit the Jade Compound with special permission, but Scarlet and Burgundy are strictly off-limits."

"Why?" asked Lauren, intrigued.

"Safety," shrugged Jennifer, "Simple as that. When you've got 25-foot-plus walking around, bad things can happen to us tinies, without anyone meaning for them to. I mean, I'm sure you were already starting to understand that before Gail came and got you, right?"

"Uh...yeah..." Lauren replied, nodding slowly. It already seemed ages ago that she had been cooped up in that awful, cramped apartment, breaking things without intending to...it had been a nightmare. She could only imagine what it was like with 25-foot giants walking around...or 30-foot...or even taller!

"It's a lot to absorb, we know," Jennifer said kindly, going over and putting her arm around Lauren, hugging her head straight into her hip. "But you'll get used to it in time...before you know it, really. Dinner tomorrow will help."

"So...wait, we can all eat together, then?" Lauren asked, confused.

"Yeah, we can do a lot of things together!" Michelle said, coming back from the window. "There's this big greenspace next to Greg and Nancy's that everyone likes to chill on...it's so pretty...nice trees...and there's even a lake, too!"

"But there are strict rules," continued Jennifer, "Like no running, for one..."

"No shouting," nodded Michelle, "Since once you get over 20 feet your raised voice can literally rupture eardrums."

"No throwing things," added Jennifer, "They made that rule years ago, after Nicole and Greg were playing catch with that boulder and she threw it too far."

"Yeah, splashed into the lake, thank god," Michelle said, "But it was just feet away from smushing a group of Lavender peeps."

"Y-You guys!?" Lauren asked.

"This was before both of us got here," Jennifer replied, "They're in the Jade Compound now, since they all grew out of this place."

She suddenly looked straight at Michelle, blinking.

"I'm so glad you're here," Jennifer said flatly, then turned to Lauren. "So glad you're BOTH here...it was really lonely in here for a few months, before Michelle showed up."

Lauren mentally noted that all those other people had outgrown the compound, but that Jennifer hadn't, and likely wasn't going to. She thought that Michelle might start teasing Jennifer about this, but instead, Michelle just struck a double-gun pose with her hands, pointing at Jennifer.

"Right back at you, girly," she grinned. "I know I drive you crazy, but deep down you love me!"

"I do!" laughed Jennifer. "I really do...anyway, Lauren, yes, under strict rules, we can all congregate on the Green, or in the village, or at Greg and Nancy's...but the Compounds are basically like our houses, right? That's where we all have the facilities that match our sizes...or, at least come as close as possible. So Reus is a "segregated community" in one way, but in another way, we all get to see a lot of each other."

"It's a nice balance," Michelle agreed.

"Mhm, and you'll see the whole full-fledged community tomorrow," smiled Jennifer, "At your welcome dinner!"

"Uh...yeah, about that," Lauren began sheepishly.

"Oh it's nothing to get nervous about," Michelle said quickly, smacking her thighs for fun, delighting in how she was making them jiggle. "It's always a blast whenever we get someone new, so everyone will be super-happy to meet you."

Lauren was content to take Michelle's word for it, even though she definitely still felt quite nervous about her welcome dinner. She was used to being the center of attention, since, after all, for the past few months she hadn't been able to walk down the street without people gawking at her. But this was different...*totally* different. Now she wasn't going to be the center of attention because she was huge – it was the complete opposite. Everyone was going to be staring at her because she was so much shorter and smaller in comparison. It was already discombobulating enough to be around Michelle and Jennifer; Lauren knew that she couldn't even imagine what it would be like around everyone else. Her mind shot back to the two giantesses she had seen walking down the sidewalk as Marjorie drove her to the Welcome Center – the 18-foot brunette and the 23-foot blonde – it had almost seemed like the two women were computer-generated or something. It was just such a mind-fuck for Lauren to watch them move around freely, with their gigantic, casual gestures. Tomorrow she was going to be surrounded by people that big...and a lot bigger! And even though Lauren was intrigued and excited by the prospect, she was also quite nervous and anxious about the whole event.

But for now, she couldn't dwell too much on that. Jennifer and Michelle seemed to understand exactly what was going on in her mind, and so, to help keep her thoughts off the welcome

dinner, they busied themselves giving Lauren a tour of the rest of their cabin. There were five separate bedroom suites, two of which were still vacant.

“Yeah, they actually all used to be filled,” remarked Jennifer, a bit wistfully, “But eventually everyone grew out of them and moved to Jade...”

“And Ruby even shot up so fast that she’s in Scarlet right now,” Michelle chuckled, shaking her head. “That blonde bimbo...heh, I love her...but damn, I think she’s growing too fast for her own good.”

“Are you hearing this?” Jennifer joked, smiling at Lauren as she gestured to Michelle, “Growing too fast for her own good? Gee, I wonder who else that could apply to?”

Michelle responded by punching Jennifer in the shoulder, and all three of them laughed. But Lauren couldn’t help but wonder...the Jade Compound...that housed everyone between 18 and 22 feet, and the Scarlet Compound was for those between 22 and 28 feet. She was thinking about that 23-foot voluptuous blonde she had seen, and wondered if maybe that had been Ruby, and that, at one point, she had actually lived here.

‘All of them have lived here,’ Lauren thought to herself, looking around as Michelle and Jennifer showed her around her much-too-large bathroom. ‘Basically everyone I’m gonna see tomorrow...and they kept growing. Am I gonna keep growing!? Or will I be like Jennifer and...and slow down before I get above 18 feet?’

She had no idea how she felt about any of this. On one hand, the thought of being perpetually dwarfed by the rest of the Reus community didn’t seem very pleasant...but, on the other hand, Lauren couldn’t ignore the very strange, unexpected, and thrilling sensation that she had been experiencing around Jennifer...and especially Michelle: an unquestionably submissive feeling, a bizarre, erotic helplessness, a desire to be teased, dwarfed, and dominated by someone much bigger. She didn’t really know where this feeling came from, and she wasn’t at all comfortable with it yet. But she had noticed it, and mentally filed it away for another day.

A bit later, the three housemates enjoyed a fun, entertaining dinner, during which Lauren watched, incredulous, as Michelle put away 8,000 calories of spaghetti and meatballs. Even though she was the largest of the three by far, Jennifer only ate about half as much as Michelle, since her growth had slowed considerably. Lauren managed to eat “only” 3,000 calories or so (12 times the size of a serving for a normal adult), and, by the time her head hit the pillow a few hours later, she was utterly exhausted, both mentally and physically. Being around Michelle and Jennifer sure was enjoyable, but the sheer, mind-boggling extent of her experiences that day had worn Lauren out completely. 24 hours before, she had just broken up with her boyfriend, and lived in the broken, ramshackle, chaotic squalor of her tiny apartment. And now...her life had completely changed. She could only imagine how much more it was about to change the following day.

Sighing, she stretched herself out on her new mattress, which was huge, expansive on all sides, and wonderfully soft. She had completely forgotten what it was like to actually have room; just like everything else, her situation had been completely flipped on its head. Now she had *too* much room. For weeks, she had been sleeping on the hardwood floor of her old apartment, after accidentally splintering her bed. Now, she could spread-eagle on her gigantic mattress, and her hands and feet weren't even close to touching the edges. Staring up at the 35-foot ceiling, she thought about everything that had happened that day – Gail making her offer, driving her through Reus, seeing those two giantesses, all the questions and paperwork, Marjorie's pleasant demeanor, and, of course, her two new roommates. Lauren liked them both very much, and already got quite a kick out of seeing the two of them go at it.

She was still feeling some anxiety, though, about where exactly she would fit into their dynamic. More than anything else, she didn't want to become the little runt who was always complaining about being called "short." Lauren already knew that she didn't particularly enjoy Michelle's ribbing, since she wanted to be taken seriously. But the more she thought about it, the more she wondered if she actually enjoyed that kind of attention from Michelle. Jennifer was so pretty and nice, almost a kind of "fun older sister" figure, but Michelle...Lauren didn't quite know what to make of her feelings for the smaller of her two roommates. Of course, she liked Michelle a lot, and enjoyed her sprightly, spirited personality, but she could also get annoyed with Michelle's antics, like how she had purposefully left Lauren's towel on the top rack, so that Lauren had to call for help to retrieve it while she was completely naked after her shower. Michelle, obviously, had been the one to saunter in, making a show of reaching up and swiping the towel as she grinned down at Lauren.

'She knew what she was doing,' Lauren thought to herself, staring up at the ceiling in her bed, 'She knew *exactly* what she was doing...and she obviously enjoyed it. Ugh, so annoying...but still...'

Lauren could feel the conflict playing out in her head. Yes, Michelle could be annoying on purpose, but...she was just so...what was the word...?

'*Hot*,' thought Lauren, for the second time that day. 'She's so...freaking...hot...and she knows it too. Heh, maybe I should just kinda chill, though. Just pump the brakes on all the horny thoughts for a bit? I'm going through a huge life shift, so it'd probably be a good idea not to do anything too...drastic...at least until I get my bearings here. And at least until I'm a little bigger, maybe.'

Michelle's gorgeous, teasing face seemed to wink down at her from the ceiling, and Lauren chuckled to herself, readjusting herself on her massive bed. It was a little difficult moving around in her oversized pajamas, but already, Lauren had started getting used to having sleeves hanging over her hands. In a weird way, it was exciting to her...something about how her clothes called attention to how small she was in comparison to everyone else. What was that feeling, exactly? That strange, erotic fascination with being smaller that she had had from a

young age? Was it just a kind of fetish, like she had decided a while back? Or was it something else?

‘Well, either way,’ she thought, gathering up two 6-foot pillows under her head as she turned onto her side, toward the window, ‘The feeling isn’t gonna go away here, probably...actually it’ll probably just get more intense...huh, I wonder if anyone else here feels the same way? Maybe Michelle actually has the same fetish...but, like, the opposite? Like she enjoys the thought of being huge, being bigger? That would mean we’d be a perfect match, right?’

Lauren caught her mind spiraling back into Michelle and she smiled to herself, shaking her head at her horny thoughts. She closed her eyes, determined to quiet her mind and get some sleep before her big day. But then, a few minutes later, right as she was drifting towards unconsciousness, something jolted her fully awake: a strange kind of deep, booming, distant sound. Lauren sat up in bed and scooted towards the window, lifting one of the blinds and peering out of the compound down towards the hill. As Jennifer and Michelle had told her, up the hill to the left were the Jade and Scarlet Compounds, but down the hill was the Burgundy Compound, which housed everyone at Reus who was 28 feet and up. And The Burgundy Compound was next to Greg and Nancy’s mansion, in the center of Reus, which housed both of them and their two daughters, Nicole and Kayley, who were...how tall again!? 38 and 33 feet!?

Through the nighttime darkness, Lauren could see that the invisible valley down the hill, where the path led, was illuminated by a host of warm, golden lights, much like the way city lights completely brighten the night sky.

‘The valley of giants,’ Lauren thought to herself.

And then, suddenly, it happened again...the deep, booming noise, almost startling Lauren in her bed. But this time, she felt like she understood the noise a little better – there was something familiar about it, a recognizable rhythm, that made her do a double take.

‘Wait...is that...is that what I think it is?’ she thought, hardly believing it. But then, the noise boomed out again, and this time there was no question what it was.

‘It’s...*laughter*,’ Lauren realized, simultaneously fascinated and a bit afraid. ‘It’s the giants down there...*laughing*!’

She sat there on her bed by the window for minutes on end, mesmerized. The booms of laughter would occasionally come and go...nothing too disruptive...more like distant thunder than anything else. Apparently they were having some kind of fun down at the Burgundy Compound, or maybe it was at Greg and Nancy’s? Lauren wasn’t sure. All she knew, as she finally settled back down in bed with her huge pillows, was that tomorrow was going to be one hell of a new experience.

