

The Reveries of Aaron Cooper, Ch. 1-22

By Joyce Julep

Chapter 1

Aaron Cooper couldn't help glancing down at the bouncing cheeks of his friend's ass as they walked side by side down the concrete path, away from the movie production trailers and towards the subway station. He had known Kristina Hanson for over ten years, and even though the two had always been platonically close, Aaron always found himself copping a quick little glance at her butt every now and again. He knew he couldn't have been the only one — Kristina may have been short, but she certainly had a conspicuous ass, which went along perfectly with her overall thickness.

"And then I was like, woah, woah," Kristina was telling him animatedly, "It's been nice and chill so far, you know? Like, we've gone on a few dates and it's been fun...but now you want me to just up and move into your LA loft!?"

"Hahah, I mean, he's asking a lot of you, isn't he?" chuckled Aaron, referring to the actor who had been loosely involved with Kristina during the production of the movie they had all been working on. She was a make-up artist and Aaron was a sound designer.

"Right!?" burst out Kristina, nodding her head up at Aaron as her eyes went wide. "I literally only graduated from college last year, and I'm not even really sure what I want to do with myself, and on top of that I'm taking care of my mom, and it's like...he wants me to just drop all that so I can go be in LA with him?? I hardly even know the guy, Aaron!"

"Sounds like he's jumping the gun a little bit, huh?" Aaron ventured.

"Yeah, a little!" laughed Kristina, shaking her head. "But anyway, yeah, the strange thing with Frank is how used he seems to just...you know, getting his way all the time. Like, he was totally shocked when I told him I couldn't commit to that."

"Oh, well, I mean, he couldn't have been *that* surprised," said Aaron, as the two of them winded down the part of the path that ran parallel to the railroad tracks. It was getting towards dusk on an early summer evening, and the sky had started to bleed a brilliant crimson-orange as the sun dipped below the horizon. Aaron felt his short, sandy-brown hair flutter a little as a pleasant evening breeze kicked up along the path, whipping up a plethora of slightly damp urban smells. It had rained a little earlier in the day.

"But he totally was, though!" exclaimed Kristina, "That's the thing! The way his mouth opened, and he just, like, sat there in his chair, like I had slapped him across the face or something...it made me feel bad, even though I was very, uhm...oh, what's the word...like, I made it really clear how flattered I was, you know?"

"Well when Frank Bungeon asks you to be his live-in girlfriend," laughed Aaron, cocking his eyebrow up as he looked down at her, "I guess it'd be hard not to feel pretty good about yourself."

"Oh please, Aaron," replied Kristina, waving her hand dismissively, "I'm just some young girl who's been physically close to him for, like, the past few weeks, doing his make-up and all, and...and yeah, this is how these things work, with powerful people. They see something, they like it, and then they try and take it...and when they can't have it, they don't understand."

"You know Kristina," sighed Aaron, shaking his head gravely, "I just don't know...I feel like you could be reeeeeally passing up an opportunity here."

"A-are...are you serious?" she asked, peering up at him earnestly.

"I mean...think about it," Aaron continued in his serious tone, glancing sideways down at her, and then back up at the expansive sunset above the elevated subway tracks, which ran parallel to the railroad tracks next to the path they were on. "Life in an LA penthouse with *Frank Bungeon*...a fast-track ticket into the high life...all the parties...the award shows...the tabloid intrigue...and when you two break up, you can write a tell-all book with all the juicy details about how kinky the sex was, and you'll never have to work another day in your life."

"Oh you...*dick!*" laughed Kristina, smacking Aaron playfully with her purse. "You had me going there for a second!"

"All these years and sometimes you still can't tell when I'm joking!" teased Aaron, feeling the color in his face rising with the mirth of the exchange.

"You've always got that little look in your eye," chuckled Kristina. "Like you're up to no good, even though you're, like, the most wholesome guy I've ever met."

"Pssssh, quit it," said Aaron, taking his turn to brush his hand dismissively in front of his face.

"No, come on, I mean it — you are!" persisted Kristina, nudging him in the arm. "Walking me to the subway every night, listening to all my dating drama, yadda yadda yadda...it's a wonder you still hang out with me at all!"

"Now you're just being ridiculous," laughed Aaron, as they both came to a stop outside the subway station. "Of course I love hearing about all your stuff! Certainly beats just living out my boring-ass life, heheh..."

"Well who knows?" offered Kristina kindly, "Maybe one of these days soon it'll be the other way around — maybe you'll be the one telling me about all these hot girls you have to fight off with a stick."

“Not likely,” smiled Aaron, “I’m not as hot as you. And anyway, I haven’t dated anyone in years...don’t think I’ll be starting anytime soon.”

“Oh what do you know?” she shot back, pushing him playfully as she turned to descend down into the subway station. “And anyway, dating people goes in cycles, anyway. Just you watch.”

“Well whatever you say, Kristina!” chuckled Aaron, waving goodbye. “See ya tomorrow!”

“Bye!” chirped Kristina, and then she turned away, walking towards the subway stairs. For a few moments, Aaron watched her go, taking another quick glance at her backside, which again was doing its thing...her big cheeks bouncing up and down through the snug confines of her tight jeans. Aaron blinked a few times, gave a little sigh, and turned away, back toward the railroad tracks, which now almost seemed to glow purple in the gathering gloom of the incoming night.

Aaron had been having more of these strange, pensive moments recently, but at 27, he was old enough to understand that they weren’t the direct result of anything in particular. He wasn’t feeling sorry for himself — far from it, Aaron knew that, as his own situation was concerned, he had things pretty good. For the past few years, he had been able to get a steady supply of sound engineering gigs, which allowed him to live in a nice, in-town apartment, where he could see the skyline. He had plenty of friends, many of them girls like Kristina, who were cool, down-to-earth, and professional. If he could have gone back in time ten years, to his time as a nerdy, unattractive high school kid, and been told that this is where he’d be at the tail-end of his twenties, he would have been thrilled.

He turned and started walking away from the subway station, which had started to glow white as the sun issued out its last, dying beams before receding completely below the horizon. Actually, as he allowed his mind to settle a little, he realized that he knew exactly why he was feeling a little...“off” at the moment. Not really sad or morose...it was just a little difficult for Aaron to be reminded, yet again, of how alone he actually felt as a person. The thing was, whenever Kristina or whoever else brought up their romantic lives, Aaron couldn’t help but remember why he didn’t have one. It wasn’t that he was privately lusting after Kristina, or Cassie, or Courtney, or any of his other female friends...wanting to be with them, but unable to do so. He definitely found them all quite attractive, as his frequent glances at Kristina’s ass evinced, but there was a deeper issue at play.

Ever since he had been a young teenager, and probably even before that, Aaron had been attracted to the idea of women being...larger than him...taller than him. As an adult he had discovered that this fetish was more common than he could have possibly realized, but merely knowing that other guys were dealing with the same desires didn’t do much to help Aaron with the reality of his situation. It didn’t even matter that, at 5’4, he was shorter than most guys, and also shorter than a good number of women too. It was certainly nice to see how his 5’7 friend Courtney towered above him, or to hear his 5’4 friend Cassie tease him as she stood on her toes so that she was taller. All of these enjoyments were merely peripheral, and did little to

assuage the disquiet in his mind. He felt ashamed, guilty...somehow inescapably dirty, whenever he thought about his fetish. It all just seemed so outlandish, so bizarre, that he had never brought it up to anyone, let alone any of his female friends...and *definitely* not to any girl he would be romantically interested in. It just didn't make any sense why he would be so totally obsessed with the idea of a girl being *bigger* than him, or *taller* than him. Why did these thoughts get him so hot and bothered!? They weren't normal, surely...they had to be some kind of mental block, some kind of fixation he never got over...maybe even some kind of disorder or disease he suffered from. Whatever it was, Aaron wished that it would go away, but he really didn't have any choice. He was stuck with being this way, and he had to navigate the world with this hidden weight on his back, never to speak of it for fear of sounding crazy.

The light summer breeze kicked up again as Aaron walked back on the concrete path, next to the train tracks. He had been walking back to his apartment this way for several weeks now, ever since he and Kristina had both landed jobs at the movie production that was happening close by. The stars were beginning to peek out of the deepening velvet of the sky, and above the horizon, towards the West, the waxing yellow crescent of the moon was preparing to make its nightly ascent. Aaron sighed out again as the breeze danced through his hair. He wasn't unhappy...wasn't unhappy...just thoughtful...just thinking about stuff...it really was a lovely night.

The path wound around a clump of dense trees, and down towards the small pedestrian tunnel that came out right in front of the train tracks. Trains never came around this time of night, so Aaron had gotten used to going through the tunnel and crossing the tracks on foot — his apartment building was only a couple blocks away, on the other side of the tracks. As he walked toward the tunnel, he found his mind wandering again to his fetish...his perpetual predicament. It was all well and good for him to look at art and read stories on the internet, and he was grateful that there were plenty of artists and authors who churned out work dedicated to this...large woman fetish. Aaron had been surprised, as a younger man, to see how rich and varied the community was. Some people were into his line of the fetish: tall, buxom, curvy women with huge asses who were anywhere between a little taller than him (5'4), all the way up to around 15 feet. Any bigger and Aaron felt a little alienated from the fantasy. But the idea of a hot, curvy woman grinning down her breasts at him, or teasing him with her thick hips at his eye-level, or comparing his body to the size of her 6-foot-long, creamy legs, or knocking into him playfully with an ass that was as high as his shoulders...it going him going like nothing else.

Aaron had no idea why he was so into this particular fetish, and he had been able to somewhat assuage it on the internet, but it was moments like these, that often came at night when he was alone, that made him feel a bit discouraged. He wished he could be like Kristina, or his other friends; he wished he could just be normal, and have to deal with all the "normal" aspects of dating, good and bad. But as it was, he was too afraid to date anyone at all. The truth of his fetish would just be lying there, waiting to come out at the least opportune moment. It was sure to chase anyone away.

As he neared the tunnel entrance, Aaron shook his head, forcing himself to chuckle.

“Come on,” he muttered out loud, staring forward through the narrow tunnel towards the train tracks on the other side. “Just...get with it. It’s ok.”

He could just imagine what he always did when he got home, sexually frustrated— his attractive friends, just bigger. He could imagine Kristina, in all of her sexy thickness, not at her customary 5’2, but rather 6’8...or even 8’8...or taller! He could imagine staring straight forward into her huge breasts, or watching how ridiculously her massive ass would jiggle and bounce if she was that tall, with all the same proportions. God, she’d be, like...*two* of him! He was 5’4, 140 pounds...definitely shorter than average, but not short enough...or he could imagine Cassie as a 10-foot amazon, winking down at him with a naughty twinkle in her eye, as he looked *up* at her pussy lips...*above* his head. Or Courtney...or...

Once again, Aaron couldn’t help but chuckle a little at himself.

‘There I go again,’ he thought, ‘Fantasizing again...’ He didn’t even have any real desire to BE with any of his friends — the prospect of remaining nothing more than friends with them was absolutely tolerable and ok to him. He just wasn’t able to help fantasizing about them in these ways. The sheer impossibility of it all somehow made the prospect that much more enticing, that much more intense and searing in his mind. If only...if only...

Aaron started walking through the tunnel, and he hadn’t gone more than a few steps when he noticed that something was different...actually, everything was different. The night was warm, and even a little humid, but he suddenly felt cold. He looked sideways to his right at the tunnel wall; strange, winding symbols stared back at him. This was no ordinary graffiti — it looked like a series of elaborate runes, twisting and tumbling over themselves, in an arcane pattern of hushed, esoteric significance. Aaron felt his feet stop as he stared at the symbols. It wasn’t just that they were elaborate and complex, either — the paint...whatever the person had used...it looked like it was literally radiating off the damp concrete walls. Fiery pinks...deep burgundies...profound blues...they all twisted and wound themselves up and over each other, making some kind of...some kind of pattern. Triangles? No, it was more complex than that...Aaron’s mind shot back to middle school for some reason. That book they had read...*A Wrinkle in Time*...that’s what it was...what was that thing the teacher had shown? That shape that was impossible...a tesseract! That’s the word...that’s what it looked like. Aaron felt his stomach muscles clench as he peered even closer at the “graffiti.” Had the shapes just moved?? The sudden sweep of cold had passed over his body, and he now felt warm and numb...almost tingly. The hairs on his arms and the back of his neck were standing up, as if in anticipation. A sudden feeling of silliness bubbled up within him — what was he doing, acting all weird like this? But almost as soon as this feeling came up in his mind, he thought he heard the echo of something in the tunnel behind him...of footsteps.

He whirled around to look, but there was nobody there. Blinking rapidly, Aaron realized now that he was breathing hard. He looked back at the walls and felt his mouth open a little. The arcane symbols...whatever they were...were definitely moving, and no matter how much Aaron blinked

his eyes, the slow, undulating movements didn't stop. Aaron had done shrooms a few times, years back, but no time recently. Had someone dosed him!? He backed away from the wall, shaking his head, as he resolved to hurry up and get himself home. But as he turned toward the other end of the tunnel to quicken his pace, he heard it — the unmistakable, distant sound of a train horn.

"Oh...shit!" he blurted, and he looked back at the wall one last time. The runes were glowing a fiery red now, and Aaron's eyes widened in panic. He had no idea what was happening, but he needed to get home, and fast — before he started hallucinating more crazy shit, and, of course, before the train came to block his path home. He started running down the tunnel, his footsteps echoing wetly off the concave walls. The train horn had seemed far away...surely he had time...but as he neared the other end of the tunnel, he could feel the ground beginning to shake. When he finally popped out of the far end of the tunnel, he was greeted by the thunderous, trembling majesty of a huge, black locomotive, belching white smoke into the night as it came on.

Aaron didn't understand — the train didn't seem to be going that fast. It had seemed to come from nowhere...and anyway, trains never ran at this hour! But there it was, and there was nothing for him to do but stand there and wait for it to pass. He was still breathing hard from witnessing the strange runes on the tunnel walls, but as he looked upward at the advancing train, he felt his breath catch in his chest. A man, the train's conductor, was leaning out of the locomotive window, staring forward down the tracks. But as the train passed Aaron, the conductor turned and looked down at him, straight in the face. Aaron felt his eyes widen as he beheld the navy blue conductor cap, slightly askew on a nest of unkempt black hair, and underneath, the black, beady eyes of the conductor, zeroed in on his, holding him in their pits. The thick black mustache under the man's large nose only served to accentuate his expression: he had been serious before, but now he was smiling...grinning...as his black eyes seemed to sparkle. It was an amused smile, mysterious...like the man knew something he didn't. Aaron felt a shudder go through him, but he could not move away.

And then the smile seemed to dissolve almost as soon as it had appeared. The man was raising a thick finger in his direction, and was pointing down at him, silently, expressionlessly. The train passed by, and the conductor followed Aaron's body with his finger, so that his finger remained trained on him until the locomotive had vanished around the corner. Aaron suddenly exhaled out intensely, and then breathed in again quickly, gulping air like he had just come up from a deep dive. The warm, numb, tingly feeling was now lightly teeming across his whole body. He turned to look forward, blinking into the line of boxcars that were now going by. For several minutes, Aaron just stood there in a state of confusion, having no idea what had just happened, or why he had felt like he had somehow stumbled into some kind of...he didn't know what. Some kind of cabalistic, occult moment.

And just like that, the caboose was pulling up the rear, and Aaron was watching the last car clunk on by, disappearing moments later around the same corner. Aaron blinked again a few times, and he looked past the tracks. He could see the lights of his apartment building twinkling

around the corner. But he took another minute to stand there and gather himself. Something...something had just happened, it felt like. But after a minute or so he felt himself returning to some semblance of “normal,” and he stepped across the tracks, heading straight for home. If he had bothered to bend down and feel the smooth metal of the tracks themselves, he would have been shocked to find that it was ice-cold.

Arriving in his apartment, Aaron sought to dispel the weirdness of whatever had just happened. He made himself a sandwich and turned on one of his favorite shows, sinking down into his comfy sofa as he munched away. Again and again, though, he felt his mind wandering back to the graffiti...those symbols...and that conductor. It was all so strange, so bizarre...and somehow, without consciously realizing it, Aaron knew they were all connected.

But he was determined to not make too much out of nothing. It had been a long day, and he was tired, and his mind was probably just playing tricks on him. He thought back to Kristina, and her kind eyes, and her gorgeous smile...and, of course, her big, sexy ass. Aaron smirked at himself.

‘Well,’ he thought, with self-deprecating humor, ‘You always know what’ll take your mind off stuff.’

A little while later, Aaron was lying in bed, breathing hard, having just cum to the thought of an 8-foot-tall Kristina twerking in front of him, as he sat in the huge, expansive lap of Cassie, her long, thick legs extended out on either side of him, as her massive hand gently caressed his little chest.

“Mmmmm, just look at her ass, little guy!” Cassie had cooed to him in his fantasy, drawing her long, red fingernails sensually down his bare chest, tickling him lightly as her full, plush lips teased his ear. “Each cheek alone probably weighs like half as much as you! Hahaha, and oh my godddd...look at your little arms compared to mine!” She had extended out her long, luscious arm next to his, beckoning him to do the same in comparison.

“Just look at that,” she had murmured in his ear. “So cute, sooo small, soooooo *tiny*!”

And just then, chuckling dirtily, Kristina had backed up and smushed her twerking cheeks directly onto Aaron’s torso. He could feel the firm, sumptuous cheeks moving and bouncing up against him, shaking his whole body with their erotic force. Kristina’s laughter had echoed in his ears as he came and came...

Aaron could have fallen asleep right then and there, but he reminded himself that he never felt quite right waking up without going through his nightly routine. He washed his face, brushed his teeth, and looked in the mirror, staring himself down seriously for a few moments, before giving himself a warm smile and turning off the light. He settled into bed, pulled out a little notebook, and jotted down the events of the day. He felt exhausted now...more exhausted than he usually felt, and so his notes were quick and perfunctory...until he mentioned his walk with Kristina.

“Walked K to subway...” he had written. Aaron had never really broached the topic of his fetish, even in his own diary, but he suddenly found himself adding:

“She’s so gorgeous...god her ass is nice.”

He paused, feeling awkward and silly...but then continued:

“So big and bouncy...”

Another pause, and then more:

“I want Kristina’s ass to be *bigger*...three pounds bigger.”

Aaron was smiling to himself and shaking his head, even as he found himself getting hard again.

“And I want her to be taller...god, imagine how hot it would be even if she just got 2 inches taller all of a sudden. Tomorrow, Kristina will be 5’4...my exact height.”

Aaron shut his eyes and clenched his teeth together, and a couple minutes later he was cumming again to the thought of Kristina taller, with a fatter ass, laughing about how she’s gaining weight and going through some weird growth spurt. He shot his load even harder than before, so hard that it actually splurged all out on his cheek. Aaron huffed to himself in laughter, got up, wiped himself down, and got back into bed, closing his diary and turning off his light. Half an hour later he was asleep, so he didn’t notice that the words he had written had started to glow a faint red from in between the closed pages.

Chapter 2

The grating sound of Aaron's alarm fractured him away from a dream he had been having. He immediately felt the cold air of the morning gathering around his face, as the pale blue light of the early morning peeked at him from behind his curtains, teasing him with the responsibilities of the day. Feeling instantly irritated, and grumbling to himself, Aaron reached over and smacked the "snooze" button. He turned back around and closed his eyes again, trying to float back into the same dream he had been having. What had it been? Already it was drifting away from him in his mind, far back into the unreachable recesses of his brain. He had been floating on something...something soft and warm...it had been a good dream, so good that Aaron was already feeling the light despair of having let it go, never to return. For the next five minutes, try as he might, he was not able to will himself back to sleep; every effort he made had the paradoxical effect of waking him up even more.

Finally, Aaron sighed and resigned himself to consciousness. He figured that he had better get going anyway — he was going to be needed on one of the indoor sets early today, so why not get there a little early? He swung himself off his bed, grimacing a little at the cold floor beneath his feet, as he made straight for his little kitchen to brew up some coffee. He felt himself gradually coming to life as he thought about the banal details of his set lightning job, waiting for his coffee to finish as he munched on a granola bar. About half an hour later he was walking onto the morning set with his coffee mug, saying hi to the DP, the gaffer, and the rest of the crew who were already there. Not once did the odd events of the previous night enter his mind.

At least, not until lunch. Kristina was already on one of the park benches near the trailers, chowing down on a burger and fries, when Aaron walked up to her with a chicken sandwich and some fries of his own. The movie production was big enough that the crew's lunches were catered more often than not — Aaron certainly enjoyed the convenience, even if it wasn't always the healthiest kind of food being served.

"They let you guys out earlier today, huh?" asked Aaron, sitting down on the other side of the picnic bench. Usually, he was the one who got to go on break first, since the make-up artists often had to take the time to gingerly dismantle their work.

"Pretty light morning, actually," answered Kristina through a large bite of burger. "Frank wasn't shooting scenes with his big scar today, so I was actually off the hook for most of the morning."

"So no more proposals to move in with him, huh?" joked Aaron, taking a bite out of his sandwich.

"Ha! No more than the usual," chuckled Kristina, smirking with something like pride on her face. "Fending off comments about my big ass all morning, but of course that's not just Frank. What's new, right?"

"Yeah, well..." remarked Aaron dryly, before trailing off and leaning his head to the side with slightly humorous intent.

"Well what?" demanded Kristina. She challenged him with her eyes, smiling through her burger.

"I mean..." persisted Aaron, shrugging his shoulders slowly as he inhaled and shook his head, "They're only human, Kristina. Like, you can only expect these tech nerds to control themselves for so long."

Kristina snorted. "Or the movie stars or the costume standbys or the cutters or the stuntmen or the —"

"Ok, ok, wowwwwww!" interrupted Aaron as he held out his hands, laughing. "Is it really that bad?"

"Psssh, with this ass, puh-leease," Kristina proclaimed, and she took her free hand, reached back, and smacked herself on her right butt cheek. A thick, heavy thud sounded out into the air, and even though Aaron certainly didn't have any romantic designs on his friend, he regretted not being able to see her big ass rippling from the smack under the table. He found himself almost a little surprised at how substantial the smack had sounded. The thought of Kristina's big ass jiggling awoke something at the base of his cock, and he decided not to drop the subject.

"I think you're exaggerating," he teased, deliberately dipping his fries into some ketchup and eating them as he gauged her reaction. "I think you think you've got a bigger butt than you actually do." True to form, Kristina seemed more than willing to take up the challenge.

"Ohhhh is that so?" she retorted, lowering her burger to its wrapper.

"Shit, Kristina put down her burger!" announced Aaron, reddening from laughter, "She sure means business!"

"You're damn right I do!" she exclaimed, unable to keep from smiling broadly herself as she slammed her hands down on the picnic table and stood up and turned around, twerking her ass in Aaron's direction. "How about it, huh? You call that exaggerated!?"

Aaron found his eyes widening as they followed down to Kristina's twin cheeks. She was wearing her customary skin-tight jeans, complete with her tight white t-shirt, which all combined to show off her curvy figure. Aaron knew this...she was curvy...she had been curvy ever since he had known her...there was nothing extraordinary there. And yet he found himself staring harder at her ass than he ever had before; and then he realized that his lips had parted and that his mouth was hanging wide open. There was no question about it — Kristina's ass looked *substantially* bigger than it had the day before. Her butt had already been big...now it was something truly noteworthy, something that would have turned *anyone's* head.

“Hahaha, and now he’s acting all shocked and surprised!” laughed Kristina, gyrating her cheeks playfully up and down and side to side. “Come on, Aaron, I know you’re just flattering me now to get a free show — don’t think I don’t know what’s going on here!”

Aaron knew that she thought she was just playing along with his “act,” but the thing was...it wasn’t an act. He was legitimately dumbfounded. How could Kristina’s butt have gotten so much bigger overnight!? Was it just the jeans she was wearing?! Were they, like...a couple sizes smaller, or something? It just didn’t seem to make sense. But as she laughed and continued bobbing her ass up and down, Aaron couldn’t even manage a little smile or chuckle to signal that he was continuing to play along. He blushed and forced his mouth to close, trying to swallow a little to lubricate his dry throat.

“Heheh...oh-kay, enough of that, then,” Kristina smiled, realizing that Aaron didn’t seem to be offering any continuation of their little game. She turned around and plopped herself back down on the bench. “So anyway, how was the shoot this morning? Did the DP’s assistant...ohh what’s his name...was he hungover like he was last week? Haha, boy, he’s totally one of those people who...you know, when they’re in a mood, they’re *really* in a mood, ya know?”

Aaron was finding it impossible to answer; he wasn’t really listening. His brow was furrowed, and without even really realizing what he was doing, he bent a little sideways, glancing under the picnic table to get another look at Kristina’s huge ass. With her sitting down, it looked even bigger, spreading thickly out on both sides of her, curving powerfully into her large thighs...it wasn’t her whole body that had gotten bigger, no...not really, right? Just her ass...no...it was hard to tell.

“Uhhhh...” Kristina’s voice came, and Aaron blinked, snapping back to reality as he saw that she had also tilted her head down to meet his gaze. Her face retained that same humorous expression, but there was something searching in her eyes now. “Everything alright there, Aaron?”

“Y-yeah...yeah, I just...” he stammered, reddening further still, “I...I d-don’t know.”

“You look a little flushed,” said Kristina, now furrowing her own brow as her smile vanished. She peered carefully at him. “You were looking...uhhh...at something under the table there? Did you see something?”

“I...I’m...not sure,” Aaron answered. He knew he was being awkward, but right now it felt like his brain had just backflipped in on itself. Kristina Hanson’s ass was *gigantic*...just like out of his...his...fantasies.

And suddenly he remembered what he had written in his diary the previous night. The whole rushing fervor of his masturbation session came flashing back across the terrain of his brain,

and he remembered those words he had written as a kind of wry, stupid sex joke: “I want Kristina’s ass to be *bigger*...three pounds bigger.”

It certainly *looked* three pounds bigger. What on earth was going on!? He managed to glance up at Kristina, who was looking at him with something like concern on her face now. He forced himself to crack a grin.

“Y-you’re not...you’re not, uhhh...pulling my leg, are you?” he asked.

“Pulling...what? No, Aaron, what are you talking about?” she replied, narrowing her eyes further as she peered at him.

“You...uhh...your, uhm...” he began, but then gave it up. It would have sounded far too awkward — he had been about to ask her if she had stuffed something in the back of her pants to make it look like her ass was bigger, but all it took was making eye contact with her for him to know that she wasn’t meaning to tease him, and that it really WAS her ass down there, and that HE was the odd one in the exchange now. He managed to shift his eyes away from her splayed-out butt on the bench to the nearby grass...where he blinked a few times, steadying himself.

“Forget it,” he breathed after a few seconds, shaking his head. “I...uhh, I just had some kind of...I don’t know, forget it.”

A few agonizing seconds passed by, during which Aaron was actually worried that Kristina wasn’t going to let it all slide. He could feel her studying him, but he couldn’t bring himself to look back at her. He was already blushing, and he knew that if he looked up at her pretty face, he wouldn’t have been able to keep from flushing an even deeper red, just knowing how enormous her ass was. Internally, he felt ridiculous — he would have hoped that he would have been able to deal with this kind of situation with a lot more aplomb and ease, but apparently not. Desperately seeking a sense of normalcy, he reached for his sandwich and took another bite.

“Awwwww,” came the sexy droll of Kristina’s voice. He looked up and she was smirking at him, with her eyebrows slightly raised in a kind of pitying humor. “Was all that twerking a little much? Maybe a little inappropriate?” She chuckled and shook her head dismissively. “Heheh, I’m sorry Aaron, I was just fucking around — wasn’t trying to make you feel uncomfortable.”

“No! No, it’s...it’s fine!” exclaimed Aaron earnestly, looking at her across the table.

“Really...really, it’s alright. Haha, I just had a little brain freeze there.”

“Well I’ll take it as a compliment, then,” chuckled Kristina, picking her burger back up as well.

“Haha, better be glad I didn’t wear my stripper heels into work today — imagine me doing that bit with me taller! Might’ve given you more than a brain freeze, huh?”

"Maybe!" smiled Aaron, taking another bite of his sandwich. He was just glad that things were settling down a little in his brain. Everything was fine — it was surely just the angle or something he had been looking at her.

"Yeah but I quit wearing those after I ran that little experiment last year, remember me telling you?" Kristina mused, looking off into the distance. "I'd come to work in flats one day, you know, my normal 5'4, and then the next day I'd come in those platforms that made me...what, 5'9? And if I wanted attention all day, fine, the platforms were great, but if I just wanted a chill day, like I usually do, well, the answer was obvious. Anyway, it just confirmed what all girls know by the time they hit puberty anyway — guys notice the tall ones first, even if they pretend not to be attracted to them, hahaha!"

Aaron laughed along with her, nodding his head, but his brain had frozen again. Had Kristina just said...that she was 5'4!? He knew that wasn't right — HE was 5'4...and she had always been a couple inches shorter than him. Aaron swallowed as he looked down at Kristina's hands; one of them was holding her burger and the other one was gesturing. He knew she was talking, but his ears weren't processing the vague sounds. All he could think about was what she had just said...and what he had written in his diary the night before. He hadn't just wished for Kristina's ass to be bigger...he had wished for her to be 5'4, his exact height. His chest tightened up as a chill of excitement ran through him.

"—since Courtney's 5'7, and she's been that tall ever since she was like 14," Kristina was saying, as her words came back into focus in Aaron's ears, "But you know, Cassie is 5'4, same as you and me, so even if she wears heels it doesn't do too much in the way of...hehe, you know...bruising guys' egos...but uhh, anyway...heh, you sure you're alright Aaron?"

He blinked and felt his mouth automatically to utter the immediate response:

"Yeah...yeah, why?"

"Well, it's just that...aheh, it's, uhh...you're just looking at me kinda weird." Kristina's voice and demeanor made it clear that she was trying not to be too confrontational, but that she nonetheless felt like she needed to say something.

"Oh...I, uh...sorry, I don't mean to...ummm, to make you feel uncomfortable or anything," Aaron replied, studying the long loose strands of wood on the park bench, and then the disordered clumps of green grass to Kristina's right. He knew he was quickly losing his ability to pretend that everything was normal, but he was going to need to bring all this up sooner or later. Sensing the tension in her silence, he decided to just go and barrel ahead.

"It's just that...uhh...I wanted to, um..." he felt his face cracking into a smile as he turned his eyes to look at her. She was definitely concerned about him now, and he wanted to make sure that the atmosphere between them remained light and carefree...humorous, even. He wasn't going to accuse her of anything - he was just going to do his best to play it cool.

“So we’re the same height, you and me?” he blurted out, his finger going back and forth between them. Kristina blinked and stared at him without speaking for a couple moments. It looked like she was trying to gauge whether he was making fun of her or not. Her eyebrows creased together as she gave a little chuckle.

“Well yeah,” she said, looking to the side for an instant and then back at him, “I mean...I don’t know exactly who’s taller, but yeah, I’d say we’re about the same height.” She leaned back a little on the bench as she purposefully extended out her torso, making herself look taller as she broke into a little grin. “You’ve always been a bit on the short side, Aaron, no offense.”

Aaron’s heart was really pounding now. There were only two possibilities now — either Kristina was playing some kind of odd prank on him, or...his wish from the previous night had come true. He wasn’t going to wait long to find out.

“W-well...well that might be true,” he remarked, returning her grin, “But I think I’ve got you by at least an inch, Kristina.”

“Oh, at least an inch, you say?” she returned, raising a challenging eyebrow as she stuck her tongue into the side of her cheek. “I think you’re suffering from wishful thinking, Aaron.”

“You think so?” Aaron stood up, stepped sideways away from the bench, and then walked towards her, crossing his arms in front of his chest confidently. “Let’s see it then.”

“Mmmm, this is fun,” declared Kristina, bending down to take another bite of her burger as she stood up. “Challenge accepted...*little guy*.”

As soon as she spoke those last two words, Aaron knew his brain was filing them away to use for later. But he reminded himself to stay focused, and managed not to get too hard just from Kristina’s playful words alone. A second later she had stood up and stepped towards him, making eye contact the whole time. They stood before each other, face to face. Kristina’s smile broadened — their eyes were at the exact same height.

Kristina cleared her throat after letting a couple seconds pass.

“Ughhheeehmm...uhhh...so what was that you were saying?” she teased, tilting her head slightly to the side as she continued to stare at him playfully. “About being at least an inch taller?”

“Uhhh...y-yeah,” stammered Aaron, now blushing mightily in both his face and neck. “I...I think I’m taller, Kristina.”

“Ohoho noooooo,” she intoned, shaking her head back and forth as her body shook from laughter, “No, I don’t think so.” She extended her palm out on top of her head and drew a

straight line, from the top of her head to his. “Yyyyeah, just like I thought,” she said a moment later. “Same height.”

“Aw now, just a second,” Aaron laughed. He copied what she had done, drawing his own line from the top of his head to hers. He felt the side of his hand brush against the top of Kristina’s blonde hair, and he paused, dropping his hand as he looked back into her blue eyes. It certainly *seemed* like they were the same height...but he wasn’t done yet. This was just too crazy; Aaron felt himself snicker as he met the challenging humor in Kristina’s eyes.

“Mmmm, I think I’m a little taller, actually,” he declared, with faux-regret infusing his voice.

“Like hell you are!” Kristina laughed immediately, shoving him playfully as she took a step back and looked around, scanning left and right. “I need a second opinion...someone who isn’t biased, haha...oh look! Perfect! Here comes Courtney!”

Aaron turned and saw that their mutual friend was walking up to them, carrying a bag with her lunch in it. He was used to seeing her around, but right now, because of the peculiar nature of what was going on, he was even more conscious of her height. Courtney was 5’7, three inches taller than him, and her long, curly brown hair framed an attractive face, a kind of crown to the toned, alluring shape of her body. The two of them had always been effortlessly amiable toward each other — from Aaron’s perspective, it was because she was so far out of his league that it wasn’t even worth a shot asking her out. Over the years, their friendship had solidified accordingly.

“Oh boy,” quipped Courtney, putting her bag down on the picnic table, “What did I just walk into?”

“Aaron has apparently gotten it into his head that he’s...*taller* than me,” Kristina announced, with evident pleasure as she turned to look at him. “And I can’t seem to convince him that he’s living in a dreamworld.”

“Oh come on Aaron, really?” laughed Courtney, turning to him and shaking his head. “You’re just playing around, right?”

“Well...no,” replied Aaron, shrugging as he grinned. “I’ve always thought...uhhh...that I was a little...a little taller than her. But apparently...uhh...that was just...*insane* of me to think, huh?”

“No, not insane,” chuckled Courtney, shaking her head. “I’ve just always thought you two were about the same height, though.”

Aaron was making mental notes of everything, hungrily eating up the things he was finding out. So this wasn’t just Kristina playing around with him...and if she *had* grown, then that meant...he couldn’t get it all straight in his head. It was too much to take in all at once. And anyway, things were happening.

"Come on, let's settle this the easy way," exclaimed Kristina excitedly, and Aaron felt her grab his wrists as she turned around with her back to him. "Let's go, Aaron — back-to-back! Tell us who's taller, Courtney."

Aaron's heart was *really* pounding now as he turned around and put his back to Kristina. He hoped that Courtney wouldn't notice that the crotch of his pants had started to bulge slightly. He could explain away his blushing from the embarrassment of the situation, but an erection right now? He didn't fancy having to explain away his fetish at this exact moment. Thankfully, Courtney seemed to be focused on the tops of their heads, and Aaron couldn't help but take a little glance at her...his eyes were even with her heart-shaped chin.

"Let's see...you're both standing on even ground," Courtney mumbled, glancing down for a moment, before turning her eye once again to their heads. "Ummmmm...yyyep! Looks like you're just about the same!"

Aaron couldn't believe it. His wish...it had actually come *true*!? What on earth did this mean?? He needed proof, hard proof. But before he could ask for it, Courtney was talking again.

"And, I mean, if you want me to get technical," she added, "The bun of Kristina's ponytail is actually a little higher than Aaron's head, so...strictly speaking, *she's* taller."

"Ahahaha, how about *that*!?" Kristina laughed. Aaron could feel her mirth shaking through her body, and he willed his cock to calm down.

"Nah, there's no way," he laughed, shaking his head. "You two are in on this together, I know it. Pics or it never happened."

"Whatever you say," Courtney chuckled, and she whipped her phone out and took a couple pictures of the two of them standing back-to-back. A few moments later all three of them were staring at Courtney's phone. The two girls were smiling and laughing, and Aaron was at a loss for words. There could be no doubt — his wish had come true.

"That settle any questions you had?" Courtney giggled, settling down onto the bench and taking her lunch out. Kristina had sat back down too, smirking.

"I...uhh, yeah," Aaron said blankly, smiling sheepishly to hide the utter turmoil raging inside of him. "Yeah, I think...I think it does."

But really, the questions had only just begun. Aaron couldn't wait to get back home to look at that diary. He felt like it would be a good place to start.

Chapter 3

On the way home from work, walking back to his apartment, Aaron found himself slowing down as he approached the tunnel by the railway tracks. The film crew had been let go earlier that day, so it was only early evening; the sun was still in the sky. Aaron had been in a hurry to get back to his apartment so that he could look at his diary, so that he could study the fateful words he had written that had miraculously and mysteriously come true. But as he neared the tunnel, he slowed down, eventually coming to a full stop right by the entrance. He felt almost afraid to go inside, and for more than one reason. To begin with, he felt some kind of primal misgiving, a sort of fear of the unknown, that was pulling at him. The last time he had gone through this tunnel, there had been a series of strange, painted shapes undulating impossibly on the walls, uncannily seeming to dance in lockstep with the distant sounds of that eerie train as it got closer and closer.

But the spooky, magical energy of the previous evening was completely absent now, and Aaron quickly felt a little silly for being afraid. But something else was still holding him back, something more nuanced, but, as he considered it, not less silly.

‘What if I “undo” what happened by going through the tunnel again?’ he asked himself. ‘What if I caught lightning in a bottle, and I’m just...about to let it out now!?’

It certainly was an unwelcome thought, but the longer he stood there contemplating, the more ridiculous he felt. The fact was that the setting felt completely different from the night before. Everything, from the feel of the air to the skew of the setting sun to the sight and smell of the wild grass growing up through the concrete, felt strikingly ordinary.

“Yeah, I’m not gonna keep doing this,” Aaron finally said out loud. “I’m not gonna let all this turn me into a crazy person.”

He inhaled deeply through his nose and walked into the tunnel. He was determined to proceed normally, but along the way, he couldn’t help but glance aside at the walls, to see if those fantastical, undulant shapes were still there. But all that he saw were the ordinary, haphazard scrawlings that had always been there. Aaron blinked, turned his head, and kept moving. He wished that his heart wasn’t beating so fast, and as he emerged out of the tunnel he paused, looking left and right, straining his ears for any slight, distant toot from an approaching train. But there was nothing, and he crossed the tracks quickly in the same way he always had.

‘So that’s it, then,’ he thought, making straight for his apartment. ‘There was something...something *special* about last night, then.’

Aaron found himself wondering if he hadn’t just imagined the whole thing, with the colorful moving shapes, the train and its queer conductor, and even the interactions he had had earlier with Kristina and Courtney. Were the two of them “in” on this somehow!? Were they all playing some kind of twisted game with him? Had they learned about his fetish somehow, and were

now all in cahoots to make a fool out of him? Aaron knew all of this wasn't at all likely, but then again, was the *alternative* really likely? That he could now literally write his fantasies into existence??

By the time he opened his apartment door, he had riled himself up into such a frenzy that he really didn't know what to believe. He threw down his keys and didn't even pause to kick off his shoes — he made a beeline straight for his diary. His heart was really pounding now as he grabbed it, sat down on his bed, and opened it to where he had marked the previous night's entry. He felt the borders of his eyes stretching as his lids opened wide. The words he had written last night were thick and black, like they had been burned into the page. Aaron detected a slight burning odor wafting up to his nostrils from the page. He blinked again and looked even closer. It was incredible — it was like someone had taken a glowing-hot pen and deftly traced each letter he had written, searing it into the paper. Aaron turned a few pages back; his writing there looked exactly the same. He picked up the pen he had written with and examined it...nothing looked out of the ordinary, either with the pen or with the pages themselves. It was just those words he had written, burned black, staring back at him with a still and quiet power:

"I want Kristina's ass to be *bigger*...three pounds bigger."

And then, a little farther down:

"And I want her to be taller...god, imagine how hot it would be even if she just got 2 inches taller all of a sudden. Tomorrow, Kristina will be 5'4...my exact height."

Right then, Aaron noticed that the earlier words he had written that same night, about his walk home with Kristina, and how pretty she was, weren't burned like the others. It didn't take him long to realize the key difference: the only words that had been seared into the page were the ones that directly talked about his desires.

'So it IS real,' he thought, looking up from the diary and staring straight forward into his bare wall. 'I CAN wish these things into reality...or, at least, I *could*...last night...'

The question now was obvious, and at the forefront of his mind: could he do it again? Would that strange power, which seemed to have been bestowed on him last night in that tunnel, or maybe by that uncanny passing train, work again tonight? There was only one way to find out.

Aaron picked his pen up and hovered it over the next blank page, his hand shaking slightly as the blood pounded in his ears.

'Wait, wait,' he thought, shaking his head to himself. He put his pen down, got up, and poured himself a glass of water. He made a point to drink it down slowly, as he went over to his window and stood there to look at the lights of the city beginning to emerge in the dusk.

If he had been given this power...and *if* he still had it...he wasn't going to run wild with it. He wasn't going to let it consume him. The prospect of his fantasies coming true — something he had long thought was impossible — was not going to take control of his life. But even as he stood there, staring out at the city, giving himself a pep talk, Aaron could feel the disingenuousness of what he was saying to himself. If this was all real, of *COURSE* it was going to change everything! It went without saying that if he could somehow grow people...grow women...grow his friends, then...who knows what else he could do!?

'If I wished for anything...like...like money, or...I don't know...hell, *world peace*, for all I know...would that happen too!?'

He went back to his bed and sat on it, putting his diary in his lap as he hovered the pen over the pages again. This new power, if he really had it, was almost totally foreign to him. He didn't know what it was, or how it worked, or how much of it he had. The minutes passed by without him writing anything, and still Aaron sat there, his pen poised, not knowing how to venture into this surreal new territory.

"Let's just...let's just make sure...that it works," Aaron said suddenly out loud. His spoken words seemed to crystallize everything in his brain, and he nodded to himself. "Yeah, yeah, that's the best way to go. Short and simple...just to see...something like I did before, with the, uh...the growth."

He thought about his friend Cassie. She was working on another part of the movie production, and so Aaron hadn't seen her in a couple weeks. Her almond-shaped green eyes, and her curvy, big-breasted, plump-assed body rose up in his mind. Like Kristina and Courtney, Cassie was gorgeous, and also like the two of them, Aaron had never seriously considered dating her — in his mind, he would find some way to mess it all up, and their friendship would be ruined. He had a good thing going with Cassie, and would have been devastated if he alienated her because of his attraction. But Aaron was thinking about another aspect of Cassie's appearance now: her height. Like him (and now, apparently, Kristina), she was 5'4. Or, at least, she was *now*.

Aaron put down his pen, picked up his phone, and sent Cassie a quick text.

"Hey! Hope you had a good week! Long time no see, wanna chill tomorrow after the set closes down?"

He felt slightly dirty, sending Cassie a text with hidden ulterior motives, but he worked to reassure himself.

'Hey, I *DO* actually wanna see her,' he said internally. 'I just want to see...about some other things too.'

His phone buzzed less than a minute later. Cassie had replied:

"Yeah sure! Meet by the picnic benches at like 6? Crazy week in the costume department, lol. Ready for the weekend!"

"You're telling me," Aaron texted back. "Ok cool — see you at 6 tomorrow."

He picked up his pen again, and didn't hesitate this time.

"I want Cassie to grow two inches taller," he wrote carefully. "I want her to be 5'6."

Was that it? Aaron thought about closing his diary and calling it a night, but he had quite literally aroused himself in the act of writing, and he didn't want to stop there. He went down a line and wrote some more:

"I want Courtney to grow two inches taller, to 5'9. I want her to be curvier, too, with wider hips."

He paused, thinking that he better be specific.

"I want Courtney to gain 15 pounds, and for her hips to get wider by"

And here Aaron paused again. He didn't want there to be any doubt; the whole point of doing all this now was to convince himself that he wasn't hallucinating, and that this power was real. A small voice in his head wondered why having both her AND Cassie grow by two inches wasn't enough proof, but he barreled on ahead, his hardening cock rising up into the back of his diary as he finished his sentence:

"8 inches."

Aaron sat there, staring at what he had written for several long moments. Part of him had been expecting the letters to burn themselves into the page before his eyes, but he remembered that this hadn't happened the night before. He thought about keeping the diary open to see if anything happened, but he quickly decided against this. He shut the diary closed with a thud and put it carefully on his nightstand. The temptation to keep looking at it was strong, but Aaron was already getting a little tired of his neurosis around the diary itself.

'Just see if it works tomorrow,' he thought, going into the bathroom to get ready for bed. 'If it does, then we'll...we'll just...cross that bridge when we come to it.'

It didn't take long for him to cum tonight — all he had to do was think about how Kristina and Courtney had laughed at him, how they had compared their height to his, and how Kristina actually was *taller* than him with her ponytail. And Kristina's ass...oh my GOD...just the way it bounced and jiggled crazily every time she *moved*, even just a little bit!? Aaron had never been too skinny, but at this point he wondered whether Kristina weighed as much as him...or

more...with that ass of hers. In no time, he was groaning out into the gathering dark, cumming all over his chest.

Just a little while later he had settled himself down in his bed, trying to put thoughts of the diary, and of Cassie and Courtney's potential growth, out of his mind.

'8 inches,' he thought. 'That's...a big change...'

The emotional and sexual turbulence of the day finally overcame him, and he passed out into a deep sleep, ensuring that, once again, he was unaware of the sudden red glow in between the pages of his diary.

The next thing Aaron knew, he was in the process of sitting up in his bed, blinking in the early morning sunlight that was streaming in through his bedroom window. He usually pulled his curtains closed at night, but he had been so preoccupied that he had forgotten. Rubbing his eyes, he swallowed the nighttime scratchiness down his throat as he sat there in his bed, pondering in a stupor. Then it all came back to him, and he shot his gaze down to his diary, sitting there on top of those books. Aaron didn't know if he should be doing this or not, but the curiosity was far too strong now. He could already feel his breath coming in excited bursts as he bent down, picked his diary off the stack, and opened it to the page he had marked the night before.

His heart leapt, and Aaron found himself inhaling sharply through his nose as he balled his hands up into fists, pumping ecstatically.

"YES!!" he cried, thrusting his face up at the ceiling. "YESSSS!!!"

