

Reus Village
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. "HMMMM, 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. Lauren 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!"