Chapter 5

For the first time in weeks, Lauren slept all through the night, not dreaming, and barely even stirring. Ever since she had started her unexplained growth spurt, her sleep had been plagued by disquieting dreams and frequent wakings, punctuated at the end by often-painful incidents when she would accidentally break a lamp or crack a wall with her flailing limbs. She had eventually been forced to curl up on the hardwood floor of her cramped apartment, since her bed had been reduced to a splintered heap as a result of her nighttime thrashing.

But her first night at Reus had been beautifully uneventful. Perhaps it was just because she was so exhausted from the dizzying events of the previous day, but Lauren slept so hard that, when she finally woke up, her body had barely budged from the position it had been in when she fell asleep. The bright sun was streaming in through the blinds of her bedroom, communicating to Lauren that it had already been morning for some time. She yawned and stretched her limbs, delighting once again in how much space she had on this gigantic mattress. What had Jennifer said the day before? About the Lavender Compound originally being built for people even taller than she was!?

‘16’8,’ thought Lauren, staring up at the high ceiling, ‘That’s how tall Jennifer is...and even still, in some ways, she’s still too small for this cabin...that’s what she had implied, anyway.’

Lauren’s mind quickly jumped to Michelle, and Lauren found herself already getting a bit nervous – and excited – about the prospect of further interactions with her 14’1 roommate.

‘I’ve gotta just play it cool,’ she thought, turning on her side and enjoying how the soft mattress easily supported her weight, ‘She’s so hot...heh, and I’m pretty sure I already have a little crush on her...but I can’t be moving that fast. I just got here, for godsakes! If anything eventually sparks up between us, then...so be it. But I’m not gonna be making the first move – god no. Not at least until I get settled in here, and maybe, I don’t know...get bigger or something.’

She looked down the bed and shook her feet until they were free of the warm, soft down comforter. Blinking at her toes, which were streaked by the morning sun, Lauren wiggled them. To her brain, they still looked so far away. She hadn’t been growing for more than a couple months, and even though she had largely forgotten what it was like to be “normal-sized,” that didn’t mean that she had gotten used to how big she had grown.

‘10’2,’ Lauren thought, still wiggling her toes in the sunlight, ‘I’m 10’2...and until yesterday I thought I was the biggest, tallest person in the entire world...heh, boy was I wrong.’

Just then, the sound of something clattering off in the kitchen made Lauren start up in bed. The sound was quickly followed by a muffled, exasperated exclamation which sounded something like “Shitballs!” Lauren grinned to herself, finding the sudden noise, the brief pause, and the vulgar but unique curse word to be a humorous sequence. Michelle...there was no doubt who it was. Lauren could already picture what had happened – Michelle had probably been trying to

overextend herself, like reaching for something she couldn't quite reach, and then it had fallen down, or she had slipped, or something or other like that. And now she could hear Jennifer giving it to her, and Michelle dishing it right back. Lauren suddenly had the urge to be out there, to be a part of their shenanigans...to join in. She still had some residual nerves from the previous day, but her good night's sleep had fortified her nicely.

'Plus I'm starving!' she thought, and, with a quick flourish, she threw off her comforter...or, at least, she tried to throw it off. It took a few good kicks for Lauren to get her body free, since the comforter itself had been made for someone who was 16-18 feet, not someone who was "only" 10 feet.

'Ugh, there! Finally!' Lauren thought when she had at last gotten free, and she swung her legs around to the end of the bed and was about to step off when she remembered just how high up she was – the floor was a long, long way down, and Lauren forced out a little laugh to herself, recalling how, the previous night, in the midst of getting into bed, she had realized that her bed was actually stationed a bit higher than she was tall.

"Huh...that was...almost bad," Lauren muttered to herself, shaking her head at the thought of faceplanting on her bedroom floor the first morning she woke up in Reus. Reminding herself to be a bit more careful, Lauren turned around and gingerly climbed backwards out of her bed, having to perform a little hop at the end to get down once she had reached full extension. She was only wearing an oversized t-shirt, the smallest available, that went all the way down to the middle of her thighs. Still, though, even though her private area was covered, Lauren figured she should still wrap a hand towel around her waist, for modesty's sake.

'I'm not trying to be *that* easygoing up in here,' she thought, standing on her tiptoes to reach for one of the "hand towels" on her dresser. She ended up having to jump a few times to yank one of them down, and once she did, her head and upper body were covered up by the expanding fabric. The "hand towel," from Lauren's perspective, was easily as big as a normal towel, and she tied it around her waist, feeling that same, familiar ping of arousal in between her legs. Her size fetish...it was awakened by this kind of stuff...the sensation of wrapping a "hand towel" around her waist...just being in this massive bedroom, where everything around her was far, far too big, fashioned with an 18-foot-tall person in mind.

'Okay, Lauren,' she breathed to herself, 'Gotta chill...remember, just play it cool...'

And, taking a deep breath as her heart fluttered in her chest, she reached up to the doorknob (the same height as her head), turned it, and, with some effort, pushed open her bedroom door. Lauren could tell that the hallway was designed to be traversed in a few quick steps, but, because of her "short" steps, it took her a good fifteen strides before she emerged out of the hallway and into the main living space area of the Lavender Compound. Looking to her left at the kitchen, Lauren saw the huge, crouched form of Michelle, dressed in a tight black crop top and a pair of skinny jeans, bending down with her back to the hallway. She appeared to be cleaning something up off the floor...it looked like milk. Lauren felt her heart give another little

jump, and she looked away from the huge, tight, heart-shaped mass of Michelle's ass. Jennifer was sitting in an armchair in the living room, dressed like Michelle except with a bit more modest button-up violet blouse instead of a crop top. Her legs were crossed in front of her, with her bare right foot dangling about chest-high to Lauren; she was reading the newspaper, a quaint, old-timey kind of thing to do that somehow fit her personality. Lauren couldn't see her face – only the top of her head and the outpouring of her long black hair – but she could tell that, despite Jennifer's imposing height, the armchair she was sitting in looked a bit too big for her, despite her enormous size. There was still plenty of room in the cushioned seat on either side of her body, and the top of the chair rose up a good foot beyond the top of her head. Lauren once again was reminded of how gigantic the whole expanse of the Lavender Compound living area actually seemed. Her bedroom ceiling had been high enough, but the ceilings of the main space had to be at least 25 feet tall.

For several awkward moments, Lauren just stood there in her oversized t-shirt and hand towel, not really knowing how to announce her presence. She felt so small and out-of-place already in this cozy domestic scene that she very nearly turned back toward the hallway, to escape back to the safety of her bedroom. But then, right when she was about to do this, Michelle tossed a huge wad of milk-soaked paper towels into the garbage can on the other side of the kitchen, making a loud plopping noise.

"Jesus, what are you up to now!?" Jennifer exclaimed, dropping her paper down below her eyes as she cast a reproaching eye towards the kitchen. In doing so, she caught sight of Lauren standing there.

"Oh, Lauren!" she announced pleasantly, in quite a different voice. "You're up!"

Michelle whirled around in her crouching position, her short-cropped blond hair getting briefly in her face before she quickly brushed it aside, revealing her gorgeous, wide, green eyes. She looked excited to see Lauren, though a bit red-faced and discombobulated from the mess she had been cleaning up.

"Hiya!" Michelle cried, grinning up at Lauren from her crouch. Even in this position, the top of her head came all the way up to Michelle's neck. "Just...uh...ignore the mess on the floor, I've almost cleaned it up..."

"Had a good sleep?" Jennifer asked, before Lauren could say anything, "I mean, before Michelle undoubtedly woke you up with her banging...uhm...milk mishap?"

"Milk mishap...nice..." Michelle scoffed, turning up her nose at Michelle, "Yeah, nice...uh, what's that word...literary word from high school...?"

"I think what you're looking for is *"alliteration,"*" Jennifer chuckled, raising an eyebrow.

“Ohhhh alliteraaaaaation!” exclaimed Michelle with great exaggeration, her eyes going wide as she nodded her head up and down, glancing over at Lauren as she smirked. “Fancy!”

Lauren smiled, enjoying the banter between the two of them. She found herself wondering if the two of them always acted like this, or if, perhaps...they were “playing it up” for her...almost “performing” in some kind of way.

“I didn’t actually wake you up, did I?” Michelle asked genuinely, blinking up at Lauren.

“Haha no, I was actually already awake,” Lauren laughed.

“So there,” Michelle nodded smartly at Jennifer, before taking one more big wad of wet paper towels and cleaning up the rest of the mess.

“Uh...ehh, what actually...happened here?” Lauren asked, curious, and eager to keep the conversation going.

“Ohhhhh nothing,” Michelle sighed, tossing away the last of the paper towels and gripping the edge of the counter, still in her crouched position. “I was so excited about being able to touch the top shelf in the fridge yesterday that I tried to go for one of the penta-gallons of milk up there, and...yeeeah, it kinda slipped and – ”

“Splash,” Jennifer finished, smirking.

“Penta-gallons?” asked Lauren, intrigued.

“Oh yes, here, let us help you make breakfast,” Jennifer said, unfolding her legs and putting down her paper as she rose up out of the armchair. Lauren watched as she seemed to rise in slow motion, and the next moment, the same as yesterday, she was eye-level with the middle of Jennifer’s hips.

“I, uhh...th-thanks, but I’ll...I can make it myself,” Lauren stammered, having to recover from the renewed shock of how huge Jennifer was. The size differences sure were going to take some getting-used-to.

“That a girl, Lauren,” Michelle smiled approvingly, standing up herself. “See, Jen? Someone after my own heart...she doesn’t want people doing things for her.”

“Aw, that’s fine, that’s fine,” Jennifer replied, holding up her hands like she wasn’t trying to impose, “Just let us know when you need help reaching anything, and we’ll be happy to assist...oh, and penta-gallons?” She went over to the fridge, opening it and pointing up to the highest shelf, which was lined with huge containers of milk. “Heh, yeah, so we get food deliveries here every week, right? Or...you know...every three days if Michelle’s having a particularly intense spurt...and part of that is penta-gallons of milk, like you see here.”

"That's...oh my god..." Lauren breathed, staring far up at the top shelf, "That's amazing!"

"Mmmm I bet you were getting sick and tired of all the tiny, itty-bitty containers of everything, huh?" Michelle chuckled down wryly at Lauren. She was leaning slightly with her back against the counter, which was so high from Lauren's perspective that it was even with her nose. Even compared to Michelle's 14'1 (or maybe 14'2 this morning...), the counter was awkwardly tall, coming up to about the middle of her torso. It was difficult for Lauren not to get lost in the ridiculous size comparisons in the kitchen, not to mention the vast, curvy expanse of Michelle's body. That crop top sure was looking good on her, and Lauren could even see the faint outlines of abs on her fleshy stomach.

"I...oh...god, yeah," Lauren stammered, blinking at Michelle's stomach before forcing herself to stare back up into the fridge. "Milk was actually one of the easiest ways to get in a lot of calories –"

"Oh trust me, we know," laughed Michelle, eying Jennifer.

"So I was drinking like two gallons of whole milk a day," Lauren finished, "Before...you know, before Gail came and got me."

"Uh-huh...kind of like this?" asked Michelle, before abruptly going for one of the huge milk containers on a lower shelf of the fridge. Lauren watched, amazed, as Michelle spun off the top and, with one hand, effortlessly lifted the penta-gallon, which weighed well over 40 pounds, to her lips. A series of swift gulps followed, and Lauren could see gallons of milk at a time disappearing from the huge container. Within seconds, it was completely empty, and Michelle winked down at Lauren as she crumpled it up in her hands and tossed it into the 6-foot garbage can on the corner of the kitchen island.