The words he had written the night before were burned black into the page, just like his other words had been. With trembling hands, Aaron went to the window and held up the diary to the new light, just to make sure that he wasn't seeing things. There could be no doubt: during the night, something had happened to change the letters, to burn them into the page. Once again, the same slightly burnt odor tickled his nostrils. Aaron flipped back a page, comparing the burnt letters of the previous entry with those he had written last night. They looked the same — it was like someone had taken a burning pen and traced the exact words, expressing his desires:

"I want Cassie to grow two inches taller. I want her to be 5'6.

I want Courtney to grow two inches taller, to 5'9. I want her to be curvier, too, with wider hips. I want Courtney to gain 15 pounds, and for her hips to get wider by 8 inches."

Aaron nearly tripped over himself getting ready for work. 6pm couldn't come soon enough. He still couldn't quite believe that this was all real, that this was actually happening, but the evidence of the singed words in his diary was immensely compelling: he was beginning to believe.

Right before he left, though, Aaron remembered that he hadn't arranged any kind of meet-up with Courtney. He was looking forward to seeing if Cassie had grown, of course, but more than anything else, he was desperate to see if Courtney had gained that weight, and if her hips had widened, in addition to getting taller. He whipped out his phone, and within a couple minutes, as he walked with animated energy towards the film set, Courtney had confirmed that she too would meet him by the picnic benches around 6. It had been easy to arrange, since they were already all friends with each other.

"It'll be nice to see Cass, haven't seen her in a minute," Courtney had said. Aaron was already getting hard, imagining a taller, heavier Courtney typing those words to him.

"Yeah, it'll be fun!" he had responded. Little did she know how fun it would be. Aaron crossed the train tracks with barely-pent-up euphoria. He had the strange urge to bend down, pick up one of the ballast rocks by the tracks, and kiss it. Somehow, this spot by the tracks, that one time he had happened by, had been some kind of a portal...it had been infused with some kind of occult energy that he, Aaron, had been lucky enough to walk into. Or, at least, that was one potential explanation. But Aaron knew he was already getting ahead of himself.

'Eeeeeeasy, eeeeeeasy,' he told himself, taking a deep breath. 'Just...concentrate on your work today. You can't even be sure that this is even happening. One step at a time.'

Never in his life had a work day passed by so slowly. Aaron had at least hoped to see Kristina during lunch, but she was busy and couldn't meet him like she usually did. Her pledge to meet him after work did little to calm Aaron's increasing nerves — he had wanted to see if she was still the same height as him, and to see if her ass was still as big as it had been yesterday. His inability to see only fueled his growing doubts during the day that this would all somehow be exposed as a big joke. But finally, it was 5:45, and, with his heart beating away like a drum in his chest, Aaron sought out the picnic benches and sat down, waiting to see who would show up first.

Ten minutes later, Aaron saw Kristina bounding up to meet him. His insides did a little backflip as he saw that her ass looked every bit as huge as it had the previous day. The fact that she was wearing tight cut-off jeans shorts only magnified the astonishing fleshiness of her twin cheeks.

'Oh my god,' Aaron thought, 'She's wearing those platform boots today.' Kristina sometimes wore her boots on set, and they made her two inches taller. Before, they had made her the same height as him, but now...

Aaron jumped up to meet her, making it a point to stand next to her, to compare their heights. Kristina seemed to play right along as she smirked, looking slightly down at him. There couldn't be any doubt that, in her boots, she was taller than him now.

“See this?” Kristina joked, settling her palm on the top of his head and drawing an imaginary straight into the middle of her forehead. “Since we’re the *same height*, Aaron, when I wear my *two-inch* boots, what does that make me, hmmm?”

“Ummm...two...inches taller than me?” offered Aaron. He was staring into the top of her upper lip, which curved out widely in a bright smile.

“That’s riiiiight!” she cheered, suddenly ensnaring his neck in a playful headlock as she gave him a noogie on the top of his head. “Hahaha, oh my god, even when I got home last night, I still couldn’t stop laughing about yesterday. The look on your face! It was like you *actually thought* you were taller than me!”

“Heheh, y-yeah, well...uh,” chuckled Aaron, feeling the heat and weight of Kristina’s body against his. Her breasts were squishing up against the bottom of his shoulders as she pretended to manhandle him. It occurred to Aaron that, despite the fact that Kristina was still definitely curvy (especially in her ass), the rest of her body actually looked a bit leaner than it had before. He remembered that he had only wished for her ass to be bigger, and for her to be two inches taller — he hadn’t wished for any more weight gain. Had her increased height...“evened out” the rest of her body a little? He couldn’t be sure. And in any case, he could compare the results when he saw Cassie and Courtney. He had only wished for Cassie to be taller, but he had wished for Courtney to be taller AND heavier.

“Yeah, I guess...ha, I guess I was just a little delusional,” Aaron finished, sitting down on the picnic bench. He was glad that Kristina sat next to him, on the same side; the look of her big ass spreading completely over the wooden planks was so erotic that he had to force himself not to stare. Even so, he saw that her ass was hanging off *both sides* of the bench. Looking down, he saw that his own butt didn’t even span the extent of the plank he was sitting on...on either side.

“Damn...speaking of delusional,” muttered Kristina, suddenly glancing down at her butt, “I don’t know *why* I thought I could still wear these shorts...like, Jesus, are you seeing this, Aaron!?”

He looked down and saw the beginnings of an obvious tear, splitting down the side of her shorts, which snaked up to where her right butt cheek was noticeably straining the fabric.

“Like, oh my god, I’ve had to be super careful all day,” Kristina continued, shaking her head and chuckling to herself.

“Careful...? Uh, why?” asked Aaron blankly.

“Why?” Kristina burst out, her eyebrows raised in wry humor. “Because of THIS!”

At the word “THIS,” she flexed both of her ass cheeks, and her jean shorts tore audibly on both sides, exposing the creamy fleshiness of her upper thighs as the curved underside of her ass

sprang into view. Aaron's cock seemed to twang up in unison; he was looking down the filled confines of Kristina's tight black panties.

"Hahaha, I mean, like, it's end of the day, and it's been so tight all day in these shorts," Kristina was laughing, "So, like...you know, fuck it!"

"Haha, uh, yeah...yeah, that must have been...annoying all day long," Aaron managed to say.

"Pssh, you're not kidding," answered Kristina, waving her hand. "They seemed extra tight this morning when I put them on. Heh, guess I deserve it, right? Thinking I can fit into these tiny little things...oh look, there's Cassie! Hey Cass!"

Aaron did his best to collect himself as he turned around, and there Cassie was, waving as she walked towards them over the patchy grass. Aaron's first thought, that Cassie looked a little slimmer, was immediately eclipsed by something much more pressing: she looked taller. Immediately, he stood up and stepped towards her.

"Oh hey!" giggled Cassie, in her characteristically cute and playful tone, "Happy to see me, huh? Well come on, bring it in, haha — haven't seen you in over a week!"

"Y-yeah...nice to...see you," Aaron forced out, and the next thing he knew he was hugging his friend, feeling her breasts bunching up along his shoulders. Maybe he was just wishing too hard for it to be true, but when he pulled away and looked at her, the truth became clear: Cassie was clearly taller than him. And, with the platform sneakers she was wearing, it wasn't even close. Aaron was staring straight forward into her collarbone.

"Y-you're...you're taller," he blurted out, not being able to help himself.

"Huh?" chuckled Cassie, inclining her head, not seeming to understand at first. But then it dawned on her and she laughed, kicking one of her feet up backward in an elegant one-footed parody of a pose. "Oh! Haha, yeah...decided to wear these babies today...they give me a two-inch boost, so I'm 5'8 today!"

"So you're...you're 5'6?" asked Aaron, his face reddening. "In your bare feet?"

"Well yeah," answered Cassie, putting her foot down. "Thereabouts. Ever since I was like 15, haha."

"Holy shit, he's doing it to you too!" exclaimed Kristina, coming up back behind Aaron and playfully putting her arms around him, locking her hands together right around his navel.

"Doing what?" asked Cassie, puzzled.

"Getting all fixated on your height all of a sudden!" Kristina answered. Aaron could feel the vibrations of her laughter through her breasts, squeezing against his upper back. "Yesterday he was *convinced* that he was taller than me, and it took Courtney showing up and measuring us to conclude that, in fact, *I* was the one who was taller...if you count my ponytail, that is."

"Aww, were you feeling a little self-conscious about your height?" asked Cassie kindly, her eyebrows upturning slightly in pity as she pouted down at him. "Well, I've always thought it was kind of adorable that you were a couple inches shorter than me, for what it's worth."

She reached out her hand and ruffled Aaron's hair lovingly, causing him to blush even further. His cock was really getting hard now, and he hoped that neither of them would notice.

"So, long week, huh?" asked Kristina, sliding her arms off Aaron and sitting back down. "Heheh, look at what I just did to my shorts! Totally shredded!"

"Well that's what you deserve," laughed Cassie, sitting down at the picnic table, "Trying to fit that fat ass of yours into those itty bitty things. And you know, now that you mention it, I don't know why I put on these jeans today. You seeing this? They're riding up on my ankles! I totally thought they fit me, but I guess I'm losing my mind."

"You and me both," agreed Kristina. "Like, my tops actually are a little looser on me, though."

"Is it weird that I noticed the same thing this morning?" laughed Cassie. "So strange!"

They both turned to Aaron, smiling.

"So how about you?" Kristina joked. "Your clothes fitting alright, Aaron?"

"Uhh...yeah, haha, fine," he replied, shrugging.

"Well isn't that just lovely," Cassie said warmly, squinting her eyes playfully at him before turning back to Kristina. "God, look at those shorts. They're hopeless now, but you should have given them to Aaron to wear instead of destroying them, haha!"

"Aaron!?" burst out Kristina. "Wearing *these* shorts? Heheh, Aaron, no offense, but even though I just tore these, I don't think they would've even fit you anyways. They were waaaay too small for me, but I think they were still too big for you!"

"H-hey, now...wait a minute," said Aaron, trying to pull off indignation as his heart pumped all his blood straight down into his cock, "I'm...I'm not *that* small, ok?"

"Aww, 5'4? 140 pounds?" ventured Cassie lovingly, taking her hand and squeezing his thigh. "Noooo...no, not that small at all, haha."

Aaron knew she was teasing him, and he would have liked to have been able to reply with something snappy...but the fact was he was just too overcome right now with arousal to say anything at all. This was all real. Neither of them had any idea. In their minds, everything had always been this way. Nothing untoward had happened. But Aaron knew. He knew now, without any doubt, that this incredible new power that he had acquired was REAL.

"What are you all giggling about?" came a new voice from across the grass. Aaron felt himself tense up. At this point, he was almost afraid to look up.

"Oh just the usual," remarked Kristina dryly. "Marveling at how *big* and *stronnnng* Aaron is."

"Mmmmm, yeeeeeah," purred Cassie, gently teasing him as her hands reached over and squeezed his biceps. "Feeling up his *giiiii*ant guns, haha...it's a regular love-fest over here, Courtney. Come join us!"

Aaron made himself look up, and what breath he had left caught in his chest. Courtney was standing there in a tight white t-shirt and long black yoga pants, which spanned all the way down her long, elegant legs, ending right around the top of her shapely calves. He could *immediately* tell that she was curvier, and that her legs were longer. From his perspective, Courtney had always had long legs, but not like *this*. She looked like some kind of graceful, sumptuous model, standing there with her hips cocked to the side. Her thighs and calves looked noticeably bigger and stronger, and her hips...oh my god, her hips!! They were so wide and luscious that Aaron wondered how even her extra-stretchy yoga pants were containing them. Her figure had always had a pleasing hourglass shape to it, but now the effect was markedly exaggerated, to incredible proportions. Everywhere, she just looked fleshier, firmer, and curvier. Aaron also saw that she was wearing her brown sandals, which he knew gave her an inch or two boost.

"Well?" quipped Courtney, spreading her arms as she shook her head back and forth, her long brown curls jostling playfully around her pretty face. "I saw you hugging Cassie from a distance. Aren't you gonna give me one too?"

"Uh, ehahaha, sure," smiled Aaron. He stood up and was not able to avoid showing his shock. He was looking straight into Courtney's shoulders. The top of his head didn't even come up to her eyes, only reaching the bottom of her nose. Her breasts were aimed straight forward into his neck. Swallowing in disbelief, he looked up at her, meeting her sprightly gaze before embracing her. He felt the vibrations of her joining the other girls in laughter as she pretended to smother him with her breasts.

"Alright, alright, enough of that," Courtney giggled. Aaron felt her long fingers fastening around his upper arms and gently guiding him away from her. She was so much bigger than him that even this simple motion conveyed her strength — in her sandals, she was a full 7 inches taller, and she probably outweighed him by a good 20 pounds now as well.

"Gotta sit down and take it easy," Courtney sighed, plopping herself down on the bench. "I don't know what's going on, but nothing seemed to fit me this morning."

"We were just talking about that!" exclaimed Kristina, nodding and looking at Cassie. "Us too!"

"Really?" asked Courtney. "So weird! I mean, even these yoga pants here, which I wore when nothing else would fit...they're so tight on me!" She stuck her finger in the waistband and pulled on the fabric, letting it fall back in place with a sudden snap. Aaron saw her voluptuous hips jiggle in response.

"Weighed myself this morning and everything," continued Courtney, shaking her head. "Just a little over 160...same as always."

"Bet I'm close to that," joked Kristina, smacking her big ass.

"Huh, yeah...me too," added Aaron as casually as he could, sitting down on the bench.

"You?" asked Courtney, grinning. She sidled up to him on the bench, so that their thighs were right next to each other. Giggling, Cassie did the same, and Aaron found himself sandwiched in between two pairs of legs that were *clearly* bigger than his. Cassie's thighs looked big compared to his, but Courtney's positively dwarfed them, rising up a good few inches above, even as they extended out farther by an obvious few inches.

"There he goes again," laughed Kristina, admiring the comparison. "Trying to fit in with the big girls." She suddenly looked up at the sky.

"Hey, so it's already getting dark," she remarked. "Why don't we all go back to your place, Aaron? I'd hate to get caught by some night stalker with these torn pants, haha!"

"That....sounds good," he nodded. How on earth he was going to handle having all three of them in his apartment without them discovering how aroused he was, well...Aaron had no idea. But he knew that, above all else, none of them could be permitted to look inside that diary. He had only just achieved this power, and he didn't want any of them discovering it.

Chapter 4

Aaron wasn't quite sure why, but he decided to take an alternate route back to his apartment. Somehow, the idea of leading Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney through the pedestrian tunnel and across the same stretch of railway tracks didn't feel right. He knew that he was already being superstitious about his newfound power, but he still had no idea how he had come by it, how it worked, how long it would last, or...any other host of unknowns. He had no doubt, though, that the power had been bestowed on him two nights previously, starting with the strange, phantasmagoric graffitied runes on the wall of the tunnel, and ending with that ghostly train and its eerie conductor. The last thing Aaron wanted right now was to go through that tunnel again, and to once more encounter that train and conductor, with the girls with him. He had no idea why, but he felt that such an occurrence would cause him to lose the power he so desperately rejoiced on now. So he decided to take a roundabout way.

"Hey! Why are we looping all the way around here?" Kristina laughed, as Aaron led them way around across another part of the tracks. "Isn't your apartment like right over there?"

"I...um, well yeah, it is," Aaron admitted, trying to think fast without fixating on the fact that, next to the 5'6 Cassie, and the 5'9 Courtney, and the 5'4 Kristina — their heights all augmented by the 2-inch heels, pumps, and sandals they were wearing — he was the shortest out of all of them. "I just...had a weird experience in the tunnel the other night and...you know, just kinda wanted to avoid it."

"Oh you did?" asked Cassie with interest. "Was some weird guy in there?"

"Um...yeah," Aaron replied, not entirely untruthfully. "Yeah, it was just...a little odd, is all."

"Hmmm, yeah, it's better not to travel alone at night, anyway," said Courtney, nodding her head so that her brown curls bunched up around her face. "Especially when Kristina's gone and flexed her fat ass out of her pants."

"Haha yeah...re-thinking your choices, Kristina?" teased Cassie.

"Fuck it, whatever," shrugged Kristina. "It was the end of the day, and these shorts had been bugging me ever since I put them on this morning. Sometimes you just get inspired. Haha, you should've seen the look on Aaron's face when I flexed my butt, too! I don't think he was expecting my ass to...haha, to do what it did!"

"It was certainly very impressive, Kristina," Aaron chuckled. "I know your parents must be proud."

"Heh! Proud and jealous!" returned Kristina. "My mom's got a pretty flat butt, so she resorts to teasing me that I was adopted!"

“Harsh!” laughed Cassie.

“Yeah, my mom always teased me too,” added Courtney, “When I got taller than her...haha, but then when I got as tall as my dad...well, that kinda shut her up!”

“So your dad’s...uh...5’9 too?” asked Aaron, as they walked down the sidewalk towards his apartment building in the gathering darkness of the evening. His mind pricked up, fascinated to hear her answer.

“Well yeah,” nodded Courtney as she walked next to him, her thick hips swaying and bouncing to and fro at the same height as the middle of Aaron’s stomach, “We’re the same height.”

Aaron was typing in the code to his apartment building now, but really, he was thinking about Courtney’s answer. So based on his primitive understanding of the “rules” of his new power, if he...*grew* Courtney after tonight, she would say that she was taller than her dad, and that she had been for some time...right? He smiled to himself, opening the door, as he felt an intense warmth surge through his body.

‘I guess I’ll just have to make her taller, then, won’t I?’ he thought blissfully. This was all turning into something like a dream — he had been sexually frustrated his entire life, unable to tell anyone about his secret size fetish, and now here he was, with the power to make his friends taller and curvier! What could he do with...other women!? How far did this power extend?? There was so much more to learn...so much to experiment with and look forward to!

“What’s so funny?” asked Kristina searchingly, as they followed him up to his apartment.

“Huh? Oh, I just...nothing,” Aaron answered, shrugging. He reminded himself not to let his guard down. No one except him had any idea what was going on, and he desperately wanted it to stay that way. He had to make sure the words in his diary remained a secret. But he pointed out to himself that none of the girls were disrespectful enough to go rummaging through his things.

‘Well...Kristina, maybe,’ he thought. ‘She’s definitely a bit more free spirited...edgy...Cassie probably not, though...and definitely not Courtney.’

“Well I hope you’ve got some shorts in your dresser that’ll fit me,” chuckled Kristina. “Because otherwise I’m gonna be booty-out on your sofa.”

Finding a pair of shorts for Kristina proved to be one of the main entertainments of the evening. All three of the girls had been to Aaron’s apartment a number of times before, but for obvious reasons, this time felt different for Aaron. He couldn’t really ever relax, even though he knew he had to keep up his carefree, casual facade. The new power of his diary had turned his apartment into a kind of cloister, and the girls’ presence felt like something of a violation. But

Aaron reminded himself that the fruits of his power were right there in front of him, so why not just enjoy it!?

It was hard not to feel nervous, though, when Kristina marched straight into his bedroom, her huge ass bungling after her, and started opening the drawers of his dresser.

“H-hey! Hey wait!” called Aaron, running after her, even as his cock stirred watching her enormous ass cheeks jiggle up and down. In the confinement of his apartment, all three of the girls looked even bigger. “Wait, let me...uh...let me pull out a few pairs for you, Kristina, huh? And...and you all wait on the sofa and I’ll...heheh, we’ll turn it into a kind of...show!”

“Oooo, I like this idea!” laughed Cassie, clapping her hands. “It’ll be like our own little version of What Not To Wear...Big Butt Edition!”

“Perfect!” exclaimed Courtney, turning around and walking out of Aaron’s bedroom. She had seemed to recognize the look of discomfort on Aaron’s face as they all walked into his bedroom, and appeared eager to retreat into a less private space. “Come on Kristina, quit rifling through his clothes!”

“Psssh, you saying I’ve gotta trust what Mr. Cargo Shorts has in store for me?” teased Kristina, shaking her head, even as she winked over at Aaron. “Ok fine. Just keep in mind, Aaron...” And here, Kristina turned around and gave her ass a hearty shake. The warm flesh of her huge ass cheeks quivered and bounced crazily, making Aaron’s eyes pop. “Just because your shorts are *long* enough doesn’t mean they’re *wide* enough.”

“Come *on*, Kristina,” chuckled Courtney, reaching out and pulling her away, “Let’s get out of his bedroom.”

“Yeah, charging in like you own the place,” teased Cassie, shaking her head at Aaron playfully.

“Ok well let’s see what he can pull out of his drawer, so to speak,” said Kristina challengingly. “Forgive me if I — and this is no offense, Aaron — am...*dubious* about his fashion choices.”

“Yeah, and how about the fashion choice to rip your own shorts by flexing your fat ass?” countered Courtney. “Come on, out...out...”

Aaron laughed, even as he was breathing a sigh of relief. Thankfully, all three of them weren’t as “Type A” or intrusive as Kristina, but he reminded himself that even if they had been, there really wasn’t much reason to worry. Glancing over at his nightstand, his diary looked nondescript enough. Even still, he didn’t hesitate in transferring it to the bottom of the pile of books on the shelf.

A few minutes later he reappeared in his living room, making an exaggerated show of parading a number of his old pairs of shorts for the girls, like it was a fashion show. All of them laughed

and clapped, obviously enjoying the sarcastic performance. In the end, Kristina ended up trying on four different pairs of shorts, and much to Aaron's amazement (and arousal), only the fourth pair fit her.

"See?!" laughed Kristina after unsuccessfully trying to pull up Aaron's second pair of shorts up around her jutting backside, "I told you cargo shorts wouldn't work! Baggy at the bottom, but not wide enough at the top!"

"I...I thought they'd fit!" Aaron stammered, smiling despite the growing heat in his face. "I need a...a belt to hold those up!"

"Well we're not talking about you, are we?" retorted Kristina. "Look at my ass...and my hips!"

"Yeah, you gotta admit she's right, Aaron," chuckled Cassie.

"I bet she's like...one-and-a-half times what you are," Courtney agreed softly, almost to herself, before looking up quickly at Aaron. "I—I mean, heheh, not to attack you or anything, Aaron. You're just...small for a man and Kristina's...a little big back there, even for a girl."

The fourth pair of shorts finally fit Kristina, but only because they were baggy basketball shorts, with an elastic waistband. The other girls broke out in a whoop of laughter as Kristina rotated herself around in them, her arms outstretched like she was at a fashion show. Aaron stood back, his arms folded, as he smiled. But inwardly, he was already starting to look forward to being alone in his apartment. All three of them were just too hot, carrying on, laughing, talking, moving their bodies, all without a care in the world. None of them knew how exciting all of this was for him. And even though the shorts fit Kristina, Aaron wasn't able to avoid noticing that the stretchable fabric was pulled tight around her hips and ass. When he wore those shorts, it was impossible to make out the contours of his own figure, but when Kristina wore them, her butt and hips remained exquisitely outlined.

"Wow, they actually fit!" laughed Kristina, turning around and around as Cassie and Courtney cheered. "You lucked out, Aaron...haha, finding a pair of shorts that could fit someone who was like 6'2 and weighed...I don't know...a lot more than I do! Except it's still a little tight on my ass back here..."

Aaron didn't know how he made it through two more hours of the girls laughing and cutting up. They ended up playing some video games, which Aaron had suggested as a welcome distraction from ogling their bodies. He had tried to keep his staring under wraps, but he could tell that Courtney was beginning to notice something in the way he was looking at her. But how could he not!? In those black yoga pants, her thick, luscious hips looked absolutely stunning, to the point where Aaron found himself actively trying to space out the time he was staring at her, so that it wouldn't be too obvious. Even so, by the time they all stood up to go, Courtney seemed almost embarrassed. Cassie had also started to notice that something strange was going on; only Kristina seemed to remain blissfully unaware.

"Well thanks for hosting, Aaron," said Courtney kindly, looking down at him, seeming to search his face even as she spoke normally. "We should all get together like this again soon."

"I agree," nodded Cassie, who had also stood up. "We're all so busy on set that we forget to just decompress and hang out once in a while."

"Ok so it's settled," Kristina joked. "Aaron's place in...when's the weekend...three days?"

"Haha, sure!" laughed Aaron, spreading his arms. "I don't mind hosting again."

"Heh, well thanks, for um...for getting us all together here," said Courtney after a bit of an awkward pause, before looking back and forth at Kristina and Cassie and then at her phone. "Alright guys, uhh...the Uber's just pulling up now."

"See ya Aaron!" smiled Cassie, waving.

"Thanks for the shorts, Mr. Basketball player," teased Kristina, giving a healthy shake of her huge butt before waving goodbye as well. Aaron smiled and watched them go, Courtney with her long legs and 5'9 voluptuous, wide-hipped figure, Cassie with her 5'6 and slightly-slimmed frame, and Kristina with her massive ass...all of them taller than him, all of them bigger than him. The door had hardly shut before Aaron had yanked his pants off, thrown himself out on the sofa, and jerked himself off, cumming violently across his chest as he groaned out in glorious bliss, his head thrown up at the ceiling.

"Oh my *god!*" he breathed, his chest heaving and shaking with the intensity of his orgasm. "Holy...*shittttt...*"

It was real. What he had cum to wasn't just a fantasy anymore. His hot friends (*all* of them, not just Courtney) were taller than him and bigger than him...Courtney by a good amount too! And Kristina's ass...good lord...Aaron hadn't needed much time for his brain to concoct a searing-hot fantasy that consisted of Courtney standing in front of him, undulating those thick, luscious hips of hers in a sexy strip tease, as Kristina bounced her fat ass into his lap, over and over, while Cassie deepthroated his cock, taking breaks every once in a while to talk dirty to him, her pretty eyes flashing up at him from between his legs, and underneath Kristina's huge, bouncing bulk.

'We're *all* bigger than you, Aaron,' she had been saying, winking lasciviously at him, 'We're all taller, and we're all bigger, and I don't think we're done growing yet, are we girls?'

'Ohhhh no, I don't think so!' Kristina had laughed, turning around and flashing her ravenous blue eyes at him.

For a long moment, Aaron slipped back into his old mental habits and felt wistful and sorry for himself.

But then he snapped out of it. His wishes about their bodies came true...why not about their brains as well!? Ultimately they were all made of the same stuff — it didn't make sense why he would be able to manipulate one and not the other, right!?

A few quick seconds later and Aaron had his diary out, his shaking pen hovering above the next blank page.

"Hold on," he said to himself out loud, putting the pen down. "Hold on, hold on...don't be stupid...gotta think..."

He felt guilty about what he was considering. He treasured his friendship with these three girls! Was he seriously about to change their brains?! Just so he could...get off to it?? The idea sounded greasy when he thought about it...unethical...morally questionable. He would be changing their fundamental natures, just to satisfy his own sexual appetites. But the other side of his brain started speaking up, drowning out the "righteous side":

'So what if you change a thing or two in their heads?' the voice told him. 'They'll still be who they are...they'll just be into you! It's not like you're changing who they are...you're just allowing them to...see in you what you see in them. Is that really so bad?'

The longer he thought about it, the less Aaron cared about the ethical implications of what he was about to do: a fiery lust had seized him. The decades of slowly-smoking coals had finally roared into a great bonfire. This was his opportunity — he was not going to pass it up.

Half an hour later Aaron was all tucked away in his bed, his eyes shut, when he sensed a change in color and light in his dark bedroom. Without moving, he opened his eyes and his heart stopped. A red glow was emanating out from between the pages of his diary, bathing his bedroom in a dark, purply-red. It was working. His wishes were being taken...or considered...or...well, whatever was happening, it was certainly supernatural. Aaron was impossibly excited for a few seconds, but then a strange, warming calmness descended upon him. He smiled and closed his eyes again, thinking about what he had written:

'Courtney will be 6'6, 200 pounds of curvy amazon. Cassie will be 6'2, 170 pounds, with big, bouncy E-cup breasts. Kristina will be 6'0, 175 pounds, with a 60-inch fat ass. Courtney, Cassie, and Kristina will all three think I'm hot and start flirting a lot with me.'

It had taken a tremendous amount of self-control for Aaron not to wish for more, but he had made sure to hold himself to reasonable limits. Having all three girls lusting after his cock from the get-go seemed like overkill — also, he had reminded himself that he still didn't know if the "brain" stuff would work...or really, if his physiological wishes would work again either. But the red glow from between the pages told him that *something* had definitely happened.

The next day Aaron didn't even bother trying to send them any texts. He was too excited and too nervous to do much of anything at all, and only just managed to do the bare minimum at his job in the morning. As the hours passed by, he began to get worried. Maybe it hadn't worked. Maybe the red glow he had seen the night before was a sign that the power had...had run out, or something.

Finally, after hours of self-torment, around 11am, he caved and texted Kristina:

'Lunch at the bench at 12?'

His heart jumped when his pocket buzzed a moment later. He took out his phone and read the message:

'Hey this is Cassie...just stole Kristina's phone...so you wanna eat lunch with her and not me!?'

Aaron's eyes grew wide and he exhaled a sharp breath. So...it had worked!?

'Sorry Cassie! You come too of course, haha!' was all he managed to text, with trembling fingers. His phone buzzed again another few seconds later.

'So Aaron, party of three, leaving Courtney out, huh?' came the reply. 'Kristina's trying to get her phone back, but she and Cassie can't reach, of course.'

'Haha you're invited too, Courtney!' replied Aaron. So she was...she was taller now too!? Or, well, she had been taller than them before...but...Aaron had a feeling that this was all going according to plan.

Right around noon, he was at the picnic bench, trying and laughably failing to look casual as he cast his gaze around, trying to spot them coming towards him.

Right around noon, he was at the picnic bench, trying and laughably failing to look casual as he cast his gaze around, trying to spot them coming towards him. He was thrown for a loop, then, when none other than Frank Bungeon, the A-list movie star who had so cavalierly asked Kristina to come live with him just a few days before, walked by the picnic table and stopped, staring at him.

"Hey man," said Frank, with something of a smile on his face. "Are you...uhm...do you know what's going on!?"

Aaron blinked at him. "Huh?"

"They're all just going on and on and on about...about *you*," Frank continued. "Care to clue in an inexperienced geezer like me? Hahaha, I don't know how you do it, champ."

"Do...what?" asked Aaron blankly. He was trying to hide his elation, but he could feel the hot red spreading up his neck and onto his cheeks.

"Oh come on," chuckled Frank, shaking his head. "It can't just be the false modesty...you're hiding something. What is it, my dude? Cause, no offense, but what I'm seein' now isn't...isn't explaining it."

"I...I don't know what you're talking about," said Aaron. Frank stepped towards him, speaking in a lower voice, that same odd smile on his face, a smile Aaron didn't much like.

"It's gotta be in your pants," said Frank. "That's what it is, right? You've got a 12-inch schlong and you know exactly how to use it?"

"Psshhh," chuckled Aaron. He didn't know what else to do but shake his head. Although...the movie star had given him an idea...something so simple that he hadn't even realized he had missed it before. Could he, Aaron....wish *himself* to be different? Could he make himself...perhaps...*shorter*!?

But a chorus of female laughter chased away those thoughts like wind on smoke. Frank looked up, and his face fell a little as he turned and slinked away, shaking his head. Aaron instinctively stood up, turned around, and saw Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney all standing in front of him. He was staring into the top of Kristina's breasts, the middle of Cassie's, and the *bottom* of Courtney's. All three women were standing there, looking positively sumptuous and statuesque in their sun dresses, which came down only to their upper thighs. Cassie's breasts were enormous, and her tits were poking out of the yellow fabric, standing at attention. Kristina looked incredibly curvy and solid, and Aaron could see her huge ass jutting out from behind her, even though she was facing him. And Courtney...she took Aaron's breath away. Her dress was a deep purple, and she looked positively amazonian standing there, grinning with soft, sensual regard down at him, blinking her eyes lusciously. Cassie looked playful and excited — Kristina looked mischievous and hungry.

"W-well...how was...the morning?" Aaron asked stupidly, standing there, totally dwarfed by these three gorgeous women.

Chapter 5

The three statuesque women giggled in unison as they strode up to Aaron and flanked him in a semicircle, trapping him in between the picnic table and their tall, luscious bodies. As his astonished eyes went up and down their thick, sexy features, Aaron wondered if maybe the three of them had been in touch with each other that morning, before they had gotten dressed. Their sundresses seemed like a perfectly-coordinated pastel splash of color that somehow reflected their personalities: Cassie's sunny and bright yellow, Kristina's impish and playful turquoise blue, and Courtney's elegant and regal purple. He could also see how tightly their dresses hugged their curves, and once again, Aaron remembered that the three of them were still wearing the clothes from their previous sizes...without realizing it.

Aaron gaped and stood there, totally mesmerized and overwhelmed by the triple amazonian barrage in front of him. A quick, intimidated glance upward at their faces was all he needed to see that more than just his physical wishes had come true: their eyes were sparkling with flirtatious mischief as they looked down at him.

"Hahaha, look at his little face!" laughed Kristina, turning to the others, "I TOLD you it'd be too much for him if we all three showed up at once!"

"Totally!" giggled Cassie, as she scrunched her face up at Aaron as she gathered her E-cup breasts in her big hands and jiggled them in his face. "He looks like a deer...in the headlights...heheh!"

"Aww, are they right, Aaron?" cooed Courtney down at him, puckering her plush lips up in an empathetic pout as she put her hand on her thick, cocking it to the side. "Are we too much for you to handle?"

For several seconds Aaron wasn't even able to make a sound, much less articulate an answer. Their voices all sounded the same, and yet they were also different in a way...they sounded a little deeper, a little more resonant and vital. He wondered whether that was simply the result of them being much bigger. But he couldn't think for too long, because he knew he had to say *something*. Otherwise the three of them might notice the serious bulge that was beginning to develop in the crotch area of his shorts.

"I...I-I think so!" he forced out, smiling and laughing despite his feeling overwhelmed. His laugh was immediately echoed by all three women, who bent down closer to him in unison.

"Awww, sooooo cuuuute!" chuckled Kristina, as Cassie playfully stroked his cheek with a long, manicured finger.

"Heheh, but you're just playing around with us, aren't you Aaron?" inquired Courtney as she stood back up to her 6'6 maximum and arched her back sexily, spreading her arms up behind her head as she struck a sexy pose. Aaron remembered that she weighed 200 pounds now,

and he could see it in the thick, solid shape of her biceps. She looked effortlessly *strong*, and he had no doubt that she or either of the other two could easily overpower him.

"P-playing...around?" he asked.

"Well you see us all every day," continued Courtney in her easy, sexy voice, turning her posed figured back and forth as she towered above him, "Or at least a couple times a week...haha, even a tiny guy like you would've gotten used to us by now, right?"

"Ha! Tell that to Frank!" scoffed Kristina, stepping forward to park her gigantic butt down on the picnic bench. Aaron's eyes bugged out as he saw her 60-inch ass spill out over the wooden planks, making a quarter of the bench immediately disappear. Her turquoise dress rode up to the very top of her thick thighs, and suddenly, everything was jiggling and wobbling crazily. Kristina had just smacked herself on the ass. "Mr. Celebrity looked like he was staring at this ass like it was the first time he had ever seen it!"

"And once you rejected him for, like, the millionth time," Cassie added, plopping her own 6'2 frame down on the other side of the picnic table, "He moved straight to me. Haha, couldn't keep his eyes off the two girls here!" As she spoke, Cassie leaned down and forward against the table, smacking her gigantic tits down on the wood. She grinned suggestively at Aaron as she continued to lean her chest forward, smushing her breasts onto the table, making them look even huger than they already were. Then she glanced up beyond Aaron to Courtney. "And once I told him he needed to take a hike, he took one look at Courtney and beat a retreat!"

"I can't imagine why," came Courtney's voice from high above Aaron. "It's really too bad that he deprived me of the chance of rejecting him."

"Pah! It's obvious that he was just way too intimidated by you," Kristina exclaimed, "But then again, what is he? 5'8? 5'9? Let's be honest, the poor guy just doesn't measure up."

Aaron suddenly froze as he felt two huge arms embrace him from behind and snake down his chest. Courtney was hugging him from behind, and her big breasts were squeezing in on both sides of his neck. Even more prominently, though, was the arm comparison that Aaron was being treated to. He wasn't overly skinny or small-boned, and yet his proportional 5'4 frame was suddenly up against Courtney's solid, curvy 6'6 frame. Her bare arms looked absolutely *enormous* next to his, to the point that it was almost cartoonish — he felt like a little child in comparison. Those strong, feminine arms of hers had to be at *least* twice the size of his.

"And of course that's *nothing* against our little guy right here," purred Courtney in his ear, hugging his body to hers from behind. "We just don't like Frank because he's stuck-up and entitled. But we think *you're* just the cutest little thing in the world."

“Hey! Quit hogging him all to yourself!” Cassie protested from the other side of the table, jostling her huge breasts back and forth as she spoke. “C’mon Aaron...come sit next to *me* over here!”

“No, next to *me*!” countered Kristina, slapping the wooden planks next to her giant ass. Suddenly, she spread her thick thighs out a bit, smacking the top of them suggestively, making them quiver mightily. “And you know, come to think of it, why don’t you come over and sit right *here*...in my lap!”

“No fair!” laughed Cassie, as she suddenly bolted upright in her seat and prepared a place for Aaron on top of her own thighs. “You can’t just spring that on me Kristina!”

“Well play to win or go home, sister!” Kristina shot back with a wink.

“Well...heheh, alright we’re playing that game, then?” laughed Cassie. She sat up straight and cupped her enormous breasts in her hands, jiggling and parting them to the side. Even though Cassie had huge hands at this point, they still weren’t anywhere close to being able to contain the massive, heavy breast flesh that overspilled everything. Aaron was already almost completely erect, but now that Cassie had joined in the fun, he couldn’t resist lengthening to his full extent. Behind his head, he felt Courtney’s big torso vibrating with soft laughter, and the throbbing waves penetrated his entire body, all the way down to his toes.

“Hey Aaaaaaaron,” Cassie cooed, “Come over here and sit on *my* lap...and I’ll give you a massage with my biiiiiig tits. Mmmmm, I’ll wrap them all the way around your body and hold you close to me, and you’ll be aaaaall safe and warm.”

“Heheh, she’s really laying into it now, isn’t she?” chuckled Courtney, guiding the stunned Aaron over to the nearest bench, next to Kristina. “How about you just sit down right here, in between me and Kristina for now, hmmm? Maybe Cassie can give you a tit massage a little later.”

“Oh I *will* Aaron,” Cassie declared, after play-leering at the other two women across the table. “You count on it, mister. I’m not gonna let you play favorites here.”

“I—I’m not playing...uh...uhm, favorites,” he muttered, as Courtney gently but firmly pressed him to sit down on the bench next to Kristina. Immediately, Kristina sidled her huge hips up next to him, which now only served to highlight the ridiculous comparison between their legs. A single one of her thighs was almost as big as both of Aaron’s combined, and even though they were splayed out much farther on either side of the bench, they still rose a good four inches above his. Once again, Aaron was struck by how little...how utterly *tiny*...her body made him feel. He had been waiting to feel like this for his entire life, and now that it was actually happening in real-time, it was almost too much to take.

“Haha I know you’re not, you little cutie,” Cassie giggled, “It’s pretty clear that you were just going wherever Courtney was leading...but who can blame you? I mean, I know *I’m* not 6’6.”

“Yeah but y-you’re...you’re 6’2...um, right?” asked Aaron. As soon as the words were out of his mouth, he felt a shot of fear go through him. Had he just given himself away!? How would he know exactly how tall she was??

“Oh wow, so he’s not confused about our heights anymore?” laughed Kristina, as Courtney plopped herself down right next to Aaron on the other side, effectively sandwiching him in between herself and Kristina. Aaron gaped — Courtney’s thighs were even bigger than Kristina’s, and like Kristina, she made no secret that she wanted to get as close to him as possible. She sensually rubbed her huge legs and hips up against his, and a moment later Aaron seized up: Courtney had put a massive, manicured hand gently on his back and was softly going up and down, up and down, as she scratched him lovingly with her nails. Every square millimeter of skin on Aaron’s body was standing to attention in goosebumps, and his cock was already threatening to explode.

“Yeah, you did seem pretty confused yesterday,” Cassie hummed, tilting her head to the side as she made eyes at him across the table. “We were talking about it, and we decided that you were just fucking with us. Hahah...I mean, how *e/se* you you possibly even think that you were —”

“Heheh, yes, yes, we knew you were teasing us Aaron,” breathed Courtney down at him, as her big hand and long fingers continued to lovingly stroke and scratch his back. “And we were talking about how adorable it was that you don’t have this inferiority complex about your height around us. Like let’s be honest, you’re a small guy Aaron.”

“Reeeeeeeally small,” murmured Kristina next to him, as she leaned her big body into his. Aaron felt the side of her left breast brush up against his shoulders. Kristina wasn’t an E-cup like Cassie, but, like Courtney, she wasn’t lacking in the breast department. Aaron figured that was because of the wish he had made about her height and weight. What had it been? 6’0, 175 pounds? She was solid. Cassie was 6’2, and “only” 170 pounds, which just made her breasts look that much bigger.

“Like, you have every reason to be intimidated around girls like us,” Courtney continued, “And almost all shorter men are...especially little guys like you.”

“Oh my god, like Steve?” chortled Kristina, calling out one of the tech crew guys they all worked with. “He’s a bit taller than little Aaron here, but he literally can’t *speak* around any of us without stuttering. Go figure, huh, Aaron?”

“Yeah,” he managed to say, staring down at the amazon sandwich he was trapped in, “Go f-figure.”

“Hmm, well when YOU stutter around us, it’s cute,” laughed Cassie.

The next several moments passed by in a strange silence. Aaron was gawking down at the ridiculous sight of his small legs being absolutely dominated by the amazonian thighs of Kristin and Courtney, and when he actually gained the courage to raise his eyes up, all he saw was the burgeoned, immense cleavage of Cassie across from him. In every sense, he was surrounded by tall luscious women — his absolute dream. But it was even hotter that these weren't just any women; they were Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney, his long-time friends, all of them blissfully unaware of the intensely erotic experience he was having. He had always been attracted to the three of them, but now it took all of his energy and focus to keep from cumming right then and there in his pants. They were all behaving playfully and flirtatiously toward him, but he didn't think that their frisky and lighthearted manner would have extended beyond mere play. They thought he was cute...hot, even. But that didn't mean that they would be ok with him just losing himself.

As Aaron struggled internally, he looked around, trying in vain to find some way of distracting himself from his own arousal, but wherever he looked, the proportions of the three big women dominated his perspective. And their eyes...the way they were all three just staring at him, grinning, smiling coquettishly, sticking their tongues in their cheeks, winking...it truly hit home how powerful and nuanced his wish had been. Their eyes were positively sparkling with flirtatious glee — not lust — and Aaron was suddenly struck by how juvenile they made him feel. It was almost like he was a little toy that they were sharing.

"So Aaron," announced Cassie suddenly, breaking the silence as she leaned forward even more into the bench, folding her hands in front of her as her colossal breasts squished even more dramatically into the side of the table, "The three of us were talking..."

"Uh-huh?" Aaron asked, blinking in his best attempt at conveying innocent curiosity.

"About how ridiculously tight our clothes have become, all of a sudden," cut in Kristina. To show what she was talking about, she produced a long finger in front of Aaron's face, wagged it from side to side, and then with considerable difficulty burrowed it under the turquoise fabric of her dress, right around her upper thigh. Aaron watched transfixed as Kristina finally got her finger under the fabric, and he saw the strong tendons in her wrist contract as she exerted more effort to lift up the tight fabric. A second later, she released it, sending it smacking back down into the firm meat of her thigh. Aaron knew that if he had stepped into the same dress, it would have been extremely loose, even billowy, like the dress had been designed to be. But on Kristina, it was as tight as spandex.

"And, you know...we LOVE showing off our bodies, especially around you," Cassie continued with a sexy grin, "But this is just getting silly." Cassie sat up straighter and supported her hulking breasts in her palms, bouncing them lightly up and down, up and down, as she stared at him steadily. Aaron felt like his eyes were about to bug out of his head — Cassie's breasts were literally spilling out of the top and sides of her dress, overflowing the hapless fabric, and as she bounced them lightly, a distinctive straining sound could be heard.

"This was the biggest dress I could find this morning!" laughed Cassie. "I found it in the closet — an old Christmas present that was way too big, but even *still*...haha, LOOK at this, Aaron! My boobs are totally *slopping* out of here! You should've seen me trying to fit into one of my normal dresses! It was insane!"

"Point being, Aaron," finished Courtney, pausing her caressing of his back, but keeping her huge hand in place, "The three of us NEED new clothes."

"Like...yesterday," chuckled Kristina, smacking her hands into her gargantuan ass cheeks and giving them a hearty jiggle.

"And we were all thinking," continued Courtney, looking down on him tenderly, "How *lovely* it would be to go on a little shopping trip tomorrow."

"Yeah, tgif, right?" Kristina adjoined.

"W-well, that sounds, uhhh..." said Aaron, looking around at the three of them, "That sounds...like a good idea!" He didn't really know what they were expecting him to say, but a moment later, he caught the obvious trajectory of what they had been implying.

"And it would be a shame if we didn't have a...*man*...to go with us," said Cassie, flashing her eyes at him across the table.

"To tell us how we look," added Kristina, shuffling even closer to him on the bench, so that her huge thigh and hip squished even firmer into him.

"To offer suggestions, tips, pointers," nodded Cassie. Aaron shuddered in arousal as he realized that Cassie had been creeping her feet towards him under the bench, and had finally reached his feet, trapping them both under her soles as she gently, playfully pressed them down. She had taken her shoes off, apparently, and he felt her toes kneading into the top of his feet, right where his foot met his ankle. She didn't break eye contact once, staring at him the whole time with a wide-eyed, flirtatious expression, almost challenging in its intensity, as she speared the inside of her cheek with her tongue.

"But most of all, Aaron," intoned Courtney, completing the trifecta by moving herself even closer to him on his left side, squishing him even harder in between her and Kristina, "We want you to come and offer moral support. Because really, to be perfectly honest, all we care about is looking good for *you*."

"F-for...for me!?" croaked Aaron. His face had shifted from a blush into a dark red now, and little beads of cold sweat had begun to appear on his forehead. Every breath was an effort now, and not just because he was actually being squished quite tightly in between Courtney and Kristina. And his cock...well, it didn't matter anymore that he was wearing baggy pants. The

upward tent of his erection was obvious now to anyone who looked down there. But the girls were looking at his face, not his crotch.

“Mhmmm,” breathed Courtney down at him, her sweet breath washing through his hair. Aaron felt the pressure of their stares against his face, and it took him a few seconds to realize that they were all waiting for him to respond.

“O-of course I’ll come!” he sputtered, looking at them from left to right, and across the table. Their smiles only got wider in response to his answer, and he felt his body actively jostled in between Courtney and Kristina as they took turns grinding their hips into him.

“Peeereect!” purred Courtney, as she resumed scratching his back with those long, strong fingers.

“Yaaaay!” laughed Cassie, clapping her hands.

“Yessss!” exclaimed Kristina, pounding her fist on the table. “Now we’ll just have to get through the rest of the day without ripping our dresses in half!”

