

Summer Vacation

By Joyce Julep

Chapter 1

The Pierce's doorbell sang out into the house.

"Raymond, she's here!" called up his mother, Tracy.

"I'm in the bathroom right now, mom!" he shouted back down the stairs. "Can you just let her in? I'll be down in a couple minutes."

"Ok." Tracy shook her head as she walked to her front door. She knew her son was still friends with his ex-girlfriend, and that they occasionally chatted on the phone and exchanged emails. Tracy was happy about this — Katherine had always been a nice girl...smart, athletic, ambitious, and — Tracy hated to admit — maybe a little too much for her son. It had never been hard for her to understand why Katherine had broken up with Raymond to pursue her pre-law studies at Stanford. Her own son had floundered through his first two years of college, barely making passing grades...and when he mentioned that he had invited Katherine over, she was excited. Tracy felt that Raymond could use all the positive energy he could get from friends who were actually applying themselves. She couldn't help but shake her head as she approached the door, because she knew that Raymond hadn't seen her in two years; of course, when she was finally here, he was on the toilet.

A moment later Tracy opened her front door and gasped. Standing before her and smiling down like a summer blossom was Katherine Lloyd, just home for summer vacation. When Katherine had left the state for Stanford a couple years before, she was already a little taller than Raymond, at 5'10. Raymond still stood at the same 5'8, more or less average height that he inherited from his father, who was also 5'8. For her own part, Tracy stood at 5'4 — and that was why she had gasped. She was looking directly into the middle of Katherine's cleavage, which had apparently swelled noticeably into a full-blown womanly bosom.

"Hi Mrs. Pierce!" came Katherine's buoyant greeting as she bent down and engulfed Tracy in a hug.

"H-hi...Katherine," Tracy managed to say through the powerful squeeze of Katherine's embrace. The two separated and there was a moment without words as Tracy just stood there gawking with her mouth open, completely bamboozled. Katherine grinned from ear to ear as she put her hands on her hips, which Tracy could not fail to notice had also swelled considerably in size.

"I got a little bigger since I was here last," said Katherine, chuckling as she looked down her own body.

"Y-yeah, you...you did," stuttered Tracy. "Katherine...I...I don't...wow!" She was embarrassed that she had been reduced to this driveling, gaping state, and she actually blushed a little, her cheeks growing red as she searched around desperately in her brain for something to talk about unrelated to Katherine's size.

"It's ok, Mrs. Pierce, don't be embarrassed," said Katherine kindly. "It's surprised everyone to see me like this. Girls aren't supposed to grow three inches a year after they turn 18, but hey, that's exactly what happened to me, so go figure." She laughed good-naturedly.

"Well...isn't...isn't that something," said Tracy, smiling as she began to recover herself. "Well, it's wonderful to see you, Katherine. Won't you come in?"

"Thanks!" said Katherine as she walked past Tracy into the house. Tracy couldn't help but steal a glance at Katherine as she passed. She was wearing flat sandals and a wonderful white summer dress that came down to just above her knees, granting a pleasing view of her developed calves and a peek at her well-formed thighs. Tracy also saw that Katherine had grown an ass too...an impressive bulge that shook up and down distinctly with each step she took.

"Well, I know that Raymond is excited to see you," said Tracy, closing the door. "He's upstairs in the bathroom right now, but he'll be down in a minute. Why don't you come have a seat in the living room. Anything to drink? Lemonade? Iced tea? La Croix?"

"Oooh I'll take a La Croix, thanks!" said Katherine as she followed Tracy to the living room.

"We've got lime and lemon."

"Lime's my favorite!"

"All right then, have a seat and I'll get you one." Katherine sat down on the sofa and a moment later Tracy joined, passing along her drink as she sat down in one of the armchairs.

"So...back home from Stanford!" said Tracy, impressed. "Are you liking it there?"

"I love it," said Katherine, sipping her drink. "I mean, it's pretty cutthroat in a lot of ways, you know? Lots of competition. But I like a little bit of that — keeps me sharp, you know what I mean?"

"Definitely," laughed Tracy. "Well, I always knew that you'd do well there, Katherine. You were always so determined in high school. I guess I can't expect any more than excelling at Stanford from the valedictorian, now, can I?"

"Oh pshaw," said Katherine, blushing a little as she waved her hand dismissively. "I can't get complacent on past accomplishments...gotta keep moving!"

"Tell that to my son," said Tracy. "He's been having some trouble lately at Compton's."

"That's the community college down the street, right?"

"Yes...he's just...well, I won't speak too poorly of him, but I'm a little worried about him."

"I'm sorry to hear that," said Katherine, her brow creasing a little.

“Raymond hasn’t spoken to you about his struggles?”

Katherine chuckled a little. “No, he hasn’t really mentioned anything like that. But, you know, we don’t talk that often, and when we do it’s just really to catch up, you know?”

“Of course,” said Tracy, sipping her own drink of iced tea. “So...Raymond doesn’t know...that...”

“That I’ve grown?” asked Katherine, laughing as she noticed Tracy blushing again. “No, he has no idea — we’ve only emailed and spoken on the phone a few times. And you don’t have to worry, Mrs. Pierce, I don’t mind talking about it!”

“It’s just...you look so great Katherine...really impressive,” said Tracy, using Katherine’s easiness as an excuse to pursue the topic against her own better judgment. “Did you just...do you know...why you kept growing?” She found herself wanting to ask if Katherine was still growing, but she stopped herself.

Katherine laughed as she put her drink down on a side table and leaned back on the sofa, stretching her arms over her head. Even her arms looked...thicker...more developed...and yet still undeniably womanly. Tracy’s eyes grew wider without her even realizing.

“Well, I went to the doctor last year, just to make sure, you know, nothing was going wrong,” she explained with a smile, lowering her arms. “And he said it was unusual, but that sometimes, girls have growth spurts in their late teens. He said my diet and exercise routine probably helped too.”

“Lots of fruits and vegetables?” inquired Tracy with a smile.

“Lots of those,” laughed Katherine, “and protein. Lots of protein. But it’s easy to eat a lot more when you’re swimming and lifting weights a few times a week.”

“Oh really, you’re doing all that?” asked Tracy. “I can’t even get Raymond to come out of his room when he’s over here in the summer.”

“Well maybe I can help him get started on something,” said Katherine humorously. “But seriously, though, I really credit the regular exercise with keeping me focused. Otherwise I think I might go crazy out there. All the work can seem overwhelming when you look at it in a vacuum, you know?”

“Definitely,” said Tracy, finding herself more and more impressed by her son’s ex-girlfriend. Was Raymond still in the bathroom? She noticed a feeling of annoyance at her son for an instant for his lack of planning, but then it was suddenly gone — she was enjoying herself talking to Katherine...what did it matter if Raymond wasn’t there?

“Well, I hope you’re able to stay for dinner,” she said, leaning back in her chair and crossing her legs. “My husband should be getting home from work in about half an hour — and he’s bringing back Clara from soccer practice.”

“Oh Clara!” exclaimed Katherine jubilantly. “I’d love to see her! And Mr. Pierce too, of course. Yes, I’d love to stay for dinner!”

“Excellent,” said Tracy happily. She didn’t know why, but she was excited...thrilled, even, by the prospect of the rest of her family seeing this full-grown Katherine. “They’re picking up some pizzas on their way back.”

“Aww yes, pizza!” said Katherine, closing her eyes and throwing her head back.

“I just hope they bring enough for you to eat!” said Tracy enthusiastically. But then she caught herself and felt the color shading her cheeks again...what was she doing? That was such a rude thing to say!

But Katherine just laughed, not seeming to care one bit. “Haha, hopefully!” She paused a moment before cocking her head and looking up slantwise. “So how old is Clara now?”

“She’s fourteen,” answered Tracy. “Just graduated eighth grade.”

“No!” said Katherine, sitting up straight on the sofa and putting her hands on her knees. “No way! She’ll be in high school in August?!”

“That’s right,” laughed Tracy. “Time flies, doesn’t it? And she’s shooting up like a weed. She’s only a couple inches shorter than Raymond now.”

“Oh my god, imagine if she ends up taller than him,” laughed Katherine. “He’d hate that, wouldn’t he?”

“Hate what?” Raymond’s voice issued up from the base of the stairs, and the two women looked over to see him walking over in his socks. He was wearing baggy cargo pants and a large white t-shirt, both which looked a bit too big for him. His shaggy brown hair partially obscured his face, and his face showed the scraggly makings of a beard. He was a bit over average height, at 5’8, but since going to college his physical activity had lessened considerably, leaving him extremely skinny. He weighed only 130 pounds.

“Oh my god, Raymond!” exclaimed Katherine, and she sprang up from the sofa and practically hopped over to greet him.

“K-k-katherine!?!” was all Raymond could manage before she was consuming him in a hug. He felt her literally squeeze the air out of him for a few moments, and then she released him, standing up tall in front of him with her hands on her hips, smiling splendidly as she looked down on him. Raymond was utterly dumbfounded. Katherine was...huge. He was looking straight into her shoulders, which looked impressively wide and developed. The top of his head barely reached her chin.

“W-wh-what?!” he stammered, completely unable to mask his shock. From her sitting position in the armchair, Tracy smiled inwardly, enjoying her son’s bewilderment. She wasn’t quite sure where it came from...maybe it was seeing Raymond face up to someone his age who was put together and on top of it...maybe it somehow justified her own stunned response to seeing the adult Katherine for the first time...and maybe it was just fun to watch the novelty of it all. Probably a combination of all of them, she figured.

“Well it’s nice to see you too!” teased Katherine down to her former boyfriend.

“K-katherine...I...I — what?! How tall are you??” Raymond was not able to refrain from asking this question straight-up, despite its boorish rudeness.

“Raymond!” snapped Tracy. “Now that’s no way to — ”

“Oh that’s alright, Mrs. Pierce,” said Katherine with a smile, turning briefly to Tracy so that her white dress billowed a little, giving Raymond a straight-on view of her big ass. “He can ask.” She turned back to Raymond and grinned down at him as she took her dress in both hands and slowly, playfully, jostled from side to side.

“I’m 6’4!” she said through her smile. “At least, that’s what I was three months ago. Who knows how much I’ve grown since then.”

“You’re...you’re still growing!?” blurted Raymond.

Katherine laughed, enjoying the effect she was having on him. “No idea, Raymond.” She bent down a little so that she was looking him straight in the eye. “But I can tell you one thing — I ain’t shrinking!”

Raymond’s mouth hung open as he met her eyes, but he was forced to look down almost as soon as he saw the deep blue that had once been so familiar to him. Her eyes seemed to have...intensified. Were they always that...depth of blue? Raymond didn’t know. He didn’t really feel like he knew anything anymore. He was just standing there in his socks and baggy clothes, frozen in a hunched posture, incapable of saying anything else.

Katherine looked at him for a few more moments, enjoying his consternation, before she stood back up to her full height and turned back around to resume her place on the sofa. Raymond lingered for a few more seconds, unable to move as he watched her go. His eyes bugged out of his head as he saw the twin hefts of her ass cheeks dancing and bouncing through her dress with each step.

“Raymond,” said Tracy, not bothering to hide the amusement in her voice, “why don’t you sit down next to Katherine on the sofa?” Almost mechanically, he obeyed his mother’s voice and sat down on the opposite end from Katherine. It was a fairly large sofa, so it was obvious that Raymond had sat down with some trepidation, and even fear.

“Oh come on Raymond,” laughed Katherine, beckoning him closer with an outspread hand. “I know I’m a lot bigger than you remember, but I’m not gonna eat you! Come on, sit closer to me!”

Raymond glanced over at his mother, who chuckled as she shook her head a little, also beckoning him to sit closer. “Yeah, come on Raymond, you look like you’re scared of her, sitting all the way over there.”

“I’m not scared,” retorted Raymond, moving himself closer to the middle cushion, as if to prove a point. “I’m just...I didn’t...”

“Expect to see me like this, yes I know,” said Katherine. “Your mother was a little surprised too, weren’t you, Mrs. Pierce?”

“I sure was,” said Tracy, wishing with embarrassment that Katherine hadn’t brought it up. But she smiled as she focused on her son, whose eyes were going over Katherine’s body as if he were seeing her for the first time. Why was she enjoying this so much? Oh well, it didn’t matter...with a sudden, thrilling shot in her mind, she wondered how her husband Charles would react to seeing Katherine.

“Well, Raymond — whatcha been up to recently?” asked Katherine, crossing her legs and putting her hands on her knees. With her legs this way, Raymond could see about halfway up one of her thighs. He couldn’t believe how...thick and...well, womanly they looked. Katherine had been tall and athletic in high school, and had been on the varsity cross country team. But she had always been skinny. Now...now she looked curvy and...thick.

“I, uh...” he said, his eyes on her thigh. He shook his head a little and then looked back up at her. “I...I’ve been, uhh...well, not much really.” He finished lamely, not just because he couldn’t really think straight right now, but also because it was true — he hadn’t really been doing much of anything lately. His days mainly consisted of smoking weed, playing video games, and hanging out with his male community college friends. They were a pretty aimless bunch, really.

“Oh come on!” prodded Katherine, reaching over and pushing Raymond’s shoulder with her finger. “You must be doing something exciting with your life!” His whole body seemed to react to the force of her push, and even though she hadn’t intended on pushing him very hard, Raymond had to reach out his other arm to anchor his body and prevent himself from falling over. Tracy looked on; she was enthused by Katherine’s show of confidence, and by Katherine’s playfully pressing questions directed at her son. Deep down, she felt like Katherine was vindicating her in more ways than one.

“Uhhh...uh, no, not really,” said Raymond. He knew that it was becoming obvious that he had become a bum in college, so he frantically searched around in his head for some kind of diversion away from himself. “Uhh...uh, what have...what have you been up to?”

“Oh well, you know, Stanford monopolizes most of my time,” she said, rolling her eyes in mock-annoyance, “but I’ve been swimming a lot and lifting weights.”

“Yeah I can tell,” said Raymond, using the conversation topic as an opportunity to shamelessly stare at her arms and legs.

“It keeps me sane,” said Katherine. “And in between all that, I’ve actually been taking some French classes!”

“Oh is that right!?” exclaimed Tracy. She had studied abroad in France for a few years, teaching English — she still spoke French fluidly. “Appréciez-vous vos cours?”

“Je les aime beaucoup,” giggled Katherine, “mais je sais que pour parler couramment, je dois étudier à l’étranger en France, en Haïti ou dans un endroit où je suis obligé de le parler tous les jours.”

“Très vrai,” said Tracy, deeply impressed, “Mais ton accent est déjà magnifique.”

“Merci beaucoup,” said Katherine, her cheeks reddening as she inclined her head a little.

“Uh, some of us still speak English,” said Raymond, trying and failing to not sound irritable. He couldn’t help but feel that Katherine was showing him up a bit...or maybe he was just irritated at how excited his mother seemed. Either way, he wanted them, at the very least, to speak in a language he could understand.

“Sorry Raymond,” said Katherine, giggling again. “It’s always just fun to practice, you know? And I know your mom’s a fluent speaker here...”

“So did you just decide to learn French on a whim?” asked Tracy, “or do you have some plans for applying it to your law studies?”

“Actually, yes,” said Katherine brightly, “I’m planning on studying abroad, either in Haiti or Nigeria, and I want to maybe even pursue a law career in one of those places with a human rights organization.”

“Oh how wonderful, Katherine!” said Tracy, clasping her hands together. “You’re doing so well!”

The sound of the back door opening interrupted the conversation. Charles and Clara were home.

Chapter Two

“Hello hello!” called Charles out into the house. Tracy, Raymond, and Katherine couldn’t see him yet — the could only hear as he and Clara came in and shut the door. “We’re back!”

“Come on in!” called Tracy. “Katherine’s here!”

“Oh Katherine!” called Charles back genially, “how nice! Clara...Clara, take your cleats off first!” The sound of eager feet on the hardwood floor resounded louder and louder until they saw Clara burst into the room, her face lit up. She had always loved Katherine when she was dating her brother, because Katherine had always made it a point to include her in games and pay attention to her.

“Clara!” said Katherine happily. She stood up from the sofa and walked over to embrace her, a big smile on her face

“Hey Katherine!” piped Clara energetically, and then her eyes grew wide as she saw Katherine stand up. “Wooaaaahhhh!” she said, totally awestruck. “You’re so tall now! You’re an amazon!!”

“Haha, something like that,” said Katherine, leaning down to embrace Clara. In her soccer cleats, Clara was nearly 5’8, Raymond’s height. “You look like you’ve grown a lot since I saw you last too!”

“I’m almost as tall as Raymond,” said Clara proudly, putting her hands on her hips and thrusting out her chest. “And when I wore heels to the 8th grade social this year I was taller than him.”

“That doesn’t even count,” protested Raymond from the sofa. “Heels don’t count — I’m still taller than you.”

“Whatever, unlike you I’m still growing,” she said, waving her hand. “In like one year I’m gonna be taller than you — then you’ll be my little brother.”

Katherine laughed and arched her eyebrows down at Clara, turning her head to Raymond as she kept laughing. “Haha, watch out Raymond,” she said, “she’s gotten super spunky — I have a feeling she’s gonna be true to her word.”

“I doubt it,” said Raymond, not able to hide his displeasure from the whole cadence of the conversation. “Anyway I could just lift some weights or something and then I could easily beat her at wrestling.”

“What, you can’t beat her already?” teased Katherine, going over to him and pinching his little bicep in her fingers.

“Clara can pretty much hold her own,” said Tracy, chuckling. “She challenged him to a match a couple weeks ago and, well...it was kind of inconclusive.”

“Can we just not talk about it?” pouted Raymond.

“You’re the same age as my brother, right?” asked Clara up to Katherine.

“Well...actually,” answered Katherine, a bit sheepishly, “your brother is a couple months older than me.”

“Older!?” burst out Clara. “But he’s so much smaller than you!”

“Well, we all grow differently, you know,” said Katherine calmly, “according to our genes and what we do with ourselves.”

“I wanna be like you when I grow up,” said Clara flatly, looking up into Katherine’s face. The young girl was clearly starstruck. Katherine laughed kindly, appreciating the blatant compliment.

“Well, you can exercise and eat a lot of good healthy food,” she said, her eyes darting to Raymond for a moment as she spoke. She really didn’t want to make him feel too uncomfortable with the conversation, but, if she was being honest with herself, she was a little shocked at how much he had seemed to have just...deteriorated. Or stagnated...maybe that was a better word. And maybe it was all just because she had grown so much herself; she wasn’t really sure. In any case, all she was trying to do was to navigate this odd situation as gracefully as she could. But Raymond seemed so sullen...so childish, almost. It was disappointing to her — and she wasn’t going to just ignore Tracy or Clara for his convenience. All of this flashed through her mind as she spoke to Clara, and she navigated the tightrope as best she could.

“And sleep,” piped up Tracy from her armchair, nodding her head at Katherine. “You grow a lot when you sleep.”

“Oh yes, of course! And sleep,” Katherine added, smiling at Tracy as she looked back down at Clara. “Your body actually releases this cool thing called “human growth hormone” when you sleep, and it’s just what it sounds like — it helps you grow!”

“See Clara?” said Tracy, standing up. “Listen to what Katherine’s saying.” She turned to Katherine, shaking her head. “I can never get her in bed on time...maybe she’ll finally listen to me now.”

“I will!” promised Clara energetically, looking up at Katherine. “I’ll get lots of sleep from now on!” She looked up and down Katherine’s huge body in flagrant awe. “You must sleep a lot Katherine!”

“Ok Clara that’s enough,” said Tracy, unable to stifle a bit of a laugh at her daughter’s brazenness.

“Geez thank you,” said Raymond sullenly from the couch. Katherine turned to look at him, not quite able to believe how petty he had become. She felt bold enough at this point to say something about it.

“Oh come on Raymond!” she said, her laugh barely hiding the incredulous insistence in her voice...he sounded like a little freshman in high school...“you’re not actually letting this get to you, are you?”

“Of course he is,” jeered Clara, pointing at him. “He’s scared to stand up because he knows he’ll look small compared to me.”

“That’s not true,” said Raymond, standing up to prove his point. Clara trotted over confidently and stood right next to him, standing up as tall as she could in her soccer cleats. Katherine had to give it to Clara — she definitely knew what she was talking about. With her cleats on, she was just about as tall as her brother, but what Katherine noticed more was how much heavier she obviously was...the clearest indication was the difference between their legs — hers were clearly thicker and more heavily muscled than his...maybe even one and a half times as big. Her whole torso seemed more substantial...even her arms were visibly bigger than his, from her bicep all the way down to her wrist. Clara seemed to already know these things and she gave Katherine a proud smile as she stood there next to Raymond. Katherine smiled and gave a little laugh, but internally she was a little more conflicted about what was going on. She couldn’t believe how...puny he looked...how morose and petulant...how....childish (there was that word again!). And yet at the same time she looked at Clara and saw a proud young girl who was active and dynamic and growing rapidly — and she couldn’t help but smile back.

“Ok, ok, we get it Clara, you’re growing,” grumbled Raymond, slinking off to the side away from his younger sister, trying to escape the direct body comparison she was hoisting on him. But he had to stop in his tracks after a couple of paces, because he realized that he was getting closer to Katherine, who absolutely dwarfed him in every way. He stopped between the two of them, momentarily paralyzed, not quite sure where to go. Katherine saw his debacle and her heart suddenly went out to him...the poor little guy — he looked like a scared animal.

“Hey Raymond!” she said in a kind of hushed tone, her eyebrows going up in a genuine display of humanity, “it’s me!” He looked blankly up at her, his eyes almost unfocused. She looked back down at him, seeing confusion and fear in his face. “It’s just me!” she repeated, holding out her hands with her palms up, encouraging him to relax.

“Katherine!” A very different voice suddenly issued from the kitchen doorway. Everyone turned towards the sound. Charles Pierce was standing there in the doorway, still in his business suit, looking at Katherine with an unabashedly shocked expression on his face. His exclamation hadn’t quite sounded like him — he had a fairly deep voice, but when he had spoken her name, it was clear that the sound had come out more unfiltered than he had intended. His surprise was obvious. Katherine blushed internally, hoping that her cheeks weren’t getting too red in the process. She was used to people looking at her in public, but to reduce Charles Pierce to this kind of state...well, it made her feel a lot of things at once.

