

Prologue

A cold wind blew between the huddled onlookers, who were wrapped in heavy black cloaks that whipped furiously in the biting air. Their faces were ashen and dirty, with permanent lines etched from years of frowning and toil. Several dozen of them were gathered, all hushed, all deadly serious, in the middle of the Black Forest in Calw, in the Holy Roman Empire. They were gathered in a semicircle around a single large oak tree.

But none of them dared to get too close to the tree, because tied to it was a beautiful naked woman who rose up a whole foot or more above her grim onlookers. She was well over 7 feet tall, and her arms, legs, and body had been bound tightly to the tree with ropes. Even though she looked vigorous and strong, there was no way for her to escape her bonds. She had long ceased straining against them. Her head was bowed forward in exhaustion, her long black hair shrouding her face from view. A large and haphazard pile of wood, all soaked in black flammable pitch, had been collecting at her feet for several days, from villagers approaching her and throwing wood in, piece by piece. No one had dared to approach closer than 20 feet. The year was 1619, and it was just past midnight.

A single figure emerged from the silent and black-cloaked company and threw his hood back. In his right hand he held a bible, and in his left hand he held a torch. His hands were shaking, but not from the cold. He opened his mouth and started to read in an early dialect of German:

“But the cowardly, the unbelieving, the vile, the murderers, the sexually immoral, those who practice magic arts, the idolaters and all liars—they will be consigned to the fiery lake of burning sulfur.”

The tall woman’s head snapped up from her exhausted reverie, and her hazel eyes flashed dangerously in the torchlight. The bible in the man’s hand burst into flames, and the man gave a yell as he threw it at the pile of wood. It landed a few feet short.

“Pathetic wretches!” the woman spat at the assembled crowd. They drew back still more, for her voice carried on the cold air with a fell and frightening power. “It matters not what you do to me. Do you not realize that your doom has already been set in motion? War is coming! Plague! Famine! Everything you hold dear will be lost! And from no fault of mine or my kind.”

“Do it, Cornelius!” called one of the huddle men, fear cracking his voice. “Do it, before she weaves her charms on you!”

“You miserable men!” laughed the woman. “You think that by burning my flesh you can destroy me. Go ahead! Do it! Try it! See for yourselves the truth that will brand itself onto your poor souls for years to come: that you are all the architects of your own misfortune.”

The man named Cornelius hesitated as he saw the woman’s face illuminated by the burning bible close to her. She was so young...barely a woman...and yet...and yet she was so much

more than a woman. He had never before seen such a massive figure. Her flesh squeezed tightly through the ropes which held her fast. Her hips curved with an almost impossible allure, and her breasts jutted out enormously, hanging like full massive sacks over her bonds. His eyes went up to meet hers, and he felt a surge in his loins. Her hazel eyes sparkled darkly, and she smiled down at him.

“He knows!” she laughed. “He sees me, and he knows!”

“Cornelius!” cried more men in the crowd. But he didn’t move. He just stood there, transfixed by this powerful woman. He barely flinched when one of the men produced a flintlock pistol from his cloak and shot him in the back. He fell forward, and he died with the sound of her laughter echoing in his head. The torch had fallen to the ground.

“Quick, get it! Pick it up!” cried one of the men. One of the cloaked figures dashed forward and snatched up the torch. He stood up defiantly toward the gigantic woman.

“Go with god, witch!” he cried, and then threw the torch at the base of pitch-soaked wood. A fire sprang up and the woman stared at them, her eyes wide.

“Fuck!” she screamed, in obvious bodily pain. “Fuck!! Mother, come to me! Save me!!”

The men backed up, quaking in fear as the cold wind picked up, feeding the flames at the woman’s feet. She continued to scream and cry out, and the men were terrified to discover that her voice had taken on a pitch and sonority that was entirely unnatural. Her agonized screams sounded like she was harmonizing with herself at various pitches, and the effect was to make it sound like a hundred pained wails were issuing forth from her mouth at once.

“It hurts, Mother!” screamed the woman. “The flames are burning my flesh!!”

At once, the men all collapsed to the ground, cowering still more in fear, for another voice had spoken...deeper, feminine, as if it was coming up from the very bowels of the earth.

“And so too in childbirth,” intoned the hidden voice. “You must suffer it, Harfe. You will come out stronger in the end.”

“What voice is that!?” cried one of the men, shaking in fear.

“It is the Devil!” cried another man, clutching his head. “He is here!”

“That was a woman’s voice!” yelled another man over Harfe’s screams as the fire consumed her.

"The Devil has the power to take any form he wishes!" answered another man over the growing din. But right then, the deep feminine voice laughed, and the terrified men felt the very ground beneath them vibrate with her laughter.

"The Devil is our plaything," the voice taunted them through its earthy laughter. The men continued to cower together, muttering prayers under their breath in shaking voices, but they were horrified when the deep laughter beneath them was joined by more laughter...the young woman's. Her huge body was entirely engulfed in flames now, but instead of continuing to scream, now she was laughing.

"You were right, Mother!" she bellowed out in fierce joy over the flames. "I can feel their seed boiling in my belly! I took it from them, and they can never get it back! It has become a part of me!"

One by one, the men uttered howls of pain as they grabbed their crotches. It felt to them like their loins were on fire. But there were no visible flames they could extinguish.

"I took it from them," laughed the burning woman, "and now they will all burn with me!"

"P-put them out!" cried the men to each other. "Put out the flames!!" But none of them escaped the awful burning sensation, and they were all crippled with pain. They had all given in to the woman, at one time or another, and now they were all paying the price for burning her.

Some time later, long after all the men had passed out from the pain, the young woman heaved one last agonized cry and slumped forward, succumbing to the heat and smoke. If there had been any living person to witness, they would have seen what looked like a purple wisp of smoke emerge from the woman's corpse. The wisps gathered silently over the smoldering fire, until they materialized into the vague outline of a woman's face, beautiful and serene, with penetrating black eyes. The face regarded the corpse silently for a moment, and then turned to the pile of men, long since passed. The purple phantasm stuck its tongue out at the men and spat out a grayish dust onto their bodies. Poxes and boils immediately sprang up on their faces, torsos, arms, legs, and everything else. The beautiful face giggled and whooshed away, over the dying embers of the fire and deep into the recesses of the Black Forest.

Chapter 1

“Why don’t you come back to our house?” Harper asked John, snaking her arm around his shoulder as she lightly scratched the back of his neck with her sharp fingernails. The two of them were sitting at a park bench on the Quad after Friday classes. The late September air breezed about them, uttering its last dying gasp of hot breath — the seasons were changing. The dead leaves were beginning to collect and swirl, and a jaunty chill had begun to creep into the early morning air. “We’re having a party tonight to celebrate the end of Rush, and it would be suuuch a shame if you missed it.”

John couldn’t believe his luck. He stared slightly down into Harper’s striking hazel eyes, which were narrowed at him seductively and framed with long flows of dark auburn hair. Her fingernails worked insistently on his neck, and John blinked in embarrassment as he felt the blood rush into his dick. Her small perky breasts jutted her purple spaghetti-strap top slightly outward, and her short black skirt danced slightly in the breeze — John saw her calves expand as she bounced excitedly on her toes. This girl was an absolute snack. She was tiny...petite...but very well-formed. Her legs had a solid curve to them, her hips were a lot wider than her minuscule waist, and her ass was bigger than he would have expected for someone of her size.

But what really drew John to Harper was her eyes. There was something magical and magnetic about them. When he had first met her in class during a brief conversation last week, he had gone back to his frat house and been utterly unable to get her out of his head. Every time he closed his eyes, he saw her looking at him. He tried to get drunk with the other guys, but the alcohol didn’t work on him the same way. It just frustrated him and made him feel sluggish — in the boozy haze Harper’s eyes came back to him, haunted him. He went to bed early and fell into an uneasy sleep, but even in his unconsciousness, Harper came to him, whispering strange words to him, and blinking those incredible hazel eyes slowly up at him.

At 6’1, John was fairly tall, and Sabrina, the last girl he had dated, had been tall as well, standing at a full 6’0. He had always dated taller girls, but Harper was different. She was only 5’1, and despite the curves in her hips, ass, and thighs, she was in all other aspects a tiny person. Her arms, her hands, her delicate little fingers, and her buoyant little breasts were almost childlike. And yet, in the way that she held herself, in the slow poise of her demeanor and the calm scrutiny of her eyes, she was undeniably adult. Harper was a disarming combination of contradictions that put his heart to work.

“Ok! Sounds like a plan!” he said brightly. “What time should I come?”

“Come any time after 9,” she said with a slow smile, ceasing her work on his neck as her hand brushed and scratched down his back briefly before falling at her side. “You don’t wanna come too early. You know, before everyone’s good and twisted.”

“Haha, twisted!?” he laughed, cocking his head down at him. “What, so you guys have other drugs at the house?” He affected a feigning air of serious and mature apprehension. “I shouldn’t be concerned about coming to this party, should I?”

“Not if you’re a weak little sap and can’t handle it,” she chided, winking up at him as she went up and down on her toes again. John’s eyes widened a little at her teasing. God this girl was hot. He could even see himself seriously pursuing her as a girlfriend. They had met up a couple times the past week, and each time John found himself more and more drawn to her. She was just so spunky...and confident. He suddenly imagined what her pretty little mouth would look like if it was stretched around his cock, and straining to go farther and farther down the shaft. He imagined what her cute little bubble butt would look like if he was penetrating her from behind, vibrating her bulbous little ass cheeks with each thrust. He smiled down at her as her eyebrows went up in response.

“Yeah?” she asked challengingly with a grin.

“Oh yeah,” he said through his own smile. “I think I can handle it, Harper. I think I’m up for it.”

“Good!” she said, gathering her purse as she turned to leave. “Just one thing, John.” She paused and faced him. Standing up this way, with John still sitting down, Harper was only a few inches taller than him. She stared down into his eyes and John felt some kind of energetic surge within him. Her eyes were so serious.

Harper opened her mouth to speak, but then closed it again. A few seconds of charged silence passed by. John raised his eyebrows expectantly. Harper blinked and smiled. “Just...don’t worry about bringing anything, ok? We’ll be providing everything for the party.”

“O...kay?” John said with a playful rise in his voice. “That’s all? That’s all you wanted to say?” He had really been expecting her to say something more. Something...dirty.

“Yes that’s all!” she snapped through a laugh, putting her hand up to his chest and shoving him back a little. “See you in a few hours!”

“See you!” called John after her, taking care to watch how her butt bobbed and swayed in her wake. ‘Yes,’ he thought blissfully, ‘this might be it. This might be the night.’

A few minutes later, Harper reached her sorority house. After passing through the girls at the entrance, she came into the main living room. Ariel and Vera rose to meet her. Harper felt her breath catch in her throat — she still hadn’t gotten used to being around her statuesque sisters. It made her even more nervous to see that Phoebe, the sorority leader, was there, lounging her incredible bulk luxuriously on the sofa. A couple of the other house girls were rubbing her bare feet. Harper eventually tore her eyes away from Phoebe and back to Ariel and Vera, but she only managed this after a few seconds of blatant staring. Phoebe was over 7 feet tall and was

the most buxom and voluptuous woman that Harper had ever seen. Even after 8 weeks of Rushing, Harper still hadn't gotten used to her presence.

"Well?" asked Ariel, putting her hands on her hips. She was an upperclassman, and stood at an imposing 6'6. Her long, straight black hair formed a striking frame to her pale, full, gorgeous face. Her black eyes glinted down at Harper, who crossed one of her feet in front of the other.

"I...I got him to come tonight," she said, hating that she couldn't keep her voice from shaking.

"Did you tell him the rules?" asked Vera, folding her arms over her enormous rack. Vera was a little shorter than Ariel, but no less curvaceous. Her green eyes were deep-set in her olive-skinned face, and her buzz-cut brown hair complimented the edginess of her nose and eyebrow piercings, not the mention the 6 or 7 that studded each ear.

"I — I didn't t-tell him specifically," Harper stuttered. Vera looked over at Ariel and they huffed at each other exasperatedly. "I didn't want to chase him away or sound weird!" said Harper a little louder, the urgency rising in her voice. "I don't think he's into anything kinky, so I had to tread carefully."

"Tread carefully," repeated Vera mockingly as she shook her head. "Well, little Miss Harper, let's hope that this John of yours doesn't get overexcited and jerk himself off three times before the party tonight."

"He won't!" she said confidently, stretching her 5'1 frame up as tall as it would go. "I think he's one of those guys who...uh, you know?"

Ariel and Vera's eyebrows went up and they strained forward expectantly.

"One of those guys who what, Harper?" came Phoebe's deep, cool voice. The other women in the room felt a little rustle in their skin at the sound of their matron's voice. Phoebe was unimaginably powerful.

"Who...uh...who, you know..." said Harper, swallowing several times as she tried to maintain her composure. Phoebe was actually speaking to her. "Who 'saves himself' for whoever he's going after," said Harper. "You know...who wants to save himself up so the he can impress them with...with — "

"With how much thick milky semen comes shooting out of his cock?" suggested Phoebe with a slow smile.

"Uh...yeah," said Harper, smiling in spite of her nerves.

"Well girls," said Phoebe, addressing Ariel and Vera, "It sounds like little Harper knows what she's doing. Let's give her the benefit of the doubt, shall we?" She turned her huge head

towards Harper and smiled, her hazel eyes twinkling kindly. Harper felt herself go warm and cold at the same time — Phoebe was intoxicatingly beautiful.

“Whatever you say, Phoebe,” said Ariel, shrugging her shoulders. “Harper, come with me. We need to get the basement prepared.”

Harper followed in Ariel’s wake after sharing one final glance at Phoebe, who winked at her playfully. Harper couldn’t believe that Phoebe was only 2 years older than her, or that, 2 years before, she had been no taller or bigger than Harper was now. Tonight she was going to see how it all happened.

Chapter 2

A few hours later, John was walking up to the Kappa Gamma Delta Sorority House from the sidewalk. The house itself sat on a slight hill, near the center of campus, and it was one of the oldest buildings on the school grounds, one of the original few built during the college's founding. Being as old as it was, the house was designed in the great Gothic Victorian style, a grand mansion that hearkened back to the days before the stark rigidity of 20th-century architecture. It occurred to John, as he walked up the path towards the house, that it looked like a haunted house. He chuckled to himself, realizing that it probably had something to do with the full moon that shone through the trees behind the house like a yellow cake in the black sky. The house's spooky ambience was also bolstered by the sights and sounds emanating from within — what looked like purple strobe lights circled and flashed through the windows on the main floor, and John could see the dark outlines of shapes moving and swaying inside. People were dancing, but the music that John could hear from outside didn't sound like the kind of music he was expecting, or that he was accustomed to hearing at college parties. Instead of the steady beat of drums or electric basses, he instead heard the deep drone and rumble of synthesizers, sprinkled about with what sounded like bells.

'Weird,' he thought to himself as he took in the whole presentation. 'Very weird.' He thought of Harper and her penetrating hazel eyes and laughed to himself, feeling no fear. 'But I like weird,' he said to himself. 'Those other dudes on my hall are such squares.'

When John had mentioned to a few of his acquaintances that he was going to a Kappa Gamma Delta party, their reaction had surprised him.

"Uhhh yeah I wouldn't go into that house," Keith had said, looking sideways at his peers for backup.

"What? Why not?" John had asked, puzzled.

Keith's eyebrows went up and he had shrugged his shoulders, looking again to the other guys.

"I don't know," he said. "Just stories I've heard, you know?"

"Stories? Like what?" John was irritated that he had not heard any of these "stories," but more so he was annoyed by Keith's immediate dismissal of his chance to get with Harper. He must have been feeling jealous.

"Uh, I mean...I don't know...come on guys, you've heard these stories too, right?" Keith appealed to the others.

"Yeah man," said Eric, cocking his head slightly and turning to look at John with a matter-of-fact expression. "I've heard that the sisters there do weird shit at their parties."

“Oh yeah?” asked John, folding his arms. He didn’t really care what any of these guys had to say — if anything it made the party more intriguing.

“Yeah...like, they I’ve heard they spike their punch with hallucinogens,” continued Eric.

“Ohhhh noooo,” said John sarcastically. He had tripped on mushrooms a few times, and had done acid once. This party was sounding better and better.

“Naw man, like, not in the good way, said Eric. “I’ve heard that guys change after going to those parties.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard the same thing,” said Keith. “Like...the sisters do something to them and...and...”

“And what, guys?” laughed John, unfolding his arms and opening up his hands in an imploring gesture. “Come on, quit being so mysterious!”

“I don’t know John, it’s just what I’ve heard!” said Keith, taking his turn to be irritated.

“I’ve heard that guys who’ve gone to those parties start to shrink,” blurted out Lane. Everyone turned to look at the normally-quiet Lane, who immediately reddened and shrugged his shoulders. “Just...what I heard,” he added, almost apologetically.

“Started to shrink?! What the fuck?” laughed John. “Like, they...uh...they get shorter or something?”

“I mean...” said Lane, blushing a deeper red, “yeah.”

John’s brow creased and he looked around at the other guys with a big open-mouthed smile on his face, inviting them to share in his incredulity. But the others weren’t meeting his eyes. Instead, they were all looking down or to the side, as if embarrassed. John looked back at Lane. The shy guy was an easy target. “Come on Lane, you seriously believe that kind of shit?”

“I heard something similar,” said Eric.

“Me too,” added Keith. John was beginning to feel ganged up on, and he defended himself with more laughter. Internally he was feeling annoyed — how was it that he was the only one in the group who hadn’t heard any of these rumors? He irrationally felt that someone had been keeping secrets from him. But he kept laughing, and the annoyance evaporated.

“You guys...haha...you guys know how ridiculous you all sound right now?”

“Well, just be careful, I guess...is all I’m saying,” said Eric.

Hours later, as John walked up to the sorority house, he had to chuckle again to himself. These guys would believe anything...seriously. Although he had to admit, the Kappa Gamma Delta house did look a little spooky; and the music coming from inside did sound pretty weird; and the way the full moon appeared to blend seamlessly with the arched and angular trees in the sorority yard did look pretty ominous. But John laughed it all off — he was being ridiculous if he let any of these rumors get to him.

He ascended the steps of the house, and once he reached the front porch he was immediately greeted by two sorority sisters, one on either side of the front door, who rose up out of the chairs they had been sitting in. John felt his breath hit a wall for an instant — these two women were huge. At 6'1, John was no slouch himself, but both of these women rose up well past his own height, and John found himself in the unusual and awkward position of having to look anywhere but forward. He wanted to avoid looking directly into their impressive breasts.

"Hello there," said one of the women officially. "Do you have an invite to the party tonight?"

"Uh...yeah, yeah I do," said John, trying to sound as natural as he possibly could. He managed to look up into the women's faces. They were both startlingly pretty. The one who had spoken had a long waterfall of hair, dyed silvery-white, that reached her lower back, while the other had long black hair that framed her pale face. Both women were looking down at him with slow penetrating gazes. The woman with the white hair had hazel eyes, while the eyes of the black-haired woman were like coals...together, the two of them formed a striking yin-yang of dark and light. John swallowed nervously. On top of being much taller than him, he could see from the way that their bodies were almost bursting out of their form-fitting jeans and t-shirts that these women were lusciously curvaceous. In fact, as he stood there beneath them, he couldn't recall ever seeing any women this tall actually be so proportional and voluptuous. They were both wearing black leather platform boots that augmented their already-statuesque figures. John felt his heart start to beat faster as sweat began to dot his brow.

"Who invited you?" asked the white-haired woman coolly, arching her eyebrows down at him.

"Uhh...uh, Harper," he said. The two women exchanged glances. John immediately realized that these women were the "muscle" of the party...or at least, that's the way it seemed. That's why they were probably so big, he reasoned...to intimidate and scare off any random drunk guys who showed up to cause trouble. John began to feel himself warming inside himself; he had an "in" — he had Harper. He couldn't wait to see her.

"So you're John, huh?" asked the dark-haired woman, putting her hands on her big hips as she peered down at him.

"Uhh...yeah," he said, surprised that she knew his name. Almost immediately, though, his insides warmed further. They knew his name — that could only mean that Harper had been talking about him. He was already known. He felt himself straighten up to his full height as he puffed his chest out proudly. "Yeah, that's me," he added with a confident smile.

“Well how about that,” said the dark-haired woman, cracking a smile. She suddenly held out her hand. “Pleased to meet you, John. I’m Ariel.”

“Uh, p-leased to meet you Ariel,” said John, taken aback by this sudden casual extension of friendship. He reached out and shook her hand, and was immediately struck by how big and warm her hand felt. It surrounded and squeezed his with a patient and undeniable strength.

“And I’m Nora,” said the white-haired woman, extending her own hand likewise.

“Hi Nora,” smiled John, shaking her hand and once again feeling the warm strength of a hand much larger than his own. Just as Ariel’s eyes seemed almost jet-black, Nora’s seemed such a pale hue of hazel that they seemed almost white. If John had not been so eager to see Harper, he would have gawked longer at these two megalithic women. They looked almost otherworldly.

“Well, I can see that you’re excited to go inside, and we sure are excited to have you here,” said Nora, smiling down on him. She gestured to the front door. “Why don’t you go on inside?”

“O-ok...ok, thanks!” said John. He smiled up at the two towering women and walked in between them, feeling even smaller as he passed by. He couldn’t help but grin as he turned the doorknob. He had just received exclusive access to one of Kappa Gamma Delta’s mysterious, notorious parties, where lesser men were afraid to go. That was probably what all that talk of “being smaller” was about — those two girls were enormous! And not to mention drop-dead gorgeous! And they already knew him...he was already a known entity around these parts. John’s grin spread as he moved to push open the door. This was already shaping up to be a good night.

He opened the door and paused a moment on the threshold. This party was definitely weird. For one thing, the way that everyone was moving was unexpected and...bizarre. At every other part John had been to, people had been drunkenly dancing, holding their hands up and moving their bodies in ways that you would expect when people lose their inhibitions. But this party was different. Yes, people were swaying and dancing to the strange, deep synthesizer music, but it looked more like they were performing some sort of elaborate ritual than anything else. Their movements were slow and purposeful, and they looked almost studied...like they had been practiced many times. John also noticed a second later that almost everyone dancing was female. The guys who were there seemed to be standing around, their eyes lost in the movements of the rhythmic undulations of the women.

The second thing John noticed was the size disparity. Almost all of the women there were...tall. And big. Some of them were really big. And almost all of the guys looked short. And small. John felt his eyes strain and his eyebrows crease together as he scrutinized the room. Yes, there was no doubt about it. Left and right, as far as he could see, there were tall voluptuous women, many of them actually taller than him, walking around, dancing, gyrating, and otherwise moving their thick curves. And that was another thing — these women weren’t just tall. As with Ariel and

Nora outside, all of these girls were thick and curvaceous, and anywhere John looked, his senses were assaulted by the thick ripple of curving hip flesh, or the sway of oversized asses, or the bouncing of ample breasts. He felt his eyes go wide as his dick started to harden in his pants. These women were incredible!

Deep purple strobe lights crawled across the floor and up the walls, occasionally illuminating the grand unlit chandelier that hung from the high ceiling. Somewhere a fog machine must have been going, because a ghostly mist was creeping and hanging low to the floor, hiding the lower legs of the partiers. Actually, as John continued to look around, he noticed that the mist was only hiding the lower legs of most of the men. As far as most of the other women were concerned, their knees rose above the mist. John was puzzled — he saw a few normal-looking girls, and a few normal-looking guys as well, but overall, the unusual height and size disparity between the men and women was enough to give him pause. His mind shot back to Lane's shy flushed face as he blurted out the rumor he had heard. He remembered the serious faces of Eric and Keith...was there actually something to what they had warned him about? Was there actually something going on here?

"Having second thoughts, John?" came Nora's amused voice behind him. He turned around to see the two women smiling down at him — he realized that he had been standing in the open doorway for several moments, and that these two huge women were clearly entertained by his frozen posture.

"Aww look at him Nora," said Ariel warmly through her smile. "He probably hasn't been to a party before. Certainly not one like this!"

"I've...I've been to parties!" retorted John as he tried to laugh. "I was just...uh...I was just...getting my bearings, is all. It's, uh...it's pretty dark in there, haha!"

"Uh-huh," said Ariel, smiling wider. "Well go on in there, shorty — we don't wanna let all the cold air in!"

"Shorty!? Hey!" he protested through his laughter as Ariel stepped up to him. "You can't call me 'shorty!' I'm 6'1!"

"Well, I'm 6'6," said Ariel, drawing herself up as she looked down her chest into his face. "And I'm 6'10 in these boots, so you look pretty damn short to me!"

John tried to continue his objections, but Ariel just started laughing as she gave him a playful shove in his chest. He reeled back a few paces, momentarily stunned by both the feel of her big hand and the easy force with which she shoved him. He stumbled backward over the threshold as Ariel slammed the door shut, still laughing. John shook his head as he righted himself, smiling despite Ariel's playful insult.

'Well that's a first,' he thought as he stared at the back of the closed door. 'Never been called that before.'

"John!" came an excited and high-pitched voice. He turned around quickly as he felt his heart leap a little in his chest. Harper was making her way to him hurriedly through the mist. She looked absolutely delectable in her short black dress, and John could see that she had put on red lipstick that accentuated her dark auburn hair. Harper looked so good that John had a slight moment of insecurity — was he underdressed? Did he look too haphazard and casual? Would she think that he didn't think she was worth looking nice for? All these thoughts flashed through his brain in an instant, but they all melted away into his subconscious when Harper came up to him and flung her arms around his neck.

"H-heyy!" he said happily, a little surprised at how excited Harper seemed to be to see him. He smelled a kind of spiced incense in her hair, and from her warm body came a pleasant, woody, almost creamy scent that, if John had known, he would have identified as sandalwood. He squeezed her body lightly, delighting in her exotic smells, and feeling pleased that she had obviously spent so much time doing herself up for him.

"So glad you came!" she said brightly, leaning back out of the embrace and bouncing back and forth on the balls of her feet.

"Wouldn't miss it!" he said as he looked down at her. He felt warm and somehow reassured by how much taller he was than her, even though their height difference was not something that he had particularly noticed before. "Pretty, uh...pretty interesting party you guys got going here!" John tacked this last little statement on at the end after a moment's pause. He hoped that he didn't sound too out-of-sorts, but he felt like he had to at least acknowledge the oddness of what he had seen so far. He was secretly hoping that Harper would openly acknowledge the blatant male-female height and size differences that had stood out to him.

"Oh yeah, we know how to have a good time here!" laughed Harper. John felt her small hand ensnare his as she started pulling him deeper into the party. "Come on! You've gotta try the Pink Panther!"

"The what?!" laughed John as Harper pulled him past an amazonian woman who looked every bit as tall as Ariel and Nora dancing with a short, scrawny, long-haired man who couldn't have been much taller than Harper herself. What's more, John couldn't help but realize that, despite her petiteness, Harper almost definitely weighed more than this guy. He wasn't even really "dancing" with this gigantic woman anyway...he was more just following her movements and standing there while she loomed over him, making elaborate passes in the air over him before turning around and getting low to the ground, shaking her huge hips and ass in his face. John glanced down and saw that this tiny guy was hopelessly tenting an erection through his pants, and for an instant, John became aware of the blood rushing into his dick too. But a moment later he just felt sorry for the guy.

'Poor dude,' he thought as Harper pulled him by. 'He doesn't stand a chance with her.' He didn't have much time to dwell on this scene, though, because Harper was answering his question, raising her voice over the din of the party.

"Pink Panther!" she cackled playfully. "It's Crystal Light and vodka! And...you know...a few other things."

"Woowwww!" chuckled John. "You guys don't mess around here, do you — haha oh my god!" They had reached the punch bowl, immense and polished silver, which appeared to be guarded by another enormous amazon. This one looked even tougher than the other ones, even though she was still strikingly beautiful. Her ears were lined with countless piercings, and the silver studs in her nose and eyebrows glinted and flashed like rhinestones in the low party light. She had deep green eyes and olive skin that complimented her buzz-cut brown hair. John could hardly believe that there could be so many massive bombshell women all in one place. Was this a volleyball sorority or something!? Was Harper like one of those shorter team members who set up her taller teammates for the kills in the games?

"Oooo this is John, is it?" asked the amazon, her green eyes flashing down at him through the purple smoke. John looked down and saw that, in addition to having a vigorously curvaceous figure, she also was wearing black platform boots.

"Yep, this is John!" chirped Harper happily. "John, this is Vera. She's one of the older sisters here."

"You make it sound like I've been around here forever, Harper!" chuckled Vera as John felt the life squeezed out of his hand by a larger, more powerful female hand for the third time that night. "I'm only 20, you know! Soon you'll be right here, just like me, tasked with watching over our precious bowl of Pink Panther at parties."

"Haha, I can only hope so!" said Harper, grabbing what looked to be an intricately-carved wooden goblet from beside Vera on the table. John was busy registering that this colossal behemoth of a woman was only one year older than he was. John was a freshman, but his 19th birthday had been in August. For some reason, he had assumed that all the massive women at this party were a good deal older, like at least 23 or 24...although he now realized that this was a silly thought to have had. This was the Kappa Gamma Delta sorority house! Of course everyone here was around the same age! He felt a creeping sense of something uncomfortable rustling inside him, and he looked up at Vera, who was smiling at him warmly. Her green eyes seemed to flash in the purple light, and he felt a stab of some kind of energy surge through his cock. He quickly recovered, though, because Harper was handing him the wooden goblet of bright pink drink.

"Here you go, mister!" she giggled. "The famous Pink Panther! I'm just gonna ladle myself out some, and then we can cheers!"

“So...Crystal Light and vodka, huh?” asked John, grinning as he smelled the drink without thinking. Although the smell of pink lemonade mix was unmistakable and mostly neutralized the vodka smell, he was getting a whiff of something else. Something metallic.

“And a few other things,” said Harper again, smiling as she scooped out a goblet for herself.

“Haha...yeeahhh....um, what other things?” chuckled John, trying to sound easy and casual. The last thing he wanted was for all these gorgeous women, big and small, to think he was some kind of a pussy.

“If I told you, you wouldn’t drink it,” said Harper, winking at him. John caught her eyes shooting up to Vera’s for a moment, before settling back on his at a lower level. He felt his stomach churn; something wasn’t right.

“Uhhhh,” he said, not knowing what to do.

“Come on silly, don’t worry about it — hey, I’m drinking it too!” laughed Harper, holding up her goblet. “Come on, let’s cheers!”

“Hah...ahhh....ok,” said John, making up his mind in an instant. Harper was drinking the same stuff, after all. Seriously, what was he afraid of? All those stupid little rumors from the other guys were starting to get to his head. He straightened up and smiled, holding out his goblet.

“Ok, cheers...to...ummm — ?”

“To Fall!” said Harper, intoning her voice deeply, as if she was speaking something sacred.

“Oh god, yes! Amen to that — it’s been waaayyy too hot lately!” agreed John. “To Fall!”

They clacked their goblets together and they both drank deeply. As he lowered his goblet, John noticed that a number of the other amazonian women had turned to look at him. Or at least, that’s what he perceived. A moment later everyone seemed to go back to their normal party business. He shook his head — boy, those rumors really were making him feel crazy. He looked down at Harper and smiled, delighting in how cute...no, how ravishing she looked. And the way she was looking at him, it was going to be one hell of a night.

“Oh man, that stuff is great!” he said, and took another deep draught.

“I know, right!?” smiled Harper, taking another big long drink herself. Within a minute, the two of them had finished their drinks, and John was about to ask for more when Harper grabbed him again by the hand and whisked him onto the dance floor. The music had increased in both bass and tempo.

“Come on stud, let’s dance!” she called, her dark auburn hair whipping around as her hazel eyes gleamed back at him sexily through the purple fog.

Chapter 3

John had never really been much of a dancer, but now seemed like as good a time as ever to just throw himself out there and have a good time. This was a fun swanky party, after all! It didn't matter that everything seemed a little "off." That's what cutting-edge trendiness was all about, right? Being a little weird...a little "out there?" Besides, when it got down to it, John was at an exclusive party at the most notorious sorority on campus, dancing with cute little Harper, who was totally excited to see him, while he was surrounded left and right by tall, gorgeous, amazonian women. What wasn't to like about this situation? John nodded his head knowingly to the beat of the strange, deep, synthesizer-heavy music, and threw caution to the wind as he shook his hips and laughed out loud.

Soon, however, he was paying less and less attention to what he was doing, and instead found himself zoning in on what Harper was doing. She was just so...mesmerizing. Her hazel eyes narrowed up at him sexily as she shook her dark auburn hair back and forth, seeming to channel the dark energy of the music through every movement of her body. John could see her buxom curves rolling and undulating underneath her tight black dress. She turned around and backed into him, shaking and shimmying her big ass back and forth, her big cheeks bouncing one after the other, up and down, against his crotch. John was already partially hard from being around all these ravishing young women, but Harper's provocative moves directly into his dick made his blood pump into his nether regions that much quicker. It almost hurt how hard he was getting — his cock strained against his jeans as Harper continued to grind into him.

She turned around from her crouched position and caught him with his mouth open, and with his eyes widened in surprise. Of course he already thought that Harper was hot, but he had no idea that she could move her ass like this...that she could dance and move so lusciously and so effortlessly to the music. The way her curves were oscillating and rippling in front of his eyes was startlingly erotic, and almost dirty. She caught him looking surprised, and she straightened up and turned around, throwing her pretty head back as she laughed out loud.

"Hahaha, oh my god John! The look on your face! You're not about to lose your load already, are you?"