“Ugh, or tearing our shoes down the middle,” added Cassie. Aaron felt her big feet suddenly lift up off his, and the next thing he knew Cassie had smacked her right bare foot down on the picnic table, performing a feat of extraordinary agility to do so. But it had seemed effortless. Aaron found himself suddenly wondering whether or not the new size he had wished for in the girls had come with some kind of special strength or agility. Had Cassie always been that flexible? He couldn’t remember.

“Thank god they let me work in my bare feet today!” laughed Cassie, wiggling her toes at Aaron. “It’s not just my clothes that are tight — it’s my shoes too!”

“Same with me and Kristina,” nodded Kristina. “It’s like everything we own just shrank or something. Haha, even driving here today, I had to adjust my car seat back and re-do all my mirror settings. So weird!”

“So weird...” repeated Courtney, nodding thoughtfully.

“So we’ll be shoe-shopping tomorrow as well,” laughed Cassie. “I hope your schedule is clear, Aaron, because it’s gonna take a while.”

A sudden thought had burst into Aaron’s mind. To go along with his height and size fetish, he had always been into tall women who made themselves even taller by wearing heels. This could be an opportunity to see exactly that — his three unbelievably hot friends strutting their stuff back and forth, all for him, in tall, flashy heels.

“Haha, uh, that’s ok,” he chuckled, still getting ground in between Courtney and Kristina, “I think...uh, I think it sounds fun, watching you three try on new clothes...new heels...”

“Heh, heels?” laughed Kristina. She brought her hand down and ruffled up Aaron’s hair playfully, in mock-censure. “Nah, I just wanna get some comfortable flats I can work in. We’re all three already tall enough, don’t you think?”

“I...w-well...heheh, you’re all...very tall,” was all Aaron could say. Of course, they were all his dream come true right now. But “tall enough!?” Something inward smiled in his brain. Not tall enough with the power he had.

“Yeah, I think we’ll all just be getting flats for now,” said Courtney softly above him. “Or maybe Cass will get some of those platform sneakers she likes so much.”

“Heheh, we’ll see,” chuckled Cassie. Aaron only nodded in response. He had forgotten, amidst all the flirtation and play, that none of them actually shared his fetish — he had only wished for them to think he was cute and hot, and to want to flirt with him. He hadn’t wished for them to be sexually aroused by the thought of making themselves even taller than him. But he could wish for that...*tonight*. The mere thought of all the possibilities proved almost too much, and he felt his cock lurch in his pants. Since Courtney and Kristina effectively had his legs pinned in place with their huge hips, he couldn’t cross his legs to stem the rush of his oncoming orgasm. So with an instinctive, jerking flail, he pressed down both of his palms into his crotch. The motion effectively stemmed the tide of his orgasm, but it also had the effect of drawing Courtney’s and Kristina’s attention down into his lap. Both of them saw his erection, and they started blushing. Aaron was trapped, exposed...and he waited fearfully to see how they would react.

“So, um...” Courtney said, with a bit of an awkward smile over at Kristina, “So that’s settled then, huh Aaron?”

“Uh-huh,” Aaron panted, still pressing his hands down on his crotch. The only other option would be to take them off, and expose the full extent of how hard he was. A quick glance up at Courtney and Kristina revealed that they were smiling awkwardly at each other; Kristina glanced down quickly at Aaron’s crotch, and then back up at Courtney, as if to say, ‘You seeing what I’m seeing?’ Aaron could tell that they definitely weren’t turned-off by seeing that he was hard, but they didn’t quite seem to know what to do about it. They were acting sheepish, almost apologetic, like they were sorry they had gone a step too far in their flirtation.

Hours later, Aaron lay back on his bed, a thin sheen of sweat coating his body as he breathed hard in and out. He had just made himself cum for the fourth time since he had gotten back home — it had been impossible to resist. And now that he had written his wishes for the following day, he wondered how on earth he was going to get to sleep:

“I want Kristina to be 6’2, 190 pounds, Cassie 6’4 200 pounds, and Courtney 6’8, 220 pounds. I want all three of them to be sexually aroused by how much bigger they are than me. I want

them to have the exact reverse of the size fetish I have. And I want to shrink down 4 inches, to 5'0."

Chapter 6

Sometime around dawn, Aaron finally managed to get to sleep. He had been tossing and turning all night, trying vainly to quell the fire in his brain that had been raging ever since the previous afternoon. He had written down his wishes earlier in the night and, a few minutes later, watched in awe as the closed pages of his diary glowed that same telltale fiery red. His heart had been thumping away behind his breastplate like some manic creature with a mind of its own...it was happening...his impossible desire to be shorter was finally going to come to fruition!

But as he watched the red glow die away from his bed, Aaron quickly looked down at himself. He was completely naked, so there wasn't really any way of telling whether he had gotten shorter or not. He certainly didn't *feel* any different. His heart was buzzing now; what if it hadn't worked!? What if his wishes had gone a bit too far? Or perhaps he couldn't wish anything on himself!? He had certainly expected to feel something.

Aaron leapt out of his bed and practically ran into the kitchen, going straight for the measuring tape in his odds-and-ends drawer. He had often slouched over to this drawer, in the midst of a masturbation session, to measure on the wall how high 6'0 was compared to his 5'4...or 6'5, or 6'8, and so on. One of his favorite people to fantasize about, a basketball player who was 6'10, often wore 5-inch heels when she was out and about. Her size and confidence drove Aaron crazy with lust, so much so that he had even marked the 7'3 spot on his bedroom wall, while standing on a chair, his erection bouncing freely in excitement and embarrassment at the lengths he was going to get off.

But back in the present, his mind was alive with hope now — everything actually seemed a little bigger! No...actually, *much* bigger! It had worked...it had actually worked!!

"Easy...easy..." he panted to himself as he dug through the drawer. Despite having cum four times already that evening, his cock was so hard that it was almost painful. He finally found the measuring tape, stumbled back to his bedroom, and stood against the wall, marking the top of his head with a pencil. His breath was coming in labored, ragged gasps now as he unfurled the measuring tape from the floor, standing on it with his toe as he held it up, trembling, to the wall.

60 inches.

His wish *had* come true...he had shrunk four whole inches, down to 5'0 flat. Aaron suddenly teared up, his face spasming in emotion as he stood back from the wall, looking around at his room. Now that he knew it was true, and not just in his head, there was no denying it — everything looked much bigger. The walls, the window, the ceiling...everything. He walked over to his dresser, like someone in a dream, and pulled on a pair of his pajama pants. The waistband was noticeably looser, and the legs bunched up a good deal around his feet.

“Oh my god,” he whispered. “Oh my *god*...I...I can’t believe it! It worked!! It...*actually worked!!*”

Of course, after this astounding and triumphant realization, Aaron had significant difficulty falling asleep. He reminded himself that he needed to be well-rested for what was sure to be the most memorable Saturday of his life, but he had a hard time quieting down his mind after confirming that he was now 5’0. Of course, it was a given that he was going to measure how tall the 6’2 Kristina, 6’4 Cassie, and 6’8 Courtney would look next to him, and once he marked their measurements on the wall, all he could do was stand back and try to imagine their voluptuous figures inhabiting the vacant space, smiling down at him...and not just with flirtatious glee this time. THIS time, they would be grinning down at him with lust in their eyes. After lying back down in his bed, Aaron couldn’t help but jerk himself off one last time, reaching a dry orgasm only a couple minutes later.

The longer he lay in bed, though, the more his mind wandered, trying to check itself. All his wishes had been granted, yes...or at least, he figured they had. He actually wondered whether all of them had or not, and he very nearly gave into the temptation to open the pages and look, to check and see if every word he had written had been burned into the paper.

‘Maybe the physical wishes came true,’ he thought to himself, ‘But the wish about them having a reverse size fetish was...was too much.’

‘Oh come on Aaron,’ he replied to himself, ‘Of course it worked. Everything else had worked so far...why not this too?’

‘Well don’t be so sure,’ another voice in his head cautioned. ‘Sooner or later, this power’s gonna run out.’

“How do you know that?” he said out loud to the ceiling.

And so his night went on...on and on and on...in a kind of feverish, anxious reverie, until the birds had started to sing; his eyes finally rolled back into his head and he fell into a shallow slumber. He had exhausted himself so extensively that he passed out without setting his alarm.

Seemingly as soon as he had closed his eyes, the sound of his phone ringing jolted him awake. The sun was bright outside, pouring in through the open blinds through his window. Amidst his feverish excitement last night, he had forgotten to close them. Aaron felt his mind instantly fire up like an engine as he lunged his body over towards his nightstand, desperate to see who was calling. His brain was so wired that it was like he had never even been asleep.

Kristina’s name shined out from his screen, and Aaron instantly felt his groin tighten up. This was *happening*...it was all actually *happening*. And now it was up to him to control himself, to actually function as a human being without completely losing himself in whatever it was that he had wished into existence.

"Hello?" he answered, picking up his phone. His hands were shaking.

"Oh so you aaaaare awake!" came Kristina's sarcastically imperious voice from the other end. "The three of us had bets on whether you would be or not." Aaron heard giggling somewhere in the background; it was clear that Kristina wasn't alone.

"Oh! W-well, I—I'm awake now!" laughed Aaron, stumbling around his bedroom as he stared down at the floor. It was obviously Kristina on the other end, but her voice sounded a little different. It was deeper, fuller...more sonorous even than it had been before. Aaron knew he wasn't just imagining it — she just sounded *bigger*.

"Ooooooh!" chuckled Kristina meaningfully, "So you're only just now getting up!" Aaron heard her utter an aside to whoever she was with: "I totally woke him up, haha!"

"Awww," Aaron heard Cassie say, a little muffled in the background, "What a sweet little baaaaaby."

"Did he have sweet dreams?" came Courtney's soft, powerful voice. It sounded like there was some jostling going on. "Like we did last night?"

"Courtney wants to know if you had sweet dreams," said Kristina directly into the phone. "Hahaha because...well...WE did...all three of us, Aaron. We had suuuuch crazy dreams, and you wanna know what the wild thing about it all was?"

"Wh-what!?" asked Aaron breathlessly. He was now actively bumbling about by his dresser, trying to find something to wear that didn't look cartoonishly small.

"YOU were in all of them," Kristina declared, with evident enjoyment and humor in her voice.

"O-oh! Oh I...I was?" Now that he had heard it, Aaron found that he wasn't actually too surprised — in retrospect, it made sense that his wishes had a direct effect on the girls' brains, even if they had been sleeping when he had made the wish. He stared vaguely ahead at his open drawer, in awe of the extent of this incredible power he had.

"Mmhmmm," Kristina hummed. "And...ooooo you'll never *believe* what we did to you in our heads last night when we were sleeping."

"Wh-what did you do!?" asked Aaron, his mouth completely dry. His erection was already almost full-mast. Just hearing Kristina's sultry suggestive tones in his ear was enough to send the blood draining straight down to his dick. He vaguely wondered how on earth he was going to be able to hide it...especially when he saw them.

“Uh-uh!” laughed Kristina, “You don’t get THOSE tasty details until we see you in person! We wanna see your reaction up CLOSE. Heheh, so get that cute little scrawny butt of yours downstairs!”

“Wait...y-you’re...you’re already here!?” burst out Aaron. He had been counting on at least a little time to collect himself...time he apparently didn’t have.

“Yes!” exclaimed Kristina, “We’re waiting in my Hummer outside! Hahaha it’s the only car that can comfortably fit all of us...heh, especially Courtney...geez how did you even fit in that Honda Fit you had before!?”

“No clue,” came Courtney’s voice. “Guess today was the day I just got tired of folding my body into a pretzel every time I drove.”

“Well thank god Kristina’s got a big ol’ gas guzzler!” laughed Cassie in the background. “Big enough to fit us both in the backseat, with juuuuust enough space between us for tiny little Aaron.”

“Pssssh with his tiny butt, and those little legs?” chuckled Kristina, “He barely even needs any space at all. And you two owe me, you know. Driving everyone around like a freaking chauffeur, while you two get to play with Aaron in the back.”

“Well you get first dibs when we get to the mall, remember?” Cassie reminded her.

“Yeah, yeah...if he ever comes out,” Kristina muttered, and then spoke up louder. “Well Aaron!? Hurry up! We’re waaaaaiting!”

“Ok! I’m...I’ll be down in like...in like two minutes!” he panted into the phone. At this point he couldn’t do anything about his voice. He was so excited and brimming with expectation that his entire body was trembling.

“Two minutesssss!” Kristina laughed, her voice becoming muffled, and Aaron knew that she was turning around in her driver’s seat, repeating his words meaningfully back to Cassie and Courtney. The sound of their eager and delighted humming in response made Aaron weak at the knees, and he would have enjoyed the sound longer if Kristina hadn’t hung up on him.

Aaron soon found himself navigating the stairs in his apartment building, holding on extra tight to the bannister to steady himself as he descended. He had found an old pair of gym shorts to wear, and a t-shirt that wasn’t absurdly big — the outfit worked, but only barely. Both the shorts and the t-shirt were baggy, making Aaron look smaller than he had already become. But he wanted to make sure that his legs and arms were exposed; he was looking forward, with desperate expectation, to comparing how small his limbs looked compared to the girls’.

He didn't have to wait long to find out. He opened the ground-floor door out to the sidewalk, and sure enough, there was Kristina's black hummer, idling directly next to the door. Aaron blinked as his mouth opened a little...Kristina looked so big sitting there in the front seat, as she stared directly at him with a piercing smile. She quickly turned around and appeared to say something to the other two in the back seat. Her head rose up a good deal higher than the headrest. But almost simultaneously, Aaron's eyes went to the back seat. Cassie and Courtney weren't as clear, since Kristina's back windows were a little tinted, but Aaron could see enough to know that they were both huge. He could see that their heads rose up even higher than Kristina's. Almost robotically, he stepped forward towards the passenger door and tried to open it. But it was locked, and he looked up to see Kristina shaking her head down at him. The passenger window rolled down.

"And just what do you think you're doing?" Kristina demanded, obviously enjoying herself already.

"I'm...getting into your car?" ventured Aaron uncertainly.

"Ohhhhhh no," Kristina laughed, shaking her head. "Not that way you aren't. Cass and Courtney have a special spot aaaaall nice and prepared for you, in between them."

"Oh...o-ok," replied Aaron, nodding. He shuffled over and opened the back door, and this time it opened. He looked up and for a few seconds he couldn't move or breathe. Courtney was sitting there in the seat, grinning down at him in a close-lipped smile, with the top of her head touching the car ceiling. Aaron was treated to a glorious sight of her long, full, bare legs, which were so big that she looked a little uncomfortable with them all stuffed up against the back of the passenger seat. At first it didn't seem to Aaron like she was wearing anything at all past her waist, but he quickly saw that she had somehow managed to squeeze her huge body into that same purple dress she had been wearing the day before. Aaron thought it had looked strained before, but now he was actually amazed that her curves didn't tear the dress to shreds. She looked absolutely gorgeous...stunning...so imposing and beautiful at the same time that she took his breath away. And as if that wasn't enough, Aaron saw Cassie's mirthful visage appear behind Courtney's left shoulder.

"Theeeeeere he is," giggled Cassie, bouncing up and down in her seat excitedly.

"Come on in Aaron," came Courtney's slow sexy voice, as she extended a huge manicured hand down to him. All three girls' voices were noticeably deeper and richer, but the sound of Courtney speaking literally sent shivers of pleasure down Aaron's spine. He was transported, so much so that goosebumps broke out and spread up his arms and down his back.

Aaron hardly had time to take everything in before he found himself hoisted up into the car. Courtney had reached down, taken his hand, and essentially pulled him up off his feet. Before he knew it, Aaron found himself squeezed in between two huge warm thighs, each of them practically bare because of the skiminess of their dresses. Cassie was wearing the same

sun-yellow dress as before, and just like Courtney, her luscious body barely fit into it. Aaron gaped down at the thigh comparison; Courtney's thigh was so thick and massive that he couldn't help but wonder if it was as thick as his entire waist. It rose up so high above his that Aaron figured he could have stacked five of his own thighs on top of each other and still not reached her height. Cassie's wasn't at all far behind.

"See why we've gotta go emergency shopping!?" laughed Cassie as soon as Aaron had settled in. She jostled herself sexily against him, grinding her thick hip up against the middle curve of his torso. "We're about to bust outta these dresses! Hahaha Kristina already ripped a hole in her ass getting into the car!"

"Laugh it up Cass," Kristina retorted as she pulled the car onto the road. "It won't be so hilarious when the bust of your dress gives out and those hulking milkers pop out in the middle of the mall."

"Oooooo you know I'm not sure I'd mind that, actually," giggled Cassie, again taking the opportunity to gyrate her incredible hips up against Aaron. "And I don't think our little guy here would mind, would you Aaron, hrmmmm?"

Aaron drew in a sharp breath as he felt Cassie's large hand wrap completely around the top of his thigh. Simultaneously, he felt her long, strong fingers gently but firmly grasp his chin and avert his head upwards, so she was staring straight down into his eyes. Aaron was in heaven, but he was terribly intimidated, more so than he had even expected to feel. He had tried to prepare himself for the triple onslaught of these three, but he was realizing now that there could be no true preparation for this kind of erotic overload.

"N-no!" Aaron practically squeaked out in response to Cassie's suggestive question, "No I...I d-don't think I'd mind!" What choice did he have right now, but to be truthful? No sooner were the words out of his mouth when he felt warm, encompassing pressure on his other thigh — Courtney was wrapping *her* hand around his *other* thigh, and he smelled the intoxicating sweetness of her breath as she bent down, speaking in her deep rich voice directly into his right ear:

"You'd better be careful, Aaron. It hasn't even been a minute, and already it looks like you're about to blow your load into those oversized shorts you've got on. Mmmmmmm you've gotta *pace* yourself, little guy."

Aaron's eyes had darted over to Courtney's lap, and he saw that she had snaked her other hand down into her own crotch, pressing and moving it rhythmically over her clit. Aaron couldn't believe it...Courtney was literally masturbating herself in front of him, whereas the previous day she had glanced askance at his erection with slightly humorous embarrassment. The power of his wishes was on clear display.

“Oh speak for yourself Courtney!” laughed Cassie. “How about you focus on whatever you’ve got going on down there and leave our precious tiny boy to *me*?”

At the word “me,” Cassie had made Aaron jump by plopping her big hand directly down into his lap. He looked down and saw her huge, tanned hand, with her long fingers spread out, completely covering the area around his groin, and then some. He looked up at Cassie desperately, and she gave him a soft, knowing grin as her fingers came alive and tightened around the obvious bulge in his pants.

“Found it, you guys!” joked Cassie, “And boy...for such a tiny little guy, Aaron, I’ve gotta say that you’ve got yourself a niiiice thick cock down there.”

“Hey! Remember our deal!?” Kristina exclaimed warningly, “I get first dibs! No making him pop in the car on the way there, Cass! That was the deal!”

“Welllll...what happens if I just say to hell with the deal?” Cassie ventured, sticking her long tongue out at Aaron as she winked at him knowingly. She sidled up to him even closer, further squeezing his comparatively-tiny body into hers, causing her thigh and hip to ride up even higher against him. She had started to slowly, teasingly, jerk Aaron off through his shorts, gripping his cock in her hand as she squeezed it tightly, then let it go, squeezed tightly, and then let go again, all the while going slowly up and down.

“Noooo, no Cass come on now,” Courtney sighed with quiet, meaningful energy. Before Aaron could take another labored breath, he found Courtney’s hand in his lap as well. Cassie’s hand was big, but not as big as Courtney’s, and the 6’8 bombshell made a point of covering the 6’4 bombshell’s hand in her own, smothering it, reveling in the superiority of her size. Aaron heard Cassie grumbling jokingly above him.

“Show-off!” she mumbled, and slid her hand away reluctantly from Aaron’s cock. He would have breathed a sigh of relief if Courtney’s hand hadn’t lingered there, tickling those long, manicured fingers against the tented, tortured protrusion in his lap.

“Geez Cass you weren’t kidding,” Courtney murmured. She bent her fingers against his pulsating pole and lightly began to scratch it, teasing and tormenting it further. Aaron didn’t know how much more of this he could take.

“Everywhere but your cock, Aaron...God you’re so small,” breathed Courtney down at him, “Sooooo tiny...”

“Just a sweet, miniature little doll of a thing,” came Cassie’s lascivious whisper in his other ear. Her hand was tightening around his left thigh, while Courtney’s was tightening around his right. Aaron felt like the two of them were working his entire body, gearing up to squeeze a giant milky load straight out of his churning balls.

"Careful Courtney," warned Kristina, "Same goes for you too."

"Do you see how much bigger we are than you?" persisted Courtney in his right ear, ignoring Kristina and giving him no chance to collect himself. "Just look at those puny little legs of yours compared to mine! How much bigger is my thigh than his, Cassie?"

"At least five...six times," whispered Cassie. "Mine too, Aaron...how does it feel to be sandwiched next to two amazons who each weigh almost *twice* as much as you. Look at my breast next to your head, Aaron...just *look* at it! Haha, it's as big as your head!"

"Y-Yeah...yeah..." croaked Aaron weakly. There was nothing else he could say right now. It felt like every ounce of blood in his body was being pumped down directly into his cock. Inadvertently, he started heaving deep breaths as his vision popped before his eyes.

"Guyyyyyssssss..." came Kristina's warning again, this time a bit more insistent, "Look I appreciate the edging, but you're about to *push* him *over* the edge. I'm looking at him in my mirror right now and he's literally trembling and going pale. Cool it!"

Aaron gasped as Courtney squeezed her strong hand around his cock. He had been about to lose it and fire off, but her pressure prevented his release.

"Mmmmm, sorry there, little guy," she cooed in his ear, "But a deal's a deal, I suppose. Haha, and that's my bad Cass — I tell you off and then I go and do the same thing!"

"Well trust me, I understand," chuckled Cassie. She had let up in squeezing Aaron's thigh, and had instead switched to lovingly stroking his arm with her fingers, lightly scratching it with her manicured fingernails. Aaron registered now that Cassie had painted her nails a fresh yellow to match her dress. Courtney's long nails, in contrast, were black. "It's pretty much impossible to keep your hands off of this one, especially when his precious little body is all squeezed up against you like this. How about it, Aaron? We're only sitting down, and the top of your head still doesn't come up to my shoulder...and it's not even *close* to Courtney's. That makes you hard, doesn't it?"

"Y-Yeah..." nodded Aaron. Courtney had finally removed her vice grip from his cock; he was out of danger of imminent ejaculation, but he was still hard as a rock.

"Mmmmm of course it makes you hard," cooed Courtney. "Because you're a sweet little 5'0 sub, aren't you, Aaron? A little sub boy who doesn't even weigh 120 pounds, sandwiched in between two dominant amazons, with nowhere to go...haha and that's all before we turn you over to Kristina! Wait till she shakes her huuuuuge ass in your face..."

"Heheh you tell him Courtney," chuckled Kristina from the front seat.

"We're only wondering," continued Courtney, "How much cum your little balls are gonna give us today, before we wring them aaaaaaall out."

"Before we milk them dry," breathed Cassie in his other ear.

"I said you'd last four times," whispered Courtney. Her fingers were tickling his ball sack now.

"I said three," giggled Cassie, drawing little circles down his little arm with her long yellow fingernails.

And I said...he's not gonna last through the first orgasm," laughed Kristina determinedly, pulling into the mall parking lot, "Because I'm gonna tug it ALL out when I make him cum first!"

"Yeah riiiiight!" retorted Cassie sarcastically, shaking her head.

"I'll believe it when I see it," replied Courtney with deliberate doubt.

"Well it's time to find out!" declared Kristina, putting her Hummer in "park" and turning the key. The car sputtered to a halt. Aaron looked on in awe as Kristina turned around in her seat, and he could see the huge swerve of her ass and hips rising up a full foot up above her seat. Her eyes were glittering with lust.

"Because we're here!"

Chapter 7

Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney made for a ferociously sexy threesome as they strutted with Aaron into the mall, so much so that everyone who laid eyes on them immediately stopped what they were doing to gawk at the unbelievable group. People would have stared in awe even if Aaron hadn't been there with them; any trio of young, gorgeous women who are 6'2, 6'4, and 6'8 will command attention without any help, but it made people stare even more when they saw that these three amazons were accompanied by a skinny, slight young man who was only 5'0 tall, and who barely weighed 115 pounds. Was he their little brother? Were they babysitting him!? He didn't look young enough for that...was he just their friend!? It was hard for anyone to get a read on the situation. All that was clear to most people was the fact that they had never seen a woman as tall as Courtney, or breasts as huge and perky as Cassie's, or an ass as thick and delicious as Kristina's.

Of course, Aaron wasn't just their "friend" anymore. He had become the sole object of their triple lust, a tiny little man who was the fulfillment of their sexual desires to coddle and dominate a man smaller and shorter than them. In their minds, the three of them were engaged in a playful but competitive battle to seduce him the most intensely, to overwhelm him the fullest, to make him cum with the most intensity. Aaron didn't realize it, but before they had picked him up, the three girls had already made a colorful variety of bets about who was going to make him cum the most, the hardest, and so on...Cassie had even stuck her chin out and made a bet with the other two that she was going to make Aaron cum so hard that he would pass out.

Whereas the girls were all operating under the assumption that they had always been this big and tall, Aaron alone knew what had made all this happen. Even though he was already nearly overcome with desire as Kristina led him through the mall, holding his hand, with her colossal ass bouncing along next to him at chest-height, Aaron's mind shot back to his bedroom, to that little diary on his nightstand, those burned letters on the pages...that mysterious, eerie conductor who had pointed at him that night...those undulating and vibrant shapes and symbols on the walls of that tunnel...

He had to wonder how all of this had come to be, and why he was the one who had somehow managed to acquire this stunning power. His lingering doubts about whether the power was fleeting, about whether it was going to run out or somehow reverse itself, were all beginning to dissolve away. He felt in his bones that he had only just begun to scratch the surface of what this power was, and what it could do. He knew that he should be using it for "good," for helping other people rather than just satisfying his own sexual fantasies, but for the moment, Aaron was consumed with the pleasure of having his "unattainable" wishes fulfilled. There would be time to wish for all of that other stuff...to explore the extent of his power. Right now, Kristina's huge ass was bouncing up against the side of his chest as she walked next to him, with Cassie and Courtney voluptuously bringing up the rear as they strode through the mall.

"Look at them staring, Aaron," chuckled Kristina down to him, bending her head down a little so he could hear her. "Why do you think they're staring at us, huh?"

"B-Because...you're so big and...I'm so small," he replied in a meek voice.

"Mmmm, I think that's right!" intoned Kristina. She nodded at him exaggeratedly, like she was speaking to a child. But the lusty twinkle in her eye betrayed what she was really thinking about. "What do you think they'd think if I just started manhandling you right here, right now?"

"Uhhh...I—I don't really — aaaahhhh!"

Aaron's halting reply was cut short when Kristina abruptly swooped down, wrapped her strong arms around his midsection, and hoisted him up off his feet, performing a happy series of rotations as she laughed out loud, hugging him to her prodigious bosom. Aaron's entire upper half didn't disappear quite as much in Kristina's cleavage as it would have in Cassie's, but Kristina's bust was nothing to laugh at. For a few long moments, Aaron saw nothing but black, as his legs dangled almost a foot in midair. When Kristina finally relented and let him up for some air, his little butt was settled in the crook of her arm as she held him to her.

"Look at that — light as a feather!" she sang back to the other two. "I don't even need two arms to hold him!"

"Haha well we could have told you *that*, Kristina," laughed Cassie, holding up her arm and flexing her bicep. "I think I could handle two or three little Aarons, no problem."

"Mmm but there's only one of him and three of us," remarked Kristina, as they all walked past the food court, where dozens of people looked up from their meals to gape at the remarkable group. Kristina narrowed her eyes lustily at Aaron and leaned in close to him, flicking her tongue in the air at him.

"*GOD* I'm so glad I'm getting you first this morning," she whispered aggressively. She threw her tongue in a rapid series of flicks against his earlobe, and then she leaned in even more, snatching his earlobe in between her teeth as she growled and shook her head back and forth like a hungry animal.

"Rrrrrrr! Rrrawwwr! Rrrr! Rrr! I'm gonna make you bust sooooo hard, little guy, you aren't even gonna be able to think afterward."

Kristina's dirty talk was already pushing Aaron close to the edge, and he let out a sexually-tortured, ecstatic moan as he squirmed restlessly in Kristina's arm. Sensing his imminent orgasm, Kristina clamped her big hand straight down on top of his crotch and squeezed. For the third time that morning, Aaron had an impending, thunderous climax stymied, and he let out another long moan of tormented pleasure. Cassie giggled appreciatively, clasping her hands together as she batted her eyelashes at him from behind. Courtney's mouth was upturned in a close-lipped smile, enjoying the scene from half a foot above. Several people were watching all of this happen with their mouths open, and a few

others turned to their friends and started whispering in low voices, shooting the group disapproving and scandalized looks. Kristina was looking around at everyone with her chin held up proudly, as if daring them to say anything. But Cassie and Courtney were just focused on Aaron, enjoying his reaction to being edged to his breaking point again and again.

“Better be careful there Kristina,” laughed Cassie, “Once he cums it’s MY turn!”

“Oh don’t worry,” returned Kristina, shaking her big hand in Aaron’s crotch as she fixed him with a hard, sexy stare. “I’m not gonna let him blow until I’ve got him riiiiight where I want him.”

“Alright we’re here!” announced Courtney suddenly. “Here Kristina, hand him to me while you go pick out something to try on first.”

“HmMMM, not sure if I trust you,” replied Kristina, as she narrowed her eyes in mock-suspicion. “After what you pulled in the car.”

“Oh pleeeeeease,” retorted Courtney, waving her hand dismissively. “As if I don’t know how to edge a little man half my size. Haham are you kidding Kristina?” She looked hard at Aaron, licking around her thick lips with that big, sexy tongue. “I’ve got our little Aaron here wrapped around my pinkie finger.”

Courtney extended her pinkie in the air and twirled it around and around in a lazy circle. Aaron was amazed at how much higher up she was even than Kristina, and he couldn’t help but notice, as he watched Courtney’s manicured pinkie teasing him, that it was thicker and longer than his middle finger.

“Can...I help you, ladies?” came a different voice. They all looked down at the 5’6 normal-sized department store employee who had come up to them. It didn’t matter that this woman was well-dressed, all made-up, perfumed, and sporting a pair of stylish 2-inch pumps. She looked positively tiny next to the three girls, and as soon as she had spoken, Aaron could immediately tell the difference between her voice and the others’. The amazons had a deep, profound, feminine timbre to their voices that drowned out ordinary voices.

It was clear that the female employee had overheard their conversation; she looked deeply uncomfortable, but not brave enough to say anything or act on her unspoken disapproval. It looked for a moment like Kristina was about to have herself some fun with this new woman, but Cassie stepped in, diffusing the situation.

“How about,” she proposed cheerily, “You hand our sweet little man to ME, Kristina...and you and Courtney go off and find yourselves some clothes that fit, hmm? I’ll keep Aaron entertained, and don’t worry, don’t worry...I won’t make him pop...just keep him on edge, you know?”

Cassie winked down at the female employee, who looked completely at a loss for words.

"Welllll ok, fine," Kristina sighed, handing Warren over with two hands, "But I get him in the changing room when I find a dress that fits."

"Of course!" smiled Cassie.

"Um...l-ladies?" stammered the employee. She was blushing from embarrassment now.

"I...uh...I d-don't know what you're...um...y-you're planning on doing with...with him in the changing r—"

"Well that's not really your concern, is it?" cut in Kristina abruptly.

"Shhhh, take it easy, Kristina!" chided Cassie with that same sunny smile.

"Oh don't worry, ma'm," came Courtney's calm voice. The employee stared up at her, amazed by her size and the powerful impression of her voice. She only came up to Courtney's breasts.

"Our friend here has an *expert* fashion sense," Courtney continued, "Which is why we insist on bringing him along to these kinds of outings. He helps us adjust everything in the changing rooms to make it *all* fit...juuuust right." She turned slowly over to Aaron. "Isn't that right, little guy? You're a *specialist*, aren't you? There's nooooo one else in the whole wide world who could do your job as well as you can, right?"

Aaron weakly nodded. "Right," he croaked. He couldn't say anything more than that. He was already so hard that he was sure the employee had noticed it. The poor woman was standing there, at a loss for words, unable to react to what was going on.

"And just in case you're wondering," Kristina cut in again, "I know it might seem hard to believe, but this tiny boy is actually older than all three of us. Stranger things, am I right, hahaha?"

The woman simply blinked and finally found her voice, managing simply to say, "W-well ok...um...so...j-just let me know if you all need...um, anything."

"Will do!" smiled Kristina, waving at her.

"Mmmm, I think we've got *all* we need right *here*," purred Cassie in Aaron's ear. She dropped down into a plush cushioned seat, straddled Aaron's legs over her huge right thigh, and started bouncing him up and down on her knee. His legs didn't even touch the floor. "Alright you guys, I'll just be right here with our little tyke. Don't take too long...for *his* sake."

Kristina and Courtney went off, and Aaron was left with Cassie, his world going gently up and down, up and down, as she continued to bounce him on her huge thigh. The comparison was incredible — he could tell that both of his thighs didn't come close to being as big as hers. Her skimpy yellow dress was straining with dire effort to simply contain the full extent of her ass,

hips, and thighs all in one...to Aaron, it looked like Cassie was one sudden movement away from ripping out of her dress completely. Her large hand splayed out across his small chest, covering well over half of it, and as she continued to bounce him up and down on her thigh, Aaron felt Cassie slowly pulling him backward towards her, until he felt the enormous firm plushness of those grand breasts against his back. They squished into him and quickly emanated out from both sides of his body; he could see Cassie's tits growing in both sides of his periphery. Her breasts were literally swallowing him.

"Take it easy, Aaron," hummed Cassie soothingly. Her long, strong manicured fingers gently stroked and scratched his chest. "You're starting to hyperventilate, heheheh."

Aaron tried to heed her advice, but it was like an exercise in zen trying to get control of himself. On top of the sheer primal arousal he was feeling at being coddled, teased, and manhandled by his three hot amazonian friends, straight out of his fantasies, his mind was racing around in circles as he tried to come to grips with the implications of what his new power entailed. Nothing that he had wished for so far hadn't come true. As far as he could tell, the potential for this power was limitless. In spite of his searingly sweet and tortured state of arousal at the current moment, there was a little voice in his head that was speaking up, urging him to find a way back home so he could wish for more things...important things...huge things — an end to war and poverty...the start of a brand new age of human innovation and understanding between all the peoples of the world...and that was just the start! Supposing he could wish for things even beyond *that*!? Could he wish for knowledge of the universe? Of intelligent life on other planets!? Could he uncover the secrets of reality itself, simply by asking that it be revealed to him??

All of these thoughts rushed through Aaron's mind in an instant, and they made him feel almost nauseous — he was literally overwhelmed by the implications. But like a flash of lightning in his head, as soon as these thoughts all rushed through, another voice rose up to beat it all back down.

'NOW you're really getting ahead of yourself!' snapped this other voice. 'Listen to you, jumping straight to the deepest secrets of the universe...you're letting this all go to your head! Take it SLOWLY. And ENJOY what you have before you!'

"Theeeeeere we go," came Cassie's calm, soothing voice close to his ear, "Thaaaat's right...deep breaths, Aaron...in and out, in and out...hahaha we wouldn't want you passing out before each of us have had our way with you!"

"E-Each of you?" Aaron asked. Simply by whispering her luscious voice in his ear, Cassie had managed to chase all of those other thoughts back into the far recesses of his brain, to be dealt with later.

"Oh yes," Cassie declared, suddenly spinning him around on her knee so that he was now facing her. Or, more accurately, he was facing her breasts — they were so big that they rose up

into his face and spread out on both sides of his vision. Cassie was looking down on him with laughter in her eyes, but also with a determined lock to her jaw...Aaron could see the muscles in her cheeks tensed up, and her big throat suddenly undulated two times in quick succession as she made loud gulping noises.

"All...three of us," she breathed down at him. "Haha, now after we're all through with you, I'd be surprised if you were still conscious then. I don't know how the other two are gonna make you bust, but I know *exactly* what I'm gonna be doing."

Cassie suddenly squeezed her tits together, mashing them up on both sides of his face as she twisted them towards her, redirecting his face upward.

"I'm gonna squeeze your cum out with these biiiiiiggg tits, Aaron," she whispered down at him. "I'm gonna make you bust that nut aaallll over my face...mmmmmm, and then I'm not even gonna wipe it off, Aaron. Hahaha I'm gonna walk around the mall with your cum smeared all over my face. And you'll be with me. Everyone will know where it came from. I'll be wearing your cum like a badge of honor, a testament to how I forced you to squirt and squirt with my big breasts...I'll be advertising your helpless submission to me on my face, hahaha! How does that make you feel, Aaron?"

Aaron opened his mouth in shock, taken aback at how aggressively Cassie's words actually were. But of course, she had spoken them with that same typical smile she always had...bright, sunny, radiant, and somehow accentuated by her recent growth. But Aaron didn't get a chance to answer, because Cassie had suddenly looked up over him and was grinning at something over his head.

"Well how about this outfit, Aaron?" came Kristina's voice from behind him. Cassie stuck her tongue in between her teeth and spun Aaron back around on her thigh, giving him a full view of Kristina's new getup. He felt his breath catch in his chest; she was wearing a summer dress that went down to her mid-thighs, which fit her much better than her previous dress had. It was still quite tight, especially around her hip and ass, but she didn't look like she was about to bust out of it at any moment. She had substituted her typical blue and turquoise colors for a bright and vibrant red...fire-red...that instantly matched the hungry, lusty fire in her eyes as she grinned down at Aaron. For a moment, Aaron was stunned...and then he wondered how it could be that Kristina looked even taller than before. But then, as his eyes became accustomed to the effulgent brilliance of the red, they travelled downward and he saw that Kristina was sporting a pair of calf-high boots that added another 4 inches to her frame. She stood there with her hands on her hips, 6'6, and obviously ready to take him.

"Aaaaron?" whispered Cassie in his ear, "Tell Kristina what you think about her dress!"

"I...i-it's...y-you...you look amazing!" Aaron choked out quickly.

“Mmmm I agree with our little man here!” concurred Cassie, “DAMN, Kristina! How’d you find that one so quickly!?”

“Got lucky I guess,” shrugged Kristina. She struck a one-footed pose. “And these boots...haha, well, ever since I woke up this morning, I couldn’t stop thinking about them. I saw them in the mall last week and...heh, I don’t know...guess they just stuck with me or something. But as soon as I opened my eyes today, I knew I had to have em’.”

The befuddled department store woman had been lingering close by, stealing uncomfortable glances at Cassie and Aaron, and now she awkwardly sidled up to Kristina. It was clear that she didn’t approve of both the appearance and the implications of the current situation, but she also lacked the courage to confront the amazonian women directly. She spoke up to Kristina regardless, in a kind of bizarre attempt to make her presence known:

“M-My goodness that dress looks good on you! Though...ahahaha, uhm...it IS one of our more expensive ones.”

Kristina turned to the woman slowly, staring her down.

“Cassie,” Kristina said distinctly, her eyes not leaving the employee, “Did this woman just imply that I couldn’t afford this dress?”

“Haha well...can you?” chuckled Cassie.

“Hmmmm, we’ll see,” Kristina muttered, turning away from the woman after staring lasers through her. Her eyes were fixed back on Aaron. “I think I need Aaron to help me find the price tag.”

Moments later, with a hearty, meaningful chuckle, and a long, lingering kiss on the back of his neck, Cassie had surrendered Aaron to Kristina, who had immediately hoisted him through the air and settled his butt into the large crook of her forearm. The department store woman was saying something about how the price tag was clearly visible in this-or-that place, but no one was really listening to her. To Aaron it was all a blur — Kristina’s heavy musky scent, her hard breathing, the firm feel of her forearm under his ass effortlessly holding him up, his hovering feet, her burning eyes — it all mixed together in a whirl, and when everything became still, Aaron was being pressed into the wall of one of the changing rooms, his feet dangling a full foot off the ground.

“I’ve been waiting ALL MORNING for this,” growled Kristina. Even though he was uncompromisingly aroused, Aaron couldn’t help but feel afraid in this moment. Kristina actually looked a little scary — her teeth were bared, and that lusty fire in her eyes was only burning brighter. But almost as soon as she saw the fear in his eyes, Kristina’s mouth curved upward into a knowing (and slightly softer, though still devious) smile.

“I’m a little much for you right now, huh?” she whispered, winking at him. Aaron could only nod. She had her big hands under his arms, pinning him to the wall, and she raised him up a little higher, slightly over her head.

“But I can tell this is what you want, Aaron,” continued Kristina, shaking her huge ass behind her as she spoke up to him. Aaron saw its magnificent bulk dancing and bouncing crazily behind her, causing her red dress to ride up on each of her glorious ass cheeks. He was painfully hard now, and ready to explode. He set his teeth and jaw, determined to try and last through whatever Kristina was about to put him through.

“Haha awwwww,” cooed Kristina up to him, shooting him a mock-pouting look, “You’re trying to brace yourself, aren’t you? Mmmmm GOD it makes me even hornier, just watching you try. I’ve been waiting to do this to you for a loonnnnnng time, Aaron. I don’t know why it took me so long. Good luck trying to resist me.”

In a flash, Aaron’s world turned completely upside down. As she still held him up in midair, Kristina had abruptly flipped him with a strong, deft jerk of her hands. Aaron was completely airborne upside down for a split-second before he felt Kristina’s long fingers grip his ankles. She had caught him upside down; his face was in between the delicious slabs of her huge thighs, but more importantly, his crotch was directly in her face. He could immediately tell, because Kristina was sniffing his erection like a hungry animal. With a snarl, she tore off his pants with her teeth, exposing his bouncing cock to the air. An instant later, with a syrupy slurp, Kristina had throatied his dick completely, impaling her face on it over and over as she moaned and groaned out loud, totally uncaring about anyone who heard her:

“Uuuuunnnghhhnnnnn!!! OowwoIIIIInnnnnghhhhh!!! AwwwolIIIIlggthhhhhh!!! AwwolIII
AwwolAwoolIIIAwoIIIAwolAwolAwolAwolAwolAwolAwolAwol!!!”

Aaron gasped out into her thighs as Kristina increased the pace of her throating — her head was smashing into his crotch like a woodpecker, going faster and faster and faster with each decisive, sloppy thrust. If his life had depended on it, Aaron would not have been able to hold back. He came with violent force, straight down Kristina’s throat, feeling his eyes cross as he descended down rapidly into darkness.

Chapter 8

Aaron started noticing a vague, fuzzy white light at the bottom left corner of the black void. Even from this distance, he could tell that there was a large black pillar in the middle of the fuzzy patch of light. This light began to steadily grow, becoming clearer and clearer, until finally, after what seemed like a long time, Aaron became aware that he was staring sideways into a white wall. The black pillar was still a bit hard to make out, but as Aaron became aware of his ability to blink, he did so automatically, and his vision cleared a bit more. The black pillar wasn't actually all black; it was actually dark blue, and only black at the bottom, with little white things poking out of the black, closer towards the floor.

And then the normal buzzing of his surroundings all came to him at once, and Aaron could hear other people talking and whispering to each other in adjacent rooms; he could suddenly smell the sterile, manufactured smoothness of the white-painted plywood underneath him. He was in a *changing room*...in the *mall*...and the pillar in front of him was a *leg*...a huge, long, shapely leg, and the solid black structure at the bottom was a raised platform heel, with yellow-painted toes sticking prettily out.

Cassie...

Aaron's eyes travelled up, up, up the statuesque leg, and it got thicker and thicker the higher his eyes went up, until it joined together with her other leg at the luscious swerve of her thick hips. Aaron saw her yellow-manicured nails on her hips, drumming into them sexily. Her torso...her legs...her ass...they all looked so huge from way down where he was staring up at them. He couldn't even see up past the big, jutting breasts that were hanging there high over his head. But even from his vantage point (which Aaron now realized was sprawled out on the floor), he caught a quick, sensual glimpse of a fleshy white stomach beyond the stylish silver buckle of her belt. Cassie was wearing some sort of a crop top...one with a white background that was covered in sunflowers.

And then, she bent at her waist, and Aaron found himself gaping up at Cassie's big, smiling face. She had been standing over him, simply waiting for him to wake up. Aaron had no idea how long she had been there. He was suddenly struck by how hard it was for him to register how this immense figure before him — starting from the heel and those sexy toes, all the way up that long leg, voluptuous torso, and protruding breasts, and ending in that gorgeous smiling face overhung with luscious blonde hair — could all be the same entity, the same *person*. She was just so...*huge*.

"Welcome back, handsome," she smiled. Her voice matched her size; even though it was quiet and gentle, it filled the tiny changing room, almost seeming to vibrate the walls. "Looks like Kristina was a little rough with you, huh?"

"I...y-yeah..." Aaron managed to say. His own voice sounded pitifully small in comparison. "I d-don't remember much after...uh, after..."

"After Kristina grabbed your ankles, flipped you upside down in midair, and proceeded to suck up all your cum like it was a milkshake?" offered Cassie.

"Um...I...think so, yeah," replied Aaron. He tried to sit up, but he found that even such a simple task was difficult. Cassie bent her knees, descending down upon him from on high, and Aaron could do nothing but gape. Just seeing her head coming down towards him gave him a little vertigo. Her size, and the distance she was effortlessly navigating...it was still hard for him to wrap his mind around. But Cassie had placed a warm, kind hand down on his thigh, covering over half of it with her big hand, with the implication that he should pause.

"Whoa, hold on there, little tiger," she said softly, "Don't feel like you need to get up so quickly. Haha, like I said, Kristina really slurped it straight out of you, didn't she?" Cassie brought her other hand down and gently stroked his cheek with her fingers, scratching the underside of his chin with her long nails.

"Look at your face," she cooed, blinking in interest as she turned her head sideways, studying him, "You poor little thing...you're so pale! She was just waaaay, way too much for you, huh?"

"Y-you...can say that again," nodded Aaron in a weak voice. He badly wanted to be "one hundred percent," just so he could at least make an effort to handle Cassie's inevitable sexual onslaught, but he could barely even lift his limbs. All the edging that morning that the girls had put him through had pushed him to his breaking point, and when Kristina had finally barreled ahead and hoovered him in her mouth, everything inside him had broken forth and exploded straight out of his vanquished cock. For the moment, he had nothing left for Cassie to take from him.

"Heheh you should have seen her," chuckled Cassie, as she continued to softly pet his cheek, "Prancing around the department store with your cum all over her, bragging about how he had made you cum harder than anyone else had in your entire life."

"She...she did," admitted Aaron simply. He felt himself straining to press his face up against Cassie's petting hand. It felt so huge against his cheek...so strong, so caring, so calmly erotic, that even though he was totally drained, his skin prickled up into goosebumps as little tingles of electricity crackled across his arms and back.