“Mr. Pierce!” she said happily, hoping that her cheerful tone would diffuse any tension in the room. “So nice to see you again!” She walked over to him with a wide smile on her face, extending her arms out for a hug.

“N-nice to...to see you too Katherine,” he managed to say, mechanically holding his arms out as well. Like Raymond, Charles was 5’8, and realized as Katherine stooped to greet him that his eyes were shoulder-level with his son’s ex-girlfriend. The two of them hugged briefly, with Katherine feeling a bit self-conscious as she embraced him...he felt so small to her. She stood back up and looked down at him, and her heart skipped a little as she saw that his face was bright red. He had clearly not been able to stifle any kind of reaction to her — she thought briefly about glancing down at his crotch to check to see if he had an erection, but she immediately

thought better of it while simultaneously chastising herself internally. This was definitely no time to flex her power that way. A few awkward moments passed, with Charles just looking up wordlessly at Katherine with his mouth slightly agape. Katherine could feel herself really blushing now as she kept looking down at him, hoping that he would recover himself and just say something normal to keep everything moving along.

“Katherine’s just been updating us on her wonderful life,” said Tracy, coming to the rescue as she walked up to her husband and threaded her arm through his. As far as Tracy was concerned, her husband’s reaction was better than she could have ever expected — she was quite enjoying watching him squirm like this...but she was not feeling particularly keen on letting Katherine feel too embarrassed, and so she had taken it upon herself to bring a little normalcy to the situation.

“Oh...she...she has?” asked Charles, recovering a little bit. “That’s...that’s wonderful.” He suddenly closed his eyes and shook his head back and forth a few times. When he opened his eyes again it looked like he had regained his composure.

“Golly, I’m sorry Katherine,” he said, looking up at her as he smiled and shook his head. “It was rude of me to react that way — I just...I had not expected you be this tall!”

“It’s ok Mr. Pierce,” said Katherine, laughing and appreciating his efforts. “I’ve gotten used to it when I see friends back home.”

“Well you look great,” said Charles gracefully, the simple compliment carrying all the weight that he intended it to. “It’s great that you’ve come back to pay us a visit — I hope pizza’s ok tonight?”

“Totally!” she said. Charles smiled and turned toward the kitchen, leading the way with Tracy.

“Well let’s dig right in!” he said.

“I bet I eat more pieces of pizza than Raymond!” called Clara as she rushed to get in front.

“What did I tell you about cleats in the house?” came Charles’s voice, suddenly stern.

“Oh...yeah, sorry,” said Clara contritely, bowing her head a little as she bent down and took off her cleats.

“And put them where they belong,” he added. “Come on Clara, I don’t need to be telling you the same stuff every night.”

“Sorry dad,” she said again, putting her cleats in the corner and returning to the line as they all made their way into the kitchen. She passed by her brother, doing her best to stand up as tall as she possibly could. He responded in kind as she passed him by, enjoying the fact that he was still a couple inches taller. Katherine watched this whole exchange silently, almost feeling startled at how much Raymond allowed Clara to get under his skin. She was suddenly aware of a shift in his focus below her, and Katherine turned to see him looking up pleadingly into her face.

“Can you not encourage her, please?” he whispered up at her desperately.

“Oh...but Raymond...” Katherine began, shaking her head a little as she was about to say that he shouldn’t let his 14 year-old sister dictate his moods like this. But he kept whispering in the same pleading and despondent tone. The two of them were still in the living room, talking alone now.

“She keeps getting bigger and I don’t know what to do!” he whispered up to her. “And she keeps wanting to beat me at sports and wrestling and everything. She never stops!”

“Come on Raymond,” said Katherine as kindly as she could, putting her hand on his shoulder in support. She almost shuddered at how bony and frail he felt under her hand, and did not fail to notice that his entire posture shifted to accommodate the weight of her hand. “She’s just enjoying what it feels like to grow and get older...just...just let her enjoy it!” She felt his shoulders stoop at her response and suddenly the real question she should ask announced itself clearly in her mind.

“I mean...why do you care if she gets bigger than you, anyway?”

Raymond just stood there, his eyes averted upward into his ex-girlfriend’s face. Katherine returned his stare, looking down on him coolly. Without really meaning anything by it, she put her hand on her hip as she shifted her weight to the side, waiting for him to answer. Though she didn’t quite realize it, she had just asked him why he was acting so petty.

Raymond’s stomach had started churning as he felt the familiar shadow of scrutiny fall over him. This is how she had been those last couple summer months before she went off to Stanford... always embarrassing him with questions he couldn’t answer without sounding stupid...exposing him as some kind of inadequate person who wasn’t as smart as she was. Deep down, Raymond knew that she wasn’t actually trying to make him feel bad, but why did it always feel like she had him up against a concrete wall? And now...now she wasn’t just a couple inches taller. Now he literally felt like a midget next to her...it was like she was a full-blown adult and he was still stuck in high school. He loathed this feeling of entrapment, and as he looked at her he was not able to hide the dark glower in his eyes. He resented her for making him feel this way. And she saw it... it made her heart sink a little, but, more than anything, it kind of pissed her off.

“C-come on Katherine,” he said, eying her. “You know...you know the answer to that.”

“I don’t, actually,” she said matter-of-factly, deciding that now was a good time to walk towards the kitchen before she made him feel like shit without trying. “So what if you’re shorter than her? What’s the problem there?”

“She’ll bully me,” said Raymond pathetically, trailing after her. Katherine turned around in the doorway, her hair just barely grazing the top of the doorframe. She reached her arms up over her head and grasped the top of the doorframe in mock masculinity. She felt truly amazed that she was having this conversation with him — she knew that he wasn’t the highest achiever in the world, but to be reduced to this...? It almost seemed laughable. At least she’d enjoy catching up with his parents and Clara at dinner.

“Well lift some weights then,” she said down at him with a smile, flexing her biceps in her pose ever so slightly. “Eat some good food. Get good sleep. I don’t know what else to tell you Raymond, but...uh...”

“But what?” asked Raymond, jutting out his chin a little, as if daring her to say it. ‘Ok then,’ she thought calmly, ‘I’ll say it.’

“You’re looking pretty skinny these days,” she said. She reached down her hand and pinched one of his shoulders, marveling at how small it felt in her grasp. It felt like she was holding a very small tennis ball. “Almost a little malnourished, actually.” She released his shoulder. “I really think you should try and gain a little weight, Raymond. You honestly don’t look very healthy right now.”

“Well, I’ve —” he began in defense, but she turned away towards to the kitchen, not allowing him to explain and excuse himself.

“Just saying, Raymond — anyway, speaking of which, let’s eat!” She felt him stand there in the door behind her for a few moments, finally skulking after her with slumped shoulders. If she thought any more about him, it would make her mad. What the hell had he become?! How the fuck had he let himself sink this low?! It was fucking pathetic. But she pushed it all out of her head as she smiled brightly at Clara’s lit-up face. She caught Charles eying her full-grown breasts — but he didn’t look sheepish when they made eye contact. He simply smiled warmly and went about preparing his plate. She felt a pang of warmth go through him...his confidence sure was attractive. He knew exactly what was going on — he was right on her page. She appreciated that. And watching as Tracy happily busied herself with her plate, making sure that Clara got enough salad, Katherine couldn’t help but feel glad to be there. She really did love this family, even if Raymond had just turned out to be a dud. But there she was again with that negativity. She turned around and handed him a plate, making it a point to grin at him. She’d be as pleasant as she could be. Good lord...even just watching him take the plate from her...his little bony wrist almost couldn’t support the plate. She subconsciously compared her own wrist to his — her skin peppered itself into goosebumps as she realized that her wrist alone was probably as thick as his upper arm. This was an odd new reaction she was having...what was it about?

They all sat down around the table, and Katherine had a bit of a chuckle to herself. Clara had three pieces of pizza on her plate to go with a heap of salad...and of course Raymond only had one with a little dose of salad. It was all too funny...why had that strange feeling persisted in her...the one that made her feel a pleasant kind of chill as she compared her arm to Raymond’s? Something felt like it was falling into place...she inwardly shrugged. Whatever it was, she’d just allow it to happen. It wasn’t going to get in the way of her enjoying this dinner. And she had to admit how impressed she was with Clara — her spirited attitude was actually pretty enjoyable.

“So Katherine,” began Charles after they had all taken their first bites, “whatcha benching these days?”

Chapter Three

Katherine felt a little surge of adrenaline shoot through her body in response to Charles's question. It wasn't at all unpleasant either — Katherine was used to people trying and failing to act normally around her huge body, and it was actually rather refreshing to have an adult man (and her ex-boyfriend's father, no less!) shamelessly ask her questions about her work-out routine.

The rest of the table reacted to the question from the man of the house. Raymond put his pizza down and tried to pretend that he wasn't interested in the answer. Clara looked over at Katherine with wide eyes and a big smile on her face, expecting an impressive response. Tracy choked on her water, coughing a couple of times before she spoke up to chastise her husband.

"Charles!" she said indignantly, "What a thing to ask the girl! And at dinner!"

"Yeah," said Raymond, trying to ride on the coattails of his mother's ire, "I—I don't think anyone here cares what Katherine benches, dad."

"I do!" piped up Clara energetically. "I wanna know how much she lifts!" She looked over at her older brother and her eyes narrowed perceptively. "Besides," she added, "you're a big liar Raymond — you wanna know. You're just jealous of her big muscles!"

"Am not!" he shot back unconvincingly.

"Well I'm a little jealous, I've gotta admit," said Charles, turning back to Katherine. "I'm sorry, Katherine," he said contritely, "I don't mean to embarrass you or anything — I just...I'm curious what your workout regimen is. I go to the gym sometimes but I can never really seem to get any traction, you know? It's hard for me to build up muscle — so if you have any tips for me I'd love to hear them!"

Katherine laughed, feeling herself blush a little due to the attention on her body. But she liked it — it wasn't like the attention she was used to getting...the side stares and little whispered comments. Here, everything was out in the open. She laughed appreciatively.

"Oh don't worry Mr. Pierce! I'm happy to talk about it! It's actually really refreshing, you know...to just address it openly like this."

"Well I like to think we're a pretty relaxed bunch here," said Charles, looking straight at his wife and smiling ironically. She rolled her eyes.

"Well," she said, "if Katherine's ok with talking about it, then I don't see anything wrong with it. You just shouldn't hoist these kinds of conversations on people though, Charles."

Katherine giggled a little to lighten to mood, and Tracy saw that everything was apparently ok. She shrugged her shoulders a little and gave Katherine a kind smile. Deep down, she was actually pretty interested to in what Katherine was doing with herself. She just looked so good...so strong and vigorous and put-together. She wished her son would get with the program — maybe seeing his old girlfriend like this would somehow spur him into action. She glanced over at him sitting next to Katherine. His shoulders were slumped forward, his head was inclined

down, and he seemed to be closely studying the food on his plate. Katherine looked positively enormous next to him. Her shoulders and body looked one and a half, or even almost twice wide as wide as his, and sitting down, the top of his head only came up to the bottom of her neck. Tracy felt a little something drop in her — he certainly didn't seem to be reacting well to Katherine's growth. But more than anything, Tracy felt a kind of fascination, almost a kind of thrill, in how big Katherine had grown. She couldn't feel too bad about the situation because... well, Katherine had just done so well for herself. Katherine looked over at her and met her eyes — the two women smile warmly at each other.

"So, what does it look like, Katherine?" asked Charles, holding a piece of pizza up to his mouth. "Do you work out like three days a week? Four?"

"Well, four, usually," said Katherine, grinning as she forked herself up some salad. "Two leg days and two for upper body."

"Aha," said Charles. "Is that better for you than just having a full-body workout?"

"I think so," said Katherine, spearing a tomato. "They've done all kinds of studies, and there isn't any super-conclusive evidence about which is better, but to me, focusing on lower or upper body really lets me hone each workout more specifically. There's less overall I have to cover each time, and that leaves me with the ability to focus closer on each muscle group."

"That makes sense," said Charles, chewing his food. "Now do you do machines or free weights or what?"

"Oh, definitely free weights," said Katherine, cutting her pizza up into bite-sized slices.

"And why is that, Katherine?" asked Tracy. "I've wondered which was better before, and I always heard this or that answer, but I never knew who was right."

"Free weights are better because it's a more even workout," explained Katherine. "So you know on those machines how you pull or push with both arms or both legs?"

"Yeah?" said Tracy.

"Well, almost all of us have one arm stronger than the other, or one leg that's stronger...you know, we have dominant limbs and everything? Weight machines allow dominant limbs to do way more than their fair share of the work, so you actually end up working one arm or one leg a lot more than the other one."

"How about that," said Tracy, fascinated.

"And what's more," continued Katherine, "free weights really force you to work on your body's balance. If you're unbalanced using free weights, you'll just fall down and it's really dangerous. But using a machine, it's all contained and you might even get into the habit of using bad techniques while lifting. If you're using free weights, you're forced to lift slower and with better form, and all that work you put in balancing your technique really pays off."

“Clearly,” said Charles, gesturing to Katherine’s body. “I’ve gotta say, Katherine, this is all just so cool. And it’s amazing to see the results...I mean — you just look great!”

“I wanna lift weights like Katherine!” chimed in Clara, who had already devoured two pieces of her pizza.

“Well now hold your horses young lady,” said Charles, putting up his hand. “Katherine looks like she does now because she put in years of hard work, you know. You can’t just lift a few weights and look like this overnight.”

“I know, dad!” said Clara impatiently. “I know it’ll take some time, but I wanna get started now!”

“What about that, Katherine?” asked Tracy. “Would it be advisable for Clara to start lifting weights now? I mean, she’s 14 years old...is that too early?”

“No, it’s actually not too early,” said Katherine, looking across the table at Clara and smiling. “She’s an adolescent now, so she could absolutely start lifting tomorrow if she wanted to.”

“Yesssss!” cried Clara, shooting her fists up in the air. “Yesss I want to, I want to!”

“The only thing is,” continued Katherine, “that you would need someone to help get you started. Someone to make sure that you’re using the proper techniques, that you’re not lifting too heavy to start off with, that you’re doing the right warm-ups, you know, all that kind of stuff.

“Could you teach me?” asked Clara immediately.

“Well, now, Clara,” said Tracy, putting her hand on her daughter’s shoulder, “I’m sure Katherine has a full schedule, and lots of people to see, since she’s back on summer vacation — she probably doesn’t have to time.”

“You know, actually,” said Katherine thoughtfully, and her eyes shifted downward and sideways to Raymond, who was looking up at her pleadingly, silently imploring her not to proceed. She smiled down at him, thoroughly enjoying the trajectory of this conversation. ‘Come on Raymond,’ she thought, ‘don’t be such a little wuss — I’m gonna bring you too!’

“Actually,” she continued out loud, “I don’t have too much planned right now. I’ve been so busy at Stanford that I was actually looking forward to taking a little break from all my work when I was back here. Of course, that break doesn’t include a break in my work-out routine...and... well, I’d see no problem with Clara coming along one day. I’d be happy to teach her!”

“Oh my god oh my god yesssss!” said Clara, continuing to pump her fists in the air.

“Cool it, young lady,” warned Charles, “We’re still at the dinner table.” She quieted down, still smiling from ear to ear.

“Well, that’s definitely very sweet of you Katherine,” said Tracy. “Now I guess I’m wondering — will weight training help Clara with soccer?”

“Oh for sure!” said Katherine enthusiastically. “Soccer is a very physical sport, and if Clara makes herself stronger she’ll be able to run faster, jump higher, kick harder, and you know... muscle other people off the ball.”

“Seriously, it’ll make me a better soccer player too?” asked Clara incredulously.

“Definitely!” said Katherine, “you know, provided that you keep practicing with the ball.”

“Oh wow,” said Clara, “I was just excited to get stronger so I could beat Raymond in wrestling.”

“See?” Raymond whined at Katherine, “see what you’re encouraging in her? I told you, Katherine!”

“Oh whatever Raymond,” laughed Katherine, “don’t be such a baby! I’m gonna teach you how to lift weights too!”

“You’re...you’re what?” he asked, open-mouthed.

“Aw come on, you heard me,” she said, playfully reaching over and shaking him by the shoulder. Even this simple touch sent his body into a series of uncontrollable paroxysms — he was so small and easy to manipulate. Katherine removed her hand quickly, not wanting to shake him too hard.

“Jesus, Raymond,” said Charles pointing with his fork, “look how Katherine barely touches you and you just...wow...yeah, I think it’s high time you bulk up a little, son.”

Katherine raised her eyebrow down at Raymond, shooting him a wry little grin. “Dad, come on!” complained Raymond. “Not you too! You’re encouraging her!”

“To what, help drag you out of the house and get in shape?” remarked Charles drily as he forked another piece of pizza into his mouth. “Uh, I’m just gonna go out on a limb here and say that I think it’s a fabulous idea.”

“Yeah, come on Raymond!” encouraged Katherine, laughing. “It’ll be fun! I mean, you won’t look like me right away...but...well, yeah, it’ll help give you some good energy!”

“He’ll never look like you,” said Clara flatly, polishing off her last piece of pizza.

“Yeah, I gotta say, I think you’re right about that one Clara,” laughed Charles. “I mean, I’m sorry Raymond, but I’m your dad and...yeah, I think 5’8 is all you can really hope for.”

“Can lifting weights make you taller?” asked Clara. “Oh, please say yes!”

“Well, you’re still growing, I take it?” asked Katherine.

“Sure am,” said Clara, sitting up as tall as she could in her chair.

"Now, there's no evidence that lifting weights makes you taller per se," said Katherine, "but it definitely makes your bones and tendons stronger, and...well, if you're still growing that might help you get a little taller."

"I knew there was a way!" said Clara excitedly, "I knew it, I knew it!" Another warning look from her father told her 'don't make me tell you again to keep it down,' and Clara once again, with effort, calmed herself down.

"Uh...what...what about me?" asked Raymond uneasily. "Will — will it help me get taller too?"

Katherine looked down at him and couldn't help but smile a little as she shook her head. "No, sorry Raymond — I don't think so," she said. "I mean, you've been what, 5'8 for a few years now, right? No, I'm sorry, but I think that's all tall as you're gonna get."

"I can't wait till I'm taller than you!" said Clara, sticking her tongue out at her brother from across the table.

"Now, don't speak too soon, Clara," said Katherine, making eye contact with her parents and giving them a little wink, "you've gotta put in the work, you know."

"Oh I will," said Clara determinedly, looking straight at her brother.

"Fine, I will too," said Raymond, matching his younger sister's tone as he stared straight back at her. "And we'll just see what happens."

"That's the spirit, Raymond!" laughed Katherine, clapping him on the back. "Oooo, sorry," she said added quickly, seeing how even her gentle little back slap had made his body lurch forward a little into the table.

"Well, this is exciting," said Tracy, smiling happily. "Katherine, it looks like you've managed to get Raymond invested in something — and that's no easy task, I have to say."

"Whatever mom," he said, pushing his food around on his plate with his fork (he was the only one with food still left). "I'm not just gonna sit back and do nothing while Katherine teaches Clara how to be a bodybuilder."

"Haha oh my god," laughed Katherine, "I'm not a bodybuilder Raymond — have you seen those women? They're much bigger than me...well...maybe not in total weight, since I'm so tall, but their muscles are huuuugggeee."

"How much do you weigh, Katherine?" asked Clara bluntly. "I weigh 143 pounds."

"Clara, that is not a polite question to ask!" said Tracy.

"What?" asked Clara innocently, "I told her my weight — what's wrong with asking hers?" She gave Katherine a devious smile. "Raymond only weighs 130, you know."

"Not for long," he said, crossing his thin arms in front of his chest. "You just wait, Clara."

Katherine laughed at Clara's spunkiness. She liked it, she really did. And there was something about the way Clara was teasing Raymond about his weight and his size...something about the realness of her taunts, that made Katherine feel...a little turned on. She knew this was a little weird to be admitting to herself, but there was no denying it. And somewhere in her brain she knew that it related to how she had felt when she got goosebumps comparing her arm to Raymond's, seeing how much bigger hers was than his. She privately filed all this away in her mind...she'd definitely ruminate on it later..

"You know, your mom's right, Clara," said Katherine, smiling. "It's usually a good idea not to ask people directly about their weight. Some people are really self-conscious about that kind of thing."

"Oh...s-sorry," said Clara, looking genuinely apologetic.

"But I don't mind you asking me," said Katherine brightly, "I don't feel self-conscious about how much I weigh — I know I'm a big girl, and I'm proud of it! Last time I checked I weighed just over 190 pounds."

"Woowww," said Clara in awe, "that's so nice and bigggg."

"Well, I like it, anyway," chuckled Katherine, reaching up her arms in a stretch. Tracy looked on, almost entranced by how much bigger Katherine looked this way next to her frail son. "But you know, Clara," said Katherine, lowering her arms, "the most important thing about working out, eating well, getting good sleep...the most important part about all of that stuff is having a healthy body that you like. That's the most important thing of all: self-respect. Don't do it for anyone else except yourself."

"Solid advice, Katherine," said Charles, nodding. "Well, I think I speak for all of us when I say how happy we are that you came over today — it's just so nice seeing you doing well and thriving, you know?"

"Thanks, Mr. Pierce," said Katherine through a smile. "Well, it's just been so nice coming back here and seeing ya'll again," and she turned and flicked Raymond a little on the shoulder, "even if I had to twist an arm or two."

"Well, he can certainly use the physical activity," said Tracy, standing up and starting to clear away the plates. "Who knows, Raymond?" she added, "maybe Katherine will get you into the habit of exercising."

"He'll have to, if he wants to keep up with me," said Clara, "although I doubt he's got what it takes."

"Just watch, Clara, just watch," said Raymond, standing up to help clear away the plates. Katherine stood up to help as well, feeling huge as she loomed over everyone. She realized that Raymond couldn't even stand next to her without literally getting swallowed her shadow cast against the dining room lights. She caught him glancing at her big boobs, and then up at her face. She smiled down at him. He looked away. Her pussy twitched a little — there it was again...that same feeling as before. It was definitely related to how much bigger she was than

him — that much was clear at this point. What was going on with all that? She'd have to think more about it...

Half an hour later she said goodbye and left through the front door, with a weight training date scheduled with Clara and Raymond for the weekend. She was excited for so many reasons, some of which she did not fully understand.