"What a show-off," remarked Jennifer humorously, rolling her eyes, before she blinked and her expression morphed, becoming more serious. "That's actually way faster than I've seen you drink them before," she continued, looking Michelle carefully up and down. "You feeling any of the aches especially bad today?"

"Ooooooh yeah," Michelle nodded, actually looking a bit serious herself for a moment. She reached down and smacked her thighs, shaking them out in front of Lauren, who gawked at the thick flesh shaking right at her chest-level. Michelle was powerfully-built, not particularly muscular, but strong, solid, and feminine. Lauren caught herself thinking that just one of Michelle's legs probably weighed well over half her entire body weight.

"In my legs and the bottom of my spine especially," Michelle continued, reaching her hands behind her and pressing them into her lower back as she stretched backwards a bit. Lauren knew that she wasn't meaning to flaunt her assets (at least, not in this moment), but the way

she was stretching really showed off her big tits, and the smooth, alabaster curve of her bare lower torso.

‘Come on, get a grip!’ Lauren thought to herself, blinking and glancing away from Michelle’s impressive body, trying to look anywhere but straight forward into the middle of her stomach. She didn’t want to start blushing right there in the kitchen.

“Hmmm, the lower spine, huh?” mused Jennifer, “So you’re probably about to have another big spurt in the next day or two?”

“Yep, that’s what I’m expecting,” Michelle replied. “Maybe even more intense this time.”

“You mean like more than three inches?” asked Jennifer. She sounded almost nervous...or even worried.

“Probably even more,” Michelle said, coming out of her stretch, “Like, I don’t know, maybe even four, five inches over a couple days? It’s gonna feel pretty sharp, that much I can already tell.”

She glanced down at Lauren and, upon noticing that her new roommate had a bit of a mystified expression on her face, snapped out of her “serious” demeanor and gave a quick laugh.

“Haha, sorry, Lauren!” she began, her bare toes wiggling playfully against the hardwood floor, inadvertently showing off her pretty white toenail polish. With a start, Lauren noticed that Michelle was sporting a golden anklet. Had she been wearing that the day before?

“We don’t mean to be so serious,” Michelle continued, leaning back slightly and doing a couple mini-dips against the counter, “It’s just that whenever I’m about to have a big spurt, I get a little...uhhh...”

“Nervous?” offered Jennifer.

“Nooo, not nervous, exactly,” Michelle replied, still doing her little dips as she squinted her eyes up at the ceiling as she tried to find the right word. “More like *antsy*. Yeah, that’s the word. Like, pretty excited, right? But also a little fidgety and...I guess kind of impatient to get it started.”

“It’s just no fun, waiting for the pain to hit,” Jennifer explained, looking down at Lauren. “You probably already kind of know what we’re talking about, right?”

“Uh...sorta,” Lauren replied. “I mean, I get aches and all, but –”

“Jen, she’s barely over ten feet tall,” Michelle cut in, shaking her head. “Remember, Jillian said that the real intense stuff only starts after twelve feet.” She glanced down at Lauren, her eyes going very deliberately over her body. Her next question to Lauren was very blunt and forward,

already consistent with what Lauren had come to expect from Michelle. “Do they have a prognosis on you yet?”

“You mean, like, how much I’m going to grow?” Lauren asked, simultaneously excited and unnerved by Michelle’s laser-like focus on her body. Michelle nodded.

“Uhm, n-no...no they haven’t, uh...haven’t really done all the tests on me yet,” Lauren replied, uncharacteristically stuttering a little. With Michelle staring down at her like that, and Lauren actually staring UP at the underside of Michelle’s breasts, it was difficult not to get quickly overwhelmed. She suddenly felt so ridiculous, standing there, four feet shorter than Michelle, and almost seven feet shorter than Jennifer...it was like she was in the wrong place, and didn’t belong.

“Ohhh, right, right, that’s their policy here,” Michelle said quickly, nodding. “They let you settle in for a week before they start pricking you with needles and having you pee in cups and putting you through therapy sessions where they ask you how it *feels* to be a giantess freak...”

“Michelle!” exclaimed Jennifer, grinning and shaking her head, “Come on, you were just saying the other day how much you LOVED your sessions with Angela!”

“I know, I know, I’m just playing around,” Michelle laughed, stepping up toward Lauren like she was thinking about playfully hip-checking her. But she stopped just in time, correctly calculating that Lauren was far too small for that kind of roughhousing.

“Sorry,” Michelle smiled down at Lauren, putting her hands in the air as she backed up, leaning with her back against the counter again. “Horsing around is basically my love-language, you know? That’s why you’ll always see me bashing into Jen here, and punching her in the shoulder, and hip-checking her...because I love her.”

“And I love youuuu,” Jen chuckled, rolling her eyes.

“But I...yeah, I can’t do any of that stuff with you yet,” Michelle continued down to Lauren, “Not that you’re not a little cutie, and not because we’re not gonna get close...because I can already tell that we are...you’re real chill, but you’re a spark-plug too...I like that!”

“I...uhhh...th-thanks!” Lauren laughed, now blushing a very deep crimson indeed. She registered, out of the corner of her eye, Jennifer shifting in place; she could have been rolling her eyes again, or sighing, or something else...but Lauren’s attention was almost entirely usurped by Michelle’s unexpected barrage of compliments, and, seeing as how Lauren already had a mini-crush on Michelle, she simply had no idea to respond. Her heart was beating quite fast now, as Michelle’s smile widened down at her, those big green eyes sparkling mischievously.

"I just had to hold myself back," continued Michelle, now obviously laughing at herself as she stood back up to her full height, her big boobs still only barely clearing the counter. "I know that if I horse around with you, it might be fun for me, but you're gonna end up getting hurt, and...yeah, I would feel sooooo bad if that happened."

"Don't, uh...don't worry about it," Lauren managed to laugh, brushing her hair out of her face, feeling flushed with the pleasure of what she had just heard. "I mean, I...I trust you guys."

"Good!" intoned Jennifer, sidling up next to Michelle and putting her huge arm around her. Even though Lauren could see the muscles in Michelle's legs bracing and flexing with the impact, the 14-foot giantess was still visibly weighed down by the easy weight of Jennifer's arm. It wasn't even that she was being forceful, or anything of the sort – that's just how huge she was, even compared to Michelle.

"We want you to feel comfortable here," Jennifer said warmly, both she and Michelle beaming down at Lauren. It was all rather touching for the "little" woman; in this moment, it suddenly became clear to her that although both Jennifer and Michelle were obviously extremely close to one another, there was a loneliness about them, a kind of pining for more interaction, more friends. Lauren could already tell how isolated the two of them felt at Reus, since they could only see the other giants at specified times and places, for their own safety. In a way, the two of them just had each other...and now, they had *her* too.

"You guys...you're really sweet," Lauren said sheepishly, almost getting choked up in the process as she blinked rapidly a few times, swallowing the lump that had quickly formed in her throat. She was determined not to get all sappy right there in the kitchen. "I *do* feel comfortable here...I mean...as comfortable as I can right now, anyway."

"Aww you poor thing, just look at you," Jennifer said, gesturing down to Lauren's oversized white t-shirt and the hand towel that she had wrapped around her waist. "You're a good sport, you know that? But we've gotta see if we can get you some clothes that actually fit."

"I'm on it!" Michelle announced, thrusting her hand up into the air as she waltzed over to the landline phone on the counter. "I'll call the W.C and see if they can bring anything up here for Lauren, before we go to the big dinner tonight."

"The dinner!" Lauren exclaimed, suddenly hit with a wave of anxiety.

"Shh, shh, don't worry about that now," Jennifer hummed kindly, reaching a gigantic hand down to reassuringly pat the top of Lauren's head. "Let's get you some breakfast, okay? You drink coffee?"

"Yeah, uh...coffee's nice," Lauren answered, amazed by how huge Jennifer's hand had felt on her head. She glanced up at the swerving hips of her largest roommate, who had turned and was now opening the cupboard closet to the fridge.

“Oh, damn,” Jennifer muttered, “We drank the last of the chicory-blend tin that we’ve had for the last week...” She turned back towards Michelle, who had pressed the button for the Welcome Center as she stood there next to the counter, her feet crossed over each other, staring at the floor and twirling the landline cord in her long, manicured finger as she held the phone up to her ear. Lauren was charmed by the image – the barefoot giantess, white toenail polish, golden anklet, filled-out skinny jeans that were just a bit too short, black crop top, on an old-fashioned phone in the lodge-style design of the Lavender Compound – it was like a shot straight out of some early-90’s sitcom, except Michelle was over 14 feet tall.

“Hey, uh, Michelle?” Jennifer piped up, “Do we have any more of that chicory-coffee blend anywhere? I thought we had another tin of it but I don’t see it anywhere.”

“Top shelf,” Michelle replied, pointing up. “Remember, when Ruby squeezed in here to deliver it, just as a joke? And she put it up on the top shelf, just as a parting shot?”

“Ohhh god...that’s *right!*” laughed Jennifer. “Totally skipped my mind! Sorry, Lauren, this’ll just be a minute – I gotta go find the step stool.”

“The...step stool!” Lauren exclaimed, hardly believing that it could be possible that Jennifer couldn’t reach anything and everything in the cabin.

“Yep,” chuckled Jennifer matter-of-factly, sidling into the pantry before coming out with a large, 3-foot-tall “step stool” that rose up past Lauren’s knees. “Remember, this compound was originally built for 18-footers, so even I can’t reach some stuff...especially when it’s put on the top shelf by a 23-foot blond bimbo former Lavender resident who thinks she’s hilarious.”

Lauren proceeded to watch in amazement as Jennifer stood up on the step stool, rising all the way up past 20 feet as she reached for the top shelf in the cabinet, and even then, she had to stand on her tiptoes to reach the huge coffee tin with her fingers.

“Hey, Marjorie,” Michelle was saying into the phone, “Yes...haha, yes please, if you don’t mind – you knew it was coming, didn’t you? Heh, same here, I could feel it this whole past week, and I knew it was only a matter of time. Yeah...yeah, Jillian knows. Plus I told Lamont too. Mhmm...so I’ll be needing 18,300 milligrams a day, let’s say for the next week and a half, just to be safe. Uh-huh...Oh for godsakes Marge, don’t give me that, I weighed 1087 this morning, honest to god...and I’ll be over 1100 in two days, guaranteed. Mhm...right. No, Jillian won’t let me have the strong painkillers, and to be honest I agree with her...history of boozing before I started growing, you know the drill. Totally sober now. Oh really? No, no I just quit cold-turkey. Ha! Yeah, I’d be lying if I said the growth euphoria didn’t help...perfect, switching one high for the other! Uh-huh...shut up, you’re kidding? Wow, who woulda thought? Mhmm...okay thanks. Oh she’s just great! We already love her. You didn’t tell us that she was gonna be this hot!”

Michelle looked over at Lauren, winking at her, which caused Lauren's cheeks to flush yet again...she wished she could control her physiological reaction to Michelle, but it was very difficult to suppress the pleasure she felt in being referred to that way. Jennifer had climbed down off the step stool and was busy making Lauren a nice big pot of coffee.

"Speaking of which, I wasn't really even calling about the ibuprofen," Michelle continued into the phone, "I was calling about Lauren – listen, Marge, we seriously gotta get this girl something decent to wear before the dinner tonight. She's literally standing in front of me now in a gigantic oversized t-shirt...and a bath towel. Yeah, a bath towel. I know! Well, can't you have the tailors whip something up? It's not like they'll be using a lot of fabric, how long can it possibly take them? Mhm...okay great. Yeah, she's 10'2, barely over 500 pounds...itty bitty, haha! I'll let her know. Okay, thanks Marge, you're the best, bye!"

"So what'd she say?" asked Jennifer, who had started frying up Lauren a dozen eggs in a colossal frying pan that was obviously made for portions two or three times that big. "Can they get her something in time for tonight?"