"Driving that poor department girl crazy," continued Cassie, shaking her head and grinning. "I think she was trying to call the manager right before I came in here...haha, let's hope Courtney steps in and sorts it all out. Can't really count on Kristina to be calm or diplomatic, now, can we? Especially when she's doing a cum-walk through the mall."

Aaron opened his mouth, but he didn't know what to say. Now that he had fully returned to consciousness, he was able to process the consequences of his wishes, at least in a more

realistic way than he had been able to not even an hour before. And his first, overwhelming thought was simple:

‘This has gotten out of control.’

True, Kristina had just sucked him off upside down, and forced him to cum his brains out, harder than he ever had before, but now she was...strutting around the mall with his cum on her face!? Were the police going to be called!? Was he going to get his friends arrested, because he had turned them into insatiable vixens who lusted after his cock??

Aaron's insides started squirming anxiously; he didn't really know what he had gotten himself into, and now, he was at their mercy. But his thoughts were interrupted when Cassie reached down and gently swept him up off the floor, plopping him down in her plush, spacious lap, as she sat down on the changing room bench. She was cradling the back of his head with one hand, while her other hand was lightly wisping itself over his bare stomach, his exposed upper legs, and the sides of his torso. Occasionally, her long fingers descended to tease his groin area, and even his cock (which wasn't even hard, despite being in Cassie's lap...that's how exhausted he was). Her fingers felt sooooo soft, so deft and lovely — the way she was touching him was *exactly* what he needed right now.

“Aww Aaaaaron,” cooed Cassie down to him sweetly, “You look like a little deer in the headlights. Haha, you're still in shock, aren't you?”

“I th-think so, yeah,” he answered truthfully, in a shaky voice.

“Precious baby,” Cassie continued, flitting her fingers over every exposed area of skin as she soothingly addressed him, “What did you expect? You *know* how all three of us feel about you. What, did you think we were taking you on a Saturday mall date just to see what you thought about our new outfits? That we were gonna go to the food court and get some ice cream and call it a day?”

“I...no...” answered Aaron. He knew, of course, that Cassie didn't grasp the true irony of her own rhetorical questions.

“I mean, *come on*, little guy,” laughed Cassie softly, “You've got to be realistic here. Are we the type of girls to wait around, hoping for the sweet little apple of our eye to make the first move?”

“No,” Aaron said, shaking his head.

“Hmmm, nooooo,” giggled Cassie quietly. She momentarily clawed her fingers and dug them into Aaron's side, causing him to yelp out in panicked laughter, but she quickly subsided, blowing a sweet exhale of silent laughter down at him through her flaring nostrils.

“Ahohmygod, sooooo cuuuute!” Cassie breathed out, before affecting a mock-serious tone. “Aaron, you really can’t expect any of us to contain ourselves around you. All three of us just can’t get enough of you, you know that? All we do, every day, is just talk about you...gossip about you...trade ideas for how to make you feel sooooo good.”

“Oh...r-really?” asked Aaron weakly. Pretty much his entire body was draped across Cassie’s lap, with only his head and the bottom half of his legs hanging off either end. At 5’0, he was considerably shorter than he had ever been, of course, but still, he wasn’t *that* short. But Cassie’s thighs were so thick and long, and her hips and ass were so voluptuous and juicy, that she easily accommodated most of his body length.

“Yessss, *really*,” Cassie continued, bending down lower towards him as her fingers continued to flit across his exposed skin. “Do you really not know that by now, Aaron? Or are you just being a little cutie and pretending that we all don’t just fantasize about you all day long?”

“Uhh...” Aaron hadn’t prepared this far. Before he could say anything, Cassie pressed on. She had wrapped her long fingers around his wrist, and she held it up to his face.

“See this?” she said quietly. Her voice was trembling with intense, hungry energy. “Look at this, Aaron. Look at how easily I can wrap my fingers around your little wrist. Oh my god, you are soooo tiny compared to me! Haha, look, my fingers go all the way around easily — my thumb goes all the way around to the second knuckle of my middle finger! And it doesn’t stop there...see? See how I can just go up, up, up your arm? What’s happening now, Aaron? Tell me.”

“Y-you...you can still g-go all the way around,” he groaned. His wrung-out cock was awakening again.

“Ohhh yes I can,” whispered Cassie, “Aaalllll the way up your arm! Ha, and look! Even past your elbow! I can wrap my hand all the way your cute, tiny little bicep, no problem! Ho does that make you feel, Aaron?”

“S-Small,” he exhaled.

“Smaaaall,” she cooed, nodding her head slowly. “Now how about you try that on me — try to put your little hand around *my* wrist.”

Aaron did, and he wasn’t at all surprised to find that he couldn’t even go all the way around, at its smallest point.

“Not even close,” breathed Cassie, shaking her head, as she lined up her bare arm with Aaron’s. “God Aaron, are you seeing this?! My arm’s got to be at *least* three times the size of yours.”

“Y-yeah, it...it is,” Aaron managed to say. His cock was half-erect now, and getting bigger. Cassie had noticed, and her long fingers had formed a light, teasing dome over it, stroking it softly, lovingly, with all five of her fingers at once, urging it to grow.

“And let’s not even *start* with how much bigger my legs are than yours,” chuckled Cassie. Her thighs pistoned up and down for a couple cycles, sending Aaron’s body into a series of waves, before coming to an abrupt halt. “I bet you don’t even weigh much more than *one* of my legs, at this point!” Cassie continued, tonguing the side of her cheek as she winked down at him.

Aaron looked up at her, and a strange thought flashed through his head. What had she meant by “at this point!?” Was Cassie somehow aware of her growth progression? Did she have any memory of the time before, when she had been much smaller? He didn’t have any idea, and he wasn’t about to give anything away, so he let it slide without pursuing it any further.

“But of course, you’re used to being a precious little midget around the three of us, aren’t you?” Cassie continued, “You’re used to not being able to see our faces clearly, since you’ve gotta look up past our biiiiigggg breasts to even see what expressions we’re making, haha! It’s always so cute to watch you take a step back or stand on your tiptoes to try and get a better view over these babies!

Cassie was leaning forward now, so that her gigantic breasts were hanging down low, pressing their fleshy weight up against Aaron’s prone, exposed body. Her sunflower crop top was having a difficult time containing those megalithic mammaries, and a moment later Cassie had relieved one side of the pressure by taking out her engorged tit. Aaron’s mouth watered — her nipple was erect, probably about an inch-and-a-half tall, and pointed straight down towards his face.

“Ooooooh yeah,” whispered Cassie, cupping his head harder in her hand as she pulled it up toward her tit, “You’re such a tiny little sub, Aaron...I *knowwww* you can’t resist sucking on my tits, whenever I give you the chance. Well tiger, it’s your lucky day!”

Without any further ado, Cassie lowered her fat nipple straight down into Aaron’s mouth. He was astonished how much space inside it filled, and his lips puckered as he began sucking. Cassie’s eyes rolled back into her head a little as she gave a long, powerful exhale. Her teasing, tickling fingers sped up slightly against his cock, and then, after a few seconds of getting her bearings, Cassie wrapped three of her fingers around his now-erect dick, and proceeded to flutter her index finger against the sensitive underside of his swollen mushroom head. While she did this, she rubbed her thumb in steady, determined circles, around and around, directly on his peehole. Within seconds, Aaron had started to leak precum, and the fluid only served to grease Cassie’s gears. Her thumb rubbed him faster and faster, as her index finger sped up at the underside of his cockhead in tandem.

“Do you understand, Aaron, how much it turns me on, how much it turns ALL of us on, to just DRINK in how much smaller you are than us?” Cassie whispered down to him, as she stared

deeply into his eyes. “How much shorter, smaller, weaker you are? How you’re totally helpless against us? That we can do anything...*anything* we want to you?”

Aaron was too busy sucking on Cassie’s hard tit to react...and at this point, he was just trying not to cum again. He wouldn’t have believed it possible five minutes before, but here he was.

“And to think,” continued Cassie in that deep, low, soft voice of hers that was turning his mind to mush, “That you’re actually *aroused* by how you don’t measure up to us, Aaron! Look at how hard your little cock is right now! Mmmmm, yeah, I can see it in your eyes, little guy — you just can’t get enough of how much smaller you are, of how inferior and weak your body is compared to ours...it’s reeeeeeally something, Aaron. Most guys are into boring displays of masculinity, but not you. You’re right up our alley. You’re like our missing puzzle piece...the smallest, tiniest one that’s the hardest one to place, but once you finally discover where it goes, the whole puzzle’s finished!”

Cassie pulled his head away from her tit, so that her nipple came popping out of his mouth, shining with his saliva. Aaron didn’t know why she had done this, but quickly understood — Cassie lowered her head and brought her plush lips down on his, engulfing them completely in a long, full, passionate kiss.

“Mmmmmrrrrrrhhhhhhh!” moaned Cassie, her eyes shut tightly, as she sucked and pulled against Aaron’s mouth. Her big, powerful tongue thrust itself confidently into his, dominating it effortlessly, as she bandied it to the side to explore the deepest confines of his mouth. All the while, Cassie’s thumb was tracing circles on the top of his cock, and this was starting to make sticky, lewd noises due to the amount of precum Aaron was exuding. Her finger continued fluttering mercilessly against the underside of his cockhead...Aaron could feel the sore, painful, and ecstatic build of yet another orgasm coming on.

RAP *RAP* *RAP*

A sudden series of loud knocks came at the door. Aaron jolted out of his reverie, startled by the noise. But Cassie just carried on like nothing had happened, moaning out through her kiss, as her fingers remained busy, and her eyes remained closed.

“*Excuse me!*?” The terse, unhappy voice of the department store woman sounded out from behind the door. “*Excuse me!*? You need to come out of there, right now!”

“Mrrrrraaugh...just think of it, Aaron,” Cassie whispered to him, letting up in the middle of her passionate kiss for just a few seconds, “I’m gonna *Mrrraugh* I’m gonna make you cum even *Muuah* even *harder* than Kristina did...*mmrrraaugh* I’m gonna flop my huge tits against your *muagh* tiny little chest, and I’m gonna *mraugh* feel your little heart beat soooo fast when you can’t take anymore and you just *muraugh* and you just *pop* into the air.”

RAPRAP

“HELLO!? MISS!?” There was a new voice at the door. A male voice. “This is the manager, miss, and I’ve called the police!”

THHWWWWOP Cassie's lips came off Aaron's in a loud, popping smack. Aaron looked up at her, totally overcome by her blazing beauty, while the fear of the outside world invading his fantasies grew in the back of his mind. But he could not be shaken from Cassie's spell — she had a slow, quiet fire in her eyes that was somehow even more intense than Kristina's blind lust.

“And when I stroke that cum from your cock,” she whispered fiercely down to him, her teeth now starting to show, “it’s gonna shoot up into the air and I’m gonna *AAHM* catch it all in my mouth. You watch, Aaron, you watch. Look...look what I’m doing to your cock!”

Aaron looked towards his midsection and saw Cassie's fingers speed up even faster. He wouldn't have thought it possible, but that's what she was doing. Her thumb was now practically vibrating in circles around his hole, and her index finger was fluttering against his purpling head so fast that it became a blur.

Flapflapflapflapflapflapflapflapflap

It was going so fast it was actually making a sound.

“She’s not opening it...and she’s assaulting that poor boy in there...where’s the master key?” came the hurried, muttering voice of the female employee.

"Right here...stand back," replied the manager. The sound of jingling keys being fumbled...

“You’re gonna cum when I say, aren’t you?” Cassie growled down at Aaron. Her voice was louder now. Aaron knew that she hadn’t been whispering because of stealth before — she was just being sexy and sensuous. But now that his orgasm was nearing, she was starting to let her own lust get the better of her. Aaron was afraid of what was about to happen when the manager opened the door, but the vast majority of his brain had been overtaken by Cassie’s dominant performance. The fact that she apparently didn’t care one iota about the consequences of her actions made everything seem that much hotter.

Jingling keys...and the sound of one finally finding the lock...

“You’re gonna spew your love spunk up in the air for me...” growled Cassie again, her voice getting louder and louder. Her face was fully flushed now, and her eyes were growing wider.

The sound of the key turning the lock...

"I'm milking your little cock DRY, you tiny little SLUT!" yelled Cassie, now fully transported. "I'm SO much BIGGER than you, I can make you do ANYTHING I WANT...and you WILL give it to me!! You WILL come for me...NOW!!!"

The door came flying open, and right at that moment, Aaron shot a geyser of cum straight up in the air, orchestrated exactly as planned by Cassie's skillful fingers. The rotund, bald-headed manager stepped back in shocked revulsion, along with his employee, as Cassie cried out triumphantly, her face brightening from hardened lust into sheer, girlish delight. Her wide, happy eyes followed the trajectory of Aaron's cum, and as it arced in the air and came back down, she stuck her big tongue out and caught it all in her mouth.

"AAAAHHHHHHMMMM!!" Cassie moaned with great exaggeration. Her hand shot up to her mouth, just to make sure that she wasn't wasting any. Her lips shut together, and she scratched Aaron's head lovingly with her nails, her eyes going up and down his naked body with unabashed delight and satisfaction. After a few seconds, she turned her gaze to the manager and his employee, who were both staring in horror at the scene. Cassie suddenly opened her mouth again, threw back her head in their direction, and began gargling Aaron's cum loudly.

"AGGWORGGOORRGLLAAAARRRRGLWAAARGGLORWAAAGGHLLWWORLLAAAUGH!!!"

The lewd sounds echoed loudly into the other changing rooms. Several other women had been watching in the background, and they all turned away quickly, shielding their eyes.

"Oh god...oh my god..." muttered the manager, shaking his head as he shielded his own eyes.

GALUMMM

Cassie swallowed Aaron's load down directly into her belly, and smacked her lips down at him with wide eyes.

"Thought I was gonna go easy on you after Kristina, huh?" she teased. Aaron was again only partially conscious now. His body was covered with sweat, and his skin remained a deep, flushed red. Cassie started drawing her long fingers across his bare chest in interest for a few moments, but then Courtney and Kristina suddenly appeared from around the corner, scattering people in their wake.

"Uhh, Cass?" Courtney ventured earnestly, though not without a little humor in her voice. "Think now might be a good time to dip out."

"Yeah, we've got everything we came for," Kristina joked behind her. "And I don't know why, but they won't take our money!"

"Huh...well ok, I guess," Cassie replied, standing up with Aaron in her arms, forgetting about his torn and discarded clothes. "That's a nice top, Courtney!"

"Thanks!" Courtney replied, turning around and showing off a skin-tight burgundy top that showed off every inch of her impressive curves, with a couple inches at the bottom for her stomach to bulge out a little. "It doesn't quite fit, but it feels good and I think it makes me look even bigger...heheh, along with these jeans and these heels too!"

"Well duh the heels make you look bigger!" laughed Kristina, "They make you 6 inches taller! Which makes you, uhhh..."

"7'2, breathed Courtney deeply, stepping over in the manager's direction, "I told these little people here to bill us all at my address, since this prude of a man won't take our money."

"Th-the police are on their — " began the red-faced manager, but Courtney interrupted him, standing tall above his retreating form. The top of his head was a couple inches below her breasts.

"Yes, we know," Courtney spoke down to him. "And don't worry — we're out of your hair now. Just understand that, if we have to deal with any legal trouble, you'll be hearing from MY lawyer about how this store is intolerant and discriminates against alternative lifestyles."

"Y-You were all having...*p-public sex* in the stalls!!" cried the manager, who was still backing up, terrified of Courtney's size.

"Aw, look at that," chuckled Courtney, "He's *jealous* of our little one here!"

"J-jeal—!?" choked the manager, but Courtney had already turned on her heel and was leaving the store, with Cassie and Kristina following close behind in tow.

"Like I said, bill me at that address!" called Courtney over her shoulder, "And it won't be pleasant if the police show up there, mark my words."

For the next several minutes, Aaron swam in and out of consciousness. He vaguely registered that Cassie was carrying him through the mall, that other people were gasping and pointing and speaking loudly, and that Cassie, Courtney, and Kristina were chattering away to each other pleasantly, like nothing untoward was going on.

"Like a straight white geyser, Courtney! Haha you should've seen it!" Cassie's voice was saying.

"Ha, where's the proof!?" laughed Kristina, smearing around her face, "I've got mine right here!"

"Well of course you both know it's MY turn next!" Courtney was saying. "Come on, let's walk a little faster...I wanna get back to Aaron's place quick before we have to deal with any more nonsense."

"Well they'll be coming to your address, won't they?" Cassie asked. They were outside now, and the afternoon sun warmed Aaron's bare skin and helped him come to a bit more.

"Psssh yeah...and what're they gonna do?" Courtney laughed. "I'll come out in my heels, sort out any confusion...I'll pay the bill...that'll be it."

"Heh, if you say so," chuckled Kristina, "I'm gonna love watching you try to finagle that."

"Well she's not like *you*, you know," Cassie teased, as they got into Kristina's car. "Courtney has the gift of diplomacy, whereas you...haha, well you're more like a cannon."

"Then we're a formidable team!" retorted Kristina, revving up the engine. Aaron tried to open his mouth as he lay in Cassie's lap, but her strong hand came down to his mouth and deftly shushed him.

"Shhh, shhhh, shhhh, just take it easy, little tiger," she cooed down at him. "Just hang tight there for a bit, until we get back home."

"Yeah, you need to save up your energy," Courtney intoned meaningfully, rubbing her huge thigh against the back of Aaron's head. Her massive hand came softly down on his chest, nearly covering the whole thing. "The day is young."

Aaron could only breathe in and out right now. He had just had two of the most mind-blowing orgasms of his entire life. His wishes, his deepest desires, were all coming true. And yet right now, he felt scared. They had only just managed to avoid getting arrested, if they had actually managed that at all...only time would tell. The three girls were totally out of control. In his bedroom, he would have thought this was incredibly hot...and it WAS...but it was also terrifying. He couldn't keep this up...he just couldn't. His body would give out before the day was over if they kept up in their merciless, lustful pursuit of his cum. He needed to get a moment alone with his diary. He had to change something. Otherwise, he knew he wasn't going to last much longer.

Chapter 9

"Oh, but Aaaaaron," Courtney was complaining, drawing a line down his chest with her long finger, "Are you sure?"

"Yeah...yeah, I'm, haha, I'm sorry Courtney," Aaron replied. He was unable to keep the desperation out of his voice as he grabbed onto her hand, trying to prevent it from reaching down into his crotch. "I...y-you know, I think I'm empty, heheh, and I w-wouldn't wanna disappoint you."

Courtney gently averted her head up towards Cassie and Kristina, sharing a knowing smile with them. They were all in Kristina's Hummer, which was idling by Aaron's apartment. The girls had all planned on going up with Aaron to play with him some more, but he had managed to force out a strained declaration that he was exhausted and needed to rest. Needless to say, Courtney was feeling quite cheated, and she was making her feelings known. Aaron thanked his stars that Kristina and Cassie were already satiated, however briefly, because he knew that neither of them would have responded to the disappointment as calmly and measuredly as Courtney was. Still, though, he was having a tough time keeping her big hand away from his crotch, especially considering that he was laid out across her lap, her thick, full thighs cushioning over half his body as her large, strong arms effortlessly parried away his protesting flails.

"Pssssh, you think she cares about that!?" laughed Kristina, turning around in the driver's seat and flashing Aaron a wry grin. His cum was still smeared all over her face.

"I mean...don't get me wrong, Aaron," Courtney continued, now petting his crotch softly with her massive hand. Aaron had already given up trying to push it away. "I'd love a cum-bath for my face like you gave Kristina, but I know that your little balls need some time to get working again to make more. But that's not what I *really* want, Aaron."

She arched her back, bending down low as her shadow engulfed him completely. Cassie shimmed her full shoulders side to side, adjusting her thick hips as she turned to watch the fun. Aaron caught a sideways glimpse of her giant breasts in the periphery of his vision, and he was fairly certain that she had popped one of them out of her dress so that she could play with her free nipple. But Courtney's encroaching form over him was increasingly usurping his attention. The way her huge thighs were cradling his body, even as he felt the plush push of her soft, rotund breasts against the entirety of his torso...it was all just so overwhelming, and combined with the mercilessly gentle and tender action of her hand against his cock, he felt like he wasn't too far away from cumming again. Aaron wasn't sure if his body and brain could take another orgasm without him stroking out.

"What I *want*," Courtney whispered down at him, "Is to see your cute little eyes cross when I push you over the orgasmic brink...to see your little mouth open up in wordless ecstasy, totally and utterly at my mercy. What I want to see, Aaron, is for you to surrender yourself totally to

me, to feel, to know...how much bigger and stronger I am than you, how much I dominate you, and how I can make you seize up and orgasm whenever and wherever I want you to."

Her huge hand burrowed down into his pants, and Aaron moaned and arched his back into the expansive flesh beneath him. Courtney had engulfed his poor, spent cock in her hand, and was now slowly, torturously jerking him off.

"Hahaha, I don't care if nothing comes out of your beautiful little cock," Courtney teased down at him softly. Aaron had shut his eyes, but he could still somehow see her full lips as they gently mouthed their agonizingly erotic words. "I don't *care*, Aaron...I don't care...I don't care...all I *really* care about is making you cum, and cum and *cum*, over and over again, as you sink down into the depths of surrender to me...to *us*...I want you to give yourself totally away to the pleasure, Aaron. I want you to really feel how small and submissive you are, and how your *real* place is right here in my lap, with my hand around your cock, pulling on it, making it jerk and spasm and burst, until there's nothing left of your mind but puuuuure, pristine, submissive pleasure."

Even though Kristina and Cassie had already made him erupt in explosive orgasm twice that morning, Aaron could feel his body beginning to boil like a furnace in response to Courtney's searingly pleasurable touch. But it was her dirty talk that was truly doing him in. He had been trying to tell her that he needed a break, that he was afraid that his heart and brain weren't going to survive another orgasm, but as she had stroked on, and talked on, his protests had given way to the blank pleasure Courtney was urging him to embrace. He opened his eyes widely, but he couldn't see anything clearly...only vague splotches of color. His hearing was similarly muddled and disturbed; he could only make out the soft, merciless cadence of Courtney's voice as she continued pressing on and on. He couldn't even hear her words now. It was just the gentle volume of her voice, overtaking his mind, and filling up his head with its unceasing echoes.

How long Aaron existed in this strange, suspended, hazy phantasmagoria, he had no idea. He began to have the vague sense of an impending blackness beginning to swallow him up, but right when the void seemed like it had truly expanded itself underneath him, yawning to receive him, he felt the sudden, relentless stimulation of entirely new sensations, from both sides of his head, and down in between his legs. His vision seemed to sharpen for a few moments, and he suddenly saw, from the lolling position of his head (staring down), that Courtney's big head was busy at his midsection. That was where the feeling between his legs was coming from. She had lifted him up in the air and brought his crotch up to her mouth; she was sucking powerfully on his cock. At the same time, he realized that the thunderous squelching was coming from the stimulation on both sides of his head...and then, as his senses briefly sharpened from the shock of the stimulation, he felt the wriggling, vigorously undulating pressure of something in his ears. He tried to turn his head away, but large, strong hands easily wrapped around his arms and shoulders, holding him fast. Hungry moans echoed out within his head, accompanying the ravenous, wriggling thunder in his ears.

It was at this point that Aaron realized that both Cassie and Kristina had stuck their tongues in his ears, probing and pushing their sinuous appendages deep down into his ear canals, as far as they could go, as they moaned all the while. Apparently, the two girls hadn't been able to keep themselves from joining in; Cassie had sidled up close to Courtney to claim his left ear, and Kristina had hopped over the driver's seat armrest to claim his right. The two of them were absolutely relentless, attacking the inside of his ears like they were trying to get at the tastiest candy in the world.

GLORRRPNNAAWWWGLLLAAAUUGTHLLLAUUUGGHHGUULLLAAUUGRRTHHHAU

The greedy sounds of their hungry tongues soaked into Aaron's brain, and right as he actually managed to realize what was going on, Courtney turned up the heat on her blowjob. With the entirety of his cock and balls in the warm, wet, suckling interior of her mouth, she had made her tongue into a spear shape and was determinedly trying to force it down Aaron's peehole. He felt the corners of his eyes spasm in overwhelming panic and pleasure as he felt her tongue eagerly start to fling itself back and forth rapidly, with the tip *inside* his dick. The resultant vibrating pleasure that spread throughout his crotch and body like hot liquid fire proved too much for him to bear. But even more overwhelming than the sensation itself was his lightning realization, even in the midst of his sexual pleasure and torment, that he was about to cum hard to the true reality of being so hopelessly overmatched by these voracious, gigantic women. They were hungry; they were greedy; they were absolutely merciless; they would not be denied. And THAT, above all else, was what was making him cum.

His eyes almost popped out of their sockets as his shaking lips peeled back, revealing his gums; his nostrils flared; and his mouth opened as wide as it could go, and he let loose a scream that he was sure would shatter the car windows. As it happened, he could only manage a pitiful, petered-out squeal, since every tissue in his body was hardened and pulsating, at attention.

"Wwwwggllllleeeeeee!"

OM!!

He heard Cassie engulf his entire left ear with her mouth in response, while Kristina swallowed his right. Courtney's huge hands tightened around his butt, squeezing them hard, like she was trying to pump out his fluids as she continued to suck.

*MmmmmmmRRRRRGHHHHHH!!!" she moaned hungrily, mashing her face up into his midsection as her tongue thrust itself even further into the quivering, purpling mushroom head of his cock. Aaron's vision subsided again, and his senses were once again dominated by the cacophonous sounds of their hungry tongues trying to lick his brain. The black void rose up again, and this time, it really did swallow him. He passed away in a dead faint, right before the last drops of his cum came rocketing out of his cock, going straight down Courtney's eagerly

undulating throat. He didn't even get to hear the girls laughing at his limp little body as he collapsed forward on top of Courtney's supporting head.

He sensed that he was lying down in something soft. Everything felt soft. Warm...a gentle breeze was blowing against his face. His body felt warm. No, it felt cold...no, warm again. He tried to move, but something big held him down. A calm whooshing at his ear.

"Shhhh...shhh...isokaawoaaaaauughh..."

The faint and discordant sounds faded away. Someone had been talking to him. A full, gentle, loving, feminine voice. He tried to move his other arm, but again, something huge held it down.

"Nnnnnn....no...no," Aaron mumbled vaguely. Trying to make out the human voice, whoever it was, was like turning a radio knob, trying to find the right station. But even though he couldn't hear it properly, Aaron was able to understand that whoever was speaking was urging him not to move.

"Eeeeeassssyyyy," the voice breathed softly, soothingly, into his ear. It started becoming clearer and clearer now. "Take it eeeaaasssy, Aaron. It's ok...it's ok, you're safe. You're ok...you're with ussssss."

Courtney's voice. Aaron realized that his eyes were closed, and he opened them. He was in his bedroom, in his bed, with the covers pulled up over his naked body. Courtney was sitting by his bedside, drawing her long fingers lovingly through his hair, as she peered down at him, an affectionate smile on her face. Aaron blinked again, and his vision improved. Kristina was standing over in the corner of the room, with her back turned to them, studying the SuperMario poster on his wall. He turned to the right and saw that Cassie was sitting on the other side of the bed, staring down at him with a warm smile, with her hands folded patiently over her crossed legs. She was sitting close to his nightstand.

Aaron took a few seconds to absorb everything, and the first thing he felt was a sense of relief. They had taken him to his room and put him to bed, which meant that they at least understood that his mind and body couldn't go on after what had happened. They had the capacity to understand that he needed a break. But just then, he realized how close Cassie was sitting to his nightstand, and he felt a surge of panic. He was right where he wanted to be, in the safety of his bedroom, but the three of them were there with him. He felt like he had nearly died...he needed to get them out of there, before they discovered the diary, which was only inches away from Cassie's dangling foot, in the stack of books on his nightstand shelf.

He made another motion to rise from his horizontal position, but Courtney wouldn't let him. He was so small compared to her that his little body didn't have any chance of overcoming the force of her hand on his chest, and augmenting this size difference was the fact that he was utterly exhausted, drained of every vital reserve of energy in his body.

“Ooooh, he’s getting a little antsy,” smiled Cassie. She leaned forward in her chair to peer at him closer. “Don’t worry, Aaron...we know your cock is all out of juice. We made sure to wrrrring it all out, even after you passed out, haha.”

She made a “washcloth-wringing” motion with her hands as her eyebrows went up and down playfully. Aaron knew he had nothing left to give, because if he did, he was well aware that Cassie’s salacious gesture would have forced him into becoming hard again. As it was, though, his penis remained totally flaccid between his legs. He may have woken up, but his cock had been put into a deeper slumber.

“Yeah, and we actually got a little more out of it,” chuckled Kristina, turning around and walking up to the bed. “Do you like my little design?”

Aaron was puzzled for a moment; he didn’t know what she was talking about.

“Give him a closer look,” Cassie said. “He just woke up, you know...heheh, probably can hardly even see straight after what we did to him.”

Kristina bounded up on the bed, making it shake with her weight, and Aaron winced. His body was definitely still over-sensitive.

“Hey, easy there,” Courtney cautioned, steadying Kristina’s body with her free hand, “Not so rough.”

“Sorry,” shrugged Kristina, “I just wanted to give him a close-up of this.”

She indicated to her chest, and Aaron could see it now. Painted in a milky-white line was a “heart” shape, directly above her cleavage.

“See?” Kristina grinned, tracing the “heart” with her finger. “A cum heart right on top of my real heart. Isn’t that just poetic, Aaron?”

He couldn’t think of what to do but nod weakly. Even though he didn’t have the physical capacity to get hard now, Kristina’s fixation on his cum was nonetheless striking. He could see that she still had his cum smeared on her face from the mall.

“And it wasn’t just Kristina who got to enjoy it again,” added Kristina softly, palming and petting his head with her huge hand. “I got to swallow most of that last cumshot.” She opened her mouth at him, showing him her cavernous throat. Aaron knew that she was 6’8...but even still, her mouth and throat seemed almost unnaturally vast and spacious. He felt the electrical impulse of helpless arousal trying to kickstart his bulbospongiosus muscles, but it was like trying to click-start a stove with no gas -- the starter was cracking, but there was no energy source to fuel the fire.

“Aaaauuuuhhhh...hahaha,” laughed Courtney, giving herself a rare moment of frivolity, “I was going to swish it around a little in my mouth, you know...to get a niiiice long taste of it, but I was too caught up in the passion of the moment, you see, and *sploop* it all just went right down into my tummy!”

She patted her stomach happily, giving a purr of contentment for good measure.

“Oh...okay,” moaned Aaron weakly. He was trying to think of a way to get them out of his apartment, if only just for a little bit, to give him enough time to write down some new wishes in his diary. The pressing nature of this need weighed heavily upon him, but he still knew that he had to tread very carefully. If any of the girls were to find out about the diary, they might confiscate it...or even worse, destroy it, so that he could never wish any of the current situation away. They all looked so sweet and gentle right now, even in the midst of their striking, stunning beauty, but at this point, Aaron knew it was all just because they were temporarily satisfied. Very soon, all three of them would get hungry again -- they were literal succubi now, and he was in danger of being permanently drained of his vital force. Aaron didn’t trust them not to cross the line and accidentally kill him in the midst of their rapacious sexual hunger.

“And don’t think I didn’t get in on the action after you passed out!” giggled Cassie, shaking her head at him. “Uh-uh! Courtney and Kristina got most of the rest of it, but once we got you up here I kept trying to wring you out, and...haha, I squeezed juuuust a little bit out -- the very last bit!”

“Uhhh...wow...” groaned Aaron.

“Yeeeeeah, and I thought, well, it’s not enough to really *taste*,” Cassie continued, “But it *smelled* soooo good, kind of fruity, just a little dab of it sitting on the tip of your cock...so I --”

And here, Cassie’s gorgeous face suddenly contorted, puckered up, and she snorted through her nose.

SniffSniffSniff

“Haha yep! Right up my nose!” she laughed. “It made my eyes sting a little, but it made the cum hit harder, haha! I actually got to feel my body absorb it that way...and I think it happened faster too!”

“What a weirdo,” Kristina teased, turning to Aaron and tilting her head to the side as she twirled her finger around her ear in the “she’s crazy” motion.

“You’re the one with cum smeared all over your face!” chided Cassie. “What good is that!? My body’s already absorbed it all and it feels soooo good, staring at him, knowing that his seed is a part of me now.”

"Hey, don't tell *me* what to do with Aaron's cum," Kristina warned. "To each their own. I like it on my face; it has a nice tingly feel. Sue me!"

"Mmmm, well / like it in my belly," hummed Courtney, petting her stomach and winking at Aaron.

Aaron gawked at them. It was incredible -- his cum was literally like a drug to them now.

'This is what you wished for,' said a voice inside his head. 'This is exactly what you wished for...and now you've got it...and now you've got to get rid of it.'

"Say, uh...guys?" he began, trying to keep his voice from shaking. It wasn't that he was nervous now. He didn't have the energy to be nervous. It was just that anything he did that required effort (like speaking) was extremely difficult right now. They all turned to him, giving him their undivided attention. He felt a prickle of spookiness pass over him. That diary was powerful.

"I'm...I'm really sorry that I...um...that I...ran out," he continued, having to take deep breaths in between almost every word. "I hope you all weren't too...disappointed."

"Oh you precious little baby," cooed Courtney, brushing his cheek lovingly with her fingers, "Of course we're not disappointed. We know that you're not a bottomless well."

"As much as we'd want you to be," chimed Kristina with a dirty grin.

"Shhhh, don't stress him out," Cassie chided, "Look at him. Our little cum factory is totally empty, and he's not gonna start making more if we put him under too much pressure."

"Mmmm yes," nodded Courtney, "Which is why we're all just going to sit around here and keep him company, feeding him, bathing him, doing all the fun little things to help him recuperate...so he can make us some more."

Aaron felt a cold wave of dread sweep over him. This is the last thing he wanted to hear. But he couldn't betray how scared he felt. He needed to think of something...some way to convince them to leave him alone for a bit. After a few silent seconds, he figured that the best way forward would just be to tell the truth...while leaving out certain important parts along the way.

"I...I'm sorry, Courtney," he whispered.

"Sorry?" she asked warmly, "Sorry for what, baby?"

"The...I mean, I'm sorry, but...I think what I need right now is...y-you know, some good sleep, and...I'm n-not blaming you guys, really, but...how to say this, heheh...there's no way I can go to sleep with you guys here. You're too beautiful. I can't take my eyes off you."

"Psssh listen to him," Kristina chuckled, "Flattering us. He thinks if he showers us with compliments then...wait...uh...then...heh, then I don't know what." Her eyebrows creased together; she seemed to be genuinely confused.

"Oh you're very sweet, Aaron," Cassie intoned, "But we don't have to be all up in your face like we are now. We can wait in the living room, play some video games, you know?"

"Watch some TV," Courtney added.

"Watch some TV," repeated Cassie, nodding. "Until you're ready to go again."

For a moment, Aaron thought this actually might work; if he could just get them out of his bedroom and close the door...but he quickly realized this would not be a good idea. His bedroom door had no lock on it, and he didn't trust the girls not to spy on him. It wouldn't be creepy or malicious spying in their minds -- just "horny girl" spying through the cracks of the door. But in any case, it simply wasn't worth risking them finding out about the diary.

"N-no, I mean...heheh, you guys don't understand," groaned Aaron, smiling and wincing all at the same time as he sat up in his bed. "And, like, I...I don't blame you. But you need to understand how...how powerful of an effect you have on me, alright? Like...even if I hear you in the other room, my heart just...it just starts beating really fast, and my face gets red, and I...I j-just can't help myself."

"Awwwww!" cooed Cassie, bending down and engulfing him in a tender hug, "That is just so precious, Aaron!"

"Too precious," muttered Kristina. "Geez, Aaron, you're really pushing your luck...a few more compliments like that and I'm gonna be gobbling down your cock again, cum or no cum."

"Shhhh, stopppp," chuckled Courtney, waving her down.

"I just need...just a little rest, is all," Aaron finished, trying to sound as genuine as he could without letting the urgent desperation bleed through in his voice. "It won't take long...maybe just...a few hours...or, or overnight or...something."

"Overnight!?" cried Cassie softly, "Oh, surely not that long!"

"Ok, ok, not that long!" came Aaron's quick reply, putting up his hands. "Just a f-few hours, then."

The girls all looked at each other. They didn't seem thrilled with the idea of leaving him, but they did seem to understand that he wanted them to.

"Mmmmm, welllll...ok," declared Courtney finally, sighing as she got up. Cassie and Kristina joined her. The three of them were gathered at the foot of his bed. A more strikingly imposing, curvaceous, and beautiful trio could not have been imagined. Their eyes sparkled down at him, mingling with the midafternoon sunlight lazily soaking through the partially-pulled curtains.

"We'll give you some time to sleep," Courtney continued, "But we'll be back in a few hours."

"Count on it," added Kristina, forking her fingers into a "V" shape and bringing it up to her mouth, tonguing the middle of it lewdly as she made eyes down at him.

"See you soon, little cumster," Cassie purred at him, scrunching her face up and smacking her lips. "We'll be thinking about youuuuuu."

Aaron watched them go, unable to help marveling at their huge asses as they gyrated lasciviously, a parting gift. When the door finally closed, Aaron's head fell back on the pillow and he shut his eyes tightly, gritting his teeth.

"Oh my god..." he whispered to himself, "Oh my god...oh my god....holy SHIT..."

Frantic relief was all he felt right now. At last he would be able to fix the terrible choice he had made. With shaking hands, he pulled out his diary and turned to the next blank page. For several minutes he held it there in his lap, listening for the girls in the hallway. He was afraid that they would burst in through the walls, or drop out of the ceiling. At this point, he put nothing past them. He had to do the deed, before it was too late.

His pen hovered over the page, poised. He couldn't rush this...he had to get it right. After thinking long and hard, and working up exactly what he was going to say before he wrote it, he finally put the pen to paper and started to write:

"I want Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney to be attracted to how much bigger they are than me, but I want them to have a more restrained cum fetish than they have right now. I want them to desire me, but I don't want them to obsess over me."

He paused, hoping that these words would be clear enough to whatever power was animating these pages. His hand hovered over the page. He knew he wasn't done.

"I want Courtney to be 7'0, 240 pounds, Cassie to be 6'8, 220 pounds, and Kristina to be 6'6, 230 pounds."

He paused again. Whether it was because of the diary's intense power, or something else, he didn't know. All that he knew was that, a moment later, he was writing the words:

"I want every woman in this city to be 1 inch taller."

Chapter 10

A few hours later, Aaron was gradually becoming aware that his eyes were opening. His bedroom...the golden glow of the sun soaking through his partially-open curtains...he had been having some kind of bizarre dream, where everything had been out of place, but even as he tried to remember, the memory melted away in his mind. Was it already morning!? Had he slept all the way through the night??

And then it happened again: the friendly but firm *knock knock knock* on his door. Aaron immediately recognized that the first knock, which he had hardly even registered, had woken him up. And then it all came flooding back, deluging his brain with a simultaneous series of realizations – he hadn't slept through the night; the golden sunlight streaming in heralded the late afternoon, and was beginning to usher in the evening; his body was utterly exhausted, and he felt like he had run an entire marathon; he had hidden his diary away back in the stack of books under his night stand; after writing down his wishes he had almost instantly passed out from sheer exhaustion; and...the girls had come back, and they were at his door, knocking.

'But...they're knocking,' Aaron told himself, grimacing and wincing as he moved to get out of bed. 'That's a good sign, because if they were the same as before, they would've already just...barged in. I'd have woken up with all three of them standing around my bed, staring down at me.'

A chill went through him as he thought about how eerie and overwhelming it had been to have the three gigantic women so fiercely obsessed with taking his cum. Aaron had thought such a thing would be a dream come true, but he had since grown wiser. At his current height of 5'0, there was absolutely no way he could withstand the all-out sexual onslaught from the three vixens, and he felt like they had very nearly sucked out his life force in the act of literally sucking and wringing him dry. He now knew, unequivocally, that despite his obvious arousal at the girls' ravenous and lascivious display, there could be too much of a good thing.

Walking a little unsteadily, but with his heart pattering in excited expectation, Aaron went to open the door. As he did, he couldn't help but take a big, deep breath. At this point, he wasn't too doubtful that his wishes had worked – he just knew that he had to prepare himself for what he was about to see.

Even with the preparation, though, when the door swung open, Aaron wasn't able to keep his mouth from dropping open slightly, and his eyes widening. Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney were all standing there before him, their heads inclined far downward as they stared him in the face. Aaron was relieved to discover that their smiles looked decidedly more normal and sane than they had a few hours before. They looked like they felt warmly toward him and thought he was precious...not like they were hungrily determined to forcefully wring every last drop of cum out of his cock.

“Well hello there, naked!” Cassie quipped, stepping forward in front of the others into the apartment. Aaron couldn’t even take the time to remember his nudity, because he was too busy focusing on the ray of sunshine stepping his way. Cassie’s bright yellow sundress looked shorter and tighter than it had been when Aaron saw her last – her large, orbbed breasts were starting to spill out of their confines, and her hips and thighs had gotten so lusciously thick that they filled out her dress completely, with only a bit of loose fabric hanging down towards the middle of her thighs. She flipped her succulent, wavy blonde hair out of her face before continuing, squinting down at him lovingly with those beautiful, almond-shaped green eyes:

“Had a nice little nap, hmmm?”

“I...y-yeah...yeah I did,” stammered Aaron, backing up a little from the imposing sight of Cassie stepping toward him. She was 6’8 now, and, with the help of the cute 2-inch black pumps she was wearing, she towered over him by a full 22 inches. Aaron blinked and felt his throat go dry, realizing that he was actually looking UP now at the underside of Cassie’s breasts.

“Well I don’t know about that,” remarked Kristina, stepping in next to Cassie as she put her hands on her big hips. “You still look pretty bleary-eyed to me. Maybe we need to put you back to sleep with our tongues so you can get a proper rest.”

Kristina raised her eyebrows as her eyes went wide with pleasure, and she extended her long, pointed tongue from her mouth and flicked it up and down licentiously at Aaron’s gawking face. He couldn’t deny how hot Kristina looked, especially fluttering her tongue at him like that. Her short blonde hair had never looked cooler, with it swooshed sexily to one side, and her bright blue eyes had never looked more alluring, piercing, and penetrating. But as he took stock of Kristina’s incredibly sexy face, and of the fact that her turquoise sundress was so small compared to her that it was basically riding up on her gigantic ass, Aaron had a moment of panic. Kristina was still acting super-horny...had his wish not worked on her!? Was she about to tackle him, turn him upside down, and suck on his cock like a straw until he passed out again, maybe this time for good??

But then Aaron noticed that Cassie had turned to stare reprovingly at Kristina, pursing her plush lips at her slightly shorter friend. Aaron had registered that Kristina had on a pair of tall white tennis shoes that augmented her height a couple inches, making her 6’8. His eyes were only barely level with the bottom of her breasts, which were noticeably smaller than Cassie’s enormous rack. But Kristina’s tits were certainly nothing to be ashamed of, and in any case, her colossal ass was bigger than anyone else’s.

“Whaaaaaat?” Kristina whined playfully at Cassie, upon noticing the gently-rebuking stare. And then Aaron saw it – a huge, red-nailed, manicured hand snaked across Kristina’s shoulder, engulfing it completely, incredibly managing to make it look small. Aaron had to avert his head up even higher to look at Courtney’s face, with her eyes actually rising above the top of Kristina’s blonde head.

“Look, Kristina, you’re making him shake,” Courtney intoned, her deep, feminine voice seeming to gently vibrate the air with its rich timbre. “I think our little man deserves a bit more of a rest, don’t you think?”

“I know, I know,” sighed Kristina, rolling her eyes and nodding, “I was just kidding, heheh...I knew it’d make him quiver a little.”

“I mean, yeah, because we really wrung you out there, didn’t we Aaron?” Courtney persisted, shaking her head slowly down at him, sending her long, luxurious brown curls swaying to and fro beside her gorgeous face. Aaron could feel her dark brown eyes penetrating him and eating his little naked body up, even though they lacked that rapacious fire that had been there a few hours before. Even though Kristina was thicker and wider around the waist area than Courtney, her superior height meant that Aaron could see that her purple dress was (like the other girls’) too small for her, and riding up on the large, sexy pillars of her upper thighs. The 4-inch black platforms that Courtney was sporting made her an astonishing 7’4, and as she stepped forward, in between the other two, and loomed over him with regal authority, Aaron saw that he was staring straight into the middle of Courtney’s stomach. His wishes had come true – she was utterly enormous compared to him, and made him feel the rush of a searingly submissive burst of lust: he felt like a child standing before her now.

“You’re looking a little uneasy on your feet there, darling,” Courtney purred down at him. “Here, why don’t we get you more comfortable, hmmm?”

Without bothering to wait for a response, she deftly swooped down, scooping Aaron up in her arms and holding him to her warm bosom. Aaron’s vision went dark for a few seconds, and suddenly all he could hear and feel was the powerful, rhythmic drum of Courtney’s heartbeat. He wasn’t able to avoid thinking about how powerful her heart muscle was, and how much bigger its job was than that of his own heart...pumping all her blood throughout that enormous body. But in a matter of seconds, he was back in the light again – Courtney had sat down on the sofa, cradling his body in her lap as she palmed the back of his head with her gigantic hand. Aaron felt his already-erect cock get harder still, at the sensation of Courtney’s huge fingers gently massaging his scalp sent electric pinges of arousal surging through his body.

“There we go, why don’t you just relax, Aaron?” Courtney spoke gently down to him. “We’ve certainly had our way with you all morning...gotta tone it down every once in a while to let you rest, right?”

“Otherwise, I think we’d literally end up sucking your life out through that precious little cock of yours,” added Cassie sweetly, who had bounded onto the sofa next to Courtney, and was now drawing her manicured nails softly down Aaron’s tiny bare legs. “And that would make us sooooo sad!”

“Even if it’d be sort of hot, in a messed-up kinda way,” chuckled Kristina. Unlike Cassie, she had not joined Courtney on the sofa. Instead, she was standing in between the sofa and the TV, with her hands on her hips.

“Ignore her, baby,” whispered Cassie into Aaron’s ear, though loudly enough for Kristina to hear, “You know how she gets a kick out of freaking you out.”

“Ignore me!? Haha, good luck with that!” Kristina scoffed, picking up Aaron’s remote. “What music you got on here, Aaron? I’m in the mood for some rap...gotta get some Biggie up in here.”

While Courtney and Cassie continued caressing and petting Aaron’s body with their huge fingers, Kristina proceeded to put on an impromptu “twerk show,” throwing her gigantic ass up and down, back and forth, and every other direction to the beat of the music as Aaron helplessly watched.

“God, look at her go!” murmured Cassie in his ear, “Just *look* at that gigantic ass...I mean, good lord Aaron...I think Kristina’s ass alone might weigh about as much as you do now!”

“Y-yeah...” he replied weakly, feeling a wet flutter against one of his ears, “Yeah...it...it might...” Courtney had bent down, still massaging his scalp with her huge hand, and had begun to tongue his earlobe, fluttering her tongue against it softly, and occasionally taking the whole lobe in her mouth and smacking on it gently.