John opened his mouth a little to answer, but something caught in his throat and he had to pause and re-gather himself. He was embarrassed that Harper would say something like that out loud; he glanced nervously around the dark room, through the purple fog, to see if any of the other women had heard Harper's playful taunt. No one seemed to be acknowledging that they had, although John did notice that Vera seemed to have her eyes fixed on him as she stood by the punch bowl, her arms folded across her prodigious chest. God, she looked tough...and huge. And all those piercings...totally like a badass...she could absolutely beat him in a wrestling match...John shook his head a little, momentarily confused. His brain had honed in on Vera there for a second in a weird way, and he realized that he had been staring at her. From across the room, her eyebrows went up and her green eyes seemed to sparkle in the purple

light. She held up her hand and gave a playful little wave, her long, taloned fingers snaking through the air mischievously.

John realized that Harper was still laughing at him and talking.

“W-wait...wha? What?” he asked, shutting his eyes briefly as he shook his head again, turning back to Harper.

“I was saying,” said Harper, chuckling through her blood-red lipstick, “that I can see your cock poking through your pants!”

“O-oh...oh you c-can?” asked John, glancing down automatically. It was true — he had a pretty big dick, and it was clearly tenting the crotch of his jeans. John would’ve ordinarily been quite embarrassed by this, but he didn’t have enough mental clarity in this moment to feel embarrassed. Instead, he just felt confused...he felt the cool emeralds of Vera’s eyes still smoldering into his brain from across the room, and as he looked down at Harper’s giggling form as she laughed at him, he was floored by how seductive her breasts looked as they wobbled with her laughter. What was happening to him? Maybe it was just the strangeness of hearing Harper teasing him so blatantly. She had never been like this before...

“Yesss,” breathed Harper as she bounded up to him and grabbed his cock through his pants, causing him to cough and sputter a little. “Yess, I can see it, John. And it’s trying to point up at me, isn’t it? It’s trying to get free, huh?”

“I...I...uhhhh,” was all John could manage to say as his brow creased and he looked down at Harper. She was such a tiny little thing, a full foot shorter than he was. The top of her head barely came up to his shoulders...but here she was, manhandling him, and he had absolutely no response, no comeback. All he could do was to keep his eyes locked on hers, which burned and flashed up at his with a vigorous and expectant fire.

“Mmmm...oh godddd it feels good,” moaned Harper up at him, as she extended her bright red tongue and licked her lips slowly. “Haha, I knew you had a big dick, John.”

“Y-you...you knew?” he asked vacantly, still trying to understand what was going on.

“Mmhm,” she said, nodding her pretty little head up at him. “You have that big dick energy, John. I can smell it, you know.”

“Uhh...oh...oh wow,” he sputtered, as she continued to massage his crotch insistently with her hand. Then, suddenly, she took it away and backed up a couple paces, giggling.

“But let’s not get ahead of ourselves!” she laughed, speaking louder now that they weren’t right next to each other. “C’mon! Let’s keep dancing! The party’s just starting! I’d hate to drain your balls before we even had a chance to do some foreplay!”

John looked blankly at Harper. He didn't understand why she was all of a sudden being so...dirty with him. It caught him off guard and made him worry that he somehow didn't have what it took to satisfy her. What if he didn't last long when they started having sex? What if he pissed her off because he came too soon? Would she still like him? Or would she kick him out of the house? Would the big amazons laugh at him!? All these thoughts were swirling around in his head, and he was suddenly aware of a couple dancing behind Harper...a towering, voluptuous woman and a skinny pale man who only came up to the middle of her huge boobs. He had his head bowed as he moved about awkwardly to the music, but she had her hands raised high above her head, her bracelets jingling on her full arms, as she moved and swayed sexily, snapping her long fingers over 8 feet high in the air.

"Come on, John!" laughed Harper, stepping over to him again and smacking him playfully in the chest. "Let's dance! Let's have some fuunnn!"

Harper's flirtatious smack seemed to wake John back up. He blinked and looked down at Harper. She winked at him and smiled as she resumed the exotic undulation of her hips. John couldn't help but crack a smile too. Things were normal — everything was normal. He had just gotten a little confused there for a second...god, it probably had something to do with how drop-dead gorgeous all these women were. How hot Vera was...and...and how big they all were too. It just took some getting used to, was all. And why was he so worried about pleasing Harper!? She was tiny! And her little pussy compared to his big cock...haha, well...in a little while, he'd have her screaming out to the stars and back. She wanted to talk dirty? He could deal with that — he could play with that. As he resumed his dancing along with Harper, John's internal reassurances washed pleasantly over him, and he could feel himself warming to the party. Isn't this what every guy wanted? To have a hot girl who's got a naughty side be into them? To have a girl confident enough to talk dirty out loud at a party like this? John could literally feel his skin getting warmer as he watched Harper's flesh bounce in front of him. He couldn't wait...

A couple goblets of the Pink Panther punch later, Harper was pulling John into her bedroom upstairs. If John had been more aware of his surroundings, he would have noticed that Harper's room looked pre-prepared, that she (or someone else) had spent a good deal of time setting things up. Dozens of red candles were stacked and positioned at various places around her bedroom, giving it a decidedly gothic and sexy glow. Some kind of strange incense appeared to be burning from a holder in the corner, and all around, the smell of cinnamon and apples mixed with the heavy musk of sandalwood. Her bedroom looked almost like a shrine...like a shrine designed to revere the exact act that was about to take place.

The two of them were breathing hard as they hurriedly took off their clothes. Their faces had been mashed up against each other's now for some time, hungrily making out. They had been doing this for so long that John's back was actually starting to get sore, since he had to stoop down in order to kiss Harper. But a sore back was the last thing on John's mind right now — the moment of truth had arrived. He felt pleasantly drunk by this point, but, if he had been able to

pause in his lustful interaction with Harper, he would have realized that he felt more than just drunk. Arcane mixtures were weaving their way through his body, but he had no way of knowing it.

All he knew now was that Harper had just pushed him backward onto her bed and had hungrily taken his cock in her mouth, growling as she wrapped her big red lips around his engorged head. John was quite big — at just over 9 inches, his cock was impressive by any standards, but it was the big, purple head of his thick shaft that was the real selling point.

“Holy...shit,” muttered Harper as she popped her lips back off the head. “You’re fucking enormous, John!”

“Haha, yeah I...uh...I...” But he wasn’t really able to finish his sentence, because Harper had just strained her little mouth around the entirety of his head, and had started sucking on it loudly, like it was a tootsie pop. John could feel himself starting to breathe faster as he felt Harper’s eager tongue fluttering back and forth over his dick hole as she sucked and sucked with an insistent, powerful force. After only a minute or so of this treatment, John felt like he was about to burst, and had to actually reach down and pull Harper’s head off him. She came up off him with a loud *pop* and for a second they stared at each other across the bed, both panting with desire. John had been going to make the first move, but Harper beat him to it. She practically pounced on him, forcing him back down onto the bed as she climbed on top of him, reaching down to grab his cock with her tiny hand as she navigated it up into her lubricated pussy. She couldn’t believe how big he was...she felt herself starting to drip down onto his cock as she put it inside her. This wouldn’t take long, she knew. Her heart was racing in her chest for many reasons, but by far the biggest one was the anticipation of what was about to happen. Not the actual sex...but what came after.

“Ooohhhh!” Harper whined out into her bedroom as she took John’s cock inside her, sliding sensuously down his pole until her ass cheeks thudded into his crotch. She had taken his full length up into her. She paused for a few moments, her head thrown back and her eyes closed, concentrating on getting used to how huge he felt. Then, slowly, steadily, she started to ride him. Each time she came up, she clenched her pussy as tightly as she could around his length, so that her insides were kneading and massaging him insistently, up and down. She was milking him like a machine, and he wasn’t going to last very long.

John had earlier worried about cumming prematurely, but at this point he just didn’t care anymore. Harper was too good — the way that she clenched around him and squeezed him with her engorged lips, the moist, heavy thud of her big ass every time she banged herself back down on his length, the way her sharp fingernails were lightly dragging across his chest, her loud sexy moans out into the air...it was too much. There was no holding himself in. With a loud cry, John shot a hot rope of semen deep into Harper’s body. She sensed it and kept going, tightening her muscles that much more as she went up and down on him, milking every last drop from his defeated monster. Her heart was really hammering now...and yes!! She could feel it!! There was no imagining it this time! She looked down at herself; she couldn’t really see

anything happening, but it felt like it was in her bones. The tingling fire...the wave of heat. It was unmistakable. Harper nearly started crying with joy, but she contained herself, and concentrated on throwing her hips around and around as she kept at John's cock.

A minute or so later, he was totally finished. He lay motionless on the bed, his eyes closed in ecstasy. He didn't know it yet, but he had just shrunk...by 2 whole inches.

"Mmmm, wow that was amazing," whispered Harper down at him. "Here, you stay put, alright? I'll be right back." She leaned over and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek and practically hopped into the next room. John wasn't going anywhere, that was for sure. He couldn't even feel his legs at the moment.

Harper went straight into one of her sister's rooms and made a beeline for something on the wall — a height chart. At various places on the chart were little red marks at various heights: 5'1...5'9...7'4...6'2...6'7...7'3...5'4...8'6...and so on. Harper breathlessly stood up to the chart, with her back to it, and measured herself, marking off where the top of her head was with a little red marker. She closed her eyes, breathed deeply, stepped forward, and turned around.

5'3. It said 5'3!!! She had grown...by two whole inches!! Harper breathed in and out in utter joy and then ran out of the room, practically flying downstairs. She didn't even care that she was totally naked or covered in sweat. She bounded up to Vera, who was still guarding the punch and who seemed to be in the process of teasing a skinny little man who was a full foot and a half shorter than her. She had his shirt in her fist and she was bent down over him, pointing to his tenting pants with a long finger.

"Vera!" heaved Harper excitedly. "Vera!"

Vera turned to her and raised her eyebrows expectantly, her eyes going wide with pleasure. She didn't seem to either notice or care that Harper was totally naked. No one else at the party did, either.

"Well?" Vera asked, smiling as she stood up to her full height and let the hapless, overmatched man go. "Did it work?"

"Yes!!" cried Harper, bouncing up and down on her feet. "Yess!! It did!! I grew two whole inches!!!"

"Oh woowww!" said Vera, nodding her head appreciatively. "An unusual initial spurt, huh? Hell yeah, Harper! Where is he?"

"Still up there," breathed Harper, short on breath. "Still lying there on...on my bed."

"Well?" said Vera again, cocking her eyebrow, "what are you waiting for? Get back up there and fuck him again!"

Chapter 4

John was still lying weak and motionless on the bed when Harper burst back into her bedroom. He would have started from the sudden and vehement sound of her busting in through her door, but he was simply too drained, literally and figuratively. As he had laid there on the bed, after cumming his heart out into Harper's eager pussy minutes before, he couldn't even find it within his power or inclination to lift his head. He just kept lying there, with his eyes closed, basking in what was undoubtedly the most intense sexual encounter he had ever had. If the fierce dynamism of Harper's sexual appetite hadn't already depleted his energy, he would have been kicking himself for cumming too early. He wasn't the type to do that! But he really couldn't help himself; Harper's sexy little body was far too eager, and her beautiful hazel eyes were far too hungry to resist.

Something about her shameless zeal to get him inside her, to ride his big dick around and around...John had never before encountered a girl who was so fervent in her desire to make him cum. His mind shot back to how she had sucked eagerly on the huge head of his purpling cock like it was a big piece of candy...and how she had been undeterred by how it had barely fit in her mouth. Despite his near-total exhaustion, as he lay on his back thinking about the recent breathless encounter, he felt his cock hardening again. He still had no idea that his exhaustion was due to something more than just the sex: he had shrunk by two whole inches. Harper had taken it from him. And what's more, he hadn't just lost height...he had lost a little bit of his own body mass. He was a little thinner...a little punier. Harper had taken that as well. But now, in the beginning, it was hard to notice, especially from his supine position on the bed. He was too busy reminiscing through the haze of his drunken brain about Harper sucking on his cock...and he rose even higher to attention there on the bed.

So when Harper came barging back into her bedroom, she was treated to a delicious view of John, naked and still covered in sweat, his 9-inch erection pointed straight in the air as he basked in the low red glow of the dozens of candles she had lit beforehand.

"Ooo, look who's ready again!" said Harper, panting from excitement. Without facing away, she flicked her wrist smartly, closing her bedroom door with a little more energy than she intended. It slammed loudly, but she didn't pay the noise any mind. In a couple of seconds she was back on the bed, straddling John's prone form. Her exhilaration had not dissipated since she had felt the slow fire of the growth in her bones and muscles, and her eyes went eagerly over John's body, searching for signs of shrinkage. Nothing was readily apparent, but Harper didn't care — she had gained two whole inches...She knew that John had shrunk in turn. There would be plenty of time to explore that whole aspect of the exchange later. For now, she had to focus on getting as much out of John as she could. Her first growth spurt had been unusually productive, and she didn't want to waste the opportunity to punctuate it.

"H-harper — " John panted, as she wrapped her hand around his thick dick and started to guide it up toward her waiting pussy. "Y-you...you're..."

"I'm ready for more, big boy!" she said energetically. She noticed, despite his fully erect length pointing straight up at her moistened snatch, that the rest of his body was totally immobile, and that his face and eyes were seeming to beg with her, almost plead. She smiled deviously as she started to slowly bring herself down on his thick pillar. Her pussy lips were kissing the huge mushroom head of his cock now. To accentuate their touch, Harper started rotating her hips round and round, teasing and tormenting the flesh of his cock head, as the tight skin on his mushroom head tightened further still, pushed and strained to the brink.

"What...are you not ready to go again?" she cooed down at him, slapping both of her hands aggressively down on his bare chest.

"I...I don't know," whispered John, barely able to get the words out. Harper's treatment was turning up the heat dial inside his body, and the hot red color was creeping into his neck and face again. He was afraid that if they had sex again, he would simply pass out. He didn't want to look so overwhelmed, but at this point it was almost impossible to resist her. Harper was pretty much going to do whatever she wanted with him. What was happening?! She had had just as much to drink as he had, and she was so much smaller! Why was he the one who seemed in over his head!?

"Well, this big cock of yours is saying you're ready!" laughed Harper. "Come on, stud pump it into me! I want more! More!!"

Without waiting any longer, Harper swiveled and shimmied her hips back and forth, slithering herself down onto John's cock, taking in the whole thing completely.

"Oooooohhh!" he breathed out, his chest rising and falling quickly. "Oh god...Oooooohhh gooodddd!!"

"Ohhhh yeeaaahhh!" moaned Harper as she brought both hands up to the back of her head, keeping her arms like that as she started to ride him again. "You're sooooo biigggggg, John. Uuugghh!! Uuugghh!!!" She impaled herself fully down on John's cock and then looked down. Maybe she was just imagining it in her excitement, but Harper thought that her shapely hips rolling and undulating on John's torso looked...bigger. Like, substantially bigger. Even before the shrinking, Harper's hips had been wider than John's by a few inches, simply because he was a well-built, lanky guy, and she was a petite yet shapely young woman. But now, with her on top of him like this, Harper thought that her midsection was actually noticeably larger than John's...his hips looked narrower, and a little more bony, while hers looked wider, thicker, curvier, with more flesh and substance.

But maybe she was just imagining it. She threw her head back and gave another impassioned groan. In any case, she was going to ride and milk John's cock until he was totally empty...she was hungry for more growth, more size, and she was fascinated to see how much she could take from him on the first night.

Harper proceeded to fuck John silly. She threw her hips around his raging boner like she was trying to win a contest. Within minutes, her merciless movements won her another desperate cry from John as he shot even more semen deep into her. She shuddered and laughed as she felt her skin rise to attention in little pricks of goosebumps, the endorphins flooding through her body. There was no mistaking it again — the slow burn in her bones, and the thrilling heat in her muscles, told Harper that she was growing once again, that she was taking more height and size from John. She shook her head back and forth passionately, her dark auburn hair flying about crazily and sticking to her face.

She wasn't going to stop here. John was just lying there on the bed with his eyes closed, barely able to make a noise, let alone a movement. Harper wasn't sure if he was passed out or not, and she didn't even care. The important thing was that his cock was still rock-hard inside her, and Harper was going to ride it until it turned to jelly. She re-positioned her legs in a crouching position as she adopted a new technique. Now, instead of rolling and undulating her hips sexily around John's cock, she was going for a less subtle approach: bashing her enlarged ass down on his erect length, over and over, with relentless and devastating energy. At the start of this new unsparing treatment, John had uttered something like a desperate little moan, but afterwards had quickly fallen silent. The only sounds that filled the bedroom now was the loud, wet smacking sound of Harper's ass smashing down on John's prone body, again and again.

SMACK *SMACK* *SMACK* *SMACK*

Harper was sure he had passed out, but it didn't matter. She went on and on...five minutes...ten minutes...

SMACK *SMACK* *SMACK* *SMACK*

She wasn't even phased by yet another squirt of semen into her, as John apparently had cum again despite his unconsciousness. She groaned out and rode him faster still.

SMACKSMACKSMACKSMACK

Two minutes later, she felt his member throb and spasm in her again! He had cum for a fourth time! She could tell by the heat in her muscles, and in her bones. The third and fourth spurt were not nearly as strong as the first two, but Harper was not phased in the least. She was still growing, and she was going to keep riding John's lifeless body as long as his dick stayed hard.

"I think he's empty, Harper," came an amused voice from her bedroom doorway. Startled, she pivoted around with John's dick still inside her. Vera was standing there in the doorway, with her arms folded across her big chest, her buzz-cut brown hair barely touching the top of the awning. Even leaning casually like she was, she filled up the doorway space impressively. Her green eyes were sparkling merrily, and she had a little smirk on her face.

"But...but he's still hard!" panted Harper, pointing to John's erect cock still inside her pussy.

"I can smell his balls from here," chuckled Vera. "They're empty. Remember, Harper, use your nose."

Harper furrowed her brow a little and climbed off John's dick, bending down to give his spent balls a sniff. Vera was right...she couldn't smell a drop of cum left in them. She turned to her older sorority sister with a sheepish little blush on her face — she was embarrassed to have been caught that out-of-control.

"I...I'm sorry," said Harper quietly. "I just...I guess I got so caught up in everything. You know, with it being my first time growing and all."

"You don't have to apologize to me!" laughed Vera. "Your guy there, though...haha, it looks like he may need a blood transfusion."

"You really think so?" asked Harper anxiously, turning to look at John's unconscious body.

"No, silly," chuckled Vera. "He's fine — but you definitely rode him straight down into oblivion. Geez Harper, I thought you hadn't had a lot of sex before!"

"I...I hadn't!" said Harper. It was true — she hadn't been with that many guys before. She suddenly stood up straight, her shining, nude body erect and straight, as she tried to measure herself up against Vera to see how much she'd grown. At the same time, she looked down at her arms and legs, examining them to see if they had gotten any bigger. Maybe Harper was just excited and flushed from the recent onslaught of sexual activity, but she could've sworn that Vera looked a little shorter to her...and she was sure that her arms and legs looked...fuller...thicker. She glanced eagerly up at Vera, betraying all her desires.

"Well, you could've fooled me, with how you were riding his cock!" laughed Vera, her voluptuous flesh shaking and jiggling with her laugh. Right then, Vera glimpsed the look in Harper's eyes, and saw how she was looking down at herself and standing up straight to see how tall she'd gotten. Vera couldn't help but laugh a little again as she felt a wave of emotion go through her. She actually teared up a little, feeling the liquid gather in her eyes as she thickly smiled through her bodily process. Seeing her sorority sisters grow for the first time, and seeing how happy and excited it made them, was one of Vera's favorite things. It was all just so...so precious, and sweet, and...well, just emotional. She felt like a mother watching a child take its first steps.

"I bet you wanna go measure yourself, huh?" asked Vera, laughing as she fingered her tears away, winking down at Harper. "You know, I have to say, I can tell that you've gotten bigger."

"You can!?" blurted Harper, blinking her wide hazel eyes.

"Yep," said Vera matter-of-factly. "It's pretty clear that you're taller, and that you're just...bigger all over. Turn around for me." Harper did, and Vera immediately smiled and nodded her head. "See, yeah — your ass is totally bigger."

"My ass!?" squealed Harper.

"A hundred percent. And your hips are wider too...you always had a good shape, but yeah...it's obvious now, just looking at you....wider hips, bigger ass...ha! and your boobs are bigger too!"

"I know!" said Harper, looking down as she cupped them.

"Plus," said Vera, having to contain her own energy, "your legs and arms look proportional to everything, which means they've gotten bigger too."

"Oh my god, oh my god!" said Harper in girlish emotion as she bounced up and down on her toes. "Can you come measure me, Vera?"

"I'd like nothing better, girl," said Vera. Less than a minute later they were in the other room, with Harper standing straight up against the height chart and Vera bending down carefully to measure. She marked with a red marker where the top of Harper's head reached, and as she did, Vera let out a low, impressed whistle.

"What!?" asked Harper breathlessly, not daring to move from her position, with her back to the wall. "What's it say??"

"It says..." said Vera slowly, almost like she could barely believe it, "that you're right at 5'5."

"What?!?!" cried Harper, whirling around and turning to look at the height chart. Vera pointed with her finger to the mark she had made, her eyebrows raised in unfiltered admiration.

B-but...but no one grows that fast, right!" exclaimed Harper.

Vera tilted her head to the side. With her 6-inch black platform boots, Vera stood just under 7 feet, and was still very much taller than Harper. Despite her recent spurt, the top of Harper's head only came up to the middle of Vera's prodigious breasts. She regarded the younger pledge for a few seconds silently, as if trying to ascertain what exactly it was about Harper that made her first spurt so big.

"Well, it's not...unheard of," said Vera carefully. "I mean...you know the story of how Phoebe started growing, right?" Harper nodded. Phoebe, the leader of their sorority, was by far the biggest, tallest, most voluptuous of them all. All the sisters knew that Phoebe had started out at 5'2, but that, by the end of her freshman year, she had shot all the way up to 6'4, an unprecedented pace. Now that she was a junior, Phoebe was well over 7 feet tall in her bare feet, and she wasn't stopping her growth. But to even be compared to Phoebe...to be

considered with her in the same sentence, gave Harper goosebumps. Phoebe was like a goddess.

“But it is...exceedingly rare, to grow that much from a single session.” Vera’s green eyes sparkled down quietly at Harper. She loved the younger girl, but Vera felt a stab of something like danger go through her. She really, really didn’t want this early growth to go to Harper’s head, or worse, discourage her when she didn’t grow as fast the next time she had a boy. But Vera didn’t want to show her concern, and she blinked and widened her eyes as she smiled brightly.

“So...just enjoy it, Harper!” she said happily. “Golly, you grew 4 whole inches in your first go-round! And oh my god, just look at these breasts of yours! They’re at least a cup size bigger — maybe two!” Vera bent down and palmed Harper’s bare breasts, jiggling them around playfully. Harper blinked her eyes as she laughed sheepishly at Vera’s praise.

“And your hips and ass! Man oh man, look at them!” intoned Vera, moving her hands down to run them over the thickened curves of Harper’s hips, and the swells of her newly-enlarged ass. “They feel amazing, girl! You didn’t just gain cheap height or weight. This is real, solid, tasty thickness that you’ve got going on down there!” And to emphasize, Vera smacked Harper’s ass, causing the younger girl to jump and yelp out with enthusiasm. A few seconds of silence passed, as both women just stood there appreciating the gravity of what had just happened.

“You feel ok everywhere?” asked Vera, almost as if it were protocol. “Your bones, muscles all ok? No weird pain?”

“Nope!” said Harper, standing up to her full 5’5 and thrusting her newly-enlarged bosom forward. “Just...you know, the heat when I was actually growing...and, uh...a little warmth still there. But no pain.”

“Excellent,” said Vera.

A few more moments of silence passed. Vera knew what Harper wanted to do next, and she knew why Harper was too intimidated to instigate it.

“You wanna weigh yourself, don’t you?” said Vera with a grin.

“Y-yes,” said Harper, reddening in her cheeks all over again as she inclined her head down a little, embarrassed.

“Well, let’s go on down to the basement, then!” said Vera. All the girls knew that they kept the weight scale in the basement, along with...many other things.

“Oh...I d-don't...uh...I don't know — what about him?” asked Harper, suddenly pointing to John's passed-out body on the bed. She was obviously trying to stall, because she was nervous.

“What about him?” asked Vera.

“Well, what if he...uh, wakes up or something?” asked Harper.

Vera put her hands on her hips as she bent her head down at Harper.

“Really, girl?” she laughed. “You think that boy is waking up anytime soon?”

“I d-don't...uh...um..no.”

“No,” repeated Vera, shaking her head as she smiled. “I saw how much of our potion he drank. And I saw how you were riding him. Uh-uh, that boy isn't waking up till tomorrow morning, at the very least.”

Harper was about to ask if Vera was sure about that, but she didn't — she knew it would have been disrespectful. Besides, she knew that Vera was totally on to her. Vera knew why she was stalling.

“So...so on down to the basement, huh?” asked Harper.

“Well, you do want to see how much weight you've gained, right?” asked Vera. Harper nodded silently. Vera was suddenly overtaken with pity and bent down, petting Harper's flushed cheek lightly with her long finger.

“Haha, come on girl, I know why you're nervous. And it's ok! I was nervous too, the first time I went down there. But let me tell you — we've all gotta do it eventually. And your time is now.”

“B-but...but I don't wanna...you know...disturb her while she's...while she's busy.”

Vera stood back up and laughed. “Are you kidding, Harper!? Phoebe loves you. She's thought you were the cutest little thing ever since you started rushing!”

“Sh-she...she has?” stuttered Harper, barely able to contain her excitement. The heat and color were flushing all through her face and chest.

“No doubt,” said Vera, nodding. “And if you're gonna be in Kappa Gamma Delta, you gotta be able to face the head girl, even when she's in the middle of one of her...you know...orgies.”

“I...I don't wanna face her,” said Harper. “I j-just wanna go down there and weigh myself and come back up to, uh...to enjoy the rest of the party. I don't want to get in her way.”

“Oh you’re not gonna be getting in her way,” said Vera knowingly, arching her eyebrows. “Not when I’m presenting you to her.”

“When y-you’re...what!?!” choked Harper.

“That’s right!” laughed Vera. “We’ll go down there, you’ll weigh yourself, and then I’ll present you to Phoebe...you know, for inspection.”

“B-but...but she’s gonna be in the middle of all kinds of — ”

“Do you really think,” cut in Vera, “that Phoebe isn’t going to want to hear that one of her girls...one of her favorite girls, at that, has just grown 4 whole inches in her first spurt?”

Harper had no answer. She had just heard so many things...so many stories, of Phoebe’s sexual exploits, and most particularly about the harem of men she kept in the basement. Earlier that day, she had gone down to the basement and helped prepare for the party, but she had not been allowed to see any of Phoebe’s men. They were kept hidden away. But now...now Harper was going to actually see Phoebe in action!? And not only that, she, Harper, was going to be the center of Phoebe’s attention, at least for a minute!? It was all a little difficult to handle, and her heart started beating faster as she saw Vera offer her hand. Harper took it.

“Breathe easy, girl,” said Vera soothingly as she started to lead Harper out of the room and toward the staircase. The booming sound of the music and the flashing lights of the glowsticks all of a sudden became more prominent. The party on the first floor was in full swing. But they were going a floor below.

“Phoebe sure can be intimidating, I know. But I’ve seen how she looks at you. And besides, don’t you wanna see what she can do to her little guys?” Vera’s voice rose elegantly above the grating noise.

Harper nodded, feeling her clit twinge in expectation, despite its recent exhaustive activity. The two of them walked down the stairs, with Harper still fully naked. The dances in the main room had become more frenzied — the dance floor was packed with tall, curvy women, some of them dancing with short, skinny, and overmatched men, and some of them dancing with each other. The corners of each room were already starting to be populated with people making out and feeling each other up. Almost invariably, it was one of the amazonian women doing something dominant to a smaller male. Harper looked left and saw Nora gripping a weak-looking young guy, her hands totally enveloping his little shoulders, as she shoved her huge tongue deep into his mouth and down his throat. Harper looked right and saw Ariel waving at her as she danced and weaved her body sexily in between two shorter amazons, who were feeling her up, front and back. In half an hour, this room would be a veritable orgy all to itself.

But Harper and Vera were going down to the basement. Vera reached the basement door and stopped. It looked nondescript enough...just another door in the sorority house. But they both knew it hid so much more.

“Well,” said Vera, clearly relishing the moment, “after you!”

Harper looked up at Vera anxiously, smiled, swallowed, and reached out, her hand going around the warm metal knob. There was no doubt — she was bigger...everywhere. Her hand went around the knob more completely. Harper felt a rush of heat as she turned the handle, pulled the door open, and then began her descent, with Vera following her closely down into the warm, humid darkness.

Chapter 5

The first thing that Harper noticed was the smell...she had never smelled anything like it in her life. She was descending the basement stairs, and, for the moment at least, she was unable to see anything at all. She kept her hand firmly on the wooden stair bannister, which was chipped and pockmarked with age. All she had was the smell...what was it? In the hot, heavy, humid air that emanated up from the basement, a pungent, spicy scent was invading her nostrils, making her head swim a little as she steadied herself on the stairs. Her nude body was already covered with a thin sheen of sweat, making her feet a little slippery.

“Easy, easy,” came Vera’s soft voice behind her. Harper remembered that Vera was behind her, and the older sister’s experienced presence heartened her and gave her courage in the face of the intense anxiety she was experiencing right now. Even as she got lightheaded for a moment due to the powerful, piquant, almost peppery scent, she recovered, taking a deep breath of the heavy, spicy air as she continued to descend the stairs. She was already noticing a definite difference in her body...how she moved...how she carried herself. She felt more strength and vigor in her limbs — her grip against the bannister was firm and solid, and her longer, thicker legs felt like they were quivering with power as they supported her heavier, curvier torso.

After her nearly-unprecedented 4-inch growth, Harper had every reason to feel confident and sure of herself, but there was just no getting over what she was actually doing right now. She was going down into the fabled Kappa Gamma Delta basement...during a party...to be presented to Phoebe, the head girl, the tallest, biggest, most beautiful, and most powerful sister of them all. A week before, or even one day before, Harper could not have imagined that she would be granted such a privilege. She had heard tales...whisperings...of the orgies Phoebe presided over in the basement during parties. Only a select few people had ever seen the orgies, much less participated in them. As a patch of low orange-red light became visible at the bottom of the stairs, Harper couldn’t help but feel another strong wave of intense anxiety and apprehension. Was she going to be welcome? Was Phoebe going to be pleased to see her?! And what was she, Harper, going to see down here!?

The glow of the light grew stronger as Harper descended and suddenly, she rounded a corner of the stairs and the whole basement scene spread itself out before her eyes. Harper caught sight of the enormous body of Phoebe lounging on a massive red leather sofa. Her massive breasts bulged outward from her solid, vigorous torso, and the great trunks of her thick thighs were spread open. Her body was shining with sweat...or juices...or whatever it was...her long blond hair was spilled luxuriously over her shoulders. Harper felt her heart stop for a moment behind her recently-enlarged breasts. Phoebe was...absolutely gorgeous, stunning...almost otherworldly. It took a couple seconds of helpless gawking before Harper became aware of all that was happening around the head girl’s goddess-like body. There were little things moving around...small little hunched things, with skinny limbs and pale skin...moving to and fro, hurriedly, purposefully, and some even with a note of desperation in their movements. The biggest one of them couldn’t have been more than four feet tall; most of them didn’t even exceed three feet...and a few of them were exceptionally tiny, no more than a foot and a half

tall. The biggest, tallest one was in between Phoebe's legs, with its head in her pussy. Two others were standing close on either side of Phoebe's reclining form on the sofa, their heads barely rising above hers as she pushed their crotches gently to her mouth, taking them one after the other in between her big lips.

Harper realized with a sudden shock that these little creatures were men...human men. She could tell by their faces that they were adults, despite the apparent tininess and puniness of their bodies. At first glance, it looked like they were a bunch of starved, bony children all gathered and swarming around the fleshy goddess, but on closer glance, there could be no doubt that these were all men...very small, very skinny, very subservient men. The longer Harper looked, the more she seemed to notice. The biggest man (the 4-foot tall one) was busy eating Phoebe out, and she was palming the back of his head with her huge hand, encouraging him to go deeper. The two shrunken men on either side of her (neither of them much more than 3 feet tall) each had erections that Phoebe was patiently deepthroating, one after the other, turning right and then left, right and then left. There were lots of other little men too...a few of the smaller ones seemed to be rubbing Phoebe's tree-trunk-like legs, worshiping her huge thighs and quads with their tiny hands. Harper couldn't believe it — Phoebe's calves alone were bigger than the smaller men's entire bodies. And on top of all this, Harper noticed that there was a line of tiny men kneeling in a row, probably 7 or 8 of them in total, in front of some kind of long, rectangular plate, or shallow trough of some kind. She saw their little bodies vibrating and shaking ever so slightly, and with a start, Harper realized what they were doing. They were all busy jacking off into the trough. Elsewhere, in a few of the dark corners of the basement, Harper could just make out a few other high-ranking sorority sisters, who were engaged with their own small men. She couldn't really see what was going on...her eyes snapped back to the glorious image of Phoebe...she must have had 10 or 15 tiny men around her. Two especially tall sorority sisters stood at either end of the huge sofa, watching all the goings-on with evident pleasure. They were guarding the head girl.