"Well!" said Charles, shutting the front door and leaning on it a little. He made eye contact with his wife and shook his head a little, grinning. "That Katherine Lloyd is quite something, isn't she?"

"I'll say," said Tracy.

"She's my hero," said Clara, practicing flexing her muscles in the living room mirror.

"What about her, Raymond? Raymond?" called Charles. But Raymond had already gone upstairs. It had all just been a little too much for him.

Chapter Four

A few days later Raymond and Clara were in the car, driving to Katherine's local gym. Raymond was trying his best to focus on the road, but Clara was in the passenger seat chattering away excitedly, and he was finding it difficult to hold his concentration.

"God, I can't wait to see her actually work out, like...actually lift the weights," Clara was saying eagerly. "Your muscles get even bigger right after you lift weights, you know. It's called 'pump' — I learned that in the weight training book I'm reading."

"Yeah, you already mentioned that book like twenty times," muttered Raymond irritably. "Could you just...lay off it, Clara? I'm trying to drive us there and you keep talking and distracting me."

"Psssh I don't think I'm the one distracting you," said Clara, waving her hand. "I think you're distracted 'cause you're worried about how much more I'm gonna lift than you."

"That's...that's ridiculous Clara," said Raymond, making an effort to chuckle.

"How is that ridiculous?" asked Clara. "Look my legs compared to yours. They're like twice your size."

"Not twice," said Raymond, knowing full well that if they weren't twice as big, then they weren't far behind.

"And my arms!" continued Clara. She held her arms straight out in front of her. "They're way bigger than those twiggy little things you have!" She laughed and reached over, pinching what little flesh Raymond had on his upper right arm.

"Knock it off Clara!" barked Raymond, "I'm driving!"

"Well you drive like grandma," said Clara, sighing as she sat back in her seat. She couldn't wait to get to the gym and start her training with Katherine, and she was already enjoying the spectacle of comparison with her older brother. Both of them were wearing gym shorts and t-shirts, so their size difference was readily apparent.

Raymond felt trapped. He was kicking himself for agreeing to this stupid idea — he had convinced himself that he only agreed to it because of Katherine's pressure. Deep down, though, he knew that he was going through with all of this because he was afraid of getting shown up by his younger sister. He hated the thought of Clara learning all Katherine's weight training secrets, of Katherine helping her to get bigger and stronger. And so he had made that split-second decision, at dinner, to go along with Katherine's gentle prodding.

As the actual exercise date had neared, however, Raymond grew more and more uneasy. Clara seemed unnaturally excited by it all — she couldn't stop talking about it. She was reading about it on the internet, creating training schedules for herself, and had even joined an online forum for weight lifting. And she was eating more too, seemingly in preparation for the training. All of this made Raymond feel anxious, and he started to dread the training day. How much would Clara already be ahead of him? He tried to make himself feel better, assuring himself that even though she weighed almost 15 pounds more than he did, that didn't mean that she was actually

stronger. But the more he thought about it, the more he was noticing, against his will, how much bigger Clara actually was than him. He was noticing the size of her limbs more, and how her body she seemed to fill up chairs more than his did...he felt weird and uncomfortable noticing all these things...and he knew it was a byproduct of his anxiety.

But he tried to rally himself. He was 19 years old! A full five years older than Clara! What did it matter if she had a little adolescent fullness to her figure? Working out would probably burn it off or something, right? He twisted his thoughts in on themselves, performing a set of mental gymnastics as he tried to convince himself that working out would make him bigger, but Clara smaller. It didn't really work, though...plus he knew that all of his anxiety about his younger sister was masking the other topic that was even more distressing: Katherine. Raymond still couldn't even begin to wrap his head around how his ex-girlfriend had grown into a 6'4, 190-plus pound goddess. It was all too surreal for him, and on top of making him feel troubled and confused, she made him feel angry.

What had he done, to deserve feeling so inadequate? Sure, he hadn't really applied himself the way he could in his first year of college, and sure, he hadn't really been that physically active, but so what?? He needed a break — he needed to just relax and mellow out with his friends and decide what he wanted to do with his life! And Katherine...she went away for one year and came back looking like a totally different person...speaking French, with a 4.0 from Stanford, with all these lofty goals. Raymond couldn't help but feel, in his childishness, that she had done all of this just to embarrass him, just to make him feel inadequate. He knew that this wasn't actually the case, but he was not in the habit of interrogating his own thoughts. He clenched his hands on the steering wheel, doing his best to ignore Clara's excited chatter the rest of the way.

A few minutes later they pulled up to Sarah's gym. She was waiting for them, sitting on a brick wall right outside the gym entrance. Even though the wall was fairly high, Sarah's legs went all the way down to the ground. Raymond gulped as he saw what she was wearing: black gym shorts that were filled by her huge, creamy thighs, that only went down about halfway down, leaving plenty of her bare thighs open to viewing. She wore a simple white workout t-shirt that her big breasts and shoulders were pressing insistently. Her full muscular arms and legs were clearly on display, and Raymond couldn't help but notice that he could see Katherine's abs through her tight white shirt. He felt another twinge of irritation as she stood up and approached them...was she actually trying to show him up? But this annoyance quickly evaporated into sheer intimidation as she approached. Even though only a few days had passed, he had forgotten how huge she was.

"Well here they are — the two contestants!" Katherine joked as she greeted them at the door. Clara rushed forward and gave her a hug as Raymond hung back. Katherine chuckled as she stuck her hand in his hair and ruffled it, after hugging Clara.

"Come on Raymond, I'm just kidding," she laughed. "This isn't actually a contest — I'm just happy you both came."

"Well, it's a contest to me," said Clara confidently, drawing herself up next to her brother. Katherine was reminded that even though Clara was a little shorter than Raymond, it only looked to be by an inch or so.

“Y-yeah,” said Raymond suddenly. “I...I don’t mind it being a, uh...a contest.” He looked at his younger sister defiantly. “Especially when I know that I’m gonna win.”

Katherine laughed. She really wasn’t sure who was stronger...but if she had been forced to guess, she would have to say that Clara looked like she could lift more. Raymond was just so... puny.

“Well,” she said with a smile as they walked in, “whatever gets you guys going.” She signed her two guests in and they walked up the stairs to the weight room. Katherine had to admit to herself how excited she was by the prospect of seeing Raymond and Clara have a weightlifting competition in front of her. She reminded herself that she was there to help them both, to teach them how to exercise properly, the do’s and don’t’s, the weightlifting basics, special tips, and on and on. But she couldn’t get around her excitement about actually seeing who was stronger.

The past few days, Katherine had reflected on why Raymond’s skinniness, his puniness, made her feel so turned on, and specifically why the actual size comparisons between her body and his were so erotic to her. It was definitely a power thing, she had decided. When she was next to Raymond, and it was especially obvious how much bigger she was than him, it made her feel powerful. It made her feel like she could make him do anything she wanted. At first, after she realized that her horniness had to do with this feeling of power, she had felt puzzled. She didn’t find Raymond remotely attractive anymore. He was just this little weasel of a thing...he had absolutely no presence in the room. He didn’t have anything interesting to say...didn’t have any goals or ambitions to speak of...in short, he literally seemed like nothing compared to her.

So why was she getting these strong erotic feelings when she compared her body to his, when she realized that she could make him do anything she wanted? She didn’t want to do anything with him, right!? Katherine actually wasn’t so sure. As she thought about the power dynamics between her and her old boyfriend, she found herself having strange fantasies...fantasies that she had never had before. She imagined what it would be like if she picked Raymond up and lifted him in the air. Surely he would hate that...but what if she did it anyway? She thought about what it would be like to physically dominate him, to wrestle him into submission, to pin him down. And then she found her mind going straight to what it would be like if she forced him to go down on her, or if she made him get hard against his will and then forced him inside her.

She had shuddered to herself as she realized that she was having rape fantasies about her ex-boyfriend. Surely she wasn’t as monstrous as that!? But the more she thought about it, the more calm and relaxed she became. So what if she was having rape fantasies? A lot of women had them...it was just that she was having them in the opposite direction than most other women. And besides, they were only fantasies! There was nothing wrong with just thinking about these things, surely. And through all this, Katherine was noticing a pattern: she was becoming more aware of her own sexual motivations. She still liked to imagine a large, tall muscled man, even taller and stronger than her, forcing her down and fucking her passionately as his vigorous limbs held her at bay. But now, after seeing Raymond, she also liked to imagine that she was the one in the aggressive, powerful position, instigating the sexual exchange with the weaker, more passive partner...and even a partner who was unwilling.

‘I guess that’s what being a “switch” is all about,’ she had mused to herself. ‘Going both ways.’ She was excited to explore this new aspect of her sexuality, and was happy that she could disguise it as teaching Raymond and Clara how to lift weights. Of course, she was happy to

help them, but she wasn't kidding herself. She was doing this for her own sexual gratification too.

"Oh good, the bench press is open!" said Katherine happily after they had alighted the stairs. They went over to the empty bench, which had a bare weight bar over it.

"Ok," said Katherine as she slid her body onto the bench and under the weight bar. "The first thing that you need to remember is that technique is more important than anything else, ok? Without proper technique, you can hurt yourself, especially lifting free weights like this."

"You're supposed to keep your core tight, your feet on the ground, and your shoulders locked, right?" chirped Clara.

"Wow, look at you!" said Katherine, impressed. "Guess someone's been doing her research!"

"I wanted to prepare," said Clara, smiling at Raymond, who shrugged his thin shoulders.

"So yes, like Clara said," continued Katherine, lying down fully and lifting the bar up from its rack, "hold the bar like this, with your feet on the ground, your core muscles tight, and your shoulders locked, like this. And then slowly...slowly...lower the bar down, till about right here, and then push up again. Remember, the bench press works your chest more than anything else, so push with your chest, not your arms. Got it?"

"Got it!" said Clara, as Raymond nodded.

"Ok, who wants to try it first?" asked Katherine, but Clara had already slid into her place and was lying down on the bench.

"Guess that answers my question," chuckled Katherine, winking at Raymond. "Ok, Clara...yes...just like that. Good hand positioning. Now...shoulders locked. Good...and lower it down...yes, good...and up again. Great! How was that?" Katherine was impressed with Clara's technique, and she noticed that her arms had been steady as she pushed the bar back up, a sign that she could easily handle more weight.

"Easy!" said Clara from her supine position. "I wanna do more weight!"

"We'll get there," laughed Katherine, "but first we need to warm up, ok? A big mistake a lot of people make is that they don't warm up properly, and then they pull a muscle or something...and actually, you know, if you don't warm up, you won't be able to lift as much weight as you could otherwise."

"Oh ok, then!" said Clara, and she banged out another 8 repetitions without any issue.

"Excellent, Clara!" said Katherine brightly. "Ok, now Raymond, your turn!"

Raymond walked up to the bench and sat down on it as Clara got up, making a face at him. He laid down and reached up for the iron bar. Katherine couldn't believe how skinny his arms looked, and she felt her pussy start to lubricate itself as she contrasted his tiny frame with her own, and with Clara's.

“Ok, now just like Clara,” she said, and he lowered the bar to his chest, and raised it again.

“Good!” said Katherine. “But a little less jerky, ok? Slow and smooth, like Clara was doing...ok... ok, yes. Good. And up again...a little slower this time, alright...yes. Yes, good, Raymond! How was that?”

“It was...easy,” he said, sitting up. And it had been. He had been worried that he wouldn’t be able to lift the bar after a few reps, but he had no trouble lifting it up and down 8 times, just like Clara. He felt his confidence rise in his chest, even though he hadn’t failed to notice that his arms had been shaking a little bit at the end. He didn’t know why his arms had shook — it was easy! He looked over to Clara and gave her a smile. She cocked her head and raised her eyebrows.

“Ok, good, you two!” said Katherine, clapping her hands together. “So now that we’re warmed up we can try some actual weight. Let’s put 10’s on each side and see how we do.”

“That’s 20 pounds, plus the 45 for the bar, right?” asked Clara. “So 65 pounds?”

“Correct,” said Katherine, smiling.

“I bet I can do way more than that,” said Clara.

“Maybe,” laughed Katherine, “but let’s start small and work our way up, ok?”

A minute later Clara had just performed a 10-rep set with 65 pounds and was sitting up proudly.

“That was just as easy as the bar,” she said, stretching out her arms.

“Good, good,” said Katherine encouragingly. “Ok Raymond, now you.” This time, his arms shook noticeably.

“Look at him — he can barely do it!” laughed Clara.

“Can...too!” said Raymond, sitting up after he had completed the set. He looked up at Katherine with frustration on his face. “That was easy! Why are my arms shaking like that?”

“Well,” said Katherine, “it’s probably because your chest isn’t having any trouble pushing the weight, but your arms aren’t used to lifting much. So that’s why it still feels easy. Remember, it’s your chest that’s doing most of the pushing.”

“Haha, Raymond’s got little chicken arms — that’s why!” laughed Clara.

“Now Clara, come on, be nice,” smiled Katherine. “Ok, now you two seemed to do pretty well with that weight. How about we put 25’s on each side and see how you do?”

“Why don’t you lift some, Katherine?” asked Clara. “I wanna see you lift!”

“You will,” chuckled Katherine, “but this weight is too light for me to really make much of a difference, at least, if I don’t do like 100 reps or something. Let’s see what you two can do first, ok?”

Clara managed to do 5 reps of 95 pounds a minute later, and Katherine found herself quite impressed. She had expected Clara to do well, but she hadn’t realized that she was actually as strong as she was.

“Wow, Clara!” said Katherine as the red-faced teenager got off the bench. “That was really, really good! You’re even stronger than I thought!” Clara beamed with pride as she panted in and out. Raymond quickly got on the bench, not wanting this moment between his sister and Katherine to go on.

“Now remember Raymond, slow, deliberate movements,” said Katherine as he lifted the bar up off the rack. His arms shook immediately as he lowered the bar down.

‘Oooo, he’s not gonna be able to do much,’ she thought as she saw him shakily lift the weight back up. She felt a thrilled warmth wash over her as she realized that Clara’s upper body was already stronger than Raymond’s. He managed three more jerky reps, but when he tried for a fourth, the bar seemed stuck by his chest — he couldn’t lift it.

“Here Raymond, I got you,” said Katherine encouragingly, reaching over from behind and grabbing the bar with two hands and racking it without any difficulty.

“I’m stronger than you, I’m stronger than you!” sang Clara, throwing her arms up in the air as she danced around. Katherine couldn’t help giggling at Clara’s antics, and she looked down at Raymond, unable to stifle a little smile.

Chapter Five

Raymond sat up on the weight bench, glowering at his younger sister as she danced around, mocking him for being weak. This is exactly what he was afraid of before they came here. Deep down, he had known that Clara was stronger than him...she was a good deal bigger than him, more active than him, and...well...she just looked stronger and more substantial. But he had been harboring some kind of desperate hope that maybe, just because he was a guy, that he would be able to lift more than her. Now that he saw that his hope was in vain, he felt a crushing sense of hopelessness as he sat there on the bench, his skinny little arms and legs looking pale white and pitiful under the glaring lights of the gym. He wanted to leave, to be anywhere but there.

Katherine was laughing a little. "Ok, come on Clara," she chuckled, motioning for the young teenager to stop mocking her older brother. "That's enough — this isn't a competition, you know. Let's try and be supportive of each other, ok?"

"Ok Katherine," said Clara, shooting her brother a mischievous smile. Clara was going to do whatever Katherine said, since she looked up to her as an almost-goddess-like figure. And with Katherine's full, womanly, muscular physique, coupled with her towering 6'4 height, it wasn't difficult to see why.

Katherine turned to look at Raymond, who was sitting on the weight bench with his shoulders and neck hunched, his spine curved unhealthily, and his scrawny arms and legs poking out almost comically from his oversized gym clothes. She felt a wave of compassion for his wretched state, but she also felt something else...something like distaste, for how far he had let himself slide.

'Come on Raymond,' Katherine thought as she looked at him. 'Seriously? You're seriously gonna just sit there and pout?' She rallied and walked over to him, reaching out and putting her large hand on his shoulder. He shrank like a little animal from her touch — she couldn't believe the effect her body had on him...how different they felt compared to one another. She could feel his little body shaking under her hand, which completely engulfed his shoulder, his entire left clavicle bone, and a good deal of his left-upper back. She could also feel the heat emanating from her much larger body onto his, dwarfing his body's heat production. It made sense...she was so much bigger, so there was a lot more going on, and therefore a lot more heat being produced...the comparison was so unequal that it was difficult to comprehend.

But Katherine shook it all off; she had come over to comfort and encourage him, after all.

"Raymond," she said quietly, looking into his eyes as she tried to access that confident young man she had once dated. "Come on, don't worry about it! We've all gotta start somewhere in our training! Everyone's different, you know. Don't...don't worry that she can lift more."

"I hate this," said Raymond quietly, looking away from Katherine as he continued to pout. "I hate everything about this. It just shows how weak I am and how...how even my younger freaking sister is stronger than me."

"Well, don't view Clara as a low mark," chuckled Katherine, as she watched the younger sister approach. "She's pretty strong for her age, you know. She surprised me, actually!"

Raymond looked woefully up at Katherine with irritation in his face.

“Really?” he complained. “You’re really gonna take that approach? Come on, Katherine, just admit it — I’m pathetic. My younger sister’s stronger than me...I’m five years older, and she can lift more than me.”

Katherine looked down at Raymond’s hunched little form as Clara came up to them.

“Ok Katherine!” she said brightly, “what’s next? What are we lifting next?” Katherine held her hand up for a moment, putting Clara on hold, as she continued to look down at Raymond. Should she lay into him here? In front of Clara? Part of her didn’t want to exacerbate the situation, and contribute to Clara teasing him more. But then, with a sudden flash of insight, everything became clear to her. Raymond was 19 years old! He was legally an adult now! Technically, he was even older than she was! And he was behaving like this! It was pathetic! Her mind suddenly darted to his father, Mr. Pierce...Charles...in that instant, Katherine felt a sudden attraction to the idea of Raymond’s and Clara’s father. He sure was handsome...and accomplished and mature and put-together and funny and confident...everything his oldest child was not. What would Charles want her to do here? She inwardly smiled at herself having these thoughts, and also at the idea of Charles reacting to this situation. He would tell his son to get over it! To “man up!” To get with it! She decided not to let Raymond off the hook.

“Well, if you’re gonna just sit there with this attitude,” she said down to him, putting her hands on her hips as Clara stood watching, “then yeah — I’d have to say that you’re pretty pathetic, Raymond,” said Katherine quietly. Raymond looked up at her from his sitting position, as if he could not quite believe what she had just said. She kept it coming.

“I mean, come on Raymond, look at you,” she persisted. “You’re 19 years old, but you look like you’ve regressed back into someone Clara’s age. You’ve lost a lot of weight, you’re skinny as a rail, you don’t have any ambitions, and you’re just...listless...like, really low-energy. I’m worried about you, Raymond. That’s why I brought you out here today. To get you started on getting healthy...active...vigorous. I wanna help you, but I can’t do it for you. You’ve gotta have your heart in it.”

Raymond made motions with his mouth, as if to speak, but nothing came out. Katherine waited patiently for a few moments. Finally, he found his voice. “I...I’m fine! I just...I don’t think it’s fair that you’re comparing yourself to me. I mean...I’ve been...I’ve been doing ok! I just...just needed to take some time off to, uh, to meditate and think about my options for — ”

“Ok Raymond,” said Katherine shortly, cutting him off. She hadn’t brought him to the gym to entertain his delusions. She turned to Clara. “See those two bars over there?”

“Yes!” said Clara, excited to keep the workout going.

“Ok, those are called “dip bars,”” said Katherine. “You’ve heard of “dips” before, right?”

“Yeah — it’s when you hold onto the bars and go up and down like this, right?” asked Clara, miming the dipping motion.

“Correct,” said Katherine, smiling. “Why don’t you go over there and try to do as many as you can in one go...I need to talk to your brother here alone for a moment.”

“But I want you to watch me!” said Clara.

“I’ll be watching, don’t worry,” said Katherine, laughing. “And remember, go slowly, and go all the way down until your arms are at a ninety-degree angle, like this, ok?”

“Ok!” said Clara, watching Katherine’s demonstration, and she skipped off toward the bars. Katherine turned back around to Raymond and squatted down. Even though Raymond was sitting down on the bench, just squatting like this enabled Katherine to look him straight in the face. He shied away from her eye contact, since her face was so close to his, so big and imposing. She suddenly spoke. Her voice was soft and deep, but edged with irritation.

“Look at me, Raymond. Come on, look at me. Jesus, it feels incredible that I even dated you just over a year ago. I don’t know what’s happened to you, but it’s not ok. Yes, I know I’ve gotten a lot bigger, taller, and stronger, and yes, I know that in a lot of ways I’ve grown past you. I have my own place now, Raymond. I’m paying my own bills. I’m doing adult things. And yes, it is a little striking to come back home here and see you just...living with your parents, getting into fights with your 14-year-old sister about who’s stronger. But Raymond — I want you to get real. This isn’t about you compared to me. I’m not trying to turn you into me...I don’t think that’s possible. No — what I’m trying to do is help you get healthy, you know? Help you put some meat on your bones...help you develop some kind of routine that you can stick to...help you get out in front of whatever it is you’re dealing with.”

“I’m...I’m not dealing with anything!” Raymond protested.

“That’s not what I see,” said Katherine, standing up. Raymond stood up too, even though he was uncomfortable with how his eyes only came up to the top of her boobs. He didn’t want to take her lectures sitting down anymore. Katherine folded her arms across her chest. So he wanted to try and stand up to her, huh? When she was trying to help him? She felt herself getting angrier. “I see a guy who used to be hot and who had promise...totally fizzled out. That’s what I see.” Her words were still calm, but she could immediately see that they had cut Raymond like a knife.

“You...you don’t think I’m hot anymore?” he asked in a small voice.

Katherine rolled her eyes at him as she sighed. Was he serious?! “Oh my god,” she said softly, and then spoke up louder. “No, Raymond. I don’t think you’re hot anymore.” She glanced over at Clara, who had just started doing dips. She smiled inwardly — Clara was the one she should be focusing on now. Just a few more seconds of this silly conversation, and she’d put an end to it.