"She said they'd do their best," Michelle replied, sliding across the hardwood floor in her bare feet back towards the kitchen, zooming straight up to Lauren and nearly bumping into her with her hips. "But seeing as how Lauren's so small," Michelle added, "I think they'll manage just fine."

She stood there, hands behind her back, grinning down her breasts at her new roommate. Lauren felt herself melting inside a little at Michelle's warm, buoyant attention, and it was difficult not to get aroused by the multitude of scenarios flashing through her mind – most particularly, and strangely specific, was the thought of herself wearing the tight jeans and crop top Michelle had on right now, and how huge they'd look.

But she still tried to calm herself down, resolving to keep playing it as cool as she could, and to try and mentally prepare herself for her welcome dinner.

"Thanks, Michelle," Lauren managed to say, "And...and thanks for making me breakfast, Jennifer. I'm...yeah, still kinda overwhelmed."

"Of course you are," Jennifer said sweetly, cooking the eggs. "How could you not be?"

"If I'm being honest, I...I'd kinda rather just stay here with you guys tonight," Lauren chuckled sheepishly. "I'm super-nervous about meeting everyone else."

"Aww I know you feel that way now," Michelle said comfortingly, bouncing up and down on the bare balls of her feet, her hands still behind her back, "But you're really gonna love meeting everyone...seriously, I know you will. It's crazy to imagine meeting all the others from the bigger Compounds. You were saying that you saw Ruby on your way in, right? 23 feet tall?"

Heheh...just wait till you meet Kayley and Nicole...they're both younger than all of us, but they're literally the two tallest ones here."

"Yeah, Kayley's already like 33.5," Jennifer said, turning off the stove (and having to stand on her tiptoes again to reach the knob). "And Nicole's 38 feet at least, probably pushing 39 here if she doesn't slow down soon."

"See, that's what's making me nervous," Lauren said. "Like, I was already nervous enough meeting you two..."

"And we aren't so bad, now, are we?" laughed Michelle, as Jennifer handed Lauren a huge plate of a dozen scrambled eggs and a big, piping-hot mug of chicory coffee.

"Uh, no...no, you guys are awesome," Lauren murmured, again having to swallow a little lump in her throat. Why was she getting so emotional this morning!? But both her roommates seemed to understand exactly what was going on, and led her gently over to the dining room table, where, after a couple hops, Lauren managed to get up into one of the huge chairs. But she discovered, upon actually sitting up straight in the chair, that the table was at her nose-level.

"Hmmm..." Jennifer hummed, scratching her chin, "Let's see..."

"Oh! Oh, I know!" burst out Michelle excitedly, and the next moment, she had taken off down the hallway. A series of clangings and clashings ensued; it sounded like she was sifting her way through a huge, cluttered closet, and that, in fact, was exactly what was happening. Jennifer and Lauren made eye contact and smiled, both of them bonding over their mutual enjoyment of Michelle's delightful spontaneity. The next moment, she had uttered a triumphant "Ahaaaa!" from the hallway, and emerged a few seconds later with a large, wooden, perfectly-sculpted "baby chair" that looked like it had been specially made for someone 12-foot-tall.

"I almost forgot about this!" Michelle laughed, holding the seat up above her head. "It was from my first few weeks here, when I was barely 12 feet tall! They had this made for me, since I was extra-small, and then when I grew I put it away in that closet and totally forgot about it!"

Without wasting any time, Michelle reached down, wrapped her arm around Lauren's midsection, and gently but firmly lifted her up out of her chair, sliding the "baby seat" underneath her ass before setting her back down again. The table was still a bit too tall for her, but it was manageable now. She could actually eat her breakfast and drink her coffee without having to worry about spilling it all over herself.

"Wow...th-thanks!" Lauren exclaimed, buzzing with energy from Michelle's touch. She was amazed by her roommate's effortless strength – she essentially just lifted over 500 pounds up in the air, with one arm.

“A little baby seat for our tiny ten-footer!” Michelle teased, ruffling Lauren’s hair playfully before turning to Jennifer, making eyes at her as she looked deliberately from Lauren’s plate to Jennifer, and then back to Lauren’s plate again.

“Oh god...” Jennifer groaned, “Michellllle...I already *made* you breakfast...”

“But Jennnnnnn,” returned Michelle, batting her eyelashes, “Lauren’s food smells so good! And you *know* I’m still too small to cook on the stove properly without standing on that freaking step stool thingy...”

“Yeah, yeah...” Jennifer nodded, giving Lauren a knowing smirk, as if to say, ‘Yep, this is what I put up with all the time.’

“Plus,” Michelle continued, “I’m literally about to spurt out the wazoo. It doesn’t matter that I ate an hour ago. I’m literally starving.”

“Say no more,” Jennifer sighed, going over to the stove and firing it up again as Michelle clapped her hands like a little girl. “I already noticed your ankles were showing this morning, anyway, so...I figured I’d be making you two batches.”

Jennifer doused the giant pan with more olive oil and turned back toward the dining room table, surveying Lauren and Michelle with that same smirk on her face.

“You know, I used to be so lonely here,” Jennifer said, “When everyone else grew past me, but...” – and here she stuck her tongue into the side of her mouth – “Who would have thought that a few months later, I’d be making breakfast for a couple of the most adorable little shorties I could ever imagine?”

Chapter 6

Later on that day, Lauren received a delivery that made her a bit less anxious about the big dinner that evening: a tailor-made sundress that actually didn't fit her too badly. After Michelle's phone call, the Reus Village tailors had apparently gotten straight to work fashioning Lauren something presentable that she could wear to her welcome dinner.

"Oh my god, just look at this thing!" Michelle laughed, snatching the dress out of Lauren's hands and holding it up to her own body. "Hahaha it's tiiiiny! Barely even comes down to the middle of my ass."

"H-Hey! Give it back!" laughed Lauren, swiping for the dress on her tiptoes. But Michelle, clearly intent on being a menace, held it up out of her reach, shaking it teasingly over Lauren's head.

"Hold up now," Michelle smirked, "I'm getting an intense wave of nostalgia right now – you know, it wasn't too long ago when I coulda fit into this myself. Jeez, I can't believe how much I've grown!"

"Come on now, Michelle," Jennifer piped up from her reading chair, putting down her book as she stared up at her two roommates. "Let the girl have her dress, she's literally been wearing a bath towel all day."

"But wait, wait," Michelle replied, holding out a huge hand to effortlessly deflect Lauren's reaching grasp, "I wanna see if I can still fit into this size."

"You'll do no such thing," Jennifer declared, simply but firmly. "Seriously, Michelle, are you kidding me right now!? There's no WAY you could even BEGIN to fit into that."

"I knowwww, I know," Michelle giggled, winking down at Lauren before she relented and handed the dress back. "Just playin' around...I mean, look at how narrow the top is! It wouldn't even be able to fit around my shoulders, much less these hips!"

She gave her hips a loud, resounding smack, and Lauren saw the jiggling quivers of flesh erupt from her outspread hand. Lauren blinked, reminding herself not to stare for too long at Michelle's twitching hips. But it was just hard not to – her brain still hadn't gotten used to seeing these kinds of curves on someone who was over four feet taller than she was. And true to form, Michelle caught Lauren staring for a few seconds too long.

"Well?" Michelle smiled, biting her tongue down at Lauren sexily and arching her eyebrow, clearly communicating that she had seen her staring. "You gonna try the dress on or what?"

“Y-yeah...just a sec,” Lauren replied, knowing that she couldn’t save face. She started walking towards the hallway, but then Michelle zoomed in front of her, sliding on the smooth hardwood floor in her socks, blocking the path.

“And just where do you think you’re going?” Michelle grinned, bending down low and sticking a long finger into Lauren’s chest. Since the top of Lauren’s head barely came up to the lower part of Michelle’s tits, she still felt dwarfed even though Michelle was bending down towards her.

“I, uh...just going to my room to change?” Lauren offered, her voice rising up questioningly. While she of course enjoyed Michelle’s continued attention, she also felt the more defiant and independent aspect of her personality beginning to flare up. Michelle was a bombshell; there was no question about that. But she could also be a bit exasperating.

“Oh my god, really?” Michelle sighed, rolling her eyes as she rose back up to her full height, putting her hands on her thick hips. “We’ve all dressed and undressed around each other plenty already – come on, you’re among sisters here! Let it all hang out, girl!”

Lauren turned sideways to look at Jennifer, expecting the older, taller, and bigger resident to back her up. But Jennifer just tilted her head to the side and smiled kindly at Lauren, drumming her fingers on the cover of her book.

“Of course, nothing wrong with undressing in your bedroom, if that’s how it has to be for you to be comfortable,” Jennifer said gently. “But Michelle’s right, we’re all really just a big family here, so there’s no need to feel uncomfortable around us.”

Lauren stood there with her dress draped around her arm, feeling a bit silly. It was almost like Jennifer was subtly hinting that she and Michelle would feel slightly offended if Lauren insisted on going to her bedroom to change...or, at least, they might think that Lauren was a bit of a prude or something. And, of course, that was the last thing Lauren wanted.

“Okay...uh, I...okay, sure,” she managed to say, nodding. Michelle was right, after all – it wasn’t like they hadn’t seen her naked already.

“Yeah, don’t worry, we’re not pervs here,” Jennifer said reassuringly, glancing up at Michelle and pausing, before adding, “Well...at least, I’m not a perv. Can’t make any promises for Michelle though.”

“Oh, says the girl who’s literally reading smut as we speak!” countered Michelle. Lauren chuckled, enjoying the usual banter as she loosened and dropped the bath towel from around her waist, and then took off the very loose, oversized t-shirt she had been wearing. In a strange way, she regretted this, since wearing such big, loose clothing had actually been arousing. But she was still very uncomfortable with the idea of being that aroused around her two new roommates – especially Michelle, not to mention the rest of Reus Village – and so the new dress was certainly a boon.

“Um, excuse me,” replied Jennifer matter-of-factly, slowly rising from her reading chair as she brandished her hardback book at Michelle, “This is *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*, which is something called “literature,” but I’m not sure you know what that means...”

Lauren was reminded of just how huge Jennifer was, even compared to Michelle. Standing up to her full 16’8, Jennifer towered over them both. 14’2 Michelle’s head barely coming up to Jennifer’s shoulder, and Lauren herself staring straight ahead into the wide curve of Jennifer’s hips. The book in her hand looked like a normal little mass-produced paperback novel, but Lauren knew that, in her own hands, it would have looked like a massive dictionary. She smiled to herself as Jennifer and Michelle kept going at it, back and forth, as she turned her own attention to the new dress. It was a lovely color, a deep, royal blue, and it appeared to be made out of especially soft cotton, which felt wonderful against her skin. Pushing down any residual embarrassment, she stripped down completely and then slipped the dress on. She felt a slight sinking in her chest – it was still too big! It fit her better than the towel and loose t-shirt, or, at least, it appeared to at first. It didn’t look cartoonishly huge on her frame, but there was no doubt that the spaghetti straps still hung loosely on her shoulders, to the extent that, if she moved a certain way, one of the straps would actually droop all the way down to her upper arm. The dress itself had been designed to go down to her upper shins, but it was so big that it was bunched up loosely at her feet, with several inches of fabric to spare. Lauren had been optimistic at first, but now, as she stood there, with those loose straps and the excess fabric bunched up around her bare feet, she couldn’t help but feel that she looked absolutely ridiculous.

Despite her initial disappointment, though, Lauren felt a surge of arousal go through her as she stood there in the oversized dress, feeling an overwhelming sense of smallness encompass her. It was her fetish again, rearing its head. Thankfully, though, she could just keep it to herself. Jennifer and Michelle hadn’t even noticed how the dress fit yet, since they were still sniping at each other far above Lauren’s head.