'As if she needed protection,' Harper thought...then suddenly, Phoebe turned her huge head off one of the shrunken's man's cocks and looked straight at her. Harper sharply took her breath in and put her head down, but not before Phoebe's intense hazel eyes had pierced into her from across the room.

"L-let's...let's go to the scale and...and see what I weigh," stammered Harper to Vera behind her. She felt the weight of the older sister's big, strong hands lovingly place themselves on her shoulders as Vera chuckled softly from above.

"Haha, ok," she whispered pleasantly, clearly thinking that Harper's trepidation was adorable. She led Harper from behind to a far corner of the basement, where the weight scale was. As they neared the scale, they encountered one of the older sisters, who had been invisible before in the shadows. She seemed to be holding up something on her chest and her shoulders, and Harper realized with a sudden jolt that this sister had a shrunken man standing on her chest, with his legs splayed over both her shoulders. She was holding him up against the wall with her bust, and was pumping her big head in and out of his crotch. She was giving him a vigorous,

merciless blowjob, and from the way the little man was moaning and crying out into her hair, it was both agonizing and intensely pleasurable at the same time.

“Scuse us, Claire,” said Vera amiably, brushing past here. “Just gotta get to the scale here. I’ve got little Harper with me.”

“Oooo!” said Claire, turning her head in the shadows as she popped the little man’s dick out of her mouth. “Did she grow!?”

“She sure did,” said Vera, squeezing Harper’s shoulders slightly in affection. “And then some! Four inches, Claire. Four whole inches.”

“What the fuck, are you kidding!?” Claire almost squealed, turning all the way around with the shrunken man still on her chest. She looked down at Harper with wide, intense eyes. Claire was one of the tallest, curviest girls in the sorority — she had long, auburn-red hair, and dark-chocolate-brown, almost black eyes. Her olive-skinned body blended in with the dark shadows of the basement corner, but Harper could still make out her gargantuan curves. Standing at just over 7 feet tall in her bare feet, only Phoebe and a few of the other older girls were bigger. And Claire was wearing 6-inch heeled boots tonight. Even in her recently-burgeoned 5’5 body, Harper was looking straight into the middle of Claire’s stomach; she could see Claire’s toned flesh, since she was wearing a short dark shirt that only went down a bit below her boobs. Harper swallowed nervously as the huge girl examined her.

“My god, Vera,” she breathed in excitement. “Just wait till Phoebe gets a load of this.” Holding the little man to her breast with one hand, so that he didn’t fall off, Claire bent down to look Harper in the eye.

“I knew you were something special, little girl,” she said in a deep voice, her plush lips forming themselves into a slow, wide smile. Her eyes were so dark and penetrating that Harper felt like all she could do was smile nervously and stare at Claire’s mouth, and she noticed that there were little white droplets of semen that dotted the big lips.

“Be patient, and don’t let it go to your head, ok?”

“O-ok,” said Harper, managing to look up into Claire’s eyes as she smiled deferentially.

“It’s good advice,” said Vera from behind and above Harper, squeezing her shoulders again affectionately.

“Mmmm,” said Claire, standing up to her full height again, giving Harper another view of her exposed abs. “Go on and weigh yourself now. I’ve gotta get back to draining this little guy. He’s given me a lot already, but I need more...I need more to fill my belly...mmmmm.” As Claire moaned and purred, Harper saw that she made her stomach do several rolls, gearing itself up for more cum. She felt herself go wet in between her legs at the lewd and lascivious lust of the

older sister, and she would have looked longer if Vera hadn't guided her past, and into the corner.

The weight scale was sitting there in the hallowed corner, surrounded by low-burning candles, an ancient-looking contraption of strange gears and gadgets. Harper didn't really know too much about it, only that it had been in the sorority for generations, perhaps a hundred years...and perhaps much longer than that. It sure looked old, and nowadays, there were quicker ways to measure weight. But tradition was tradition, and in any case, she had been told that the scale was more accurate than any other method of measurement. Feeling a rush of nervous excitement, she stepped on the scale. The mechanical gears turned and clanked, the arcane gadgets clicked and clacked, and a few seconds later, Vera peered in at the measurement, which was displayed in a strange series of symbols on the instrument.

"Four thousand one hundred and forty lots," murmured Vera. "Or two-point-o-seven talents...hmm, let's see...138 pounds."

"138 pounds!?" exclaimed Harper excitedly, stepping off the scale.

"Yes ma'am!" said Vera brightly, the piercings on her face framing her excited smile. "You've gained quite a bit already!"

"Oh my god!" cried Harper excitedly, jumping up and down a little as she cupped her newly-grown C-cup boobs. "Oh my godddd!! It's working!! It's really, really working!!"

"Why of course it is, dear," came a deep, powerful, pleasant voice. Harper immediately stopped bouncing on her feet and turned around timidly. The whole basement seemed to stop for a moment in response to that gentle, authoritative voice. There could be no doubt where it had come from. Phoebe was staring at her across the room, still surrounded by her little men. Her bright hazel eyes shone through the low light, and twinkled mysteriously. Harper felt Vera put her hands on her shoulders again, but this time, she noticed that Vera's palms were a little damp. Was she even a little nervous?

"Bring her over here, please, Vera," said Phoebe calmly. "Bring her over to me."

Vera did, with Harper shuffling nervously in front of her. It seemed to Harper that everyone (except for the little men around Phoebe) had stopped what they were doing, and were watching this anticipated exchange with bated breath. A few moments later, Harper found herself standing before Phoebe, who was still stretched out like a goddess on her huge red sofa. The two shrunken men were still standing on either side of her, their erections pointing at both of her cheeks from competing sides. The 4-foot-tall man continued busying himself in between her legs, with his face deep in her fat, drooling pussy. The four or five little men were still massaging and worshipping her mighty legs, and the line of 7 or 8 men jerking off into the trough was still unbroken. Harper saw that the trough was already rather full of rich, milky-white cum, but the little men were still going at it...apparently it wasn't full enough for Phoebe yet.

“So,” said the enormous head girl, looking down at Harper with her stunning eyes, “How do you feel?”

“I...I f-feel...I feel good!” said Harper, her voice shaking a little. Phoebe smiled warmly. Harper felt like she should provide a little more. “I...uh, it felt really, umm...warm...when it was happening...like...like a uh, a kind of...heat in my bones. But th-that’s gone now and uh...I j-just...uh...I just feel all nice and t-tingly now.”

“Mmmm that’s good, little one,” purred Phoebe. “That’s good to hear. The first growth doesn’t always agree with everyone. Some find it unbearably painful, and some never want to go through it again. Your reaction shows how natural it is to you...and what promise you have.”

“Th-thank you,” squeaked Harper, not knowing what else to say.

“Do you like what you see down here?” asked Phoebe, gesturing with her full arm and huge hand all around. Harper looked after Phoebe’s hand, and everywhere she turned, she saw huge, tall, voluptuous women dominating short, tiny men...in all varieties of sexual play. On the first floor above, the size difference between the men and women had been noticeable, but down here in the basement, it was even more pronounced. The average woman was probably closer to 7 feet tall, and the average man was no taller than 4 feet. It was a secret place, a private place...and exclusive place...rife with shadows and mystery...vibrating with barely-contained feminine intensity, and oozing with unbelievably licentious carnal energy.

“Yes,” said Harper quietly and completely truthfully, feeling her mouth and her pussy starting to salivate at the same time. She was immensely turned on by everything around her, by the incredible show of female size and power, and, most of all, by the august energy of the woman in front of her. “Yes I do.”

Phoebe leaned forward a bit on the sofa, peering carefully into Harper’s eyes for a few long moments, unblinking. Harper stared back at her, determined to keep the eye contact. She wanted Phoebe to know that she was worthy. After a time, Phoebe smiled lovingly down at her.

“I know you do, Harper,” she said quietly, her voice setting the air alive with its deep vitality. Harper felt a crest of pleasure flood through her, hearing Phoebe speak her name aloud. The huge girl suddenly leaned back again into the sofa and snapped her fingers once. Immediately, the 7 or 8 little men who had been jacking off into the trough stopped, bent down, picked it up, and brought it over to Phoebe, each of them carrying it upright on their shoulders carefully so that none of the cum spilled. Phoebe accepted the long trough with two hands, almost seeming to purr out with pleasure into the heavy basement air. The men immediately got down on their knees and prostrated themselves on the ground in front of her, laid out completely flat on the ground in a motion of worship.

Phoebe looked down at Harper knowingly, winking at her, and then started to pour the trough of cum all over her huge, bare breasts, moaning as she spread it around and kneaded it into her flesh. Soon her skin was positively glistening with cum. When about half of the trough was empty, Phoebe then tipped it back over her huge open mouth and poured the rest of the cum straight in. Harper couldn't believe how much cum her mouth could hold, and she found herself getting even wetter as Phoebe gargled the cum loudly out into the basement air, shaking her head gently back and forth.

"Aaaagwworrrlaaughhwaaaaghhrrllwwrroollllgrahhwrrl!!"

Phoebe's gargling sounds were incredibly lewd, and they seemed to drive the activity of the basement into a new fever pitch of excitement and intensity. All around, Harper heard little men crying out as they came into giant mouths, down giant throats, on giant tits, and into giant asses and pussies. Phoebe suddenly swallowed with one mighty gulp, and the cum of 15 orgasms was completely gone.

GALUM

She looked down at Harper, smiling steadily as she beckoned the men on either side of her to come closer.

"Keep growing, little girl," said Phoebe. "Keep growing...I want to see you down here again soon."

A minute later, Harper and Vera were back up on the main floor, in the midst of the phantasmagoric dance party. Harper felt almost dizzy with accomplishment. She had done it — she had done it all in one night! She had popped her growth cherry, shot up 4 inches, and had an encouraging audience with Phoebe...the basement, no less!

"What a night, huh, girl?" said Vera happily, as she stood with Nora next to Harper, the three of them watching the party.

"Yeah," said Harper happily. "Yeah...I...I almost can't believe it."

"Well pinch yourself," laughed Nora, her curvy flesh jiggling with laughter. "Cause tonight is just the beginning."

Chapter 6

“Uuuunnnngggghhhh...” John groaned as he finally managed to open his eyes the following afternoon. He could tell from the skew of mellowed sunlight that was spilling in from Harper’s bedroom window that it was already sometime in the afternoon. Mustering up a herculean effort, he turned to his right in the bed, only to discover that he was alone. Harper was nowhere to be seen. John tried to gather the energy to sit up, but after a couple failed attempts he simply lay there inert, marveling at the extent of his bodily exhaustion.

True, his head was throbbing slightly, but the pain was nowhere near what he would have expected, judging by the amount of that pink panther punch he drank the previous night. This wasn’t a normal kind of hangover — the throbbing headaches and overwhelming nausea that John had come to expect were completely absent, but in their place was a comprehensive physical exhaustion, the likes of which he had never experienced in his life. The closest thing that he could compare it to was the night after his first two-a-day soccer practice his junior year of high school after he had made the varsity team. But the state he was in now, this total vacancy of any energy in his body, was something else entirely. He was completely drained.

Little did John know that he had shrunk 2 whole inches after his first bout of sex with Harper, and then an additional inch after she had come back for more. Thanks to the distraction of his utter exhaustion, he also had no idea that he had lost 12 pounds. Before he had entered the Kappa Gamma Delta sorority house, he clocked in at 6’1, 176 pounds. Now he was only 5’9, 164. He was now only 4 inches taller and 26 pounds heavier than Harper, a girl whom he had previously dwarfed. But John was ignorant of Harper’s growth just as he was of his own shrinkage; he had been distracted by Harper’s insatiable appetite sexing him into senselessness last night. Nor was he aware that the “pink panther” punch was something far more sinister, and ancient, than he imagined, and which had contributed to his shrinking. As John lay there, he realized that he could still smell Harper on her sheets and pillows...the woody, creamy scent...with a hint of spice...sandalwood. He felt a throb of affectionate emotion as he saw her laughing face behind his eyelids.

After about half an hour of simply laying there with his eyes closed, recounting the weird frenzy of the previous night’s party, John was finally able to sit up and look around. Harper’s bedroom looked fairly ordinary now...it was odd...hadn’t there been a bunch of lit candles the night before? Like, dozens and dozens of them? Why had she taken them away? It also struck John as a bit strange that he hadn’t heard a single voice anywhere in the sorority house since the moment he had woken up. His own fraternity house was constantly buzzing with activity, and there was always someone talking or laughing or moving around or...or something. But, for the half hour he had been awake, John had not heard a single, solitary sound coming from inside the house. The distant white noise of traffic hanging indistinctly in the air was the only sound he heard. It was weird...very weird.

‘Well,’ mused John, putting his feet on the floor, ‘I guess the girls at Kappa Gamma Delta are pretty invested in their studies.’ He suddenly remembered that yes, this totally made sense,

because KGD was a sorority for young women who were studying medicine. Of course the house was quiet!

‘Everyone’s probably at the library or something!’ chuckled John to himself, standing up. ‘Or...the lab...or, wherever.’

His mind went back to focusing on Harper, and what a surprisingly...ravenous and...and animalistic sex fiend she was. But as he stood up, John felt a little unsteady on his feet, and he fell back down into a sitting position on the bed. He thought back to how hungry her eyes had been when she had his dick in her mouth, sucking and pulling on his cock head with her lips like it had been the tastiest lollipop in the world...he thought back to how insistently and passionately she had ridden him, and how, even after that first insane session, she had come back for more, rousing him from his sleep, only to fuck him back down into unconsciousness in a matter of minutes. He felt a throb somewhere deep in the base of his cock, and he hardened a little, thinking about Harper and her beautiful hazel eyes.

His arousal seemed to give him a little jolt of energy, and he stood back up, this time managing to keep his balance. Looking around, he found his clothes all folded neatly in a little pile on one of Harper’s nightstands.

‘Oh my god she is just precious,’ thought John as his heart welled up. ‘All that crazy sex last night, and she bothers to fold my clothes for me before she goes to class.’ He felt a sudden jolt of panic, thinking that he had missed his Friday morning class, but then almost immediately he relaxed, remembering that it was Saturday. He unfolded his shirt first and slid it on, appreciating that it too smelled of Harper’s spicy, woody scent.

‘Jesus,’ he thought, chuckling, ‘She washed my clothes too? This girl is a keeper for sure.’

But something wasn’t right. The t-shirt was looser around his torso. Puzzled, John looked down. It was his shirt all right. Last night it had fit perfectly, but now it was definitely too big for him...like, a whole size too big.

‘I guess it got bigger in the wash,’ John mused. But that explanation didn’t satisfy him — clothes didn’t get bigger in the wash — they shrank. John stood there for a few seconds, puzzled. But after a few moments he just shrugged his shoulders and unfolded his jeans.

‘I guess they use some weird detergent here or something,’ he thought. ‘Strange geeky premed girls.’

But in the midst of these thoughts, he suddenly paused in the middle of putting on his jeans. He had suddenly remembered the other sorority girls...and he felt his cock inflate again. Good god, were these girls even real? It had all seemed so surreal, so weird, that John began to seriously wonder if the party had all been a dream. But there was no way it had been — it couldn’t have been a dream, because the images flashing through his mind were so stark and palpable that

there could be no question that they had transpired. His memory flared up and he was bombarded with a host of images: that incredibly tall, curvy amazon, with the piercings and the buzz cut...Vera, that was her name...guarding the punch bowl...her deep-set green eyes, her full lips smirking down at him. Oh god, and what about those two women guarding the door?? John unconsciously parted his lips as his breath began to come forward in slight little pants. What were their names?? One of them had the same name as a Disney character, he remembered...Ariel! That was it! God she was something else — long black hair, pale skin, and those coal-black eyes burning down into his. The other girl...the one with the long spills of white hair...and her pale hazel eyes...like, Jesus she had some curves — they all did! John couldn't remember her name.

But then another image came into view: the Kappa Gamma Delta dance floor, the strobe light beaming in rhythm through the purple fog that crawled across the ground...the scene was already eccentric enough, but what really came to the forefront of John's mind were the black, indistinct shapes of people on the dance floor — the short, skinny men, barely moving in place as they "danced" with the tall, luscious amazonian women. It was so strange! ALL of the men had been smaller, and ALL of the women had been taller, bigger, thicker...and their dance movements, the aggressive and elaborate curves and passes they had been making in the air with their hands in time to the strange beats of the ambient music...well, it all seemed very odd to say the least. But what a night it had been! And his sex with Harper — it was by far the best he had ever had. As he pulled up his jeans, John was willing to dismiss the strangeness of the sorority for the intensity of the pleasure he had experienced.

But just then, he buttoned up his jeans and realized that they were loose around his waist. And not only that, but there were several extra inches of the legs that were crumpled up around his bare feet.

"Now wait a minute," John said out loud, exasperated. "What the fuck? What the — these fit fine yesterday! What's going on!?"

In vain, he tried to pull his jeans up again and rally them around his waist, but it was no use. The jeans were several inches too big for him, both in the waist and in the legs. Frustrated, John caught up his belt, which Harper had coiled carefully up into a little snake-like circle, and threaded it through his jeans. When he tightened it, he saw that the customary belt hole that was worn from use was several sizes too big, and so he had to tighten his belt further, until he found himself buckling through the very last hole, the smallest size available on his belt. Only then did it fit his waist.

"What...the hell?" John said again. And then, with a sickeningly cold shudder, he remembered his friends all talking to him about the rumors swirling around Kappa Gamma Delta...and how guys who went into the sorority house came out...smaller. John looked down at himself, standing there in Harper's bedroom in his now-oversized clothes, and for a moment he was about to have a panic attack. He felt his chest and his throat tightening, and for several seconds

his breathing became heavy and labored, as the muscle of his heart began to burn behind his sternum.

“Wait!” he suddenly said aloud to himself, “Wait!!” He held out his hands in the universal “stop” motion, and made an effort to take several deep breaths. “Come on, what am I doing here?” he said out loud, forcing himself to laugh. “Freaking out over my clothes!? Hahaha come on! It’s nothing! It’s no big deal! Something weird just happened with the wash, and that’s it! Hahaha, come on, are you seriously afraid that...that...you know? Come on! That’s impossible!”

John was not in the habit of talking to himself, but in this particular instance, his instinct to panic had been so acute that he unconsciously resorted to reassuring himself out loud. It helped — he saw his fears for what they were: silly gossip, spread by a bunch of dudes who weren’t lucky enough to be invited to a KGD party themselves. John decided to not think about all those short skinny men, and their tall, buxom, dominating, and amazonian dance partners. He decided not to think about the oddity of his clothes not fitting. He decided instead to focus on Harper, and specifically on seeing if he could score another date with her. Even in the midst of all those other beautiful, gigantic women, Harper remained the shining light to him. He pulled on his socks and shoes, paused for a second when he realized that they, too, were a bit too big, and then chuckled, shoving down all his irrational fears into his subconscious as he left Harper’s bedroom. Still though, something pricked at his mind a little — his shoes too?? How were they a little too big?

But John had decided not to think about it, and he descended the stairs slowly, still weak from the previous night. When he got to the bottom of the stairs, he got a nasty shock. He was not alone in the house. All around the main room of the sorority house lay dozens of small men, some of them just around 5 feet tall, and some of them not taller than 3 feet, all splayed out on the floor, unconscious. Just seeing them all in the daylight came as quite a jolt to John, and he was able to see, even though they were lying down on the floor, that they weren’t just short. They were skinny too, with some of the shorter men appearing to suffer from an alarmingly advanced state of...what was it?? Anorexia?? Or something like it, surely...their thin little arms and legs looked like they could be snapped like twigs. They all looked like they had fallen unconscious during the party last night. With a shudder, John noticed that a number of them were completely naked. A faint sweet smell, a hint of raspberries, hung in the still air, and seemed to contrast with the lewd, obscene, silent scene before him.

For a moment, John felt sick; he felt like he had stumbled into somewhere he didn’t belong. Very quickly, he felt his panic start to rise again. He had to get out of there. He ran up to the heavy front door, and with difficulty managed to pull it open, bursting out onto the front porch. He had to turn and check his steps to keep from tumbling down the steep stairs, and in doing so, he saw that the enormous white-haired amazon who had stopped him last night at the door was sitting there on the porch, casually stirring a large black cauldron of steaming liquid as her long white hair fluttered lightly in the gentle breeze. The cauldron was heated from below by what looked like a large bunsen burner that burned a vibrant shade of red, even though the burner

itself did not appear to be connected to a gas line. The huge woman looked up mildly at John and smiled, her light hazel eyes narrowing pleasantly.

“Well hello there John!” she said cheerfully as she stirred. “You’re the first of the boys up today, I see. Not really surprising, I guess...although...I heard that you and our little Harper had quite a time last night.”

“I...uh...what? I mean yeah — y-yeah, we did,” said John in a stumbling way, uncomfortable with how this huge, beautiful woman was casually airing out his private time with Harper. He suddenly wished that he could remember this woman’s name.

“You remember my name?” asked the woman, right on cue. John felt his heart start to beat faster as he racked his brain. For several moments the buxom amazon just sat there looking at him, a genial smirk on her face, as she continued to stir the cauldron.

“Haha, don’t think too hard!” she teased. For some reason, John desperately wanted to remember...her hair...her long, white spills of hair...white skin...she looked like some kind of warrior princess...like a Viking or a Nordic queen...Nordic...Nor...

“Nora!!” he burst out, his eyes going wide as a smile twisted up his lips.

“Woowwww, very good!” laughed Nora, nodding her head appreciatively. “I didn’t think you’d remember. Most guys don’t remember too much after their first night in our house.”

Without even realizing it, John stepped a little closer to her. Even sitting down as she was, Nora’s great white head came all the way up to John’s shoulders. Unlike the previous night, when she had been all decked out in tall platform boots, her feet were bare, and John could see her toes curling lightly in the delightfully mild September air. He could hardly believe her body — jeans shorts that only reached down the first quarter of her huge, creamy thighs, and a white t-shirt that stretched across her gigantic breasts. She looked so huge, so strong and solid, and yet, undeniably feminine. He quickly decided that she must have been a basketball or volleyball player.

“Umm,” he said timidly, as his mind burned with questions and overstimulation from what he was seeing, “wh-what...what happened to all those, uh...those guys inside there?”

“To them? Oh, the same thing that happened to you,” chuckled Nora as she peered carefully into the steaming cauldron. “They’re just all tuckered out.”

“From...oh...oh, ok,” said John, nodding his head. Somehow he wasn’t satisfied with this answer. Nora bent down and selected a small tincture bottle out of an open case under her chair, and, closing one eye to measure the exact number, very carefully dripped in two drops of deep blue liquid. The steaming mixture, whatever it was, suddenly fizzed and boiled up aggressively, scaring John for a moment and causing him to jump back.

“Haha, it’s ok little guy, nothing to be afraid of,” laughed Nora, crushing up some dried thyme flowers with her hand and sprinkling them into the cauldron.

John smarted at being called “little guy,” since it awoke latent fears inside him, but he did not yet have the courage to ask Nora about the...shrinking rumors directly.

“Wh-what’s...what’s that you’re making there?” he asked instead, stepping back up to the big pot.

“Oh, you know...eye of newt, and toe of frog, wool of bat, and tongue of dog,” said Nora dryly. She let a few moments pass in silence and then turned to him, a sudden smile on her face.

“You know?” she laughed, “From Macbeth?”

“Uhhh...” said John. He had once breezed through the sparknotes on the play for a test in high school, but that was about as far as he had gotten.

“Oh come on, you don’t know your Shakespeare?” chided Nora.

“I mean, uh...he was, he was pretty good at writing plays, right?” ventured John. Nora grinned at him kindly, but then her expression became a bit more serious as she nodded her head.

“Yes,” she said. “And he understood, better than most, the mysterious forces which guide our world. That’s why he’s still so popular.”

“Um...ok,” said John, a bit puzzled and out of his depth.

“But anyway,” said Nora, reverting to her previous, casual amiability as she gestured to the cauldron, “This is a mild *schrumpfen tank*, and let me tell you, it’s a complicated recipe.”

“Uh, what’s it for?” asked John, a bit weirded out by how Nora had pronounced the word. Was she, like...fluent in German or something?

“Oh, this and that,” she said airily, tilting her head towards him playfully. “Say, John,” she said suddenly, raising one of her eyebrows in curiosity, “Your clothes look a little big on you. What happened last night?”

“Uh,” he said, his heart starting to beat fast again, “I was actually gonna ask you about that. Harper...I think, uh...she washed all my clothes. Very nice of her, of course, haha. But I think the detergent that she, uh, used...uh, I think it made my clothes get bigger.”

“Get bigger?” laughed Nora. “Haha, no that’s not possible. Clothes don’t get bigger in the wash!”

“W-well,” said John, feeling increasingly desperate, “I don’t know what’s going on then, because my clothes definitely got bigger!”

“Well it’s pretty simple, isn’t it?” said Nora. Suddenly she stood up, putting her hands on her huge hips, causing John to take a step backwards. She was just so...big. John found that, even as Nora stood there in her bare feet, he was looking straight into the tops of her enormous, swelling breasts.

“S-simple?” he stuttered.

“Yes!” she said pleasantly, winking down at him. “Your clothes didn’t get bigger — you got smaller!”

“Wh-what!? But...but th-that’s...that’s not possible!” exclaimed John.

“I don’t knowwww,” said Nora, cocking her head as she looked down on him with wide playful eyes. “You look smaller to me than you were last night!”

“N-no I don’t!” John said stubbornly. He stood up as high as he could. “I’m...I’m 6’1! You’re...you’re just...just super tall!”

“Well,” chuckled Nora, “I am super tall, that is true. But psssshhh,” and here she waved her hand, “6’1!? Pleeese you’re not an inch over 5’9.”

“That’s not true!” cried John, with more energy than he had intended. Nora’s hazel eyes sparkled down at him; she was clearly enjoying all of this.

“Well there’s only one way to find out!” she said. “Go over and stand there with your back to the wall — I’ll measure you myself.”

Chapter 7

“Uh...m-measure me?” John was puzzled by the abruptness of the Viking-like amazon’s command. She looked down on him amusedly, smiling as she slowly licked her brilliant white teeth.

“Yeah,” said Nora, taking a step closer to him. “Measure you. If you’re so sure you’re 6’1, then why not find out for sure, huh?”

There was now only about a foot of space in between the two of them, and John was able to truly appreciate the size difference. He was staring straight into the top of Nora’s cleavage, which extended forward from her two monstrous breasts, a dark, tight chasm. A sudden image flashed through John’s head like lightning: his erect cock poking out from in between those massive mammaries. The thought immediately fled, however, as he took in just how huge this woman was. It wasn’t just her breasts — on either side of him, her shoulders spread, wide and imposing. John wasn’t accustomed to being around women whose upper bodies dwarfed his own, but Nora’s assuredly did. And her legs and hips...well, it wasn’t even close down there. John found himself wondering whether a single one of Nora’s legs was bigger than both of his put together.

But...this was crazy! He was 6’1, 175 pounds! He had never been a small guy! Why did he feel so small now!?

“Well?” quipped Nora, smirking down at him through the spills of her white-blond hair. The top of his head barely reached her chin. It was like she was reading his mind. “How about it?”

“Uh...uh, ok,” said John. He followed the direction of Nora’s sharp-nailed finger as she pointed to the wall next to the front door of the sorority house. Almost like he was in a daze, John walked over and put his back to the wall. Seemingly from nowhere, Nora whipped out a rolled tape measure.

“You, uh...you just carry that around with you?” asked John uncertainly, remembering with an unpleasant turn of his stomach the rumors about the Kappa Gamma Delta girls shrinking other guys.

“Sure do!” replied Nora, swinging her mighty thighs over towards him. “You never know when you need to provide empirical evidence that a man isn’t as big as he thinks he is.” She strode up to him, and was about to measure his height, when the cauldron behind her suddenly started boiling over. Angry red froth belched forth from the potion inside, and fell in stinging droplets on the porch floor, hissing angrily.

“Shit!” grunted Nora, and she turned back around and hopped quickly over to the cauldron, bending over to fumble inside the big box of tincture bottles under the chair she had been sitting in. A couple seconds later, she seemed to find what she had been looking for, and dripped several carefully-dosed drops of a pale purple liquid into the furiously frothing mixture. Immediately, the potion stopped boiling over, and a cloud of black-orange steam developed over the cauldron.

“Sich niederlassen...sich niederlassen,” whispered Nora at the cloud, gesturing her hand gently through it. John was close enough to be able to hear her. What was up with this girl and her...was it German!? What the hell was she doing??

The black-orange cloud suddenly whisked itself away, as if by magic. It was unnatural for John to witness, and it made him even more nervous than he already was. There hadn't been any wind. How had Nora done that!? It was like...like she had uttered some kind of...spell, or something.

But John didn't have too much time to think all this over, because Nora was coming back to him, brandishing the tape measure flirtatiously in his face.

“Sorry about that,” she chuckled, extending the tape measure next to him. “I'm still a little rough in my potion-making. Getting better every day, though!”

“Do you uh...do you speak German?” asked John as she measured him. He was trying to sound as casual as possible.

“Ha! So you heard me!” laughed Nora. “I speak a variation of German, yes. A very old version.”

“Oh, uh...wow,” said John blankly. “And you...um, you make...potions?”

“All kinds,” said Nora happily, bringing the tape measure to the top of his head. John felt uncomfortably close to her, even as her presence was quite arousing. Her wide, thick hips were as high as his elbows.

“But, you know, like I said, I'm still learning,” continued Nora. “I'm just happy that Phoebe had enough faith in me to put me in charge of potion-making this semester.”

“Phoebe? Who's that?” asked John.

“Who's that...” laughed Nora softly. She looked down at John, and her hazel eyes sparkled with mysterious humor. “She's the Head Girl of this house. Maybe if you hang around here long enough, you'll be fortunate enough to see her. And when you do, trust me, John...you'll know it's her.”

“H-how?” asked John. He felt like he knew the answer already, but he didn't want to just assume. He didn't want it to be true.

“Because,” smiled Nora, “She's over 7 and a half feet tall!”

“Uh...aha...ahaha,” laughed John uncertainly. She was just screwing with him...no one was that tall, least of all some college sorority girl. But the cold pit in his stomach widened — it was the answer he had been expecting.

“And, speaking of height,” said Nora in a louder, more official voice as she turned to look at the tape measure, “It looks like I was right on the money! You're not a millimeter above 5'9.”

“Th-that's...that's impossible!” croaked John.

But Nora pinned the tape measure directly against him, so that he felt her finger on the crown of his head. “See for yourself,” she chuckled.

John spun around and took a step back. There was her finger, right where the top of his head had been, holding the tape measure in place. He took a step up to it and peered closely at the numbers. No mistaking it...5’9...and maybe even a little under. His heart started beating disagreeably fast behind his ribcage, and he looked back up fearfully at Nora. She was still smirking down at him, and her eyebrows were raised, as if to say, ‘Told ya so!’

“Wh-what!? What the...th-that...that tape measure c-can’t be right!” said John unsteadily.

“Oh whatever!” said Nora. “It’s totally legit! Here look, I’ll show you. Unlike you, I am actually 6 feet...far above it, actually. I’m 6’6. Look!” She found the “6’6” measurement, pinched it in between her fingers, and then stood with her back to the wall, holding it up to the top of her head. The rest of the tape measure went down, down, down, until it was fluttering close to the ground.

“Go ahead!” laughed Nora from above. “Pull it tight on the bottom!” John frowned as he did so; he was desperate to believe that there was something amiss...some kind of trick of Nora’s he had fallen prey to. He pulled the tape measure tight near her feet, and it went down exactly to the ground, no more, no less. She wiggled her big toes at him, and he looked far up, past her massive breasts, to see her smiling down at him. He quickly stood up, and she brought the tape measure down to his face again, showing her pinched fingers around the “6’6” measurement one last time.

John started feeling sick. This had to be a joke...there was...there was just no way that he had shrunk...4 whole inches...in a single night.

“Wh-what the f-fuck!?” he stammered up at Nora. “Wh—a...wh-what did you guys do t-to me!?”

“We didn’t do anything to you, little guy,” corrected Nora, grinning at him as she once again took her seat and started to stir the cauldron with a big wooden ladle. “Whatever happened to you...that was all our little Harper’s doing. You’re hers, little man — hers.”

John couldn’t stand to listen to any of this anymore. It was just too much. Suddenly acting on his protective, fear-driven instinct, he fled from the sorority house, almost tripping down the steep stairs in his oversized shoes, pants, and shirt.

“See you soon, shrinkie!” called Nora’s deep, rich, laughing voice after him.

John didn’t know where he was running to. He was just desperate to get away from that house...that awful house. Within a minute, his lungs were burning, and the mild, cool September air seemed to have transformed into an oven around his body as the sweat trickled down his forehead and back. His first coherent thought was to run back to his dorm room, but he quickly realized that he couldn’t do that. The other guys would see that he was shorter...and skinnier...and...and he just couldn’t let them see that. There had to be some way...some way to undo whatever had happened to him.

Harper! He would go find her! What class was she in right now!? No, it was Saturday...there weren't any classes today...where was she?? Probably at the library...that's where she usually went to study. He would go there! He would find her and...and demand an answer to...to whatever she had done to him.

But right then, John stopped in his tracks, bending down to put his hands on his knees as he caught his breath. He still wasn't sure that he had actually shrunk. He glanced up to look around. People were milling about, walking down the sidewalks with their bookbags, laughing and talking, hanging out on the greenspace in little groups, and so on. The sun was high in the sky, the birds were chirping merrily, and a sudden cool breeze caressed his face. Everything seemed so...normal. There was just no way that all that had happened to him.