Mmmmwwathhhh *Mlllllglthhhh* *Mmmmgggllthhhh*

“She’s right, you know,” Courtney whispered softly, in between licks and flutters, “Look at your little body, Aaron...”

“Look at your arms and legs,” Cassie pursued, running her big hands over them as she spoke to emphasize how small they were in comparison.

“Your narrow waist,” Courtney whispered, “Mmmmm, no hips to speak of...”

“Your cute little chest,” Cassie kept on, splaying her hand out against it. Aaron could see that Cassie’s hand covered well over half his entire chest...maybe two-thirds...the *smacksmacksmack* of Courtney’s tongue and lips at his ear...Kristina’s enormous, sexy ass bouncing along to the rap music that crazily accentuated the sexiness of her movements...he felt himself beginning to tighten up all over again, as his cock strained at the air.

“We know you’ve already given us soooooo much today,” Courtney cooed in his ear, “But maybe just...just a liiiiittle bit more, Aaron?”

“Just a tiiiiiny little taste more, Aaron?” begged Cassie, who was now bearing down on him, staring down into his flushed face as she continued to gently caress his body with her hands. “We know you want to give us more, Aaron...and we believe in you. You’re our precious little cumster! Come on, Aaron...I don’t even have to touch your cock...I know you can squirt it out for me.”

“Come on...” whispered Courtney, her tongue speeding up in his ear. Cassie bent down and took charge of his other ear, lightly fluttering her tongue against it as she and Courtney continued trading whispered commands in his ear:

“Come on...”

“Come on...”

“Come onnnnn...”

“*Come* on...”

“Oooooo yeah, he’s shakin’ now,” laughed Kristina, peeking around from behind her twerking ass. “Come on, girls, faster...faster!”

ShhhhLLLLLOOOOP

All at once, both Courtney and Cassie swallowed Aaron’s ears, thrusting their tongues deep inside as their mouths engulfed him. Unlike before, their movements were slow and gentle, without any of the desperate insanity that had previously marked their behavior. But it didn’t matter to Aaron...in a way, what they were doing now was even hotter, and more irresistible. His body spasmed and he came with violent force, a thin line of cum squirting straight up from his exhausted cock. Cassie reached out and caught it in her hand, and had licked it all up before either of the other two could react.

“Haha I’m the lucky one this time!” she laughed, flashing a crooked smile down at Aaron. But he didn’t hear her – he had passed out all over again.

“Alright now we reeeeaally need to give him a break,” Courtney chuckled, draping his unconscious body around her shoulder as she patted him lovingly on the back. “Otherwise his little heart’s gonna give out.”

Over the next few days, Aaron gradually recovered from that unprecedented milking he had been subjected to. Per his wishes, the girls were not nearly as ravenous as they had been before, but that didn’t stop them from coming to his apartment every day, spending hours hanging out, and making him cum at least once or twice in the process. The movie they had been working on had temporarily halted production, and so all four of them could spend most of their time together. Aaron couldn’t help but feel like he had hit the sweet-spot in his wishes, and

spent nearly every minute of every day in a kind of slow, lustful reverie, delighting in the near-constant stream of gentle humiliation and size comparisons that the girls couldn't get enough of. For the moment, it seemed, every desire of his had been fulfilled. His past life, one defined by terrible dissatisfaction at being captive to an unfulfillable fetish, seemed like a distant bad dream, one that dissolved more and more with each passing day.

And yet...after about a week or so of all this, Aaron found that his mind kept returning back to the diary. One thought rose up above all the others:

'You could make them even bigger...'

At first, Aaron tried to dismiss this nagging voice. He was perfectly happy, after all! His wildest fantasies had come true! His three hot friends had all gotten ten times hotter, and they all totally towered over him, AND they all wanted his cock! What more could he possibly want!? Surely any more wishing would simply dilute the profane pleasures he had already attained, and make them seem pedestrian and commonplace.

'That's bullshit,' whispered the voice in his head. 'You know that's bullshit...and you *knowwww* that your *wildest* fantasies have NOT come true yet. They're still waiting to be fulfilled...just waiting...waiting...that diary's getting dusty under that night stand...are you seriously going to let something that powerful just...*sit there!*?'

The more Aaron tried to ignore this voice in his brain, the more prominent it became. Soon, he found himself wondering exactly what it would look like if all of the girls were over 7 feet tall, and around 300 pounds of insane, vigorous curves. He had been outside a few times, and hadn't really noticed the women around him being that much taller...but what if he wished all the women in the city were...3 inches taller? He'd notice that, wouldn't he?

'I can't...I can't...' Aaron tried to protest to himself. 'I...I have enough already. I don't want to...to abuse this power.'

'But you're abusing it by not using it,' retorted the voice in his head.

Aaron briefly considered trying to wish for something unrelated to his sexual fantasies, but he found that, whenever he was all geared up to write the wish down, he held back. He was terrified of somehow messing up the arrangement – what if the diary stopped working when he wished for something that...wasn't allowed, or that was too much of a stretch, like world peace or something like that? And of course, he couldn't work up the guts to wish for "infinite knowledge" or anything of that sort.

'I can barely handle a triple blowjob without having a heart attack,' Aaron told himself, shaking his head ruefully. 'There's no way I could handle anything like that.'

But if the girls were just...juuuuuuust...a little bigger, maybe...

Two weeks later, Aaron was standing in his living room, his back to the wall, with his eyes closed. Electric anticipation was coursing through him, tempting him to peek. He shifted slightly in his bare feet, his shorts and t-shirt hanging loosely against his body.

“Hey!” came Kristina’s playfully imperious voice from somewhere above, “No peeking!”

“I-I’m not!” replied Aaron truthfully.

“Okaaaaay, well...you looked like you were about to there, for a second,” she quipped with a little chuckle.

“Shhhh, quiet!” whispered Courtney.

“Your voice is gonna give away where you are!” Cassie added. “Come on, let’s re-arrange ourselves again, so he won’t have any clues!”

Aaron felt the floor shaking and bowing under him as the three girls moved around in front of him. He could feel the heat from their bodies against his face and neck. His cock was so hard it was almost painful – the girls had been out shopping for new clothes all morning, and he hadn’t seen them, since...well, since he had written in his diary the previous night. Courtney had texted him his instructions before they arrived later the next morning: right before they came into his apartment, he was to stand with his back to the wall with his eyes closed, and when they told him to open them, he could only stare straight forward...he wasn’t allowed to stare up or down at all.

“Your challenge,” Courtney had written, tongue-in-cheek in her text, “is to guess the order we’re standing in, just by looking at our butts!”

“OPEN!” cried all three girls at once, jolting Aaron back into the present. He immediately obeyed, opening his eyes and staring straight forward into three of the fattest asses he had ever seen. He had to blink a few times just to take in the shock of what he was actually seeing. It didn’t matter that he had wished it all, gradually, over the past two weeks. Every time he saw them, he felt like he was drinking them in for the first time.

But this...this time was different. His eyes darted left and right, from ass to ass to ass. All three of them were wearing the tightest jean shorts imaginable, and Aaron was desperate to discover that he actually had to look slightly UP at their back pockets! From far above, he heard the girls all giggling together, and suddenly, the asses started bouncing teasingly up and down, up and down, spanning the panorama of his vision. Wherever he looked, all he could see was jean-wrapped jiggling ass flesh. He almost came without a second thought, but he forced himself to hold his orgasm at bay. He had been getting rather good at that lately, even though he always lost in the end.

“Uh...u-uh...” he stammered, causing the three girls to erupt into intensified quiet fits of giggling. He felt like he was going cross-eyed.

‘Each ass weighs about as much as you do,’ whispered a voice in his head.

But even in the midst of such a distracting display of high-powered twerking, Aaron tried to gather himself and at least try and guess. One of the asses was definitely higher than the others...by a few inches at least...that was probably Courtney’s, since he had wished that she was...well, wait, no, Cassie or Kristina could be wearing heels to trick him. With his breath coming increasingly in labored gasps, he stared straight forward into the middle ass. He had to study it hard, but after a few moments, he concluded that it was a little bigger and fatter than the others. Plus, the way it was moving, it just looked like...like –

“K-Kristina is...th-the one in the middle,” he squeaked out. Immediately, the girls all went “Aaaaaaawwww!!” and the middle ass started twerking with even more tenacity, backing into him, smushing him into the wall, and lifting him a few inches up off the ground as it sent his body gyrating left and right, up and down, with each mighty undulation of its cheek.

“Damn!” laughed Kristina, glancing way down at him as she ground his body playfully into the wall. “You sure you didn’t peek?”

“N-no, I...I promise I didn’t!” replied Aaron as best he could.

“Huh...guess you’re getting to know my ass pretty well, then,” Kristina laughed, letting him back off his feet and stepping away from the other two and collapsing down into a lounging position next to him. Even sitting on the floor like this, the top of Kristina’s blonde head reached the middle of Aaron’s chest. “Well then, let’s see if you can guess the other two. Girls, be quiet! Make it hard for him!”

Aaron again stared forward into the remaining two asses, which were still twerking and gyrating in their own unique ways. Size-wise, both of these butts were almost exactly the same. The taller one might have been a little bit bigger, maybe...? Aaron almost blurted out that the tallest one was Courtney’s, but he stopped himself. A strange, thrilling, unbelievably erotic thought had just entered into his mind. Over the past two weeks, and especially over the past few days, he had become more and more familiar with the asses and legs of the three girls, since, after all, he was seeing them up close more and more often. Now, finally, their butts were face-height with him, and, well...even if he was allowed to look up, at this size, it was hard for him to actually see their faces, especially when he was standing this close to them. Their huge breasts inevitably got in the way. And even if he stood back to get a better view, their faces had started to seem so far away. The huge, wide-eyed face of Kristina next to him was an exception, and even that was so overwhelming that he had a hard time looking her directly in the face without quickly looking away. She was just so much...bigger than him...MORE than him.

But now that they were this much bigger than him, the erotic thought had crashed his mind: he was going to start recognizing Kristina and Cassie and Courtney not by their faces, but by their asses...by their *legs*...by those parts of their bodies he could see most clearly. In a way, it was like they had become so superior to him that he could no longer handle them face-to-face. He could only interact face-to-ass, and already, his brain had started picking up on the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of their lower halves.

'One of them is clapping her cheeks by bouncing up and down on her toes,' he thought, 'Something Cassie would do...and look at how her ass flesh kind of twitches and flutters there at the top, when she's twerking it...it's kind of fun and dirty and...playful...oh and look, she's got a couple hair bands in her pocket – doesn't Cassie do that?'

He balanced these thoughts with his musings about the other ass in front of him.

'Now this one, it's...it's moving slower, more purposefully...look at how the cheeks are, like, luxuriously bouncing up and down...it's almost like water, slow, steady, purposefully...god it's so sexy...I know Courtney's tallest, but it would be just like Cassie to wear heels and try and throw me off.'

"C-Cassie is...th-this one," Aaron stuttered, putting his tiny finger on the giant, gyrating behemoth slightly above his eyes (and he felt the heat as his finger touched it), "And th-this one's...Courtney."

"Ahaaaaa!" laughed the girls. Kristina laughed and clapped, throwing her hands up high from her sitting position (higher than Aaron could lift his arms). The other two turned around and gifted him with a view of their crotches, with Courtney's jeans button slightly above his eyes, and Cassie's a whole 6 inches above.

"Three for three, little guy!" laughed Courtney tenderly, taking a step back so she could see him clearly and putting her hands on her thick hips.

"We thought we'd trick you!" laughed Cassie, doing the same, and lifting her huge leg up to reveal that she was wearing a pair of tall black platform heels. "Since Courtney's the tallest and usually wears the tallest heels – how'd you tell!?"

"I...I c-could...I could just...tell," replied Aaron lamely, but truthfully.

"See what I told you?" Kristina chuckled, reaching up and scruffing up Aaron's hair with her huge hand, "He's getting to know our asses reeeeeeeally well, since they're all he sees, haha!"

"Wanna know how tall I am in these babies?" asked Cassie, cracking a sexy smile as she struck a one-legged side-pose, "These are 6-inch heels, so..."

Aaron knew that he was cheating, since Cassie had no idea he knew perfectly well how tall she was...but even still, the answer took a little time in coming out. She just looked so stunning and majestic, standing there in those tight jeans, and her bright yellow crop top (which he couldn't even see before).

"Y-you're...you're 8'7...in those heels," he breathed. Saying it out loud was surreal – was this actually still real life!?

"Wooooaaah!" laughed Cassie, her eyebrows going up as she turned to face him head-on. "Impressive!"

"We've got a little measurement savant here," Kristina chuckled, rising back up and joining Courtney in flanking Cassie. "How about us, little Aaron? How tall are we?"

"W-Well, um...s-since...since you're both barefoot..." Aaron began, and he spent a few seconds pretending to gauge their heights. It wasn't lost on him that all three of them were grinning down, not at his face, but at his obviously-erect cock that was pushing through his shorts. He was wearing the smallest pair he had found in his bedroom, but at 4'10, even these old middle school shorts were baggy everywhere except the groin area.

"Kristina is...you're 7'10," Aaron began, "And, and Courtney, you're...you're..."

Courtney leaned forward, her eyebrows going up in gentle expectation. Aaron's breath had caught in his chest. She was in her bare feet, and she was *still* almost as tall as Cassie in those heels.

"You're 8'4."

The girls all grinned from ear to ear, looking at each other.

"Goodness, little guy," Courtney almost whispered as she stared down at him with wistful arousal, "You really are good at this, aren't you?"

"How much do we weigh?" blurted out Kristina, as a new challenge.

"Uhh..." replied Aaron, realizing that he didn't quite know anymore. But he was so distracted by the three huge, powerful pairs of legs in front of him, complete with their curvy hips slightly above his eyes, that his mind finally went blank.

"Oh come on," chuckled Cassie, "Enough of this game – obviously our little man won this one, haha. Suffice it to say we all weigh well over 300 pounds."

"Alright so..." Courtney began, suddenly clapping her hands. "I'm getting hungry for lunch already. Let's take him!"

“T-Take me...where?” asked Aaron. His heart had started fluttering with excitement. He had finally broken down and wished all women in the city were 3 inches taller and 10 pounds heavier the night before.

Cassie arched her back and bent down at the waist, her giant, gorgeous face descending down towards Aaron from the sky. He felt like he was speaking to the sun itself.

“We figured we’ve all been playing with you too long in your tiny little apartment,” she said down to him sweetly, “How we’ve tolerated these low ceilings and miniature rooms, haha, we’ll never know. But not today, little guy – we’re gonna take you out for a picnic!”

Chapter 11

Aaron was trying his best not to stare too blatantly out the window of Kristina's big black Hummer as she drove them all to the park. It was a brilliantly sunny day, and the air was fresh and crisp, smelling delicious in Aaron's nostrils as he breathed it in through the open windows. Of course, being situated in between the huge thighs of both Courtney and Cassie, he didn't get the full blast of the wind to his face – this was just as well, because the way the wind was blowing through Cassie's long, blonde hair, and Courtney's luscious brown curls, it made them look even more like goddesses than they already did. Sandwiched in between them, he had plenty to gawk at, not the least of which was the astounding size comparisons between his body and theirs.

'God...and I thought they were huge before!' he said to himself. Their thighs were so big that Aaron was positive that both Cassie's and Courtney's were thicker than his torso, and compared to the skinny little legs of his 4'10 frame...well, it was utterly laughable. He looked like an absolute child compared to them. And it wasn't just his legs – both Cassie and Courtney had deliberately situated their arms so that they lined up perfectly with Aaron's, allowing him to constantly compare himself to them. Courtney's arms and legs were a little bit longer than Cassie's, but hers were a little thicker. Needless to say, Aaron's arms looked incredibly small and weak compared to theirs, and it didn't help that Cassie was wearing a beautiful silver bracelet on her left wrist, which allowed Aaron still more size musings. Whenever Cassie lifted her arm in the air, the bracelet didn't even move down her arm – that's how snugly it fit her wrist.

'But if I tried to wear it,' Aaron thought, 'It would slide all the way down my arm, past my elbow...and probably wouldn't even stop until it got to my shoulder.'

Such size comparison thoughts were driving Aaron wild with desire, even as he had trained himself, over the last couple of weeks, to try and contain his arousal. It was impossible not to be constantly hard around these three, but whenever his heart rate and breathing started increasing, it was like the girls had a special mechanism for detecting his erotic perturbations. It was like sharks smelling blood in the water. And, inevitably, once they knew he was particularly turned-on, the girls would go in for the kill, not stopping until Aaron was milked dry. And when they wanted to milk him, they *really* milked him, to the point where he would often lose consciousness from the sheer, overwhelming power of their collective determination.

Aaron had quickly learned that life was far more manageable when he wasn't stuck in an endless cycle of cumming and passing out, and so he had tried to train himself to keep it all under control. Of course, aside from the obvious power of his secret diary, any "control" he had was a ruse, and Aaron knew it – when he was around Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney, they were the ones in charge. And how could they not be? At 7'9, 8'1, and 8'4, respectively, they dominated him in every way.

Generally, Aaron would have been trying to stare out the window to distract himself from getting too aroused by the thick, delicious curves sandwiched up next to him, but today was different.

Today, he was actually doing the opposite – trying to focus on the girls' incredible bodies to distract himself from what he was seeing outside. Aaron was still a little paranoid about giving away his most precious secret – the diary – and the night before, he had broken down and wished all women in the city to be 3 inches taller. He had already led up to this dramatic wish by making them all 1 inch taller, and the results hadn't been too noticeable. But wishing them an additional 3 inches taller? Aaron figured that the results would be plain to see, and they absolutely were. Almost as soon as Kristina had turned onto a main suburban road and gunned her big engine toward the park, Aaron had spotted a young couple, around his age, walking their dog. He had seen this couple before, and the man had been slightly taller than the woman...maybe around 5'10. Now, though, he looked quite obviously shorter than her, and what's more, she was sporting a pair of heels that made her tower over him even more. The top of his head didn't even reach her mouth now! And perhaps even more incredibly, they were just strolling along like everything was normal. Per usual with the diary, no one who had been altered was aware of the alteration. Once again, it had worked!

And that was just the first couple Aaron saw – in the next few minutes, every woman they passed by on the sidewalk looked quite tall, and some of them dramatically so. In only one or two couples was the man still taller, and even then, it wasn't by much. In several couples, like that first one, the woman was dramatically taller. And what's more, Aaron saw that many of the women were rocking all kinds of trendy heels. What was going on!? He hadn't specifically wished for all the women in the city to embrace their height more – was buying new heels just a natural response to being taller, perhaps? Aaron didn't know, but there was no denying it: already, it appeared like the women in the city had tossed away any lingering stigma that existed in their minds that being tall was unattractive.

'And it was all because...because of that one wish I made,' Aaron thought, nearly overcome with an all-encompassing, aroused joy that almost made him dizzy. 'It's actually happening now...my dreams are coming true...'

He was so taken with his excitement that he had to make a conscious effort not to stare out of the window too obviously. He was afraid that the girls would pick up on something and start asking questions. But of course that meant staring at Cassie and Courtney, both of whom were tenderly snuggling up to him, playfully competing for his attention. Cassie had slid her huge hand around his thigh, easily spanning more than halfway around it, and she was gently squeezing it, testing it for size. For her part, Courtney had threaded her big arm around Aaron's back, its weight forcing him to lean forward, as she pulled him in to her, jostling his face up against the firm, plush softness of her massive breast. Aaron could see her hard nipple protruding out through her lavender silk top.

'Her nipple alone has to be like...an inch long,' he thought, the helpless arousal bleeding down through his body to his toes, 'Or more...'

"Our little man seems a little *nervous* today!" trilled Cassie sexily, squeezing his thigh a little harder, making him jump and yelp out. "Hahaha, ohhhhh and a little jumpy too! What gives, sweet boy?"

"Maybe it's Kristina's driving," opined Courtney, as she cast a humorous glance up toward the driver's seat. Even though Kristina drove a gigantic Hummer, her massive frame was still cramped into the seat, making it look pitifully small. Aaron couldn't help but swallow as he realized that Kristina's huge ass was squished so tightly up against the center console that it was actually spilling over on top of it...and it spilled over even more when she whipped around and cast a cross glance behind at Courtney.

"That's a hell of a way to speak to your navigator!" Kristina exclaimed, feigning irritation, as she turned her eyes forward, back to the road. "Maybe next time YOU volunteer to drive, huh? And then I'll get some quality Aaron-time with Cassie in the back seat, instead of having my fat ass parked all the way up here, putting up with all your shit-talking!"

"She knows her car is the only one we'll all fit in," chuckled Courtney down to Aaron, shaking her head. "If we were all your size, there wouldn't be a problem, now, would there? We tried to fit into Cassie's cute little PT Cruiser, but...haha, well, we already told you how that went."

Aaron swallowed and nodded. An image popped into his mind again of the three girls grimacing as they were forced to pry their huge asses and thick hips out of Cassie's small car. He had to smile a little to himself, even as he felt another heat wave of arousal passing through him. They were so big now that ordinary spaces were beginning to be inaccessible.

'Maybe I need to cool it with the wishes for a little bit,' he thought to himself, as they passed by another young couple walking down the sidewalk, in which the woman looked to be a full head taller than the man. 'Things are already perfect...aren't they?'

"Psssh, haha, and it goes without saying," laughed Cassie, inadvertently slapping Aaron's thigh in her mirth, "That even though she moans and bitches about it, Kristina is the one who likes to be in the driver's seat. Showing off your big man wheels and everything, hahaha – weaving through traffic, cutting people off..."

"Like, what're they even gonna do about it?" Kristina grinned. "This is a Hummer, for godsakes! Good luck trying to run ME off the road!"

"Heh, like that guy tried to do the other day?" chuckled Cassie, who had now joined Courtney in feeling up Aaron's thighs with her huge hand. She seemed intent on her conversation with Kristina, and Aaron was left to wonder whether the girls were beginning to subconsciously think of him as some kind of a stuffed animal, or a pet, who they could pet and tease and coo at and force to cum whenever they wanted to. He certainly felt like that, with Courtney and Cassie feeling him up like this, even as they laughed and joked with Kristina.

“Ha! Exactly!” burst out Kristina, making a sharp turn into the park, “Big man thought he could intimidate me by getting out of his car at that red light...and all I had to do was step out myself, and he got back in his car REAL quick. Haha, you should’ve seen how big his eyes got when he saw how much I towered over him!”

“Well he probably had never seen anyone as huge as you,” mused Cassie, “Since guys and girls are usually about the same height – not us, though! Right, sweet boy?”

Cassie had playfully dug her long finger into Aaron’s side, tickling him and making him jump.

“R-Right!” he answered, nodding his head as he laughed. Privately, he marveled once again at the power of the diary – with that one wish the night before, of making all the women in the city 3 inches taller, he had completely changed everyone’s perception of what “normal” heights were for men and women...and all without any of them realizing it. It was just like he had always dreamt of: a world where it was normal for men and women to be the same size...or even, for women to be bigger. Already he could feel his resolve dissolving to “cool it” on the wishes.

“Alright, we’re here!” announced Kristina, shutting off her massive car. “God, it’s not even lunch time yet and I’m already starving!”

“Me too,” giggled Cassie, opening the door and sliding her huge ass up off the seat. As she did so, Aaron felt his entire body fall towards the space where her body had been before – that’s how tightly squeezed he was in between the two girls. As he fell towards the erotic gyrations of Cassie’s immense curves through her jean shorts, Aaron felt a warm, strong hand wrap lovingly around the entirety of his right shoulder and collarbone, preventing him from face-planting into the seat.

“Heh heh, easy there, tiger,” came Courtney’s chuckling, velvety voice from far above, “Here, come out with me.” Aaron felt the sensuous heat of her huge hand spilling over his back as she guided him out the other side of the car, and then going down to thread itself in between his legs as she made a “seat” out of her forearm, crouching low to guide his feet down, down to the ground. Even crouched low like this, Courtney was still a good 6 inches taller than him, and Aaron felt his breath catch as he looked slightly up into her deep, loving, brown eyes, which glinted with subtle mischief as she gave his balls a little squeeze once his feet had touched down.

“Yiiiiip!” Aaron squealed, nearly cumming in his pants right then and there.

“Mmmmm, soooo cute!” hummed Courtney, winking at him as she rose up to her full height, usurping the entire extent of his vision. He had been blinking into her nose an instant before, but now he was gawking at the bulge of her pubic mound, pressing hard into the confines of her jean shorts. He had to avert his eyes upward to see her belt buckle.

"Hey, how about giving us a hand, you two?" Kristina asked, as she poked her head around the back end of the Hummer. She had a plethora of rolled-up yoga mats tucked under one arm, and in her other she was holding a tremendous picnic basket.

"Alright, sure," Courtney replied, "What can we help with?"

"Well," Cassie mused, coming around the back end of the car. An eclectic collection of huge hula hoops hung diagonally across her body, "As you can see, I've got all the hula hoops..."

"Yes, I can see that," nodded Courtney humorously.

"There's one more picnic basket," Kristina continued, staring into the trunk, "And that's it."

"I'll get it!" Aaron spoke up eagerly. He had a sudden urge to feel useful, if anything to distract himself from his own arousal, and from the inevitable erotic shock of seeing all the tall women walking around that he had created the previous night.

"Uh...heh, I mean, you can *try*, Aaron," smiled Kristina, glancing up past him at Courtney, sharing a wry smile. "But I think it might be a little big for you. I packed it full for three big, hungry girls, so..."

"No, no, I...I can carry it," Aaron maintained, and he hopped over to the trunk, standing next to the large pillar of Kristina's bare thigh as he peered into the back of the car. He felt his heart sink when he saw the picnic basket. It might not have been quite as huge as the one Kristina was holding (with one hand), but it sure *looked* big.

"Having second thoughts?" Kristina teased him from far above. Aaron turned to address her and got a face-full of her lower abs, which he could make out under the firm, plush volume of her creamy white flesh poking out from underneath her tight turquoise t-shirt.

"I...n-no...no, I can, uh...here, look!" he stammered. Standing this close to Kristina, he couldn't even see her face when he looked up since her huge breasts blocked his vision. He managed to tear himself away from gaping up at the underside of her breasts and back to the trunk. He reached out his arms, which looked pitifully small in comparison to the large picnic basket, and tried to pull it towards him. It budged a few inches, but that was it. Aaron couldn't believe that it could be so heavy, and he tried harder. It scraped along the bottom of the trunk for an inch or two more, but already, Aaron could feel that his muscles were overmatched.

'The freaking thing has to weigh over a hundred pounds!' he thought incredulously. Feeling sheepish, he slowly turned and beheld the three girls grinning down at him. All three of them looked like they were having a great time watching him, in their own unique ways: Kristina was smiling open-mouthed and shaking her head, clearly mocking him; Cassie had her eyebrows raised, with the tip of her tongue sticking out in between her closed lips, looking like she was about to burst from the cuteness of the whole situation; and Courtney's eyelids were closed

halfway, blinking lusciously, as if she was patiently watching a child attempt something way over his head. Aaron was mesmerized by their size and beauty, but, as his failure to help was so obvious, he wasn't able to avoid letting loose a dejected sigh. His own inadequacy was certainly a turn-on, but, paradoxically, that still didn't stop him from wanting to at least feel a little bit useful.

"Here, sweetheart," Courtney said gently, stepping forward and leaning over him, "It's ok...lemme get that..."

An instant later she had effortlessly lifted the entire picnic basket up out of the trunk, over Aaron's head, even pausing it playfully above him for a moment, twirling it around with her fingers to show him how easy it was for her.

Kristina slammed the trunk shut, and the three girls started walking towards their picnic spot. But Cassie lingered for a second, noticing the dejected look in Arron's eyes.

"Aww, it's ok baby," she cooed down to him, "You don't have to carry anything! Leave it up to the big girls, haha!"

Aaron sighed, smiling a little, as he shrugged his shoulders. He didn't quite know what it was that had suddenly made him feel down. Maybe it was the remnants of his masculinity still calling out from within the far recesses of his mind, warning him against submitting entirely to this new world of his own making. Cassie tilted her head to the side a little, scrutinizing him. Her almond-shaped green eyes seemed to penetrate through him, like she was reading his mind. Perhaps Aaron only had this impression because of how big and tall she was. And yet...

"Haha, okay!" she laughed suddenly, "You can carry one of these!"

Smiling broadly, Cassie grabbed one of the eight hula hoops she had slung across her body and pulled it up over her head, presenting it to Aaron with a playful wink. He gladly accepted it, even as he felt overwhelmingly silly for the purported "help" he was actually giving. He was a bit surprised, too, when, after Cassie let go of the hula hoop, he felt its true weight, and was unable to keep it from clattering down on the pavement.

"Oh! Is...is it actually too heavy?" Cassie asked, a bit concerned.

"No! No, it...I can carry it fine," Aaron replied, slinging it around his own shoulder. "I guess I just thought it was...uh...gonna be a little lighter, is all."

"Haha well, these were the biggest ones I could buy," chuckled Cassie, as the two of them joined Kristina and Courtney in walking towards the picnic spot. "I was gonna bring my old ones, only to realize that I couldn't even fit my fat ass through them anymore! I hadn't realized how much bigger I've gotten, I guess."

"But what did that lady at the store mention?" asked Kristina, "About how a lot of the bigger items of pretty much everything were going out of stock? Bras, jeans, tops, shoes...and yeah, even things like hula hoops and...and what was that other thing that was so interesting?"

"Rings!" Cassie exclaimed, brandishing her own silver bracelet that flashed in the sunlight, "And jewelry!"

"Right," nodded Kristina, "She was talking about how all these women were showing up and needing to get their rings and bracelets and stuff resized."

"So strange!" Cassie laughed, "You would think that their husbands and boyfriends would know what size they were, wouldn't you?"

"You would think, yeah," agreed Kristina thoughtfully.

Aaron had been listening to this whole conversation with a certain degree of anxiety. He knew that, short of actually finding the diary, they could never trace anything back to *him*. Still, though, it made him nervous to hear them openly discussing the oddity of what was going on, from their perspective. In any case, his nerves were easily distracted by the heavy, luxurious fluctuations of their hips, with Cassie's (in her 6-inch boots) and Courtney's slightly above his eyes, and Kristina's just about even with them. The hula hoop around his shoulder was so big that it was a little unwieldy, and it wasn't lost on him how it spanned all the way down to his knees. Looking up to Cassie, he saw her sunnily walking along, with the hoops only reaching down to her waist.

"Aaaanyway, how about this spot?" Kristina asked. They had reached the top of a grassy hill, which sat comfortably under the shade of a large oak tree. The spot provided a perfect panorama view of the rest of the park.

"Perfect!" Courtney said happily, "Usually this spot is taken by now."

They settled down and spread out the picnic...or, more accurately, the girls did, while Aaron watched them with the oversized hula hoop slung around his body. In less than a minute, Courtney had laid out the picnic blanket, and Kristina had unpacked all the food.

"Mmmm, finally!" Kristina exclaimed hungrily, "I don't know why I've been so famished recently! Haha, it's like no matter how much I eat, my body still needs more!"

"You're telling me," nodded Courtney, "But I think we probably have enough here to last us at least until dinner."

"Let's see...five, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty sandwiches in total," Kristina chuckled. "Ham, turkey, cheese, peanut butter...mmmm, any kind we want. And I brought a whole bunch of apples and oranges too."

"No wonder this little guy couldn't lift that basket!" Cassie giggled, bending down low and wrapping her giant hands around Aaron's midsection, squeezing him playfully. "If he was going on a picnic, he'd just pack one sandwich and one apple, wouldn't you, Aaron?"

"Ehheh, y-yeah...something like that," he laughed, trying to squirm away from her tickling fingers. But Cassie bent down even lower and began nibbling his ear, slithering her tongue in for a taste as she whispered:

"I can see how hard you are...and as much as I'd love to suck that cum out of you right now, mmmllllgglllahhhh...I want you to save it for me...mmmuuaahhhh...so that's it's niiiiice and thick and creeeeamy."

Aaron could only shut his eyes and nod his head.

"Cass? Let the poor boy go," came Courtney's voice, "Or you're gonna make him lose his load before we even start eating lunch!"

Slllluuuurrpp

Cassie gave Aaron one last hot, syrupy tongue-lash to the ear before giggling and rising back up off him.

"Just giving him some instructions, is all," she declared with delightfully feigned innocence. "Come on Aaron! Let's hoop! Here, you start us off – show us whatcha got! Show us what those little hips can do!"

With Kristina and Courtney amusedly watching from their sitting positions on the picnic blanket, Aaron took his hula hoop and tried to get a rotation started. He wasn't entirely uncoordinated, and years before, as a kid, he had even mastered the art after a few week's practice. But that had been with a regular-sized hoop. The enormous thing he was holding now had a diameter of 52 inches, nearly as wide as he was tall. After a few failed attempts, Cassie took pity on him and dropped all her hoops around her ankles.

"Aww, maybe it's a little too big for you?" she offered kindly. "Here, keep trying – I'll do it with you."

She started with one, keeping the other 6 on the ground around her ankles. In a second she had a good rhythm going, making Aaron's eyes pop with the ridiculous undulations of her impressive hips.

"See?" she giggled, her arms raised in the air as she threw her hips deftly around and around, "Nothing to it! Just try and keep your feet in place for starters."

"Yeah, you're stomping all over the place!" laughed Kristina, who had already scarfed down three sandwiches and was busy on her fourth. Courtney was going a little slower, but she was already on her second sandwich, and was also most of the way through her first apple.

Aaron tried to heed Cassie's advice, and for a moment it seemed like he had done it, but the hoop was just too big for his hips, and it thumped down into the grass once more.

"Haha, aww, poor baby," Cassie chuckled sympathetically, "Your technique was fine that time. It's just too big for you!" She was already fluidly spinning three hoops around her hips, and her eyebrows went up suggestively when she saw Aaron ogling her. She stuck her tongue out between her teeth, and her eyes went briefly wide before going back to normal again. Aaron knew exactly what she was doing – she didn't even have to say it. She was teasing him...showing him how easy it was for her to keep three up at once, while he couldn't even keep up one.

"Don't worry about it," called Courtney to him, "You see the size of those things? They're made for Cassie-hips, not Aaron-hips, haha! Here, come on over here and have a sandwich."

Aaron did, barely managing to eat half of one himself, even as Courtney and Kristina continued polishing them off, one by one, like they were nothing. It was hard for Aaron to have much of an appetite, being this perpetually aroused. For one thing, Courtney insisted on him sitting in between her outspread legs, so that he was literally lounging backward against the impossibly soft and plush flesh of her enormous tits. Aaron had to be careful, because if he forgot himself and leaned back too much, his head would get lost in her cavernous cleavage. His position also hit home just how tiny his legs were compared to hers – even though his butt was sitting in front of hers, his feet barely went past Courtney's knees...and the way that her thighs rose mightily up in comparison to his, well...it made him feel almost queasy with lust.

"No appetite?" chuckled Kristina, after he had put his half-eaten sandwich down, "More for me!" She reached down and swiped the sandwich up, dispatching it away into her mouth in a single bite.

"H-Hey! I...I was gonna..." Aaron began, but he couldn't even begin to sound convincing.

"Finish it?" offered Kristina, cocking an eyebrow over her brilliant blue eye, "Yeah, right!"

"Haha I knew I could do it!" laughed Cassie, and the three of them looked up to see that she was successfully twirling all 8 hoops now around her thick hips. Aaron couldn't believe how easy she made it look – doing that with those hoops took an impressive combination of strength and dexterity that he knew he didn't have. Just watching Cassie's giant, sexy ass jiggling and gyrating as she performed a slow, deliberate rotation in place, and the juicy rolls of her thick hips, Aaron felt a lurch in his loins. He seized up, and would have cum if Courtney hadn't brought down her big arm across his chest and planted her giant hand firmly in his lap. Gently,

but with unquestionable authority, she skillfully squeezed his cock and balls, nipping his orgasm in the bud.

“Mmmmmm, not yet, little Aaron, not yet,” came her deep, velvety voice at his ear. “I can tell when it’s about to happen...you’ve gotta save up for us! We want it milky, Aaron...we want it creamy...come on little guy, be strong for us. Can you be strong?”

“Y-Yes...” moaned Aaron, gasping out pitifully into the air. The newfound clarity that came with Courtney’s sudden interruption rushed to his head, and in an instant he was aware of the rest of the grassy park below them. Everywhere he looked, there were tall women...thick tall women...many of whom looked taller than the male friends and partners they were with. To Aaron, a good many adult women had already looked pleasantly thick and curvy, even before all this craziness began with the diary. But now, there was no question that they all looked taller, stronger, curvier, more substantial...just...MORE than they had before.

‘And this could just be the beginning,’ he thought with mad, helpless fervor. ‘I can wish them all 2 inches taller...5 inches...10 inches...100 pounds heavier...more sexually dominant...oh god...oh god, what am I thinking!? I can’t do all that...I can’t even handle these three right now!’

But deep down inside, he wondered how on earth he was ever going to resist.

Chapter 12

“Oh my god!” Kristina exclaimed, spreading her open palms in shock as she stared down into the picnic basket, “How many sandwiches have I eaten!?”

“Now don’t you tell me they’re all gone,” Courtney chided playfully, as her long fingers threaded lovingly through Aaron’s hair, “I’m not even *close* to being full, and Cass has been too busy showing off for the park to eat.”

“We’re literally down to, like, three sandwiches,” Kristina announced in a deadpan voice. She looked up slowly from the picnic basket. Her eyes traveled up Aaron’s sitting body, and up past Courtney’s huge, squishy breasts (framing both sides of Aaron’s head), finally reaching Courtney’s face a couple moments later. All Aaron could see was Kristina’s expression; she seemed to be genuinely shocked. If he had been able to see Courtney’s face, he would have marveled at her deep, wry smile, perfectly complimenting the early-afternoon sparkle in her deep brown eyes.

“How many have you had?!” Kristina demanded of Courtney.

“Oh I don’t know...six...seven?” Courtney replied with intentional laziness, affecting a yawn afterward. As she yawned, Aaron felt her enormous body inflate behind him, as her breasts squeezed his head even more. It was weird – he was perpetually aroused around the girls, especially when he was in a position like this, but relaxing against the immense, plushy curves of Courtney’s soft body, warmed by the sun, with her fingers running through his hair and massaging his head...he almost felt like going to sleep. Before, he wouldn’t have believed it possible to simply doze off while he was fully erect, but...well, a lot of things that had seemed impossible before were happening these days.

“So you’re telling me that I’ve eaten...*twenty* sandwiches already!?” Kristina cried incredulously.

Courtney inhaled meaningfully and shrugged as she let her air out. At this point, Aaron was literally feeling his body rise and fall with Courtney’s exaggerated breathing. When she drew in a big breath, her breasts inflated to the point where they were actually picking him up a little off the ground, only to set him back down moments later with the exhale. Courtney seemed to have realized it, because Aaron could feel her body chuckling behind him, a gently vibrating wall of warm flesh. Her huge hand slithered down the back of his head to his neck, and began tenderly scratching it up and down.

“God damn, I have got to cool it with the calories!” declared Kristina, shaking her head. Aaron knew she was pretending to be disgusted with herself, but he could tell that she was proud about having eaten so much, especially in front of him. With each sandwich she had ravenously put away, she had eyed him expectantly. Her message had been clear – she was getting bigger and curvier, just for him, just the way he liked it.

"I mean, just *look* at this fat ass!" she continued, rolling over on her stomach and extending her arms way out in front of her on the ground in a stretch. Her giant ass was thrust way up in the air, and she shook it in Aaron's direction. She barely even needed to move – all that ass took was one little gyration, and the whole thing came alive.

"You've got the biggest one out of the three of us, that's for sure," chuckled Courtney, "Isn't that right, Aaron?"

"She...she does, yeah," he replied weakly, his voice partially muffled by Courtney's giant boobs.

"Ugh, and now I got a big ol' bloated tummy too!" complained Kristina, coming back up out of her stretch so that she was sitting on her incredibly thick thighs and ass – they were so big that it almost looked like she was sitting on an ottoman. She reached down and grabbed her visibly-enlarged belly with her hands and shook it.

"Well you brought the yoga mats..." began Courtney.

"Oh! Yes!! Haha, I almost forgot!" laughed Kristina, pointing at Courtney happily. "Wonderful suggestion! Nothing like a little yoga to help digestion...especially on a gorgeous day like this, my god!"

"You should join her, baby," cooed Courtney down in Aaron's ear, easily encircling both his biceps with her giant hands as she gave them a loving squeeze. "I'm gonna join Cass over there, and see if I can get her down off her high horse. Look at her – she's already drawing a crowd, haha!"

It was true. The whole time, Cassie had been expertly keeping up all 8 of the giant hula hoops, sensually twirling and gyrating her thick, luscious hips as she held her full, shapely arms up over her head, completing the arrestingly seductive picture. Aaron wondered how it could be possible that someone could look as effortlessly sexy...as *cool*...as Cassie was looking right now. Her 6-inch black platform heels added an entirely new layer of skill and edginess to the display, while her bright yellow sundress danced delightfully in the breeze of the early afternoon. She just looked so fresh and vibrant; it was hard for Aaron to take his eyes off her.

He wasn't alone in this opinion; a small crowd had gathered close to their picnic spot under the large oak tree, and were watching approvingly as Cassie continued to wow them with her skills. She managed to wriggle one hoop up her curvy body, and, to the audible delight of the people watching, she started spinning this hoop up her arm, and then in her hand, high in the air, without losing her concentration. As Aaron moved towards Kristina, who was laying out the yoga mats, he was having difficulty looking away from Cassie. Each one of those hoops was *huge*...far too big for him to keep up. He had barely even managed to carry one of them, and yet there Cassie was, spinning 7 of them on her hips, while twirling the other in her hand, 10 feet up in the air, like it was nothing.

"So are you gonna join me or what, squirt?" Kristina teased from her kneeling position at the front of her mat, "Or are you just gonna stand there and gawk at Cassie's fat ass?"

"I...uh...I'm...sorry," Aaron managed to force out.

"Sorry?" laughed Kristina, her flesh jiggling alluringly under her tight turquoise skirt, "What are you sorry for!? I can barely stay focused with her twerking around like that, and at least I'm almost as big as she is! Haha, I can't imagine what it's like for *you*. It's a marvel your little brain is able to operate at all, with the three of us around." Her playful blue eyes traveled down to Aaron's crotch. "But even still," she murmured, obviously impressed, "You manage to stay hard...constantly." Her smiling eyes looked up at him. She was kneeling down, on her huge ass and thighs, not even on her knees, and Aaron was standing up, but she was still almost as tall as he was.

"And that's gotta count for something," she quipped sexily, winking at him, "Doesn't it?"

Aaron could have pointed out that it had become literally impossible for him *not* to be hard when he was around the three girls. As he took his eyes off Cassie and diverted them to Kristina, it was like looking away from the sun and staring straight into the radiance of another equally effulgent star. Kristina's short blonde hair looked so edgy and stylish, all swooshed over to one side, particularly in the light afternoon breeze that was blowing. Her bright blue eyes seemed to burn like sapphires as she stared down at him. As she shifted herself slightly onto her yoga mat, he witnessed the insane jiggling of her huge ass, and saw the ripples go through the flesh of her powerful thighs. She saw him take notice, and stuck her tongue in between her teeth, making her eyebrows go up and down...and then she popped her right ass cheek up and down, up and down, bouncing it teasingly over and over in a display of overt erotic power.

In a flash of sudden insight, Aaron found himself wondering if he had already gone too far...and made the girls *too* big and *too* beautiful. He felt his midsection spasm a little, and it was only through Kristina's quick intervention that he was able to be distracted out of a spontaneous orgasm. She had reached out lovingly with two arms and lifted him up off the ground, giggling as she shook him a little in midair, making his limp legs knock into each other.

"No, no, don't lose yourself yet, little guy," she laughed, shaking her head, "Cumming so quickly after lunch is bad for digestion. Now yoga, on the other hand..."

And she deposited him down on his own mat, next to hers. Aaron was panting from his barely-repressed orgasm, but the sudden movements had thrown his body out of its rhythm, and held his load at bay.

"Don't get me wrong, baby," Kristina cooed, reaching down and petting him tenderly on the back with her huge hand, "I lovvvvvve seeing how overwhelmed you get around me. Haha, I could literally make you cum just by looking at you now...just by bouncing my big ass cheek a couple times. That's all I'd need to do before "shllllloooooop!" you'd make a mess all over yourself.

But we've gotta pace you, Aaron. The real joy is in edging you....hmmhmm, especially in a public place like this. Okay! So – let's start with some basic poses to strrrrretch ourselves out. You think you can do that with me?"

"I...y-yes...yeah I'm...I can do it," Aaron managed to say. He was going to try and go along with all of this, without making a scene of himself spasming in orgasm in the middle of a public park. Not that anyone would have noticed, though. Cassie and Courtney were putting on a show for the 20-or-so people who had gathered to watch. Courtney had taken over half of Cassie's hula hoops, and together they were performing complicated tricks, attempting to outdo each other as the crowd whooped and cheered. Aaron noticed how, in the crowd, there were a few women who were obviously well over 6 feet tall; but even so, there were a couple men that tall as well. Overall, and on average, the men still looked slightly taller than the women. Aaron had made all the women in the city a total of 4 inches taller over the past few days, but even that hadn't been quite enough to close the height gap completely. But there was an easy fix to that, of course – the diary...the diary...He felt his mind wandering back to his bedroom, to that little book that had started it all.

"All right this pose is the easiest," Kristina began, "The cat!" She had situated herself on her knees, and was bending down, so that she supported the weight of her torso on her extended forearms. Aaron ogled her for a few moments, his eyes widening as he saw Kristina elegantly arch her back. Even though she wasn't trying to make it conspicuous, her gigantic ass stuck out behind her, an impressive behemoth that seemed to soak up all Aaron's attention.

HISSESSSESSSESS

Out of the blue, Kristina made a startlingly cat-like hissing sound in Aaron's direction that made him jump, shocking him out of his most recent ass-reverie. His eyes darted to Kristina's face, and her teeth were bared at him, her nose drawn up in an animalistic snarl. Even so, she looked absolutely stunning, and her carnal expression only served to accentuate her beauty.

"Heheh, did that scare you a little, sweetheart?" Kristina quipped, returning to her normal face, obviously amused.

"A...a little," Aaron admitted, managing a twitching smile.

"Good! Your mouth was hanging open," Kristina continued, her flesh jiggling with her quiet mirth. "I know you're obsessed with my ass, but come on, come on! Get down on your mat and do what I'm doing!"

"O-okay," Aaron said, and he copied Kristina's pose. He wasn't able to avoid noticing the insane comparisons between their planted forearms. Next to Kristina's, his arms looked like they belonged to a small child. Her wrists were easily two or three times thicker than the top of his forearms, and probably his biceps too...not to even mention the rest of her body. They were both "on all fours," but Kristina's body rose up a good foot taller than him regardless.