“Yeah, well all I know is that DH-whatever-his-name-is had a German mistress who liked to dom him,” Michelle was saying, “So think about that next time you...ohhhh hahaha damn Lauren!”

She had noticed the dress, and together, she and Jennifer looked down at Lauren standing there, blinking up at them sheepishly.

“Aww, sweetheart,” Jennifer said sympathetically, bending down to one knee and starting to mess with the extra fabric around Lauren’s feet, “Still just a little big on you, huh?”

“Just a little!?” Michelle giggled, beginning to orbit Lauren as she shamelessly ogled her from top to bottom, “Jenn, I know you’re just trying to be nice, but come on – it’s supposed to be a sundress, but it looks like an oversized ballroom gown!”

"How tall did you tell them she was!?" Jennifer asked, a note of accusation in her voice. Lauren appreciated Jennifer's protectiveness, but she was currently distracted by the fact that, even on her knees, Jennifer's nose was even with the top of Lauren's head.

"Hey, don't blame me," Michelle said, putting her hands up innocently, "I told them she was 10'2 – I don't think they're used to making clothes for such a shortie, Lauren!"

"Hmm, if we kinda bunch up the extra bits here around your feet, it doesn't look too bad," Jennifer muttered, getting busy as she bent down and started rolling up the fabric. "We could even pin the rolls up, you know. Although that might look kinda tacky, now that I think about it..."

"No that's...that's alright," Lauren said, smiling appreciatively at Jennifer. "I'll just sorta, I don't know...hold it up myself, I guess. While I'm walking, you know? And then when I'm sitting down it won't really matter anyway."

"Mhm...well okay," Jennifer nodded, "If that's what you think is best. I'm sorry, Lauren – haha, I guess this dress is the best Reus could whip up for you today!"

"No! No I actually love it!" Lauren exclaimed meaningfully. "I mean, I know it's way too big still, but...like, it feels really nice. And it's at least kinda passable, right?"

"Yes, it's definitely passable," Jennifer agreed, "Though I just wish those straps were tighter."

"Well at least it's tight on her ass," Michelle observed, pointing down. Jennifer stepped around behind Lauren to get a good look, and she and Michelle shared a smirk as Lauren blushed crimson, trying unsuccessfully to hide how much she was enjoying the objectification.

"H-Hey...don't talk about my ass like that!" she protested, unable to maintain a serious face.

"Like what?" Michelle countered. "Like pointing out that it's FAT?"

"Stopppp...!" giggled Lauren, blushing more as she pivoted around, trying to hide her backside from the other two.

"I mean, like, if you keep growing," Michelle continued, "And eventually reach my height...I'm just sayin' Lauren...I know I've got a huge ass too, but you might end up giving me a run for my money!"

The three of them laughed together, and, despite the dress not being exactly what she had expected or wanted, Lauren found herself happy that things had turned out the way they had. Yes, it was going to be embarrassing to show up to her welcome dinner in a dress that was THIS oversized, but she knew that she was privately going to get a real sexual thrill out of it. The only thing that remained now was for them to find her some kind of acceptable footwear.

Michelle had gone digging in the hallway closet again as Jennifer slipped on her own sundress, this one a gorgeous, deep scarlet, that fit her perfectly. She glanced at her phone as she slipped into a pair of black flats.

"Hmmm, hope we can find you something quick," she said to Lauren, "Cause it's about time for us to start heading down there to Greg and Nancy's."

The mere mention of the lead couple at Reus made Lauren swallow nervously. She made a mental note of what she had been told – Greg was 26 feet tall, and his wife, Nancy, was 32 feet...and their older daughter Nicole was 38 feet, and their younger daughter Kayley was 33 feet, and apparently still growing super-fast. Her mind went blank trying to picture how huge all these people were, and how huge all the other Reus residents were going to be.

"Anything?" called Jennifer into the hallway. "Come on Michelle, we've gotta get going here."

"Ugh, well I think this is the best we can do," Michelle replied a few seconds later, emerging with a pair of white high heels. "These were what I wore when I was 12 feet...so they'll be huge on you, Lauren...but it's the best we can do."

"Damn, should've asked the Welcome Center for some shoes too," muttered Jennifer, half to herself.

"I don't think they've got anything for her, Jenn," said Michelle truthfully, handing Lauren the high heels. "She's way smaller than anyone else who's come here, so she's just gonna have to wear all this oversize stuff until she gets bigger."

Lauren just stood there, cradling the big white heels in her grasp, feeling yet another wave of arousal surge through her. She was almost afraid to put the shoes on, since she didn't want to make it too obvious that she found the prospect of wearing oversized shoes VERY hot. But what else could she do right now? They had to leave soon, and she certainly couldn't go to the dinner barefoot, and so, the next moment, she bent down, put the heels on the floor, and then carefully stepped into them. Even though the heels themselves were 10 inches tall – making Lauren a full 11'0 tall now – she barely noticed any difference in her size compared to both Jennifer and Michelle. She was still staring up at Michelle's tits, and was still barely peeking over the curve of Jennifer's thick hips. It was crazy – these heels were undoubtedly the tallest she had ever worn, and they did nothing to make her feel bigger. If anything, they actually made her feel much smaller, because of how much room was still left. And even though she was certainly very aroused, Lauren found herself dreading the first steps that she was going to take.

"Well there we go," Jennifer said kindly, "Those don't look half-bad, you know! I like the way the white compliments the blue of your dress, Lauren."

“Thanks,” smiled Lauren sheepishly, blushing as she stood there awkwardly, holding her dress up with both hands so that it didn’t bunch all around her feet.

“Mhm...yeah, the colors work,” hummed Michelle, stroking her chin, “But now how about you go ahead and walk around a bit, Lauren, hmmm? Just to see how they feel.”

There was no getting out of it, and of course it was Michelle who was urging her to make herself look ridiculous. Lauren took a deep breath and stepped forward gingerly, her heeled foot going down on the floor with a loud clomp. She felt her foot shifting awkwardly in the far-oversized heel, but she just kept going, lifting up her other foot and starting to walk around the compound. Michelle had her arms crossed in front of her chest, brazenly smirking, obviously delighted with how silly Lauren looked in the oversized heels, and even Jennifer had turned slightly red and was hiding her mouth with her hand, trying to disguise the adoring smile that was splashed across her face.

Clomp *Clomp* *Clomp*

It was impossible for Lauren not to feel utterly ridiculous – it was like she was a little girl again, wearing a grown-up pair of heels as the adults watched her plod around awkwardly, utterly entertained.

“Uhhh, I...yeah, I mean, these are a little too big,” Lauren said, feeling like she should probably at least say something out loud so she could play off her arousal as embarrassment.

“A little?” grinned Michelle, before Jennifer reached out and punched her in the shoulder, as if to say, ‘Quit riding her!’

“But that’s not to say, uhm...that I can’t wear them tonight,” Lauren continued, “As long as they don’t look too...you know...ridiculous.”

“Sweetie,” Jennifer began after reaching out and clamping her huge hand over Michelle’s mouth, “They look fine. Sure, they’re obviously too big, but they should be completely okay for tonight. Don’t worry, everyone will understand. Remember, at some point, we’ve all been where you are right now, so try not to stress about it all. You’re among friends now, Lauren...people who know exactly what you’re going through. So they’ll all get it.”

As she spoke, Jennifer had been wrestling with Michelle, who was play-fighting to free her mouth from Michelle’s hand. But, try as she might, the 14’2 mini-giantess had no leverage over her 16’8 roommate. It was still amazing for Lauren to see that, even though Michelle was absolutely massive compared to her, she couldn’t do anything at all against Jennifer.

“Geez, so dramaticccc!” Michelle burst out after Jennifer had finally released her. “I wasn’t gonna say anything bad! Just...” – and here, she turned and stared down at Lauren, her eyes sparkling mischievously – “That one of us is probably gonna need to hold hands with her when

we walk down the hill toward Greg and Nancy's. I'd hate to see our hot new roommate trip and faceplant in front of the whole village because my old shoes are too big!"

Michelle turned about to be absolutely correct. Even though Lauren had been determined to walk down the hill on her own, after the third time she stumbled, Michelle had reached out and seized her hand, completely enveloping Lauren's hand in her own, as she held her firmly upright.

"Okay, enough of that "independence" talk," Michelle chuckled, shaking her head down at Lauren as she helped her maintain her balance. "You're holding my hand at least until we get down this hill."

"But I...I-look, why don't I just take the heels off?" asked Lauren, annoyed at herself for being so awkward and ungainly in the oversized shoes.

"Nooooo, no, come on, are you kidding?" retorted Michelle, as Jennifer walked in front of them, her much-larger strides making it hard for Michelle – and especially Lauren – to keep up. "Letting you walk into your welcome dinner barefoot!? Pssssh, no way, the others wouldn't let me and Jennifer hear the end of it!"

"But just until we get to the bottom of the hill...?" Lauren protested, but her words died in her throat as she saw Michelle silently, humorously shake her head as she bit her lower lip. Lauren suddenly understood: Michelle was getting a real kick out of watching Lauren stumble around in her old heels, so she was going to make Lauren keep wearing them, no matter what...and not only that, but Lauren was beginning to suspect that Michelle might be just as into this "size comparison fetish" as she was herself, except from the opposite end of the spectrum. The way Michelle looked at her, teased her, and messed around with her made Lauren suspect that she had a thing for smaller women. And, of course, by Reus standards, Lauren wasn't just smaller – she was positively tiny.

'Or maybe I'm just reading too much into her,' Lauren thought to herself, feeling her feet lift a bit off the ground, with her heels dangling off them, as Michelle "helped" her over a particularly steep incline of the hill, 'Because she's so hot and I want it to be true...but...but DO I!? Ugh, I don't know...I don't know what I want!'

Lauren began to feel like her mind was spiraling in on itself, struggling to process everything that had happened in the last 24 hours. The sheer spatial disorientation would have been more than enough to send her for a loop, but now, on top of being nervous about meeting the rest of the village, she was also dealing with the fact that she was already developing a big crush on her hot roommate!? As they descended toward the bottom of the hill, and rounded a bend, Lauren took a deep breath, trying to calm her mind and steady her body. It would be fine. It would all be fine – Michelle and Jennifer were there with her.

But nothing could have prepared Lauren for what she saw as they rounded the last bend. The landscape suddenly opened up, and there, standing there before them, all arrayed in an elegant greenscape, was an enormous mansion. It reminded Lauren almost of the pictures she had seen of the Palace of Versailles, though it wasn't quite as opulently decked-out. The sheer sprawling size of the building took her breath away, and she could immediately believe that a family of real-life 30'0-and-higher giants and giantesses lived there. Off to the side of the house, next to an expansive green field, was a large pond – really more like a lake – that reflected the blood-red rays of the early-evening sun as they shimmered and danced across its surface, which was strangely wild and choppy, as if something huge had recently disturbed it. Michelle kindly let go of Lauren's hand, and, as she was able to steady herself in her heels, Lauren couldn't help but feel like the Reus mansion, together with the landscaping around it, was one of the prettiest, most gorgeous sights she had ever seen.

It wasn't, however, just WHAT Lauren was now staring at, but WHO. Her eyes were quickly drawn to huge shapes that appeared to be moving by the lake, and it actually took a few seconds of adjusting for Lauren to realize that these "shapes" were actually people – tremendous, gigantic people – and that they had all turned and were walking slowly towards them. It looked like they were moving slowly, with long, languorous steps, but their strides were so long that, in a matter of seconds, they were standing there in front of the walkway. Lauren briefly halted, totally without meaning to, as she just gaped up at three gargantuan figures now standing before her. The "shortest one" – who stood a full head and shoulders taller than Jennifer – was a young woman with fiery red hair and a variety of silver piercings all over her ears. She had bright teal eyes, and had her hand on one hip, apparently chewing gum. The second figure was even taller, a slightly older woman, maybe around Jennifer's age, and was wearing a brilliant yellow sundress. A lovely spill of dark wavy hair tumbled down over her shoulders, and Lauren could see that her face was dotted with innumerable freckles. She was so massive that the top of Jennifer's head barely came up to the bottom of her boobs; Michelle's head was at her elbow, and Lauren's head reached no higher than the woman's mid-thigh.