John straightened up and took several deep breaths. Being away from that sorority house seemed to have restored his senses a little. And, suddenly, he looked to his right and realized that he had stopped directly in front of the University Medical Center. That was it! He would go in for a quick physical! He'd get weighed and measured by an actual doctor, and that would prove that Nora was just fucking with him, that this was all just a big joke.

He walked in, and was able to book an immediate appointment, since it was the weekend and no one was trying to get a doctor's note to miss class. Ten minutes later, he was in one of the exam rooms, and a middle-aged female nurse came in with a clipboard.

"Just a quick little check-up today, huh?" she said.

"Yep!" answered John, excited to get all this nonsense behind him.

"Well alright then," said the nurse, smiling. "It's not common that we see young men coming in here, just for a check-up. Good on you!"

"Haha, well, it's always good just to, uh, you know...be reassured sometimes," laughed John.

"Absolutely," replied the nurse. She proceeded to check his temperature.

"Hmm, 99.6...a little high," murmured the nurse. "Not quite feverish...but a little high. You feeling a little off? A little malaise, perhaps?"

"Uh, n-no," said John, feeling his brain darken.

"Hmm, ok," said the nurse. "No big deal. Now blood pressure."

The nurse strapped the velcro around his exposed arm, and John couldn't help but notice that his arm definitely seemed skinnier than he had ever remembered it looking.

"130 over 85," said the nurse, jotting down the number on her clipboard.

"Is that...is that bad?" ventured John.

"Well, it's not ideal," said the nurse. "It's prehypertension." She looked over at him searchingly.

"You smoke?"

"No!" said John, a little defensively. He smoked occasionally, but had never actually bought a pack of cigarettes for himself.

"Drink a lot?" asked the nurse dispassionately, looking at her clipboard.

"N-well...I did have a few last night," admitted John, "But I, uh, I don't drink all the time or anything."

"Hmm, the drinks last night may explain it," said the nurse. "Still though, keep an eye on that blood pressure. Try and exercise routinely, eat healthily, limit the alcohol and sodium in your diet, and so on. I'll print you up a little hand-out to take with you. No need to be alarmed or anything. Just some stuff to keep in mind, ok?"

"O-ok," said John. He hadn't been expecting any of this; he just wanted to move past all this other stuff and get to the weighing and height measurement. A minute later, he got his wish.

"Alright, take your shoes off and come on over here to stand on the scale," said the nurse. John did so, ignoring how easy it was to kick off his shoes. His heart was hammering away in his chest as he stood up on the scale. Standing now, John could see that the nurse was actually rather tall...a few inches taller than him, it seemed. Her hand delicately adjusted the manual scale...John couldn't help but think that her hand looked...rather large...and that her fingers looked long and...and thick. Her red nails were sharpened at the ends, not unlike Nora's. He swallowed an uncomfortable lump in his throat.

"Hmm...o-k..looks like you're about an even 165 pounds, " announced the nurse.

"Th-that...that can't be right," said John, feeling his heart dropping down into his stomach. "I...I weigh...I weighed...like...175 pounds...just, like...a week ago."

"Well," said the nurse, turning her head slightly to the side as she looked at him curiously, "You weigh 165 now. Look at the scale."

There wasn't arguing with the evidence in front of him. John could feel himself getting a little faint. This couldn't be real...it couldn't be happening...it wasn't possible. No one could shrink like this!

"You ok?" asked the nurse kindly, her eyes still regarding him closely. "Sudden weight loss could indicate some kind of serious problem."

"I'm...I'm fine," said John. "I think I, uh...I just misread my weight last time. Let's just...uh...let's see how tall I am."

The nurse extended out the metal measuring stick from the top of the scale. She pulled it out a little, and then extended the metal arm that went down flat on top of his head.

"Mmhm," said the nurse, nodding her head. "Just under 5'9. Let's call it 5'8 and three quarters."

John didn't say anything. He was just staring straight ahead — his insides had tightened up around his stomach, and he felt the horrid, searing pulse of his heart seeming to strain and toil

in the middle of his body. His chest began to burn. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead and started to moisten the skin above his upper lip...he became intently aware of the little hairs there...his arms were feeling prickly...his legs too. He felt like he was about to throw up.

"Are you ok?" came the nurse's voice at his right. But her concern only seemed to exacerbate the panic he was feeling. Clearly, there was something wrong with him...otherwise why would she have asked? And there was no question now...he was smaller. He had shrunk.

"I'm...I'm n-not 5'8," he managed to breathe, still staring straight ahead.

"Well, no, you're a little taller — 5'8 and three quarters," the nurse chuckled in his ear.

"N-no," said John, turning toward her desperately. "I'm...I'm 6'1!"

The nurse's eyebrows came together slightly as she peered at him silently for a moment. Suddenly, a little smile came to her face, which made John feel even sicker.

"No, I'm actually 6'1," said the nurse, pointing down to the 3-inch scale that John was standing on. The nurse had on flats, and she stepped up a little closer, to indicate to John that, even though he was receiving a 3-inch boost from the scale, she was still a couple inches taller than him.

"B-but...but no!" said John desperately. "I...I know I was 6'1 like...like 2 weeks ago! I measured!"

"Haha, welllll," said the nurse, not bothering to hide the little smirk on her lips, "I don't know what to tell you. You must have been measuring wrong. You sure you're ok?"

John just stood there gaping stupidly for several seconds...but, in a sudden instant, he saw the look of genuine concern in the nurse's deep brown eyes...and he noticed that he was looking slightly up into them. She couldn't have been that old, actually...maybe she was only 40...she was rather pretty, in fact. Something seemed to change within him, and the panic attack that had been imminent just moments before suddenly dissipated.

"Y-yeah," muttered John, breaking their eye contact and staring down at the floor. The nurse's legs filled out her baggy scrubs pants...her thighs and hips were pretty hefty...but curvy. She definitely weighed over 200 pounds.

"You sure?" asked the nurse. "You went a little pale there for a minute."

"Just, uh...just need a little breakfast...uh, I mean, lunch...is all," said John.

A few minutes later he was walking out of the medical center in a daze. But he wasn't really hungry. All he wanted to do now was find Harper, and ask her what on earth was going on.

It wasn't hard to find her. Ten minutes later, he was in the library, and spotted her unmistakable dark auburn hair from the back. She was at a table, alone, surrounded by three or four open books. John had been angry at her before, but as soon as he saw the back of her head, his negative emotions seemed to neutralize in his brain. He walked up to her, almost like he was in

a dream, and stood behind her, watching her work for a couple seconds. Then he shook his head clear, and realized that he should say something to avoid seeming like a creep.

“Uh...H-Harper,” he stuttered softly.

She whipped around, stunning him with the sudden beauty of her face. Her cheeks were full and rosy, and the wide smile on her lips seemed larger than he had ever seen...her lips...they were just...thicker. Her whole body looked thicker.

“John!” she said enthusiastically, though still quietly (since they were in the library, after all). “You snuck up on me!”

“Haha, w-well...” he said, but his words caught in his throat as Harper stood up and stepped toward him, embracing him in a hug. Her sandalwood scent overwhelmed his nostrils, and his dick hardened instantly at her smell and touch. But John wasn’t as aware of all that — he was more focused on the fact that the top of Harper’s head was higher than his eyes...and that, as she squeezed him, her flesh felt firmer, stronger, and just...bigger...all around him. She squeezed him, and he felt his spine pop in a few places.

Harper stepped away from the hug, grinning slightly up at him, her radiant face framed by the flows of her luscious auburn hair. Had it gotten thicker too?! John looked down at her feet...she wasn’t wearing heels. Her thighs were bigger through her skin-tight jeans...her hips were wider...she was wearing a tight t-shirt that showed off her bigger boobs...her arms were fuller...she brought them up to push the hair behind her ears, and John could see her biceps flexing unmistakably under her feminine plushness. She blinked at him lushly.

John let out a pant that was a mixture of arousal and panic. He had to say something.

“Y-you’re...you’re b-bigger, Harper!” he whispered. “And...and taller!”

“And you,” she said with a wry smirk, “You’re skinnier...and shorter!”

Chapter 8

Harper had to try her best not to squeal out loud for joy upon seeing how much the size difference between herself and John had narrowed. Only her sense of self-control (and her respect for the library space) prevented her from such an ecstatic outburst. At 5'5, 138 pounds, Harper had gained 4 inches and more than 20 pounds since John had last seen her the previous night, when she had been riding his dick into oblivion. Less than a day before, John had been an entire foot taller than her, and had outweighed her by more than 60 pounds. But now that her growing, and John's shrinking, had commenced simultaneously, she was only 3 inches shorter than him, and only 26 pounds lighter. The difference was immediately striking as she stood there in front of him, unable to keep the gratified grin off her face.

But the pure statistics of the narrowing size gap wasn't the only noticeable difference. Right as she had turned around to greet him, John had been walloped upside the head by the fresh vivacity and color of Harper's face: the plush volume of her lips, the perky fleshiness of her cheeks, and the sparkling brightness of her hazel eyes. He had already been captivated by her ever since they had met the previous week after class, but now, Harper could tell from his stunned reaction to her vigorous new appearance that his appreciation for her beauty had reached a new level.

For her part, Harper couldn't help but notice (again, with an excited spring in her heart) that John wasn't just looking shorter and skinnier — he was looking, well...a little drained. There was no other way to put it. And, as Harper told herself, it was the truth. She had literally drained the life-force, and the size, straight out of him. She glanced down at John's clothes hanging looser on his body, and on his slightly-too-big shoes, and then averted her eyes back up (and only slightly up) to his face. She could see that his cheeks looked a little thinner, a little haggard. Anyone else would have just assumed that John had pulled an all-nighter, or else just partied too hard, but Harper knew the truth. She felt a little twinge of pity tug a little at her insides, but she waved it off. She knew that he wasn't in any real danger...everything that he thought he held dear — like his status as a man — was in danger. But Harper was about to introduce him to a world of forbidden and untold pleasures that would completely undo and upend anything he thought before. Even if he didn't know it yet, he was one of the luckiest young men in the world.

"Wh-what's...what's going on, Harper?" asked John shakily, trying to focus his mind on the task at hand. It was quite difficult, however, to ignore the erection that was already starting to tent his oversized pants. The taller, brighter, more curvaceous Harper was proving irresistible.

"Welllll," she said flirtatiously, taking a step up to him as she flaunted her enlarged cleavage in his face. "A couple things. It's pretty simple, actually. I'm growing...and you're shrinking!"

"I'm...b-but...but how?" he sputtered, a little too loudly.

"Shhhh," said Harper in a gentle warning, putting a manicured finger up to her full lips. John saw that she had painted her nails the same hazel color as her eyes...and had apparently sharpened them too. They looked pointier than usual, even though they had already been sharp before.

“Sorry,” John said in a lower voice, but his eyes were still wide with pleading desperation as she bent down towards her face. He didn’t have to bend far at all. “How is this happening!?”

Harper’s mind and body were buzzing with excitement. This was the moment of truth — she didn’t know what was going to happen, but it was going to feel so good, just to speak her reality out loud to a regular person. Her eyes, which were just a touch taller than John’s mouth, sparkled mysteriously as they looked slightly up, and straight into his.

“I’m a witch, John.”

She spoke the words barely above a whisper, but they went straight into the center of John’s body. He just stood there for a few moments, his mouth slightly open, his brain lagging behind in his skull as he tried to process what she had just said. But suddenly, everything seemed to fall into place. The hushed rumors about the Kappa Gamma Delta house...all the small guys dancing with the taller, larger girls...the mysterious sparkle in the women’s eyes when they all looked at him...and Nora! Her...her potion-making on the porch just a little while before! It all added up in his mind, fulfilling a number of cliched assumptions he had about what a “witch” really was. John knew that what he was thinking was crazy, and that what Harper had said was crazy...but he had already gone through the exhausting motions of resisting the truth all day long. The reality was prominent in his mind, and he knew that it was staring at him in the face, smiling as steadily as she was: Harper was telling the truth. He took a step back from her, and his heart rate compelled his breathing to increase in tandem.

“No...no, John! Don’t be afraid, please!” implored Harper, still in her soft tone. She held out her hands to him beseechingly. “I’m not going to cause you any harm, John — ever.”

“I...I d-don’t...I can’t —” John stuttered, not knowing what he was going to say, but Harper closed the gap between them and wrapped her arms lovingly around his upper torso, her hands snaking around to his back, and then to the base of his neck, where she started scratching him affectionately with her fingernails. John felt shivers spill down his spine, and emanate outward to his limbs. It felt soooooo good to be touched this way, especially from someone as gorgeous as Harper. His worried eyes looked into hers; she stared back at him, intently, but still with such a degree of adoration that he could not look away. This girl really liked him. No one had ever looked at him like that before, least of all a girl who looked like her. Even as John felt his resistance waning, he tried to hold strong.

“I don’t want to get smaller,” he whispered, shaking his head slightly as he looked down at the floor. For some reason, he couldn’t bring himself to look into her eyes when he was talking. The mere thought made him feel...ashamed. “I don’t wanna be like those skinny...tiny guys at the party last night.”

“Awwww,” said Harper gently, moving her right hand up to the back of his head as she continued her tender scratching. “Don’t worry John — you don’t have to be like them!”

“I...I don’t?” he asked uncertainly.

“No!” she answered, smiling brightly. “It’s all up to you, where we go from here!”

“B-but...but I shrank, Harper! I shrank last night and — ”

“Shhhh!” she giggled, sticking her chin forward a little in urgency. “The library, John — remember — yes, you shrank a little last night, but the shrinking’s done! It’s all over! If you want, you never, ever have to shrink again.”

“But...we had sex...that was how....that’s how...oh god, I’m so confused right now!”

John closed his eyes and put his face in his hands, shaking it back and forth. Harper pulled him closer to her.

“I’ll explain it all John...it’s simple,” cooed Harper in his ear. “You shrank because of two reasons: you drank our special Pink Panther last night, and then we had sex. If you have the drink without the sex, nothing happens. And...” — and here Harper’s eyebrows danced a little — “if you have the sex without the drink...nothing happens either. No shrinking, unless the two are combined.”

“I...oh,” said John, his face emerging from his hands. His eyes were screwed up in concentration, and his whole body seemed to pause as he digested what Harper had said.

“So...so after I had the drink...and we had sex last night...?”

“I fucked the size out of you,” whispered Harper dirtily, winking at him. “I fucked it out of you and sucked it straight up...into me.”

“S-so...you...you took my size!?” stammered John.

“Mmhmm,” nodded Harper.

John suddenly put his face back in his hands and started shaking it back and forth all over again.

“Oh god...oh god!” he moaned.

“Shh, it’s ok, John, it’s ok!”

“No it’s not ok!” John’s voice came from behind his hands, which were still on his face. “I’m four inches shorter than I used to be!” He quickly took his hands off his face as an idea seemed to have struck him. “But I can change back, right!? Like...y-you guys...can make me grow back, can’t you??”

“Sure we can,” answered Harper genuinely. “You’ll just have to talk to Nora about that — I’m not anywhere close to that level of potion-skill yet, haha.”

“I can switch back...” breathed John, looking past Harper, speaking almost to himself. “I can change back...I can get it all back...”

“Mmmm yes, you can get it all back...if you really want to.” Harper started lightly swinging his body back and forth in her arms, almost like they were doing a slow-dance in middle school.

John was struck by how...evidently strong Harper had become. She certainly wasn't having much trouble moving him around. He thought back to Nora...and Ariel...and Vera...and just how...solid and strong their bodies looked. But more than anything, for the first time that day, he was starting to feel something like relief — all of this could be reversed.

"So no need to worry, ok?" reassured Harper, bringing him back and giving him a playful little shake. "I mean...you might have to make some choices...but like I said, it's all up to you!"

"Choices? What kind of choices?"

"Take it all up with Nora, ok? She knows all the ins and outs of the potion stuff. I could try to tell you, but I don't wanna say anything that isn't accurate, you know?"

"Uhh...yeah...sure, ok," nodded John. They stood there for several moments, flanked by bookshelves, as Harper continued to look up into his face as she swayed his body back and forth, back and forth. There was no way for John to avoid the thought that the dwindled size gap between them was really...highlighting Harper's assets. Her boobs had always been perky and spry, but now they looked...well, very big. Like, noticeably big. They stretched her t-shirt out suggestively, enough to where it was notable. And her...just her whole figure...her hips and thighs swelled alluringly in her skin-tight jeans, and from behind, John could tell that her ass was definitely bigger. She had been hot and sexy before...now...now she was even hotter. John was still trying to get everything straight in his head, but the promise of getting his size back allowed him to assume a sense of normalcy for the moment. He looked down at Harper, and she blinked and smiled back at him. He couldn't be angry with this girl, not when she looked at him like that. And now when she was...just...everything she was. But he had to say something.

"Harper," he said in a business-like tone that made her giggle, and then he found himself helplessly starting to smile too. But he kept talking through the smile. "Harper, you...you guys shouldn't be playing those...those kinds of jokes on people!"

"Oh, but it's not a joke John, it's not!" she laughed, shaking her glorious, thick auburn hair back and forth. 'It's definitely thicker than it was before,' thought John.

"Well...yeah, I know, because...because it's not very funny!" responded John, undercutting his words with the grin that was splayed across his face. "You all...you guys should...should ask permission before you pull that kind of crazy stuff on people!"

"Oh but if we asked permission," said Harper knowingly, "Then who would agree to it? Haha, no, no, we give guys a little taste first, and then just see if they like it. If they don't, then of course they're free to switch back, like I said."

Harper let him go and took a couple steps back, doing a few 360-degree turns as she showed off her new curves. "So how about it? Do you like it, John?"

Their voices were still spoken in whispers, but Harper's body was speaking a lot louder. John's eyes were helplessly drawn to every new curve and contour...and just the way she was moving...the new vivaciousness and confidence that she seemed to have. All of it was more

than enough to make John's cock fully hard, a hardness that had already been fast approaching.

"I mean..." he answered, grinning as he held his hands out to indicate the obviousness of the answer, "Yeah...duh...haha!"

"Aww, thanksssss," purred Harper. John wanted to have sex with her...right then. But a thought suddenly interrupted his lustful drive.

"But...you'll...you'll shrink, right?"

"Pardon?"

"When I get my size back...you'll shrink, won't you?" John was trying to be diplomatic here. "I mean...Harper...I always thought that you were hot, so it's not like I'm saying that you'll — "

"I know," she interrupted as she sauntered up to him and shushed him with her finger, "What you're saying...and it's ok! Don't worry! That size I took from you...I'll have it with me...always."

She breathed the word "always" sensuously into his face.

"So...you'll stay like this...even when I grow back?"

"No matter what you do, John...I'll never be 5'1 again."

"Wow..."

This all seemed to be working out ideally as far as John was concerned. He could get his size back...and his girlfriend...or, well, soon-to-be girlfriend, at least (when he asked her out), had somehow become even hotter. He had been struggling with so much anxiety so far that day, and now it all seemed to be just fruitless worry. He wasn't able to help laughing quietly again.

"Haha, gosh, Harper, you guys...all you Kappa Gamma Delta girls...how do people not know about all this stuff?! I mean, like...how are you not...like, on the news all the time or something!? Haha, like scientists studying the potions and stuff?"

"Oh, lots of people know about us," said Harper. "But the ones who do...they're usually not eager to talk about it."

"Why not?" asked John blankly. "This is incredible! You guys can actually shrink people, and...and grow people...and transfer size!?! It's some kind of crazy science discovery that — "

"Shhhh, library!" laughed Harper a third time, quieting him down. "We've known about this stuff for a long, long time. Since ancient times, actually. It's just been covered up in the annals of history."

"Uhhh..." said John. His head was spinning with all this new information, but he was becoming increasingly distracted by Harper's knee in his groin.

"We can talk about that stuff...later," whispered Harper in his ear.

"So...you said that we can have sex...like, just sex...and I won't shrink anymore, right?" breathed John.

"Riiggghht."

John glanced around. There were a fair amount of people in the library, and it was just then that he noticed that the crazy idea to have sex on an abandoned book aisle had popped into his head. He would've never thought of such a thing before...but then again, he had never met someone like Harper before.

"Handicapped bathroom?" purred Harper in his ear.

"Or...wherever!" laughed John.

A minute later they were stripped down naked in the handicapped bathroom, which was a single-use room that had the benefit of enabling them to lock the door. Harper had John sit on the toilet seat, with his cock pointing straight up, and she had slid down onto it, reverse-cowgirl, taking care to rivet and rile him with sways and bounces and heavy fluctuations of her big ass. John put his hands on her cheeks as she rode him, and her bouncing cheeks made his hands go up and down, left-right-left-right left-right. Her butt had been big before, but now it was just...extremely large.

'Nothing like Nora's though,' said a little voice in his head. 'Or those other girls'...'

But John was easily able to shake away this distraction. The girl of his dreams was riding him like there was no tomorrow. They both knew to hold in their moans and cries, and the effect of their short panting breaths echoing off the bathroom tile was somehow more erotic than moaning. Within a minute or so, Harper was leaking little streams of ejaculate down into John's lap, where it pooled and started running down his legs.

"Oh godddd," whispered Harper. "I'm cumming...I'm cumming, John...holy shit I'm cumming!"

Her passionate whisper, her delicious sandalwood scent, the feeling of her cum dripping down his legs, and her strong, curvy, supple body continuing to ride him without slowing...and the inherent "dirtiness" of what they were doing...it all added up to a seizure at the base of John's dick.

"Me...too," he breathed, and just like that, Harper leapt off his cock, got on her hands and knees in front of the toilet, pushed his legs apart, and shoved his exploding length into her mouth. Down, down, down she took him, until her full lips were smooching over and over around the base of his cock. She had just deepthroated the whole thing...her throat swallowed once, and that signaled the moment of lift-off. John rocketed shot after shot of cum down her eager throat, which she instantly and eagerly gulped down. When she finally came off him, they both just stared at each other, breathing hard, in disbelief at the unprecedented sexual intensity of the encounter. Then they both just smiled and started laughing.

"Holy...fuck!!" exclaimed Harper.

"Y-yeah...shittt!" agreed John.

"I've never done that before," she said.

"What, deepthroated someone?"

"Yeah!"

"Well...haha, I guess I'm your first!"

"Yes...you are.

The sound of someone trying the door handle snapped them back to reality, and they quickly threw their clothes on and shuffled gigglingly out past the person who was waiting outside. A minute later they were standing outside the library.

"So...so I go talk to Nora about this whole...size thing?"

"Yep...she's the one to see about all that."

"You wanna come with?" asked John. "You know...for moral support, haha?"

Harper blinked and for a second her brow creased just a bit. "No, I can't, sorry! I told some of my other sisters that I'd be going to a movie with them."

"You mean some of the other witches, huh?" chuckled John.

"Haha, yes," laughed Harper. There was something that had fallen over her, though...almost a kind of sadness.

"Well...ok, then, that's all cool," said John. It suddenly occurred to him that maybe Harper was waiting for him to ask her out, and that's why she was acting a little off. It seemed almost perfunctory at this point, but if he was going to do it, now was definitely the time.

"So...I wanna see you again," was how the words came out. He realized his mouth was dry. "Do you...do you wanna keep doing this?"

"Oh John!" said Harper, throwing her arms around him and hugging him tightly to her. "Yes of course I do! I like you very, very much."

There was still something like sadness...like wistfulness...in her voice, and in her face when she released him from the hug.

"So...you wanna be my girlfriend?" ventured John, feeling the moment stand still in time.

Harper's eyes started shining with tears.

“Just...go talk to Nora...and then get back to me, ok?” she asked thickly through her tears. Before John could say anything more, Harper had turned and gone, walking quickly away down the sidewalk, her oversized book bag bouncing underneath her big ass.

Chapter 9

John's mind was a tumult of confusion as he walked back towards the Kappa Gamma Delta sorority house. He was so disoriented that the fact he had shrunk 4 inches and lost 10 pounds from the previous night was not at the forefront of his mind — neither was Harper's recent divulgence that she was a witch, and that she had literally fucked the size out of him. Instead, John was thinking about the bizarre shift in Harper's behavior right before they had parted. As he walked along the sidewalk, he thought back desperately, trying to find some explanation for the tears in Harper's eyes.

'So we had incredible sex,' he thought, going through the bullet points in his mind. 'And everything was totally fine...and then I asked her about coming with me to talk to Nora to get my size back, but Harper's busy right now and can't...everything was still ok...until...until...I asked if she wanted to be my girlfriend. That's when the tears started coming, and...she just said to get back to her after I talk with Nora...'

John was completely at a loss, and he felt in his gut like he had made some sort of a mistake by asking her out. He had no idea how to explain her emotional reaction to his proposition — they had literally just had sex in the library bathroom...and Harper said that she wanted to keep doing it! So what was the problem?! John quickened his steps, actually breaking into a jog after about half a minute more of agonized thinking. The only way to see what the hell was going on was to go back and talk to Nora. John desperately hoped that she was still on the porch, making her potions.

Sure enough, she was, sitting in her chair, by the large black cauldron of aggressively smoking vapors. As John approached the large house, he saw a flash of blue, and then of deep red, as Nora added more ingredients to the mixture. Her hazel eyes twinkled from behind her long, silvery-white hair as she watched John huff and puff up the stairs to the porch.

"Well hello again, Mr. John!" she sang out merrily, stirring the potion with a large wooden spoon. "I see that you're back as expected."

"As...expected?" panted John, doubling over a little as he tried to catch his breath.

"Oh yes — new boys almost always come back. They all want their size back. I'm assuming that's what you came to me to discuss?"

"Y-yes...yes, that's right," said John, standing up and putting his hands on the back of his head, still a little out of breath.

"Well I'll let you catch your breath a little first," remarked Nora with a bit of a chuckle. "This is not a conversation to be taken lightly."

What did she mean by that? John had no idea, but an unpleasantly strange sense of foreboding was starting to build inside of him. He was again struck by how huge Nora was — sitting down in her chair, she was almost as tall as he was, and her powerful curves trembled and jostled with every movement underneath her tight jeans and white t-shirt. Smiling, she turned and broke

up a sprig of some kind of dried herb and sprinkled it into the potion. It hissed slightly, turning green for a moment before returning to jet-black.

“S-so...so you’re all, uh...witches?” asked John, who was realizing for the first time how “witch-like” Nora looked. Her face was gorgeous, with sharp features, and her light eyes seemed to have some kind of otherworldly quality to them. The spill of silver-white hair that reached the middle of her back completed the picture. John felt an odd thought pop up in his mind: ‘Of course she’s a witch — why didn’t I realize it before?’

“So Harper told you the big secret, huh?” answered Nora pleasantly, still focused on stirring the potion. “Lots of boys come back here all angry, demanding an explanation and an apology and yadda yadda yadda.” She turned back and looked up, eying him curiously. “But not you, I see.”

“I, uh...I mean, I was a little, um...maybe pissed off at first,” said John, “But then, uh...Harper told me that it didn’t have to be permanent and, uh...well...I got over it pretty fast. Nice little joke you guys play, hehe.”

“Joke?” asked Nora, her eyes sharpening. “Did Harper say it was a joke?”

“Uh n-no! No, those weren’t, um...like her exact words,” said John, backpedaling a little. At the drop of a hat, Nora’s hazel eyes could change from merry to glacial. “In...in fact, I think I was the one who said it wasn’t a funny joke, or something like that, and then Harper told me that it wasn’t a joke, so, uhh...so yeah.”

He didn’t know what else to say, so his words just petered out. Nora kept her intense eyes on him for another few seconds before turning back to the potion.

“Well ok,” she said, resuming stirring, “Just as long as Harper wasn’t the one who was talking like that. You’ll find out very soon, John, that this is as far from a joke as anything can be.”

“What, uh...wh-what’s that supposed to mean?!” asked John, trying to keep the worry out of his voice. “C-come on, Nora — I’m starting to kind of freak out right now.”

“Aww, she got herself a sweet one,” muttered Nora to herself as she smiled, throwing a handful of brightly-colored pink crystals into the mixture, dying the whole potion the same ubiquitous pink. Immediately, all the vapors and smoke ceased as the potion abruptly stopped bubbling. John recognized the color as the same shade of pink from the Pink Panther drink mixture from the previous night. The butterflies started beating harder against the walls of his stomach.

Nora stood up, facing him as she put her hands on her hips. John took an instinctive step backwards — she just seemed so imposing. He was looking up at her shoulders, and her thick, vigorous hips rose higher than his elbows. She sighed out as she continued to smile down at him.

“Yes...a very sweet one,” she repeated, almost to herself. “Not angry, not bitter, not insulted...just a little scared.” She spoke up louder, now directly down to him. “You’re very cute — you know that, John, don’t you?”

"I...I've been told...before," he said awkwardly.

"Harper really is showing herself to be wiser than her years so far — that much is for sure. How is she right now?"

"How...is she?"

"Yes — when she told you to go talk to me, what was she like? Normal? Weird? Upset?"

"Uhh...kinda upset, actually. She...she actually started crying a little before she just, uh, sorta rushed away." John felt like he was getting closer to solving the mystery.

Nora cocked her head to the side a little as her brow creased slightly. She pouted her lips a little in sincerity. "Awww, poor girl," she murmured. "She really does like you. And she's afraid...she's afraid you won't stay."

"What?" asked John, feeling a little incensed all of a sudden. "I — I'm the one who just asked her out!"

"Ohhh you asked her out?" breathed Nora, stepping a little closer to him and bending down at the waist. Her huge face was now staring directly down into his.

"Y-yeah," said John simply, looking anywhere but Nora's eyes as he shrugged his shoulders. He felt like she was implying that he had done something wrong. But he hadn't — surely he hadn't!

"Well," said Nora, straightening up. Once again, John was staring directly forward into the top of her large boobs. "Maybe you jumped the gun a little there. You don't wanna be asking out a witch without knowing what you're getting into."

"Uh...s-so...so what AM I getting into?" asked John.

"Hold on just a minute," said Nora, putting up her index finger as she turned to gaze at the potion, which was now sitting there, placid. "I'm not trying to torture you here, but time's of the essence with this potion and I need to deposit the final ingredient within the next minute or so. Otherwise I'll have to throw all this out and start over."

Nora swiftly strode past John a couple steps, looking up at the porch ceiling. John saw that she was standing under what looked to be some kind of hatch — a bit of rope was hanging down from it. Nora reached a long arm way up and smartly rapped on the hatch door. John heard some scuttling within. 'Is she about to sacrifice a squirrel or something?' he thought suddenly.

"You ready up there, Little Bull?" called Nora. "It's time! You better be ready!"

"Ready!" came a small, high-pitched voice from within the ceiling.

"Good!" said Nora. "One, two, three!" She swiftly pulled on the rope. The hatch door sprang open, and a small, skinny, naked man dropped out of the ceiling, directly into Nora's waiting arms. John started back in shock and disgust. The man looked anorexic...or at least something very close to that. His limbs were rail-thin, so much so that it was immediately clear that Nora's

arms were thicker than his legs. But most shocking and repulsive of all to John was the fact that this man was sporting a huge boner, way too big for his size. It was pointed straight up in the air, right at Nora's face.

"There he is!" she purred, sticking out her tongue and giving the man's hard cock quick, affectionate lick. "You think you can do it yourself this time, big boy?"

"I'll...try!" said the man.

Nora arched her eyebrows at him and set him down on his feet, in front of the cauldron. John couldn't believe it; the top of this man's head didn't even come up to his nipples. He had been feeling small before in Nora's presence, but now, he felt huge just looking at this guy. But all these thoughts were chased out of John's head once the man started jacking his huge cock off into the cauldron.

"What...the fuck!?" cried John, moving to shield his eyes away from what he was seeing.

"Nora!? What...what's going on??"

"Little Bull here's got...40 seconds to cum — or else I'm gonna do it for him, just like last time."

"And the time before that!" came a different voice from the front door. John staggered around and saw Ariel, with her jet-black hair and coal-dark eyes, standing with Vera, looking as fierce as ever with her buzz-cut brown hair and innumerable face and ear piercings. They were both looking straight at John, grinning mysteriously from high up above.

"Aw come on, have some faith in the little guy, Ariel!" said Nora.

"Blind faith has led many astray," observed Vera.

"It's not blind faith, sister!" laughed Nora, pointing to the man's throbbing cock, which had gotten even bigger as he jerked it into the potion. "You'd have to be blind not to appreciate the python on my little man right here."

"Well, he's got about 20 more seconds," said Ariel. "Just get ready to do it for him."

John blinked his eyes and glanced down nervously at the street. Cars were driving down the road; joggers and people walking their dogs were just moving by on the sidewalk as normal. Did none of them actually see what was going on up here!? Was the porch too high for them to really see!? Surely all of this craziness was happening in plain sight!

"Ten, nine, eight...yeah, I think you'd better finish him off," said Vera calmly.

"Oh well," sighed Nora, going over and kneeling next to the tiny man. Even on her knees, his little head didn't even come up to her chin. John watched in repulsed fascination as Nora swiftly wrapped her big hand around the man's cock. It looked like her body was totally swallowing his. Then, cooing some words softly in his ear, she suddenly began jacking him off with blazing speed, far faster than what seemed within the natural ability of human beings. John's eyes popped — he had never seen anyone move any part of their body that fast. Nora's hand was a

complete blur as she masturbated the miniature man, and her technique produced almost immediate results. Just a couple seconds later, the man began to shudder and spasm as his frail body fell back into Nora's. She leaned forward, supporting him easily between her huge breasts, as he shot gob after gob of thick, creamy, white cum into the potion. It fizzed slightly, and the pink color darkened just a little. A slight pink haze of vapor slowly developed over the potion, hanging in the air. It didn't matter that there was a breeze that was blowing; the vapor seemed unaffected, and remained in place.