“Puuuuuuurfect,” she cooed, obviously enjoying the comparisons herself. “The cat is the best way to start, you know...especially for beginners like you. Gotta eeeeeeease your way into it. Feeling alright, little guy?”

Aaron nodded. He heard a whoop from the crowd; apparently Cassie and Courtney were doing something impressive, but he was locked in with Kristina now. The way she held his body with her eyes made him feel like she was tugging him deeper and deeper into her aura. He couldn't look away...to the point where he found himself wondering if he had accidentally wished for Kristina to have special mind powers that made her able to mentally dominate him. He hadn't wished for anything like that, right!? It was probably just because she was so huge, confident, and sexy – the perfect triple combination that may as well have been mind-control.

“And now we go into another easy pose,” continued Kristina amiably. “The downward dog.”

Aaron watched as she slowly and deliberately lifted her knees up off the ground, straightening her legs fully out behind her as her forearms continued pressing down into her mat. Seconds later, the pose was complete, and her body had formed a perfect triangle with the ground, with her giant ass at the very top. Once again, Aaron found himself transfixed – he wanted to stand up to see how tall Kristina's pose was compared to him...he was sure that it could have been taller than him. But a quick glance from Kristina compelled him to mimic her once more, and he did so. He felt the blood rushing into his face as he completed the pose. This one was fairly easy too, but a little more stressful than the “cat” had been.

“Excellent!” Kristina breathed soothingly. “Now we hold it for one minute. And don't forget to breathe, Aaron, in and out, in and out...whewwwwwww...wheeeewwwwwww...that's it...mmmmm, use those little lungs.”

Once the full minute was up, Aaron was breathing harder than he had expected. He wasn't in terrible shape, since he walked to work everyday (at least, when he had been working on set...which seemed ages ago at this point, like a dream from a different plane of reality), but he had never really worked out all that much. He reasoned that perhaps his shrinking had come at the expense of some physical endurance. Whatever the reason, as he and Kristina came out of their poses, he was breathing heavily.

“A little more challenging, huh?” she chuckled appreciatively.

“I...whooh, I didn't know yoga was this hard,” he replied, shaking his head.

“Well it's not flashy, like weightlifting,” Kristina mused, bouncing her torso up and down slightly on her expansive ass, “But it works your core, your extremities...everything, really...and you have to focus on your breathing, which can be a real challenge before you get used to it. It's a different kind of training...haha awwww, look at you – you're already tuckered out!”

"I'm...not!" Aaron returned, trying hard to appear as casual and blasé as possible. This was difficult, however, since his face was red and his chest was rising and falling rapidly. Kristina looked down on him with a mixture of amusement and pity...and Aaron thought he saw something like naughtiness sparking in her eyes. She reached out a huge hand and rubbed him encouragingly on the chest, shaking his whole body in the process. Her hand was so big that it easily spanned three-quarters the length of his entire chest, and Aaron could not react any other way besides getting harder in his pants. Kristina's mere touch was enough to send his body into erotic hyperdrive – the ease with which her hand dominated his body hit home the true power dynamic between the two of them. She wasn't even trying to flirt with him at this point; she was just playing around with him like a little toy.

"You aaaaaare," she laughed, "You totally are! Haha awww, Aaron, we've gotta get you into better shape! Look at you, you skinny little thing!" Her hand had snuck its way under his shirt, and was now testing out the spaces in between his ribs. He inhaled sharply, powerfully stimulated by Kristina's teasing fingers, and he tried to writhe away from her hand.

"H-Hey! I...I'm not in...n-not in bad shape!" he protested. But Kristina easily held him at bay, and her eyebrows rose as she lifted up Aaron's shirt, inspecting his bare torso.

"Hmmmmmmm, looking a little bony here," she began, a humorous tint to her analysis. To prove her point, she wiggled her fingers, one by one, into the spaces in between his ribs. He started laughing from the ticklish sensations, and Kristina smiled, spider-crawling her giant hand up his stomach to his chest, where she felt around his pectoral muscles, squeezing them and testing them for size.

"Yuuuup, pretty tiny here too," she concluded, "And not even compared to *me*, Aaron. Heheh, I'm not even talking about *that* – I just mean that you're reeeeeeally small, even just for a normal guy."

Aaron didn't know how to answer this. He knew it was true, of course, but just hearing the words come out of Kristina's mouth made him feel even more helplessly aroused. She seemed to sense his heightened arousal, and kept going. Somehow, she knew that it would be even sexier if she kept her tone normal, like she was just stating simple facts. There was no overt flirtation in her voice, and it made her words even more deliciously humiliating to Aaron's ears.

"And look at your arms!" she exclaimed, taking them up in her hands. Starting at his wrists, which her hands effortlessly encircled, she went up his forearms, squeezing them in her palms at various intervals as she went up. Once she reached his elbows, it became clear that she was going to have no problem wrapping her hands all the way around, and this continued up, up, and up, past his biceps, until she reached his shoulders. The whole time, her hands had easily gone all the way around, and even now, at the thickest part of his upper arm, there were plenty of inches to spare. Kristina sat there, looking from his left arm to his right, almost as if she couldn't believe it herself, and then looked deeply into his eyes.

“Are you seeing this?” she asked genuinely, lightly shaking his upper arms in her huge hands, “Do you see how...*tiny* you are?”

“Y-Yes but...b-but, I...I’m, I mean, I’m small y-yes, but you’re...you’re also...pretty big,” Aaron croaked. He was just saying things now, to try and distract himself from losing it altogether and spraying the inside of his pants with cum. His face was beet-red, and his breath was coming in labored gasps. The strong, yet somehow impossibly soft feel of Kristina’s hands wrapped around his upper arms, in this simple show of dominance, had become almost too much for him to bear.

“Hahaha, compared to *you*, of course!” laughed Kristina, dropping his arms from her hands and sticking him in the chest with a long, firm finger.

“N-No, I mean...like, compared to...to everyone else!” Aaron replied, gesturing over to the crowd of people, who were now conversing with Cassie and Courtney. They seemed to be giving a few girls some hula hooping lessons.

“Well, *duh!*” Kristina burst out, her eyes going wide as she brought her face down close to Aaron’s filling up his vision with her gorgeous visage, “I’ve *always* been huge compared to everyone else. Haha, I towered over my big brother by the time I was like 12...and then I just kept growing! Same with Cass and Courtney. I know dudes tend to be *slightly* bigger than girls, but heheheh, come on Aaron – you’re *very* small for a guy, and I’m *gigantic* for a girl, so of course I seem like a giantess compared to you. My point is we’ve gotta get your endurance up! Heh, I know there’s not much chance of you putting on a whole bunch of muscle, not with your genes, haha...but I don’t care about that. None of us do. We *love* how tiny you are, Aaron. Wouldn’t change it for the world. But there’s something to be said for being able to keep your body going when...well...you know...when we’re *ravaging* you.”

Kristina’s nose was almost touching Aaron’s now, and her breath was washing over him like a quiet ocean breeze. The gentle way she was speaking to him belied the dirtiness of what she was actually saying. Her wide, bright blue eyes gleamed with the lascivious truth in her words, and she broke into a broad smile when she saw that Aaron had absolutely no response to what she had been saying. He was so taken by her power, her size, and her overwhelming beauty, that she had rendered him speechless.

She soaked up his paralysis for a few sweet moments, and then resumed her yoga.

“Just a little food for thought, little guy,” she chuckled. “But don’t stress out about it too much. Here, just sit back, relax, and enjoy watching me do some of the harder poses. Maybe something to try in your little apartment.”

For the next 20 minutes, Aaron watched as Kristina performed a variety of increasingly complex poses, showing off her flexibility, poise, and strength in the process. She wowed him with a graceful forward fold, in which she bent all the way down to the ground from a standing position,

not bending her legs at all, as she easily palmed the ground...and she didn't stop until the crown of her head was literally touching the ground as well. The whole time, her legs were completely straight. It was astonishing to see someone so tall and curvy exhibit such flexibility. Her ass rose up proudly in the air, and Aaron knew that if he had been standing, the top of Kristina's butt would have been more or less even with his head.

But as he watched and enjoyed Kristina's impressive yoga poses, Aaron found himself thinking back to what she had said, about how she had always been huge. Once again, he couldn't help but be shocked by the power of the diary. In wishing Kristina bigger and taller, he had actually altered the entirety of the past, all the way down to her memories of being taller than her older brother. Aaron knew Kristina's brother, and that, like most older brothers, he had been a good few inches taller than Kristina before. But now everything had changed. Were her brother's memories altered too?

Aaron's mind kept wandering. So he was 4'10 now...as a "fully-grown" adult. It would follow, then, that, in the eyes of everyone who knew him, he had always been that tall as an adult? This seemed to be the case...certainly with the girls.

'This is insane,' thought Aaron to himself, watching Kristina pull off a flawless plow pose, and Courtney and Cassie continue to cheerfully give hula hoop lessons, occasionally looking over to him and winking. 'This power that I have...it's...it's so much more than I can even imagine. I can change *everything*...the past, the present, the future...men and women are already almost the same size...I can make all the women bigger...MUCH bigger...and it would change the world...I could change the whole planet into one big femdom paradise where all the men were just little toys for women, little pets for their amazonian caretakers...'

His mind continued to wander crazily, to the extent that he was actually distracted from the impossibly sexy sights in front of him by the promise of still sexier sights to come. He had gone a little overboard on making the girls too lustful, of course – that had been a learning experience. Of course he had to be careful not to get too carried away.

'But why?' peeped a little voice in the back of his head, 'Why hold back? Why hold back on making the girls even bigger!? Can you imagine them 9 feet tall? 10 feet? 12 feet!? You can just keep going and going! Why stop where you are now!? You've got the power – USE IT!'

By the time the girls dropped him back off at his apartment later that evening, Aaron was pulsating with lust. Cassie had playfully concocted the idea that they were going to save his cum up for the next day, so that it would be deliciously thick and creamy, and they let him go with strict orders not to masturbate before they came calling the next day.

"And remember, little horndog," Cassie had teased, before she rolled her window up, "If you break the rules, we'll know!"

“And then we’ll have to punish you,” Kristina quipped dirtily, and then gunned her Hummer and drove off, with Courtney blowing him a kiss to cap it all off.

Five minutes later, Aaron was standing next to his bed, completely naked, his erect cock throbbing. His entire body seemed to shake with the possibilities before him. The diary stared back at him on the bed. Its black cover seemed to be reading him, scrutinizing him, sizing him up...or even daring him, as if to say, ‘Try me...you think these things are impossible? TRY me.’

Aaron’s breath was coming in ragged heaves. So much possibility lay before him. But what he was actually going to do...well, that was anyone’s guess. All he knew, right now, that he was going to do SOMETHING.

Chapter 13

While Aaron was standing naked before the diary, his mind turgid with all the possibilities, Kristina was hanging a left at a stop sign instead of a right.

“Hey hold up!” Cassie piped up suddenly from the back seat of Kristina’s Hummer, “This isn’t the way home!”

“You’re right, it’s not,” replied Kristina crisply, adjusting her posture a little so that the top of her head wasn’t mashed up into the roof of the car. In the back seat next to Cassie, Courtney was eying Kristina closely.

“Hmmm,” mused Courtney quietly, though with an audible rumble to her voice, “You thinking what I’m thinking, Kristina?”

“Yuuuupp,” Kristina nodded decisively, as a knowing smirk emerged onto her face. For a few moments, no one said anything, and Cassie was looking back and forth between them, a puzzled look on her face. Her golden hair looked almost white in the low light of the dying day, which had dwindled to a long, blood-red line on the horizon. The night was gathering fast around them.

“Sooooooo, clearly I’m the dumb one here,” Cassie resumed, taking in a deep breath through her nostrils that audibly inflated her enormous breasts against her yellow dress, stretching it out. She blinked her eyes rapidly a few times as her mouth turned sideways in an inquiring grin. “*What* are you guys talking about?”

“I was beginning to wonder when you’d turn around,” Courtney was chuckling to Kristina. “I could see the way your eyes were following him when we let him off at his little apartment.”

“Literally almost just put the car in park and followed him inside,” Kristina replied. She had pulled the Hummer around in another turn, so that they were now heading back in exactly the opposite direction – back toward Aaron’s apartment. Cassie was looking back and forth between the two of them, and her mouth was slightly open in dawning awareness.

“You mean...you think something fishy is going on with Aaron?” she asked slowly. She pursed her knees together, and her thick thighs made an audible noise as they squeezed together. Clearly, Cassie was a bit uncomfortable at the thought – she looked concerned for him.

“Come on Cass,” Kristina chided, turning around in the driver’s seat to look at her as the car sat at a red light. “You didn’t think it was the slightest bit odd the way that he was looking at all those couples at the park? The way he was just staring out the window on the way home, like his mind was a million miles away?”

"I...no, I didn't notice anything," Cassie replied as she rubbed her knees, "Except that cute little nose, and the way his little cock got hard whenever I jiggled against him. What a precious sweetheart, I think I'm a bit too much for him."

Kristina rolled her eyes as she snorted and turned back around as the light turned green. Courtney, always calmer, reached over and put her hand on Cassie's knee. Even though Cassie was 8'1, the fact that Courtney was 8'4, and proportionally that much bigger, almost made Cassie's knee look small, smothered like that by Courtney's hand.

"But Cass," said Courtney gently, "Haven't you ever stopped to wonder why it is that the three of us just so *happened* to have a perfect little guy like Aaron just land in our laps, out of the blue?"

Cassie's brows creased together, and she closed her mouth, frowning slightly. It was clear that she was trying to follow what Courtney was saying, but was having a hard time. Kristina was chuckling in the front seat:

"Typical Cass...curvy, hula hoop savant, hot as all get-out, but not the sharpest tool in the shed."

"Hey! I'm...I'm trying my best, alright!?" Cassie retorted, pointing a long, irate, manicured finger at Kristina, even as her mouth twitched a little at the corners in a smile. The truth was, she got a kick out of Kristina calling her an airhead.

"Okay, okay, so —" she continued, turning back to Courtney, "Maybe it IS a little, uh...fortuitous...yeah! How's that for a nice word, bitch? A little fortuitous that the three of us just so happened to land the cutest, littlest guy in the world. So what? Sometimes people get lucky."

"Lucky...or fated by something else?" responded Courtney. The irregular, golden light of the streetlamps streamed across her face, fleeing as quickly as it came as Kristina's Hummer drove through the night. It gave Courtney's face a kind of hushed, dramatic power. This whole situation was starting to make Cassie feel excited. She readjusted her position in the back seat, and her huge ass pressed even deeper into the ebony leather, making it groan out in response to her weight. The backseat area was designed for three or four normal-sized people, but she and Courtney were nearly pressed up against each other — their asses were far too big to accommodate much of anything else, which is why Aaron had needed to "extract" himself out from between them to even get out.

"So you're saying that...what?" Cassie asked, raising her eyebrow, "That Aaron has something to...*do*...with things being the way they are...between us!?"

"I don't have the slightest idea what I'm saying," Courtney replied simply. "I just have this funny feeling...that something is going on with Aaron behind the scenes. That we're not getting the whole story. I had started to wonder, and then I saw how he was looking at those couples in the

park today, how his eyes were going between the guys and the girls. It was almost like he was – ”

“Like he was measuring them next to each other,” cut in Kristina. “Comparing them.”

“Mhm...Didn’t you think it was a bit curious?” Courtney asked. Cassie opened her mouth to respond, but Kristina cut in once more:

“Cass wasn’t paying attention to any of that, Courtney – she was getting herself intoxicated on the adulation of the admiring crowds as she tossed her hoops.”

“Well so would you,” shot back Cassie, sticking her tongue into the inside of her cheek, “If you had my skills. And anyway, what’s wrong with performing in front of a crowd? Gotta give the little people some entertainment, showing them what they could never do, even if they had the skills. It takes some preeeetty intense wrist strength to keep up 8 of those big hoops at once with one hand, let me tell you!”

“But see, that’s just another thing,” Courtney interjected, adjusting her own ass in the midst of her agitation. The car was stopped at another red light, and tipped slightly over to the right with Courtney’s movement. “Have you ever thought that it was a little...odd...that we’re so much bigger than everyone else?”

“Uh...I don’t know, we got good genes?” offered Cassie lamely, “We drank whole milk as kids? Haha, I don’t know, Courtney – we’ve always been bigger. That’s just the way it is, the way it’s always been.”

“Well, see...I’m not so sure about that anymore,” Courtney declared, putting both her hands on her own knees. The car had come to a halt again, and Kristina put the car in park, jerked up the brake, and killed the engine. They were back in front of Aaron’s apartment building.

“Something’s been growing in my mind for the past few days, ever since I realized all those girls were having to get their clothes and jewelry re-fitted...ever since our clothes stopped fitting. The way our little boy was looking around at everything today...mmmmm, I don’t know, Cass.”

“Something’s up,” Kristina concluded. “And we’re gonna find out what it is.”

Silently, the three of them looked up at Aaron’s apartment room window. A warm orange glow emanated from within. He was still awake. They could feel the energy crackling silently between them. None of them truly knew what was going on, but there was a sense that some great revelation was at hand. Even Cassie was beginning to feel it.

“Alright then,” Kristina declared, cracking her knuckles loudly, “Which one of us weighs the least?”

There was a motionless pause for a few moments as the three gigantic women sat there, squeezed into Kristina's Hummer. Cassie's brow had been knitted, but then she blinked a few times, and, as her eyes sparkled wide with excitement, she pointed to the large concrete drainpipe that went up Aaron's apartment building, right next to a metal fire escape ledge under his bedroom window.

"Oo! Ooo!! I get it!" Cassie cried excitedly, bouncing up and down in her seat (which bounced the entire car along with her), "Your plan is to have one of us go up there and peek in through his window, to see if he's doing anything fishy!"

"Verrrry goood, Cass," replied Kristina dryly.

"Soooo, I can catch on eventually," giggled Cassie, swinging her shoulders back and forth playfully, which caused her breasts to gyrate side to side, barely contained by the fabric of her yellow dress.

"Well," declared Courtney, slapping her hands into her giant thighs and shaking them, "I think we can go ahead and rule me out. "I mean, look at these tree trunks here...plus, you know, I'm the tallest and all..."

"But not the thickest!" pointed out Kristina, and she rose up out of her seat, just enough to display the jaw-dropping mass of her giant ass. "At least, not in terms of legs and booty! I've got you both beat in that department, hands down."

"Jesus, look at that thing," murmured Cassie, her eyes momentarily transfixed by the sight of Kristina's ass cheeks spilling over the armrest of the front seat. "It looks even bigger when it's all cramped up, heheh...And I thought I had a big ass."

"You do, Cass," replied Courtney, "And so do I. Just not...not as big as...*that*..."

"Yeah, no way should you be the one to climb up there," muttered Cassie, still staring at Kristina's ass, "If that thing smacks into something, that something is gonna get wrecked. Concrete pipe, metal fire escape, doesn't really matter...it's all coming down."

"So I take it you're volunteering yourself, then?" Kristina retorted, though obviously enjoying the ass jokes at her expense. Cassie sighed and gently squeezed her arms together, squishing up her titanic breasts in between, making them seem even bigger than before.

"Well I guess having the biggest tits doesn't count as much, all things considered," she began, loosening her arms and letting her breasts drop back down in a series of alluring bounces. "And I can't say I'm the biggest fan of *spying* on our sweet little dearheart. I mean, what could he really be up to, anyway? He's probably just lying there on his bed, jerking off to the thought of me swallowing up his cock in my tits, of me laughing at him softly as I pump my oily breasts like

pistons, up and down his length, not even stopping when that first load bursts out. Mmmm, that's just the beginning, because I use that first spurt to lube his cock up for the next –"

"Uh, Cass?" interrupted Courtney gently, touching her knee, "As much as I'd love for you to continue..."

"Oh, right, right...sorry," smiled Cassie sheepishly. She looked back up at Aaron's illuminated bedroom window, a dot of light in the dark night. "I just...I'd really hate it if he caught me snooping on him. It'd make me so sad to think that he couldn't trust me."

"Psssh, will you knock it off?" Kristina huffed out dismissively, throwing up her hands as she rolled her eyes, "Even if he catches you, you're just peeking in on him because you can't get enough of him. Right?"

"A slight bending of the truth," Courtney nodded at Cassie, "But...it'd still be true, yes?"

Cassie reflected on this and looked up at Courtney. "Well...of course it *is* true, after all. If I could have it my way, I'd be loving on him 24/7." She paused, seeming to gain some mental momentum. "And...and I could always say you two bullied me into snooping, which would be true as well!"

"Sure, sure, we bullied you. That's right. One hundred percent," nodded Kristina. Courtney's eyes gleamed humorously at Cassie, and the two of them shared a knowing smile.

"Okay, okay, I'll go up there!" Cassie concluded, taking her turn to roll her eyes. "And just so you know," she added, pointing a long, manicured, accusatory finger, first at Kristina and then at Courtney, "Both of you are *very bad* for indulging my Peeping Tomasina fetish."

"Oh, you have one of those?" Kristina asked casually. "Gross."

"I didn't know you had that fetish," Courtney replied, clearly fascinated.

"Mhm," Cassie nodded shyly, "The idea of watching a little guy without him knowing, thinking about all the things I'd do to him, all the adorable little sounds I'd make come out of his tiny mouth..."

"Geeeee," Kristina exclaimed, turning to Courtney with wide eyes, "On the outside she's freaking goldilocks, and on the inside she's the...the..."

"Big bad wolf?" suggested Cassie, baring her teeth and flexing her fingers out in front of her like claws.

"Mixing up fairy tales, I think," Courtney murmured.

"Alright, whatever, so are you gonna go up there and fulfill your fantasy or not?" asked Kristina impatiently. "Good grief, we've been here for like ten minutes already."

"Okay I'm going," Cassie said quietly, "But for the record, you guys made me do it."

"Get...up...there!" Kristina grunted, pointing.

With a final wink at Courtney, Cassie got out of the car, taking care to close the door quietly. A couple steps later and she was at the base of the large concrete drainage pipe. She looked around slowly, just to make sure that no one else was watching, and while it wasn't too late, it was late enough to where there weren't many people out and about anymore. The area around Aaron's apartment building was totally deserted. In the night sky, beyond the bright city lights close to the horizon, dozens of stars were twinkling, a merry audience for the proceedings.

Cassie looked up the pipe, towards the metal fire escape ledge beneath Aaron's window, which was her ultimate goal. She glanced back at Kristina and Courtney, who were watching her eagerly from the car, peering forward, their eyes sparkling from the streetlights. Cassie's mouth twitched up at the corners, and a sudden and powerful warmth spread through her body. She felt such a strong connection with those two, such an intense and unyielding bond, with little Aaron as the glue that held them all together. They were so special, the four of them, together...they really were. There was nothing like their intimacy, their deep, erotic love for Aaron, in the whole wide world.

And still, somehow the three of them were never in competition with each other. Cassie was amazed by the ease of their dynamic – unlike any other relationships she had with anyone else, friends, family, or otherwise, her bond with Aaron was as solid and complete as her relationship with herself. She knew that, no matter what happened, it wasn't going anywhere; and she knew that Aaron lusted after her, and wanted her to comfort him, to tease him, to compare herself to him, and to squeeze out his cum any way she could think of. There wasn't any doubt in her mind, or Kristina's, or Courtney's. Quite unlike anything else in life, all of this was crystal clear to Cassie, and in this moment, as she stood there beneath the huge drainpipe, her mind took it all in. And, despite her delicious joy in the bond they all shared, she was left feeling...like something didn't quite fit.

'When did I get together with Aaron?' she thought suddenly, looking up at the orange glow of his bedroom window three floors up. 'When did...we all get with him?' It was a question she couldn't answer. She wracked her brain, trying to think back to a time before their sexy foursome dynamic, and she couldn't remember anything. It was like it had just always been that way.

'But that...can't be,' Cassie thought to herself, chewing on her lower lip as she continued looking up into Aaron's window. 'That's just...that's so *weird*.' She was beginning to see what Courtney and Kristina had been talking about – there was definitely something strange going on. Cassie blinked and began to gauge her ascent. All of these thoughts had passed through

her head in a matter of seconds, and their concluding trajectory had left her mind buzzing with activity. She could feel the pinpricks of excitement in her limbs, and in her fingers and toes. There was still a part of her that felt a little guilty for snooping on her poor darling Aaron like this, but that part was rapidly getting eclipsed by her more playful, impish side. This whole thing had become something of a fun little mystery, and she was the detective now. And anyway, Cassie was never one to pass up an opportunity to show off her physical prowess. She knew that Courtney and Kristina were amazingly strong in their own ways, but none of them quite had her arm strength, or her dexterity or agility.

'Let's show them how it's done!' she thought to herself with confident vigor, and the next moment, she had jumped up a full 6 feet onto the huge concrete pipe, taking care not to make too much noise, all while gripping her arms powerfully around the large circumference. The concrete was rough and grainy, which enabled her to gain an easier foothold as she shimmed her way up like a cat. It was an incredible feat of strength, and even Kristina felt her eyebrows rising as she watched Cassie scale the first story, then the second, and on up to the metal fire escape ledge right beneath Aaron's window.

"Well I gotta give it to her," she murmured to Courtney, "The girl's got unbelievable upper body strength. I don't even know how she moves like that, with those hulking milkers attached to her chest."

"The same way you manage to walk," remarked Courtney, "With that badonkadonk bouncing around behind you."

Kristina turned slowly behind her seat to look at Courtney.

"Badonkadonk?" she asked, "Did I really just hear you say that, Courtney?"

Courtney shrugged and her mouth turned upward in a little grin. "I guess you and Cassie are rubbing off on me...all your newest trendy slang words..."

"Uhhh "badonkadonk" has been around for *quite* some time," Kristina observed wryly.

"Shh, quiet," Courtney cut in suddenly, pointing up, "Aaron just opened his window!"

"Oh shit, he heard her!?" Kristina whispered, whirling her head around.

"Umm...nnnnno. No it doesn't seem like he did," Courtney replied slowly. "He just walked away from the windowsill. Just needed some fresh air I guess, heheh...heheheh..."

"What?" Kristina asked pointedly, who didn't have Courtney's eyesight. "What're you laughing about?"

“He was naked,” Courtney chuckled. “I could see his little cock pointed way up in the air...think he’s struggling a bit to control himself tonight. Makes sense why he’d want to let in some cool night air to, umm...you know, to assuage the...the *incandescent* –”

“Oh quit showing off,” Kristina snapped, “And anyway, look, I can at least see that Cass already made it up there.”

She had indeed, and it was all the more impressive that she had been able to do it without so much as making a discernible sound. But now that she was on the fire escape ledge, Cassie had to move extra carefully. The spindly metal structure had been engineered to support the weight of a few ordinary, average-sized people, not one 8’1 colossal amazon of a woman who exerted all her weight in one concentrated area. As she gingerly moved to position herself under Aaron’s window, she could hear the ledge beginning to softly groan under her weight.

“Shit...shit...” Cassie mouthed to herself, and she quickly reached up to grab the brick ledge directly under Aaron’s window, in order to redistribute some of her weight. For the moment, it seemed to do the trick, and the metal ledge beneath her stopped making noise.

‘Whew!’ Cassie thought, ‘That was close...any more and Aaron would’ve heard that...geez, I wonder how much I weigh, actually...I’ve gotta be over 400 pounds, right? Maybe 500? Hahaha I don’t think they made this thing with me in mind.’

But her thoughts quickly coalesced into a single, crystalline point of razor-sharp focus. She was right underneath Aaron’s window, literally gripping the ledge. The light from his bedroom was pouring out into the night over her head – she was still shrouded in shadow, but only just. Her fingers were barely straddling the boundary. Cassie smiled to herself, taking some pleasure in the strange, excited coziness of sneaking around like this. All she had to do now was raise herself up on the ledge a little, while standing on her tiptoes, and then, if she did everything right, her head would peek up above the windowsill, and she’d get a full view of whatever it was Aaron was doing.

‘Awww he’s probably jerking off,’ thought Cassie lovingly, sighing out with rueful affection. Her breath came out louder than she expected, though, and she had to clamp her lips shut, privately reprimanding herself for her carelessness, and reminding herself that she made a lot more noise than she thought. ‘Mmmm, yeah, probably jerking off,’ she continued thinking, ‘Even though we told him to save it for morning. The little tyke probably just can’t help himself. Oh well, at least I can catch him doing it!’

And then, ever so carefully, Cassie stood on her tiptoes and pulled herself up quietly, as her head peeked up over the windowsill, with her eyes just above it, and looked into the bedroom. The sudden warm air on her face communicated what her eyes could now plainly see: the window was open.

Just one minute before, Aaron had just finished writing the night's first wish in the diary. He stood back, still naked, still with his cock rigid and pulsating, letting the words sink into his mind:

"Not counting Kristina, Cassie, or Courtney, every woman in this city will be 4 inches taller, and 30 pounds heavier."

His mind had waffled back and forth from 1 inch to 3 inches to 2 inches, and then he had finally given up and made it 4 inches – he was so horny now, with the lust of all the possibilities, that he hadn't been able to hold back. It had been too much, just seeing all those couples in the park earlier, with many of the girls taller than their partners. Now, almost ALL of them would be taller. He had *done* it. He had created a reality where it was normal, even expected, for the women to be not only taller than the men, but bigger than them too.

"This is it..." he breathed to himself, actually talking out loud because of the apparent momentousness of the occasion, "The dawn of a new...a new world."

As soon as he heard the words come out of his mouth, a part of him cringed, even in the midst of his excitement. He couldn't get a big head like that; he really shouldn't be overexaggerating his powers, or anything like that.

'But you're *not* exaggerating them!' piped up that voice in his head. 'You literally have the power to grow hundreds of thousands of people...grow them, shrink them, change their minds, their thoughts, their desires...'

Aaron could feel himself getting overwhelmed, and he gripped his cock, paradoxically to steady himself (also because it felt good), and reminded himself that he was only getting started with his wishes tonight. He had purposefully excluded Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney from his first wish because he wanted to grow each of them separately, focusing on the nuances of their foursome dynamic. He loved Courtney at 8'4...but what if...what if she was...8'7, or 8'8...or even 9'0!? The mere thought was nearly enough to drive him to the point of ejaculation, but he gripped his cock even more firmly, shaking it stubbornly, as if to tell it "No!"

'She'd have to crouch way down to even be in this room with me,' he thought, looking up at his 8-foot ceiling. 'She'd...oh god, what if I made her 10 feet!??'

He backed away from his diary. His mind was beginning to spiral in on itself again, and his cock was once more threatening to spasm out in orgasm, even without any physical stimulation. Aaron took several deep breaths and, getting an idea, went over to the window. With difficulty, he pulled it open, and instantly, the cool night breeze exhaled out all across his body, giving him a delicious taste of reality outside of himself. After a few more deep breaths by the window, he felt more in control of himself. But then, realizing that he had been standing in front of his open window totally naked, with his erection displayed for all to see, he retreated further back into his bedroom, leaving the window open to let more of that nice cool breeze inside to help clear his head.

It wasn't just the thoughts of a 10'0 Courtney or a 9'0 Cassie that had started his brain spiraling – remembering that he could dictate the actual desires of others (particularly the three of *them*) was almost too much responsibility for him to bear.

A sudden whisper of what sounded like wind breathed out from somewhere around his open window, making him turn towards it briefly. But there was nothing there; it was just the breeze. He reverted back to his own thoughts. He had already resolved to have the girls relax a little on their “cum fetish,” all while of course preserving their sharing his macrophilia fetish, and wanting to fulfill him in it. He wasn't sure how to properly word this wish yet, though, so he had relegated it to later on in the evening. For another minute or so, he vacillated back and forth between “simpler” wishes that were proving to be anything but simple. He had even brought his pen close to the page, about to wish for Kristina's ass to be even bigger, before retreating again, and then propping the diary up on his bed with a pile of books so he could look at its blank spaces, trying to imagine what would look best on the paper. As he stood there, naked, cock throbbing, and stooped in thought, the huge, shadowy shape of a gigantic blonde head silently rose up over his windowsill. The next moment, the gleaming jewels of two striking blue eyes had appeared, fixing on Aaron like magnets. The window was open, and when he spoke aloud, his voice traveled.

“But let's...let's just calm down a minute, ok?” he declared out loud to himself, in a pep-talk tone. He pointed at the propped-up diary, addressing it directly. “You...you're not gonna make me go insane, alright? I know I can, you know...wish for anything I want...anything! But that's the trick, right!? That's how I get in over my head. I've got to take this slowwwwww...reeeeally, really slowwww. I've got it...uhhh...I've got it too good to just go crazy with everything I, uhm, you know, with everything I want all at once. Just...one thing at a time, okay?”

Aaron knew he was acting a little crazy already, talking to this diary out loud, but it was helping him sort through all the muck in his head. And anyway, no one was listening to him...or so he thought.

“Right...so – all the women are 4 inches taller, and 30 pounds heavier,” he repeated out loud to himself, drawing his finger along the words he had written in the diary. “And I think, uhhh, I think that's enough for tonight in terms of THAT. I did a good job not making them all 7 feet tall, hahaha! But that's because...yeah...I want to focus on THEM...them, them, them...”

Aaron tapped the empty page thoughtfully. He was too tempted to make Courtney 10'0 tall...and Kristina...well, her ass was so perfect that he felt afraid to even toy around with it at this point. But Cassie...Cassie...

“God, but she's perfect too!” Aaron said out loud. “Except...well, I mean...maybe she could be...even curvier...”

He stood there in silent thought for a full minute, still totally unaware of what was watching him.

“But that DRESS she had on today...” he murmured out loud, “That yellow went perfect with her...she’d shred right through it tomorrow if I make her THAT much bigger...oh come on, Aaron, what are you even talking about, she’ll find another dress, just like Courtney and Kristina will too, when I grow them eventually. Oh god...could I even handle a curvier Cassie?! She’s already sooooo thick and just...ugh, she’s a fucking goddess...but what if? 30 pounds more? Wait, she’s already 8’1...so stay proportional Aaron, come on...40...50...60 pounds!? Oh my god...oh my god...I’m gonna do it. I’ve gotta do it. I’ll make sure it’s proportional on her. Holy shit, her boobs, they’re gonna be...ohhhhhhhhhh!”

His whole body shivered in pleasure. He had worked himself up into the lustful frenzy he had promised himself he would avoid. But it simply couldn’t be helped. A moment later, he was applying his pen to the diary paper, writing out his wish, as the arched ascent of a pair of plush, ruby-red lips above his windowsill indicated a huge mouth gaping open in silent astonishment.

The next moment, though, as soon as Aaron had put down his pen, Cassie felt the fire escape ledge begin groaning out, much louder this time, and its groans were quickly followed by a series of metallic snapping sounds. She was bringing the whole fire escape down, and it was making an ungodly racket.

“Shit!! ShitShitShit!” mouthed Cassie, desperately grasping at the brick of the windowsill with her huge hands. She wasn’t worried about the fall, just the noise she was making. But then, as she grasped at the brick, her hands literally crumpled the brick into chunks, making another loud series of crackles and pops, right at Aaron’s open window.

“Oh fuck...” was all Cassie could mutter, though with the incredible, ironic humor of her new realization, as the entire brick ledge came apart in her hands, and her glorious, voluptuous body tumbled down to the ground below, her yellow dress already torn around her bust and hips before she even hit the ground.

Chapter 14

“Holy...*fuck* what just happened!?” Kristina whispered fiercely as her hands gripped the steering wheel of her stationary Hummer.

“Did Cass just fall!?” Courtney asked, in a rare moment when she sounded alarmed.

“I think...I think so,” answered Kristina, straining to look through her windshield without getting out of her car. It had gotten dark enough to where it was hard for them to tell exactly what had happened. “It sounded like she brought half the building down with her – oop! There she is at the bottom, dusting herself off.”

“She’s alright, I trust?” Courtney inquired, a hint of worry still in her voice. “That was so loud!”

“She’s fine, of course,” Kristina answered, deadpan. “What a klutz.”

“But what’s she doing now?” Courtney breathed, getting up close to the window. “She’s sneaking around the side of the building...she’s looking up to Aarons’ window?”

“There we go, Cass,” Kristina murmured, “At least you’ve got the good sense to hide quickly. Aaaaand perfect timing, because there’s our little man at the window now, seeing what all the commotion was about.”

“Hmmm, seems he took a few seconds to put on some underwear,” chuckled Courtney softly. “The noise startled him, but the first thing he did was shuffle over and slip on a pair of whitey-tighties. Awww, how precious is that?”

“Cute as all get-out,” murmured Kristina, “But I can still tell he’s hard, heheh.”

The two of them were watching Aaron closely, not daring to move too much. At their sizes, if they had rummaged around too much, they would have tipped the Hummer back and forth, making it more noticeable. None of the girls wanted Aaron to know they were there.

“You think it’s dark enough?” whispered Kristina after a few more moments, “To where he can’t see us parked here?”

“Yeah I think we’re fine,” muttered Courtney back to her. “As long as we all just stay still here until he goes away from the window.”

“Cass...” hissed Kristina to herself, “Don’t you dare!” She was watching Cassie now, who was poking her head around the corner of the apartment building, giving Kristina and Courtney the thumbs-up. Through the dim light, they could see that she had a huge smile on her face, and seemed extra eager to get back to the car.

"She knows something new," Courtney breathed. "She found something out."

"God, could she be any more obvious?" chuckled Kristina, rolling her eyes. The next moment, though, she was looking back up at Aaron, who was still at the window, peering down and around where the fire escape had come crashing down moments before.

"Come onnnn Aaron," whispered Kristina. "Go jerk that precious little cock of yours and get to sleep."

The two of them could see Cassie, from her hidden spot around the corner of the apartment building, looking up at Aaron too. All three of them were there, hidden and shrouded in darkness, waiting for him to step away from the window. But in his bedroom, Aaron had no idea that the three girls were out there in the dark, staring at him – right after he had completed his wish for Cassie to get 60 pounds curvier, there had been a loud, jumbled series of noises right at his windowsill, followed by a loud, sustained crash. Aaron had nearly been startled out of his skin, and, after a few still moments after the cacophony, he had thrown on some underwear and gone to the window to investigate. The fire escape had somehow become detached from the wall, and crashed down three stories below. But it wasn't just that – while he was at the windowsill, Aaron could see that the brick and concrete ledge, just beneath his window, had crumbled away.

"What in the world...!?" he had muttered to himself out loud. His first thought was that there had been some large animal walking around on the fire escape, which had caused the structure to fall. But he quickly dismissed that possibility – the fire escape wasn't actually that rickety, after all, since he would sometimes go onto it in the evening to look at the sunset or feel the cool night breeze on his face. Once or twice he had even vaped a little on it, and not once had he been worried about its structural integrity. It wasn't just a part of it – the whole thing had totally collapsed. This wasn't some fluke; something...something *huge* had caused it to fall.

But Aaron could feel his eyes drawn away from the twisted metal wreckage of the fire escape down below – aside from the debris, there didn't seem to be anything or anyone else down there. Aaron found himself staring at the windowsill ledge, the bulk of which was now totally gone. It was so bizarre – the ledge wasn't connected in any way to the fire escape...not even close. So why had it crumbled away and fallen too?

Aaron took another step closer to the broken ledge, and for some reason, his heart had started beating rather quickly. He didn't know why. The shock of the initial loud noise had passed, and now that he didn't see anything alarming, there was no reason why he should be reacting this way. But something was going on. There was something...something in the air. He could almost smell it. The breeze had kicked up a minute before, so it was tossing the early evening air around, confusing his senses. But Aaron could have sworn, a moment before, that he had caught the unmistakably sweet, luscious scent of someone...someone whose sultry, voluptuous scent he could have picked out of a crowded room by now.

“Cassie...!?” he breathed, hardly even daring to utter her name aloud. That quick whiff had certainly smelled like her. But, just like that, the breeze shifted, and it was gone. Had he just imagined that? Was he losing his mind!? And then, looking down at the broken ledge, he saw what looked like a series of parallel, uniform dents in the concrete, huge shapes, but recognizable, with two other indentations sticking out towards each other, just like...like...

‘Like *thumbs*,’ Aaron thought to himself, ‘And...and the other lines are like fingers, like they were trying to...to grip...’

He stared off into the night sky and then looked down again at the lawn below his apartment. A couple of his neighbors had gathered, and they were gesturing to each other. One of them was on the phone – probably with the building manager, no doubt. It looked like an ordinary scene, with ordinary people reacting to something odd that had happened. Cassie was nowhere to be seen. And, his eyes scanning a bit more for her, they missed Kristina’s parked Hummer, since that’s not what he had been trying to find. He glanced back down at the ledge, blinking. He had no idea what to think. On one hand, he could’ve sworn that he had caught that scent...and those marks really did kinda look like a pair of giant hands had slid off, taking a good bit of the ledge with them.

But just then, Aaron shook his head to himself. It couldn’t be – the girls had all gone away for the night. He had just made his wish, and now all the crazy thoughts were starting to coalesce in his brain.

“See, this...” he said to himself, turning away and closing the window, “*This* is why you can’t let yourself get carried away. You’ll totally lose your mind if you’re not careful.” A few minutes later he was in bed, under the covers, wondering what Cassie would look like in the morning.

Down below, Cassie had decided that her best course of action was to leave the scene and take a jaunt around the block from the other side of the building. She had signaled to Kristina to go around and pick her up in the back, and had set off.

“What...in the hell did she mean by all that?” asked Kristina to Courtney. “Waving her hands around like a crazy person?”

“I think she wants us to go pick her up around back,” Courtney smiled. “And anyway, it looks like Aaron’s gone to bed. He just turned his light off. Mmm, he’s about to have sweet dreams.”

“Or nightmares about giant klutzes destroying his fire escape,” Kristina remarked as she turned her car on and thrust the gear into “drive.” She made sure to drive slowly, and not to turn her headlights on before they got around to the other side of the building. Aaron’s light had turned off, but Kristina had decided to be extra careful.

“I don’t think he saw her,” Courtney mused as they circled around the building. “If he had, he would’ve reacted differently, I think.”

"Well she's kinda hard to miss," Kristina replied, rounding the building slowly. "But I guess it's pretty dark now...and...I gotta admit it – the girl actually stuck the landing, if that's possible."

"Rare praise from you!" Courtney laughed. "Oh and look, there's Cass coming towards us now!"

"Boy does she look excited," Kristina observed. She was trying to be dry, but she couldn't hide her own excitement, not the least from Courtney. It was perfectly clear, from the way that Cassie was bounding up to the car, with a huge, beaming smile on her face, and her giant tits and ass shaking and quivering with every eager step, that she had something thrilling to relate. The Hummer shook and groaned as Cassie got in the back seat, and the car actually tipped slightly to the side when she got in. Courtney quickly slid her giant ass over to balance out Cassie's weight. For a few moments, Cassie was too wide-eyed to speak – she just sat there, her hands folded in her lap, breathing heavily as she looked from Courtney to Kristina.

"So!?" Kristina demanded after a few seconds, "What's the big news? What did you see?"

Cassie's grin only widened, and she blinked a few times before answering. It was like she was relishing every syllable, and reminding herself not to take it too fast.

"Don't you two...notice anything different about me?" she began.

Kristina and Courtney looked at each other, raising their eyebrows.

"Uhh...besides the fact that you always insist on squeezing your ridiculous curves into dresses like three sizes too small?" Kristina began, shrugging. Cassie watched her response, obviously fascinated by what she was hearing.

"And you?" she asked Courtney, turning to her, "You don't notice anything either?"

"No...not really," Courtney said after a long pause, scouring Cassie's face and body for clues and finding none. She started smirking when she saw Cassie doing the same. "What's all this about, Cass? What're you doing?"

"I just thought I'd test it," Cassie breathed out, her eyes sparkling, "Just to be sure. But now that it's all clear to me..." She held out her hands, indicating that they should settle in. "You guys aren't going to believe this..."

About thirty minutes later, Cassie had explained everything that she had seen and discovered, and both Kristina and Courtney had asked enough questions to satisfy them both. An electric silence passed over the three of them as they sat there in Kristina's car, lights and engine off, parked in a nondescript space under a tree behind Aaron's apartment building. There was a lot of activity on the other side of the apartment as a few residents and a couple cops were

discussing what had happened to the fire escape. But in the dark car, the three amazons were deep in thought, their minds positively buzzing with the implications of this new knowledge.

"You know," Kristina started, breaking the silence, "That was actually pretty clever of you, Cass, to test me and Courtney like that."

"Oooh was it?" Cassie giggled, bouncing in her seat in faux-pride. "I thought I'd do it just as soon as it became obvious to me that, if I hadn't literally SEEN and HEARD Aaron write down his wish in that diary, then I would've just assumed that I was 60 pounds heavier."

"Really?" asked Courtney, absolutely transported by the crazy magic of this diary. "How do you know?"

"Well I remember thinking how tight my dress was," Cassie replied, "When I was...uh, you know, scampering for cover after I'd fallen. And I felt this...I don't know what to call it...like a "throb," or an automatic thought, in my brain, that just said 'Don't complain about it, because Kristina will make fun of you, like she always does, for trying to squeeze into tiny dresses.' Isn't that crazy!?"

"It's insane," Courtney murmured, nodding her head as she stared straight ahead, contemplating.

"Like...the memories were all of a sudden just, like, implanted in my mind!" Cassie exclaimed, gesturing feelingly with her big hands as she talked. "And the only reason why I knew that they were false memories is because it was obvious that Aaron had just grown me by 60 pounds! *That's* why my dress didn't fit anymore!"

"Yeah this thing...this diary," Kristina said in a low voice, pondering like Courtney, "It's powerful stuff. *Powerful*. Like...pretty scary, actually."

"Scary in the hands of someone else, maybe," Cassie opined. "But not our little Aaron."

"But see," Kristina countered, pointing at Cassie, "Aren't you just saying that because he's wished you – wished all of us, really – to be obsessed with him? To assume the best of him?"

"Well I...don't really know," Cassie replied, thinking it through carefully. "It depends how exactly he wished for us to be."

"I think," declared Courtney, speaking up at last, "That, regarding the three of us, the things he's wished for are exclusively sexual in nature."

"How do you figure that?" asked Kristina, crossing her arms across her chest. She wasn't challenging Courtney; she just knew that Courtney had an answer.

"To begin with," Courtney began, "How could the three of us be having this conversation if he had somehow taken away our general free will, or our distinct personalities as people?"

Kristina and Cassie looked at each other and nodded. As usual, Courtney was making a lot of sense.

"Obviously he's left all the major aspects of our minds and bodies as they were," Courtney continued, "Because, like Cassie said, I don't think Aaron is that kind of person. And I'm not being biased here when I say that he's such a little sweetheart...to the core. He's clearly taking this whole thing verrrry, very slowly, and obviously feels a good deal of anguish and uncertainty in the process. Haha, just think about it, you two – a lot of men would've wished themselves to be kings or dictators or playboys just drowwwwwning in women. But no. Not Aaron. What does he do? He makes his friends taller and thicker, with knockout boobs and asses, and he ushers us into his delicious size fetish, where we can enjoy it just as much as he does. Isn't that just precious, when you think about it?"