The third figure, though, was the most striking. Standing a full head taller than the second woman, this third giantess was an absolute sight to behold. She had a head of luscious, shimmering blond hair that streamed down over her well-formed shoulders. Her whole torso was pushing the confines of a tight red t-shirt, which was obviously too small, so much so that a couple feet of belly flesh were visible in between her pant-line and where her shirt began. Her thick, voluptuous thighs, hips, and ass were tightly squeezed into a pair of "skinny" jeans, and Lauren immediately realized that she could have stood inside a single leg of these jeans without even touching any of the fabric. But, most of all, Lauren noticed this woman's face – she was absolutely gorgeous, even more so than the other two (who certainly were good-looking in their own right), and her full lips had just curved up into an imperious grin...not an entirely friendly smile. And when she spoke, even though she wasn't raising her voice at all, the air literally hummed with the vibration:

"Oh look," laughed the blonde, her voice rich and booming, "Michelle's not the runt over at Lavender anymore!" She put two absolutely massive hands on her knees and bent down low,

as the other two chuckled along with her. “How’s that make you feel, Michelle? Biggg? POWerful!”

It was completely jarring for Lauren to have this literal giantess looming over her like this, and still more jarring still to hear how mockingly she was addressing Michelle. Lauren immediately picked up that this huge woman – who looked about the same age as her – enjoyed pushing her weight around, and that she was in the habit of doing so against Michelle in particular. Instinctively, Lauren took a step back, partially hiding behind Michelle’s leg. For her part, Michelle stuck out her chest and put a reassuring hand on Lauren’s shoulder, hugging her body to her thigh.

“Oh fuck off, Roxy,” Michelle shot back, amazing Lauren with how confident and defiant she sounded in the shadow of this giantess, “You’re not gonna be so smug in a few months when I shoot up taller than you!”

“A few months, she says!” Roxy exclaimed, raising her eyebrows and turning around to the other two. She straightened back up to her full height and reached down to draw a line from the top of Michelle’s head to the middle of her thick hips. “I think you’d better start eating a little more, then, if that’s your goal. Just got measured again today – any guesses how tall?”

“My goodness,” Jennifer muttered, clearly amazed by the obvious growth, “You’re not...you’re not 27 feet yet, are you!?”

“AIIIIlmost!” Roxy smirked proudly, putting her hands on her hips. “26’11 this afternoon!”

“Psssh, whatever,” said Michelle dismissively, waving her hand. “I’m gonna catch you eventually, Roxy...you better believe it!”

“Oh I’m suuuuuure you will!” Roxy nodded brightly, her eyes going wide with sarcasm.

“Now who’s the newbie?” asked the young punk-looking woman with the fiery red hair. Even though she was quite intimidating, Lauren actually thought she had a soft smile...and nice eyes.

“Girls, this is Lauren,” Michelle announced, applying some slight pressure to Lauren’s upper back, encouraging her to step forward. “Our newest Reus resident. Lauren, that’s Mica there in the red hair, she’s just over 21 feet tall, that’s Demi in the yellow. What are you Demi? 23?”

“23’4” Demi grinned.

“And...yeah, the big bitch is Roxy. Trust me, you’ll NEVER not know how tall SHE is. She’s a piece of work, so watch out for her.”

“Nice to meet you, Lauren,” smiled Demi, blinking kindly down at her.

"She's a cutie, that's for sure," observed Mica, smacking her gum as she turned her head slightly to the side, the early-evening sun glinting off her piercings.

"How tall are ya, Lauren?" cracked Roxy, her hands on her hips.

"I...I-I'm 10'2," Lauren stammered out, hating how small and timid she sounded amongst these giantesses, and yet, at the same time, totally mesmerized by the size difference.

"Ten-foot-two," reported Mica up to Roxy, who had put her hand to her ear, indicating that she hadn't heard what Lauren had said.

"But...I'm 11'0 in these heels!" added Lauren in a stronger, louder voice, swallowing down her intimidation and staring straight up at Roxy. Michelle and Jennifer shared a glance and grinned at each other, amused at Lauren's spunk.

"Oh wow, eleven feet tall!" Roxy exclaimed. "That's big, Lauren. Big, big, big!" She stepped forward, and Lauren felt the earth shake under Roxy's gigantic foot.

"SO big, in fact, that your shoulders are actually taller than my knees!" Roxy laughed, inclining her head to examine the measurement. "But juuust barely!"

"All right, all right," Michelle sighed, steering Lauren away as she and Jennifer joined Mica and Demi, beginning to walk toward the mansion entrance. "Enough of the shit, Roxy. She's already overwhelmed enough as it is, you know."

"Well then, better to get her used to me quickly, then!" smirked Roxy, easily overtaking everyone in a couple strides and blocking the way, to the enjoyment of Mica and Demi, who seemed like they functioned as Roxy's posse. "I know your head must be spinning, Lauren, staring way up at me. You've probably never seen anyone as big as –"

SSSSPPPLLLLLLLLLLOOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHHHHHH

Behind them, it looked like the lake had suddenly risen up towards the sky and exploded. Lauren gasped, and this time she actually did hide completely behind Michelle, who seemed a bit startled herself. Everyone turned to look, and Lauren beheld a megalithic mountain of a human rising up, up, up out of the water. It...it wasn't possible. She felt her breath catch in her chest as she gaped up at the tallest, hugest woman she had ever seen. Her brain had already been going haywire trying to process Mica and Demi, let alone Roxy, but now she felt her mind kick into a full new gear, threatening to short-circuit itself. Despite her immense size, this woman looked young...younger than anyone else there...and she was wearing a one-piece black bathing suit that tightly hugged her enormous curves.

"PPPPPPPTHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The gigantic woman blew a fat spray of water out of her mouth as she strode up out of the lake, tipping her head backward as she squeezed torrents of waterfalls out of her shoulder-length brunette hair. She had only taken a few steps when she noticed everyone underneath her, and paused in place, standing there as all the women beneath her backed up a little. Lauren was gobsmacked. Roxy – who until a few seconds ago had looked insurmountably huge – now seemed tiny. The top of her head didn't even come up to this young giantess's shoulder.

"WHEW, thirteen minutes! New record!" gasped the giantess, blinking more water out of her eyes as she continued to squeeze water out of her hair that splashed on the walkway. Even though Lauren was over 30 feet away, she still got sprayed a little.

"Kayley!" called up Demi, who, even though she was over 23 feet tall, was staring straight forward into the middle of this giantess's stomach. "New girl's here! Her name's Lauren!"

"Lauren..." repeated Kayley, narrowing her eyes (which were a lovely deep blue) as she bent down, looking around for a few moments before finally saw where Lauren was. "Oh my god! Nice to meet you!"

To Lauren's shock, Kayley bent way, way down, not bothering to bend her huge legs, as she extended her gigantic hand out for Lauren to shake. Her mind going blank, Lauren reached out and accepted the "handshake" with a hand that was longer than her forearm. She noticed that, despite having been underwater for so long, Kayley's hand was quite warm...hot, even, and had already begun to steam.

"You are just...absolutely adorable," Kayley giggled down at Lauren, before swiftly rising back up to her full height.

"She's over 33 feet tall, by the way," Jennifer whispered in Lauren's ear.

"Come on, come on, let's go inside!" Kayley sang out, nearly hurting Lauren's ears with the volume of her voice. "I want you to meet my mom and dad...and sister!"

Chapter 7

Lauren's head was spinning as she walked unsteadily in her oversized heels, with Michelle and Jennifer gently leading her, hand in hand, after the others into the Reus Mansion. It would have been hard enough for Lauren to process the 21'1 Mica, with her alluring punk-rock look and her fiery red hair, or the 23'4 Demi, laughing in her yellow sun dress, her dark wavy hair flying everywhere as she spun after Mica. Of course, the cocky, gorgeous blond Roxy was an entity unto herself, only one inch away from 27 feet tall, and her teasing had shaken Lauren up a bit, making her even more self-conscious than she had been before. She had already been stumbling along between her two roommates in heels that were too big, in an oversized dress (even though she really liked the royal blue color) that had to be bunched up and pinned at her ankles.

And even if THAT hadn't been enough to send her mind whirling, Lauren was also dealing with the fact that she had already developed an intense crush on Michelle, and that her size fetish was barrelling ahead at full power. Walking in the shadows of all these giantesses while wearing her ridiculous, oversized clothes made Lauren feel like she was permanently blushing, especially since she kept catching Michelle smirking down at her, with that sexy, playful look on her face. Of course it also didn't help that Lauren had become *very* aroused by the fact that she was wearing a dress and shoes that were way too big for her. For so long she had tried to ignore this strange size fetish she had, hoping that it would go away, but now that her relative tininess was being put under a microscope, it was impossible to ignore. The feel of the soft, silky fabric on her skin, the roominess of everything, the way the spaghetti straps hung loosely on her shoulders, threatening to slip down...it all just made her feel so *horny*.

But it had been the sudden appearance of Kayley out of the lake that had truly short-circuited Lauren's brain. Lauren was boob-height to Michelle, hip-height to Jennifer, and didn't even come close to the hips of either Mica or Demi – and when Roxy was in front of her, Lauren was staring right into the bottom of her shapely thighs. But Kayley...who was over SIX FEET taller than Roxy...was in a completely different league, a league Lauren couldn't have imagined existed before yesterday. As she watched the sprightly teenager waltz into the mansion in front of everyone else (as her footsteps cheerfully boomed in her wake), Lauren felt like her brain was playing a turbo-charged game of catch-up. The top of her head barely even reached Kayley's *knees*, and when Lauren stared straight forward, she was eye-level with the top of Kayley's *shins*. It just didn't even seem real.

'I'm 10'2!' Lauren thought to herself, almost desperately, as Michelle and Jennifer helped her into the mansion behind the others (who, with their huge strides, covered so much more distance than the three Lavender Suite occupants), 'Over TEN FEET TALL...and I feel like a tiny child next to these giantesses!'

She had already felt dwarfed by Michelle and Jennifer, but now she had a whole new perspective. And, apparently, she hadn't even met the tallest person yet! Lauren tried hard not to feel too silly – stepping with careful, deliberate, awkward steps in her too-big heels – as she

crossed the threshold into the mansion, into a gigantic atrium that was filled with the golden late-afternoon sunlight that was streaming in from all the windows near the ceiling...a ceiling that looked like it was about 80 feet high. Roxy had led her “posse” of Mica and Demi over to the right, making sure to give Kayley a wide berth, given that the teenager was skipping around and swinging her arms freely, slinging water everywhere like she didn’t have a care in the world. It occurred to Lauren that the marble floors of this mansion must have been unfathomably tough and sturdy to support such an insane amount of weight without cracking, especially if that weight was in the form of a kinetic, peppy young brunette who didn’t seem to mind stamping her heels and the balls of her bare feet into the floor as she waltzed about.

“Pretty wild, huh?” whispered Michelle down to Lauren, noticing how her new roommate was fixating on Kayley’s footsteps. “Wanna guess how much she weighs?”

“Uhhh...” Lauren replied blankly, not having the faintest clue. She noticed how, even though Kayley was only standing a couple paces away from them, there was zero danger in being overheard. Both Lauren and Michelle were simply too far down.

“Ten thousand pounds?” Lauren guessed out of the blue. Michelle only smirked and shook her head, sticking her tongue into the inside of her cheek. Clearly, her roommate had picked up on how preoccupied Lauren was with size, and was going to enjoy teasing and titillating her about it.