Chapter 10

John felt a little sick to his stomach. He had never actually seen another male cum in real life, and the effect of the scene in front of him made him feel...well, he had no idea. He had no point of reference for what had just happened in front of him. He felt a little sick, yes, and disgusted — but he also felt a little...aroused? It was hard not to be, watching Nora work a cock like that, and watching how she treated the little man after he was done squirting. She kept whispering to him, and the man closed his eyes, nodding. Then she gave him a big, tender kiss on the side of his cheek and stood up. If John dwarfed this tiny guy, then Nora made him look like a child. His face was exactly even with the crotch of her tight jeans. Nora reached down and pet him lovingly on the head, easily palming it with her large hand and long, strong fingers.

“Well, maybe next time, Little Bull,” she said pleasantly. “I certainly appreciate the effort.”

She led him back over to the open hatch in the ceiling and bent down, completely encircled his waist with her huge hands, and lifted him back up into the darkness. He disappeared into the ceiling, and Nora promptly closed the hatch.

“Forgetting something?” asked Ariel.

“Uh...uh....oh yeah!” cried Nora after a couple moments of puzzling. She strode over to the cauldron and bent down over it. The light pink vapor was still hanging there over the potion, like a fog in the early morning. She pursed her lips and blew, and it suddenly seemed to melt away. It was surreal for John to witness — the obvious breeze he was feeling hadn’t done a thing, but all Nora needed to do was blow, and the vapor cloud was gone.

“And stir just a little more,” added Vera.

“Oh I remember that part,” chuckled Nora, stirring the final mixture with her big wooden spoon. A few moments later, she tapped the spoon on the side of the cauldron and stepped back.

“Ta-da!” she said. “Try it, Ariel!”

The dark-haired witch walked forward silently past John and took the wooden spoon from Nora’s hand. Ariel was a good inch taller than Nora in bare feet, and equally, if not more, curvy. She was wearing some fierce looking black heels right now, though, which put her at 6’11, making Nora actually look small. Ariel dipped the spoon into the mixture, blew on it a bit, and then tasted, while Nora watched eagerly, with a bit of apprehensive uncertainty in her face.

“It’s good, Nora!” said Ariel. “Mmmm, particularly that last bit. What are you feeding him?”

“Milk, honey, melons...a little wheatgrass,” said Nora, shrugging and trying to hide her excitement in a casual tone. “Oh! And nutmeg! I started feeding him little bits of nutmeg out of my hand last week. He’s so cute, nibbling it up. And I think it really improves the flavor — at least when it’s just his cum I’m drinking.”

“Well I have to say,” said Ariel, putting down the spoon, “That you’ve really come a long way with your potions, Nora. This is top-notch.”

“Thanks so much Ariel!” beamed Nora, now not bothering to hide her elation.

“And what do you think of Nora’s potion-making prowess?” asked Ariel amusedly, turning down to John. She was incredibly intimidating, facing him like that with her dark persona, dark clothes, dark heels, dark everything — John was looking straight into the middle of her breasts. He swallowed a lump in his throat, noting that Ariel’s hips were just a couple inches lower than his shoulders. They expanded out widely on either side of him, making him feel tiny. And yet, even though she was definitely intimidating, John couldn’t help but feel a kind of aroused pull deep at the base of his cock. This woman...this witch...was deathly beautiful. They all were...and everyone on the porch with him now was no more than a couple years older than he was.

“I’ve...I’ve n-never s-seen, uh...seen anything like it,” John stammered, not able to look Ariel in the eye.

“An apt answer!” chuckled Ariel, looking up past John to Nora and Vera, who both returned her smile appreciatively. “This one isn’t quite like most of the others. A lot of them would have run away by now!”

“I was just telling him how sweet he was,” said Nora, joining Ariel in front of John. “It’s clear that he likes Harper — and that Harper likes him too. He says that she was upset a while ago — he asked her out.”

“Ohhhh,” said Vera, coming up to join them. “So he doesn’t know yet?”

“No,” said Nora. “But I’m about to tell him right now.” She turned and looked down at John, and Ariel and Vera did the same. A few moments of silence passed as the three witches stared down at him, studying him intently, as the light September breeze continued to blow and waft gently around them. John felt tiny in the presence of these amazonian women. Nora was the shortest, since she was in her bare feet, but she was still 6’6. Vera was wearing tennis shoes, which made her around 6’8; Ariel was 6’11. But, on top of their heights, and the alluring voluptuousness of their hips, busts, and limbs, John for once could not look away from their faces — they were the most arresting aspect of all three of them: Vera, with her flashing green eyes, which somehow went perfectly with her glinting piercings and buzz cut, Nora, with her calm, strong hazel eyes, a kind of Nordic queen, and Ariel, with her glinting black eyes, looking for all the world like the firstborn daughter of Hades himself. John felt almost suspended in the air, such was the power of their threefold gaze.

“So John,” said Nora at last, her voice low and serious. “Here’s what you need to know. You must understand that, as witches, we cannot enjoy romantic relationships in the same way as other humans. Without going too much into the whole history of it, you just need to know that a witch who chooses to enter into a romantic relationship with another non-witch human will see her powers begin to fade away, until she has lost them completely, never to be retrieved again.”

John blinked, feeling his stomach drop. So they were telling him that he couldn’t be with Harper?

“The world at large saps our power, you see,” continued Nora calmly. “And every time a witch engages in a sexual act with a normal human — without any spells or magic or potions at work — she loses some of her power. Some witches choose this path, and they become lost to our ways. Our ranks have dwindled over the centuries, though not for this reason alone.”

“B-But Harper,” said John in a faltering voice, “She...she really likes me. M-Maybe she would consider — ”

“Hold your tongue, boy,” warned Ariel in a dangerous voice, her black eyes blazing down at him like fire. “You do not know what you are saying. You have no idea what you would be asking for her to give up.”

“And she won’t choose it, in any case,” said Nora, touching Ariel’s arm lightly, as if to calm her down. “Harper has made that very clear to us. As early as this morning. She is dedicated to studying our ways and immersing herself in our lore and arcane knowledge. You cannot hope to dissuade her from that, John. If that’s how you’re going to think about it, then I advise you to walk down those steps and never return. Because you’ll find only pain here — pain and disappointment. You seem like a very nice young man, and none of us would want that for you.”

“S-so...so what is it that you’re saying, exactly?” asked John, his heart beating extremely fast. “So Harper’s going to stay a witch...and witches can’t be, uh...romantic with normal humans like me without losing their powers? So...so you’re saying...we can never be together!?”

“No,” said Nora. “You can. It just has to be on her terms.”

“On...her terms?”

“Yes. You came back here today, John, because you wanted your size back? That’s right, isn’t it?”

“...uh, yes. And you can do that, right?”

“I can,” said Nora, as the other two witches looked on. “But you must understand, John, that if I reverse the magic that shrank you, and you are restored to your former height and size, then you can never again have any kind of sexual experience with Harper. Since I would be reversing the potion magic that she used to grow, if she were to have sex with you again, she would lose her powers at a far more rapid rate. It would ruin her. We would have to cast her out. And she has reiterated to us this morning that she would never, ever want that. You can see where everyone stands now, yes?”

John just stood there for long moments. His brain was numb. The three witches stood there patiently, watching him process everything he had just heard. This was not the first time they had watched a young man struggle with this decision. The breeze continued to hold them all together, in the moment.

“S-so...” said John about twenty seconds later in a shaky voice, “So I basically...have to choose...between getting my size back...or never seeing Harper again?”

“Yes,” said Nora simply.

“And...if I stay with her...I’ll shrink every time we have sex?”

“At different rates, depending on what spell or potion is being used, but yes,” answered Nora.

“B-But...but some spells and potions could...uh...grow me, right?” asked John. But he felt his heart sank as all three witches shook their heads at him slowly. They had clearly been expecting him to say that.

“We’re witches, John,” said Vera softly. “We draw life force from those who we’re intimate with.”

“Some humans have called us “evil” because of that,” said Ariel. “But it’s no different from other humans — people draw their life force from the plants and animals around them. Witches are different in that we draw most of our life force from humans. And our bodies respond by growing...into what you see before you now.”

“We’re not evil, John,” said Nora softly. “Harper isn’t evil. She’s giving you a choice. No one is forcing you either way. But know that if you choose to be with Harper, you are choosing to let go of everything you thought about being a “man.” You’re going to have to give up the power that even you, even a young man as sweet and kind as you, desperately clings to. And in exchange, you will experience thrills, delights, and pleasures that few men could ever dare to dream of. It’s a simple choice, John. It’s not easy, but it is simple.”

John was rooted in place. None of this made sense...and yet, strangely...all of it made sense. But suddenly, something popped up in his mind, almost like a last hope that all of this was somehow not true.

“B-But...but earlier today!” he burst out. “In...In the library — Harper and I had sex again! She chose to have sex with me! And...no potions, no spells...no nothing!” He realized once he was finished speaking that his words sounded like a challenge to the other three. They all nodded, smiling steadily.

“A priori contact,” explained Nora gently. “The potion you drank last night was a strong one, as they always are when new young men come to the house. All of those ingredients are still flowing freely through your veins. You two could have sex for the next two or three days and she would be unaffected.”

John’s shoulders slumped; somewhere in his mind, he registered that he had definitely ingested some little man’s semen, but he was feeling so overwhelmed right now that he wasn’t even thinking about that.

“There’s no way to wiggle your way out of this, John,” said Nora, as kindly as she could. “I’m sorry that we’ve caused you such anguish, but it’s just the way we are. And we all want intimacy, just like you.”

“How...long do I have to decide?” asked John in a hollow voice.

“As long as you want,” answered Nora. “But if you ask for your size back, and I restore it to you, there’s no going back.”

John nodded and stood there, head down, and shoulders slumped. The other three witches, especially Nora, looked at him with pity. He really was a cute little thing. But maybe...maybe he cared a little too much about his masculinity. They would have to wait and see.

“C-can I go talk to Harper?” croaked John. “I promise, I w-won’t...won’t be mad at her or anything. I just...I just want to see her and...and talk this out.”

“Sure, John,” said Nora tenderly, and she reached out and gave him a long, earnest hug. John resisted at first, but then quickly melted into it as he felt the strong, firm plushness of her breasts against his chest and smelled the intoxicating sandalwood scent of her hair. Nora straightened back up, and John paused, looking up at the three deathly beautiful amazonian witches. He suddenly thought of Harper being that big, with her dark auburn hair lusciously flowing down her huge, powerful back. His balls jumped a little, and his countenance creased in confusion. All of this was so much...just so, so much. He would have to talk to Harper about it. But somewhere in the back of his mind, he already knew what he was going to do.

Chapter 11

John wasn't really seeing anything as he walked down the sidewalk — for twenty minutes he just kept his feet moving, putting one foot in front of the other, as he wandered aimlessly. He felt like he was floating on air, like he was a ghost who was passing through a different world. His brain was almost completely numb, and his recently-shrunk body didn't even feel like his own. An uncanny sense of unreality had permeated his entire person, but through it all, John could see Harper's face, smiling sweetly at him from the back of his brain, her dark auburn hair lushly framing her shining hazel eyes, her cute little nose, and her full red lips.

So he had to choose. Nora, Vera, and Ariel had made that very clear...and even though John had briefly struggled with the negative thought that he had been tricked, that he had been somehow misled into this debacle, he couldn't really pursue those feelings very far. After all, the witches had told him, in no uncertain terms, what was going on — he couldn't rightly claim that they were trying to trap or trick him. On the contrary, they had told him everything he needed to know to make his decision. And it was like Nora had said: it was not an easy decision that he was faced with, but it was simple: either he gave up his size (and, if he was being honest, his entire concept of his own masculinity), or he could never, ever see Harper again. At least, not in an intimate way. It was a terrible choice.

As John continued to float down the sidewalk, oblivious to the plethora of afternoon campus activities around him, he heard voices in his head...voices of past friends...voices of his parents...voices of everyone pleading with him that it was insane to keep seeing this girl.

'Did you SEE those tiny, scrawny men at the party!?' the voices all said. 'Did you SEE that gross, shrunk guy that got jacked off into the freaking cauldron!? Is THAT what you really want to be???'

John thought about the guys in his dorm, and how he would be ostracized if he decided to enter into this relationship full-time. He imagined the looks of shock on the faces of his parents if they saw him in a grotesquely-shrunk state; he imagined his ex-girlfriend Sabrina (who had been 6'0) laughing at him along with her friends at how tiny and weak he had become, as she mirthfully declared that she had dodged a bullet by breaking up with him. All of these voices combined into a ubiquitous wall of psychic sound in his head: anyone in his world would absolutely and unequivocally say that it would be crazy to go through with this relationship. And John had to admit that, if he was approaching this rationally, he had to agree with them.

But it was not so simple. Harper's laughing, smiling face cut through the voices, and even though they resounded in his ears, the image of Harper was more prominent still. He was completely smitten with her — he had never met anyone so cute, so unbelievably sexy, and so alluring...in his entire life. And she liked him. He thought of her tears right as they had parted just a little while before, and his heart swelled. She liked him so much that she had become emotional at the thought that he would choose never to see her again. She hadn't tricked him or trapped him — this was literally the only way that she could try and date people. If she had told him upfront about being a witch, and about the whole size thing, John knew full well that he would not have gone to that Kappa Gamma Delta party...no guy would have.

But now that he had gone, and had been exposed to this new world, he felt like something had changed in him. He was a different person from the young man who had approached the sorority house the night before. A seed had been planted in his brain, and whether it would sprout or not depended on what he decided. John suddenly felt terribly sorry for Harper — she was...at a movie with some of her sorority sisters...probably trying not to think about him, holding back the prospect in her mind that he would reject her. John chastised himself briefly as he realized that he was assuming a lot, by thinking this way.

'You can't just assume that she's thinking about you all the time, the way you are about her,' he told himself, but he quickly turned back around, as he recalled her crying and rushing away. He wasn't going out on a limb to think that she cared about him and wanted to be with him! She obviously did!

Ignoring the looseness of his clothes, John whipped his phone out and started texting Harper. He paused midway, and thought about going to the movie theater himself, but then he realized that he had no idea which movie Harper was in, or if it would be weird if he somehow bought a ticket just to find her. He would probably just have to wait another hour or two. He finished his text and sent it, which had taken him a full five minutes to craft. It simply read:

"Nora told me everything. I'm not upset, and I want to talk. Hit me up as soon as you can <3 "

John came to a stop by a park bench and sank into it. Harper had probably put her phone on silent for the movie, so he would just have to wait here. He was thrilled, then, when ten seconds later, his phone buzzed in his pocket. John almost threw his phone into the ground as he rushed to read the new message.

"Where are you?" was all it said.

"On one of the benches by the quad," he responded, his heart feeling like it was going to beat out of his chest.

"I'll be there in ten minutes," Harper responded instantly.

"Oh! Ok I'll just keep sitting here then!" replied John, his heart now positively racing. For the next few minutes, everything seemed to take on a world of color. The grass looked greener; the sky looked bluer; the sunlight felt warmer, even as the early-fall breezes continued to sigh and whisper around him. John didn't consciously know what was going to happen when Harper came up to him — all he knew was that he wasn't going to have to suffer from the agony of being without her for too much longer.

For some reason, John had been expecting to see Harper come up to him, so it was a right surprise when she suddenly plopped down on the bench next to him. He was immediately conscious of the thickness of her thighs and the bounce of her recently-enlarged breasts. But of course, his eyes instantly went to her face, which was smiling at him brightly, through the unmistakable sheen of anxiety that permeated the rest of her face.

“Heyyyy!” she said in a happy, casual kind of way. It was clear that she was determined to try and have a light attitude about all of this, even if the conversation they were about to have was quite serious.

“Haha woah — hey!” laughed John, miming Harper’s attitude exactly. It felt like his organs were all slightly levitating in his body; he was just so happy to see her. “You snuck up on me there!”

“Haha yeah...sorry if I startled you,” she chuckled, her eyes shining at him in the afternoon sun.

“No, no, it’s fine...haha, so...uhh...movie wasn’t too good, huh?” John didn’t know why he was compelled to make this small talk; it must have been the eagerness he felt to maintain a sense of normalcy, even if there was nothing at all normal about this situation.

“No I liked it — it was great!” Harper replied. “A lot of people have been complaining that the new Star Wars isn’t so good, but I was loving it!”

“Oh it was Star Wars?” asked John, smiling again as he felt the oddness of the “normalcy” increase.

“Yeah! I loved that they brought back Palpatine, you know? He was always one of my favorite characters. You a Star Wars fan?”

“Totally!” laughed John. “But I, uhh...haven’t seen the new one yet. I...I didn’t mean to drag you out of the theater or anything.”

“Oh I know, I know,” said Harper reassuringly, reaching out and putting a tentative hand on John’s knee. “But I was just...so anxious to see...uh...you know...just to hear what you had to say.”

“Haha, yeah,” said John, and then for the next several moments there was silence between them. It wasn’t exactly awkward silence, but it was definitely anxious, and filled with uncertainty. The truth was that John was now realizing that he had no idea where or how to begin. He didn’t even know what he was going to say, or how he felt. Now that Harper was actually there, John suddenly felt the strange gravity of his choice upon him.

“I...I’m not sure where to start,” he blurted out, deciding that it was best just to be as honest and open as he could.

“Oh John, that’s...that’s totally fine,” said Harper, taking her hand away from his knee and nodding emphatically. “There’s...there’s no rush at all. Just take your time.” John appreciated that, even though Harper was undoubtedly anxious, she was making a real effort to sound relaxed and casual. He felt another throb of desire in his breast for her...she was just so sweet. Another few seconds passed by.

“You’re...not mad at me?” Harper ventured, in a smaller voice than she was accustomed to speaking in. John looked at her and felt his mouth part as he shook his head. She looked more vulnerable in that moment than he had ever seen her, and her beautiful eyes seemed to plead for his understanding.

“Oh...no Harper,” he said. “Not...not at all.”

“Really?” she asked earnestly, the interior corners of her eyebrows going up in emotion as she blinked rapidly a few times. John could see her eyes getting wet again.

“Yes,” he said, and this time, he was the one who reached over and took Harper by the hand, squeezing it as he felt its warmth go into his body. “Yes, I...I mean, it was definitely...a surprise, to say the least, haha.”

“Haha, yeah,” laughed Harper, her eyes starting to sparkle a little with the tears that were forming.

“But...but no I’m not mad at all,” repeated John, “Because...well, I know why you didn’t tell me before. It makes total sense.”

“It does?” asked Harper anxiously.

“Of course,” said John. “Like, how can I blame you? If you had told me everything before, then...haha, you might have scared me off. I think you would have scared any guy off!”

The two of them shared another laugh, but it was definitely nervous laughter. John was saying all the right things, but Harper still didn’t know where he stood, or what he was going to decide.

“But now that I know everything,” continued John, “I...uhh...haha, it’s like, wow. What a choice, huh?”

“Haha, yeah, I know,” said Harper, squeezing his hand and looking at him longingly. A few more seconds passed by, and John could feel the tension increasing in direct proportion to the time he spent not talking. He knew that Harper wasn’t meaning to pressure him, but he felt like he was torturing her by being silent. He had to give her something.

“I’m, uh...not really sure how I feel about everything,” said John, but then quickly added, “But I just...I just know that I don’t want to lose you.”

“I don’t want to lose you either, John,” said Harper, squeezing his hand again. “But...But I mean, I totally get you not really knowing how you feel right now. There’s...uh, a lot to unpack.”

John nodded and sat there for a few more moments.

“I just...just want you to know how much I like you, Harper,” he said, not knowing what else to say. “It’s just that...it’s, uh, it’s kinda hard for me to look at...at all those other guys at the sorority. Like, when I came downstairs today, and they were all lying there on the floor, passed out...all of them just so...small and tiny. And...and imagining being one of those guys...it’s, uh...it’s just a lot to take in.”

“I understand, John, really I do,” said Harper earnestly. “Just know that...you wouldn’t become like those other guys overnight.”

“How long have they, um...how long have they been that way?” asked John.

"Well it depends," said Harper, seeming to welcome the flow of conversation. "Most of them who are around, you know, four-and-a-half feet tall have been with their...their witch partner for about a year now. It depends how often they have sex, of course, and, like...the vicarious power of the, um, of the witch in question."

"Uh-huh, ok, yeah, that makes sense," muttered John, nodding. He glanced over at Harper and gave her an awkward smile. "Well...hehe, how's your, uh..."vicarious power," Harper, haha?"

Harper blinked a couple times, and she stared blankly at him; for a moment, John felt like he had misspoke, or said something out of line.

"I...I'm not sure," she said, a little thickly as tears again swelled in her eyes. "But...I have to be honest, John — the...the fact that you shrank 4 whole inches...and the fact that I gained them so quickly...it, uh...it seems to indicate that my vicarious power is very strong."

"Oh, ok," said John, feeling something sinking in him. "So...that means that...I would probably get a lot smaller a lot faster?"

"Mmhmm, yes," said Harper. "And I would get a lot bigger a lot quicker."

"Hmmm, wow...ok," murmured John. A few more silent moments passed by, when Harper spoke up again.

"I really, really want you to know that you can take your time deciding this, John," she said. "I know that this is a huge decision and I would never, ever want you to feel like I was rushing you."

"Oh I know," he responded appreciatively. "I know, Harper. I...I don't feel like you're rushing me."

"Ok, good."

"I just...yeah, I mean obviously, like I said, I don't wanna lose you, Harper. But I, uh...I also don't know if I want to...to give up my size like that."

"I understand," said Harper, and then, in a voice that revealed her anxiousness, she added, "But just know that, like...just because you give up your size doesn't mean that...that I wouldn't see you as a man, you know? I mean, haha, if anything, I would see you as more of a man than you already are now, if that makes any sense...haha, but, like of course I totally don't mean to imply that if you don't wanna do this that I would be judging you in any way or feeling like you were less of a man in my eyes or anything...I just mean, uhh...that if you were to decide to give up your size, then I would know what a...a huge decision that would be from your standpoint, and it would make me feel like even though you were agreeing to get smaller that you were still secure in yourself and in your own sense of masculinity and all that and...and...oh geez I'm totally rambling now...I don't even know what I'm trying to say anymore."

"It's ok, Harper...really it is," said John reassuringly. "I think I know what you're saying. It's just that...I mean...I don't know. Here...here's what I'm trying to say. Here's what I'm worried about. Like, I saw...um...Nora's, uh...boyfriend? Is that what you would call him?"

"I think Nora calls him her "Little Bull," but, haha, yeah, he's her boyfriend, in that sense, at least," said Harper.

"Ok, yeah. So...I saw him, and, like...how he and Nora interact. And...and it was almost like...I don't know...a mother and a child or something? Except it was sexual...and...and I really kinda don't want to do that. And I'm afraid...that if I keep getting smaller, and you keep getting bigger, then that's what we'll end up as."

"Oh! I totally get that fear," said Harper, nodding eagerly. "But, see...here, you've gotta understand that...uh...that's just Nora, you know? That's what she likes. She has this...uh matronly approach to her relationship with her boyfriend. And I think he likes it...it definitely turns him on and everything. But it doesn't have to be that way. Like, the way I see it, we could act exactly the same around each other, even when I get a lot bigger than you."

"We could?" asked John. "So...you wouldn't treat me like I was a little kid or something?"

"Of course not!" said Harper spiritedly. "I'm not really into all that stuff. Nora is, and I think to an extent Ariel is too...a lot of the sisters are. But I'm totally not! I just...well, haha, you already know...but what turns me on is just, well...both partners being totally into it with each other. I've just...just loved the sex we've had, John. I love how I can be aggressive with you, and you don't try and...and like, overpower me...but at the same time, you're totally into it too. And, you know...our sex wouldn't change, even if you were tiny compared to me. If anything, it would just get more intense. Like...imagine what I could do to you if you were four feet tall."

Harper's eyes glimmered sexily as she finished her last comment, and John saw her tongue lick her lips ever so slightly as she looked at him. He felt his cock harden in his pants...god this girl was hot.

"Oh but...seriously, John...I'm not trying to sway you one way or the other," added Harper quickly. "I'm just...thinking out loud, you know?"

"Yeah," said John. He looked down into Harper's lap. She had always been well-shaped, but he was once again struck by how delicious and full her thighs looked now, straining the confines of her skinny jeans. Her large ass swelled slightly around her torso as she sat; her hips were so nice and thick...his dick got even harder as he had a sudden flash of thought, imagining her as a 6'6 amazon, as big as Nora. And himself lying in bed with her, getting enveloped by her delectable curves, by her powerful size, as they made passionate love. He had never really seriously thought about what it would be like to have sex with a huge, amazonian woman, but as he thought about it right now, imagining Harper was the amazon, he realized how hot it sounded. And she had said that she would be able to do "all kinds of things" to him...what had she meant?

"S-so...so do you witches have, like...other powers?" he asked, smiling slightly at her.

"Like...what other kinds of things can you do?"

Harper grinned at him, almost sheepishly. "Yeah...a lot of other powers," she said. "I'm still learning a lot about them myself. But...a lot of them have to do with...with sex and pleasure."

"Oh yeah?" asked John, his cock now almost completely hard.

"Yeah," said Harper. "It's the centuries and centuries of knowledge about these things just accumulating, you know? We know things about the body that no one else does. And...and John, really, I'm not saying this to tempt you or trick you or anything...but...no one has sex like we do."

"Haha, you don't have to tell me that," laughed John. "You've already convinced me! Haha, I'm just wondering where you learned all that stuff!"

"Well, you're my first, so I'm only just starting to learn," said Harper bashfully.

"What!?" exclaimed John, going red. "I'm...your first!?"

"Well yeah!" giggled Harper nervously. "I'd never been confident enough to try anything with a boy...until I met you!"

"But...but how did...how were so...so good!?" asked John helplessly.

"Haha, I'm glad you think I was," laughed Harper. "But I'm only just beginning, John. Heh, you should see some of the older sisters have sex. I mean, uh, sorry if this is weird, but sometimes there are full-on orgies and, uh...well, let's just say that I have a lot to learn. But I'm gonna learn."

John couldn't believe how turned-on he was. He hadn't realized it before, but he could tell now that he had just assumed that Harper had had tons of sex before him. The way that her hips had moved when she had ridden him...the way that she had smacked her ass over and over down into his cock...the hungry, expert way that she had deepthroated him, and fluttered her tongue over his length...it seemed almost insane to think that she was new to all of this. And not only that, but she was clearly determined to...learn more. To become an expert in it. John could only guess what these "witch-like" sexual abilities were, but at this point he knew enough to assume that they would be utterly mind-blowing. He suddenly remembered Nora's words:

"And in exchange, you will experience thrills, delights, and pleasures that few men could ever dare to dream of."

He felt a lump forming in his throat as he stared at Harper. She was so beautiful, so warm, so kind and loving...and the sexiest creature he had ever seen. The craziness of the past 24 hours had only made her more alluring, not less. He was on the verge of plunging himself into a new and fantastical world, where the supernatural was actually a reality. She smiled at him again, blinking her hazel eyes. Who was he kidding? He didn't need any more time to decide. Why torture her with uncertainty?

"I wanna be with you Harper," he said, without looking away. "I...I don't care about the size stuff. Or, even if I do, I don't care enough to have it come between us. I want to be your boyfriend."

Harper immediately started crying, and this time, her tears actually dripped from her eyes. Her mouth twitched and spasmed with emotion as she leaned over and engulfed him in a tight, trembling hug.

“Y-You mean it!?” she sobbed into his shoulder. “Y-You really mean it??”

“Yes, Harper...yes,” said John, and he actually felt tears well up in his own eyes. Her emotional reaction just hit home how much she had wanted this, and it almost overwhelmed him with its tenderness and intensity. He hugged her as tightly as he could, and she responded by squeezing him even more, burying her face further into his shoulder, almost like she was trying to burrow under his skin.

“I...I love you Harper,” breathed John into her sandalwood-scented, auburn hair. He didn’t care that he had only known her for a few weeks. He knew what this feeling was, and he didn’t feel like he had to apologize about it to anyone. She made him feel free, even as he knew that he was essentially choosing to give up his size.

“Oh John I love you too!” she cried. “I want to...to just hold you always!”

The two of them remained locked in a passionate embrace for a long time...how long, neither of them was sure. Time itself had seemed to pause. When they parted, they both had wet cheeks; they smiled at each other, and then laughed.

“Well,” said Harper, her eyes shining, “You wanna come back to the house with me?”

“Of course I do,” said John, taking her hand. “I’m guessing that...I have a lot to learn about you guys?”

“Oh yes,” said Harper happily, standing up and beginning to lead him on. “But now that you’ve made your choice, you’re basically one of us now. You can learn all about us! Our history...our secrets...everything!”

“I can’t wait,” said John. And it was true — even though he had no idea what was in store for him, he knew that Harper would be there by his side. And that was all he wanted. He let her lead him down the sidewalk, noticing how the top of her head was just above his eye-level. He wondered how long it would be before she was as tall as he was...before she got bigger than him. It was a strange thing to realize, but as they walked together, hand and hand, in the fresh elation of their new relationship, John became aware that he was looking forward to Harper being bigger. And, if she was right about being an exceptionally powerful witch, that time was going to come sooner rather than later.

Chapter 12

A few minutes later, Harper and John were walking up the steep steps of the Kappa Gamma Delta sorority house. This was the third time that John had scaled these steps in the past 24 hours, and each time had been profoundly different — his first trek had been exciting and jaunty, in anticipation of a fun, sexy party with Harper. His second had been bled through with anxiety and confusion, with him having no idea what to make of Harper's emotional reaction towards his proposition to be her boyfriend, and of the fact that he had shrunk down an entire 4 inches and lost around 15 pounds...to say nothing of the new information that Harper had related to him, that she and her sorority sisters were all witches, from a line of ancient heritage.

But now, the third time he walked up the KGD steps, he was hand-in-hand with Harper, with his heart full and glad, even though he knew that there was still so, so much that he didn't know. At this point, though, John felt like he had gotten the hard part out of the way. He had managed to swallow his pride, and make the choice to be with Harper, even though he knew that doing so would result in the substantial reduction of his height, and his size. It had initially been a tough reality to absorb, but all he needed was that talk with Harper, where she had looked at him with such anxious grace and poise, and such beautiful innocence with her nervously-blinking hazel eyes, that he had known, deep down, even before they began their talk, that his masculine ego was fighting a losing battle against his erotic, emotional, and even spiritual impulses. He had only known Harper for a few weeks, but he loved her, with an almost startling passion, and any reservations he had about her absorbing his size after sex seemed like a small price to pay in exchange for being able to call her his girlfriend.

And already, John had to admit that he had been experiencing some strange pangs of...unusual longing. Not erotic longing in the classical sense that he was used to, that involved fantasies of kissing, of making out, and of penetrative sex. No, what John felt himself wondering and musing about was something more subtle, more mysterious, and more enthralling than any kind of eroticism he was used to. He realized that he was actually...looking forward to watching Harper get bigger and taller. He had never known himself to have any specific type of fetish like this, but he couldn't avoid noticing that, as he and Harper walked to the KGD house, he was unusually aware of her sexy, undulating hips going up and down, up and down, and the gentle shake and jiggle of each of her full thighs at each step she made.

John knew that, on the surface, noticing the womanly curves on girls was nothing new, either to him or to any other straight guy who was so naturally inclined to stare and appreciate. But the way he was looking at Harper's body now was...somehow different. He wasn't just admiring her shape; he was admiring her increased size, and getting turned on by the anticipation of her getting even bigger. He already knew what it was like to be in the presence of the gigantic sorority sisters like Nora, Vera, and Ariel, and it made him incredibly, almost painfully excited to think of Harper actually growing that big and tall. He looked to the side, watching the top of her gorgeously full auburn head bouncing up and down, right at his eye level as they walked up the steps. Harper caught him looking, and cracked a smile.

"What're you looking at?" she teased, playfully punching him a little in his upper arm.

“Haha, just you,” he said, with a kind of wistful happiness. “Just looking at you.”

“Oh my god, here we go!” laughed Harper. “We’re a couple for ten minutes, and already you’ve revved up all the sappy romantic phrases! Is this what I have to look forward to?”

“I...uh, I th-thought...I thought that you would — ” began John, suddenly feeling a little alarmed, but Harper reached a finger up to his lips and silenced him, cooing up into his face.

“Shhhh, I’m kidding, silly,” she whispered. “I love hearing you talk to me like that. And I love the way that you were looking at me just now.”

They had just walked up the final step, and were now standing on the front porch. John saw that they weren’t alone...and already, by now, the other girls at the sorority had become familiar to him. Nora was lounging in a huge chair next to the big black cauldron, with her bare feet raised up on a supporting pillar. John got a bit of a shock, when, once again, he took in the craziness of what he was seeing. Nora’s tiny “boyfriend,” whom John had recently seen get jacked off into the cauldron, was kneeling by her feet in a crouched position, carefully rubbing scented oils into her creamy pinkish-white soles. He looked like a tiny little animal next to Nora’s huge, sexy legs — she had peeled her jeans back to just above her knees, exposing the white alabaster of her well-formed lower legs. John could have easily believed that the circumference of Nora’s calf muscle alone was nearly as big as her boyfriend’s waist...and the size of Nora’s foot compared to his chest, well...John could tell that her foot spanned nearly half the length of the little man’s torso. In every sense, she dwarfed him. John couldn’t help but notice, once again, that he was naked.