“Why...why not?” he asked. Katherine looked down at him incredulously. She could hardly believe what was coming out of Raymond’s mouth. Did he actually think she still found him attractive? That anyone would find him attractive?? For some reason that she couldn’t quite understand, her mind flashed to his father again, and she took in a deep breath. She was tempted to treat him like a child, since he was acting like one, but she wouldn’t stand for it. Damn it, he was older than her — her really needed to get it together. And the only way for that to happen was to shatter this crazy world of delusions he lived in.

“Why not?” she repeated, unable to stifle an ironic grin. “Come on, Raymond, don’t make me do this.” But she knew that he would, and he did.

“I...I wanna know why not!” She looked closely at him, at his eyes staring up submissively at her from half a foot below. The fact that she outweighed him by over 60 pounds was all too apparent, especially as the conversation had proceeded along. She felt bigger than him in every way. She looked over at Clara banging out dips to make sure she was doing them right, and then turned back at him.

“To be totally honest, Raymond,” she said calmly, “it’s not really attractive how skinny you’ve gotten. I mean, come on — just plain skinny is one thing, but...you look weak. And just...small. Do you really think that’s attractive to women?”

“Some women like small men!” said Raymond, sticking out his chin.

“Sure they do!” Katherine agreed, nodding her head. “But you’re not just small, Raymond. You look unhealthy...like, almost anorexic. You need to eat better. You need to be more active. I’ve said it before — it looks like you have a child’s body. You didn’t used to be like that.”

Raymond opened his mouth to respond, but Katherine stopped him by putting her big hand up authoritatively. “I’m not trying to have an argument here, Raymond. But you asked me to tell you, and now I’m telling you. And by the way, I’m telling you all this so you’ll stop living in fantasy land and start getting with the program. So yeah, you don’t look hot any more. Your face looks drawn and bony, like you need better nutrition. Your skin is flaking because you’re not getting enough vitamins. You seem to have lost all your sense of self-confidence since you apparently feel insecure about Clara upstaging you, and you just generally have this sluggish, passive energy about you now. It makes me want to shake you, Raymond!”

And she suddenly reached down and wrapped her big hands around his shoulders and shook him, not too hard, but hard enough that his entire body wobbled back and forth like a rag doll.

“Snap out of it, Raymond!” she said, with insistent energy. “Come on, get with it!” Seeing how much she could easily manipulate his little body, combined with the harsh but true facts that she had laid down for him moments before, actually made Katherine feel wet.

‘There it is again,’ she thought, noticing once more how her mind and body seemed to have a sexual response to size comparisons with Raymond, and to feeling more adult than him, further along...even superior. She wasn’t quite keen on these feelings, especially the ones that seemed to convert humiliating and dominating Raymond into sexual pleasure, but she couldn’t really pretend that they weren’t there. Besides, she wasn’t saying all these things to him to turn herself on — she really did want him to snap out of his passive reverie and start embracing life! She would like nothing better than to see that! But still, the thoughts lingered darkly in her mind as her pussy lips lubricated themselves and her clit twitched between her thighs. She filed the feelings away again, to be consulted at another time.

“Come on, Raymond!” she said, smiling down at him. “I only told you all those things because I care about you and want you to become who I know you are — and nothing I said, about your attractiveness or your body or anything else, is set in stone. It’s all reversible, Raymond! But

you've gotta have the right attitude! You've gotta have the desire to turn it around. You think you can do that? Come on, let me help you!" She extended her hand down to him. Raymond looked at it, his head clearly spinning with all that he had just heard. He reached out timidly and put his much smaller hand in hers.

"I'll...I'll try," he said.

She smiled warmly down on him and squeezed. "Good enough for a start!" she said brightly. "Now come on, let's go do some dips and see how Clara's doing!"

"I did 7!" Clara said brightly as they approached. "Is that good, Katherine?"

"Very good!" said Katherine, applauding her. "But remember, it's not how many you do that matters — what matters most is technique, and I was watching you, Clara. You had good form for the first few, but for the last few, your form started to suffer a little bit. That's natural, you know — as you get tired, it becomes harder and harder to keep good form. But I want you to remember this, ok?"

"Ok!" said Clara eagerly.

"If you can't do a rep with good form," said Katherine carefully, "then it's better not to do that rep at all, ok? Doing reps with bad form can result in you getting hurt, and they don't really work out the muscles in a good way. Does that make sense?"

"Totally!" said Clara.

"Good!" said Katherine. She walked in between the bars and wrapped her hands around them. Clara started bouncing up and down excitedly.

"Oooo are you gonna do some?!" she asked animatedly.

"Yes!" Katherine laughed. "I'm gonna show you how to maintain form, even as you get tired, ok?" She locked her arms and curled her legs back behind her so that she was holding her entire body up with her arms. Then she lowered herself down smoothly, until her arms were at a ninety-degree angle, and then seamlessly brought herself back up. She repeated this six times.

"See how I'm going slowly?" she said as she lowered and raised herself. "You were doing good with that for the first few, Clara, but then you got tired and started rushing it. You've gotta be smooooothhhh the whole time." She banged out six more dips, and still, she didn't even seem to be breaking a sweat. Clara's eyes got wide, and Raymond himself couldn't help but be impressed, even though his mind was still smarting with Katherine's unflinching words.

"Woowwww," said Clara. "You're so strongggg! How many can you do??"

"We'll see," chuckled Katherine, now on her 15th rep. Once she reached 20, she had started to breathe a little hard, and by 25, she was really pushing them out. Her face was getting red, and the sweat started to bead on her brow, but she kept on going, slowly and smoothly, up and down, until she had reached 28. Then she stopped.

“Ok!” she gasped, letting herself down as she labored through her breathing. “That’s...that’s enough for one set. See...see how I kept the form there, Clara?”

“Yeah,” said Clara, mesmerized by Katherine’s strength. Her shoulders, chest, and triceps were bulging out from the effort, swelling even bigger than they had been before.

“Ok...” she breathed, putting her hands on her knees and then quickly standing up, placing her hands behind her head. “Ok, Raymond...you...you go. Do as...as many as you can.” He looked up at her, as if pleading with her not to make him follow her. She shook her head as she struggled to catch her breath.

“Come on...Raymond — no...no worries, remember? Not...not comparing. We just need to get started on...on all this, ok? Come on...up you go!” He walked into between the bars, awkwardly raised and lowered himself down a few times, and then halted in the middle of his third rep, his arms shaking uncontrollably. His face turned a deep shade of red as he strained and strained, trying desperately to raise himself up a third time.

“Ok...ok, stop, stop!” said Katherine. “That’s enough Raymond!” He let himself back down and stood there with slumped shoulders. Clara cackled out loud.

“God you’re weak!” she laughed. “You only did two!?”

“Come on Clara,” said Katherine. “Remember what I said about being nice? If we’re gonna criticize, it’s gotta be constructive, ok?”

“Constructive?” asked Clara, puzzled.

“Yeah,” said Katherine. “I mean, it has to be directed towards a good purpose. It’s not nice just to criticize someone just because.”

“But you said he was being pathetic,” said Clara.

“I said that it was pathetic to have a self-defeating attitude,” corrected Katherine. “I know that Raymond’s not really like that, are you Raymond?” He looked up at her and made a half-hearted motion of shaking his head.

“Now here’s a constructive way to say what you just said,” said Katherine to Clara, smiling deviously. She stepped toward Raymond and leaned down towards him with her hands on her hips.

“Come on dude!” she said forcefully, effecting the attitude of an enthusiastic personal trainer, “Don’t let that get you down! Two reps is small, but we all have to start somewhere! Now, are you gonna give up after just trying two reps, or are you gonna try and keep coming here and working at it until you get to three? Huh!? What’s it gonna be?”

“I’m...I’m gonna keep trying,” said Raymond quietly.

“Hell yeah you are!” said Katherine, as Clara started to giggle at her display. “Are you gonna let your younger sister outmuscle you? Huh?!”

“N-no,” said Raymond.

“What was that!?” boomed Katherine, leaning down and cocking her head at him as she put her hand to her ear. “I didn’t quite hear you. I asked if you’re gonna let your 14-year-old sister get even stronger than you than she already is?!”

“No!” said Raymond, a little louder.

“Are you gonna let her get even bigger than you, so that she beats you every time you wrestle?! You gonna let that happen??”

“No!” he said, getting a little more into it as Katherine smiled down at him through her persona.

“Are you gonna be a little twig man forever, or are you gonna get ripped like me?!”

“I’m...gonna get...r-ripped like you!” said Raymond.

Clara laughed loudly. “Yeah right!” she said. “You’d have to change everything about yourself to get like her!”

“You gonna take that, little guy?” continued Katherine in her persona, cracking another smile at Raymond. “You gonna roll over and take that from your little sister? Or are you gonna use it as motivation to get stronger? Better?”

“M-motivation,” said Raymond, and he couldn’t help but smile a little at Katherine’s theatrics.

“Ok,” she laughed, descending back into her normal tone of voice. “Anyway, Clara, that’s what I mean. You gotta believe in him, ok? You gotta believe in each other...although...well, I can’t really hope to stop siblings from squabbling amongst themselves, can I? she asked, giving Raymond a wink.

For the next 45 minutes or so they proceeded through several other upper-body exercises, with Katherine showing them both how to lift with proper technique. With every exercise, Clara lifted more than Raymond, to her utter joy. Katherine kept reminding her not to rub it in too hard, but she couldn’t help but be impressed by Clara’s natural strength...and she also couldn’t help but be amazed by how atrophied Raymond’s muscles seemed to have become. His weakness was astounding. But she had already said her piece to him about all that, and she kept trying to encourage him.

By the time they left, Clara was flushed with energy and promise, and Raymond was eager to get back home. Katherine said goodbye to the two of them, promising to meet at the same time two days later, but as she watched the two siblings walk to their car, a sudden desire seized her. A crazy desire...something that felt almost reckless. But she was feeling extremely horny right now. Seeing Raymond’s weak little body compared to Clara’s, and let alone her own, had sparked some raunchy feelings in her that she could not ignore. She had to explore them some more. There was a party that she was going to later that night...a gathering of people from their old high school. And Raymond was going to go with her.

“Hey Raymond!” she called, gesturing him to come back to her. He turned around and obeyed. “So there’s a party at Wes’s house tonight, you know,” she said after he came up to her.

“Wes? Wes Larkin?” he asked.

Katherine nodded her head, smiling. “A lot of old high school people are gonna be there. I was gonna drop by for a bit — wanna come?”

“Uhhh...” said Raymond reluctantly. He had been planning to just sit at home and play video games.

“Come on Raymond, it’ll be fun!” said Katherine with a lively smile. “Come with me! Get out of the house a little! This is what I’m talking about — live a little — have some fun with other people! There’s gonna be some drinks and we’ll all just have a good time! Whaddya say, huh?”

Raymond had perked up at the mention of drinks. “W-well,” he said. “I... guess I could come.”

“Yay! Great!” said Katherine. “I’ll pick you up at 8!”

Chapter Six

Raymond didn't know what he was supposed to wear to these kinds of "parties." He wasn't really in the habit of going out too much. When school was in session he generally just sat in his dorm room, smoking weed and playing video games with his friends. Sometimes they drank beer or took some shots, but it was never "out" in the world. Raymond lived in a comfortable little cocoon where he and his friends could feel free to get high and laugh and cut up and compare pictures of hot girls on their phones. A party at Wes Larkin's house was a nerve-wracking prospect for Raymond, who had not kept in touch with anyone from high school. He wasn't particularly keen on seeing anyone, and he chalked this feeling down to not wanting to disturb his comfortable routine.

In reality, though, Raymond had been hesitant to go to this party because he didn't want to see how he "measured up," in all ways, to his former classmates. Seeing how much Katherine had developed past him was jarring enough, but what if it wasn't just her? What if Ella Anderson was there? And what if she had gotten taller and bigger too!? Or Hailey Winthrow?! What if she had grown into some kind of amazon as well!? Raymond was hardly even thinking about the guys who were likely to be at the party, Wes, Gavin, Steve, and the like. Somewhere inside he knew that they were going to dwarf him. After all, the crowd he had hung out with in high school had been pretty athletic and high-achieving. Everyone, including him and Katherine, had lettered in some kind of Varsity sport, had been in the National Honor Society, had taken all the AP classes, had been the leaders of this club or that club, and on and on. But once high school was done, and the external motivation was lost, Raymond had fallen fast. He doubted that anyone else had, though. As he looked through his drawers for something to wear, he started to dread seeing everyone again.

He glanced down at his skinny arms and legs. God, what had he been doing!? How had he let himself fall this far!? Being around Katherine seemed to underline every inadequacy he had, especially since, before she had stopped by for that first visit a few days ago, he had not really noticed anything wrong with himself or his body. As far as he had been concerned, he had been doing fine. Sure, his classes hadn't been going so well, and sure, he hadn't been in the best shape because he just sat around all day smoking, but he hadn't felt anything like he did now. Now, when he looked down at his limbs, they looked like pathetic little twigs, especially when he remembered what Katherine looked like. And his skin...it didn't look too good either — it had a sickly kind of gray hue, and it advertised to the world that he had not been spending very much time outside. He thought back again to Katherine's body, and how her skin seemed to almost glow with a healthy tan radiance. He looked back down into his shirt drawer. His t-shirts were all overlarge and faded. Jesus, what was he thinking!?! Why had he agreed to go to this stupid party anyway?

But Raymond never once thought about not going. Even though he whined and moaned internally for agreeing for Katherine to pick him up, he did not think for one second about rescinding his agreement to go. If he had possessed the capacity for deeper self-analysis, he would have been puzzled at this strange new phenomenon — normally, he just flaked on engagements he decided he didn't want to honor. But he couldn't flake on Katherine; it just wasn't an option. Even though this truth evaded his consciousness, he had developed feelings for her again. But not the same kinds of feelings he had before. Whereas before he had been drawn to her as an equal, now his feelings took on an entirely different structure. He admired her; he was in awe of her. He looked up at her like someone would look up to a superior, to a

person of greater rank or accomplishment. And even though he didn't realize it, and would never have admitted it, he was aroused by Katherine's big powerful body. He was aroused by her energy and her drive and her vivacious approach to life. And, perhaps more than anything, deep, deep down in his psyche, he was aroused by the thought that they had once been equals, and that she had since grown past him, physically, mentally, and emotionally. Raymond could not access these feelings, but that didn't mean that they didn't affect him. As he clawed through his drawers, desperately searching for something that wouldn't embarrass him too much, he wandered what Katherine would be wearing, and his cock got hard.

A couple hours later, Katherine honked her horn in the Pierce's driveway.

"Oh! That must be her!" said his mom. "Ok Raymond, you guys have a good time at the party, and don't come home too late!"

"I won't, mom," said Raymond, actually having no idea when he would be coming home.

"I wish she would come inside for a minute," whined Clara, who had drunk her protein shake just like Katherine had told her to and was on the sofa reading about weight training.

"She can't spend all her time with you, Clara," said Raymond's dad, who was reading a newspaper in his easy chair. "She's very nice to be doing what she's doing already, you know. Be grateful for her time, young lady."

"Well Raymond better be grateful for her time too," huffed Clara, folding her arms.

"Ok, bye everyone!" said Raymond, ignoring his younger sister as he gave his parents a wave.

"Have fun!" said his dad.

"Bye dear!" called his mom. He cringed inwardly as he turned to leave. It felt like he was still in high school, the way they were waving goodbye. It was clear that he didn't do this kind of thing very often. He closed the door, took a deep breath, and then walked down the steps towards Katherine's car. He had on a pair of baggy cargo pants that were held up by a tightly-adjusted belt, and for a top he was wearing his "Nirvana" t-shirt. He knew that Katherine liked Nirvana... and, after all, he did too. He figured it was probably the shirt that was the least likely to get him negatively judged by his peers.

He saw Katherine smiling at him from the driver's side of her car. He swallowed nervously; she just looked so good...and so...big. The top of her forehead rose up past the extent of the car window's height. Raymond could see that she was wearing a black spaghetti-strap top that left very little of her massive cleavage to the imagination.

"Hey there!" she said as he got in. "Nice shirt!"

"Uh, thanks," he said, smiling. But the smile fell from his face as he sat down in the passenger seat. His eyes seemed to be attracted like magnets to her luscious body. All squished up in the car seat like she was, she appeared even bigger. She was wearing full-length jeans that hugged her muscular legs tightly all the way down, and Raymond felt a kind of cold disbelief sprout in his brain as he saw the shiny black leather hugging her upper calves.

"Are...are you wearing...boots?" he asked, trying and failing to sound casual.

"Sure am!" she said happily as she turned the car out of the drive way and started on down the road. "These are some of my favorites!"

Raymond looked down at them, trying to see how tall their heel was. He was wearing his ordinary sneakers — he didn't own anything else, really. But now he was inwardly kicking himself for not thinking to go out and buy some shoes that made him...well, taller. But he was 5'8! What did he have to worry about? Katherine would tower over everyone at the party! Well, everyone except Ella Anderson. Ella had been the tallest girl in the grade when they graduated, at 6'2. But surely she hadn't gotten any taller, right? What had happened with Katherine's growth spurt was an anomaly.....

"You're a little quiet there, dude," teased Katherine. "Aww are you nervous about seeing everyone?"

"What? No!" said Raymond unconvincingly. He realized how he sounded. "Well, maybe a little, uh...I don't know..."

"Anxious?" offered Katherine, cocking her head and smiling.

"Well...maybe," said Raymond, not being able to help admiring how impressive her arms looked as she held the steering wheel. "I just...uh, I haven't seen any of these people in a while."

"Well, me either," laughed Katherine. "But it'll be nice to catch up with everyone, you know?"

"Easy for you to say," said Raymond, hating that these words were coming out of his mouth, and hating how petty they sounded. But he said them anyway. "You're doing awesome and you look great and...and you can talk about all the, uh, the cool stuff you've been doing."

"Aww come on Raymond, don't be like that," said Katherine, reaching over and putting a reassuring hand on his thigh. Raymond shivered inwardly at her touch. Her hand looked absolutely huge on his shriveled thigh. It was just about three quarters as long, and almost exactly as wide. To make matters worse, she actually started petting him gently. His cock responded immediately, and he thanked the stars that he was wearing baggy pants.

"We're not meeting up so we can judge each other," she said. "I think everyone just wants to hang out and see each other, you know?"

"I guess," said Raymond uncertainly, focusing most of his energy on not getting too hard as Katherine continued to pet his thigh with her big hand.

"And besides," she said, "this is all part of you just getting out and being social, remember? This is good for you, Raymond. I mean, who cares if someone makes a comment about your weight or whatever? You can just brush it off and say that you've just started being active again!"

"Yeah...do you really think it's that obvious?" he said.

"What's that obvious?" she asked, taking her hand off his thigh as she put it back on the steering wheel.

"How...uh...like how small I am?"

Katherine laughed a little as she shook her pretty head, trying to play off his question. "Well, I mean...yeah, Raymond. You look pretty small. But who cares?"

"I just...I just want to know if I look...uh...ridiculous." Once again, it felt like he was fighting a losing battle to not sound petty. But he couldn't help himself — it was like some kind of steady, inexorable force was compelling him to persevere in his open insecurity.

"Oh come on Raymond, seriously -- who cares?" said Katherine, trying not to sound too irritated with him. His behavior was having a complicated effect on her own internal equilibrium. If she were being totally honest with herself, he did look ridiculous. Aside from the Nirvana shirt, which she liked, his whole get-up made him look like a high-schooler...a young high-schooler. But, if she was thinking realistically, there wasn't anything that Raymond could wear that would make him look any different. He was just so...puny. To say nothing of his unkempt hair and the little scraggly half-beard he was growing. And the way that he carried himself, with his hunched posture and slouching shoulders, only reinforced his juvenile appearance. His overt insecurity and petty complaining were icing in the cake.

But there was more going on inside her...a lot more. As soon as Raymond had sat down in the passenger seat, Katherine had to make a mental effort not to gawk too hard at the undeniable difference between their bodies. She just couldn't believe that he was older than her and that, just a year before, they had not been so different physically. But what a difference that year had made! She could have easily passed for his babysitter now. And she had been thinking, all that afternoon after the gym, about these strange new feelings that were bubbling up stronger and stronger every time she saw her former boyfriend...the feelings that centered around her thoughts of power and domination whenever she thought of their bodies compared to each other. She still couldn't make heads or tails of why she was feeling this way, but Katherine was not going to let these thoughts stew any longer. She was going to engage them, explore them, investigate them. And what better way to do that than at a party, where she could be free to casually laugh and hang out with other people while she compared herself to Raymond? It would be easier to explore these feelings in a crowd than if she were alone with him. Besides, there would be alcohol, which would loosen her up a little. Who knows what would happen? It was exiting...and, just to put an exclamation mark on the evening, she had decided to wear her leather boots. She was looking forward to getting out of the car...

A few minutes later they had reached Wes Larkin's house. Raymond felt the anxiety harden throughout his body as they passed car after car parked on the side of the street. Apparently a lot of people were already there.

"Oooo, this really looks like a party, huh?" said Katherine, looking down at Raymond and winking.

"Uhh, yeah," said Raymond, trying to sound nonchalant. "Uh, gee, I thought this was only gonna be a, uh...a little get-together."

“Haha, I did too!” said Katherine. “But it looks like it’s a full-fledged high school reunion!”

A minute later Katherine parked the car and they both got out. Raymond walked around the car, his eyes nervously looking down the street at Wes’s lit-up house, and then he turned to look at Katherine. He gaped. She was standing there, hands on her hips, grinning down at him as she pivoted on her powerful legs and cocked her hips to one side. She absolutely towered over him. The leather boots she was wearing went perfectly with her statuesque figure, and Raymond saw that he now staring straight into her boobs.

“Whaddya think?” laughed Katherine. “I almost didn’t do it, but then I thought, oh what the heck, why not?”

“Y-you’re...h-how...how — ” stammered Raymond.

“How tall am I?” she asked, smiling down on him as her body warmed to his reaction. Yes, she was getting wet. “Well, these are 6-inch boots, so that makes me 6’10!”

Raymond gawked like a fish as Katherine strode past him towards the house, beckoning him to join her.