“Not even close,” Michelle grinned. “Try over twenty five thousand.”

“Th-that’s...over twelve...and a half tons!?” Lauren stammered, blinking up in wonder at Kayley, who had just snaked her head around one of the many open archways in the atrium. The next moment, the air was ringing violently with the sudden boom of Kayley’s happy voice, and even Roxy and the others put their fingers in their ears.

“MOM!” Kayley was calling out. “Jen and Michelle are here! And they have uh...uhm...what’s her...oh right, Lauren...they have LAUREN with them! The new girl!”

Kayley was now standing still, leaning against the wall, busy with her wet hair, but the marble floor of the atrium was shaking again.

“Oh shit...” muttered Jennifer, abruptly letting go of Lauren’s hand, “Here comes Nancy...”

Lauren didn’t understand what her roommate was talking about, but she felt Michelle’s hand tighten around hers and pull her gently but firmly to the side, so that Jennifer was standing all by herself in the middle of the atrium, evidently waiting for someone. That “someone” swiftly came around the corner only moments later, and Lauren was shocked to see a giant foot extending out, a foot that was wearing the biggest black platform heel she had ever seen...and then, a huge, black-pantyhosed leg came after, the hose only emphasizing how massive the leg was. Quickly following came the rest of an enormous woman, her shapely body squeezed into a tight

red dress that proudly displayed her voluptuous curves. The booming thunder of her huge platform heels (which were actually 15 inches tall, though because of her size they only looked like 3-inch heels) echoed through the atrium as she strode swiftly up to Jennifer, stopping abruptly and putting her hands on her hips, copping a confident pose that Lauren couldn't avoid admiring. She just looked so...easy...so relaxed and comfortable in her body, which was all the more surreal and stunning considering that Lauren was face-level with her knees. High up above, a curly spill of brown hair went down past the woman's shoulders, which framed a face that looked quite beautiful...and surprisingly young too. But even still, despite the woman's apparent youth, Lauren could detect a more mature, steady presence, especially in contrast with the more carefree and nonchalant Kayley, who was still wringing out her hair in the corner, either oblivious or uncaring about the large puddle of water that was forming by her bare feet.

'So this is Nancy,' thought Lauren at once. 'She's the "woman of the house"...I can just tell.'

Nancy bent at the waist, and slowly lowered herself so far down that her large butt stuck up alluringly into the air behind her, nearly 20 feet high. Lauren felt like she heard Michelle snicker above, evidently appreciating this show-off of Nancy's assets, but Lauren was too busy focusing on what Nancy was actually doing – she seemed to be laser-focused on Jennifer, who was standing there with her hands clasped behind her back. Did Jennifer look...nervous? She was certainly blushing from Nancy's attention. It was strange to see her normally-even-keel roommate look so cowed, but considering Nancy's size, it was understandable. In those huge heels, she was just as tall as her barefoot daughter.

"Jennifer!" cried Nancy, her voice rich and textured, just like her appearance. Lauren immediately could tell that she had an amiable, fun-loving personality. "That dress! Oh my goodness, it SUITS you!"

"Aw thanks Nancy," Jennifer replied, turning her blushing face to the side as she glanced for an instant at Michelle, before turning back to the gigantic woman. "Y-You...you really think so?"

"Oh of course! That deep scarlet!?" Nancy exclaimed, her brow knotting in approval as she slowly nodded her head up and down. "It's just...MWAH!" She brought her fingers to her mouth and kissed them in the air, like a chef who'd just tasted something delicious.

"You're, uh...you're really sweet to say so!" Jennifer smiled, blushing an even-deeper crimson as she crossed her feet, clasping her hands together in front of her as she stared up at the gigantic woman. It suddenly occurred to Lauren that Jennifer wasn't just acting this way because of the size difference – she must've actually had some sort of a crush on Nancy. Lauren hadn't known her roommate for long, but she had already gotten a good enough sense of Jennifer to know that she didn't usually act in this shy, sheepish way. Even around Roxy and her posse, or even Kayley, Jennifer hadn't seemed intimidated at all by their size, even though they were all much, much bigger than she was. But for some reason, Nancy was different.

‘Jeez...’ thought Lauren, unable to help herself as she measured Jennifer up against Nancy, her brain firing off excitedly, ‘Jennifer’s almost 17 feet tall...and she could literally fit inside one of Nancy’s stockings like they were a...a *sleeping bag* or something!’

But the next moment, Lauren could no longer bask in the refuge of her own private fantasies, because Nancy had redirected her attention away from Jennifer, and was scanning her eyes across the floor, clearly trying to find something, or more specifically, someone.

“Okay now...where is she...where is she...” Nancy was muttering to herself, but then she stopped, a grin flowering across her face. She had spotted Michelle, and then, Lauren could see Nancy’s eyes slowly travel down to herself. Her heart started beating even faster, and she could already feel herself starting to blush, just like Jennifer.

“*There* you are!” Nancy exclaimed warmly, bending down again, but this time much lower, so that Lauren saw the huge pillar of her ass emerging like a mountain behind her head. “My goodness...look at you! You’re sooooo tiny! Even smaller than I imagined!”

Lauren felt Michelle’s “big” hand slide around her shoulder, squeezing it reassuringly...and Lauren wanted to thank her, but she was too arrested by Nancy’s huge, bright face smiling down at her. She felt like she couldn’t even move.

“When Gail told me we’d gotten someone under 12 feet, I got all excited,” Nancy continued, her voice fresh, easy and conversational, despite its causal boom and vibration that seemed to permeate the air. “It’s been a WHILE since we got someone so tiny. Guess the last one must’ve been you, huh Michelle?”

“Hey hey easy there!” Michelle shot back, laughing, pulling Lauren into her affectionately (making her stumble awkwardly in her oversized 10-inch heels), so that Lauren’s face was squished up against her side-boob. “I was just over 12 feet when I came here – WAY bigger than little Lauren here!”

Nancy furrowed her brow, peering down even closer at Lauren.

“But wait...she’s just *barely* under 12 feet, right?” Nancy asked, tilting her head slightly to the side.

“Go on...” whispered Michelle to Lauren, winking down, “Tell her!”

Lauren stared back up at Michelle, hardly believing that she was being made to do this, but she didn’t even get the chance, because Roxy piped up from the other side of the atrium:

“She’s barely even TEN feet, Nancy.”

Nancy’s eyes popped, going even wider than they had been before as her mouth dropped open.

“Barely TEN feet!?” she cried. “Oh no...no, no, I don’t believe it, I’ve gotta get a closer look at her myself!”

Before Lauren could react, Nancy had reached her arm down, and with a deft, swift motion, she swept Lauren clean off the floor, cradling her body easily in the crook of her arm as she lifted her up. The overall effect for Lauren was like an unexpected roller coaster ride, and she felt her organs roiling uncomfortably inside her as Nancy whooshed her up. The next thing she knew, Lauren was 25 feet up, three quarters of her body smushed into Nancy’s right breast, her whole body supported by Nancy’s arm. It was incredible – from the wrist to the shoulder, Nancy’s arm was almost exactly as long as Lauren’s entire body, which is why she wasn’t having any trouble at all cradling Lauren like a baby. Because of all the sudden movement, Lauren’s royal blue dress, which was already too big on her, had gotten a bit jumbled, and the spaghetti strap on her left shoulder slipped down, nearly revealing her breast. At the same time, Lauren’s oversized heels had almost come off her feet, and the left one was now dangling precariously from her toes.

Nancy didn’t appear to notice any of this, though, and instead seemed to be fixated on the sheer reality of Lauren’s size. With her mouth slightly open in barely-repressed wonder, Nancy’s eyes slowly scanned Lauren’s body up and down a few times, before finally coming to rest on her face.

“You are...absolutely PRECIOUS!” Nancy exclaimed, smiling broadly down at Lauren, inverting her back upright, supporting her butt underneath with her forearm and hitching Lauren up against her hip. In this position, Lauren’s head was about even with Nancy’s shoulder, and she could look down at everyone from something close to Nancy’s perspective. It was dizzying being up so high, and Lauren couldn’t believe how far down Jennifer and Michelle looked. The top of Jennifer’s head didn’t even come up to Nancy’s hips!

But even as Lauren processed her amazement at being up so high (along with the arousal she was feeling at how loose her clothes felt, especially with Nancy stirring everything up), she also felt a flash of resistance go through her. This was so humiliating, being picked up like this, and talked to like she was some kind of child! She was an adult...bigger than 99.9999% of the human population, male or female! There was no reason why she had to accept being treated like this, even if it was by the co-founder of Reus Village. But of course, despite all these feelings flaring up within her, Lauren couldn’t bring herself to say anything yet. She was too conflicted in her feelings, too confused, and too aroused, to know what to say.

“Well Lauren!” said Nancy brightly, bouncing her lightly against her hip, “What do you think so far? Is Reus everything you hoped for and more?”

Lauren opened her mouth to respond, and quickly realized that she had to close it again to gather herself. Her mouth had gone dry from being open in amazement for so long. Meanwhile, Kayley had apparently dried herself off enough (using a 30-foot towel!), and had

gone bounding out of the atrium, her booming footsteps echoing after her until they became more distant, like remote reverberations of thunder. Roxy was leaning against one of the atrium's pillars, her arms crossed haughtily across her chest, while Demi and Mica seemed to be whispering to each other several feet below Roxy's smirking face. From the way Nancy was holding her now, Lauren couldn't even see Jennifer and Michelle, since Nancy's huge breast got in the way.

"It's...I m-mean..." Lauren finally managed to stammer in response to Nancy's question, "I didn't even know about this place until yesterday!"

"Mhm, I bet your brain's doing somersaults right about now, huh?" chuckled Nancy as she nodded appreciatively. "Especially since you probably just TOWERED over everyone before, right?"

"Yeah..." Lauren replied, nodding. Strangely, her mind suddenly shot back to Kevin, her ex-boyfriend, and how tiny he had been compared to her. Near the end of their relationship, the top of his head hadn't even come up to her pussy! Imagining how miniature he would have appeared now was...well, it was beyond ridiculous.

Nancy seemed to understand exactly what was going on, with Lauren's mind struggling to keep up with all the memories of the size comparisons then, and measuring them against the size comparisons NOW.

"Well look, we're all just glad that you're here," Nancy said, smiling genially as she hitched Lauren up against her hip. "It's not often that we get a new resident here at Reus...probably only happens a few times a year at this point, after the initial founding. And we only take in the RIGHT kind of person, you know? Since we make sure to vet everyone for a while before we offer them a spot here."

"You mean...spy on them?" Lauren heard herself say, her old spunk coming back in a way that surprised her. She blinked after she spoke, hardly believing that she had spoken with such cheek to Nancy, the head of the whole village, and for an instant Nancy just stared down at Lauren, her mouth slightly open, like she could hardly believe it either. Lauren didn't have time to worry about whether she had gone too far, though, because all at once, Nancy broke out into booming laughter.

"Too true!" she exclaimed, nodding vigorously, "Some of our other residents have complained about that too, but really, what's the alternative? That's the only way we can really make sure someone will fit in. Gail's very sneaky, isn't she?"

"I...yeah, she is," Lauren replied. "But, I mean, I don't get it – for the last month I've...uh...I've pretty much been an asshole to everyone so why –"

"Oh don't worry about *that*," Nancy said reassuringly, "Everyone has their personality issues intensified by the initial growth spurts, since it's so discombobulating to literally OUTGROW your life situation. Plus all the growth aches...how're you managing those?"

"I'm...I'm really doing okay," Lauren said. "They're not too bad at all." She was becoming aware of the booming sound of Kayley's footsteps getting louder again...except this time, wait...no...they sounded different. Louder. Boomier. Heavier. Maybe she had put on some shoes or something. But as the thundering footsteps got closer, Lauren realized that something else was going on. This couldn't have just been Kayley. And, just then, Lauren remembered that Nancy had another daughter, Nicole...who was much taller even than Kayley.