"Absolutely darling," sighed Cassie.

"Yeah, when you put it like that," Kristina said, thinking carefully through what Courtney had just said, "It really just confirms that, however he got this power, the world got lucky."

"And you said he seemed all stressed out about it?" Courtney asked Cassie.

"Mhmm," Cassie nodded, "He was pacing around his room, and his little face was getting all red, and he...yeah, he seemed almost tormented by it."

"Poor baby," Kristina murmured, shaking her head a little.

"Well," declared Courtney, her voice rising a little as she sat up even straighter in the car, so her head smushed into the ceiling, "He's not gonna have to deal with his secret alone anymore."

"There's no need for him to!" agreed Cassie.

"We can help him out with it," Kristina joined in.

"And we WILL help him out," Courtney concluded, clasping her hands together as she started formulating a plan. "More than he could ever imagine. But first...we need to break it to him that we know about the diary, in a way that doesn't freak him out."

"Aww it would be a little cute," Kristina chuckled, "To see him freak out for a second."

"No it would *not*!" Cassie retorted, shooting Kristina a disapproving look, and earning another eye-roll from her friend. "Aaron's already mentally fragile enough as it is, with all this power at his fingertips. He's behaved better than just about anyone could behave...plus..."

And here she looked down at her body and cupped her mammoth tits in her hands, bouncing them up and down as she jiggled her gigantic ass in the seat, before finishing her thought:

“He’s been rather *good* to the three of us, hasn’t he?”

“Well,” Kristina sighed, turning around to admire her own voluminous ass, “It’s hard to argue with that.”

“Okay,” Courtney declared, clapping her hands together as she hunched forward in the back seat, wordlessly compelling Kristina and Cassie to do the same, as the three of them put their heads together. “So listen up here – I think I know how we break the news to Aaron that we know, without risking anything, and without rattling him too hard.”

“Our little sweetheart looked like he was about to blow a gasket,” Cassie said softly. “It’ll really be much easier for him, sharing such a huge secret with us.”

“Mmmm, he’ll be sharing the secret with us, yes,” hummed Courtney, her eyes gleaming as they went slowly back and forth between the other two, “But most importantly, he’ll be sharing the *power*.”

“Uhh, Courtney?” asked Kristina, her own mouth twitching up into a grin as she and Cassie shared a knowing look. “What’re you...um...what’re you cooking up? You look kinda scary right now.”

“Mm, you look *hot* right now,” Cassie purred. “*Hungry*.”

“Listen carefully girls,” smiled Courtney furtively, “I’ve got a plan.”

The next morning, Aaron woke up to a text message from Courtney, which was a bit odd, since he expected the girls to be knocking at his door, or at least waiting downstairs in Kristina’s Hummer, ready to zoom him off to more mind-boggling adventures in the new city that he had created. But Courtney’s text simply read:

“Good morning, cutie! Hope you had a good night’s sleep! The three of us wanted to have lunch by the duck pond in the park on the far side of town. You know that big, beautiful willow tree? Yeah, under that one. How about you meet us there at noon :)”

Aaron read Courtney’s message over a few times, making sure that he understood everything correctly. Once again, he felt strangely struck by how unexpected this message was. But his surprise quickly morphed into self-censure, as Aaron began to berate himself for assuming too much:

'What, so just because you've wished for certain things, you expect the girls to be waiting on you like sex slaves!?' he thought to himself savagely. 'Is that really what you wanted to turn them into? Because that's how you're expecting them to behave.'

He sat on the edge of the bed, his head bowed, feeling ashamed of his mindset, and for taking the three girls for granted. Even though he had just woken up, he could feel the pressure of all his wishes weighing down upon him – the thrill, the excitement, the guilt, the anxiety, the anguish, the disbelief...all of it was crashing in on his mind at once. Aaron bowed his head deeper, clutching it in his hands, as he pulled at his hair, as if somehow that would help ease the mental burden. He tried to fight through the guilt, reminding himself that he had created a wonderful foursome bond between himself and Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney, but for some reason, the regret he was enduring this morning was unusually strong. He actually felt sick to his stomach. It all just felt so...fake...concocted...simulated. Like it wasn't real. Like he was living in some kind of parallel dream world where he felt transported by pleasure one moment, but then questioned the whole basis of it the next.

'I just...don't know how long I can go on like this,' he thought helplessly. 'The back and forth...it's just...exhausting.'

A few minutes passed by, with Aaron just sitting there on the bed, his mind absorbed in nothing distinct – he just felt like he was sinking into the cold soup of his own making, with his mind going numb the deeper he sank. But after a while, he felt his brain returning to Courtney's text. He read it over again. Of course lunch with them sounded lovely. He knew the willow tree she was talking about. It was one of those places that only the "real townies" knew about, one that was off the beaten path. There likely wouldn't be anyone else there to bother them.

'It's perfect,' he thought, suddenly feeling the surge of a dawning epiphany, 'It's the absolute perfect place to finally tell them...all about it.'

Part of him was screaming inside that he was crazy to want to do this, that he would be giving up his powers, and it was true that Aaron could hardly believe that he was having these thoughts right now, that he was actually considering telling the girls about the diary. But the epiphany had already started rolling down a hill in his mind, and the more it rolled, the faster its momentum grew. He had to do it. He had to tell them. It simply wasn't possible for him to go on living like this. Each day he felt more and more false, right up until this point, when his reaction to a simple text was to feel physically ill and worn-out. And he had just woken up!

His hands shaking slightly, he typed back a quick response, "Sure! I'll see you guys then!" and then got ready for the day, showering, making coffee, and even managing to eat a little breakfast. Part of the terrible burden seemed to ease after he resolved to tell the girls his big secret, but now he was starting to worry about how they would react. What he feared most was that they would be angry with him, for taking advantage of them, and robbing them of their free will – for turning them into sex robots, basically.

“But I...haven’t done that, exactly,” he said out loud to himself, puttering around his kitchen, having to stand on a stool to make coffee and reach the bananas in the fruit bowl at the back of the counter. “I never changed their personalities – just, maybe what they were into, sexually.”

He winced at himself, trying to justify his behavior, and so, after a few minutes, he stopped trying, resolving to absorb and accept whatever reaction the girls had. For the next hour or so, he tried distracting himself by playing video games, but his mind was definitely elsewhere. Finally, he just decided to drive himself to the spot, so that he’d be there an hour or so early, just to get out of his apartment. Usually, when he left, he checked to make sure that his diary was right where he left it – actually touching it to make extra sure – but today, he just glanced at it peeking out from under a pile of books on his nightstand. He felt another wave of guilt, and left his apartment without touching it.

As soon as he stepped out into the world, however, Aaron remembered one of the big wishes from the previous night. He had been so mired in his own thoughts that he had completely forgotten that he had wished all the women in the city another 4 inches taller, to the point where now, the average female height was over 6 feet tall. This new fact became plainly clear when a young jogger ran straight by him on the sidewalk, her blonde ponytail bouncing with every long, powerful stride her legs took. This girl looked *built* – like a stallion – and was obviously way over 6 feet tall. Aaron felt like, a couple weeks ago, she was probably already 5’9 or 5’10. Now she was 6’6 or 6’7, and compared to him, she was absolutely huge. Aaron tried to nod ‘hello’ to the young woman, but she had already blown by him, her face set in determination; he got a strong whiff of her sweet sweat that complimented the breeze her body had created, as his hair blew back on his head. He turned to watch her go, and she was already around the block.

‘Nothing like Cassie or Courtney or Kristina,’ he thought, having to laugh a little at himself as his mind shot back to them, despite him being in awe of this woman. How tall were they again? Courtney was all of 8’4, Cassie wasn’t far behind at 8’1...and Kristina...she was 7’9, right? And that girl...the one who just passed him by...she was “only” 6’7?? Aaron started to feel himself get excited again, despite the lingering feelings of guilt over the diary, and he hopped into his car with a bit more energy than he had had walking out of his apartment.

His drive to the duck pond was another source of energy and wonder for him, and he made sure to go slowly just so he could try and absorb what he was seeing. The new reality of his wishes was everywhere around for him to see. Every woman he saw walking down the street looked statuesque, an appearance which was inevitably accentuated whenever they were walking next to a male. It was crazy – he really had flipped the world completely upside down! All the women were, at the very least, two or three inches taller than all the men, and the gap between most of the men and women was much wider than that. And the women weren’t just taller – they were obviously heavier too. Bigger, stronger, more substantial. Aaron remembered that he had wished all the women to be an additional 30 pounds heavier, proportionally distributed, and it sure was showing. Just like the jogger he had seen, all the women now looked uber-curvey, with thick hips, big butts, and strong-looking thighs – their arms and shoulders looked more solid too.

But, more than anything else, as he drove, Aaron was noticing behavioral changes as well. The women who were holding hands with their boyfriends often seemed to be the ones “leading,” with their partners struggling to catch up. He saw a few women with their big arms draped around their partners’ shoulders, not unlike men used to do with their smaller female partners. One particular young woman, a towering blonde who might have been close to 7’0, actually had her big hand tucked into her (5’8) boyfriend’s back jeans pocket...and, as he drove by, Aaron could’ve sworn that he saw her pinching his butt with her fingers, from the way he was jumping, with them both laughing.

Had he altered their behavior without meaning to? Was the increased size of the women switching the power dynamics of the relationships, without him even having to wish for it? It certainly seemed like this was the case – but Aaron couldn’t be sure until he saw another interaction up close, without having to drive. As it was, this new city of tall, voluptuous females that he had wished into existence provided a welcome distraction from his anguish and apprehension surrounding his decision to tell the girls about the diary. The closer he got to the duck pond, though, the more nervous he became, to the point where, after he parked his car and got out, his heart was beating quite quickly and uncomfortably in his chest.

He spotted the large, drooping willow tree – one of the nicest trees in the city, that was for sure – and walked over to it, sitting down underneath it and staring off at the still pond water. It was only 11:30 or so (the drive had taken him longer than expected, since there was so much to stare at), and the sun hadn’t quite had time to heat up the scenery yet. There was still a hint of coolness in the air, and, as Aaron inhaled a big breath through his nostrils, he smelled the deep, woody scent of the willow, the sweet hydrangea flowers nearby, the green bite of the freshly-cut grass, and the fresh, organic tinge of the pond water nearby. Little water striders skated and flitted on the surface of the water, and, across the way, a family of ducks was busy taking turns diving, turning upside down to get their lunch. A steady, calm wave of cicada calls sounded over the scenery, making everything seem even stiller, and more relaxed.

‘Yeah,’ thought Aaron, taking another deep breath to try and calm himself down. ‘This is the perfect spot...perfect spot...for...telling them...’

He could feel his eyes getting heavy. It was strange, since he had already had his morning coffee, and had been bolt-upright alert the whole time he was driving, not able to absorb all the new sights fast enough. Maybe that was why he was feeling so tired all of a sudden – maybe that, and all the mental work he had put himself through earlier that day. Whatever the reason, he decided to just accept the drowsiness, and, leaning back against the sheltering Willow, Aaron dozed off.

What seemed like the next moment, he found himself getting shaken awake by a pair of enormous warm hands. His eyes opened, blurry at first, but then they refocused and saw that Cassie was kneeling down in front of him, her hands lovingly massaging his upper arms as her fingers easily went all the way around. Aaron felt his heart jump into his mouth – Courtney and

Kristina were on either side, also crouching in close, smiling at him. They had ditched their dresses, and were all three wearing short pairs of jean shorts, which only went down to their upper thighs, and stylish t-shirts, which looked like they were already stretched to their limits. As ever color-coordinated, Courtney's t-shirt was a deep purple, Kristina's was a bright and vibrant teal, and Cassie's was a joyful yellow. Aaron felt like his eyes couldn't absorb the sheer voluptuous enormity of their thick, creamy thighs, which were all the more conspicuous in their jean shorts. A pile of sandals lay to the side; evidently, all three of them had kicked them off and gone barefoot, with their toenail polish matching the color of their t-shirts. But Aaron could hardly focus on any of this, when their three gorgeous faces were so close to his, their eyes dazzling in the midday sunlight.

"Well good *morning*, sleepyhead!" Cassie cooed at him. "You beat us here!"

"Y-yeah, I...I thought I'd come a little early," Aaron replied, sitting up straighter against the tree. A moment of silence passed between them, and he suddenly realized that it was now or never – he was going to tell them now, or he would never be able to work up the courage again.

"Listen...guys," he said, feeling oddly detached and surreal as his heart started thumping hard again, "I...I have something to tell you. Something I think, uh...you all need to know."

Cassie, who was right in front of him, blinked rapidly a few times, like she had just heard something that she hadn't expected. And then, a delighted smile spread across her face as she turned back to Courtney and Kristina.

"Isn't it just too perfect?" she asked them. "I can see it on his face. He's about to tell us – without us even having to bring it up!"

"Damn," Kristina muttered, looking at Aaron and nodding slowly. "You really are a rare one, Aaron. We lucked out. We ALL lucked out."

"Mhm," Courtney agreed, her deep, feminine voice melting through into Aaron's interior. "I admit I didn't even expect this. I'm impressed, Aaron. VERY impressed."

Cassie turned back to him, her smile as bright as the morning, with him able to do nothing but return a puzzled look.

"Uhh...w-what...what do you mean?" was all that he could muster up. He was afraid the girls were talking about something completely different, and that the mood would dramatically take a turn for the worse when he told them the big secret.

"Oh Aaron," Cassie purred at him, taking her massive hand and gently petting his face, lovingly scratching his scalp a little as her thumb cupped his chin, "You don't need to worry about a thing. Go on, tell us – tell us all about your secret diary."

Chapter 15

Everything suddenly seemed sharper to Aaron – the midday sun, the quiet breeze across the pond, the rustling of the willow leaves over his head, and of course, the huge, voluptuous figures of Cassie, Kristina, and Courtney gathered around him with their smiling faces – it felt like everything had coalesced into a single, climaxing moment, when the world stood still. He had been on the verge of divulging to the towering trio his deepest, most intimate secret: the diary, the source of all the crazy changes in his life over the past few weeks, and the reason why Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney were 7'9, 8'1, and 8'4 respectively...the reason why the average height of all the women in the city was now over 6'0...the reason why his size-fetish fantasies had literally become a reality. But Aaron had been wracked with guilt, and unable to cope with the knowledge that he had altered the trio's minds without their consent, that he was, in his mind, living out a twisted kind of false reality. Finally, he had worked himself up to telling them the truth – only to now learn that...they already *knew* about the diary!?

For several seconds, Aaron's mouth just hung open, and he was unable to make any sound. Kristina turned to Courtney and elbowed her in the side, snickering quietly, evidently enjoying the spectacle of his shock. Courtney touched Kristina's elbow and quietly shushed her, indicating with her head to keep watching him. For her part, Cassie remained on her knees in front of Aaron, towering above him by over a foot (and giving him a full view of her glorious, expansive breasts pushing the limits of her sun-yellow t-shirt), cupping his face with her thumb as she softly stroked her long fingers through his hair, observing him gently with her almond-shaped green eyes.

"Y-You...you all KNOW about that!?" Aaron finally forced out, his eyes darting back and forth between the three of them. He felt a slight, sensuous vibration through Cassie's hand, and it became clear, through the sumptuous bounce of her curves, that she was laughing, barely keeping it contained.

"Yessss, sweetheart," she breathed down at him, giving his head one final, loving squeeze before she moved back a bit and plopped her huge ass down in the grass in front of him, with Kristina and Courtney joining her on either side. Aaron was now more or less "boxed-in" by the three amazons, not in an intimidating way, but rather as an issue of mere practicality. It had been Courtney's idea that they sit like this around him while they discussed the diary, since even though this nature spot was a well-kept secret in the city, they didn't want to risk some passerby eavesdropping on the conversation. This way, the privacy of the exchange was patently clear.

To Aaron, though, all he could think about was how on earth the three of them had figured out about the diary. Subconsciously, he had already started to feel an immense sense of relief, since apparently they knew the whole secret and weren't angry with him...or, at least, not yet. Did they know everything about the diary!? His mind whirled for a few moments, trying to process it all, while the three of them waited patiently, none of them speaking, exchanging knowing glances as they waited for his next response.

"Wait..." Aaron said slowly. He had suddenly remembered that incident the night before, when the fire escape had mysteriously come crashing down, and, for that brief, strange moment, he had thought he had gotten a whiff of Cassie's scent...plus those finger-shaped indentations in the concrete...he was starting to put it together. That had all been right after he had spoken his wish aloud! With the window open! He turned his eyes slowly up to Cassie, who blinked down at him innocently.

"What?" she giggled at him, her curvaceous figure alive with her girlish mirth.

"Were you...?" Aaron ventured, not wanting to accuse her of something, but having no idea how else they could have known about the diary. He could tell that Kristina and Courtney had leaned forward slightly...expectantly, as Cassie sat there cross-legged, looking as innocent as an 8'1 bombshell amazon could.

"Were you, like...outside my apartment last night?" Aaron finally asked, deciding to just plunge ahead, since everything was already crazy enough (so why not make it more crazy). "I mean...you, know...outside on the ledge?"

"Hahahaha he gotcha Cass!" burst out Kristina, clapping her hands as she turned to Courtney (the sheer energy of her huge hands smacking together made Aaron blink). Kristina was obviously relishing the moment, and continued, "See, Courtney!? *Told* you he'd put two and two together! Cass thought her giant ass could go creeping around without him even guessing it was her! Obviously not!"

"Awww, darn it!" Cassie sighed, heaving a deep breath as her shoulders slumped slightly. "I thought I did a good job sneaking out of there, after...uhm...well, you know, after I fell." She looked apologetically down at Aaron, who at this point was completely mystified. "I was gonna tell you about it, of course – it's just Kristina bet me that you'd guess how we learned about the diary, and I thought, uhh..."

"She thought she was like 007, sneaking out of there," laughed Kristina. "She thought you'd never guess!"

"But I thought I hid myself pretty well!" protested Cassie.

"Hid herself pretty well...are you hearing this!?" Kristina teased. "Look at her! How can someone with THOSE tits and THAT ass hide anywhere?"

"But I...I didn't see you," Aaron blurted out. All three turned to look at him, momentarily confused.

"Then how did you know?" asked Kristina flatly.

"I didn't think much of it," Aaron replied, still feeling the surreal energy of the whole scene around him, "Since I didn't see anything, and I was already...uhm...kind of...kind of..."

"You were having a bit of a hard time," Cassie suggested gently, putting a huge hand on his little knee. "Goodness knows you've been living in a crazy world recently."

"Y-yeah..." nodded Aaron shakily, smiling at Cassie, and feeling the warmth of her understanding. It was an unbelievable relief to hear those empathetic words. Even now, though, he could feel himself getting hard, just from Cassie's huge, strong hand on his knee. It looked absolutely *massive* compared to him.

"So I...I was all in my head, you know," Aaron continued, "And so when I heard the crash and came to the window, I didn't see anything, but when I thought I smelled Cassie –"

"Ohhh you *smelled* her!" Courtney intoned deeply, looking meaningfully around at the other two. "That's what we missed!"

"So there, meanie!" Cassie retorted to Kristina, sticking her tongue out at her. Kristina only rolled her eyes in response. "And to you, Aaron," Cassie continued, suddenly dropping her playfulness and becoming deadly serious, "I'm really sorry to be snooping around your place like that. It's just that..."

"We were worried about you," Courtney continued, cutting in, "And we were starting to put some things together, some things that didn't add up."

"Well, Courtney and I were," Kristina added. "Cassie was blissfully unaware, as usual."

Cassie made a face at Kristina, but allowed Courtney to continue:

"And something seemed just...off, and we wanted to make sure you were okay. That's why we had Cassie peek in to check on you, and see if she could learn anything."

"I promise I'm not the sneaky type, Aaron!" Cassie pleaded, taking his hands in hers, dwarfing them completely, and squeezing.

"But see, we were right!" Kristina observed. "Cass learned about the diary, which explains everything! Everything we were wondering about! Why we're so much bigger than everyone else, why most women are taller and bigger than most men, why all those girls were having to get their jewelry resized...why our clothes are always too tight..."

"L-Look, look...guys..." Aaron said quickly, trying to wrest his hands out of Cassie's but not having anything close to the necessary strength, "I'm...I..." He sighed, and his shoulders slumped. "I don't know what to say!" He looked up at the three of them, and his eyes had suddenly become thick with tears. "I'm so sorry! I should never have used that diary! It was

wrong of me to make you guys think...to think things that weren't your own...to change your bodies without your consent...to...t-to turn you into my own sex sl—"

And, unable to continue, he broke down, sobbing.

"Shhhh, shhhh, shhhh!" cooed Cassie, immediately scooting towards Aaron and wrapping her big arms around his little body and embracing him in her warm bosom. "It's *okay*, Aaron! Really...listen...it's okaaaaay, it's okay." Courtney and Kristina had scooted closer as well, moved by Aaron's spontaneous and genuine show of emotion. As she slid herself forward on the grass, Courtney turned back and gave the secluded spot a once-over, just to make sure there wasn't anyone else around. When she pivoted back around, Cassie was looking at her, a warmly empathetic pout on her face as she comforted Aaron, who was crying into her giant tits. Kristina looked unsure of exactly what to do, but a few seconds later she reached out and put her large hand on Aaron's back, nearly covering half of it, as she soothingly pet him.

For the next minute, the three amazons let Aaron cry out his emotions...his tension, his strain, his guilt. Cassie had pointed to him and wordlessly mouthed to Courtney, 'What do I do?' and Courtney had put up her hand in a tempering motion, closing her eyes and nodding her head, indicating that he needed this release, and that they should just sit it out quietly. And when Aaron had finally hit a wall, his sobs petered away, and he just sat there, still enveloped in Cassie's arms, feeling some sense of relief – that at least the burden of his powerful secret was a bit lighter now that it was shared – but still feeling very bad about what he had done.

"There you go – feel better now?" asked Cassie soothingly, bringing him up off her tits so she could see him clearly again.

"A little," murmured Aaron, wiping his eyes, "But...but not really. I...I used you guys. And I don't know how you can trust me again."

"Okay...Aaron," said Courtney, motioning for Cassie to pass him to her. She did so promptly, wrapping her hands nearly all the way around his waist and effortlessly hoisting him up off her lap, like he weighed nothing. Courtney received him on her cross-legged knee, and she balanced him there, with her giant hand on his back, as she spoke to him gently but with undeniable weight and authority:

"First of all, this power that you've come by – and we can get to how exactly it happened later – we were all talking about how lucky we all were, how lucky the *world* was, that *you* got this power, and not someone else. You had an adorable, harmless sexual fetish that you wanted to fulfill, Aaron, no doubt something that had been with you ever since you were young, that was so frustrating, so out-of-reach, that of course it seemed like an obvious choice to make it happen, once you learned that you possessed this power. Are you following me so far?"

"Yes, but –" Aaron began, but Courtney put a long finger up to his lips.

“Shhhh, just listen, okay,” she continued sweetly, taking a deep breath that inflated her big tits against his body. “Second of all, yes, maybe it wasn’t the most ethical thing in the world to make us feel a certain way without our consent, Aaron, but...look, we were talking about it, and we understand. Your intention wasn’t to brute-force us into doing anything; true, maybe that was the end result, but we think that all you were really doing was opening up a whole wonderful world for us, for all of us joined together. That’s the reality right now, Aaron. And, even knowing how this world came to be, all three of us love it, and wouldn’t want to change it at all.”

“B-But that’s the magic talking,” Aaron said miserably, looking up into her gorgeous face. “You wouldn’t be saying that if I hadn’t written the wish in the diary.”

Courtney smiled at him. “So?” she asked simply. “So what?”

“So it’s not...uhm...real,” declared Aaron, though he wasn’t sure exactly what he was saying.

“I’m sorry sweetheart,” countered Courtney, looking deep into his eyes, “But I have to disagree. It *is* real. You want to say that it’s not real, because that would mean that this awesome power that you possess isn’t real...that it’s some sort of an illusion. We understand why that’d be easier for you to handle. The weight of responsibility of this power on your shoulders...I know it’s tempting to pretend like this is all just a mirage. But it’s not, Aaron – you haven’t conjured some hallucination. You’ve remade the world.”

Aaron couldn’t even respond. He knew that Courtney was right...that, deep down, he was trying to somehow escape the heavy responsibility of what he had already done...and, even more importantly, what he *could* do.

“And we can tell this power is too much for you to handle alone,” continued Courtney, gently and affectionately squeezing Aaron’s shoulder with her massive hand as Cassie and Kristina looked on. Courtney glanced up at them and winked, continuing, “And so the three of us are going to help you.”

“You’re...you’re going to help me?” Aaron asked, looking up at Courtney blankly. He hadn’t expected any of this at all, and was totally thrown for a loop.

“Yes, honey,” Courtney breathed down at him. “The three of us, helping you use your power...helping you organize your thoughts, sharing the burden of the responsibility, planning out exactly what you want...and so on. I’m sure you’d agree at this point that you would welcome our help.”

Aaron blinked and, after a few seconds, nodded silently. At the moment, he couldn’t form words.

"You've earned our trust, Aaron," Kristina added, her hands jiggling her huge thighs as she spoke from her cross-legged position on the grass. "Initially, you couldn't help yourself, and wished for things that got out of hand quickly, but you pulled yourself back from all that. We know you, Aaron, and you've shown that you don't want fame or riches or ultimate power or a host of mindless sex slaves at your disposal – no. All you want is a world re-made, a world where women are bigger and taller than men...*much* bigger and taller...and you want to explore your size fetish more."

"But you need us, Aaron," Cassie cut in, earnestly leaning forward toward him. "You need our help. Otherwise you're just gonna lose it. I mean, I saw you last night, ranting at your diary, insisting that it wasn't going to drive you crazy."

"Oh god," Aaron groaned, shaking his head, "You saw that!?"

"Mhmmm," smiled Cassie warmly, "And again, sorry to snoop on you...but all things considered, we decided you needed this little intervention."

"And the icing on the cake," finished Courtney, draping her massive arm around his little shoulders in an affectionate embrace, "Is that you were actually going to tell us about the diary before we even had the chance to intervene. If there was ever one last test for you to pass...that was it."

Aaron sat there on Courtney's lap for a few more moments, still trying to wrap his mind around what had just happened. All three amazons sat there patiently, waiting for him to process everything, occasionally exchanging humorous glances with each other. Clearly, they were getting a kick out of how mind-blown he looked. After a minute or so, he finally mustered up the cognition to speak.

"Well I...I don't know what to say to you guys except...uhm...thanks," he managed to say, wiping the remnants of the tears from his eyes. "And again, I'm...really sorry about...about everything."

"Ugh, enough already!" Kristina burst out. "Quit saying you're sorry! We LOVE this new world you've made! And we want to explore this power with you, Aaron."

"I mean, as far as we know, it's just beginning," Cassie grinned. "This power you have. Aaron's brave new world, haha!"

"But before we get into all that," Courtney said, taking charge, "We want you to tell us the whole story, from beginning to end...how you came by the diary...how you came to have this power."

Aaron looked around at them, intently waiting, and took a deep breath.

"Okay so..." he began, "This may take a while..."

About an hour later, he was all finished with the story. The three amazons had been riveted the whole time, and now that the whole narrative was finished, Courtney looked around at Cassie and Kristina.

"Thoughts?" she asked.

"I'm hungry," said Kristina flatly, and everyone laughed.

"Okay, so...yes, let's go get some food," Courtney nodded, "But first...Aaron, we'd been talking about this before we came here, and I just wanted to lay it out for you. Essentially, Kristina and Cassie...okay fine, Cass, you tell him."

"We want to be your live-in maids!" Cassie exclaimed brightly, bouncing up and down on her giant ass. "And we'll wear sexy little outfits to tease you every day, while we cook, clean, and –"

"*She's* cleaning," Kristina interrupted. "I'm just going to be cooking, thank you very much...and if you recall, I'm a *very* good cook."

"I...yeah, I remember that," Aaron smiled, hardly believing his ears.

"But we won't just be your maids," continued Cassie, punching Kristina in the arm for interrupting her, "We're going to be your beds, your chairs, your sexy comforters. Every time you sit or lie down, it'll be on our bigggg, soffffft curves." She squeezed her arms together, squishing her mammoth tits into each other so that they nearly burst out of her sun-yellow top. "Just think, Aaron, lounging between these babies every day while you play video games or watch TV..."

"Or sitting in between *these* hulkers instead," Kristina added, turning around and giving Aaron an eye-popping view of her gargantuan ass cheeks as she bounced them invitingly up and down. "I just know you'd rather sit on my ass than on anything else!"

"Hey now, I'm no slouch in the ass department!" Cassie retorted, promptly flipping over on her belly next to Kristina and displaying the vast fleshy orbs of her own ass cheeks, which peeked out from beneath her sundress. "I mean, Kristina's might be a little bit bigger," Cassie acknowledged, "But I've got bigger breasts, and look...would you really turn down a chance to sit on *this* chair?" With the huge, full pillars of her thighs closed, Cassie gently wobbled her ass back and forth, so that its movement joined Kristina's continuously bouncing cheeks in a kind of visual tone poem of backside beauty. Aaron just imagined himself sinking comfortably into both sets of ass cheeks; they were so huge that each cheek, from both girls, probably weighed almost half of his entire body weight...maybe even more in Kristina's case. It would be impossible not to get lost in those glorious spheres of feminine power and sensuality, and it was only Courtney's chuckle that brought him back to their conversation.

"I'm sure," Courtney was smiling, "That there's no need to compete against each other." Cassie and Kristina both stopped shaking their butts and turned back around, giving each other playfully knowing glances. They knew that their "competition" was only concocted to further excite and tease Aaron.

"The point is," Courtney continued, turning back to Aaron, "That both Cass and Kristina will be happy to be your live-in maids, serving your needs, cleaning, cooking...massaging you, being your living furniture..."

"And kisses!" reminded Cassie brightly.

"And blowjobs!" Kristina added.

"Yes yes, all of that," Courtney nodded, "Though within reason, of course – we're not going to go overboard with all of that like we did last time." She leaned in close to Aaron, her big hand lovingly rubbing his back, as her dark eyes held him. "We don't want our little man to keel over and die on us, now do we?"

Aaron managed a self-deprecating smile, even as he remembered how ravenous the three girls had been a few days before...all because of his own overzealous wishes, of course. He suddenly understood that Courtney was gently teasing him for losing control of the diary situation.

"Oh no, definitely not!" Kristina laughed.

"Quality over quantity!" Cassie added, licking her long tongue around her lips before flicking it suggestively in the air, toward Aaron, arching her eyebrow as she did so. "Kristina and I have a whole new batch of tricks that we've been practicing to show you later..."

"Mhm yes," Courtney said warmly. She adjusted him slightly on her thigh, signifying a shift in the conversation. "And while Cass and Kristina will be your live-in maids, I propose, Aaron, that I act as your...manager, for lack of a better word. This is a truly astonishing power that's been given to you, and I want to make sure that your wishes are enacted in the sexiest way possible, without you having to worry about agonizing over the details alone."

"Typical Courtney," Kristina groaned, rolling her eyes, "Taking over as the brains of the whole operation."

"Running PR as usual," laughed Cassie.

"I hope," Courtney persisted, giving the other girls an ironic smile (they were only teasing her, of course – the three of them had already gone over these details the night before), "That Aaron will agree that he needs someone like me to manage this...well, extensive enterprise."

“Y-Yes!” Aaron exclaimed, almost too willingly. “Yes *please*...I mean, heh, you’ve always had a, uhm, a knack for that kind of stuff, Courtney. You know...organization, rational thinking...”

“He’s trying to say that you and I are essentially big-titted, ass-bouncing bimbos,” Kristina quipped to Cassie.

“So?” Cassie returned, bouncing slightly in the grass, “He’s right, isn’t he?”

“That’s...hey! That’s not what I’m –” Aaron began protesting, but Courtney’s deep, feminine voice spoke over him:

“They’re just teasing you, Aaron...and you know, if you think I’m good with organization now...imagine how good I’ll be when you enhance my intelligence...”

Aaron looked up at her; the scope of this new reality was beginning to dawn on him. Courtney nodded her head slowly at him, as his face began to lighten up in appreciation of the limitless possibilities.

“Mhmmmm,” Courtney intoned meaningfully, “Just think, Aaron – I won’t just be your manager, and your PR person for the rest of the world...I’ll also be your therapist, the person who can ask you all the right questions, the person who can really draw out where your sexuality comes from, and what we can do to make you even more fulfilled. You know, it’s ironic, isn’t it? This whole wonderful craziness began with your sexual daydreams, the reveries that you’ve been having for years and years, and the diary enabled these reveries to crazily morph into reality, again and again, until your dreams literally *became* reality. And at first, since you didn’t know how to handle it all, well...you *couldn’t* handle it. We were overstimulating you, and you had pushed yourself to the brink of sanity. But *now*...now that we’re going to share this with you, we’re going to help you learn to sit and bask in your fantasies, without letting them overwhelm you again and again. You’ve been binge-drinking your fantasies, Aaron – and I’m going to teach you how to enjoy them like fine wine.”

Aaron was stunned. A few hours ago, he could never have imagined this meeting by the willow tree going like this. It was – and it was no exaggeration to say this – the best possible outcome, for everyone involved. Not only had he finally shed himself of the burden of guilt over the diary, he also had all three amazons eagerly on board with continuing his wishes. Before, it felt like his mind was about to snap from the sheer weight of responsibility, but now that these three knew about his secret, the responsibility was so much lighter, even though it still existed, of course. He almost felt like he was floating on a cloud.

“Okay...” he said quietly after taking it all in.

“Sound good?” Courtney asked kindly. “You’re game for all that?”

Aaron couldn’t help but smile now.

"I'm game for all that," he assented, looking almost sheepish in his happiness.

"Awwww, cutie," Cassie purred, leaning forward and tussling his hair with her huge hand. At this point, all three of them could palm his head with ease.

"So what next?" Kristina asked, rubbing her belly and jiggling her curves. "I'm starving!"

Just then, from around the wooded corner, a couple came into view – a young man and a young woman – walking hand-in-hand. In a sight that had become strikingly common, the woman rose up nearly 6 inches above her partner's height, and she looked like she outweighed him too, by a good 40 or 50 pounds.

"How about this," Courtney proposed, a slow smile creeping onto her face, as she turned from the couple back to the group, "We go to the City Square, get something to eat from one of the food trucks –"

"Oh my god, tacos!" cried Cassie, clapping her hands. "That one truck with the crispy chicken and that amaaaazing pink sauce!"

"Yes!" Kristina said, "And the pork cheek ones with that roasted corn!? Mmmmmm!"

"Sounds like my idea is a hit," Courtney chuckled down to Aaron, setting him on his feet as the three of them rose up around him. Even though Aaron, at 4'10, had been around them plenty at their 7'9, 8'1, and 8'4 heights, seeing them rise up like that took his breath away. They absolutely towered above him, the top of his head reaching no higher than their lower stomachs. He would've had to have looked up at their belly buttons. And right now, he was actually looking up at Courtney's hips.

"And while we enjoy our lunch," Courtney continued, her dark eyes sparkling down at Aaron from high above, "We can study – and savor – this wonderful new world you've wished into being!"

Chapter 16

"So let me get this straight," Kristina was saying as she, Cassie, and Courtney flanked Aaron on their way to the City Square from their parked cars. "You've made ALL women 7 inches taller...and 40 pounds heavier?"

"Mhm...yeah," Aaron nodded, still feeling a strange sheepishness from the power he had exerted through his diary. Either way he turned, he saw the vigorous angle and sway of his friends' hips, right around his eye-level. But the huge, smooth thigh of Kristina, which strained the confines of her turquoise sundress, was farther out ahead than the others', as she was animated and leading the way; Aaron could tell from her tone that more was coming.

"But when it came to the three of US," Kristina continued, gesturing to Cassie and Courtney with her huge hands, "You just...made us..."

"Giantesses!" laughed Cassie brightly, bouncing on her toes as she joined Kristina out ahead. Her yellow sundress, pulled taut by her luscious curves, mimicked and reflected the early afternoon sun.

"I think," Courtney replied, looking amazingly luscious in her purple sundress, "That you mean 'mini-giantesses,' Cass."

"Huh?" Cassie asked blankly, whipping around so that her breasts and hips jiggled like jello. "Mini-giantesses? What're you talking about?"

"Yeah, are you just, like, making up words now?" Kristina laughed.

Despite his persisting disorientation due to the whirlwind of things that had already happened that day, Aaron found himself smiling, and he glanced up at Courtney, only to realize that she was already grinning down at him, winking. Her giant hand reached down and playfully ruffled his hair (and Aaron was again shocked by how easily she palmed his head).

"Aaron knows what I'm talking about," Courtney chuckled. "Maybe you two should do a little internet research on size kinks."

"No, no, we'll leave that to you," Kristina returned, now walking with Cassie in front of Aaron and Courtney, so that he was treated to a panorama of twin asses that filled up his vision, bouncing and gyrating crazily with each step they took. Even though he had been seeing a good deal of these asses lately, Aaron still couldn't wrap his mind around just how much flesh...how much *weight*...was in each cheek. Sure, he was now only 4'10, and probably only weighed around 100 pounds (if that!), but even still, those gigantic asses would have made anyone gape.

“See?” Kristina laughed, looking over her shoulder and prodding Cassie to do the same. “I don’t need to know all the special terms to understand what Aaron likes! Look at his little face! Our butts make him go cross-eyed!”

“Hahaha yes!” giggled Cassie, doing a little hop to send her ass cheeks into an overdrive of quivering flesh. “We’ll let you explain all the special terms, Courtney – it’s not complicated to us, though! Little guy like bigggggg sexyyyyy boooooooties that are bigger than himmmm! Mmmm!!! Mmmmmmm!!!”

She playfully backed into Aaron, who was suddenly pinned with his back to Courtney’s voluptuous hips, while Cassie humorously ground her giant ass into Aaron’s face, even going so far as to bend slightly at the knees and then straighten them out again, so that Aaron was actually lifted a few inches off the ground, his little feet dangling, totally suspended midair in between Cassie’s buttcheeks.

“Um...excuse me?” Kristina tutted, putting her hands on her hips as she tapped her foot impatiently. “I’m all for the ass-lifts, Cass...but I haven’t eaten in hours and I’m staaaaaarving.”

“Heheh me too...sorry!” Cassie laughed, giving her ass one more hulking shimmy before stepping forward and allowing Aaron’s feet to return to earth. “I just couldn’t resist.”

“But aaaanyway,” Kristina continued, giving Cassie a playfully reproachful look as the four of them continued walking toward the City Square, “What I had been going to say to Aaron before was that he made ALL women taller and heavier...but he made the three of US...well...a LOT taller and heavier.”

“And I think that’s just the most adorable part of it all!” Cassie smiled down at Aaron as they walked. “You grew all the women, yes, but you made your three female friends...” – and here she glanced at Courtney – “mini-giantesses!” Courtney nodded approvingly.

“Yeah, I just...I don’t know,” Aaron replied, as he felt Courtney’s huge, long fingers on his back, causing him to stumble forward a little. She had just accidentally bumped into him, even though she had intentionally slowed her pace down. But, at 8’4, her truncated stride was apparently still too much for Aaron.

“It just came naturally, I guess,” he continued, trying to walk a little faster as he felt Courtney’s fingers squeeze his shoulder affectionately. “Since you three were the ones I was around the most and...uh...you know...” He suddenly started blushing. He hadn’t intended to say what he had been about to say.

“We know...whaaaat?” Kristina prodded.

“Yeah come on!” Cassie grinned. “Spit it out, sweetie.”

"Well I kind of...um...I've kind of had crushes on all three of you," Aaron said quickly, his voice a bit higher pitched than usual. He had never thought that he would have admitted such a thing to the three of them, but then again...why not, at this point? Surely it was now perfectly obvious that he had viewed them a bit differently than everyone else!?

"Awww, of course," Kristina purred down at him, slowing down briefly to lightly hip-check him, which of course nearly caused him to topple over sideways. "And, being the sweet little sub that you are, you wished for all three of us to be so big, so tall, and so curvy, that we could effortlessly dominate you."

"See, Kristina?" Courtney chuckled gently. "You DO know some of the kinky lingo!"

"What?" asked Kristina blankly. "What did I say?"

"You said 'sub,' silly," Courtney smiled. "That qualifies as kinky!"

"Well whatever, you're the expert," Kristina shrugged, sidling up to the Chicones Street Tacos food truck. "Anyway, we're here, and I'm getting tacos, and no one is going to stop me."

"No one would dream of standing in between you and tacos," teased Cassie, bending down swiftly as she swept Aaron off his feet. "Here, you go first, and I'll be right behind you with our little guy here. I can already tell he's all tired out from trying to keep up with us...mini-giantesses."

"You don't have to keep saying it, Cass," Courtney chuckled. Cassie bounced Aaron up against her huge breasts, winking at him as she gathered up his little feet in one of her massive hands and tucked them underneath her breasts.

"Just trying not to be a ditz!" Cassie smiled.

"Too late!" came Kristina's voice, as she was bending down low to order her food from the attendant.

"In any case," Cassie continued, ignoring Kristina's comment as she turned to Aaron, "The really important question is...what're you gonna get to eat?"

A few minutes later, the four of them were sitting on a bench on the City Square pavilion, enjoying their food. That is...the three girls were sitting on the bench. Aaron was squeezed in between the right and left thighs of Kristina and Cassie, who had both insisted that he sit on their lap. Courtney, in an effort to avoid an impending conflict, had suggested that he sit on BOTH of their laps, and they had readily agreed, seeing this as an opportunity to playfully bounce their thighs back and forth and turn Aaron into their little "leg puppet." The afternoon sun was bathing the pavilion in a sea of warm gold, and all around, dozens of people were

walking, jogging, biking, and skateboarding to and fro, giving the four of them a true taste of the new world that Aaron had wished into being.

“Holy FUCK that’s good,” muttered Kristina, right after wolfing down three chipotle shrimp and corn tacos (with lime and extra sauce!). She held three more tacos in her left hand, studying them closely. “And now...the only question issssss...” she continued, “Whether these carne asada tacos are gonna be just as good.”

“I mean, I know I eat a lot,” observed Cassie (who was only eating slightly slower than Kristina), “But I’ve gotta say, Kristina...your relationship with food is something else entirely.”

“Well look at those freaking M-cups or P-cups or whatever the hell size those things are on your chest!” Kristina exclaimed. “No way in hell I’m gonna have the biggest boobs, so I’ve gotta work hard to maintain the biggest ass!” She bounced her right ass cheek once against Aaron, which was enough to almost make him spill the coke in his hand.

“Woah there, take it easy!” Cassie laughed. “You’re gonna make Aaron spill his drink! We don’t wanna get him all sticky...” – and here she bent in close to him, lowering her head so that she whispered in his ear, her tongue tickling his earlobe at the end – “At least...not that way...”

Aaron shivered in pleasure, his cock rock-hard, as it typically was around these three. Kristina bounced her thigh a moment later, and Cassie responded by taking his coke away (making the can disappear entirely in her hand) and bouncing her thigh in a back-and-forth rhythm with Kristina’s. Aaron was now utterly focused on holding onto his kids-size pulled pork taco as his entire body was tossed to the right, then the left, and back again to the tune of the girls’ giggling laughter. Only after a minute or so did Cassie call an end to the game and pass Aaron back his drink. He noticed her looking closely at how his hand wrapped around the soda can, her green eyes blinking in fascination.

“...what?” Aaron grinned up at her.

“I just can’t get over it,” Cassie replied, her gorgeous eyes going wide as she shook her head slowly. “How absolutely tiny and precious you are. I mean...that’s a normal-sized can, right?”

Aaron nodded.

“Look at how big it looks in your little hands!” Cassie exclaimed, her voice completely earnest and gentle. “You can’t even wrap them all the way around! Now, if you take my hand...”

She reached out and slowly, sexily, engulfed both his hands, and the entire can, within the enclosing confines of her single hand. While she did this, she stared straight at Aaron, her face expressionless, gauging his reaction. All Aaron could do was gape and blink at the ridiculous size comparison, with his cock somehow seeming to swell even further in his pants.

"You love that, don't you?" whispered Cassie down to him. "You love it when I make you feel soooo small...sooooo tiny..."

"Y-Yeah," Aaron breathed, his face quickly turning into a furnace. Was she seriously going to make him cum in his pants, right out here in public, just by teasing him with a little hand comparison!? Slowly, lusciously, Cassie started squeezing her hand against his, then letting go, squeezing, then letting go, letting him feel the warm, gentle, overpowering pressure of her massive size against his. Cassie was usually bubbly and playful, but she had gone silent and expressionless...almost like she had become suddenly locked-in and determined...and the effect was that she somehow seemed even more alluring, even sexier, even more powerful.

'Oh my god...' thought Aaron as he looked up helplessly into her hard, green dominating eyes. 'She's really going to make me do it! She's really going to make me cum just by squeezing my hand...oh god...oh god...!'

But fortunately (or unfortunately?), this little game didn't continue, because Courtney interposed with a short, sweet, and decisive interruption:

"Time and place, Cass," she chuckled. "Come on, we agreed before that we'd give him a little break! At least for the first part of the afternoon."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Cassie burst out, her face brightening once again into her typical jovial expression as she accidentally made Aaron crush his coke can a little before setting his hand free. "God, I know...like, that's the second time I haven't been able to help myself..." She suddenly bared her fingers like claws, her sharp manicured nails looking rather fearsome as she loomed over him ravenously. "You just make it so hard, Aaron!"

"Sorry!" he managed to laugh, earning himself a pinch on the cheek from Cassie's huge fingers before all four of them turned back to the pavilion, taking in what Aaron's "brave new world" looked like. From his perspective, Aaron could immediately notice that everything was different. To begin with, the average woman was no longer 5'6, but 6'1. This of course meant that a good number of women were substantially taller than 6'1, with all of the "taller" women, who had been between 5'10 and 6'0, now towering above the men at 6'5 to 6'7. A couple times, Aaron even noticed women who HAD to be at least 6'9 or 6'10...and he quickly realized that, not long before, they had "only" been 6'2 or 6'3. The absolute shortest women he saw were 5'7, or maybe 5'6. It followed, then, that most of the women were taller than their male partners, who still averaged around 5'9 or 5'10. Aaron hadn't shrunk any of the men yet (aside from himself, of course), but the visual effect made it seem like every man had gotten substantially smaller.

"All the guys look so...puny," Kristina muttered, putting away three more tacos in a couple bites.

"Well of course they do, to us," Cassie replied. "You're the shortest out of the three of us, and you're freaking 7'9!"

"About that..." Kristina said slowly, turning down ominously to face Aaron, "I can't help but notice...Aaron...that you made ME the shortest! Why is THAT, I wonder?"

"I...I can explain, really!" he exclaimed, suddenly feeling a bit worried as he started talking fast. "I don't...that is...I don't really know how it started, but...but for some reason early on I j-just...I just got fixated on your ass, and m-making it bigger and bigger and...I-I don't know, it seemed like I had to, you know, balance that out with giving Cassie bigger boobs and making Courtney taller, and –"

"Hey," Kristina grinned, putting her big hand down on his knee, covering it (along with half his thigh) completely. "Relax. You know I'm just joshing you, right? Although...it IS nice to hear that you had a good reason."