Nora had been lying back in her chair, her eyes closed, as she enjoyed the massage and took in the slightly sweet air of the late afternoon. A slight breeze fluttered her white hair as she lounged. Harper and John stood there silently for a moment, taking in the scene. After a few moments, Harper squeezed John’s hand and cleared her throat. The tiny man didn’t react — he went right along with rubbing his mistress’s feet. But Nora opened her eyes, and immediately, a smile broke out onto her face.

“Aww, so he said yes!” exclaimed Nora, sitting up a little straighter in her chair.

“He sure did, said Harper warmly, turning to John and giving him a starry-eyed smile.

“And you told him everything?” asked Nora. Her tone wasn’t condescending in the least — it was more like she was just making sure, for absolute certain, that John knew what he was getting himself into.

“Everything he needed to know to make his decision, yes,” answered Harper. She again squeezed John’s hand as she looked at him. “But, of course...he won’t know the true implications of his choice, until later.”

“Isn’t that the truth,” intoned Nora, and she suddenly put her foot up to her boyfriend’s face, gently pushing him to the side as she sat up even straighter. John could hardly believe how powerful this simple gesture was; the tiny man knew exactly what to do. He fully submitted to

the gigantic sole on his face (which, of course, was a good deal longer than his whole head), and collapsed submissively down into an even lower crouch, guided by the unspoken power of Nora's motion.

The Nordic-looking amazon sat up in her chair and proceeded to rise, and approached the new couple in a couple steps, standing before them as she put her hands on her hips. Once again, John found himself in her shadow, and he felt the true reality of the size difference. His shoulders were beneath her breasts, only coming up to around the middle of her stomach. But it was Nora's sheer size that made him feel utterly submissive in her presence...and somehow (and John couldn't quite pinpoint why), Harper felt bigger next to him, when they were both standing in Nora's shadow.

"So you've decided to surrender what most men wouldn't dream of surrendering?" asked Nora down to John. She wasn't grilling him — it just seemed like she was enjoying the reality of a new member of their sister-led household.

"Y-yes," said John, definitely cowed in her presence, even though he could already feel himself getting a bit used to feeling small.

"Was it hard for you?" came Nora's question.

"Hehe, well...it couldn't have been that hard," said Harper. "I mean, it only took him a couple hours, didn't it?"

John looked over at Harper and blinked, giving her a slightly open-mouthed smile...perhaps he was a bit surprised that she had spoken up so confidently, but then again, he reminded himself that Harper was more used to Nora's presence (and the presence of Vera, Ariel, and the other huge girls) than he was.

"Haha, oh...sorry!" laughed Harper. "I didn't mean to answer for you, John. And...heh, sorry, I, uh...I don't mean to make light of your decision or anything. I know it wasn't actually easy for you. I'm just...I'm just so happy right now, is all!"

"Th-that's...that's ok, haha," said John. He turned to look back up at Nora — she had the same hazel eyes as Harper, although her strikingly white hair made for a different effect than Harper's rich, auburn color. When he looked down into Harper's face, he felt like he was floating in some kind of warm, scented sea, off at the far edges of the world — when he looked up into Nora's face, he felt like he was caught in the middle of a blizzard.

"It...it was hard...at least...uh...at least, a little bit," he answered the amazon witch as best he could. "I...I wasn't sure that I...that I wanted to get smaller, but, uh...well, I just realized that it doesn't matter, and that being with Harper is all I care about."

"Mmhm," said Nora, nodding down at him curiously. "That's very nice to hear, John. It's not often, you know, that a young man decides, with full knowledge, to give up something that he holds so dear. Especially when it involves...his own body."

And here, Nora reached down and flitted a huge finger over John's forearm. He flinched a little at her touch, but not out of revulsion — she was just so attractive, and so huge, that his body reacted instantly to her touch. At the same time, though, he didn't want to have so public a response to another woman in front of Harper, so he did his best to hold it in. John wasn't sure if he had seen it or not, but he thought that he saw Harper flinch a little bit too, when Nora touched him. He flitted his eyes over to his new girlfriend, and he did indeed catch her looking up at Nora. What was that in her expression? Respect? Deference? Envy? Maybe even...a bit of effrontery? He couldn't really be sure. But he didn't have time to think too much about it, because Nora was speaking again.

"Yes, I think you may find, John, that you come to embrace your new role even more than you could possibly imagine now. Haha, I mean, look at you two — you're still taller than Harper, and by a good few inches too!"

"Well I did just grow 4 whole inches in one night," said Harper proudly, standing up as tall as her current 5'5 could take her. "And besides, are you seeing my hips, ass, and boobs, Nora? They're totally bigger! Like...it's super obvious!"

"I know it is, Harper, I know," said Nora, in an almost maternal tone as she smiled. "No one here, uh...disputes that."

"Vera took me down to see Phoebe last night," continued Harper, becoming increasingly animated.

"Mmmm, yes, I heard," said Nora, turning away and going over to her boyfriend, who was dutifully kneeling down with his head bowed low, so that John couldn't even see his face. Nora gently and deliberately put her bare foot in his crotch and wiggled her toes playfully; apparently this was some kind of sign, because the skinny man suddenly stood up in front of Nora. With slow voluptuousness, she snaked her hands onto his shoulders, totally engulfing them both, with her fingers slithering sexily down his chest, almost all the way down to his nipples. John watched as she began to lovingly, sensuously massage his shoulders with her big hands, causing his eyes to close and his mouth to open slightly in pleasure. The top of the little man's head only came up to the middle of Nora's stomach, and her thick wide hips extended out massively on either side of his shoulders. Her body seemed to swallow his whole.

"What did she have to say to you?" asked Nora to Harper, apparently paying no attention to what she was doing to her submissive.

"She...she said that I have promise," said Harper. John pulled his attention away from Nora's ministrations and looked at Harper. He had never heard her sound this...excited before. There was something in her tone that reminded him that she belonged to a world that he was only just now joining. He had to swallow a lump that quickly developed in his throat as a result — it was intimidating and daunting to think of all the things that Harper knew that he didn't...all the things she had studied and learned...all the things that he would have to learn himself, or at least become familiar with.

"She said that, uh...you know, that the first growth spurt doesn't agree with everybody," continued Harper. "And that...well, haha, that my quick spurt really, uh...shows that I'm ready."

"Mmhm, yes, it would definitely seem so," said Nora slowly, her big hands and strong fingers digging dominantly into the prone flesh of her naked boyfriend. John saw, with some degree of trepidation and discomfort, that the huge cock that he had been trying to avoid looking at was now growing...getting steadily longer and thicker the more Nora kneaded. John still couldn't understand how a man who was so short and so skinny and frail-looking could be sporting a dick that was a good deal thicker than his arms, and that hung down halfway towards his knees.

"You better hold onto your horses, John," chuckled Nora. "I don't know if you know this or not, but it's...almost unheard of for someone to grow as much as Harper did last night. And for you to lose as much size as you did...haha, well...it would definitely appear that the two of you are a match made in...hehe...in heaven, so to speak."

"Wh—what...uh...what do you mean?" asked John, feeling a bit put off by Nora's wry tone. He turned to Harper. "What does she mean?"

Harper blinked slowly and gave him a reassuring smile.

"Don't worry about what she's saying," Harper whispered to him. "Nora likes to tease and play around just to get a rise out of people...especially new boys, er...guys around the House. But there might be something to what she's saying, you know? Maybe it's not just my vicarious powers that made me grow so much last night. Maybe...maybe it's a combination of my powers and your...um...your...?"

"Submissive tendencies?" suggested Nora, grinning and raising an eyebrow. John snapped his head around and furrowed his brow at Nora, clearly objecting to what she was saying. His reaction only broadened Nora's grin.

"Haha, yes, just as I thought. Little John may be an unusual young man, but he still has plenty to unlearn...don't you, John?"

John didn't know what to say, and any protest against Nora's suggestions died in his throat. He knew that now wasn't the time or place to assert himself in that way.

"You've already been fantasizing about it, haven't you?" Nora sure did know what she was doing — her mind was like an incisive drill, and John felt like there wasn't much he could hide from her. Silently, he nodded his head.

"What!? You have??" cried Harper, taking a step back from him and putting her hands over her mouth.

"I...y-yeah, Harper," said John a bit shakily, smiling at her. He couldn't help but notice, as she moved, her breasts bouncing and boinging more than usual. The late afternoon breeze kicked up again, and blew her full auburn hair into her face. She pushed it out untidily, squinting her hazel eyes a little to keep the hair out...John stared transfixed. God she was gorgeous.

"But...but so soon?" she asked, as if she wasn't daring to believe it.

"I...yeah, I guess it's pretty soon," agreed John, "But, you know...when we were walking down the sidewalk, I was thinking about it, and...well...Nora's right. I'm actually...looking forward to being smaller than you."

"Yes ma'am, Harper," came a different voice, making them all turn around. Vera had come out of the house — apparently, she had heard the latter part of the conversation. "It looks like you nabbed yourself a keeper right there. It's not common, you know, to land a guy who feels like that...and who is open enough to admit it."

"I knowwww!" said Harper affectionately, bounding up to John again and putting her arms around him, kissing him on the cheek. Her lips lingered there, and she bent into him, nuzzling the side of his face with her lips, then her nose, then her forehead. John had already been a little hard from watching Nora massage her boyfriend, but now he was really getting turned-on. Harper just had that effect on him. He realized that he wasn't just getting aroused from Harper's touch...it was the way she was touching him. Even though she was still smaller, her embrace, and her nuzzling, was a kind of anticipation of things to come.

"Tell me about it!" laughed Nora, digging her fingers into the nearly-nonexistent pectoral muscles of the tiny man in front of her. "It took Little Bull here a solid half-year before his poor little male ego had been transformed."

"Extinguished, you mean?" laughed Ariel, who had come to join in the fun. John felt his breath catch in his chest. Ariel was the tallest of the bunch, at least of the witches John had seen. Nora and Vera were both huge, but Ariel was huger still, rising up a good number of inches over them all, at 6'11.

Now he was surrounded by amazons...amazon witches...and more than ever before, he was reminded how the witches just...had a little something extra in their appearance, that gave them away to those (like him) who knew what to look for. A slightly curved and full contour of the upper lip...an unusually luscious sway of a hip...yes, all of those things were there, to be sure, but John could tell now that there was something else. Something in their eyes, something in the way that their eyes seemed to capture light, and hold it within themselves. He turned to look at Harper; her eyes twinkled back at him. He looked up at Ariel — her coal-black eyes held the light differently, even more authoritatively. It was like her eyes were churning anything they saw. And the way they all carried themselves — Harper included — there was a sensuousness and a voluptuousness about their movements that was unmistakable. It was suddenly extraordinarily clear to John what Vera had told him earlier that day: witches fed on the human life force, and the way they drew it out was through the irresistible insistence of their bodies, fueled by a preternatural appetite. John remembered a vision of something from the previous night...Harper's big ass smacking down forcefully on his cock, as her pussy hungrily devoured his dick over and over.

"No, no...not extinguished," chuckled Nora to Ariel. "I'm not quite as...what would you call it?"

"Draconian?" offered Ariel, smiling dirtily.

“Sure, draconian,” laughed Nora. “I’m not quite as draconian as you in how I treat my man. I don’t want to totally un-make him and then re-make him again, you know? I want to mold him...like putty, until he’s the shape I want him to be in. And then if I get tired of one shape, I just mold him into a different shape, see?”

As she spoke, Nora rubbed and kneaded her little man forcefully, as if she was proving her point. After she finished talking, she suddenly picked him up under his arms, lifted him up high off the ground, and squeezed him into a ball-like shape. He seemed to know what to do, and he tucked his arms and legs in close to his torso, obeying the force of Nora’s hands. After a couple seconds, it looked like Nora was holding a human ball in her hands. The only difference was that the man’s huge, erect cock was poking out from in between his balled-up legs.

“See that?” laughed Nora. “Little Bull is now Little Ball...but he’s still got the bull part I enjoy so much.”

She proceeded to slurp up his cock into her mouth, sucking on it loudly like a thick meat straw. John’s eyes bugged out — he had already seen Nora jack him off earlier that day, but that still hadn’t prepared him for this. He felt Harper’s warm hand on his shoulder.

“You’ll get used to all this,” she assured him, her lips close to his ear. “Besides, I think Nora’s just showing off for you a bit.”

“Ammm nowwwt!” retorted Nora (who seemed to have very good hearing), as she continued to suck her boyfriend’s huge cock, holding his balled-up body up to her mouth. “I wassth juuuth thirrthhsy.”

“Uh-huh, yeah sure,” said Vera, rolling her eyes. “Whatever you say.”

“Uhhh finnnnee aallll finisthh hmmm off,” said Nora. Her eyes suddenly got wide and her eyebrows arched with intense effort as she screwed her head all the way down onto her submissive’s cock, taking the entire thing down her throat. John, who was already hard, got even harder, as his mouth dropped open. That guy’s cock...it...it had to be at least a foot long...maybe even longer! And it was thick to boot! And...Nora had just swallowed it whole, like it was nothing. Her head and neck tensed powerfully, and the little man began to shudder quietly, his thin body rocking and spasming in her grasp.

“Mmmmmmm!” moaned Nora, closing her eyes passionately. John knew that she was swallowing his load; he could see her big throat swallowing over and over, until finally, she pulled his cock out of his mouth with an audible *pop!* and stood him back down on the ground. He stumbled a little, his little legs shaking, and backed into Nora’s huge thigh for support.

“Did you two formally meet yet?” asked Nora to John, as she smacked her lips.

“Uh....uh, n-no, no I don’t think we did,” said John.

“Ok! Well...John, this is Little Bull. He’s my little boy toy...by little cum puppet.”

John looked down at the man and waved a little awkwardly, trying his best to smile. This was all super weird for him, but he couldn't deny that there was something almost exotically enticing about the whole scenario. It certainly helped that he and Harper had already talked about what they wanted their relationship to be like...more egalitarian, and less dom-sub, despite the size difference that was going to happen. And it also helped that Harper was standing right next to him, with her soft, warm, reassuring hand on his shoulder.

"Little Bull," said Nora, in quite a different tone, almost like she was speaking to a child, "This is John, ok? John is Harper's new boyfriend. Say hi, Little Bull, say hi!"

"Hi," said the man simply, making eye contact with John and giving him a slight smile. John could only know this guy as "Little Bull" from now on — apparently, that was his name.

Nora seemed to read his mind.

"He went by a different name, two years ago," she said airily. "When he was my freshman biology professor."

"Your...your what!?" sputtered John.

"Oh boy, here we go," said Vera, rolling her eyes at Ariel, who chuckled. "Nora's gotta make sure she tells the new boy her story on the first day. Haha, it's always the same."

"You can always count on her to show off," agreed Ariel. "Come on Vera, let's go inside and make sure everything's ready."

John barely processed what Ariel was saying, because he was still gaping up at Nora.

"See?" giggled Harper in his ear. "I told you she likes to show off!"

"Oh yeah, once upon a time, Little Bull here was a distinguished professor here," said Nora in the same affected, airy tone as she ran her big fingers through his hair. "Then he had me in one of his classes and I thought...my goodness does he look tasty. One thing led to another...aaaand...well, maybe I can tell you more of the story later. Looks like everyone inside's almost ready."

"H-how...how tall did he used to be?" asked John, somehow knowing to ask Nora directly, rather than him.

"Hehe, taller than you, John," said Nora, winking. "Little Bull here used to be 6'2, with niiicccce big muscles. What a change two years can make, huh? But he wouldn't change it for the world, would you, little guy?"

"No ma'm," he answered, shaking his head as he leaned into her big thigh, closing his eyes. John didn't know whether he was more aroused, scared, or weirded-out, but he knew that he was feeling all three of those things at once. But, as before, Harper's touch brought him back.

"It's time to go inside the House," she said to him softly, petting his cheek as her eyes danced in his.

“Wh-what’s...what’s happening in the House?” asked John, a bit uncertainly. He was suddenly feeling nervous, but he could never feel too out of sorts with Harper there.

“What happens whenever someone joins us,” said Harper with an excited, loving smile, taking his hand once more in his. “The initiation ritual.”

Chapter 13

John had certainly not expected to be part of anything like this, but as he felt Harper's warm hand in his own, gently guiding him towards the front door of the sorority house, he reminded himself that everything was ok. The deep auburn red of her luscious hair reflected the crisp afternoon sun into his eyes, and he smelled the woody, creamy scent of her sandalwood wake in his nostrils. So what if he was going to be part of some impromptu witchy ritual? If that was the way they did things around here at Kappa Gamma Delta, then he would wholeheartedly accept it. He had reached a level of understanding with Harper that made him trust in whatever it was that was about to happen. Still though, even as he reassured himself, he couldn't help but feel a little apprehensive as he heard the low, sonorous intonation of rhythmic chanting that came from behind the door.

Right before she extended her hand out to push the door open, Harper turned back to him, her hazel eyes dancing in the sunlight, seeming to hold it like sparkling jewels in her irises. She was still "only" 5'5, a full 4 inches shorter than John, but somehow, with the excitement and vigor in her eyes, she seemed taller. She looked up at him and took a deep breath, smiling broadly.

"Ok, here we go!" she breathed, blinking her wide, beautiful eyes at him. John realized that, even though she was obviously excited, she was nervous as well. Her warm hand squeezed his a couple times.

"You ready?" she whispered.

"I'm...y-yes, I'm ready," he answered.

"We're in this together, ok?" she said, bringing her face up close to his as she stood on her tiptoes. "You and me...nothing to worry about."

"Yes...ok," replied John, feeling the hot flush of a blush in his cheeks as Harper kissed him tenderly on the lips, lusciously closing her eyes as she did so. His cock bounded a little in his pants, but he was too nervous to get a full-on erection at this point. And anyway, Harper was pushing the door open now, and together, hand-in-hand, the two of them walked through the main entrance of the sorority house.

John's eyes widened on their own accord as he beheld the scene before them. Dozens and dozens of people had gathered, far more than John had expected to see, and they all seemed to be chanting. The low echo of the archaic-sounding words intimidated John, and made him feel the weight and significance of what was happening:

"Willkommen, willkommen, neuer Mann. Machen Sie mit und lassen Sie Ihren Stolz hinter sich."

He badly wanted to ask Harper what the words meant, but his attention was already being used up elsewhere. The bizarreness of the sight alone was enough to render him speechless — dozens of witches and their "partners" lined the sorority foyer, creating a double human wall through which John and Harper were supposed to walk. Aside from the party the night before,

John had never seen so many huge, tall, gorgeous women in one place at the same time, and actually being able to see them in the light of day made them seem all the more imposing. Nora, Vera, and Ariel basically blended in with this incredible group — the fact that they were 6'6, 6'7, and even 6'11 did not make them stand out so much in this crowd. John noticed Ariel's head rising a little above most others', but it wasn't by much. Nearly every young woman he saw was at least 6 feet tall, and many of them were 6'5 or taller. And even the shorter ones, like Harper, had a buxom curvaceousness to them that let John know that their real growth had only just begun. He spotted a couple that didn't look too far away from him and Harper...the guy was just about as tall as he was, not too skinny...and his girlfriend was standing behind him, a little shorter. But the way she had her hand on his shoulder, the way her sharp fingernails curved and gleamed in the light...it made John feel that it wouldn't be long before this young witch overtook her partner in both height and size.

This one little snapshot was not the norm, however. John saw far many more couples like Nora's, where the man was multiple feet shorter than his mighty, amazonian witch partner. Many of these smaller, skinnier men were completely naked, and, like Nora's "Little Bull," their assets were noticeably disproportionate to the rest of their body. Behind them, their witch partners stood tall, their eyes sparkling with confident pleasure, as they looked down on John and Harper. John couldn't bring himself to return their gaze — that furtive little glimmer in their eyes, the voluptuous curve of their lips, the glint of light on their sharp teeth, and the steady, bodacious swerve and bob of their enormous breasts, hips, and ass, all communicated to John their supernatural reality. They were something beyond normal women, something unquestionably augmented by some uncanny, metaphysical power.

But aside from the fierce beauty of all the witches present, and the fact that they were all women, John could see nothing uniform — some of their partners were wearing clothes, but many (especially the short, skinny ones) were not. Some of the witches' partners appeared to be women themselves; John spotted a few short, small women standing behind their statuesque lesbian witch companions. But everyone was chanting that same line, over and over, and looking directly at him and Harper. John felt Harper's hand squeeze his over and over insistently, whether out of excitement, nervousness, or a combination of both.

And then, looking straight forward for the first time, John saw, at the end of the hallway, who they were walking toward. Phoebe, the head girl, was sitting in what could only be described as a kind of throne, a huge and ornate wooden chair that was decorated with interlacing, strange winding cords of ancient-looking symbols and runes. John felt himself get even tenser than he had been before — the path before them was lined with dozens of huge, towering women, but even though Phoebe was sitting down, John could tell that she was by far the biggest woman he had ever seen. She was dressed in a deep, rich purple robe that hugged and flowed over her unimaginable curves like a toga; her long, wavy blond hair spilled sensuously over her shoulders, and from between the luxuriously flowing locks, John could see a pair of bright hazel eyes, cool, steady, and intoxicatingly beautiful, staring down at his oncoming form.

They stopped within 10 feet of Phoebe's throne; John knew when to stop because he felt Harper stop walking, doing the same thing himself without even thinking about it. And just as they

stopped walking, Phoebe lifted up a huge hand, ever-so-slightly, from the armrest of her chair. The chanting around them stopped abruptly, and a buzzing, pregnant silence held sway over all. John was so overwhelmed by the size and beauty of this colossal woman that he barely registered that her throne was surrounded by about 20 or thirty tiny naked men, some no taller than two feet, kneeling with their heads bowed toward their mistress. Jon swallowed a lump in his throat — he didn't know what he had been expecting, but it certainly wasn't this big, or this serious. A flash of panic went through his mind, and he wondered why Harper hadn't warned him about how weighty of an affair this "orientation" was. But he felt her warm hand squeezing his again, and he remembered that, along with everything else, he just needed to trust her. He wasn't alone; he was there with her.

"Herzlich willkommen!" came Phoebe's deep, feminine voice, seeming to rattle everything present with its slow, delicious authority. "Harper...and John." She looked down, her eyes going back and forth between the two of them, a pleased smile curling her full lips. Just hearing his own name spoken out of Phoebe's lips was enough to make John feel an almost aching, longing desire in his pants. He was so aroused by her presence that he simply couldn't help it — he tried to focus on the tactile feel of Harper's hand in his own, so that he didn't lose his nerve.

"We are gathered here today," continued Phoebe, lifting her head to the larger assembly, "To witness John's initiation into the Kappa Gamma Delta family. He has learned the implications, learned the precepts, learned the truth of our sorority here. And unlike most, he has decided to join us as Harper's willing partner." The enormous young woman stopped and directed the full attention of both of those penetrating hazel eyes directly down at John. He felt like she was staring directly into his soul.

"Is this correct, John?" she asked, point-blank. "Is this really...what you want?"

John inhaled through his nose and opened his mouth to attempt an answer. At first, nothing came out...not a sound...not even a peep of an intonation. John felt like he was struggling through something invisible in his throat, but with repeated effort, he was able to fight through it, with Phoebe watching steadily the whole time.

"It...i-it is, ah....y-yes...yes," answered John, nodding his head vigorously to emphasize that his answer, unlike the struggle in his voice, was definite.

"Just as we all witness here," said Phoebe warmly, her eyes narrowing slightly in glad affection. She spread her arms wide in a slow, easy motion of inclusion, and John once again was floored by how truly enormous this woman was.

"Heute hier gesehen!" said the assembled crowd of people, their collective voices rumbling through the room.

"Step forward, Harper," said Phoebe softly, lowering her hands. Harper squeezed John's hand one last time before she broke their bond and stepped out toward the head girl. John saw that Phoebe was handing something to a small, skinny little naked man, who couldn't have been taller than 4 feet or so. He was wearing an elaborate black collar, and together with the strange,

black tattooed runes that covered his scalp, John could tell that this man was some kind of “distinguished servant” of Phoebe’s. The man walked over to Harper, holding what Phoebe had passed to him...a dark wooden goblet, cracked around the top edges with age. From his higher vantage point, John could see that there was some kind of dark liquid gently sloshing around in the goblet. His heart rate quickened, even as he noticed that he was becoming aroused just seeing this little man standing next to Harper. She was “only” 5’5, but next to him, she looked like a giantess, with the top of his head not even coming up to the bottom of her breasts. The little man was staring straight into the top of Harper’s stomach as he handed her the goblet, which she graciously accepted with a small appreciative bow.

“Drink from the cup of our ancient mothers,” intoned Phoebe, holding her head high as she indicated to Harper with a palm-up, outraised hand. “Und Freude an der wahrheit ihres geistes.”

“In der wahrheit ihres geistes,” repeated the assembled mass. John watched Harper tip the cup to her lips and drink a long, deep draught, her eyes closed. A few moments later she finished and turned to walk towards him. Something must have been in that potion, because John saw that her hazel eyes were now burning with a mesmerizing, intense purple glow, which seemed to issue forth from the depths of her pupils. In any other situation, such a dramatic visual would have scared him, but right now, all he could think about was how beautiful she looked...and how happy she was to be there with him. Smiling broadly up at him, she handed him the ancient cup, which he took with slightly trembling hands.

“And you, John,” breathed Phoebe, her huge hand indicating to him, “Drink from the cup of our ancient mothers...und erfreue dich an den freuden deines veränderten stolzes.”

“In den freuden ihres veränderten stolzes,” repeated the crowd.

John brought the cup to his lips, and he felt, through his hands, his fingers, and the edge of his lips, that he was holding something infused with ancient, arcane magic. The cup itself was simple, almost too simple...it looked like it had been worn down through centuries of use. He looked down at Harper, pausing with his lips on the edge. Their eyes connected, and she smiled even broader, nodding her head at him as her eyes glistened with glad tears. John flared his nostrils, preparing himself, and he caught a powerful whiff of the potion in the goblet, something heavy and earthy, and yet still somehow light...somehow...minty? He really wasn’t sure. He knew this was it; there was no turning back now. A twinge of fear, of uncertainty, throbbed one last time in the back of his brain, but this twinge was rapidly extinguished just from looking at Harper. John didn’t know what the future had in store for him; he didn’t know how small he would get, or how big Harper would get, or how their relationship would handle the changing dynamics of their size. He didn’t know what it was going to be like, living amongst a group of witches who made potions, and, for all he knew, cast spells, and did all the other things “witches” did that he had previously thought were all based on urban legends. But through all the uncertainty, John was totally sure about two things: he loved Harper, and he knew she loved him. That was all he needed.

Closing his eyes, he tipped the goblet back and drank deeply. The potion tasted completely different from how it smelled — with his eyes closed, John felt like he was drinking liquified fire. It was hot and spicy, and but for its easy finish, he felt like it would have absolutely burned his throat. The potion was also somehow wonderfully sweet, making for a strange and unprecedented combination with the hot earthy spiciness. John wasn't sure if the potion itself was hot, temperature-wise. He didn't even know — it wasn't steaming, and yet, he felt like he was just barely able to swallow it down without getting burned. He somehow knew that it was his job to finish the rest of the goblet, and gulping deeply a few more times, he accomplished the task, a single line of the deep purple liquid running down his chin and he lifted his head up from the empty cup.

Everything had changed. The lighting, previously bright with the late-afternoon sun, became suddenly dark and thick, like a sudden black fog had descended down upon him. The assembled masses of people seemed to have vanished — John turned around and could see nothing but a warping black void. His heart jumped into his mouth as he turned to Harper, but he found that he was turning...into her hip. He was looking directly into the luscious, vigorous curve of her hip. She was wearing a long red robe that was open down the middle, revealing the glorious, intimidating nudity of her massively curvaceous, powerful body. John felt himself straining his eyes up, up, up to see her face. He was desperate to look at her, to make eye contact with her, to obtain reassurance from her. He had no idea what was happening right now; he needed her.

He had to take a step back to see her face, since her huge protruding breasts hid her face from John's diminutive perspective. And when he did see her face, he saw that she was looking up at Phoebe...the only other person John could see now. All around was thick, complete darkness, except around him, around Harper, and around Phoebe still sitting on her throne. It was like there were three spotlights illuminating them...like they were on a stage. John kept his eyes locked onto Harper's — he wanted to yell up at her to look at him, to reassure him, to tell him everything was ok, but somehow he knew that he needed to remain silent.

"You are powerful, Harper," came Phoebe's voice, sounding from John's perspective like the voice of the Earth itself. It was like there was something primordial, something primeval, speaking through her; it was still her voice, but it was augmented, accentuated, by some metaphysical force.

"Yes Königin," intoned Harper, still looking up at Phoebe. Her words rattled through John's crotch, and he felt a rapid erection starting to rise up between his legs. It was at this moment that, looking down, he realized that he was completely naked. His arms and legs were skinny, and his entire body was absolutely tiny, even for someone as short as he apparently had become. His rising cock, however, was quite large...10 inches at least, and it was only getting bigger. Within seconds, he was at full mast, a lustful blush pumping through his face and the rest of his body. He wanted her...he wanted her...to be taken by her...so badly.

"I can see some things before they happen," continued Phoebe, leaning forward slightly in her chair. To John, she seemed around 18 feet tall...unimaginably huge. "And I have foreseen that you will succeed me, Harper."

"Yes Königin," said Harper again, nodding her auburn head slightly as her cheeks blushed slightly. John could tell that Harper was barely able to contain herself...and then the true reality of Phoebe's words shot through him. Harper...would be like Phoebe!? Would be the Head Girl!?

"And you and him together will lay the foundation for much to come," breathed Phoebe. "As long...AS long...as neither of you forget...what brought you here."

"I won't forget, Königin," said Harper immediately.

"And you?" asked Phoebe, turning to the tiny, shrunken John and turning her head to the side, "Will you forget?"

"N-no...I...I w-won't!" John squeaked. He couldn't have possibly responded in any other way. And he was warmed, despite all of the surreal things happening to him, to see Harper grin down at him. It wasn't just in love, either. There was a lusty glow on her cheeks, a spark of cupidity in her eyes.

"Mmmm, good," whispered Phoebe, turning to Harper. The gigantic Head Girl raised her finger and pointed it at John. "Take him."

Harper started chuckling as she turned to face John. The overall effect was amazingly intimidating to John — he only came up to her waist, and this amazonian beauty was suddenly reaching down for him, practically growling with pleasure.

"Come here," she laughed. "Come here John. I'm going to drink you. I'm going to feast on your cum. And you're going to give it to me, aren't you?"

"Y-yes!" cried John, feeling his world go upside down. Harper had fastened her large hands around his ankles and yanked him upwards toward her mouth. John felt his eyes roll back in his head as he felt the warm, wet suction of the interior of Harper's mouth. She was holding him upside down and slurping loudly on his cock, while Phoebe watched with a steady smile on her face.

"Ssshhhhlllllthhhhhhhh!!" came the sound of Harper's eager aggressive mouth. John could feel the pressure building in his loins. Even though she had just started, he knew that he didn't have long. He felt his cock and balls starting to shake and vibrate crazily — Harper was shaking her head back and forth rapidly with his cock deep in her throat. She was encouraging his orgasm, wresting it from him like a hungry animal. And even still, despite her animalistic energy, John never forgot that he was in the hands of someone who was somehow more than human. He felt his balls surge up, and one more slurping, aggressive lick from Harper's talented tongue was all that he needed to get pushed over the edge. His cock seized, and he rocketed an avalanche of cum out of his cock, which Harper immediately swallowed with loud, greedy efficiency.

GLLURP *GLLLUP* *GLLAAAOIIGHT*

John had to close his eyes to keep himself centered, to prevent himself from fainting, both from the intense stimulation and from the sheer pleasure of Harper's mouth. Moments later, with a loud *Pop!*, her lips let him go, bringing him up to her face a moment later. Her glad, bright visage filled his vision, and she brought him close, rubbing noses with him.

"You're mine now, John!" she whispered at him. "Isn't it amazing! You're mine!"

"Y-yes...yes I am!" answered John, even though he was puzzled about something. Harper's voice was like...the old Harper...smaller and softer...when she had spoken before, her voice's power and sonority had matched her huge frame. But now...it was like the 5'5 Harper was speaking to him. He still felt his feet dangling in midair...he made eye contact with her, and she could see the confusion in his eyes. She giggled.

"Hahaha, craaaazy, huh?" she said. "Close your eyes, John...just for a few seconds."

He did as she asked, and it suddenly felt like he was falling through water. Things seemed to be rushing all around him.

"Keep them closed, John," breathed Harper gently at him. "Just a little...bit...longer."

Again, he did as she said, without even thinking about it. A few moments later, everything around him seemed somehow stabilized. He felt Harper's lips on his ear...her "normal-sized" lips...

"Ok, you can open them now," she whispered. John opened his lids, and saw that everything...was back to normal. The late afternoon light streamed through the windows. The assembled crowd was watching silently. Phoebe in her chair before them...and Harper standing there, staring up at him happily, practically bouncing up and down on her feet. John couldn't help but smile back. He knew the ritual had ended...and that was when he realized that, even though Harper was still shorter than him, the gap between the two of them had closed still more. He was 5'8...and she was 5'6.

"Awww Johnnnnn!" cried Harper, embracing him warmly as people laughed and clapped around them. John embraced her back — he saw Nora wink down at him, while Vera gave him a thumbs-up. He had no idea what was in store for him, but he knew that it was all going to be ok. He smelled Harper's hair in his face, and hugged her even tighter. He was part of Kappa Gamma Delta now...and more importantly, he was hers now.