"Oh right, right, the real growth pains don't usually start until you hit 12 feet," Nancy was saying, playfully knocking herself upside the head with her free hand. "Duh! I keep forgetting that you're so tiny that you haven't even had to deal with that yet. Don't you worry, though, we've got the best doctors here, all specialized with our growth conditions, so they'll make sure you aren't too uncomfortable when they hit here in a few weeks, after you pass 12 feet."

"So I...uhm...I'll definitely keep growing?" asked Lauren, trying not to get distracted by the growing din of the approaching footsteps. It felt like the entire atrium was beginning to tremble.

"Almost certainly, yes!" Nancy replied, reaching out an enormous hand and helpfully putting Lauren's loose spaghetti strap back in place (even though of course it was still very loose!), "Based on what Jillian told me about your vitals, you can expect to get at LEAST as big as Jennifer, and probably much, much bigger. She's a bit of an anomaly around here...sorry Jenn, no offense honey – I know how much you want to keep growing!"

Lauren began to hear Jennifer utter some kind of a retort from far down below, but she couldn't really even hear what her roommate was saying, because the footsteps had gotten so loud that her ears had started ringing. Nancy hardly seemed to notice, but Lauren did pick up that Roxy, Demi, and Mica had all positioned themselves close to the nearest pillar, bracing their bodies against it, like they were girding themselves for something intense.

"Something the matter, dear?" Nancy asked kindly, turning back to Lauren, evidently noticing that the "tiny" young woman was getting a bit anxious about something.

"No it's just..." Lauren began, but she faltered. She didn't want Nancy to think she was some kind of wimp, but the atrium was definitely trembling now, and the booming thuds were almost deafening. Even though she was safely hitched up on Nancy's hip, Lauren actually began to get scared of whatever was approaching.

Nancy raised her eyebrows expectantly, tilting her head sweetly as she waited for Lauren to finish what she had to say.

“What’s that sound?!” Lauren finally managed to blurt out, failing in her attempt to sound casual. Nancy’s eyebrows remained raised as her eyes searched Lauren’s face.

“Sound?” Nancy asked. “What sound?” But almost as soon as the words were out of her mouth, her face lit up in recognition. “Ooooh I see...aww it must be pretty loud to you, huh? I keep forgetting how sensitive the Lavender’s ears are! No need to worry, Lauren – that’s just Nicole!”

Nancy’s words couldn’t have been more perfectly timed. Right as she spoke her daughter’s name, a colossal young woman came striding around one of the 80-foot atrium pillars. Lauren couldn’t help herself – she audibly gasped. This girl’s curvaceous body was thicker than the pillar itself, and very nearly half as tall. Her light brown hair tumbled down in wavy twin waterfalls down past her shoulders, and her face was beautifully round, almost heart-shaped, an obvious but slightly-older reflection of Kayley’s face. She was dressed casually, like anyone would expect a young woman to be in her own home. Her thick, full thighs stretched out a pair of black soffes that only barely managed to cover her large ass, which, even though it was proportional with the rest of her body, looked absolutely gigantic to Lauren as it bounced and wobbled impressively behind her as she walked over. Her younger sister seemed to bounce and dance wherever she went, but Nicole, being a bit more mature, had adopted the confident stride of her mother. Lauren found herself staring up at a pair of striking brown eyes as Nicole sidled up next to her mother, a full head taller than Nancy.

“Kayley said you were adorable,” Nicole intoned, her huge voice jumbling and confusing Lauren’s eardrums with its sonority, “So I had to see for myself.”

It was crazy – Nicole’s voice didn’t *sound* deep...and yet somehow it still registered in Lauren’s ears as the deepest thing she had ever heard. Even though Nicole was purposefully speaking in a “quieter” voice, the vibrations of her words went completely through Lauren’s body, almost tickling her all over with their frequency.

“Isn’t she just perfect?” grinned Nancy, once more adjusting Lauren’s loose spaghetti strap, which had drooped down on her shoulder again, before threading the pad of her index finger underneath Lauren’s right palm (they were nearly the same size) and lifting it up. “Look at her itty bitty hands!”

“Here, gimme, gimme!” said Nicole with playful impatience, extending her own hand – which was over 3 feet long – and grasping with her long, strong fingers. Before Lauren even knew what was happening, she was airborne again, in the gentle but firm *single-handed* grasp of this monumentally huge young woman, who was turning her back and forth, just so that she could get a good look at her entire body. Lauren felt so humiliated and objectified, but she was too breath-taken to be upset, at least for the moment. Nicole’s hand was literally wrapped all the way around her waist, and she was holding and examining her like she was a living doll.

“Whoops, sorry Lauren!” chuckled Nicole, reaching her free fingers up to fix the strap of her dress again, which had once again fallen down due to Nicole’s rotating motion. “That’s probably the biggest dress they could find for you in the Lavender Suite, huh?”

“Y-yeah...” Lauren breathed. She wasn’t even able to present her typical tough exterior anymore, not in the face of this kind of size. Nicole was casually holding her over 30 feet up off the floor, turning her around and examining her like a little toy, while her legs dangled. The oversized heels were both hanging precariously from her feet, and when Nicole turned her one too many times, the heels couldn’t hold on any longer and fell off, dropping one after the other in quick succession. Michelle, though, had been prepared for this, and deftly caught both the heels as they came down.

“Ooop! I got em’ Lauren, don’t worry!” Michelle called up. Lauren looked down, having an uncomfortable sense of vertigo as she tried to wrap her mind around how small Michelle looked, all the way down there. She may have been 14’2, but Michelle was eye-level with Nicole’s *knees*.

“Heh, her dress keeps slipping, her shoes keep falling off...” laughed Roxy from the other side of the atrium, “If I didn’t know better, Michelle, I’d say you and Jenn dressed her up like this on purpose...can’t say I’m complaining, though – come on, let’s just skip the foreplay and take everything off, huh?”

“Shut up, Roxy!” retorted Michelle, pointing one of Lauren’s heels up at the bombshell 26’11 blond, “We made do with what we had! Besides, Jenn and I have already seen her naked, but that’s because we’re her friends and she trusts us.”

“Pssssh who cares?” laughed Roxy. “It’s not like I’d be able to make anything out even if she WAS naked – she’s so damn TINY!”

Just then, Kayley came bounding around the corner of another one of the pillars. She had changed into a pair of her own purple soffes, complete with a tight white t-shirt, and evidently, she had been waiting for her time to pounce. Before Roxy could react, the 33’3 girl had snuck up behind her and put her in a headlock. Roxy, who didn’t even come up to Kayley’s shoulders, had absolutely no defense against this treatment, and fought fruitlessly against the huge forearm around her neck.

“Who’re you calling “tiny,” Roxy?” laughed Kayley, reaching her other hand down to give the blond a noogie.

“No! Don’t fuck up my hair!” Roxy begged. “I just got it done a few hours ago!” She clawed at Kayley’s arm, which didn’t budge, and she even tried to kick her heel back at the towering girl, but Kayley was too quick and powerful, and actually lifted Roxy up off her feet for a few seconds, laughing and swinging her around.

“Awww maybe you should have thought about that before picking on the new girl,” Kayley teased, continuing to mess up Roxy’s hair with her knuckles. If you punch down, you better expect the same treatment!”

“Give her here, Kayley,” Nicole grinned, coming over and holding out her free arm. Smirking, Kayley handed Roxy to her older sister, who promptly swept the blonde up and held her in the crook of her arm, cradling the giantess’s ass with her forearm. Lauren couldn’t believe it – half an hour ago, Roxy was the hugest person she had ever seen, and now Roxy was being held like an oversized doll across from her. Roxy’s dangling feet barely even reached Nicole’s knees, and Lauren had to work hard to stifle a laugh when she looked at Roxy’s face. Her blond hair was all messed up, looking like an unkempt bird’s nest, and her beautiful mouth was screwed up in a scowl as she sat there in Nicole’s arm, her arms folded across her chest not smugly now, but crossly.

“See, look!” laughed Nicole, speaking out to the rest of the group. “Small...” and here she inclined her head down to her younger sister, “smaller...” she playfully hitched Roxy up against her hip, “and smallest!” she finished, lifting Lauren up above her head and displaying her proudly, like a trophy.

“Hey, I’m not small!” Kayley protested. “I’m even bigger than YOU were at my age, so you better watch out – I’m coming for you!”

“And I’ll be right here, putting Roxy in her place as usual,” smiled Nicole. “Anyway, come on, let’s all go into the Great Hall! Dad said the food was almost ready and I’m STARVING!”

“Oh you think YOU’RE hungry!?” challenged Kayley, rubbing her belly. “Try me – I ate more than you yesterday!”

“We’ll see about that,” laughed Nicole, finally setting Roxy down, who grumbled to herself and started trying to fix her hair. “Here, I’ll “escort” you, Lauren...if you don’t mind?”

“I...uhh...go ahead,” Lauren managed to say. Even though a part of her still hated that she was being picked up like this, and brandished like a figurine, there was no denying it now: she was definitely aroused. The sheer size difference between her and Nicole, plus the feel of the loose dress hanging on her body, PLUS the fact that her heels had actually fallen OFF...all of these things were combining to turn her on to no end. She was enjoying it, and was confused by it at the same time. In a way, she couldn’t wait to be back in the Lavender Suite with Michelle and Jennifer, to just...relax and decompress a little. But that would have to wait for a bit, because they were all leaving the atrium now, with Nicole leading the way. Down below, Lauren could see that Nancy had reached down to swipe up Jennifer, who seemed only too glad to be hip-carried by the older woman (even though Nancy was in her mid 40’s, she looked a full 10 years younger). Roxy, apparently eager for some sort of revenge, had tried to pick up Michelle to parade around, but Michelle had brandished the sharp ends of Lauren’s heels in defiance.

“Uh-uh!” she exclaimed up to Roxy, shaking her head. “You’ll get one of these in your arm if you even try. I told you...only Mica gets to pick ME up!”

“You didn’t even have to say it,” chuckled Mica, smacking her gum, her piercings glinting again in the setting sun as she reached down to swipe up the 14-foot woman. Apparently this was what happened at Reus – whenever the really big residents wanted to go anywhere with the smaller ones, they just...picked them up and carried them. The atrium echoed with the huge footfalls of the giantesses as they all followed Nicole, with Demi lovingly and humorously reaching up to fix the sour-faced Roxy’s hair as they went. Aside from the promise of food (and she too was hungry, although she knew she couldn’t have been as hungry as Nicole and Kayley), Lauren had no idea what was going to happen next. She felt Nicole’s gigantic fingers tighten slightly around her waist as they walked, and even though her emotions were going haywire, she really did feel safe in her grasp.

An instant later they were flashing through a huge, elegant den, with exquisite crimson furniture that looked too big, even for Nicole...they were moving fast....VERY fast. Nicole wasn’t walking rapidly, but her strides were so long that it seemed to Lauren like everything was flying by. They went through the kitchen, and Lauren glanced back, just in time to see Nancy (who was chatting animatedly to Jennifer in the crook of her elbow) pass by the countertops...which were SHOULDER-HIGH for the 33’0 giantess. They even looked a little high for Nicole. Lauren felt herself getting even more excited, though she wasn’t quite sure why. Something about that enormous furniture, and those countertops...and everything else that just seemed too big, even for these titanesses...it turned her on in a way she had never been turned-on before. It was like a whole new part of her brain was being slowly unlocked.

“I hope you brought your appetite, Lauren,” whispered Nicole in her ear (even her whisper sounded like a waterfall), “Because this is *your* welcome dinner and you’ll be sitting at the head of the table, with me!”