She made sure that Raymond walked alongside her as they approached the house. Katherine was getting way more turned on by their height comparison than she had been expecting. True, she had already dwarfed Raymond before, but these boots...they made her feel absolutely gigantic next to him! Whereas before it felt like she was comparing herself to a skinny high school freshman or sophomore, now it felt like...it almost felt like Raymond was a middle schooler compared to her! As they walked along, she saw that the top of his head didn’t even reach her shoulders — this fact alone made her feel a surge of electricity go through her loins, and she actually started sweating a little from how fast her heart was beating. Was this normal?! Surely this wasn’t normal...to have such a strong reaction to how tiny her ex was compared to her?! It felt wrong, almost grotesque. And yet, it was the very wrongness, the strangeness, the outlandishness of the situation, that was turning her on! She almost felt trapped in the situation, but she quickly laughed at herself.

‘I’m the one who set this whole thing up!’ she chuckled to herself. ‘I’m not the one trapped here!’ She glanced down at Raymond’s crotch and privately chastised him for wearing such baggy pants. She wanted to see if he was turned on too. But again, she quickly laughed at herself.

‘Look at me,’ she snickered inwardly, ‘acting like a horndog. Jesus, Katherine, you’re not even attracted to him anymore...are you?’ She actually wasn’t sure. It was certainly true that her conventional attraction for him was long gone. How could someone so weak and small, so helplessly insecure, so unhealthy and unmotivated, turn her on? Not in the old way, at least — there was no way Raymond was going to make her “feel like a woman” anymore, unless it was like a mother or an older sister.

But there it was: her growing arousal in his presence. It was something that she could not ignore. Where did it come from? Well that wasn’t too hard to answer: it was like their gender roles had been completely switched. She was the man now and he was the woman. She was taller, bigger, and stronger than him. She was the instigator of everything in their exchanges, from the plans they made to the trajectories their conversations took. She took the lead so

completely that it was almost comical. It wasn't like she was trying to; it just seemed to happen that way. As they walked up to the party house, she realized that seeing their relationship in terms of their inverted gender roles was the best way she had come up with so far to explain her new attraction to her ex-boyfriend. But why? Why was the inversion so...hot?! So powerfully irresistible?! Katherine didn't know yet. But she was prepared to keep an open mind as they navigated the evening together. Everything was going exactly as she had hoped so far.

Wes Larkin answered the door. He was an attractive, tall, blond jock-type who had played football in high school. From the looks of him, he had kept working out, even if he had perhaps started to drink and party a little more. His well-built frame was plain to see from the tight kaki shorts and even tighter pink golf shirt he wore. His eyes went wide as he looked up at Katherine. At 6'3, Wes was no slouch. But he was still looking up, way up, at Katherine.

"K-katherine!?" he stammered, his mouth wide open in an incredulous smile. "Katherine Lloyd?! Oh my god!! You...you're..."

"It's nice to see you too Wes," laughed Katherine, leaning down to hug him.

"Holy...holy shit!" he cried after hugging her and taking a step back to admire her. "You...oh my god Katherine you look incredible!"

"Thanks Wes," said Katherine, blushing a little at his reaction. "You're not looking too shabby yourself, you know."

"Ah well," he said, waving off her compliment (even though Raymond could tell he enjoyed it), "I still hit the gym from time to time. But not anything like you, apparently. Jesus Katherine, I...I had no idea!"

"The glories of not being on social media!" joked Katherine as she stepped into the house, gesturing Raymond to follow in her wake. "Every time I see people back home I get to enjoy the surprise on their faces, haha!"

"Good lord," said Wes, shaking his head. As he did his eyes fell on Raymond. "And...uh...wow...Raymond! It's you!" said Wes, looking confused and a little awkward. He had already been rattled enough by Katherine's burgeoning...now, as she watched Wes look between the two of them, Katherine could feel his mind cracking a little bit. She got wetter, feeling the hidden force of his reaction. It only served to highlight the size comparison between herself and Raymond.

Wes reached up and gave Raymond a clumsy fist-bump, which Raymond returned halfheartedly. "Uhh...good to see you big guy," continued Wes, his eyes flickering over Raymond's waifish frame. "Uh...lookin' good!" he added, making it all the more clear that the opposite was true. Raymond could only manage a nod and half-smile. He was already irritated with Wes's loud reaction to seeing his ex-girlfriend.

"Wait a minute," said Wes, holding up his hands in a "stop" motion, "Hold on. You two aren't...uh..."

"What, Wes?" asked Katherine cheerfully, closing the door behind them.

“Uh, you know...together anymore, are you?”

Katherine looked down at Wes silently for a second or two, and blinked. Then she turned to Raymond, who was staring up into her eyes with an entirely deferential expression. If, in that moment, she had said they were dating, then they were dating, as far as Raymond was concerned. But she blinked again slowly, smiled down at him, and brought her huge open hand around to the back of his neck. Gently but firmly, she tightened her grip around his neck, to the point where there were only a couple inches between her thumb and middle finger. With her hand in this position, she shook Raymond's head playfully from side to side as she laughed.

“What, me and this little guy here? No.” Her words were spoken genially, but they had a lightness and a play to them that made Wes's question sound utterly ludicrous. He chuckled in response, shaking his head again.

“I mean...I mean I didn't think you were!” he laughed. “Haha, that would be...I mean look at... well...yeah. Anyway, you guys are here and that's all that matters, right! Welcome!” He led them through the foyer to the kitchen, which was teeming with people. Most of the lights had been turned off inside the house, and in their place were some strobe lights, a disco ball hanging from the ceiling, and glow sticks...lots of glow sticks...that people had around their necks and wrists. Booming, driving bass music pounded through the house.

“So I assume your parents are out of town?” said Katherine over the noise. She didn't have to try too hard to speak much louder — her voice carried.

“How did you guess?” laughed Wes.

Raymond was already tired of the two of them just chumming it up without him. He felt completely kicked to the curb in the exchange. He had to think of something to say, and quickly.

“Uh, you got some hunch punch or something in that bowl over there?” he asked, pointing to the big bowl on one of the kitchen counters. They were just about to enter the kitchen, and so the rest of the party hadn't seen them yet.

“Bathrooms right here, just in case you need to use it,” said Wes to Katherine, indicating to the open powder room on their left, “or, you know...in case there's anyone you wanna just pull into a room and make out with in a hurry.” He winked up at Katherine and she gave him a playful shove. Raymond was incensed. They hadn't even heard him.

“Hey!” he shouted, waving his arms, and both Wes and Katherine looked down at him. He suddenly felt extremely tiny, and for a moment completely forgot what he had asked before.

“Uh...what is it, my man?” asked Wes, giving Katherine an awkward glance, as if to ask ‘what's his deal?’

“Is, uh, is that hunch punch in that bowl in there?” asked Raymond lamely.

“What?” said Wes loudly over the music, putting his hand to his ear and bending down. “I didn't catch that.”

“Speak up, Raymond!” said Katherine, putting her hand on his back and giving him a quick little scratch. Her touch felt intimate and he started getting hard again.

“Hunch punch? In the bowl in there?” he asked loudly into Wes’s ear.

“Huh? Oh! Uh, yeah! Something like that. It’s pineapple juice, cranberry juice, pomegranate vodka, and everclear.”

“Oh my god!” laughed Katherine. “Just go ahead and poison me already!” Wes made a motion to defend himself but she kept laughing. “I’m kidding Wes — I actually could definitely go for some of that right about now.” They had entered the kitchen, and the rest of the party turned to look at the newly-arrived people. Everyone who had been talking stopped as their mouths dropped open in shock.

“Look who decided to show up!” called Wes happily to the room. Raymond could feel the entire room suck in its breath. Katherine stood up to her full height and waved, relishing this new power that was coursing through her.

Chapter Seven

For a couple moments the party went strangely quiet. The bass-heavy dance beats continued thudding through the kitchen, but the steady roar and growl of many chattering voices had suddenly stopped. Everyone had turned to look at the newly-arrived duo, and aside from a few stifled gasps, no one said a word. The whole room was taking in the new information, and it was obvious to both Katherine and Raymond, from the ubiquity of wide eyes and open mouths, that their size difference was the object of everyone's bewilderment.

Raymond felt surprisingly hot anger in his stomach at Wes — why did he have to “announce” them like that to the whole party? Couldn't he have just let them come into the party gradually, talking and catching up with different people one by one? Why did he have to make that grand announcement and bring everyone's attention to the immediate fact that the former high school couple had shown up, except that now Katherine stood 14 inches taller than Raymond and weighed a good 60 pounds heavier? Raymond could feel his face burning from the innumerable pairs of eyes that were now trained on them, and he immediately registered their looks as condescending as they travelled over his thin body and then moved to Katherine's, and then back again to his.

Even more intense than his anger at Wes and his embarrassment at the sudden attention, though, was Raymond's panicked realization that everyone in the kitchen seemed...huge. His eyes were immediately attracted to Hailey Winthrow, a girl who had been good-looking in high school, with a fairly solid build to go with her 5'10 frame. She had been a soccer player, so her thighs and calves had always been impressively developed, to say nothing of her sizable hips and large ass. But now...Raymond couldn't believe it. Not only was she still super cute — she looked gigantic. She didn't quite have Katherine's muscular tone and definition, but what she lacked in muscles she more than made up for in increased thickness and bulk. She was wearing a short, form-fitting yellow dress, showing off the full extent of her legs. Her thighs looked enormous...they were as solid as ever, but a year's time appeared to have thickened them immensely. Her calves looked even wider than they had before...and her hips and ass all looked like they had swelled considerably in size. Even her breasts, which had not been that big before, looked like they had gone up a size or two. All of this general thickening in Hailey's body was compounded by the fact that she looked taller as well...Raymond quickly saw that she was wearing platform heels...maybe that explained it...? And yet somewhere in his subconscious he knew that it wasn't so — Hailey had grown taller too. What on earth was going on!? Had everyone just started eating three times as much when they went off to college?? As he registered all these aspects of Hailey's body in a second or two, Raymond felt his breath seize behind his chest in panic.

She wasn't the only one who had gotten noticeably bigger. Raymond's eyes quickly scanned over the guys Hailey had been talking to: Gavin and Steve. Gavin had been around Raymond's height of 5'8 towards the end of their senior year, but he had embarked on a growth spurt right around graduation; apparently the spurt had continued. Gavin looked only a couple inches shorter than Wes's 6'3 now, and even though he was still skinny and wiry, his limbs had seemed to gain that adult thickness that Raymond's utterly lacked. He realized with a gulp that, in her platforms, Hailey was just about as tall as Gavin...did that mean she was actually around 6'0 tall?? His eyes quickly and desperately shifted to look Steve over...thankfully, Steve still looked as short as ever, around 5'6...but he seemed to have gained a fair amount of weight. He looked pretty squat...even a little fat.

Raymond continued to look around the kitchen, unable to hone in on anyone else distinctly in those couple moments of tense awkward silence. Even though he wasn't registering anyone else directly, he could not help but notice an overwhelmingly uniform truth: everyone in that room looked so...adult. So big. There was the vague shape of someone absolutely enormous standing in the midst of a sea of friends...a girl...but he chose not to look to see who it was. Even as he turned his eyes away, his eyes darted elsewhere and caught sight of Allison Jordan's hips...was that her!? Yes it was really her...thankfully still shorter than him by a few inches...but thick, with womanly hips, a big ass, and thighs that completely filled her expanded jeans. What was going on!? Allison had been a skinny little thing in high school! Everywhere Raymond turned, he saw size — meaty thighs, ballooned asses, more substantial arms...he couldn't fathom it all.

But he didn't have time to ping his eyes around for more than a few seconds, because a voice suddenly spoke up. A strong, loud, obnoxious voice that was piercingly self-confident.

"Oh. My. God. Katherine Lloyd??" The owner of the voice stepped forward. It was Ella Anderson, the tallest girl in their high school class. Or at least, she used to be. Raymond's eyes popped as he saw her step out of her crowd of friends and approach, like a queen emerging from her ladies in waiting. Ella had always been glamorous, the secret envy of every girl in school, even the girls who hated her for her arrogance and emotional vacuity. There was just no getting around her allure as a human being. At 6'2, olive-skinned, with long jet-black hair, striking green eyes, delicious legs, and a curvy, hourglass figure to match, Ella made an impression wherever she went. More than anything else, it was the overly-confident and conceited way she carried herself that made others feel intimidated. Her knockout body was one thing, but when paired with her abounding vanity, it was very difficult to answer.

But Katherine had found an answer. She grinned at Ella as she approached, and made sure to stand up to her full height in her heels. She quickly saw that Ella was also wearing heels, true to form, and Katherine was a little disappointed to discover that it actually looked like Ella matched her in height. Apparently, in the space of a year, Ella had grown a couple inches as well, and even though this was not nearly as much as Katherine had grown, Katherine felt herself sink a bit internally, if just for a moment. She had been looking forward to gently lording her height over Ella's and teasing her. Maybe she had Ella by half an inch or so...maybe...but she shook all this off in an instant.

"Yep, it's me, Ella!" said Katherine brightly. Everyone in the kitchen was watching the exchange, and no one else was talking. Ella kept approaching until she stood just a few feet away from Katherine and Raymond. She also drew herself up to her full height; Raymond saw that she was wearing her old tan platform sandals, with cork heels. Ella was used to holding the attention of an entire room like this, and she paused very deliberately, looking Katherine up and down, like she was trying to find a flaw. Katherine felt a momentary flash of embarrassed heat that she was able to almost-instantly transform into playful aggression.

"I promise, Ella, I'm not an impostor," laughed Katherine, putting her hands on her hips. "You can check my ID if you really need to." A few nervous chuckles rippled through the room. Everyone was holding their breath. Raymond noticed Hailey shifting on her feet uncomfortably in the background.

“Have you been taking hormones?” asked Ella blatantly, ignoring Katherine’s comment.

“No way, Ella!” said Katherine, pushing down her anger as she disguised her energy with a musical laugh, “this is au naturale.”

Ella continued to bore into Katherine with her gaze, her green eyes narrowed in suspicion and disbelief. Unbeknownst to Ella, her mouth was partially open as she scanned Katherine up and down, which made it clear just how shocked she was. Ella’s self-confidence generally served her well, enabling her to freely air her thoughts, emotions, and impulses without regard for their effect on others. However, in these rare moments of shock and surprise, Ella’s habit of brandishing her internal feelings came back to haunt her, and she was utterly unable to hide her own consternation.

“Looks like Lloyd’s got you beat, Ella!” laughed Wes, cutting the tension as he looked up from girl to girl, standing on his tiptoes as he pretended to measure their heights.

“Oh what the fuck do you know, Wes?” spat Ella as she swerved down to face him, her eyes flashing dangerously. “You’re staring into my shoulders right now — how the fuck are you gonna see who’s taller?”

“I’m...I’m pretty much as tall as you, Ella,” said Wes, backtracking a little as Ella’s eyes stabbed into him, “I mean...with your heels and all — ”

“Pretty much, huh?” said Ella, cutting in. “I’ve grown taller Wes...and I’m positive I’m at least an inch taller than you now.”

“Let’s see, Ella!” laughed Gavin, coming over. “Come on, take those heels off and let’s see who’s taller!”

“No way am I taking my heels off unless Katherine does too,” said Ella, shaking her head.

“Oh my god, seriously, Ella?” laughed Gavin, shaking his head. “Are you really that insecure?”

“No — I just don’t like looking up at people is all,” answered Ella quickly, putting her hands on her hips as she looked down at Gavin. “I’m not used to it. I feel out of my element.”

“Well come on now, Katherine!” said Gavin animatedly, turning to her. “Take your heels off! Let’s get to the bottom of this!”

“Maybe later Gavin,” chuckled Katherine, brushing past them. “I wanna catch up with everyone before we all start measuring each other, ok? And you’re all a few drinks in — I gotta catch up!” Without any more talk she strode past Ella without looking at her, and made her way to the punch bowl. Ella gawked at her as she passed by — it wasn’t immediately clear who was taller. But everyone was watching Katherine, and was astounded by how much she had grown; they were also impressed with her poise. She hadn’t taken Ella’s bait, and Raymond could feel Ella fuming. He quickly made to follow Katherine, but Ella quickly rebounded from her shock, and redirected her honing gaze down onto Raymond as she shifted to block his path.

“Woah woah — Raymond!? Is that actually you?” she asked. Raymond stopped dead, looking straight into Ella’s C-cup breasts. He badly wanted to get past her, but he didn’t want to make a big deal out of it all. He noticed uncomfortably that Wes had broken away from the group and had joined Katherine at the punch bowl, chatting her up. He also noticed that Gavin was staring down at him awkwardly.

“Uh...y-yeah, it’s...it’s me, Ella,” he mumbled, his voice hardly audible over the music.

“Jesus god you’re tiny!” said Ella loudly, taking a step back so she could more easily look Raymond in the eye. “Are you anorexic now!”

“Uh...no. No, I just...no I’m just...normal.”

“Uh, no. You’re not,” said Ella emphatically, shaking her head. She suddenly bent down and grabbed Raymond’s upper arm with a large strong hand. Her fingers easily went all the way around it. “Yeah, that’s not normal,” said Ella, shaking his entire arm for emphasis. “I think you should eat more, Raymond, otherwise your ex-girlfriend might just decide to have you for a snack one day.” She laughed derisively, and Steve joined in with her halfheartedly. Raymond looked up at Gavin, who gave him an awkward kind of half-wave.

“What’s up dude?” said Gavin mechanically, indicating that he didn’t really expect a response. Raymond noticed that he was joining Ella in looking his body up and down. The heat in his face increased — was it really that bad? Did he really look that small?

“Oh, uh, you know...not much. School, chillin’, you know...uh, not too exciting,” said Raymond, feeling the feebleness of his own words. Ella had turned to look over her shoulder at Katherine.

“Cool, cool...same,” said Gavin, nodding. He gave Raymond one last awkward glance and then looked up at the rest of the party, making it evident that he wanted no further part in the exchange. Raymond just stood there stupidly. He felt rooted to the spot as long as Ella stood looming there in front of him. She turned back around and caught Gavin looking at her.

“What?” she asked aggressively.

“Nothing!” he said quickly, but a smile was creeping onto his face. “Surprised about Katherine, huh?”

“What, and you’re not?” Ella countered, turning on Gavin.

“No, I sure did not expect her to...to look like that,” said Gavin slowly, pretending to choose his words carefully. Truly, though, he knew that he was twisting the knife into Ella. “And, well, I gotta say, I’m not complaining.”

“Typical male response,” shot back Ella, “lusting after what they’ll never be able to get. Kinda reminds me of the way you look at me.”

“I...I don’t wanna get with you Ella!” laughed Gavin unconvincingly.

“Oh really?” She turned fully to face him and took a step closer, so that, even though he was just about 6’3, he was looking straight into the olive-toned pillar of her lower neck. “What if I told you that I wanted to get drunk and fuck tonight? Hmm? Would you turn me down Gavin?”

“Uhh...uh...let’s get drunk and find out!” he managed to say. The answer was obvious. Without any further words, Ella reached out and grabbed him by the shirt and dragged him away to get more drinks. Raymond was left standing there alone, feeling totally abandoned. He looked up to see Katherine still talking to Wes, surrounded by four or five other people, both guys and girls, who were admiring her new size and hanging on her every word. Raymond’s heart leapt up lightly like a little puppy as he saw her look past the other people to catch his eye. She beckoned him over, smiling, as if to say, ‘Quit standing around like an idiot and get a drink!’ He obligingly walked over and helped himself to a full red solo cup of the pinkish punch. He took a sip — it sure tasted strong. For a moment Raymond paused. Was this really a good idea? He didn’t really have much of an alcohol tolerance; he mainly just smoked a lot of weed. He was already regretting coming to the party anyway...but he turned and looked at Katherine, who had just taken a deep drink from her own solo cup and was laughing and cutting up with old friends. She sure looked good...ravishing, actually.

‘Oh what the hell, why not?’ thought Raymond. ‘Have a few drinks...relax and have some fun!’ He tipped the cup back and took several deep draughts. The fruit juice didn’t quite mask the taste of the alcohol, and he could feel the slight burn of the everclear at the back of his throat. He wasn’t admitting it to himself, but the reality was squatting in the shadows in his brain: as long as he could hang out with Katherine, he’d go just about anywhere.

“There you go Raymond! Taste good?” came Katherine’s encouraging voice after he had taken a few gulps. Wes had been blabbering on about some kind of spectacular play he had made in ultimate frisbee a couple months ago, and Katherine had seamlessly interrupted him in order to bring Raymond into the circle. Everyone had suddenly turned to look at Raymond because of Katherine’s choice to address him: Wes, Steve, Hailey, and a couple other people Raymond couldn’t remember. Except for the 5’6 Steve, they were all at least a couple inches taller than Raymond, and all of them were undoubtedly bigger than him...by far. He suddenly felt like a small child, with all their eyes on him.

“Uh, y-yeah, yeah it’s pretty good!” said Raymond, giving a thumb’s up.

“Raymond!” said Hailey in her lovely silver voice, “how are you!? What have you been up to?”

“Oh, you know, all the normal college stuff,” said Raymond, feeling the alcohol creep through his stomach.

“You’re going to the community college here, right?” asked Hailey, smiling down at him. Raymond had forgotten all about Hailey — she had always been so quiet and sweet. Her natural good looks had almost seemed to contrast with her shyness and modesty in high school, and this was never more true than it seemed now. Her body was strikingly voluptuous, and yet, evinced the kindness in her eyes, the way she held herself hadn’t seemed to have changed.

“Uh, yeah...yep! Going there,” said Raymond, trying to keep himself composed. “And...where are you going again?”

“Virginia,” she said, her eyes sparkling. “Or, you know “UVA” in college lingo, haha!”

“Oh, right, right!” nodded Raymond, pretending to have possessed that information at one point. “Are you...uh, what are you studying there?”

“What else but English literature!” she laughed. It was all coming back to Raymond — he remembered how Hailey had won all the writing awards back in high school. “So, you know, I’m well on my way to making the big bucks,” she laughed.

“Oh yeah! Yeah, I guess professors make a lot of money,” said Raymond, nodding again.

“No they don’t!” laughed Hailey, shaking her head. “I was just joking — there’s no money in what I’m doing. But I don’t care, cause I love it. But how about you? What are you studying?”

Raymond was making a real effort to keep from staring at Hailey’s expansive hips and thick thighs, but when he tried to look away all he could see was Katherine. He felt surrounded by tall, strong, shapely women...he once again thanked the stars that he had thought to wear baggy shorts, because from the tightening against his boxers, he could tell he was definitely hardening again.