Chapter 14

"Haha, you sure you're doing alright, John?" Harper asked softly, a few minutes later. They were sitting together on the front porch of the Kappa Gamma Delta sorority house, watching the late-afternoon sun dip below the shedding trees. The day was waning, but a warm breeze had kicked up, a last breath from the summer, affectionately washing over them. John blinked and turned to look at his girlfriend, who blinked in tandem and smiled warmly at him, squeezing his hand in hers. For a moment, John couldn't even speak — the ritual they had both just gone through, and the overall intensity of the occasion, were all overwhelming enough...but right now, it was Harper's tender beauty that was making him speechless. Those benevolent hazel eyes...the loving way she was looking at him...it made him almost feel like he didn't deserve it.

"Yeah...I'm...heheh, uhh..." John began, cracking into a smile as he saw Harper do the same.

"Uhhhhhh..." she repeated after him, not mockingly, but rather in a way that conveyed that she, too, was a bit overwhelmed.

"I didn't know what to expect," continued John, looking down at Harper's bare arm (and marveling at how solid and feminine it looked), "But...haha, uh, I KNOW I didn't expect anything like, uh...like that."

"I'd seen it happen before," said Harper, loosening her grip on his hand as she started drawing long, slow circles in his palm with her finger, "With a few other girls, and the guys they brought in. It's crazy to watch, for sure...but actually being a PART of it, you know...haha yeah, that's something different."

"I bet!" laughed John, briefly mesmerized by Harper's light, skillful touch on his palm. She just seemed to know exactly how to look at him, how to touch him, how to push every single button he had. They sat in silence for a little while longer, nodding and smiling at various sorority girls who came and went, all of whom made a point to smile at the new couple and congratulate them. John noticed that some of the girls were "normal-sized," even though he could now tell, from the dark sparkle in their eyes, the slightly feline contours of their high cheekbones, and the confident, easy way they walked, that there was something different about them, something hidden, and yet paradoxically obvious on the surface.

"They're all witches," John thought. He could tell there had been something different about the KGD girls before, but now, there could be no doubt in his mind. He was sure that he could've picked a witch out of a crowd of women, at this point. There was a voluptuousness, even to the normal-sized ones, that he could no longer miss. Of course, most of the girls who passed by were NOT normal-sized. Routinely, amazons who had to be at least 6'2, 6'3, or 6'4, cycled in and out of the house, sometimes alone, and sometimes accompanied by their boyfriends. John could see that these men were in varying degrees of regression; all of them were noticeably skinny and frail-looking, and some of them were quite short, with their heads not even coming up to the large, buxom breasts of their amazonian partners. But some still looked relatively normal, and were only slightly shorter or smaller than their sorority girlfriend. John's mind shot back to the ritual, during which, for all he could tell, he had been temporarily shrunk to half

Harper's size...or had she grown to be twice his height? He had no idea. But as he watched the couples coming in and out of the house, he couldn't help but wonder what he and Harper would look like in a few months...in a year...two years...

"Haha, John I can tell what you're thinking," chuckled Harper, gently starting to scratch his open palm now with her fingernails. She had been watching him steadily.

"Huh?" asked John blankly, his attention snapping away from Nora and "Little Bull," who were both dressed for the pool — Nora's 6'6 amazonian frame lasciviously filling her swimsuit, while her diminutive and rail-thin boyfriend was donned out in cartoonishly large swim trunks that nonetheless barely contained his large cock.

"It's ok, honey," Harper breathed at him, snuggling her body up to his on the bench as she pressed her firm, warm flesh into his. "Especially after you got so tiny during the ritual...I can see how you're looking at the guys...you're wondering if that'll be you, right?"

"I...ehh...heheh, well, maybe a little bit," admitted John, smiling as he looked down at Harper's thigh next to his own. She was wearing her skintight jeans now, and he could see that, despite his 2-inch height advantage over Harper, that her legs were now thicker and wider than his. Her thigh looked larger, firmer, and more solid than his own as she pressed it lovingly into him. Even though he had just been drained by his girlfriend half an hour before, he felt his cock twitch, as it woke up in his pants. Harper's curvy, tight, sexy body — and the fact that it was actually going to get much bigger — worked like a magnet against his mind.

"See you two lovebirds later!" called Nora, turning around to wave at them after she had started descending the front porch stairs. "Say goodbye, Little Bull!"

John could see that Nora was standing two whole steps down, while Little Bull was still on the top stair, and yet his head STILL didn't even come up to her shoulders. John couldn't get it out of his head that he looked like her CHILD, and yet, he knew that this man had been a normal-sized professor at the university only two years before. The little man raised his arm slowly, too slowly for Nora, apparently, because she shook her head, reached down, and seized his hand in hers, totally enveloping it, and waved it for him.

"Byeeeeeee!" she laughed in exaggeration. "Sorry tiny man, but we've got places to be. One last time playing our little pool games before the seasons turn!"

John didn't know what these "pool games" were, but he could already start to imagine. He watched as Nora waited for her little partner to come down the steps to meet her; she had to move extra slow, since she was holding his hand. For every single stride she made, he had to make two or three. She dwarfed him in every conceivable sense.

"John," came Harper's soft voice, close to his ear, "I know it's weirding you out a little, especially after the ritual, but nothing's changed! It's still just you and me...together."

"Mmmmm, uhhh, heheh, yeah...I know," John said, turning to face her. He found that Harper's face was even closer to his than he expected — mere inches — and he suddenly, badly, wanted

to kiss her. She was just so sweet, so beautiful, so kindhearted...it was almost too much for him to bear. And on top of it all, there was something about her excitement to grow, to get bigger, that added even more of a spark to her erotic energy. Her hazel eyes seemed to flash with pleasure every time he stared into them. John made a slight motion towards her, and he opened his mouth, but he couldn't quite manage to do what he wanted to. He felt self-conscious about how turned-on he was right now.

Harper did it for him. He felt the thrilling tickle of her long fingernails on the back of his skull, right where his neck joined his head, as she brought her hand behind him and gently shoved his face into her awaiting mouth. John felt Harper's soft, plush lips engulf his own, and even though he opened his mouth more to accommodate her, he felt Harper open hers still more. Their tongues fought for supremacy, but very quickly, John could tell that he was outmatched. He had never met anyone who could move her tongue quite like Harper...she had an uncanny, unnatural control over that particular muscle, to the point where it felt like her tongue was a vibrating blur inside his mouth, flicking and flipping with insane speed against him.

For what seemed like over a minute, the two of them remained locked in their passionate kiss. At first, John's eyes darted around, uneasy and awkward about sharing such an intimate exchange so publicly. He saw a few KGD girls slow to watch them, but they didn't seem at all bothered by it — in fact, they looked amused and glad, making eyes at each other and whispering excitedly about the new couple. John got the sense that these girls all liked Harper very much, and were delighted to see that she had gotten herself a boyfriend. John might've basked in this knowledge, but he felt himself melting back into Harper; he couldn't be drawn away from her for more than a couple seconds...not when they were kissing like this.

A minute later, Harper snaked her hands onto both sides of John's face and pulled their kiss apart with a loud "smack!" She had been biting and sucking on his lower lip, and had made it a point to suction it as long as possible as she pulled away from him. They were both panting hard, with faces flushed. Harper's hazel eyes were now smoldering with desire.

"I want you," she breathed into his face. She didn't even have to avert her face up to his now — in her lustful eagerness, Harper was standing on her tiptoes, which made them exactly the same height.

"I wanna fuck you so bad John," she whispered again, and this time, she reached straight down and grabbed his cock, which was already at near-full-mast in his pants. John gasped as he felt Harper's strong hand grab hold of him, and then stroke him, pet him, through his jeans. She simply didn't care that her sorority sisters were walking around, noticing them, whispering excitedly amongst themselves. Right now, there was one thing on Harper's mind, and she was going to pull John straight along with her.

"I—I want you too!" croaked John, so aroused now that he could barely speak.

Harper didn't even say anything more. Breathing hard, she grasped John firmly by the hand and yanked him towards the front door of the sorority house. John tripped and stumbled after her, taken aback by her speed and strength.

“Woah, there!” laughed Vera, who had just been coming through the front door. “Off to christen the evening, Harper?”

“Yeah...” she breathed, her face flushed as she stared past the 6’7 amazon, up the stairs towards her bedroom.

“You know...now that he’s accepted into the house...that you can take him wherever you want,” chuckled Vera, looking all around, indicating the number of options available. “No privacy needed!”

John stared forward into Vera’s huge breasts, which were swaying with obvious weight gently left and right as she moved slightly back and forth. John saw that her long fingers were playing with themselves as her hands hung by her sides. She looked...eager.

“Uh...haha, yeah, I know,” said Harper, speaking quicker than usual through a slight smile. “But I wanna take him up to my bedroom.”

Vera’s eyebrow arched as she looked down on the couple, and she studied them for a long moment, blocking the doorway in the process. The doors were big, but Vera was enormous — her curving hips and gigantic ass were too big to squeeze by in the doorway. John felt Harper’s grip tighten on his hand, and he looked over at her. She was staring up at Vera, her jaw set, a lustful, crimson flush in her cheeks. She almost looked...annoyed. Or something even worse. He had never seen her look so aggressive before. Even though she was still shorter than him, it seemed to John like she somehow stood up taller, facing her older sorority sister down.

“Oh well, alright!” smiled Vera cheerily, moving aside, the piercings in her ears shivering as she shook her head flippantly. “Suit yourselves! Welcome to the sisterhood...little man.”

“Th-thanks,” John managed to say, but Harper was already pulling him past Vera into the house. He didn’t have much time to look around, since Harper was more or less dragging him up the stairs. He was doing his best to keep up, but he did take a second to glance around the main hall for Phoebe, the Head Girl. She was clearly the witch who had been imbued with the greatest power...and...John just remembered what she had said to Harper during that crazy ceremony...‘And I have foreseen that you will succeed me, Harper’...that’s what she had said, right!? What did all that mean??

But John was only able to register that Phoebe was nowhere to be seen before he was dragged into Harper’s room and thrown against the wall. He felt the breath get knocked out of him right as the door slammed, and almost instantly, he felt Harper’s warm, ardent body pressing against his. In contrast to how she had almost violently thrown him up against the wall, she was now slowly, deliberately pressing her full thigh in between his legs, squishing her enlarged breasts against his chest, as she moved her body with slow, sensuous insistence against his, up and down, up and down, covering his neck in tender kisses.

“Harper...” breathed John, feeling his eyelids flutter under her eager ministrations. “Oh my god...Harper...”

“You’re mine now, John,” she whispered lustily, flicking his earlobe hungrily with her tongue as she continued kissing his neck all over. “I’m going to TAKE you...I’m going to TAKE your cum inside me, John...over and over again...until you’re aaaaalllll empty.”

In a vague and increasingly distant part of his brain, John registered that Harper was talking about making herself bigger...and HIM smaller...but he knew that this was only one aspect of what they were doing together. Yes, the size exchange was a byproduct of their lovemaking, but this is what John had signed up for. He knew what he was getting into. And it made sense that Harper wanted to go ahead and...get the show on the road, as it were. In any case, John wasn’t thinking much about any of this. He was too busy gasping for air as Harper engulfed his mouth once more in hers, and then tore off his shirt, exposing his heaving bare flesh before she too ripped off her top. John gaped at her figure — Harper had always been hot, but since her growth spurt during the ritual, she had reached a new level. Her breasts were noticeably bigger, rounder, and firmer, and the way they bounced and jiggled with every movement mesmerized John’s attention. But he couldn’t just look at her breasts. Every aspect of her body was just...MORE. He could see the slight outline of her abdominal muscles, even as her soft, feminine flesh seemed to have burgeoned and added firm, curvaceous weight to her hips and ass. He saw the muscles in her arms flex as she reached out and once again forced him back onto the wall. His heart was pounding, his chest heaving up and down, as she drew her fingers down his chest, down towards his jeans, pressing her face up close to his ear all the while. She was being so forceful, so dirty, and yet she was doing it all with the slowest, gentlest intention, that John nearly lost himself right then and there.

“You really don’t care, do you?” she whispered into his ear, unfastening his belt, unbuttoning his jeans, and taking his hard cock in her warm hand. “You’ve chosen this life, John...and you want it. You want me to take your cum, over and over, don’t you? You want me to squeeze your cock with my pussy until you just explode deep inside me...you want me to take your cock in my mouth and slllllurp and succcckk on it, over and over and OVER again, until you shoot so much cum into me that I grow as big as Phoebe...bigger, even.”

She lashed her tongue through the crevices of his outer ear and then thrust it deep into his ear canal, going deeper than John could have believed possible. It felt like she was tonguing his brain; his eyes rolled back as his head was filled with the roaring sound of her slurping tongue, spearing deeper and deeper into his ear as she stripped him naked.

“N-no...” panted John in a shaky voice. “No, I...I d-don’t care...th-this is...this is what I want, Harper. I...I w-want you.”

“I know you do,” she growled sexily, slithering her tongue out of his ear at last as she shook and undulated her sexy body out of the rest of her clothes. “And you’re gonna GET me, John...ALL of me.”

John’s cock was pointed straight up at Harper’s face now, red, engorged, and completely at attention. Harper stared down at it, and her nostrils flared as she looked back up at John, her eyes going slightly up to meet his, as she smiled and licked her lips. Even in the heat of such a moment, a moment that seemed especially significant, Harper somehow managed to make

John smile back at her. The way she had licked her lips at him just now had something of a playful attitude in it, and the little sparkle in her eyes completed the picture. John had felt like his body was about to explode, but Harper's little gesture made him take a breath, made him remind himself to enjoy the moment without focusing on lasting too long.

And then, with a swift motion, like she was mounting a horse, Harper literally climbed onto John's cock.

"Aaaauughh....aaaaahhhhhh!" moaned John, his brow furrowing in nearly-unbearable ecstasy. Harper was gyrating and twerking her big ass back and forth, back and forth, as her pussy shimmied down his cock.

"Oh yeeeeeahhhhhh," she purred, her voice shaking along with the rest of her body as she bobbed her ass up and down on his cock. "You're even....mrrrrghh....you're even bigger down there, John...ohhhhhh...you're cock's even bigger...ohhhhhh fucckkkkk!"

John's mind skipped for a moment to Nora's boyfriend, and that horse cock the rail-thin little man had. Was that same process already happening to him? But it was all only a blip in his mind, because Harper was pressing up against him now, her forehead locked onto his, as she panted and moaned, open-mouthed, right in his face. He smelled her sweet breath washing over his face, and if he hadn't been so preoccupied down in his nether regions, he would have noticed that there were tears in his eyes.

"Grab my ass," said Harper huskily. John did, and felt his hands sink into its firm, pillowy flesh. The wet, squelching sounds of Harper's pussy sliding up and down John's cock filled the bedroom. John hadn't even gotten the chance to take in the room's ambiance — the candles around Harper's bed were unlit, but an open window let the blood-red light of the sunset come streaming through, bathing them both in natural mood-light. John was staring up at the ceiling, then forward at Harper's flushed, intent beauty, then back up at the ceiling. There was no way he could hold on like this. Harper was thrusting her pelvis into him over and over with rhythmic determination, pressing his midsection up against the wall. Once or twice, John tried to thrust back, but Harper's body seemed somehow stronger, more fervent, more vigorous, and he relented, allowing himself to be dominantly fucked into the wall.

SmackSmackSmackSmack

Harper's emphatic, persistent rhythm sounded out through the bedroom. The sweat was running down both of them now, glistening in the sunset. John looked down and saw how Harper's ass and hips were shaking with each powerful thrust of her body.

"Huhhh!! Huhhh!! Huhhh!!!"

Her exhaled breaths came out in sexy, determined bursts. She smelled sweet all around him. He saw shimmering sweat shake and fly off the curved, glistening flesh of her thickened hips as they shook with her thrusts.

"H-H-Haaarr...Haarrrrperrr..." he whispered. His lips were shaking.

“Give it to me,” she growled into his ear. “Rrrrrraaaahhh!!!!”

She had suddenly bitten his earlobe, and was shaking her head back and forth with stunning speed, like a wild animal, as her tongue returned to its lightning-fast flicking work on the earlobe between her teeth.

ThudThudThudThudThud

Her gyrating thrusts became even more intense, and John felt his tailbone hitting the wall over and over. Nothing was going to stop the inevitable now, though, and his midsection started trembling as his balls seized up, and his cock became like stone.

“Blllllauhghh!” he cried crazily, his eyes rolling as he came in massive, thick spurts into Harper’s hungry pussy. She didn’t slow her rhythm down — instead, she sped up, ramming him harder and harder into the wall with each ravenous thrust. Her pussy was clenched around his cock so tight now that it felt like a wet, slippery hand squeezing and milking his member for all it was worth.

“Yessssssss,” Harper breathed in his ear, letting go of it with her teeth as she kept her mouth close, whispering straight into his brain. “Yessssss John...shoot it aaaalll into me. Mmmmmmm, let me take it aalllll inside. Ooooooooooooooh yeahhhh....”

John had already experienced the feeling of being literally drained, both of his cum and his size, when he had been with Harper before, but he had been lying down before. This time, they were both standing up, with her pressing him into the wall...and after long, desperately sweet and searing moments of orgasm, John saw it happening. With each aggressive thrust into him, Harper looked bigger...taller. Her breasts seemed to balloon in size. Her thighs against his seemed even fuller, meatier, stronger. Her arms pushing him up against the wall felt stronger and more insistent...just, bigger. She was clearly getting heavier, since John was beginning to feel pain in his backside from being fucked so hard into the wall. But more than anything else, he noticed that she was getting taller. 30 seconds after he started cumming into her, her face looked more or less even with his. And still she thrust...and still he spurted into her. Her gorgeous eyes widened in fierce delight as, bit by bit, her face rose up, up, and up, past his, until her eyes were actually looking DOWN at him.

John didn’t know how long they had been at it, but at some point, he managed to whisper, “Oh-oh...oh-kay...oh-kay...” as he put his hands up. The pain in his back was getting to be too prominent to ignore. Harper immediately stopped, her nostrils flared in lust, and she slipped herself off his exhausted dick. John was leaning against the wall, completely out of breath, and for a moment, Harper looked absolutely gigantic, standing there at her full height, hands on her hips, her naked, panting body shining with a sheen of sweat.

Quickly, John realized that she looked so big and tall because he was slouching, and so, with effort, he hoisted himself up against the wall, standing as tall as he could.

It still wasn’t enough...not even close. Harper’s mouth broke into an elated, open-mouthed grin as she looked down at him. John couldn’t believe it — he was staring straight forward into the

top of Harper's lips. He looked down desperately at the floor. She was just standing there, barefoot...and so was he...and she was...she was TALLER than him now...without any doubt. John felt a cold shot go through him for an instant, like part of him was protesting desperately as it died...but then it was gone, and his cock was still hard, powered by the knowledge that his girlfriend had literally just sucked his size out of him, and into her, through her pussy.

And then, suddenly, an idea popped into John's head. To show Harper he was on board...that he...WANTED this.

"W-wanna...wanna measure?" he blurted out. Harper's eyes blazed up, and she dropped down to her knees, pushing his body up against the wall again with her arms as she took his cock in her mouth.

*Glllllorrypph*Glllllackkk*Glllluuurrrpp*

Harper wasn't holding anything back right now. She was shaking and twisting her head down onto John's dick like her life depended on extracting out every last drop of seed.

GLORP

She pushed her head forward, taking the whole thing down her throat.

FLLLLLTTHHHHHHH

Her cheeks dented as she came slowly up from her deepthroat, sucking on his cock like a straw.

ABABABABAKKKKBABABALAKKKKLALALALA

She shook her head back and forth as she wobbled it forward again, choking his whole cock down her throat once more. All the while, John saw her looking up at him as he came up off his dick, and then watched as her eyes went straight forward into his midsection as she deepthroated his cock again and again. She was on a mission, and she would achieve her objective. John felt himself crying out a minute later as his hands spread out, shaking uncontrollably, as he shot another load deep down Harper's eager throat. She screwed her neck down hard on John's throbbing, pulsating cock, ensuring that his spurts of cum went straight down into her stomach as her throat flexed and swallowed powerfully around him.

When she finally came up off him a full minute later, she rose and rose...and ROSE up and up above him, doing it slowly for added effect, as she kept her eyes locked onto John's grinning in unabashed delight at him. Higher and higher she rose, until finally she came to a stop. John's eyes didn't even reach her chin anymore. He had to look up to see the exposed teeth of her smile. He was looking straight forward now into the bottom of the graceful arch of her lovely neck. The top of his head barely came up to her eyes, which flashed with pleasure as she reached her hand out and put it straight down onto his head, turning it this way and that in playful wonder. Her breasts had grown into double-D's, and were the exact same height as his shoulders.

"Yeah..." Harper panted throatily, the sex dripping from her voice, "Let's measure."

Chapter 15

A month passed, and a week after midterms were done, it was suddenly Halloween. The college campus was abuzz with the excitement of the spooky day. Many students had decided to go to class in costume, and the normally-homogenous clothing of the student body was suddenly alive with the flashy and sparkling creative variety of their costumes. Comic book heroes and villains, movie cosplays, political figures with disparaging twists, sexy nurses (and a couple sexy Joker nurses), anime characters, and of course the usual and expected garden variety of ghosts, skeletons...and witches.

Along the sorority row, the large houses had been decked out in all manner of Halloween decor — makeshift gravestones dotted the lawns, and fake spider webs covered the porches and archways. One of the houses, though, had no need for extra decorations. The Kappa Gamma Delta house looked spookily imposing all year long, and the large, gnarled elm tree in the front yard, with its elongated, stretching, finger-like branches, looked more Halloween-esque than any of the store-bought decorations of the other houses. There was no need for any of the KGD girls to buy any fake spider webs — year-round (but especially now, in late October), their front porch was covered by the elaborately-funneled webs of real spiders. Visitors to the house had often privately remarked on this strange and noticeable phenomenon, but none of the KGD sorority girls seemed to care.

In fact, one young man (who had only attended one KGD party and never gone back) often told a story of seeing a huge, tall dark-haired girl (taller than him by a good foot or so) go over to a lantern on the porch, where a cloud of gnats had been buzzing, attracted to the light, and swiped at them with a huge, sharp-nailed hand, nabbing the entire swarm in one fell swoop. He had then seen her calmly stride over to a particularly thick bunch of spider webs at the corner of the porch, with all the gnats in her clenched fist, and tapped the webs with a long finger. Dozens, maybe even hundreds, of black spiders had responded, emerging up from their webs, their reflective eyes upturned towards the dark-haired amazon. And then she had tossed the gnats straight at them, catching them all in the webs, so they were helpless for the spiders to feed upon.

At least, that was how the story went. When it came to the Kappa Gamma Delta sorority, no one really knew what to believe and what not to — there was no question that an unusual variety of strange and uncanny stories seemed to emerge from people who had gone to those parties, or even lingered or loitered too long around the house. People claimed to hear strange noises — cries, banging, dissonant voices — and more than a few had noticed animals behaving strangely around the house itself. Sometimes dogs would bark and whine in fear, pulling their owners away, and sometimes they would wag their tails and do the opposite, trying to pull them closer. A number of cats always seemed to be lounging on the large front porch, and if people had taken a closer look, they would have noted that the cats never so much as eyed the ravens roosting in the large elm tree.

Most of all, though, everyone privately acknowledged that the KDG girls were different in one very conspicuous way: they were taller, bigger, and curvier than other women. Most people wrote this difference off with a simple explanation: 'It's an athletic sorority...they all play

basketball or volleyball or...something.' For anyone who looked a little closer, though, they found that none of them did. And if they kept looking, they discovered that normal-sized girls who joined the sorority were anything but a year or two later. The thing was, though, that whenever someone looked *that* deep into the conundrum, they tended to disappear from ordinary society. A strange, hushed fear hung over the sorority, and, as if by some weird and unspoken group agreement, people didn't seem to talk about it too much. Those who did seemed to melt away into the sorority's secretive culture.

John was sitting in a rocking chair on the KGD front porch, staring down at the street below. His legs were dangling slightly, even though the rocking chair itself was normal-sized. He was wrapped up in a warm blanket to protect him from the chilly October wind that had kicked up and was now nipping at his face, stinging his cheeks. Beside him, Nora was sitting cross-legged on the porch floor, carefully carving a series of runes into the wooden planks with a shiny, twisted knife. Every once in a while, she muttered something under her breath, and a flash of dark purple flame burst out of thin air and burned black the carved indentations she had made. John could see that Nora wasn't alone. All around the KGD grounds, other sorority sisters were doing similar things...they were carving strange, arcane symbols into the elm tree, into the pillars on the porch, into the sides of the house, and even on the roof. With all of the Halloween parties that were beginning along the street — with people gathering on the front lawns and porches, drinking, laughing, and having a good time, the activities of the KGD sisters seemed inconspicuous. It just looked like they were putting the finishing touches on their decorations, and getting ready for a party.

But John knew that they weren't getting ready for a party. There *had* been a party, oh yes...but it had been the weekend before. He still felt like he was recovering from that one, and he couldn't help but smile a little as he thought back to Harper standing over him in the morning with her hands on her hips, her big, curvy naked body shining in all its morning glory, as she grinned down at him.

"Well!" she had laughed, her full breasts shaking above his curled-up body, "Rise and shine! Looks like we need to go shopping for some news clothes for you after *that*, huh?"

John's smile widened as he remembered his reaction. All he could manage was a weak little moan, and Harper's eyebrows had immediately gone up, creasing in pity, as she sank herself back down into bed with him, cuddling him, petting him, and covering his neck and cheeks with soft kisses.

"Sorry John...I'm sorry," she had whispered in his ear, licking it lovingly, "I forget how drained you feel after we...do it like that, haha...take your time, honey. We can go shopping whenever. We can stay in bed all day, if that's what you want."

They *had* stayed in bed all day, and Harper had seemed only too happy to continue massaging his shoulders, drawing her big hands across his back, scratching it lovingly, while she kept sweetly and softly kissing him, sighing into his ears as they watched some of their favorite Netflix shows. In the end, she had been the one to fall back asleep, trapping him under her large arm.

The wind whipped up, blowing John's short brown hair, jarring him a little out of that warm recent memory. He looked down and saw that Nora's long, silver-white hair was also being blown. She looked up from her cross-legged position, staring off towards the East. John blinked, looking at her, momentarily in awe. He belonged to Harper, and Harper alone, but sometimes he couldn't help but be mesmerized by the power and beauty of the witches around him. Nora's face, in this moment, was stoically beautiful, her long hair blowing out behind her like she was riding against the Western wind. But there was a seriousness to her features that normally wasn't there. Of all the older witches, Ariel tended to be the more serious one. Nora and Vera (and a few others John had come to know) were generally more laid-back.

But today was different. Somehow, John just knew. He hadn't talked about it with anyone yet, but he knew in his bones that, for the witches of Kappa Gamma Delta, Halloween was far, far more than just a fun little holiday when people dressed up and got drunk.

Nora glanced up at John, the chilly wind still dancing through her hair. Even though she was sitting on the porch floor, and John was sitting in the rocking chair, the top of her head was nearly even with his. Even as she turned toward him, he felt the power and authority in her movements.

"Cold there, little guy?" she asked, her stoic expression softening into a smile.

"I...a little, yeah," John answered. Over the past month, he had gotten a little more used to talking with the other sorority girls, but even still, when the 6'6 (or 6'7 now...he wasn't sure) Nora talked to him, he wasn't able to avoid feeling a bit tongue-tied. She was just so beautiful...and huge.

"Aww, waiting for Harper in the cold?" she chuckled. "You know, I'm sure she wouldn't mind if you went inside. The sun's about to go down, so it's only going to get colder. And around our house tonight, it'll be colder than it is anywhere else."

"Um, no...no that's ok," John answered. "I kind of like waiting out here, seeing you all...do what you're doing, and watching other people on the street. They really have no idea, do they?"

"I don't think they do," laughed Nora. "And those of them who do...well, they keep it to themselves."

John was silent for a few moments. Nora seemed to have paused in her carving, and had turned back to look East.

"Does it bother you?" he blurted out suddenly, making her turn back towards him inquiringly. "Halloween, I mean."

"Why, whatever do you mean?" smiled Nora, gesturing her large arm and hand down the street. "Look at all the houses — cobwebs, skeletons, monsters, ghosts...witches...hahaha! What's not to like?"

"B-But, I mean...aren't...aren't they, like...making a spectacle of...the day?" John asked. He didn't really know what he was saying; he was just trying to understand. "Like, I know the day — this day — has special meaning for you all. I haven't talked with Harper about it, so I don't

really know, but...you've all been carving things everywhere all day, chanting spells, drinking those special potions..."

"Mhmm," nodded Nora, still smiling.

"S-So...so I know it's an important day for you all," John continued. "And here everyone else is, dressing up like...like "witches" and ax murderers and playing beer pong and getting wasted and watching "spooky" movies and...and I—I mean, doesn't it seem a little...insulting to you all?"

Nora pursed her lips together in a sweet smile and shuffled her large butt over to the rocking chair without standing up. The next thing John knew, she had extended out a huge hand and was petting him softly on the side of his cheek. John immediately blushed, feeling her touch. Even though Nora had been out on the porch all afternoon in the chilly breeze, her hand was extremely warm.

"Aww, you are really just the sweetest little thing, John," she cooed, blinking her pale blue eyes at him (which were nearly level with his own). "Harper truly did luck out with you, you know." She continued petting him for a few moments, seemingly lost in what she was doing, but then she blinked, appearing to remember something, and quickly turned back to look down the sorority steps as she backed away from him a little. John could have sworn he saw her sigh a little in relief.

"I appreciate your concern," Nora continued, turning back to him and placing both of her hands on her knees, "And I understand where you're coming from, but we don't mind the "mainstreaming" of the holiday at all. I mean, hahaha, just look at that group down there!"

She pointed down at the sidewalk, where a collection of young women dressed as witches were excitedly chattering amongst themselves as they hustling down the pavement toward another sorority house down the way, which was already starting to get rowdy with booming music, flashing strobe lights, and gathering crowds of laughing, costumed students ready to party.

"They're absolutely precious!" laughed Nora, again turning back to John, her pale eyes sparkling at him in the dying light of the day. She blinked and became a bit more serious, even though the remnant of her bright smile remained. "Look, we're under no illusions here — we're members of an ancient sect, John...a group that has remained in the shadows for centuries, often for good reason. We couldn't be happier that the arcane superstitions of old have given way to a more...shall we say, *relaxed* attitude toward the supernatural. Ordinary people don't know what to believe anymore, so they just have fun with it! But in the past, *everyone* believed in witches, and it didn't go so well for us, did it?"

"I...guess not," replied John, privately reminding himself that he really did need to brush up on his history a little bit, if only because he was dating Harper. She had told him some things, but she was still in the early stages of learning too.

"Mmm yes," continued Nora, "We're *happy* that people are beginning to relax and enjoy themselves." Her eyes seemed to flash a different shade of something...maybe purple...for a moment, so quickly that John wasn't sure if he was just seeing things. "These days, it's when

people just decide to let loose and have fun that they actually get the closest to the primal reality of our magic. They don't know it, but on this day, a lot of them really do actually FEEL it, you know?"

John nodded, feeling his skin rise up in goosebumps. He knew exactly what Nora was talking about. Ever since he had been a child, Halloween had always felt...different, somehow. The chill in the air, the way the darkness of the night descended...the strange magic that seemed to tingle and vibrate in the air. Since getting older, he had always assumed that these feelings were just the result of his overactive child-imagination, but now he wasn't so sure. Over the past month, he had seen things...things that had made him completely rethink his entire worldview, and everything he had taken for granted.

"Wh-what...what happens with you guys?" he asked, again not able to help himself. "What happens...on Halloween that's...I mean, that's...you know...oh god, I don't even know what I'm asking..."

Nora laughed again, scrunching her face at him.

"You're so nervous! Hahaha relax, John — you'll find out!" She suddenly turned and looked back down the steps, and John could see the side of her cheek bunching up in a smile. She turned back to him.

"Harper will fill you in," she smiled, and then stood up, reached her arms, and stretched, brushing the ceiling of the porch with her fingers. At the same time, she snapped her fingers and knocked on the roof hatch on the ceiling, which promptly popped open. Her boyfriend, Little Bull, as John now knew him, poked his head out.

"The runes are finished, LB," Nora intoned, "The sun is setting. It's almost time to draw up the circle...but first, I'm thirsty." She winked down at John as she flicked her finger against the large erection that was now prodding her in the cheek. John still hadn't gotten used to seeing the insane size difference between Nora and her boyfriend, especially when the outlandish size of his cock contrasted so drastically with his shriveled, stunted body. Just seeing Nora's big, full arm reaching up towards his body was incredible enough, but an instant later, she had pulled him down from the ceiling hatch, holding his whole body by his massive, erect cock, as shut the door with her other hand. The tiny man, who couldn't have been more than 4 feet tall now, hung in her grip, everything but his cock limp, soft, and submissive.

"Gonna leave you two alone," Nora chuckled down at John, winking at him, before turning to her boyfriend and staring down hard into his face.

"Oooooooo I can *feel* it boiling in those big balls, Little Bull," she cooed down at him, lifting him up and down, up and down, by his big cock, as she walked into the sorority house through the front door. John couldn't help but watch them go. Nora was bending down low towards him, flicking her tongue back and forth with that insane speed, while she made lewd sucking sounds down at him.

“Flathathathathathathafllshgshggllshhhglshshhhh! I’m gonna suck it all down...gotta have my belly full before we draw the circle, Little Bull...no distractions...no distractions...glillauurrghhhhhflshflshhhhhh!”