“Uh...I mean, well, I’m not sure, exactly,” he stammered. “I’ve been, uh...you know...trying out different things. Different subjects. Not really sure, uh, what I...want to really focus on, you know?”

“Oh I totally get it,” chuckled Hailey. Raymond stared helplessly at her body as it jiggled with her laughter. How had she gotten so big!? She looked like...she was...a full blown woman! Raymond looked down at his own pale skinny arms, and at his little legs that poked comically down like twigs out of his huge shorts. It was like life was playing a practical joke on him. He was stunted and everyone else had simply grown beyond him. He realized that he was just standing there, and he looked up, meeting Hailey’s eyes as she glanced down at him. There was kindness in her light blue eyes, yes...but also something like concern. Raymond could tell that she was feeling the reality of their size difference, but that she was too nice to say anything about it. But he couldn’t bear that muted concern in her expression; it made him feel even more childish than he already did. As the alcohol began working its fingers through his brain, he decided to just throw it all out in the open.

“Gosh, I feel so small here!” he laughed, trying to sound lighthearted. He indicated around to everyone — to Katherine, Wes, and the remaining gaggle of friends, to Ella, Gavin, and others who stood talking and gossiping in a different group, and to others he hadn’t met yet. “I mean...gosh, it seems like everyone’s just...uh, just grown up!”

“Yeah,” said Hailey with a soft smile, “I had noticed that you looked...um, a little smaller than I remembered.”

“You noticed?” asked Raymond a little too quickly. Not knowing why, he felt his dick push harder into his boxers.

“Well...I mean, yeah, Raymond,” said Hailey gently, in an apologetic tone. Even though she was speaking softly, Raymond could hear every word clearly over the driving bass music.

“Does it look bad?” he blurted out, throwing out any hint of his self-respecting veneer. “Was Ella right? Do I look...like...anorexic or something?”

“Ella can be a real bitch — you know that,” said Hailey, shaking her head. She surprised Raymond with her strong words. “You don’t look...like...uh, that anorexic or anything,” she added. But Raymond noticed that her words lost steam as she spoke them. It was like she was looking over him and realizing that yes, in fact, he looked unhealthily skinny.

“Just...just a little too skinny, then?” persisted Raymond.

“I mean,” said Hailey, shifting her weight a little as her hips and ass wobbled gently, “you do look pretty small, Raymond. Like...like if I’m being honest, yeah — I was kinda surprised to see you so...um, so skinny.” She waved her hand in the air, as if brushing it all aside. “But, like, if you’re healthy otherwise, don’t worry about it, Raymond. I mean, who cares, right? It’s just nice to see you.”

“It’s...it’s nice to see you too,” said Raymond. He was caught off-guard by how much he wanted to keep probing and prodding Hailey about his size. But right then they both turned toward Katherine and the two of them were re-absorbed into the larger circle.

“How much you got left in your cup, Raymond?” asked Katherine playfully. She showed him her empty cup.

“Uh, I’ve...I’ve got a ways to go,” he said.

“Well come on then!” she chided him, reaching out a long finger to poke him in the ribs. “I’m designating you as my drinking buddy tonight — we gotta keep pace with each other.”

“Umm, just how exactly is he supposed to keep pace with you?” laughed Wes. “You’re like twice his size Katherine.”

“Oh hush!” she giggled, shoving him in the shoulder. “Raymond and I can look after ourselves, thank you very much.” She turned and looked down at Raymond, giving him a flirtatious smile as she twirled around her empty cup. Those first few drinks were all she needed to decide — they were definitely gonna get into something tonight...her and Raymond. The latent feelings of attraction and arousal, the ones that focused on their incredible size difference, the ones that had been swirling around inside her head for days, were now quickly pushing themselves to the forefront of her mind.

‘God just look at his little face,’ she thought to herself lustily, and she found herself imagining how hot it would be if she shoved his scared little shocked face directly into her pussy. How hot it would be if she just held it there as his weak little arms flailed and beat against her meaty thighs. But she had to remember to control herself, to take it easy at first. There’d be plenty of time for fooling around a bit later on in the night. Right now she was feeling completely in control of everything — she was getting tipsy, and she already felt drunk off of everyone’s reactions to her new size and stature. It was just...so much fun, to exert such power over everyone...simply by standing there. And it was icing on the cake that she had sent Ella reeling back.

About half an hour later, they had all migrated to the living room, and they were sitting around in a big group, telling stories and laughing. It was still pretty dark in the room, with the only direct light coming from the red siren in one corner and the strobe light in another.

Everyone was at least tipsy, and a few people, including Ella, were getting noticeably drunk. Raymond had been sitting next to Katherine, trying to focus on not being too obviously hard through his pants, when he felt a strong pair of large hands suddenly grip him under his shoulders and lift him up off the ground.

"Wha...what!?" he said in alarm. He looked over at Katherine, who was deep in a conversation with Hailey and hadn't seemed to notice. He looked down and saw the forearms of the person who was lifting him. Olive skin...firm solid shape...Ella. He felt his insides go cold, even as his heart quickened. What was she doing??

"I've gotta get a few things straight, twiggy," she breathed into his ear. Even though he was tipsy himself, he smelled the strong alcohol on her breath. Had she been doing shots? His feet were dangling about a foot off the floor as Ella brought him over to a big armchair in the corner of the living room, and she parked herself in it, sitting down Raymond on her big thigh. Everyone else just kept talking away, engrossed in their conversations -- Ella had been sneaky. Even as Raymond sat this way, facing her striking face, he could see that he was still shorter than her by a few inches. She steadied him on her leg, wrapping her large hand around his shoulder and holding him fast.

"So," she said, her green eyes narrowing at him, "what's going on between you and Katherine?"

Chapter Eight

Katherine and Hailey had been immersed in a conversation about their studies, and what they planned on doing in their next few years of college and beyond.

“Wow, Haiti, huh?” said Hailey, impressed with Katherine’s ambitions to travel. “And here I felt like I was going out on a limb going to college in Virginia!”

“Haha, well everyone’s different,” laughed Katherine. She thought for a moment, trying in her tipsiness to come up with a reference that Hailey would appreciate. “I mean,” she said a moment later, “uh...didn’t, um...Faulkner never leave Mississippi or something?”

“Well, he actually lived all over the place,” chuckled Hailey. “As it happens, he even taught for a few years at UVA!”

“Wow,” said Katherine, slumping her shoulders comically. “Shows you how much I know.”

“It’s not your field!” laughed Hailey. “I mean, you’re already fluent in French — ”

“Not fluent!” grinned Katherine as she shook her head back and forth, sending her golden-brown hair swinging to and fro.

“Well, soon-to-be-fluent,” continued Hailey with a smile. “And you’re pre-law and taking all those classes...what are your classes like, anyway?”

“Oh they’re a big ol’ hodgepodge of stuff,” laughed Katherine, rolling her eyes. “Government, political science, philosophy, logic...uh...history....I even have an anthropology class this coming semester.”

“Gosh...yeah, I think you can be excused for not knowing the intricacies of William Faulkner’s life,” said Hailey, shaking her head humorously.

“Ha! Yeah...well, I always admired how good you were at English,” said Katherine, tipping back her solo cup and downing the rest of her drink. “So you wanna be a professor?”

Hailey finished her own drink in kind and put her cup down. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled ironically as she spread her hands out, miming helplessness. Katherine found herself staring at Hailey’s bare arms. She was impressed by her friend’s size — even though Hailey wasn’t nearly as muscular as she was, Katherine nonetheless could tell that Hailey had been staying active. Her form-fitting yellow dress betrayed a thick curvaceous figure that looked solid, and her toned rounded arms and soccer legs implied that she found time in her busy reading and writing schedule to exercise.

“I just don’t know what else I could do,” Hailey was saying, laughing at herself. “All I wanna do is read literature and talk about it with other people. And write...oh god, even though I hate it, I just have to do it every day. Otherwise I feel like a worthless sack of shit.”

“Oh come on, you can’t be too hard on yourself,” chided Katherine playfully, her eyes still on Hailey’s body. “I mean, come on — you go to UVA, you’re gonna be a professor, and you’re looking great! Are you still playing soccer?”

“Well, only intramural now,” said Hailey sheepishly. “Even though I still lift weights and run occasionally.”

“Well it shows!” said Katherine, indicating to Hailey’s body.

“Oh don’t tease me,” giggled Hailey, her cheeks darkening as she blushed. Her eyes danced quickly over Katherine’s upper body, which loomed impressively out of her black spaghetti-strap top. “My body’s nothing compared to yours, Katherine.”

“Stop it!” said Katherine. “No, no, I’m serious, Hailey — don’t put yourself down like that! You look fantastic!”

“You really think so?” asked Hailey, still sheepish. “I mean, I’ve gained quite a bit of weight since I started college.”

“So have I!” said Katherine. “You kidding!? I mean, I weigh over 190 now, and I used to be like 140 just a year and a half ago!”

“Guess how much I weigh,” said Hailey with a nervous smile.

“Oh...I don’t know,” said Katherine, enjoying the opportunity to once again scan her eyes slowly and purposefully over Hailey’s attractive body. Substantial hips, big ass, solid arms, developed biceps, triceps...killer legs...“How tall are you?”

Hailey let out a puff of laughter and bent in closely. “I’m just over 6 feet!” she whispered. “I feel like a giant all the time!”

“Tell me about it!” laughed Katherine. “Now, your weight...ummm...ummmmmm....170?”

Hailey blinked slowly as she let out another soft exhale of laughter. Katherine was amazed at her effortless voluptuousness — this girl was sexy. “174 this morning,” she whispered, laughing some more at herself as she sat back up and resumed her normal speaking voice. “I just don’t know what changed, but all of a sudden, when I got to college, any time after I exercised I just ate a shit ton of food. Like, more than I ever used to eat. I routinely polish off whole boxes of pasta meant for a full family of four...in one sitting, haha! The weight shows!”

“Yeah, but it’s good weight,” said Katherine. “You’re curvy! And look at those arms! I can see your muscles, girl! And, well...your legs have always been knockout...so...yeah.”

“You’re not just being nice?” ventured Hailey, her face getting even redder.

“No!” said Katherine vehemently. “You’re looking bangin’, Hailey!” Katherine didn’t know why, but Hailey’s shyness about her own body was actually starting to turn her on. There was something about the quiet self-conscious English major sporting a thick in-shape body that made Katherine suddenly want to push her up against the wall and make out with her. Hailey

locked eyes with Katherine, and for a moment both of them were blushing at each other and breathing a little hard. But Hailey looked away after a few moments, smiling timidly.

“Well...well I just think you look amazing, Katherine,” she said quietly as she looked down at her feet. “You...you were always hot, but...I never expected you to look like...like this.”

“Like some kind of person who dumps protein powder on everything and watches bodybuilding videos on youtube?” laughed Katherine, attempting to diffuse the seriousness of Hailey’s compliment.

“No...you just...you look like a goddess, Katherine,” said Hailey simply, looking down at her friend’s developed thighs, unable to meet her eyes. Katherine saw that Hailey’s blush had deepened, and had spread down her neck to her chest. Her clit twitched and buzzed a little in longing. She suddenly envisioned Hailey in between her thighs, only the top of her short brown crop of hair visible, vigorously sucking on her clit as Katherine came again and again into her face. Hailey’s face was drenched time and time again, but she only sucked harder, refusing to stop, closing her eyes tightly as she moaned out in determined pleasure.

Katherine blinked for a moment, and she actually let out something like a panted exhale. Hailey’s eyes lingered for a moment longer on Katherine’s thighs and then shot up again. The girls’ eyes locked again. ‘Oh it’s here alright,’ thought Katherine, reminding herself to stay calm. ‘There’s sexual energy here.’

This time it was Katherine’s turn to look away first. She felt that any prolonged eye contact might cause her to lose control and just start kissing Hailey right then and there. She looked down at her own full-length jeans, which her big legs filled completely, sculpting their fabric into her shape. But she felt Hailey’s eyes lingering on her, and she couldn’t help it — she brought her eyes back up, their eyes paired again, and then they suddenly burst out into giggles. They both knew. Katherine was feeling more brazen now. She looked down directly at Hailey’s cleavage, raised her eyebrows, and speared her tongue into the inside of her cheek, causing it to bulge outward. Katherine’s clear indication of attraction caused the shy girl to blush even further. Katherine’s clit twitched again, and she suddenly threw caution to the wind.

“You know Hailey,” said Katherine slowly, raising her eyes to her face, nostrils flaring, “your vulnerability is...really freaking me out right now.”

Hailey grinned broadly as her tongue worked on her lower lip. “Heeyyyy,” she said in mock-interrogation, “you’ve been watching *The Departed*, haven’t you?”

“I haven’t seen it in years!” laughed Katherine. Hailey had caught her plagiarism, but it didn’t matter. “But for some reason that line always stuck with me,” she continued. “I’ve always wanted to say it in the same way, and, well...here we are.”

“You know,” said Hailey, shuffling a little closer to Katherine on the sofa in a surprising show of boldness, “In that scene, after she says that line to Leonardo DiCaprio, you remember what happens next?” Their legs were touching now.

“Yeah,” breathed Katherine. Her heart was pounding now. “They...they...”

"They fuck," said Hailey, grinning impishly. Katherine looked down at her, shocked and aroused by Hailey's naughtiness. She reached out and put her hand on Hailey's exposed knee. But in a sudden whirl of backtracking, Katherine remembered Raymond. She didn't want him to feel left out. With her hand still on Hailey's knee, she turned around to look for him. Apparently he had gotten up, because she couldn't find him anywhere. She shrugged and turned back to Hailey; Raymond was probably just getting another drink or something...which reminded her, she needed to refresh her cup as well.

"Want a refill?" she asked Hailey, arching her eyebrow. The implication was that they should keep going down this path.

"Yeah!" said Hailey. She shook her foot free from her platform sandal and brushed her bare toes up against Katherine's lower leg. Katherine looked down at her leg, and then back up at Hailey, who was staring up at her in pretend innocence. Katherine pursed her lips and blew a long "o" of air out, smiling as she accepted Hailey's empty cup and made her way to the kitchen.

'This is incredible!' she thought excitedly as she ladled more of the hunch punch into their cups. 'Me and Hailey Winthrow...just...just flirting like a bunch of horny school girls!' Katherine was cognizant of her alcohol intake, and how much it was probably helping to lubricate her interaction with Hailey in more ways than one.

'But who cares?' she thought happily. 'We're all getting drunk — we all know what we're doing. There's nothing wrong with using it to have a little fun!' It's just that she hadn't expected to be having this kind of interaction with Hailey Winthrow of all people. But through all the glittering newness of the situation, Katherine thought back to Raymond...where was he, anyway? She still definitely wanted to experiment with him later on tonight; she wondered whether watching her make out with Hailey would somehow turn Raymond off to her. But she dismissed this thought fairly quickly from her mind.

'Oh come on Katherine,' she chided herself, 'of course he'll like it. Maybe it'll confuse him, but it won't...like, turn him off or anything, surely.' Katherine giggled a bit at herself as she kept spooning the punch into the cups, thinking about what Raymond's reaction would be if she and Hailey were making out and then invited Raymond to join them as they went to one of the bedrooms in Wes's parents' house.

"I see you 'n Hailey are having...quite the time over there on the...on the sofa!" slurred a voice behind her. Katherine turned quickly and saw that Steve was standing there directly behind her, almost uncomfortably close.

"Jesus Steve! You startled me!" said Katherine. She immediately could tell that he was uncontrollably drunk, by the way he was standing and from that idiotic smile on his face that conveyed the complete loss of his inhibitions. He was leering at her. She felt a wave of aggressive disgust pass through her, but instead of answering him directly she merely stood up taller, as tall as she could as she looked down at him. At 5'6, Steve's eyes were just below Katherine's big breasts. Her vigorous hips were almost as high as his shoulders, a height difference she emphasize by sticking her hips out in one direction, almost knocking into him.

"What's that you were saying?" asked Katherine from far above.

“You...and Hailey,” sputtered Steve, laughing stupidly as his rotund body swayed in place. “I was watching you t...you two over there. Mmmhmm!” He took his palms and smushed them together, rubbing them on each other, as if miming her and Hailey’s bodies. Katherine felt almost transported by the desire to reach down and grab Steve by the throat, but she looked over his head and back into the living room. Hailey was sitting there on the sofa, all alone, in her pretty yellow dress, looking around awkwardly at the rest of the party. Katherine felt her heart throb — god Hailey was cute. And strange and awkward and...apparently a little lascivious too, when she had a few drinks.

Katherine started walking towards her, holding both full solo cups easily in her one hand, forgetting all about Steve as she sidestepped his squat body with her large legs.

“D-don’t...don’t think I don’t see you two!” came Steve’s sagging, garbled voice from underneath her breasts. “Don’t think I — ” But Katherine had had enough of his obnoxious and repulsive attitude. She turned carefully around, so as not to spill the drinks, bent down, very deliberately fastened her hand around Steve’s throat, and squeezed with insistent pressure. Steve attempted to keep speaking, but found that no sound would come out. He tried to breathe, but he found that impossible as well. Katherine was choking him. He brought his hands up to hers and tried to pry her off his throat, but there was no way he was moving her hand, not even with two of his struggling with increasing desperation.

“Listen Steve,” said Katherine down to him as calmly as she could, her face very near his. “I don’t like your attitude right now. It’s grossing me out, and it’s pissing me off. I don’t want you to talk to me the rest of the night, ok? Otherwise I’m going to choke you like this again, but I won’t stop. You got that? I need you to nod your head.” Steve nodded his head, and Katherine smirked down at him, keeping her grip on his throat for a few more seconds to emphasize her point. His eyes were big and bulging in fear, his fat face was beet-red, and the sweat was beading on his forehead and trickling down his unshaven cheeks. He looked like a fat little pig.

She let him go, and he gasped out, heaving deep breaths of air. Several people looked over at the commotion, but it was loud enough and people were drunk enough that this small altercation largely passed by unnoticed. Katherine stood up to her full height and walked straight past Steve. She was proud of herself for not going too far there...the little shit was trying to exert power over her, trying to remind her that she was not free to have any interaction (especially a lesbian one) without him getting a voyeuristic sexual thrill out of it. That was what his drunk little brain was trying to tell her — that her interaction with Hailey was for his pleasure, and that the two of them, even though they were both at least half a foot taller than him and surely stronger as well, were just sexual pawns in the lewd puppet show going on in his head.

“Had a little run-in with Steve?” chuckled Hailey as Katherine sat back down, handing her one of the solo cups.

“Little shithead,” muttered Katherine, shaking her head. “Apparently he can’t handle two women being affectionate in front of him.”

“Oh yeah?” said Hailey. Katherine’s heart jumped a little as she saw the glint in Hailey’s eye. Before Katherine realized what was happening, Hailey had shimmied her big ass over on the sofa, leaned up, and kissed Katherine directly on the mouth. The two girls closed their eyes for a moment as they both leaned into the kiss. Katherine felt her mouth parting into Hailey’s as

their full lips gently caressed each other, their tongues butting heads affectionately at first, and then sliding and squirming gently into each other a few seconds later. Both girls heard what sounded like a din of reaction around them, but in that moment neither of them cared.

Katherine was totally taken by the impromptu make-out, and would've continued the kiss for much longer had Hailey not broken away. "How about that?" giggled Hailey, sticking out her tongue playfully at Katherine. "You think he can handle that?"

"I...I could barely handle that," panted Katherine with wide eyes, staring at Hailey with evident lust. "H-Hailey...I...we...can we...mmmmm....yeah." She stopped talking and just sat there with a big smile on her face.

"Yeah?" Hailey asked, arching her eyebrows as she smiled in kind up at Katherine. She held her drink up, indicating that Katherine should cheers her. "Well here's to liquid courage. I sure as hell wouldn't've had the courage to do that if I was sober."

"Well...haha, yeah! Here's to that!" laughed Katherine. The two girls cheers-ed with their cups and drank a few gulps of the punch.

"Girl on girl action — yeah!" called Gavin from another group of people, all of whom were looking at Katherine and Hailey.

"Oh quit it, Gavin!" scolded Katherine. He was doing the same thing as Steve, albeit less drunkenly and obnoxiously. She turned back to Hailey, and both girls made wide eyes at each other and shook their heads humorously. Katherine suddenly thought of Raymond again. Where the hell was he? She scanned around the room, looking everywhere aside from the armchair in the corner that was largely obscured by a big lamp. She did happen to see the latter end of long tan legs coming from the armchair...Ella. Katherine chuckled to herself.

'Guess Ella drank too much and passed out already,' she thought, feeling glad that she wouldn't have to be dealing with her bitchy energy anymore.

"Looking for Raymond?" asked Hailey. Katherine snapped back and looked at Hailey. There must have been something slightly troubled in her face, because Hailey smiled and put her hand up.

"Look, Katherine, if there's anything more happening between you two, I don't want to, you know...get in the way or anything. I...I just really felt like kissing you right then."

"Oh! No!" said Katherine quickly, and perhaps with greater energy than she intended. "No, Hailey — I mean...I mean, yeah that was...awesome." She laughed and blushed as she took another sip from her cup. The alcohol was really flowing through her blood now. "And...and, like, I don't know what you're doing later tonight," she continued, "but...well, let's just say I'd like more of that."

"Me too," said Hailey softly, blinking slowly.

"And," continued Katherine, "and..." She stopped for a moment. She was considering telling Hailey all about her thought process around Raymond, and how he had been making her feel

recently...all her thoughts of domination, of size comparison...all of it. But she had stopped because she was afraid that it might sound weird coming out, or worse, that it would somehow chase Hailey away.

“Well?” said Hailey with a wry grin. “Don’t stop now. What’s on your mind?”

Katherine blew out a little chuckle. She’d tell her — what the hell, right? “It’s a little weird,” she said. “And I’m afraid you’re gonna think I’m a freak or something.”

“Katherine, come on,” said Hailey, tipping her drink a little too much so that it spilled a tiny bit on her dress. “Oops! Uh...yeah! Come on, Katherine! You’re talking to the girl who’s reading *The 120 Days of Sodom* for one of my classes. I’m pretty sure I can handle whatever you’re about to say.”

“What’s that, a book?” asked Katherine.

“Oh yes,” said Hailey, nodding her head up and down. “About all kinds of unimaginably depraved sexual acts. And I’m not just talking BDSM — I mean like, coprophagia, dactyphilia, exhibitionism, scat, torture, the list goes on and on.”

“Well, I know what scat means!” laughed Katherine, feeling an immense wave of relief pass over her. She wasn’t gonna scare this girl away. “What’s dactyphilia?”

“Sexual arousal to tears or crying,” said Hailey impressively, her eyebrows going up.

“Woowww,” said Katherine.

“Yeah, pretty fucked up, right?” chuckled Hailey. “But I don’t know...I actually like the book. Something about the idea of just...abandoning yourself to sexual pleasure in whatever form...I mean...there’s something pretty attractive about that, isn’t there?”

“Well,” said Katherine with growing excitement, “that’s actually exactly what I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Oh?” said Hailey, pivoting as she discarded her other sandal and changed position on the sofa, sitting crosslegged so that her calves and hamstrings were squeezed together in sensuous bulges. She was now directly facing Katherine and holding her solo cup with two hands. Katherine was once again blown away by how cute she was in all her little movements — she moved with the shyness of a fairy, even as she was talking about all this sexual deviancy stuff.

“Well,” said Katherine, gathering herself, “I noticed something when I came back home a couple weeks ago and saw Raymond for the first time.”

“That must have been quite a shock for him!” laughed Hailey.

“Ha! Well, it was for me too,” said Katherine. “I mean, I don’t want to sound mean, but I was just...shocked by how small he seemed.”

"Yeah, I noticed it too," said Hailey. "I know that we've definitely gotten bigger, but I'm pretty sure...certain, actually, that Raymond's gotten smaller."

"No question," agreed Katherine. "I think he's just been smoking weed and playing video games all year. He's not eating well, he never exercises...I mean, Hailey — you remember his younger sister Clara?"

"Uh yeah, I think I met her once a few years back," said Hailey. "Short skinny little thing. But a spark plug, if I remember correctly."

"Well, the spark plug has been growing," said Katherine. "She weighs more than Raymond now, and she's just about as tall as him too."

"No kidding!" giggled Hailey. "Oh man, I bet that drives him crazy."

"It'll drive him crazier when she starts really exercising," said Katherine. "I taught them both how to lift weights earlier today, but I'm pretty sure only Clara's gonna make a habit out of it. Raymond's just so listless, so...low energy now." She was speaking in a low voice to Hailey, not wanting to advertise her feelings to the rest of the room, or embarrass Raymond.

"He did kind of seem that way to me," said Hailey thoughtfully. "And the poor guy seemed pretty self-conscious about his size."

"He did?" asked Katherine quickly. "How so?"

"Well, he just kinda brought it up to me...you know, how big everyone looked from his perspective. I think Ella really got to him. And I tried to reassure him, but...he kept kind of pressing me to spell out the exact reality of how small he is compared to everyone else. I mean, it's pretty obvious, right? Why did he need to hear it from me?"

"I think I know, Hailey," said Katherine, feeling the excited heat build in her face. "And it connects directly to what I was gonna say about my own feelings around Raymond. So I notice that he's clearly...obviously...shorter and smaller than me, right?"

"Right," said Hailey.

"And right before I eat dinner with him and his family, our arms happen to line up, and I get to just, you know...see the size difference, right? As plain as day."

"Mhmm," nodded Hailey.

"And...and I felt this twinge in my clit! This...uh, I don't know what to call it. An awakening, maybe? Something about seeing how much bigger and stronger my arm looked next to his just...got me going."

"It aroused you," offered Hailey.

“Yeah!” said Katherine. “Something about how weak he looked next to me. Like...if I didn’t know any better I would’ve said that I was comparing myself to a 12-year old boy. But I’m not, like, a pedophile or anything, it’s just — ”

“The fact that he’s actually older than you, yet he looks so much younger and...punier?” ventured Hailey.

“Yes, exactly!” nodded Katherine. “Exactly, Hailey! And since then, it’s just been like...germinating in my mind, and...I can’t ignore it.” She looked around to make sure that Raymond still wasn’t around listening to the conversation, and then leaned in closer to Hailey. “I’ve seen how he looks at me since I’ve been back. I’ve seen him popping erections just by looking at me, Hailey. I know he probably feels conflicted about it, but he can’t deny it. He’s turned on by my big body, and how much bigger and taller than him I’ve become. That’s why he was asking you those questions, Hailey. Because you dwarf him too! And he gets a little alcohol in him and he can’t help himself. I know he has these submissive thoughts. And...and I just wanna dominate the shit out of him.”

“Woowww!” breathed Hailey. She blinked again slowly and seemed lost in thought. A few moments passed silently.

“Well,” said Katherine, getting a little anxious, “what do you think? Too weird?”

“Haha, no Katherine!” laughed Hailey. “I was just thinking about what that would look like. Honestly, I’d be lying if I said it wasn’t pretty hot.”

“You think so?” asked Katherine, feeling her chest expand in excitement.

“Well yeah!” said Hailey brightly. “I’m totally into the power dynamics there. Big tall assertive female dominates small short passive male...oh yeah, I can appreciate that.”

“So...haha god, I don’t know why I’m so nervous asking you this,” laughed Katherine.

“Go on, go on!” giggled Hailey.

“So...would you be interested in...uh...maybe participating in something like that...tonight?” asked Katherine.

“Oh! Uh...sure!” said Hailey, acting a bit caught off-guard.

“I mean, it’s totally cool if you don’t — ” said Katherine quickly, her face reddening quickly.

“No! No, I’m game!” said Hailey almost as quickly. She paused a moment, took a breath, and continued. “Honestly, Katherine, I’m up for pretty much anything that involves...you know...seeing you naked...getting to touch you...and kiss you some more.” Hailey was blushing furiously again, and she reached out her hand and drew her finger across Katherine’s bare arm.

“Ohhhh Jesus,” moaned Katherine softly, her eyebrows going up and meeting each other as she heaved difficult breaths. “How did I not know about you before, Hailey?”

"We've both grown a lot since high school," said Hailey, winking at her, "in more ways than one. And, again, just being totally honest, I'm intrigued by this whole power dynamic between you and Raymond. I don't know how much of it I could embrace myself, but who knows? Maybe I'll end up feeling aroused by it in the same way that you are. I mean, I can definitely have some fun embracing the more active sexual role."

"I've seen that!" said Katherine with a wide smile, showing her teeth. "I just...wow, Hailey Winthrow. I never would've expected it from you."

"And I never would've expected Katherine Lloyd to grow into the most glorious, amazonian woman I've ever seen," returned Hailey.

"Well, then we're both surprised!" laughed Katherine. The two women made playful glances at each other again and then Katherine broke away briefly to sip her drink.

"Wait a minute," she said suddenly, "wasn't Raymond supposed to be my drinking buddy tonight?"

"Looks like he fled the responsibility," chuckled Hailey.

"Well the little guy's not gonna get away with this," said Katherine, feeling her lust build. She wanted all three of them to finish their drinks and find a bedroom. "Where is he?" Hailey watched as Katherine scanned the room again, and then stood up, walking a few paces right and left to try and locate him.

Her eyes fell on the legs in the corner armchair again...Ella's legs. Except this time Katherine saw the rest of her. She wasn't passed out. She was wide awake and intensely interrogating a skinny guy on her lap...Raymond.

Chapter Nine

“Wh-what are you talking about?” asked Raymond, feeling exposed and helpless on Ella’s lap. He made a panicked and disordered move to escape, but her large hand tightened behind the back of his neck, while her other hand wrapped around his thigh, holding him securely in place. Raymond could not fail to notice how easily Ella’s big hand encircled him — he glanced down and saw that her palm alone covered the width of his leg...and that wasn’t even counting her long fingers. He shivered in fearful awe at the size comparison, and he wondered whether she could actually wrap her entire hand around his thigh. He was getting aroused against his will, and he struggled again to free himself. Ella, however, was far too strong, and held him down easily.

“You’re not going anywhere Raymond,” she chuckled drunkenly, shaking her head with exaggeration. “You’re gonna stay right here and answer my question. What’s going on with you and Katherine?”

“N-nothing!” squealed Raymond, trying to turn his head to look across the room at Katherine. She still appeared to be deeply embroiled in a conversation with Hailey, and was not aware of his predicament. Still holding the back of his neck, Ella maneuvered her strong fingers up to the base of his skull, effortlessly turning his face away from the rest of the room so that he was forced to stare directly into her chin. Her smirking, full-lipped mouth filled his vision. Even though he was sitting on her lap, she was still taller than him by a good few inches.

“No, no, don’t look over to Katherine for help,” said Ella. “You’re not getting out of this, little guy. Answer me!”

“I—I already, uh...told you, Ella!” Raymond said again, attempting to sound resolute and brave. “There’s...there’s nothing going on between us!”

“Hmmm, that’s not what I see,” purred Ella, caressing the bottom of his head with her fingers. “I see the way that you two are looking at each other. You can barely speak in her presence, haha! What’s it like, Raymond, to have your ex-girlfriend totally outgrow you?”

“I...uh, what are you — ” fumbled Raymond, but Ella cut him off.

“Yeah, it must be quite a shock for you, seeing how everyone here has grown up and left you behind. Hahaha, oh my god Raymond, what the fuck have you been doing this past year? It looks like you’ve been starving yourself in some dark cave, haha! Your skin looks horrible!”

“Can...can you knock it off, Ella?” pleaded Raymond. When he was sober, Ella was already far too much for him to handle, but now that he was drunk, he felt utterly vulnerable to her increasingly vicious and pointed attacks.

“Like, how much do you weigh, Raymond?” giggled Ella, her tongue sticking into the side of her cheek as she looked down at him. “Jesus, look at your thigh!” She suddenly pulled back his baggy cargo shorts, exposing his bare thigh to the open air. She made a fist and extended out her forearm next to it. Even though Raymond’s thigh was thicker than her forearm, it didn’t appear to be by too much. His pale white skin looked sickly and juvenile next to her tanned, vibrant, shining skin.

“Good god, dude! You’re a little shrimp!” cackled Ella. “Your leg isn’t much bigger than my freaking forearm!”

“Ok...ok I get it, Ella,” Raymond said earnestly. He badly wanted her to stop comparing herself to him, because he was starting to really get hard in his pants. He prayed that Ella wouldn’t notice.

“And, I mean, if we actually line our legs up together — ” said Ella mirthfully, grabbing Raymond by the waist and pivoting his body around so that they were facing the same direction, “—forget it! Hahaha, look at that!” Raymond couldn’t help himself; he knew that looking down would be counterproductive to his intentions, but the alcohol and his already-building arousal overpowered his rational decision making. Besides, he could already feel Ella’s size under him. He looked down. Ella’s thighs were definitely not as big or as muscled as Katherine’s, but they were nonetheless the thighs of a 6’4 amazon who stayed in shape. They were thick, voluptuous, and toned, and they absolutely dwarfed Raymond’s.

“My one thigh is as big as both of yours!” Ella burst out, laughing at his expense. Raymond’s body was shaking from her laughter. “Hahaha, my leg can totally dominate your legs! You look like a child next to me!”

“S-stop it Ella!” said Raymond desperately. All this talk of domination was really working on his cock, and it made it even worse that Ella didn’t even seem to be aware of the effect she was having on him. Everything she was saying just came to her naturally — she wasn’t trying to elicit any kind of reaction out of him other than pure shame and embarrassment. The purity of her naturally dominant drive made Raymond even harder, and his cock started to tent up into his baggy shorts.

“What d’ ya’ say you weighed again?” she laughed, slurring her words a little as she spun him back around to face her once more.

“I...uh, I...I weigh 130,” said Raymond. At least, he had a few weeks ago. His mind flashed to Clara, lording her weight over at him as she loomed over him in her heels for homecoming, a couple inches taller. He felt quick revulsion at himself for thinking of his sister in a moment like this, but he couldn’t help but feel that Ella’s persistent drive to shame him was reminiscent of Clara. Deep down, he knew that he probably had lost a few pounds since he had last weighed himself.

“130?!” burst out Ella. “Bull shit! You weigh like 120 tops!”

“W-well...well how much do you weigh, Ella?” Raymond shot back, attempting to deflect her attention away from him. In reality, though, he was already hopelessly hard, and asking Ella her weight served more to turn himself on further than anything else. He had given in to his baser urges.

“Well, probably not as much as your precious Katherine,” returned Ella. “But I know I have your little scrawny body by at least 50 pounds. God you’re such a pipsqueak!”

Raymond didn't know how to respond to Ella's merciless teasing, so he at least contented himself by looking a little down, straight into her impressive C-cup boobs. Ella had this darkly alluring quality, with her long, straight, jet-black hair, her tanned olive skin, and her dark green eyes, that Raymond was all of a sudden starting to appreciate in a way he hadn't before. It was probably the alcohol flowing freely through his brain, but as he stared forward into her smirking mouth, he suddenly started to enjoy himself.

"Oh my god, are you hard?!" came Ella's incredulous voice. She abruptly reached her hand out and fumbled it around in his crotch — it didn't take long for her hand to find his erection, and she wrapped her fingers around it, holding onto it tightly through his pants.

"You are!" she laughed. "You are hard! Hahaha, wow Raymond! After all my insults and put-downs, and still you're hard!"

"I mean...c-can you really be surprised?" asked Raymond, surprising himself with his boldness under Ella's pressure. He felt his mouth crack into a smile.

"You little devil," sneered Ella, not bothering to hide her appreciation of the compliment. "You think flattery is gonna get you out of this?"

"Out of...out of what?" asked Raymond, smiling even wider. He couldn't believe that he was suddenly facing up to Ella like this, seemingly without effort. He thought of Katherine — she would be proud of him for sure.

Ella pursed her mouth tightly and stared intently into Raymond's face. She was having to regroup herself a little after Raymond's unexpected burst of confidence. Her eyes focused and unfocused a little bit, but after a second or two she released his hard cock and reached her hand back behind his neck, tightening her hold once more. "Out of this, you little wimp!" she laughed. "Out of answering my question — I think it's bullshit that there's nothing happening between you and Katherine! And" — she looked down at his dick poking up through his shorts "...and I think I know what's going on now!"

"Uhh..what...what's going on now?" asked Raymond, feeling the energy quickly draining out of his counterattack.

"Ha! It's obvious now!" laughed Ella. "You get off to being a wimpy, submissive little bitch! And big confident women like Katherine...and like me...women who are so far out of your league that it's just laughable to...to even think about...We make you feel the smallest, the most submissive. We put you in your place, little boy!" Ella laughed roughly and shook Raymond by the neck — his entire body vibrated with her force, showing how beholden he was to her physical power. Raymond could do nothing but keep his mouth shut and hope for Katherine to come save him. The sudden sound of people hooting and hollering came up, and Raymond tried to look around at the source of the noise. Ella, however, held him fast.

"What's going on Ella?" he asked. He could see that she was looking toward the source of the noise, and her eyebrows had gone up. "Come on, let me go!"

"Wow," breathed Ella, momentarily shocked by what she was seeing. "I didn't see that one coming."

“Didn’t see what coming?” asked Raymond, struggling to turn around. But Ella wouldn’t let him. She was just staring forward, seemingly lost in what she was witnessing.

“Your girlfriend is making out with Hailey Winthrow,” said Ella matter-of-factly.

“She’s not my...wait, what?!” came Raymond’s halting voice. “Let me see!”

“Well, too late, it’s over,” said Ella. “Wow...that’s very interesting.” She seemed to be lost in thought.

“They were kissing?” asked Raymond. His mind was already swimming from the alcohol, but now it was swimming even more. It didn’t make any sense.

“Oh no, they weren’t just kissing,” said Ella. “They were making out...like, hardcore. Like they were lesbians or something.”

“But...but, I don’t...I, uh...” stammered Raymond. He didn’t know why, but this sudden news was upsetting him. He felt left out. He felt like Katherine had abandoned him, left him behind, so she could be free to mess around with other people, better people...people like Hailey who, unlike him, looked, sounded, and acted like adults.

“See?” giggled Ella, grabbing his chin and forcing him to look up into her piercing green eyes. “I told you there was something going on between you two! You’re upset, aren’t you, Raymond? You thought that you and Katherine were gonna be hooking up tonight, huh? That’s what you were expecting? Hahaha!” Ella leaned her big head down so that her full lips were brushing his ear; Raymond didn’t think it was possible in his inebriated state, but he felt himself get even harder still. If Ella kept teasing him like this, he was going to make a mess in his pants.

“I think you need a little wake-up call, Raymond. If you think, for one second, that someone like Katherine is interested in having sex with someone like you, you’re fucking dreaming. Hahaha, the nerve of some boys, thinking that they have a chance with girls like us!”

“Y-you’re...you’re nothing like Katherine!” Raymond blurted out, feeling like his defenses were collapsing fast.

“Uh, pretty sure we share plenty of things,” said Ella. “Super tall, super fit...I mean, yeah, Katherine’s bigger than me, but who cares? I can obviously still manhandle you...uh, let’s see...super confident, the world literally at our feet, haha, yeah. I wouldn’t expect you to understand, Raymond, but when you’re a tall, hot, thick, curvy girl who loves to wear heels, you just...exist in a different world. People look at you like you’re a goddess — and you are! I mean, come on, look at me — I can get any man I want just by making eye contact with him. One little look and boom! He’s wrapped around my finger. How could you have any concept what that’s like? What that kind of power is?”

Ella lolled her head to the side, cocking it down at Raymond as she looked at him searchingly. Even though she was definitely drunk, her inebriation didn’t in any way seem to dampen the intensity of her abuse towards Raymond. Actually, it was only working to strip away any social pretense that may have existed before — her words cut like knives into his psyche, and every

word and movement she made seemed designed to make him feel small and inferior. As she looked down sideways into his face, Raymond could see the unadulterated purpose shining darkly through her eyes — she was looking for his shame and embarrassment...hunting for it... like it was some kind of nourishing victual for her big body.

Raymond dropped his eyes and looked into Ella's stomach, right underneath her protruding breasts. He was starting to feel numb from her persistent assaults, even as his cock remained painfully hard.

"Haha, what if I just decided to fuck you right now?" laughed Ella suddenly. She reached back down and once again took ahold of Raymond's cock, wrapping her big hand easily around it through his shorts. "You wouldn't be able to do anything to stop me, would you?"

"Ella...I...p-please," begged Raymond. A part of him was hoping that this was just another power play on her part, to mock and tease his helplessness, but another part of him...felt differently. He saw the seriousness behind the mocking smile on her face, and he started to feel the pins and needles under his skin buzz and prick with anticipation. He immediately imagined himself on a bed in a dark room, with the crushing weight of Ella's massive body on top of his, as she held him down and fucked him mercilessly with roll after roll of her thick hips. It actually didn't sound that bad...and of course she would be spitting insults down at him as she used his body for her own pleasure...she would be mocking him for his inability to resist her, for the fact that, even as she dominated and humiliated him, he stayed hard for her.

After his initial halfhearted plea, Raymond had lapsed into silence for a few moments as she imagined Ella raping him. Really, it wouldn't be so much rape as...well, it would be...but would it be, really? Raymond didn't really feel like he knew anything anymore. His mind was doing somersaults in on itself.

"Hmm, that's it? That's all you gotta say to that?" probed Ella, bringing her face closer down to his so that it was only inches away. Raymond felt like he had to look up at her again. Her dark green eyes held his effortlessly, and still more blood pumped into his throbbing member.

"Oh yes," she whispered down at him. "I think you want that. I think you want it, Raymond. I can see it in your submissive little face. You want me to fuck your brains out, don't you?"

All of this was new territory for Ella. She was not in the habit of speaking to men she was not attracted to. And yet...she had to admit that she was finding this whole situation quite enjoyable. She liked teasing Raymond like this — it made it that much more fun when she knew that he could do nothing physically to overpower her. Ella often teased and flirted with men who were taller, bigger, and stronger than her, who actually had it within their power and inclination to make her physically submit to them. But this...this was completely different. Here was a small inferior guy who she could actually tease and control and manipulate, without having to worry about him growing tired of her games and either escaping or turning them back around on her by physically dominating her. She was in complete control; and as she stared down into Raymond's eyes and started massaging and teasing her fingers into the flesh of his back and his legs, she realized that she was actually feeling aroused herself. The prospect of making this little guy submit to her, and then taking him completely, was actually making her wet.

Raymond didn't answer her. His mouth was getting increasingly dry. In the absence of having any firm grasp on anything emotionally at the moment, he just wished that he could have some more of the hunch punch.

"Haha, you're not even gonna try and deny it!" laughed Ella. She suddenly started bouncing her knee up and down rapidly. It was more out of drunken excitement at first, but pretty quickly she realized how much she loved seeing Raymond's body shake as it went up and down to the rhythm of her leg. She bounced her her knee harder.

"Ohhh boy, look at that!" she teased. "I could do this all night, Raymond. I'm bouncing your entire body with my foot. Haha, like, I'm lifting your whole body over and over with a single calf muscle. How does that make you feel?"

"Uhhhhh," said Raymond, his voice shaking and bouncing humorously with Ella's movement. He had to smile — it was all so ridiculous. The sound of his voice bouncing and caroming around was icing on the cake. Ella burst out laughing. She stopped her knee suddenly.

"Well?" she asked. Raymond opened his mouth to speak.

"Uh, it makes me feel prettttyyyy smaalllllll." He descended into laughter, because Ella had once again resumed her knee bouncing.

"What did you say?" she chided. "I didn't quite catch that."

Gavin had suddenly wandered over to the two of them. His 6'1 frame was slouching and stumbling through the darkness of the living room; he looked thoroughly drunk.

"Heeeyyy Ella," he slurred, coming over and leaning heavily against the armchair. "Whaass... whasss goin' on with youuu?"

"What do you want Gavin?" she asked sharply, looking up at him with unfiltered irritation. Ella was definitely drunk, but Gavin had gone off the deep end and seemed utterly wasted.

"Sooo...you know...about that thing we tal...talked about..." he said, smiling down at her stupidly.

"What thing, Gavin?" she snapped. "What are you talking about?" Raymond suddenly realized that Ella was annoyed at Gavin for intruding on the time they were having. In the midst of the confused cyclone of emotions swirling around inside his head, he felt clearly and undeniably proud.

"Sex!" blurted Gavin. He smiled and laughed drunkenly. "You know...me and you, and a little —" and here Gavin made a circle with one of his hands and proceeded to stick the forefinger of his other hand in and out of the hole, crudely miming intercourse.

"Haha! You're fucking dreaming, Gavin!" burst out Ella. "Not a chance."