Just hearing Nora’s lewd, sexy sounds was enough to send a bit of a charge through John’s groin, even though he would never have wished himself in the place of Little Bull. Their relationship was interesting, but it still made him a little leery. Nora was unquestionably sexy, but John was happy that Harper wasn’t really anything like her.

He turned back toward the steps and saw her. Without him realizing it, Harper had been ascending the stairs quietly, all decked out in her customary skin-tight jeans and t-shirt...except today, she was wearing a long, blood-red satin shawl that covered her shoulders, her neck, and her entire back. Her bright face grinned at him, framed by her gorgeous flow of red hair. Her hazel eyes sparkled like jewels behind her hair, piercing him, making him feel warm. He sprang up out of the rocking chair, nearly tripping on himself, and ran up to meet her. Harper started laughing, holding out her arms to embrace him. She was still two full steps down from the porch.

“Hahaha eeeeeasy, John, easy!” she laughed. “Don’t hurt yourself!”

“Hey!” he replied warmly, reaching her and sinking his body into her warm embrace. He was always thrilled to see his girlfriend, but something about being with her today...tonight...as the sun set...just the fact that she was there with him made him feel incredibly safe and secure, in a way that he had never felt before. It didn’t feel childlike or juvenile in any way — he just felt...complete.

After a few moments, he stepped back out of the embrace and looked at her. Harper’s wide grin was only slightly above his own now.

“Huh,” he mused aloud, tilting his head to the side as he pretended to measure the top of his head against hers, “I coulda sworn you were...a little taller before. What’s the matter? Did you shrink?”

“Oho maybe I did,” chuckled Harper, playing along as she stuck her tongue into the inside of her cheek. “Maybe I messed up, adding rosewood instead of wormwood to that potion yesterday. OR...”

And here, she took the final two stairs up, causing John to back away, giving her room. The first step she took, he was staring into the bottom of her chin, and after the second and final step, he was now staring straight forward into the middle of her large, jutting breasts, which expanded out on either side of him, wider than his shoulders.

“OR maybe I was just letting you feel big for a second,” continued Harper, looming over him now, “Before I burst your little bubble and reminded you that you’re an entire foot shorter than me now.”

John felt his mouth twitch up in a smile, even as he had to gather his wits about him. There was a long list of things he was still getting used to, and the amazing size difference between himself

and Harper was on the top of that list. He felt himself hardening against his jeans...jeans which had been noticeably tighter a week before.

"Hmmm, a little tongue-tied, are we?" Harper chuckled, bending down and cupping his chin lovingly in her hand. "Mmmm, let me *untie* it for you." She closed her eyes and leaned in, kissing him tenderly, and John felt his entire mouth become enveloped in the hot, sweet softness of her lips. His eyes fluttered back into his head as he reached up for her, groping around her back to her large ass. Harper smiled against him as she laughed into his mouth, still kissing him. Her tongue was working wonders inside his mouth, flipping over, vibrating, twisting, turning, writhing, gyrating in ways that made John's entire body feel like it was a tightly-wound, heated coil, ready to snap into a million pieces. He felt her big arm sweep around his back, hugging him close, and then, with a sudden deft movement, lifting him up off the porch floor. His feet were dangling in the air now, and still the kiss continued, finally abating a full minute later when Harper put him down, breathing heavily. John was blinking and panting too, staring up her breasts into her beautiful flushed face.

"There are some things I gotta do tonight," said Harper slowly, "But before that...wanna...?"

John nodded. At 5'1, it was impossible not to feel overwhelmed in Harper's presence, especially now that she had grown to a towering 6'1 in less than a month's time since they had started dating. But he was madly in love with her, and she with him. He stared forward into her huge, heaving breasts, down her stomach, to her thick, wide hips, which couldn't quite hide her big ass that peeked around from both sides. How could he possibly refuse?

A few hours later, they were in Harper's bedroom, which was dark and lit with special red candles that she had made from scratch over the previous week with special wax and infused oils. John was sitting on the bed, watching Harper finish quietly chanting to herself — she was sitting on the floor, surrounded by a collection of the candles, and she had just finished carving some kind of rune into the wooden floorboards with her own bright, twisted knife. John had seen little flames, of black, blue, and purple, burst from the air every once in a while, seemingly in response to certain muttered chants that Harper was uttering, and finally, when the ritual was ending, her floor carving began to glow a fiery orange, then red, then black, before fizzling out with her final words:

"*Das sich ausruhen ist schweigen*," muttered Harper quietly, and just like that, the heavy darkness in the room seemed to abate a little. But John still felt it — the presence of something huge and heavy...and unseen — in the room.

After the ritual, Harper joined John in the bed and took him in her arms, cuddling him quietly. Neither of them spoke for a few minutes. She seemed to be reflecting, and John didn't want to interrupt it. Even still, he was burning with curiosity, and finally decided to ask her:

"Hey..."

"Hey..." she replied softly, caressing his neck with her long fingers.

"So...what does Halloween mean to you...to you guys?" he asked, feeling slightly ridiculous.

"I—I mean, if you wanna tell me ab—"

"Mmmm, of course I'll tell you," she said in a warm whisper. She tightened her arms around him, and swung her big thigh up over his torso, turning him sideways so they were looking at each other. John noticed that, in this position, her hips were easily three times the height of his...already.

"I could talk for hours about all the history behind it," Harper chuckled, "And I'm sure as I understand it more I'll be able to describe it better. There's not a lot I can put into words right now, because I'm still learning. Phoebe...she...she's teaching me...and it's still pretty early."

John nodded. He couldn't forget the Head Girl, who was probably over 8 feet tall by now. And Harper...well, she had basically made it plain to everyone that Harper was going to succeed her in a couple year's time. John still hadn't wrapped his mind around all this yet, but he knew that Harper hadn't either. They were both in it together.

"But I can tell you this," Harper said quietly, brushing the side of his cheek with her finger, "Tonight is the night where the film that separates the "normal" world from the spirit world becomes...porous. Usually, it's hard to blend the two together, and it takes powerful magic to accomplish that, magic that I can't do yet. But on Halloween...well, on Halloween, something happens to that boundary of separation. It weakens...it falters...small little holes form in it, if only for a night. And on that night, this night...the spirits of the dead, of the other world...they are free to walk among us."

Murmurings and whispers came flitting through the air, and the darkness seemed to close around them. Harper held John to her tighter, and he smelled her sweet breath. He knew he wasn't hallucinating. He really was hearing those whispers...those voices...from another world. But he wasn't scared. He was with Harper, in the KGD house, and he knew he was safe.

"For us, this is a solemn day," Harper continued, "And we have to perform the necessary rituals to protect ourselves, and to see to it that the spirits of our dead are protected too. You see, some of the spirits are...not very nice. And they come back, looking for us. Those of us who live close to that boundary."

She was silent for a long while, still holding John close to her. The whisperings and murmurings around continued, but they didn't get any louder than before.

"I'm sorry," said John quietly.

"Sorry?" asked Harper, breathing down at him kindly, "Sorry for what?"

"That you all have to deal with that," he replied, suddenly feeling very sad for them. "That...that sounds like a lot. And here everyone else is, partying, dressing up, having a grand old ti—"

"Oh no, no!" chuckled Harper softly, reaching her hand down into his crotch as she cupped his cock and balls in her hand, stroking him gently. "No, John, you've got it all mixed up! We LIKE it that people celebrate tonight. They're doing what people used to do, hundreds of years before, but their attitude is different now. You see, people used to believe in witches, in magic, in —"

"Oh yeah, yeah Nora was telling me about that," nodded John.

“Mhmm...” hummed Harper, gently shaking his cock and balls more in her hand. His erection was coming alive. “And after a while, people mostly stopped believing in all that stuff...but there’s still that strange feeling that people get, even in the midst of all their science and all their progress and all their achievement...that they’re jussssst beginning to scratch the surface of reality. That maybe there’s so, so much out there that they don’t understand, and that they can’t even conceive of.”

Harper’s hand was now vibrating against John’s crotch; the vibration was gentle, yet staggeringly unnatural. There was no way any human could move their hand so fast, could vibrate their hand like that. John glanced down and saw that Harper’s forearm was flexed against his leg, and he couldn’t help but think that her forearm itself wasn’t *too* much smaller than his calf. Apparently, the vibration was taking some effort on her part, but by the gentle way she was whispering into his ear, he would never have known it.

“And when people dress up in cute little costumes,” continued Harper, “And have fun and drink and watch scary movies and feel “spooky” together, they’re feeding that part of themselves, the part in touch with that other world...the part that’s mysterious and strange and uncanny and maybe even a little creepy. And the more they do that, the more those malevolent spirits are kept at bay.”

Harper stopped her vibration and flipped the sheet up, revealing John’s proud erection in the flickering candlelight. He was now almost 9 inches...and getting bigger each week. Harper turned to him, her gorgeous face partially obscured in darkness. But John could see that she was smiling at him, and a liquid warmth spread across his whole body.

“I wanna suck it,” she breathed down to him. “You want me to suck it?”

John nodded. He would try to last as long as he could, but he knew that it wouldn’t be long.

A moment later, Harper was yawning her mouth open, down towards his pulsating cock.

Aaawwwwwwwooooooooogth

With a soft, gentle, syrupy thrust, she impaled her face down on his cock, going down, down, down, hugging his entire length in the tight warmth of her slippery mouth, until her lips kissed the base of his midsection. She had easily swallowed the whole thing. And then, very slowly, she came back up...up and up and uuuppp...until her full lips kissed his tip, and then slid it downwwwn down down again, all the way to the base. She kept doing this, without stopping, without changing her speed or intensity, for thirty minutes. Whenever John came, she swallowed it swiftly down, and then kept at it, hungry for more, determined to empty him out completely. When he finally passed sweetly out, she gave him a few more good gentle pumps with her throat before slurping up off him at last. She hugged him close to her and pulled the heavy comforter over them both. She felt his body starting to shrink in her arms, as her hips and legs swelled around him. Outside, the whisperings and murmurings continued, punctuated by the occasional distant cry of some forlorn soul. But Harper knew that she was safe...that *they* were safe...and she closed her eyes, feeling cozier than she had ever felt in her entire life.

Chapter 16

Three months later, John was at the grocery store, pushing a cart full of a strange and motley assortment of items that, on first glance, didn't seem to go together at all. Heaps of horseradish roots were stacked up against fluffed clumps of saffron; bergamot oranges tumbled over vials of frankincense, sandalwood, and camomile essential oils; the fresh thyme, bay leaves, and rosemary looked ordinary enough, but not next to the glass containers of black salt and tinctures of St. John's Wort. Parsnips, licorice root, fresh ginger, epsom salt, nutmeg, jasmine, charcoal, honeycomb, myrtle, juniper, cinnamon, dried asafoetida, cloves...it went on and on, and even though many of the ingredients were packaged or otherwise contained, their fragrant smells seeped through, combining to create an enchanting bouquet of aromas that was beginning to turn heads in the store.

John had been shopping for over an hour already, carefully picking out each item on the paper list he had folded up in his pocket. Every few minutes, he took it out to refresh his memory, and to cross off items he had found. It was arduous work, not least because several of the items were very difficult to locate. The shopping carts were built for normal-sized adults, but John wasn't normal-sized...not anymore. The handle of the cart was about even with his shoulders, which made navigating the cart very difficult – and the more items he put in, the harder it was to turn corners. He had to do it slowly and deliberately, and he knew that people were watching him. He could tell, out of the corner of his eye, that several women had been on the verge of asking him if he needed any help.

But John didn't begrudge this errand one bit. He had been the one to actually volunteer himself to go. Spending most of his time around the Kappa Gamma Delta sorority house had its perks – way more perks than drawbacks, as he was discovering every day – but one of the downsides was that John had begun to feel like he wasn't doing anything to help out. The dozens of witches he saw every day all seemed to possess a kind of “alpha energy,” which meant that they were always on the move, making plans, and generally being proactive about every aspect of life around the house. And while his relationship with Harper was not as one-sided or “dom/sub” as many of the others, he hadn't been able to avoid feeling like he wasn't really pulling his weight around the house.

“Oh, but look at those little arms!” laughed Vera, once John had raised his concern earlier that day on the KGD porch. Silver bracelets sang out into the morning air as she thrust out her long, full arm in his direction, pointing her needle-like black nails at his bicep, which was fully visible in the slightly-oversized sleeveless white shirt he was wearing. “What are you, under 100 pounds now? I don't think you need to worry about “pulling your weight,” John – there's really not much to pull.”

Nora, who had been crouching down on the porch over a large brown toad, turned her head slightly to the side, snickering at Vera's joke. But the toad leapt abruptly to his left, and her attention was immediately redirected back downward.

“*Wesan!*” she hissed, and the toad stopped, stock still, where it was. She shook her waterfall of long, white hair and continued whispering to the animal. John watched, momentarily struck by what he was actually witnessing. Every day he learned more and more about the witches'

customs, but he still hadn't gotten used to most of them, least of all watching Nora actually talk to her toad. But even as he watched her, his mind jumped back to Vera's tease, and he became self-conscious. He knew she hadn't meant to make him feel that way, but even though he had been there for a few months, he still didn't quite feel like he was fully part of the group, and desperately wanted to fit in and do his part.

Suddenly, he felt the warm, full thigh he was sitting on flex slightly, making his whole body rise up a couple inches. A large hand snaked down his shoulder and came to rest on his chest; John looked down and saw the deep shade of red shining up at him on those sharpened, claw-like nails. He instantly felt himself harden, and would have closed his eyes and leaned back if Vera and Nora hadn't been there. Since there were other people around, though, John couldn't totally melt into Harper's embrace. Even though they had been together for months, he still found it difficult to relax completely with Harper when they were around the other witches. Most of the other guys in the KGD house, boyfriends of the other witches, had long since let down their guards completely, and often walked around naked, seemingly having lost the ability to be embarrassed. As just one example, John had never seen Nora's boyfriend, Little Bull, wear clothes. John knew that this was because that aspect of their personalities had been snuffed out, overwhelmed, swallowed – the aspect of their independence as people. It seemed like, sooner or later, this was the way the men in the KGD house went.

But John didn't want that for himself; he resisted it. And even though he was getting more used to seeing the other guys behave so subserviently to their amazonian witch partners, he still felt uneasy whenever he witnessed it. He reminded himself that he and Harper had an understanding; they both wanted a more balanced relationship, one where John was still his own person, his own man. But the longer he remained at the KGD house, the more he realized that their arrangement was anything but the norm.

Still looking down at Harper's sharp red nails and long fingers, John saw them beginning to gently curl up and down, and he felt his skin tent up into hundreds of pleasurable goosebumps. She had started scratching his chest, and, from the way he had felt her forearm tense against his shoulder, he knew that she was being protective of him.

"Don't listen to her, baby," came Harper's slightly-humorous retort. John felt the vibrations of her words go through his body, since he was sitting on her lap. Her voice had deepened noticeably over the past few months, but that had done nothing to alter the characteristic lightness and pleasure of her voice. "There's plenty you can do around here!"

Harper's caressing scratches suddenly ceased, and the next thing he knew, John felt her large, warm forearm going across his chest, with her big hand wrapping around one of his upper arms while her other hand did the same behind. Glancing down, he saw her fingers slowly, deliberately going all the way around his bicep – he had gotten so small now, and she had gotten so big, that there was actually extra room for her fingers when she did this...and she did it slowly, because she knew how much John enjoyed her showing off her size. It was another way of her telling him, 'See that? Look how much I've taken from you...how much pleasure I've given you...how many times I've had you, and fucked you, and swallowed your cum...'

In one smart, swift motion, Harper lifted John's entire body up from her lap, rotating him midair, and sat him back down so that he was facing her. Sitting on her lap gave him the illusion that he wasn't absolutely tiny compared to her, but even still, with her ass and thighs giving him a height boost, the top of his head still only came up to her eyes. He was staring straight forward into her sexy smile, which was spreading wider now that she was looking at him directly.

"You know," she ventured, "We *are* running pretty low on potion provisions."

"HMMMMM, yeah, I wonder how that could be," Vera mused in a loud voice, bringing her hand up to her chin and stroking it in an exaggerated motion. The morning sun glinted off the silver bracelets hugging her wrist, and the innumerable strange and angular silver rings on her long fingers as she pointed at Nora. "Between the marjoram and...what is it...hollyhock juice? For that toad, and all that laurel poppyseed milk for your shrieking mandrake, it's a wonder I had anything left for my *sunûnteg* this morning!"

"Hey, it doesn't shriek that much anymore!" protested Nora, who was stroking her toad's back, "And everyone knows that the only way to get the most potent bufalin from your toad's glands is to make sure it's well-fed and happy."

"It's one thing to make him happy," Vera chuckled, shaking her head, "But it's quite another to indulge him to the point where his skin starts smelling like sumac – I can smell it from here."

"Well I guess we'll just have to wait until Phoebe gets back," retorted Nora, referring to the Head Girl of the KGD house, who had been away all week on a mysterious trip to Germany, "And then we'll see whose primrose paste she prefers."

"The point is, John," laughed Harper, bouncing him slightly on her knee, "That we *do* need to refresh our potion supplies. I was actually planning on going out to the store today, since, you know...freshman duties and all...but I really would prefer to study for that biology exam I have tomorrow, so...if you really want to help out..."

"Yes!" exclaimed John, perhaps a bit too enthusiastically, since he heard Vera and Nora chuckling behind him. But he was focused on Harper's face, which lit up, transported by how cute she found him. "I mean...heh...yes. I'd love to help."

"Well then," Harper grinned down at him, giving his body a final, playful bounce on her thigh before snaking her big hands under his armpits, "Seeing as Phoebe is getting back this afternoon, I guess you'd better get to it!"

The next moment, John felt his stomach drop, as his warm, solid seat suddenly disappeared out from under him. Harper was lifting him up in the air as she stood up, and an instant later she was staring at him face-to-face, with his little legs dangling a foot-and-a-half off the ground. Her face twitched in affection, and she pulled him to her, rolling her eyes back in her head and closing them as she engulfed his entire mouth in a warm, soft kiss. For several long seconds, she held him there, gently exploring the confines of his mouth with the loving weight of her tongue. John's eyebrows went up and creased together as he felt his mouth tenderly pried open by her insistent tongue, and he wasn't able to avoid letting out a stifled moan of aroused

surrender as he too closed his eyes, feeling the effortless size and strength of Harper's body engulf him, and fill him.

Vera was watching the whole time from her chair, and when Harper finally set John down on his feet, she let out a snort of laughter that she only half-heartedly managed to hide behind her hand.

"What, Vera?" demanded Harper, putting her hands on her hips. She was well-aware what Vera was laughing at – and she thought it was funny too – but she enjoyed these social situations where she could "stick up" for her boyfriend and "defend" him from an onslaught of sexual energy. She took a step closer to John, so that she bumped into his small shoulders with her thick, wide hips.

"I...look, don't get me wrong, John," Vera laughed through her hand, "I admire your eagerness to help out around here and run Harper's errands...it's just that..."

"That *what!*?" Harper exclaimed. Her voice sounded confrontational, but John could feel her big, warm stomach beginning to tense up and shake behind his neck. He knew she was trying her best to stifle her own laughter.

"Well...I mean...just *look* at that thing!" Vera burst out, gesturing down to the large erection tending John's slightly-oversized jeans. Harper had gotten him new clothes a couple weeks before, but since then, they had had so much sex that John had already out-shrunk his clothes. His white t-shirt hung loosely on his slight frame, and his jean shorts already bagged up around his shrunken hips and thighs. But there was one part of John's body that hadn't shrunk – rather, it had decisively grown.

"Nora," asked Vera, "Would you support our little guy going out into the world like this!? Some people might get the wrong idea, don't you think?"

"I...uh, what?" Nora asked absently, looking up from her toad, who used the opportunity to try and hop away. "*Gifriose!*" she hissed, her flood of white air suddenly alive as she swiped at him once, twice, and then finally catching him in her hand on the third try. She held him up to her face, blinking at him urgently, whispering something indecipherable, before glancing over at John.

"Oh!" she replied, finally coming around to the conversation, "Ohhhh...um, of course, yeah, we can't let him go out like that. Someone might call the cops."

"Listen to them!" Harper giggled down at John, putting her large hands on his shoulders, engulfing them completely as she pulled him closer into her body. "I think they're a little jealous that I've got you aaaaaall to myself!"

"Jealous? Me!?" Vera exclaimed, feigning offense. "Nonsense!" Her eyes traveled deliberately back down to John's erection. "Mammon alive, Harper...how big is he now?"

John felt Harper's warm weight bending over behind him, her large breasts pressing around both sides of his neck, and he sucked in his breath as he suddenly felt her hand wrapping around his erect length, shaking it through his pants. Clearly, she was showing him off.

“He’s almost ten inches now!” she answered proudly. Her hot breath was suddenly in his ear. “Maybe we can get him there tonight, if he manages to find everything on the potion list at the store.” John couldn’t help but shut his eyes now. The more Harper grew, and the smaller he became, the harder it was for him to resist her. He was only 4’11 now – an unprecedented rate of shrinking compared to the other men – and Harper was 6’4, likewise unrivaled in her rate of growth. Even though the sexual power-dynamics were stripped-down at the KGD house, John knew now that there was a lot going on under the surface, and as the months passed, and Harper grew, he could feel the sideways glances of the other witches. Was it awe? Jealousy? Incredulity? He really couldn’t tell. All he knew was that he was shrinking, and Harper was growing, at a very unusual rate, and the two of them had quickly become one of the more popular couples in the house. This had its perks, of course, but it also meant that the extent of his self-control was routinely stretched to the limits.

He felt his face getting redder and redder – two months before, this kind of scene would have been a lot more embarrassing to him. But recently, even though he and Harper still maintained their “equal” relationship, she had started doing more outwardly dominant things like kissing him deeply in front of the other girls, stroking him, and even, like now, straight-up grabbing his cock. And he loved it.

“Geez...nearly ten inches already,” muttered Nora, her attention momentarily diverted from her toad as she stared at John’s tenting erection. “It took Little Bull a year to get that big.”

“See?” Harper murmured into John’s ear, shaking his cock again, “Totally jealous.”

“H-Harper...” John whispered, with his eyes still closed. She was so sexy, so effortlessly confident, that he felt himself starting to approach the edge. They had talked often about the social boundaries around their relationship, and he had made it clear that, at this point at least, he wasn’t comfortable cumming in front of the others.

“Oh! Sorry honey!” Harper replied instantly, releasing his cock and straightening back up. “I didn’t know you were so close.”

“That’s...that’s okay,” John breathed, glancing up at her and smiling through his flushed cheeks. He knew she hadn’t intended to get him *that* close.

“But seriously John,” Vera continued, chewing on her tongue, “I’m not even being facetious now. Do you think you can handle going to the store without, you know, swinging that thing around too much? We need our boys to keep a low profile, otherwise people will start wondering what goes on here.”

John inwardly winced a little at Vera lumping him in with the “other boys” of the KGD house. He didn’t see himself as one of them, really – as far as he was concerned, he was just Harper’s alone, and his proximity to the other, much smaller men of the house was circumstantial.

“Well *my* boy only gets this big around *me*,” Harper retorted humorously (though John could now hear a slight edge in her voice), “So I wouldn’t really worry about that, Vera.”

"Yeah, I'm an adult," John heard himself say, standing up taller in the midst of Harper's backing, "I know how to read a shopping list."

Both Harper and Nora laughed out loud at John's reply, and even Vera herself couldn't stifle a curled grin at John's audacity. It wasn't at all common for males in the KGD house to speak up to the witches like this, but, even three months into the relationship, it had already been established that Harper and John's relationship was something a little different.

"So I think Phoebe's getting back in a few hours," Harper said after the laughter had subsided. She handed John a long list that she had pulled out from the middle of a large book on the table. "Thank you soooo much for doing this for me – it's super helpful, since we'll all be a little tied-up when she returns, and, yeah...I've totally been procrastinating on this biology test."

"Well, like I said, I wanna help out more around here," John smiled, accepting the list. He felt an anxious little skip of his heart as his eyes scanned down the lengthy list...even without considering his diminished stature, this wasn't going to be easy. But he swallowed his doubts and stared up at Harper, past her large breasts, which were already slightly above his eyes, about even with his forehead.

"I...think I can manage this!" he announced, injecting a little ironic humor into his words. Harper's sexy, kind face scrunched down at him. John knew she wanted to pinch his cheeks, but he saw her holding herself back, folding her busy hands behind her back instead.

"Oh I know you can," she nodded. "I have faith in you!"

And now, in the store a couple hours later, Harper's words were echoing in John's head as he scanned the list for the upteenth time. 'I have faith in you...I have faith in you...' He tried reminding himself that this shopping trip wasn't the end-all-be-all of their relationship, and that it would be completely fine if he wasn't able to find certain things on the list. But at this point, his own sense of pride was at stake. He wanted to show not just Harper, but Vera, Nora, and the others, that he could actually help out. Subconsciously, he had decided that this trip was a test to see how much of an "adult" he still was.

'Let's see,' he thought to himself, going down the list one more time, 'Lemon balm, yep...truffles, mhm...mustard seeds, got em'...got the camphor oil too...xanthan gum...haha, that one seems out of place, anyway, got it...and that only leaves...fresh ginger.'

He felt his heart sink a little. The trouble wasn't that he didn't know where the ginger was – it was right there in front of him. But it was high up on the top produce shelf, well out of his reach. At his original 6'1, John would have had no problem reaching it, but now, he couldn't even get close on his tiptoes. Early on, he had skipped the ginger, leaving it to the end, in order to see if he could come up with some kind of an idea to get it without asking for help. But now that he was at the end of his list, with time running out until Phoebe returned, he felt himself getting a little desperate as he stared up at the knotted brown ginger roots, which seemed to smirk playfully down at him.

"Wow! That's a full cart you've got there!" came a female voice suddenly from above. John felt his body tense up. This is exactly what he had been hoping to avoid. But he quickly recovered

himself and looked up at the source of the voice. A young woman, probably around his age, was standing there with her cart, her hand on her hip, which was cocked to the side. Blond dreadlocks fell around her shoulders, and her nose ring, studded earrings, black lipstick, and torn jeans completed the “Wicca-hippie” look. She was good-looking...very good-looking...curvy, and tall too, probably close to 6’0. For a split-second, John wondered if he had stumbled upon one of the KDG sisters, but an instant later he knew that he hadn’t. She didn’t have that uncanny purpose to her movements, that slightly-unworldly curve of her jaw, or that powerful glint in her eye. This woman wasn’t a witch; she just probably liked witchy stuff.

“Oh, uh...haha, yeah,” he chuckled, holding up his list and shaking it. “Lotta...lotta stuff alright!”

“Mmm, it all looks so *interesting!*” exclaimed the young woman, leaning forward over John’s cart and examining its contents. She suddenly took a great big sniff. “*Smells* amazing too!”

John managed to chuckle again. Was this what it was like, navigating the world as a man under 5’0 tall? He hadn’t gotten out much the last couple months. Was it normal for attractive young women to come up and impose themselves like this? Aside from some slight anxiety, he didn’t particularly mind; he was just a little puzzled. Was she hitting on him?

“Heh, don’t think I’m a creep or something,” the woman said, “But I couldn’t help but notice you a little while ago, and...I wanted to ask – are you a Wiccan?”

John blinked. “A...what?”

“A Wiccan!” the woman laughed, tossing her dreadlocks to the side. “You know, Wicca – modern witchcraft, the five elements, uhm...the Triple Goddesses and the Horned God?”

John stared up at her, his mouth slightly open. The humorous irony of the situation was beginning to dawn on him.

“Uhh...no. No, I – I mean, I’ve heard of it, yes,” he managed to answer. “But I’m not actually a...a Wiccan.”

The woman cocked her head to the side, her brows slightly furrowed. Now it was her turn to look puzzled.

“Oh!” she replied a few moments later, “I just thought because of all that stuff...well...” And here she smiled and brightened up again. “Well anyway! Haha, I actually run a Wicca circle here on campus, and we’re having a stargazing tonight if you’re interested.” She held out her hand. “I’m Meredith, by the way.”

John reached up to shake her hand, and felt hers close around his, squeezing it tightly. He tried to pull his hand away, but she held him for a moment longer before releasing him. ‘Oh boy,’ he thought, ‘She’s *definitely* flirting with me.’

“Nice...nice to meet you Meredith,” he replied. “I’m John. And I – I’d love to, but...well, I’ve got a lot to do tonight, actually.” His mind shot to Phoebe – what was she, over 8 feet tall now!? He wondered what was going to happen when she returned from her mysterious trip to Germany. Everyone had been whispering about it around the KGD house for the last few days, and, along with everyone else, John was eager to hear how it had gone.

"A lot of potions to make, huh?" laughed Meredith, gesturing to his cart. She was clearly kidding, but John couldn't help laughing a little at the irony.

"Heheh, yeah...something like that." His eyes glanced up to the ginger again. Meredith noticed, and said:

"Well hey, great to meet you John – I won't bother you anymore, but...need help reaching something?"

She had asked with such gentle tact that John regretted inwardly laughing a little at her. She had no idea what she had stumbled into, with all her "Wicca" stuff, but it was totally harmless – she was just trying to find meaning in life, like anyone else.

"Um, yeah, actually...you think you could grab me some of that fresh ginger up there?" he asked sheepishly.

"Sure thing!" she replied brightly, and made a bit of a show reaching up over top of him to get it. John stepped back a little – Meredith was certainly very forward, and again, he found himself wondering if it was normal for bigger girls to hit on smaller guys like this. A moment later, she handed him the ginger, which he gladly accepted.

"Hey, thanks so much," he smiled. "This actually completes my list, so I really appreciate it!"

"Well...always happy to help a budding warlock," she giggled, sticking her tongue inside of her cheek. A couple seconds of silence passed between them, and John wondered if she was going to ruffle his hair or something. Gratefully, a moment later, she shrugged and said:

"Anyway, glad I ran into you, John! Check out our group on facebook! Just search "Pagan Club" and you'll find us. And maybe I'll see you soon at one of our events?"

"Haha yeah, maybe so!" John laughed. "See you later!" With a little difficulty, he steered his laden cart away from Meredith, under her humorous and curious gaze. It had certainly been an interesting interaction, but John was ready to get back to Harper. She was going to enjoy hearing about this.

"She *what!*?" Harper cried half-an-hour later, as the two of them lounged on the KDG lawn. Ariel, very pleased with John's potion haul, had conscripted a few of the younger witches to carry the bags up into the house. Up on the porch, standing there barefoot, 6'7, jet-black hair blowing slightly in the wind, she was directing the younger girls as they brought the supplies inside. "Alright now, let's get all the herbs sorted together, citrus next...salts and oils after...come on girls, let's go! Phoebe's gonna be here soon!"

"She...she just shook my hand!" John replied to Harper, blushing. "That's all, I swear!"

"Oh, trust me, I believe you," Harper growled, enjoying the aggressive girlfriend role she was playing. "And I also believe if this...Meredith...had gotten you somewhere private, it would've been a lot more than a handshake!"

"Aw, no...no she was, she was nice," John protested. "A little, um, forward, maybe...but nice."

"Mhm," Harper nodded knowingly, arching her eyebrow, "Suuuure she was. She locked onto you as soon as she saw you pushing that shopping cart around, guaranteed."

"She did mention something like that, yeah," John replied. He was lying on his back next to Harper in the grass, while she was propped up on her side, completely shielding him from the afternoon sun – his entire body was in her shadow.

"Well Miss Meredith better watch her step," warned Harper ominously, "Or else I might have to turn her into a shrew and keep her as a pet in my terrarium."

"Could...you actually do something like that?" asked John uncertainly. He stared up at Harper, who said nothing, merely staring at him hard with that twinkle in her eye.

"Geez," John laughed after taking a deep breath, "You're a little scary sometimes, you know that?"

Harper joined in his laughter, reaching over to cuddle him. "That really is hilarious, though," he smiled, "Running into a Wiccan in the middle of a potion-run. Classic."

"So I bet you guys think that Wiccans are...pretty ridiculous, huh?" John ventured. "I mean, like...they really have no idea, do they?"

Harper sighed and started twirling his hair with her finger. John loved how she just played with his body like this. "I don't think they're ridiculous," she answered after a few moments. "I think they're cute. Of course they can't fathom the true reality, but then again, neither can I – I'm just getting started."

"They're not connected with you guys in any way?" John asked.

"The Wiccans?" Harper smiled. "Oh no. No, no, Wicca is new. Only a few decades old. It's inspired by us, maybe, but think of where they get all their symbols and rituals – from the older texts, written by the orthodox authorities. The Wiccans are very sweet. They're trying to capture what they think is the magic behind everything, but they don't have the true pedigree. I mean, the *Malleus Maleficarum* was written by a priest, after all."

"Mm, okay, I see," murmured John. His own knowledge of these things was hazy at best, but just being around Harper as she immersed herself in study was enough to inform him about things he had never dreamed of before.

"Biology test looking good?" he asked, rousing himself from his thoughts.

"I'm gonna ace the test, guaranteed," Harper declared. "All thanks to you running that errand for me – I really appreciate it."

"Well, it was nothing!" he lied.

"And you totally shut up Vera," chuckled Harper. "She didn't think you could do it." Suddenly, Harper's face changed – she had been smiling cheerily, but now her face looked serious. Beautiful and stately...but serious. John felt something like a chill go through his body.

"You...you alright?" he asked.

Harper looked up at the KGD house.

"Phoebe's here," she declared. Her voice was heavy with meaning. "Her trip was hard."