"You...you can't be s-serious," slurred Gavin. His head tumbled to the side and for the first time he looked at Raymond.

“Whassshe...wass he doin’ on your lap?” Gavin ventured, clearly confused.

“What do you care?” shot back Ella. “Is Raymond blocking the way to something you want, hmhhh?”

“Why...why are you doin’ stuff with him, anyway?” asked Gavin, squinting his eyes at Ella. “You’re into him?”

“Maybe I am, Gavin,” she said, raising her eyebrows. “Whatcha gonna do about it, huh? You gettin’ a little jealous? You sad that I’m not gonna tease that little cock of yours with my tongue tonight?”

“Isssna...issnat little, Ella!” protested Gavin. He and Ella had hooked up a few times before, and even though he was only slightly smaller than average, Ella got a big kick out of humiliating him.

“Hmmm,” Ella mused out loud. She suddenly reached down and grabbed Raymond’s cock again through his pants. “Ha!” she laughed. “Look at that, Gavin! I think little twiggy here’s got you beat!” She laughed as she shook Raymond’s cock through his shorts, the tendons and veins bulging a little in her big hand. Raymond gritted his teeth and reminded himself not to cum, even as his face flushed crimson with embarrassment.

“Grosssss,” said Gavin, and stood back up.

“Why don’t you get outta here, Gavin?” asked Ella. She wanted to go back to playing with Raymond without having Gavin’s annoying and leering form skulking around.

“How about Katherine and Hailey, huh?” he asked suddenly, apparently ignoring what Ella had just said. “Pretty hot, rightttt?”

“Oh shut the fuck up Gavin!” snapped Ella. It was suddenly clear to Raymond that Katherine and Hailey’s make-out had made Ella feel a certain way, enough to elicit this kind of strong reaction. Could it be that she was...jealous...? Of the attention they had gotten maybe? Or...or maybe...jealous for some other reason...? Raymond didn’t really know what he was thinking.

Gavin sniggered and slunk off. The brief respite from the impromptu and playful dynamic Ella and Raymond had developed seemed to take the wind out of their sails...they both just sat there for a few quiet moments, Ella on the armchair and Raymond in her lap. Both of them were taking stock in what had happened, and where they both stood. Neither of them was quite sure what was going on — Raymond was accustomed to feeling awkward and silent, but for Ella this all felt uncomfortably new.

“Uhhh,” said Raymond, surprising himself by breaking the silence. “I guess he’s not getting what he wanted tonight, huh?”

Ella blew out a derisive little laugh. “What a drunken ass. The fucking nerve...we fuck a couple times and then all of a sudden that’s all he can think about when he sees me. It’s fucking pathetic. You know what I think it is, Raymond?”

“Uhh...what is it?” he asked, surprised that Ella was talking to him earnestly.

“Guys think that when we have sex with them, it’s like we’re throwing our entire selves into them, validating every single aspect of their existence. You get what I’m saying?”

“Yeah!” said Raymond, nodding his head, totally in the dark about what Ella was talking about.

“And then, every single moment after that,” continued Ella, “when the same guy wants sex but doesn’t get it, it’s like we’re rejecting them, body and soul. Like, they hinge every ounce of their self worth on whether or not they get to stick their hard little cocks inside the same vagina again. Have you ever heard anything so pathetic and narrow-minded?”

“Uh, no, not really,” said Raymond, feeling like he may as well just humor Ella. There was a pause in the conversation, and then Ella spoke up again.

“You’re different, Raymond,” she blurted. She laughed. “I mean, maybe it’s just because you’re so, like...small and weak, that you don’t act that way, but...you’re different. You’re like...actually into being dominated. None of this whole ‘I’m gonna show you the time of your life with my 5-inch cock’ bullshit.” She looked down at him seriously for a moment and then laughed again. “You know something? It’s actually kind of refreshing.”

“Ummm...good!” was all that Raymond could manage. Ella smiled down at him, and Raymond almost felt weirded out by how...genuine she seemed. She looked up past his head and her smile fell. Raymond immediately felt her hands loosening on his body. He turned around in her lap and his heart stopped. Katherine was standing there, looking aggressive and pissed off.

“What’s going on here, Ella?” she challenged, putting her hands on her hips. Raymond gawked at her body. Her body seemed like it was barely contained by her black spaghetti-strap top and her form-fitting jeans. His cock had drooped a little, but now it was back up to full mast.

“N-nothing Katherine!” said Ella, patting Raymond on the back. She sounded a little afraid. “We were just...talking a little bit.”

“Just talking, hmmm?” asked Katherine. She did not look pleased.

“It’s...it’s ok, Katherine — it’s actually, uh...been kinda fun,” said Raymond. He turned around and locked eyes with Ella, and in that instant they seemed to have some kind of an understanding.

“Umm...ok,” said Katherine, clearly confused and a little put-off. She turned around and Raymond and Ella saw that she was making eye contact with Hailey across the room. Katherine shrugged her shoulders at her. Hailey seemed to be in a bubbly mood, and gave Katherine a “thumbs-up.”

“Uhh,” said Katherine a little awkwardly, turning back to them. “I uh...I don’t wanna interrupt anything but — ”

“You and Hailey wanna have a threesome with Raymond,” said Ella flatly. Raymond felt himself go completely still. Katherine likewise froze. The seconds of tense silence that ensued proved Ella right. Katherine raised her eyebrows and folded her arms across her chest.

“Well, yeah,” she said simply.

Ella looked to Raymond for an instant and then back up at Katherine. She was making a big leap here. But why not? A smile crept across her face as she looked up at Katherine.

“Wanna make it a foursome?”

Chapter Ten

Katherine could hardly believe what she had just heard. Ella's proposition had caught her completely off-guard, as did the overall dynamic that she could sense between Ella and Raymond. She had walked angrily over to the two of them expecting to find Raymond a prisoner in Ella's lap, desperate for Katherine to set him free. But, even though Katherine was drunk, she still had her wits about her enough to see that Raymond didn't appear to be in any distress. In fact, he seemed to be sporting quite the erection. Katherine was confused by this unexpected scene, and her confusion frustrated her — she felt like she had momentarily lost control of the situation.

Of course, Katherine wasn't aware that if she had confronted Ella a few minutes before, she would have indeed found Raymond struggling in vain to free himself from her clutches. But, in the ensuing time in between then and now, Ella and Raymond had reached some kind of strange and unlikely understanding, whereby Raymond was no longer terrified of Ella, and Ella actually was attracted to Raymond.

But Katherine didn't know any of this, and she paused for a few seconds too long. In doing so, she revealed her confusion, and therefore her lack of power. She made eye contact with Ella, whose green eyes glinted sexily in the lamplight, and then at Raymond, who stared back at her blankly — it was clear that he was expecting Katherine to take the lead here. It was also clear that he was not making eye contact with Katherine in order to plead with her to turn down Ella's offer of a foursome. Instead, Katherine thought that she detected something like...hope...in his eyes. In realizing all of these things, Katherine felt a surge of rage boil up within her, rage at Ella for going around her back, rage at Raymond for being putty in Ella's hands, and rage at herself for letting her guard down during her conversation with Hailey.

But instead of acting on any of the drunken anger she was feeling, Katherine closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

"I mean, if you don't want — " came Ella's voice, but Katherine just held her hand up in a motion of stoppage, still with her eyes closed. She was glad Ella had chosen to speak then; it allowed Katherine to put herself back in control without even having to say a word. In just a few short seconds, the darkness behind her own eyelids and the deep breath had done wonders for her state of mind; it had washed away all that initial anger. She was just drunk...that's why she had reacted irrationally in her own head. Hopefully the other two hadn't seen it. But so what if they had...Katherine opened her eyes again, looked down at Ella and Raymond, and smiled. Raymond really did look like Ella's child, sitting in her lap like that.

"Sorry, Ella," said Katherine. "I didn't mean anything by cutting you off just there. I just needed to take a deep breath and clear my head. Haha, I actually haven't been this drunk in a while and I'm not used to controlling my own drunken thoughts, you know?"

"I think I know what you mean," said Ella, nodding. Her voice was cautious. She didn't know where Katherine was going to go, or how she would react to her proposition. Unconsciously, her big hands had encircled Raymond's skinny upper arms, and she was squeezing them randomly in her nervousness. Raymond had no power to stop her, and continued to just sit in Ella's lap, totally bamboozled by what was going on between these two amazons. He was drunk too, but all the alcohol he had consumed was not enough to deaden the craziness of what he was

hearing. A threesome!? With Katherine...and Hailey!?! And possibly a....foursome!?! With Ella!?!?!? Maybe that's why Katherine was smiling down at him. She must have seen the blank expression on his face, and surely was taking pleasure from how overwhelmed he was. Of course, Raymond could never know the complexities of what was going on in Katherine's mind, but he was right about one thing — she was enjoying the little expression on his face.

"Well," said Katherine slowly, straightening herself up and folding her arms across her big breasts that pressed up against her black spaghetti-strap top, "haha, I don't know, Ella. That depends. I guess I'll have to ask Hailey about it." She turned and motioned for Hailey to come over. Hailey had been watching the exchange from across the room and immediately stood up and started walking towards them.

"And Raymond," said Katherine, turning back to face them. She walked a little closer and bent her big body downward, so that her face was hovering not too far above Raymond's. She was looking straight into his eyes. "What do you think, hmm? How does Ella's idea make you feel?"

Raymond blinked a few times and tried to unglue his lips from each other. However, he wasn't able to accomplish this before Hailey arrived.

"What's up, Katherine?" she asked pleasantly, and then her eyes went slowly over the whole scene, taking it in. Raymond in Ella's lap...Raymond's boner...Ella looking nervous and yet surprisingly turned-on herself...Katherine looking raunchily at everyone. What was going on?

"So," said Katherine, smiling at Hailey, as if appreciating the outlandishness of the situation. "Ella has made a proposal."

"Oh?" asked Hailey, her eyebrows going up. Katherine leaned over and whispered into Hailey's ear. Hailey blinked and her eyebrows went up even more. She looked down at Raymond, then at Ella, and then back to Katherine.

"Ella too?" Hailey asked skeptically, straight to Katherine. It became immediately clear that the idea didn't quite sit well with her. Katherine arched her eyebrows and shrugged, indicating with her head that she should take it up with Ella directly. Hailey could tell that Katherine herself didn't have too much of a problem with the idea...this confused Hailey. She would have thought that Katherine wouldn't have wanted to have anything to do with Ella sexually, especially since Ella had been so mean to Raymond earlier in the night.

But as Hailey turned to look at Ella and Raymond, a burst of understanding flashed in her mind, like a sudden flare shot up into the sky on a dark night. Of course Katherine would be into the idea of Ella participating! Just look at how much Ella dwarfed Raymond! She had more mass in a single one of her legs than Raymond did in both of his put together...and her hands around his biceps...Jesus, it was unbelievable that the two of them could actually be the same age...no wait...was Raymond actually older than Ella??...older than all three of them!? They had all four gone to school together for awhile, so Hailey remembered the months of their birthdays...and yes...she suddenly realized that Raymond was the oldest of the four of them...if only by a few months. Inexplicably, she started getting wetter than she had already been before. What was going on!? Hailey suddenly blinked again and let out a burst of a laugh. It appeared to startle Ella, whose eyes got a little wider. Clearly, she was anxious for Hailey's response.

“You know what I just realized?” said Hailey, cracking a smile at Ella as she turned in kind to Katherine. “Raymond’s older than all of us.” Her statement sunk into the group for a few moments as Hailey licked her lips and kept smiling. She wasn’t sure why all this was turning her on, and why it seemed pretty funny at the same time, but she was drunk enough to where she was just running with it.

“Oh my god you’re right!” laughed Katherine, slapping her big thighs with her hands. “D’ja hear that, Raymond?”

“Uhhh, yeah,” he said emotionlessly. His cock got even harder at the news. Why did that make him even more aroused?! Was it the way Hailey had said it? He felt his seat vibrate beneath him, and he realized that Ella was giggling behind, underneath, and above him.

“Wooww Hailey, thank you for pointing that outttt,” said Katherine. She arched her big body again and once more peered down into Raymond’s eyes. She didn’t say anything — she just looked at him deeply, with that same confident, almost smug look on her face.

“I guess it’s ok,” said Hailey behind her. Katherine made wide eyes at Raymond at the sound of Hailey’s assent, as if to say, ‘oh boy little guy, it’s about to happen!’ She straightened back up and turned to Hailey, cocking her hips to the side.

“Really? You’re ok with that?”

“Yeah!” said Hailey, indicating that she had mulled it over for a quick bit in her mind and then decided, ‘oh what the hell, why not?’

“The more the merrier, right?” said Ella, smiling up at the two women. As if on cue, Steve came stumbling over.

“Wassgoinon, hhhuh?” he blabbered drunkenly. Katherine rolled her eyes and sighed frustratedly. Hailey, who had seen Katherine nearly choke him out earlier, put a calming hand on her arm. Even Hailey’s slight touch was enough to remind Katherine why she found her so attractive, and she felt the goosebumps immediately raise on her flesh.

“Hey Steve,” said Ella matter-of-factly from her armchair, “you’re looking good tonight, baby. Has anyone told you that yet?”

“Whaaa...no,” said Steve, creasing his brow. He smiled stupidly down at Ella as he leaned against the armchair. “Yalook...yaouu look sexxy tooo, Ella.”

“Mmmm, yes,” breathed Ella, tightening her hands around Raymond’s biceps. Raymond knew she was up to something and just sat there, watching Ella weave her charms. “I have this crazy idea, Steve. Just seeing you there makes me soooo hot. How about this? Why don’t you take another shot or two and then go and wait for me in the master bedroom?”

“The one...the one ov...over there?” blabbed Steve, pointing across the room to the powder room.

“Yes Steve,” said Ella. “That one.”

“O...ok!” he said enthusiastically, and then stumbled away.

“Idiot,” muttered Ella as she watched him go.

“Well done,” chuckled Katherine. “It’s better than what I was going to do.” She mimed choking a shorter person with both of her hands.

“But there’s just one quick thing, Ella,” said Hailey suddenly.

“Yes?” asked Ella, suddenly a little nervous again.

“You were so mean to Raymond earlier...so, like, why all of a sudden do you want to fuck him?”

Ella sat there silently for a moment. She didn’t now quite how to answer Hailey’s question. But luckily for her, Katherine stepped in.

“I think I get it, Hailey,” said Katherine, making eye contact with Ella. “I think I understand what’s been going on here.” She gestured down to Raymond. “If this little sub wasn’t so hard, and if Ella didn’t look like she was just about to have him for a snack, then I would think that other shit was going on. But when I came over here, Raymond actually seemed like he was having a good time with Ella. Seems like the two of them came to some sort of, uh...understanding and all. Plus, I mean, his boner...haha!”

“That’s for you!” blurted out Raymond, surprising himself with the force of his voice. Katherine opened her eyes widely as she burst out laughing; Hailey did so as well, bringing up both hands to her mouth as she covered her laughter. Apparently she found Raymond’s outburst quite cute.

“Hey, now wait a minute!” said Ella crossly, bouncing Raymond again on her knee. “You totally got hard earlier when it was just me and you! Come on, admit it! You were totally aroused when I was talking about dom-ing you earlier! That’s how I realized what was going on between you and Katherine here, remember!”

“Is she right, Raymond?” asked Katherine. Just Ella’s mere mention of “dom-ing” had really gotten her engines purring again. She wanted to get this thing started now. Raymond nodded his head. Katherine turned to Hailey.

“See?” she said. “This is why I think it’s ok that we include Ella — she gets it. She knows what’s going on. This isn’t just some drunken attempt to have sex with someone, like Mr. Gross Horndog waiting in the powder room.” Katherine turned and looked straight down at Ella. “Like, I think she genuinely has discovered something about herself tonight. Something that maybe even gives a definition to all those urges to tease and control she felt for years in school. Am I right, Ella?”

“Uhhh, I don’t know,” said Ella. “But it sounds pretty good!” She bounced Raymond a couple more times on her knee. “All I know is that before tonight, I would’ve never even considered fucking anyone like Raymond but...well...things change, I guess, right?”

“Yes they do,” said Katherine emphatically. She clapped her hands together, got down on her knees, and walked on them, quite directly, up to Raymond and looked at him straight in the face for a third time. This time, though, her face was only inches from his. She was going to make sure he had a chance to consent before anything got started, but she was not going to have any patience for him fumbling around and not being able to speak. She was horny and, with each passing moment, it was only getting more intense.

“So, Raymond,” she said again. “How do you feel about all this? Are you ok with having a foursome with me, Hailey, and Ella?”

“A...a f-f — ”

“Yes, Raymond!” said Katherine, nodding her head up and down in an exaggerated manner. “A foursome. How does that sound to you?”

“It...it...it ss-sounds...it s-sounds...”

Katherine rolled her eyes and looked up a little past Raymond’s head at Ella. Ella cracked a smile at Katherine and rolled her own eyes. Both women were appreciating Raymond’s temporary paralysis. Hailey had gotten closer and was also peering down into Raymond’s face. Being surrounded, in every sense of the word, on all sides by these voluptuous, tall, sexy women, and having them all peering intently into his face as the tallest, biggest, and sexiest one of them was calmly asking him if it would be ok with him if they all had a foursome together was proving a bit too much for Raymond to handle at the moment. He felt himself getting lightheaded as the room started swimming before his eyes.

“No!” Katherine’s voice cut through the gathering fog in his vision, and it brought him back. “No, don’t pass out, Raymond! I know you haven’t had that much to drink yet! Don’t faint on us! Not now! Take some deep breaths...that’s it...that’s it...why don’t you bounce him up and down a couple more times Ella, just to get his blood flowing a little, you know? Yeah...yeahhhh...that’s it...there he is. So how about it?”

“Y-y-yes!” Raymond forced the word out of his mouth like it was the hardest thing he had ever done. He had absolutely no qualms or drawbacks to Katherine’s question. He was just totally overwhelmed that all of this was actually happening, and it therefore took a titanic effort to even utter that one word of consent. But he said it, and all three women heard it, and they all felt a warm streak go through their loins. This was going to be crazy...this was going to be something unlike any of them had experienced before. Katherine thought Hailey was as cute as a button and as luscious and sensual as anyone she had ever met...Hailey was totally in awe of Katherine and wanted to do anything just to touch her, feel her, worship her...Ella was likewise in total awe of Katherine’s body, and although she wasn’t as intensely attracted to her as Hailey was, she nonetheless was not turned off by the idea of doing intimate things with a woman as hot and confident as Katherine. Hailey had always thought Ella was hot, even though she had never much cared for her; but now that she was drunk, she didn’t care that she was basically about to have sex with Ella — she was hot! But Hailey’s main focus was Katherine. Ella had never really thought of Hailey in a sexual way before, but hell — she was cute...and curvier and more...something...sensual...than Ella remembered. More than anyone else, Ella was focused on Raymond. So was Katherine, even though she was more interested than Ella in exploring things with Hailey at the same time. For his part, Raymond was the most attracted to Katherine,

but he was also hopelessly aroused by Hailey and Ella as well. He could already tell that his main function in this whole exchange would be not to cum too soon.

“Yessss,” breathed Katherine. She suddenly bent down from her kneeling position and kissed Raymond directly and passionately on the mouth, engulfing his mouth completely with her own. Raymond kept his eyes open as they widened in surprise, and he saw Katherine close hers tightly as she kissed him deeply. Her big tongue thrust itself into his mouth and effortlessly explored around, undeterred by the weak and reactionary movements of his own tongue. He suddenly felt stimulation on both of his nipples and realized that Ella had snaked her hands up his shirt and was tantalizing both of his nipples with the tips of her fingers. His erection hurt as it pressed up through his pants.

Hailey watched the scene for a couple seconds, as if deep in thought. Suddenly, she got down on her knees next to Katherine and stared up adoringly into her face as it made out with Raymond’s. The next thing she knew, she had plunged her hand straight into Katherine’s tight jeans, into her tight black underwear. It wasn’t hard to find her pussy, because it was already emanating such heat and fluid that Hailey wondered if Katherine was already cumming. Wasting no time, she thrust two fingers directly into Katherine’s drooling snatch, causing Katherine to utter a sharp intake of breath as she closed her eyes tighter and kissed Raymond harder.

Raymond suddenly felt Ella stop the stimulation on his right nipple, but almost immediately after he discovered why she had — she had reached her right hand down to grip his cock through his baggy cargo shorts.

“Woah there Raymond,” Ella said in a deep, sultry voice from behind and slightly above him. “You’re already about to burst, aren’t you. Keep it in! We’ve just started!”

Katherine suddenly pulled herself away from Raymond with a loud smack. Her eyes were positively swimming with arousal. Much of the rest of the party had become aware of them over here in the corner, but none of the four of them noticed or cared, least among them Katherine.

“I don’t care,” she panted as she stared straight into Raymond’s eyes. Hailey was still diligently working on her crotch. “I don’t care if he cums early,” said Katherine lustfully. “He’s going to cum early, and he’s going to cum often. We’re gonna get it all out of him, one way or another.” She brought her face close to his, and Hailey worked her fingers faster.

“You hear that, big boy?” whispered Katherine aggressively, her eyes rolling back a little in her head for a moment from Hailey’s stimulation. “You can’t get out of this by cumming once. We’re gonna squееeeze it out of you.” She mimed squeezing with her hands, right up in his face. “We’re gonna succckkk it out of you.” She pursed her lips and sucked powerfully on her own tongue, causing her cheeks to roll and undulate from the pressure.

“Aaand,” said Ella, her voice also a whisper at Raymond’s ear from behind, “We’re gonna fuck it out of you.” At the work “fuck,” Ella had given Raymond a jolting thrust from her own crotch beneath him.

Katherine looked at Ella and blinked as her nostrils widened. She looked up the staircase.

"Let's go upstairs," she said, and Raymond promptly found himself hoisted into the air as Ella wrapped her fingers around his waist as she stood up. Hailey had momentarily taken her hand out of Katherine's pants and was sucking on her fingers.

"But what if people are already in the bedrooms?" she asked through smacking on Katherine's juices.

"Psssh!" laughed Katherine, waving her hand. "We'll kick em' out!" She turned to look at Raymond, held aloft by Ella. "Or," added Katherine suddenly, looking straight at Raymond, "we'll ask them to join in. You know, if they're the right....fit."