"Well there was a, uh...you know, a method to the madness, I guess," Aaron chuckled, breathing a sigh of relief. He knew that Kristina especially loved teasing him, but sometimes he just couldn't help being intimidated by the intense energy she directed his way. She was just so enormous and strong compared to him that his primal instincts could take over very quickly.

"Mhm, there definitely was a method, Aaron," Courtney mused, looking around at all the people passing by. "I see that you've made all the women – what did you say it was – 40 pounds heavier?"

"Yeah," Aaron nodded. "I realized that if I just made them taller, then, you know...everyone would kinda look like string beans."

"Mmmmm, and we KNOW how much you appreciate curves," Cassie purred, jostling her hip against him, and making him sink deeper down in between her and Kristina's thighs. He was slowly getting swallowed up, but he didn't mind.

"The effect worked rather well, I think," Courtney observed. "All the women look a few inches taller, and a few pounds heavier, than the men. And, you know, to the three of us, Aaron, to everyone except you, this is how it's always been. We don't see anything strange about any of this."

"I know..." Aaron responded, nodding, still finding it difficult to grasp the power that his diary had over not just the bodies of everyone in the city, but their minds as well.

"Heh, you must be freaking out right now," Kristina chuckled, "Finally seeing your fantasy manifest in real life."

"It's...been insane," Aaron acknowledged, still feeling like he was understating the reality.

"Did women *seriously* used to be so tiny!?" Cassie asked. "Like, 5'6, 130 pounds!?"

"You used to be 5'4, actually," Aaron blurted out, amazed that he could still remember a time before the diary.

"What!?" Cassie cried, turning down to face him as her giant thigh flexed involuntarily into his body. "I used to be 5'4!?"

"Mhm," Aaron nodded, unable to suppress a smile. "The same height I used to be."

"And what about me, hmm?" Kristina asked. "How tall did I used to be?"

"Uh...you're not gonna like this," Aaron began, still smiling, "But you were...5'2."

"Psssssshshhhhhahahahaha!!" Kristina burst out, laughing and slapping her thighs so that they jiggled crazily. "You've got to be kidding!"

"Nope, it's the honest truth," Aaron declared. "I was always pretty short for a guy, which only kinda made my fetish...uhm, I don't know...better and worse at the same time. Like, it was good because a bunch of girls were already taller than me, right? But it was worse because...well...I couldn't get away from it. Everywhere I turned, it was staring me in the face, so it was tough to, uh...forget about it. So it became this kind of obsession."

"You poor thing," Cassie murmured genuinely, reaching down to pet the back of his head. "A 5'4 guy with a size fetish in a world where most women are bigger and taller than you...and based on what you told us before, no way to really talk about it or act on it."

"Because you told us too that guys used to be expected to be "masculine," which basically meant "dominant," right?" asked Kristina.

"Heh, I always thought "masculine" meant "submissive," actually," said Cassie. "You know? Like men who embrace a woman's strength, men who submit themselves to being overwhelmed by a woman's body, who get off to a woman riding them, or topping them....mmmmmm, soooo sexy! *That's* masculine!"

"I...heh, I just can't emphasize enough how...crazy this all is," Aaron laughed, shaking his head. "Because how things were before...it was literally the opposite."

"Ugh, so things really were *extra* tough for you!" Kristina said. "Imagine the pressure to act all dominant when you were 5'4...AND had a submissive size fetish!"

"Yeah it was...pretty hard, sometimes," admitted Aaron, "But, like, I don't wanna pretend it was just total hell or something. I had the internet, after all...so I mostly just lived out my fantasies online, looking at pictures, renders, art, reading stories..."

"Oh my god, guys actually wrote stories about all this stuff!?" Cassie laughed.

"And a few girls too, actually," smiled Aaron.

"Oh is that right?" came Courtney's curious voice. "Some girls were already into the size fetish too? Before any of your wishes?"

"A few of them, yeah," said Aaron, "But I'm pretty sure they were outliers. Most women really didn't like the idea of being bigger than men...like, *at all*."

"Damn..." Kristina muttered incredulously. "Crazy! What an upside-down world!"

"I was originally the tallest out of the three of us," Courtney asked suddenly, arching her back luxuriously as she looked down at Aaron. "Wasn't I?"

"Uh...haha, yeah...you actually were," Aaron chuckled. "You were 5'7, before any of this started." He paused, looking up at her searchingly. "How did you know?"

"I just kinda figured," she replied, shrugging. "You've been so methodical in your wishes so far that it would make complete sense if you kept our heights more or less what they had proportionally been before. I'm not sure you even realized that you were preserving an aspect of the "old order" in your wishes, but that's what you were doing. Probably because so much was already changing around you, and you subconsciously realized that you didn't want to handle even more change, so you kept our height spread the same."

"Gosh, Courtney," Aaron gaped, "I...I think you're right. Heh, geez, making me seem more rational than I felt!"

"We're all more rational than we feel," Courtney observed meaningfully.

"Ooookay, let's come back to earth," Kristina sighed, rolling her eyes.

"But I think she's right!" Cassie exclaimed.

"Duh, of course she's right!" Kristina returned. "She's Courtney! We all know she's on a different plane from the rest of us. But no matter how deep she gets, I'll always remember that she was 5'7!"

"Mmmm, look who's talking," Courtney replied coolly, her eyebrows suddenly going up in a rare moment of animation. "It's the 5'2 girl!"

Kristina stuck her tongue into the inside of her cheek as she grinned mischievously, obviously sporting for combat. But it never came, because they were interrupted by a group of three young women who had sidled up to the foursome's bench. They all looked to be between 6'2 and 6'4, slightly taller than the current average woman, and their tight jeans shorts and crop

tops did plenty to show off their ample curves. Aaron estimated that all three of them probably weighed well over 200 pounds.

"I'm sorry," said one of the women, a blonde, who was also the tallest of the group, "But we just couldn't help but notice how freaking...*majestic* the three of you look."

"Yeah, I'm sure you three get this all the time," added another one of the women, a brunette, "But you guys are, like...the *ideal* that we're all shooting for, haha!"

"Haha well thanks!" laughed Cassie, bouncing a little on the bench (and making it groan out in protest). "We do what we can!"

"Mainly eating a shitton," Kristina interjected, causing everyone to laugh.

"And I have to say," the blonde added, pointing a manicured finger straight at Aaron, the bracelets jingling on her arm, "That you all match *perfectly* with your adorrrrrable little friend there."

Aaron immediately felt his body descend a few inches from the pressure of both Cassie and Kristina putting a hand on his shoulder. He knew this was, in a way, a protective gesture from them, but then again, what did they have to fear!? Even in this new world of towering women, they were absolutely gigantic in comparison.

"How sweet of you to notice him," Courtney smiled at the woman. "But he isn't our friend."

"Oh? But...he's not?" asked the blonde, puzzled. Her two friends glanced at each other uncertainly.

"No," Courtney replied matter-of-factly. "He's our boyfriend."

Aaron's heart skipped a beat as he felt Kristina and Cassie begin slowly massaging his shoulders. In a way, he felt like he shouldn't have been so surprised that Courtney had bluntly stated what was, more or less, plainly obvious. But for some reason, even after all this time, he had never really stopped to consider that the four of them were, in every sense, in a kind of foursome relationship, with Aaron being the center of their sexual attention...though with Cassie and Kristina definitely harboring some sexual energy for each other (which usually manifested in their playful bantering). But hearing Courtney announce this aloud had a certain emotional effect on him, and he looked back at the blonde woman, unsure of what expression he should have on his face. But with Courtney's announcement, and with Kristina and Cassie rubbing him like that, it was difficult to stifle a sheepish grin.

"Oh damn," replied the blonde, her eyes going wide as she blinked in surprise, "Your boyfriend!?"

"All of yours!?" asked the third woman, also a brunette, the shortest in the group at around 6'2, as she circled her finger around to the whole group.

"All of ours," Courtney repeated, nodding. She reached out her hand and gently stroked Aaron's cheek with her huge finger. "We count ourselves pretty lucky, don't we, girls?"

"Lucky is an understatement!" Cassie laughed.

"No one has any idea," intoned Kristina, "How lucky we all are."

"Well gee, that just...ha, that just makes it even better!" laughed the blonde, as her two friends similarly brightened with interest. "Our boys are adorably small, but nothing like youuuu, sweetheart!"

Aaron blinked at the blonde's words directed at him, feeling almost objectified by her tone. But it was clear from the casual manner of her speech that none of the other women thought there was anything unusual or untoward in the way that she was speaking. Aaron found himself wondering if this was how most women talked about most men now.

"So all three of ya'll have boyfriends?" asked Courtney calmly. "And you said they're tiny?"

"Mhm, yep," nodded the blonde, "We kinda lucked out too – they're precious! None of them are above 5'5."

"Nice and skinny too," added the first brunette, "Just how we like em'."

"Bet you three had to fight off a bunch of other girls with a stick to score them, huh?" chuckled Courtney. Aaron, Cassie, and Kristina all turned to look at Courtney, a bit confused. She never talked like this...but it quickly became clear that she had some sort of agenda she was pursuing.

"Oh god, you wouldn't believe," sighed the blonde, "Haha, the jealous glances we get all the time...but I bet you three would believe it, after all! No telling how you managed to bag this little cutie without tearing each other apart!"

"It took a lot of...self control," smiled Courtney, winking at Aaron. "And, of course, a realization that the three of us could do things to him that would have been *unimaginable* before."

"Holy shit!" exclaimed the blonde, as the two brunettes mimed fanning themselves to cool off, "That's...you...heh...wow – are you *trying* to turn us on right now?"

"Yes!" chuckled Courtney simply.

"Well...it's working, god *damn!*" the blonde laughed, turning to her friends. "Uh, I don't know about you two, but I think we better get back to the condo – it's not safe being this aroused out in public. Let's surprise the boys while they're making dinner!"

"Sounds like a plan...fuck!" breathed the first brunette, her cheeks visibly flushed.

"Do you all have, like...a website or something?" ventured the second brunette. "Because, if you did...like...we'd all three subscribe in a heartbeat."

"Everyone would!" nodded the blonde. "Can you imagine!? They're like...the fantasy come true!"

"Well no, we don't have a website," grinned Courtney, as her eyebrows went up at Aaron, "...yet."

"Well when you do, *please* let us know," said the blonde.

"Sure, here, let me get your numbers," trilled Courtney, whipping out her phone.

"Oh gosh, where are my manners?" the blonde laughed. "I'm Willow, that's Stella, and that's Lucy. Damn girls, and here I thought WE were the badass female gang...holy shit..."

After an exchange of numbers and some more friendly banter, the three women departed, leaving Aaron and the girls staring off after them, as the deepening sun began to tilt toward the horizon.

"That Willow girl..." mused Kristina, "She was walking on thin ice at first with me...until I realized that she wasn't disrespecting us by talking to Aaron that way."

"Yeah, it was more like a status thing for her!" agreed Cassie. "She...admired us! It was like she was fangirling!"

Cassie stuck her chest out proudly, taking Aaron's hand in hers and squeezing it as she smiled down at him. "That felt pretty great, to have another chick ogle us like that!"

"Did you see her before she walked up to us?" Courtney ventured.

"No, had you noticed her before?" Kristina asked.

"Mhm, I was watching her for about 20 minutes before she worked up the courage to come talk to us," Courtney replied. "She and Stella and Lucy were all three whispering together and texting...and I'm pretty sure one of them even took a few covert pictures of us. No doubt they sent them to their other friends, or their "boys" at home. And those three weren't the only ones

– a bunch of women were eying us, but those three were the only ones with the guts to come up and talk to us.”

“But...shouldn’t you all look normal to them?” Aaron asked confused, “Since, in their minds, that’s how things have always been?”

“Haha, think about it, Aaron,” said Courtney gently, “Even if, to these people, we’ve always been this huge, there’s still nothing *normal* about us.”

“Yeah, you made us into curvy amazonian freaks of nature,” remarked Kristina dryly, smacking her ass so that it wobbled crazily. “Thanks a lot!”

“Think of it like this,” advised Courtney, “In former times, a group of men working up the courage to go up to a huge 8’0 bodybuilder, or in this case, a group of huge 8’0 bodybuilders, just to say how much they admired how they looked.”

“Yeah, okay, I...I guess that would definitely happen,” nodded Aaron, suddenly getting an image of what Muscle Beach looked like right now...except the jacked men were replaced with jacked women. Even with this delicious image, he couldn’t get his mind to focus. The recent impromptu encounter with Willow, Stella, and Lucy was making his head spin – more than anything else, it was their *attitude* that was a noticeable change from how the world had been before. The way Willow had talked, about him, about their “boys” back at their condo...it was like the power dynamics of male-female relationships had flipped.

Looking around at the couples on the pavilion, a select few of them had looked relatively “normal” (in the old, pre-diary sense of the word), with the man and the woman more or less even in height and size, occasionally with the man even being bigger or taller. But more often than not, the women were now the ones who were bigger and taller...and not just that, but the way that they moved in relation to their male partners was noteworthy. Aaron couldn’t really put his finger on it, but it was a variety of subtle behaviors, like the woman being the one to hold her partner’s hand, or the woman instigating a kiss or a cuddle...it was all so subtle, and yet, even from just spending a couple hours out on the pavilion, Aaron could tell that, even though he hadn’t wished for any mental changes in the female population at large, his wishes to make them bigger than the men had ended up creating some unforeseen alterations, both in their minds and in the culture at large.

“Pretty wild, huh?” Courtney grinned down at him, suddenly standing up.

“Where’re you going?” Kristina asked.

“We’re going back to Aaron’s apartment,” Courtney declared. “Can’t you see his head is spinning?”

“Awww, honeyyyy,” Cassie cooed, petting the side of his face as she housed him up next to her gigantic breasts, holding him in one big, strong arm like a child.

“To be honest, my head is kinda spinning too,” Kristina said, standing up as well.

“Mine too,” Courtney nodded. “Which is why I know what Aaron should wish for next.”

Aaron, Cassie, and Kristina all looked up at Courtney expectantly, but the 8’4 beauty only flashed them a furtive smile.

“But first thing’s first,” Courtney declared. “As soon as we get home...the two of you are going to strip down...and Aaron is going to lie in between your tits...” – and Courtney issued forth her huge tongue, licking her lips slowly as her dark eyes bearing down into Aaron’s soul – “And I’m going to suck his little balls dry.”

Chapter 17

“Seriously, are you kidding me!?” Kristina burst out, standing in Aaron’s kitchen with her hands on her thick, wide hips. She was completely naked except for the comically-small chef’s apron that was dangling from her neck, which didn’t even reach the middle of her taut stomach. Her enormous breasts had caused the apron to literally drape over them, so that there was about a foot of space in between her stomach and where the apron hung in the air. The words “Mr. Good Lookin’ is Cookin’,” which were spelled out in white against the black backdrop of the apron, were ridiculously morphed and stretched, to the point where they were barely legible in the bright sunlight of the dying day that was streaming in through the living room window.

“No Kristina,” sighed Courtney, who was smiling to herself as she sat cross-legged on Aaron’s living room floor, carefully examining his diary as her deep-purple sundress stretched out around her hips and upper thighs. “I already told you, we’re not going to waste wishes on frivolous things. We still have no idea how this diary works, or if there’s some kind of limit on what we can wish for, or how much.”

Courtney glanced up at Kristina, who was in the midst of trying to tie the apron behind her back. Her efforts made the apron look even smaller as the double o’s in “Good,” “Lookin’,” and “Cookin’” bulged out absurdly like eyes widening upon realizing just how massive her breasts were.

“I’m afraid,” Courtney chuckled, shaking her head amusedly, “That you’re just going to have to suffer through it.”

“But look at this freaking thing!” Kristina complained, shimmying her hips back and forth as she leaned forward, trying to tie the apron from a different angle behind her back. “It’s child-sized! How can I expect to fit a kid’s apron on *this* body!?”

“Uh...actually,” Aaron piped up from the sofa, “My aunt gave that to me as a graduation present when I was 22...so it’s actually an adult size.”

His body started trembling and shaking, but it wasn’t because of any movements of his own. The reason for the sudden movement was *what* he was sitting on...or, rather, *who* – technically, he wasn’t sitting on the sofa at all. Cassie was the one actually on the sofa; Aaron’s body was nestled in between her thick, exposed thighs, both of which were easily at least twice as thick as his torso, with his head nestled gently back in between her bare breasts which ballooned out on either side, dwarfing his head completely. Cassie was completely naked, just like Kristina, and her bare arms were spread out on the top of the sofa as she lounged casually, her hands nearly spanning the entire sofa’s length as her ass took up nearly half.

“I’ve gotta say, Kristina,” Cassie giggled, her immense curves jiggling with laughter, “It looks totally absurd on you...and I love it. Just tie it off and get cookin’, I’m getting hungry!”

“Oh what a shocker,” Kristina returned, rolling her eyes as she finally managed to tie the apron in a knot, just above her huge, jutting ass. “Cass is hungry again. Remind me how much you weigh?”

“I...eheh...look, it said “error,” okay?” Cassie replied, gently shifting her torso back and forth so that her breasts batted Aaron on the sides of his head. “So...at least 400 pounds?”

“At *least*,” Kristina tutted, brandishing a spatula, which looked quite tiny in her huge hand. “So I don’t know...might wanna pump the brakes on the calories, sister.”

“Hey you’re one to talk, fatass!” burst out Cassie, in a rare moment of ad-hominem attack which was tinged with humor all the same. “It said “error” for you too!”

“Yeah, well...I’m the chef,” Kristina responded, after struggling for a few moments to think of something, before turning back around to the stove with her gigantic ass jiggling like crazy behind her. “The chef’s always supposed to weigh a lot anyway, right? The chef gets a pass.”

“The chef gets a pass...” huffed Cassie under her breath, shaking her head and smirking to herself, before turning her attention back down to Aaron. “Anyway...how you holding up down there, sweetie?”

“A...a little...uhm, drained,” Aaron managed to say, glancing up over his head at Cassie’s bright, warm, smiling face, which had appeared directly above him as she leaned forward slightly from her lounging position.

“Mmmmm yeah?” Cassie asked, her deep, feminine voice seeming to tease the base of Aaron’s cock, despite his recent cataclysmic orgasm. “I’ll take your word for it, since I didn’t get to do the honors this time.”

“You’ll get your chance soon enough, Cass,” Courtney replied, her attention still focused on the diary as she carefully flipped through the pages, examining them closely. “His little body needs some time to regenerate...” – and here she looked up briefly, winking at him wickedly – “after what I just did to him.”

“Heh, I saw,” Cassie chuckled, bringing her hands down and wrapping them around both of Aaron’s upper arms, easily going around them as she lovingly squeezed and kneaded at his muscles. “And I *felt* it too...the little cutie shaking and trembling between my thighs. God, Aaron, I can see why you wished us to dial it back a little. Before, you must have been totally exhausted!”

“I...honestly felt like I wasn’t going to be able to take it anymore,” he admitted, almost apologetically. “I underestimated what I was setting loose in you three.”

"Well I think there was already a seed of something there," Cassie smiled. "In all three of us...and you just awakened it!"

"Ha...death by nonstop blowjob," laughed Kristina from the kitchen, before suddenly stopping what she was doing and whirling around with the spatula still in her hand. "Aaron!" she cried excitedly, "What if you wished for, like...endless stamina...and endless cum!? Then you wouldn't have to worry about literally dying and we could just suck on your delicious cock from dawn to dusk, all day, every day, for ever and ever!"

Aaron opened his mouth, but couldn't really think of anything in response. His cheeks flushed crimson and his cock, already hardening again from Cassie's gentle massage, hardened further still.

"I...I don't know, Kristina," he replied, his voice trembling as his words almost felt like they were drowned out by Cassie humming and purring above him. "That...I mean that sounds great...heheh...but it kinda seems...it kinda seems like it's just a bit too..."

"Much?" Courtney offered helpfully, lowering the diary momentarily as she glanced over at him. Aaron nodded, making eye contact with Courtney, and he could feel her studying him, those dark eyes of hers going slowly over his face as she analyzed his expression, his emotions, his thoughts. Even though he hadn't wished for Courtney's super-intelligence, he couldn't help but feel like her 8'4 form was a concentrated intellectual force, looming up above him despite the fact that she was sitting cross-legged on the floor. Or maybe he was just imagining it all...it was so easy to get lost in her eyes.

"I mean, like...I've already kind of experienced that," he continued, managing to tear his eyes away from Courtney's face so he could look back at Kristina. "And it really was just...too much."

"Well you didn't have endless cum or endless stamina then," Kristina countered, gesturing with the spatula and flinging some tomato sauce onto the floor in the process.

"Could you not?" Cassie said, rolling her eyes. "You can be a slob in *your* kitchen, but *Aaron's* place is neat and tidy."

Kristina didn't reply to Cassie, only giving her the middle finger, causing Cassie to bust out into a fresh series of giggles, which had the effect of giving Aaron a full-body massage with the fleshy curves of her thighs, hips, and stomach against his bare skin.

"Well, you're...uhm, you're right about that, Kristina," he replied, shifting himself slightly so that he didn't slide down into the hot fleshy chasm between Cassie's thick thighs, "But even still...I'm not gonna lie, it was amazing to experience that kind of...I don't know...sexual ferocity from you three..."

“Grrrrrrrrrr!” Cassie growled sexily, shaking his arms in her huge hands. It was crazy how easily she could manipulate his little limbs.

“Even *with* endless stamina,” Aaron continued, choosing every word carefully as he parsed through his thoughts, “I don’t...I don’t really even think that I’d want that. It’d just be too...uhh...too strong.”

“Pssssh what are you talking about?” Kristina laughed, turning back around to stir the pot of sauce that had begun to steam behind her. “Of course you’d want that! You’re a sweet, subby little guy with a size fetish, surrounded by three thick, gorgeous, amazonian bombshells who would be GLAD to suck your cock all day long. What’s not to want?”

For the second time, Aaron opened his mouth to answer, and then closed it again, breathing out through his nose. The truth was, he didn’t quite know how to answer Kristina’s question. But he somehow knew that what she was saying wasn’t really gelling with how he was feeling...but he didn’t really have the words to express it. He found himself looking over to Courtney, who stared at him steadily for a few silent moments before blinking and giving him a slight, knowing smile. She nodded in his direction, as if to say ‘I got this,’ before she turned back to Kristina, who had just banged her head on the hood vent.

“Fucking...*midget* kitchen!” Kristina cursed, rubbing her head before steadying herself and continuing to stir the pot.

“I think,” Courtney began calmly and thoughtfully, “What Aaron is getting at has something to do with...well let’s see...I’ll turn it into an analogy for you.”

“Oh great,” Kristina sighed, “Here we go...” She dipped a spoon into the pot and tasted the sauce, muttering, “Huh...too acidic...where’s the baking soda...” to herself.

“So imagine,” Courtney smiled, putting her hands on her knees, “That you just discovered sugar for the first time, right? That’s Aaron when he discovered the diary. At last, after aaaaall these years of fantasizing about this kind of stuff, he could actually experience it. Finally he could taste it. And how was it, Aaron hmmm? That first taste of sugar?”

“Pretty...good,” he grinned bashfully, as Cassie hummed and played with his hair, drawing it up in long strings with her fingers so that he looked like he was charged with static electricity.

“Mhm, I bet it was,” nodded Courtney. “The first time tasting sugar!? Absolutely delightful. But then, of course, having no sense of self-control or boundary with your new power, you kept eating more and more sugar, until you were gorging yourself on it everyday, seemingly unable to help yourself.”

"So that's when the three of us were, like, blowing him constantly, right?" Kristina asked, turning around from the stove, making a fist in front of her face, and bowing her head back and forth, miming a deep, aggressive blowjob in the process.

"Gggggguuuuuuaahhh!" she gulped lewdly, staring straight at Aaron. "GuckGuckGuckGuck!!"

"Yes, exactly right," cut in Courtney's amused voice. "That's when, as you said Aaron, you literally couldn't handle it anymore. Like you kept fainting over and over in the middle of our blowjobs."

"What a pussy!" laughed Kristina.

"Pot's starting to boil over, bitch," Cassie interjected.

"Oh...fuck!" Kristina exclaimed, whipping back around to turn down the heat as her enormous ass jiggled behind her. A moment later, Kristina was sampling the sauce again. "Mmmm, *there* we go...*that's* what's cookin'," she muttered, resuming her stirring.

"Basically," Courtney continued, "Aaron had a 'sugar crash.' He didn't know how to enjoy this new pleasure, this new luxury, so he overdid it to the point where he wasn't really enjoying it anymore."

"Yeah..." Aaron agreed, nodding. "I mean, you know, no offense guys."

"None taken," Cassie replied warmly, cupping her breasts and rubbing them onto the sides of his head, so that his vision was almost entirely obscured in her hot boob flesh. "You went a little crazy, is all. Happens to the best of us, whenever we stumble across magic diaries that can make our wildest dreams come true."

"I think you're building towards something, Courtney," Kristina said, pointing with the spatula, but quickly having to shoot her hand out to catch some dripping sauce. "Oh shit! Fuck that's hot!" she winced, but then brought her hand up to her mouth and licked it clean. "Mmmm! But...ohhh yeah, ohhhkay, this sauce is coming together now."

"You're a mess," Cassie giggled at her, and Kristina's eyebrows went up as her mouth opened to utter a retort. "A *hot* mess, though!" Cassie added quickly. "A sexy hot mess with an ass to die for!" Kristina paused in her retort, her mouth shutting as her face morphed into a silly, sultry expression. She licked the spatula completely clean, turned around, and gave her massive ass a smack with it, sending visible waves of vibration through her flesh.

"The point is," Courtney finished, shaking her head and chuckling at Kristina's antics, "That someone who's new to sugar, who doesn't know how to truly enjoy it, is liable to overdo it, to overindulge, to the point where they crash and aren't really enjoying it anymore."

“...and?” Kristina cut in, whipping her hand around in a “hurry up” sign. Aaron couldn’t help himself. Every movement these girls made...even knowing about his fetish, and sharing it themselves, they didn’t really understand the effect they had on him. Just the way Kristina was rapidly moving her hand in a circle...how huge it looked...and the way the movement accentuated the tensions of the muscles and tendons in her wrist and forearm...it was enough to make his throat go completely dry.

“You really don’t see where she’s going with this?” Cassie laughed. “Oh my god.”

“*True* enjoyment of something like sugar takes time and effort,” Courtney continued, drowning out whatever clap-back Kristina had started, “So that, eventually, the person who was sugar-crashing over and over will learn how to bake the most delicious cakes, pies, and cookies, learning how to use juuuust the right amount of sugar to make the taste perfect.”

“Oh...ohhhhh I see what you’re getting at now,” Kristina nodded slowly. “People don’t just eat a shitton of pure sugar all the time...that’s too overpowering. Ugh, and it wouldn’t even taste good after not too long. But we’ve learned how to use just the right amount of it to make all kinds of tasty desserts that, uh...”

“That hit the spot,” Cassie finished, gently bringing a long, manicured finger straight down to rest on the tip of Aaron’s erect cock, playfully wiggling it back and forth before lifting it back up again, drawing a long, thin line of precum up to her mouth, which she promptly sucked up in between her lips, making it vanish instantly.

“So what about it, Aaron?” Courtney asked. “Is that about right? Does the analogy work?”

“It’s...wow, yeah, Courtney,” she chuckled, managing to tear his eyes away from Cassie’s radiantly mischievous face above him. “It works perfectly, actually. Better than I could have ever put it myself. I, uhm...haha, I’ve never really had your smarts, Courtney.”

“Aww, Aaron,” intoned Cassie, sitting up a little straighter on the sofa as she wrapped her massive hands around his waist, going all the way around so that her fingers touched, as she transferred him to her huge left thigh, making his legs spread wide on her thigh’s immense width as she began to gently bounce him up and down, “You don’t give yourself enough credit. And anyway, Courtney’s smarter than *all* of us...” – and here she let her words trail off for a second as she glanced over into the kitchen, where Kristina was leaning over the pot of tomato sauce, humming to herself, softly gyrating her curvy body back and forth so that her giant ass shook mesmerizingly in every direction.

“But *especiallly* Kristina,” Cassie finished, with her typical good-natured, ribbing humor.

“Huh?” piped up Kristina, turning around (did Aaron hear the chef’s apron starting to tear?).

“What about me?”

"Oh nothing," Cassie trilled airily, acting innocent as she rolled her eyes up at the ceiling. Kristina narrowed her eyes at Cassie, obviously suspecting her characteristic foul play, before slowly and suspiciously turning back around to face the stove, casting a quick glance over her shoulder every once in a while, like she was about to catch Cassie pulling a face at her.

"Well see, that's the thing, actually," Courtney mused thoughtfully. She remained in her cross-legged position for a few more silent moments before suddenly, swiftly, and fluidly rising to her feet. Aaron couldn't help but gape up at her colossal, towering 8'4 form, and how effortlessly and elegantly she moved her enormous, long limbs. She reminded him of some kind of seabird.

"Watch your head," Cassie advised, but Courtney was already a step ahead of her, stooping a bit so that she wouldn't knock the crown of her head on Aaron's 8-foot ceilings.

"Mhm, I learned my lesson from you," Courtney chuckled, and Cassie sighed, recalling her embarrassing head-smack into Aaron's ceiling about half an hour before.

"Hey, I was a little too excited for Aaron's blowjob, alright?" she laughed. "I forgot his apartment ceilings are too low for us."

"Well not too low for *me*," Kristina declared, turning around and standing up to her full 7'9 as she proudly thrust her chest out.

Rrrrrrrriiiiiipppppp

This chest-thrust proved to be the last straw for the chef's apron, and split straight down the middle, right in between the words "Good" and "Lookin'," as the tattered remains slowly dropped down to the floor around Kristina's ankles.

"Oh...god...oops," Kristina murmured, in a rare moment of contrition, as she looked down at the torn apron and then back up to Aaron, actually looking a bit distraught. "Sorry about that Aaron...really. I...that was a really cute apron. And I ruined it."

"Heh, uh I...don't worry about it, Kristina," Aaron smiled, his cock now at full-mast. As he was totally naked, there was no hiding how he truly felt about what had just happened. Seeing Kristina's gargantuan boobs spring out from behind the torn fabric was a memory that he wasn't going to get out of his head anytime soon.

"Guess you actually liked that, huh?" Kristina smirked, noticing his turgid erection. Aaron nodded sheepishly, feeling Cassie's bulk jiggling all around him with laughter. She snaked her fingers around into his lap and softly began teasing his erection, sliding it in between her middle and forefingers, comparing sizes. Even at 4'10, Aaron's cock wasn't really that small, but Cassie's fingers had a way of making lots of things look small. Everyone's attention had suddenly turned to Courtney, though – she was slowly pacing back and forth in front of the

window, her head bent in concentration, with her hands behind her back, which had the effect of gathering her purple sundress up at the top of her butt, emphasizing its size even more than usual. But it was clear the effect wasn't intentional; Courtney was deep in thought.

"So...whatcha thinkin' about?" Cassie ventured after another minute or so of silence. Kristina had turned the heat off the sauce, and was standing in the kitchen with an expectant look on her face as she watched Courtney closely. Aaron felt a sense of impending shift, of something big on the horizon, and his heart beat quicker in anticipation.

"Well it's like I was saying earlier," Courtney began, staring out the window at the sun setting on the horizon as she unclasped her hands and picked up the diary. The blood-red light washed over her statuesque figure, and over her face, making her look even more impressive and dramatic. "This diary...and the power imbued within it...there's really nothing like it that I've ever heard of. In every sense, as far as I know, it's an unprecedented power that we can only, at this point, refer to as magic."

"Yeah, even after everything Aaron told us," nodded Kristina, shifting her weight to her other hip, "About the train and the weird conductor and all the rest...it still doesn't make any sense."

"Even though there's clearly, like...some kind of rationality to it," Cassie added, still absentmindedly playing with Aaron's erect cock in between her fingers. "Since whatever Aaron writes down comes exactly true." Aaron could feel another orgasm beginning to build in his balls.

"C-Cass..." he breathed, suddenly not able to make much of a noise. But she was so focused on the conversation that she didn't hear him.

"Exactly," Courtney nodded, turning back around to face them, with the setting sun in the window behind her. "There's a method to the magic, so to speak." She held up the diary, shaking it lightly in the air. "But it's too much for me to wrap my mind around. I have to admit, I'm at a loss. I have no clear idea how to proceed."

A strange silence hung in the air after Courtney's blunt statement. Kristina and Cassie looked at each other searchingly, their eyebrows going up before turning back to look at Courtney. Aaron was just trying to hold in his cum, but he had become caught in the runaway death-roll of an impending orgasm and couldn't make a sound. His little hands fumbled at Cassie's fingers, but she still didn't even notice him. The conversation had become so serious that her attention had been completely diverted. But even still, her fingers continued to play with his cock, as if from a reflexive instinct.

"So...wow," Cassie said softly, staring at Courtney. "I'm not sure I've ever heard *you* say that."

"Yeah, I guess we thought that you'd know what to do," Kristina continued, shifting her weight again back and forth, almost like she was becoming nervous. "You always know what to do."

"Well this time," Courtney sighed, now grasping the diary in both hands, making it disappear entirely, "I'm stumped." She lowered her eyes down to Aaron, and then a tad further down to his cock, right as he shivered and spasmed in another orgasm. Her full lips curved upward into a smile.

"Wha...? Oh! Oh my goodness!" Cassie exclaimed, suddenly understanding what was happening. "Aaron! Haha I...I'm sorry! I didn't even realize."

"It's...it's okay," he panted. "I shoulda...shoulda said something. Just...couldn't."

"Mmmm, that's hot," Kristina grinned. "She made you cum without even trying to, without even *realizing* it."

"It *is* hot, isn't it?" Cassie laughed, reaching her fingers up to her mouth and beginning to lick off Aaron's cum, smacking her lips like she was slurping up molasses, making big eyes down at Aaron as she did so. But even in the midst of this mild distraction, everyone turned back to look at Courtney, who's amused smile had morphed into a knowing smirk.

"Oh god, she's making that face again," Kristina said. "We know you've got a cunning plan, Courtney...so why don't you fill us idiots in on it, huh?"

Courtney strode slowly over to the sofa, so that she was standing directly over them, and then slowly lowered herself down into a crouch. Tenderly, she reached out her hand and brushed Aaron's hair out of his face, gently massaging his forehead with her thumb in the process.

"It's not just me who's stumped, right?" she spoke down to him kindly, tilting her head slightly to the side as her dark eyes penetrated into his. "You are too. All this power, all this potential at your fingertips, and the sheer number of choices is paradoxically paralyzing you."

Aaron nodded silently. She really did understand.

"And I feel the same way," Courtney chuckled. "I want to help you make all your fantasies come true, Aaron, but to do that, I'm gonna have to wrap my mind around this diary...and wrap my mind around *you*, and this lovely, wild size fetish. I'll be the first to admit, Aaron, I thought I could do it. I got a 142 on an IQ test in college – I'm used to being able to figure things out. But I've met my match with this diary."

Aaron nodded again. Courtney sure knew how to build up the tension – even though he had literally just cum, he felt a different kind of tension in the air, a tension he and Cassie and Kristina all knew was about to snap.

"So that's why," Courtney said simply, still petting his little head with her huge hand, "I think your next wish should be to double my intelligence."

"D-Double it?" Aaron blinked.

"Mhm," smiled Courtney. "I want to do a deeeeeep dive with you into what this fetish really is, what it means for you, and what it is you really want. I want to become your...manager, Aaron. I don't want you to feel the pressure of all this power on your own. Let me shoulder some of it for you. And...heheh, I suppose I'll also be your therapist, talking you through your fantasies, your fetish, and what you actually *want*. Having a 284 IQ wouldn't hurt with any of that, now, would it?"

Aaron shook his head, amazed. Courtney was already smarter than him; he knew that...smarter than any of them. Just imagining her as an 8'4, curvy, voluptuous super-genius sounded almost too good to be true.

"Girls?" Courtney asked, looking from Cassie to Kristina. "What do you think?"

"I think it's perrrrfect," Cassie purred. "Delegating that responsibility to you...so that Kristina and I can spend all our energy tending to Aaron's more...physical needs."

"As long as you promise not to just rub it in our faces," Kristina sighed, feigning reluctance, "About how dumb we are...then sure, sounds good to me."

"Oh I won't, trust me," Courtney smiled, her gorgeous face suddenly brightening into radiance with rare laughter. "I've had plenty of practice holding my tongue."

"See...that," Kristina replied, pointing accusingly even as her face twitched in humor. "That right there. None of that."

"So how about it, Aaron?" Courtney asked, blinking at him lovingly. Kristina was staring at him now, and he was aware of Cassie's inquiring face above him, looking down. "This is totally your call, of course. But what do you say, huh? You've been thinking about all this stuff for so long now, turning it over and over in your head. Let me help you."

Chapter 18

"I can't believe we're about to do this," Kristina murmured, staring hard at the open diary on Aaron's lap as he hovered his pen over the blank page. He was sitting on his sofa in the living room, squeezed right in between Kristina and Cassie, with their warm, fleshy hips and thighs rising up on either side, higher than his elbows. Courtney was sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of them, her back straight as her large manicured hands rested on her knees. Her eyes were fixed on the pen in Aaron's hand, and, in contrast to her typical poise and serenity, Courtney looked tense...almost nervous.

"We're not about to do anything," Cassie corrected Kristina, talking easily over Aaron's head, since, sitting down, his head only came up to the middle of their huge, protruding breasts. "Aaron's the one who agreed to Courtney's idea..." – and here she reached down and began softly scratching that back of Aaron's head with her fingernails – "And he's the one who's gonna make it happen...the rest of us are just along for the ride."

"Well duh, I knew *that*," Kristina replied, rolling her eyes, "I just meant, like...Courtney's already super-smart. What'd you say your IQ was again, Courtney?"

"142," muttered Courtney mechanically, still staring straight ahead at the pen in Aaron's hand.

"Yeah so, I mean, that sounds pretty high to me," Kristina nodded, "And Aaron's about to double it?! Like, what'll that even look like??"

"We're about to find out," Cassie smiled. Unlike Kristina and Courtney, she didn't seem to be remotely concerned about the plan. Still gently scratching the back of Aaron's head, Cassie turned her eyes back to Courtney, and her sunny disposition dimmed, if only a bit, as she looked over Courtney's face.

"Are you okay?" Cassie ventured, a touch of uneasiness creeping into her voice. "You look...uhm...I don't know..."

"Nervous!" Kristina cut in. "You look nervous!"

"Heh, I guess I am, a little," Courtney chuckled good-naturedly, tapping her palms on her knees. "Sorry, I don't mean to make you guys worry, it's just...yeah, like you said, Kristina...I still can't quite wrap my mind around what's going to happen."

"But that's exactly why I'm about to do this, right?" Aaron spoke up, feeling very tiny in between the thick, meaty thighs of Kristina and Cassie on either side of him, and loving every bit of it. "So you can actually...you know...get your head around this diary and...and –"

"And help you manage your wishes," nodded Courtney, closing her eyes, like she was steadying herself, "Mmhmm, yes, that's exactly right, Aaron. I know that this is the right thing for us to do

right now.” Her eyes opened again, and their dark irises were sparkling with amused self-deprecation. “But that doesn’t mean I’m not still a little bit nervous. This is my brain we’re talking about.”

“Oh I hope it doesn’t change you too much!” Kristina exclaimed, rocking back and forth on the sofa, her huge hip smacking into Aaron and causing him to careen sideways into Cassie’s thigh. “Like, yeah, you’re such an annoying know-it-all and stuff, but...”

Kristina fell uncharacteristically silent, and Courtney leaned forward a little in her sitting position, smiling ironically.

“But...what?” she prompted.

“But...I...I like you just the way you are,” Kristina finished quietly, shrugging self-consciously, like she was a little embarrassed to admit what she had just said. Cassie reached her hand up over Aaron, her breast jiggling into his face, and she felt Kristina’s forehead with the back of her fingers.

“Do you have a fever or something?” Cassie asked, feigning concern. “I’ve heard that personality changes are a sign of delirium.”

“Oh quit it,” Kristina snapped, smacking Cassie’s hand away. “I just hope this plan doesn’t backfire or...change her too much. The three of us work so well together. Heh, I hate to say it, Cass, but I think you and I have gotten used to Courtney keeping us in line.”

“Mmmm yes, it’s quite nice, isn’t it?” purred Cassie, running her fingers through Aaron’s hair one last time. “We get to be the big-titted, fat-assed kids who have all the fun.”

“Yes, and in turn,” finished up Courtney with a determined smile, “The two of you are happy to cede all the important decisions to me...exactly like this one. Go ahead and do it, Aaron.” In a humorous kind of spasm, Courtney bounced up and down in her sitting position, the top of her head scraping 5’0 as she did so. “I’m starting to get antsy.”

“Okay...so...uh, here goes,” Aaron smiled at Courtney, his pen still poised over the blank diary page. His heart had started beating quite fast, no doubt spurred on by the pulsating, beating rhythms that he felt in the thick hips squeezing him on both sides – Kristina and Cassie’s hearts were racing as well. With Courtney watching intently, Aaron carefully lowered his pen onto the page and wrote, carefully and cleanly:

“I want Courtney’s IQ to double.”

An instant later, Courtney uttered a small moan, and Kristina, Cassie, and Aaron all immediately snapped their eyes up to look at her. She was still sitting in the same position on the floor, but now she was leaning forward slightly, her lips parted, with her dark eyes widening and staring

straight forward. The other three were so intent on watching Courtney that they hardly even registered that the words Aaron had written down were now glowing red on the page. Courtney was breathing heavily now, and her wide eyes had started darting around the room, almost like she had been suddenly and disorientingly transplanted into Aaron's living room from a different world. After a few more seconds of this, Courtney closed her mouth and shut her eyes tightly, straightening back up in her sitting position and breathing in deeply through her nose...then letting her breath out in long, calming exhales. For about a couple minutes she just sat there like that, breathing deeply with her eyes closed, and no one wanted to disturb what was clearly an attempt to reconsolidate her mind.

"Courtney...?" ventured Cassie after a while, her big hand on Aaron's back as she leaned forward anxiously. "Are you alright?"

"Mhmmm..." Courtney nodded, her head going slowly up and down as her eyes remained closed. Her voice sounded encouraging, almost like she was savoring a truly delicious dessert. Aaron looked up and made eye contact with Cassie, then turned to look at Kristina. All three of them shared a look of partial relief, even if they still weren't sure how this was going to turn out.

"So...did it work?" Kristina blurted out after a few more seconds of silence. "Do you feel smarter?"

Courtney opened her mouth to respond, then closed it again after seeming to reconsider. A few moments later, she tried again.

"I feel...dumber, actually," Courtney said, her voice somehow even calmer, deeper, and more velvety than before, as she continued to keep her eyes closed. "Like I've just been tossed into the driver's seat of a car that was already going 100 miles per hour."

"Huh...well that...that makes sense, kinda, right?" Kristina asked, looking around at Cassie and Aaron for some support. They both nodded, their eyes not straying from Courtney's face. Aaron began to feel sorry for her, since it was obviously taking some effort for Courtney to handle whatever was happening inside her head. He found himself intensely hoping that she would open her eyes sooner rather than later.

"So, uhm...let's test it," Kristina said impatiently, standing abruptly up from the sofa and striding over to where Courtney was sitting. With her revealing turquoise dress stretched over the wide, jiggling expanse of her huge hips and colossal ass, Kristina crossed her arms underneath her big, squishy breasts as she stared down at Courtney. Even though Kristina was 7'9 in her bare feet, Courtney's sitting height came all the way up to the middle of Kristina's stomach.

"What's...uh, I don't know...281 times...96?" Kristina asked challengingly. "Do that in your head."

"The thing is," Courtney continued, suddenly opening her eyes and smiling at Cassie and Aaron as she continued her analogy, "I already know how to drive, right? So once I understand that I'm in a car that's going fast, all I have to do is take hold of the steering wheel and get a feel for the gas and brake pedals, and I'm good to go!"

Aaron felt Cassie's hand gripping his back excitedly, and he could feel her relieved smile high above his head. As soon as Courtney had opened her eyes, any lingering anxiety instantly evaporated. There was no doubt – it was still her. She was still there; the process hadn't fundamentally altered her personality, and changed her into someone else. No, the same Courtney was looking back at him: quiet, wise, thoughtful...amused. Except now, somehow all these qualities seemed to be there in greater capacities, to have even greater weight behind them.

"Uh...hello? The right answer?" Kristina tutted, tapping her foot impatiently on the floor.

"But it's only taken me a minute to realize," Courtney smiled, glancing up at Kristina and slowly rising up to her feet from her sitting position, "That this car doesn't top out at 100." She rose up, up, and up, unfolding elegantly up to her full 8'4, the top of Kristina's head now slightly below Courtney's eyeline. She reached out and put her hands on each of Kristina's shoulders, staring down with easy, dominant humor into her friend's eyes. "It tops out at 1,000...or maybe 10,000...I guess we'll find out soon enough."

"So why can't you answe—" Kristina began, but Courtney swiftly interrupted.

"26,976," she breathed, her eyebrows going up. "But you don't even know if that's right. Go on, check it on your phone...oh, but you can't even remember what you asked me, can you?"

"I...can too," Kristina muttered, fumbling with her phone as Courtney stood back from her, winking down at Aaron. "It was 284 times 86...no, 96!"

"Now you've asked three different questions," chuckled Courtney, clasping her hands together in front of her and squeezing so tightly that her hands and fingers turned white. Aaron got the sense that she was so excited, and feeling such a rush of energy, that she was having to exert a real effort to contain herself.

"284 times 96!" Kristina sang out, typing it quickly into her phone.

"27,264," answered Courtney instantly.

"Uhh...divided by...17!" Kristina exclaimed, her eyes going wide as she kept typing.

"1603," Courtney trilled, then narrowed her eyes slightly as she stared up at a corner of the ceiling, "Point 764...70...5...8...8!"

"That's...holy shit...that's right!" exclaimed Kristina, her eyes even wider now as she bounced up and down on the balls of her bare feet.

"I know it is!" laughed Courtney.

"Okay, how about 178 –" began Kristina, but stopped when Courtney put up her hand.

"I could do this all day long," Courtney said amiably, less as a brag and more as a simple matter of fact, "But it's too easy. Isn't solving some long division with a prime number divisor down to the hundred millionth decimal place enough proof for you?"

"Is...uh, is that what I just asked you to do!?" Kristina asked, befuddled, causing both Cassie and Aaron to laugh.

"Mhm," grinned Courtney, "It is...but never mind all that." Her dark eyes had turned to Aaron, and she reached her hand down to him. Even without her having to say anything, he understood what she wanted, and a moment later, he had climbed down off the sofa and was stretching his hand up to hers. He felt the warm, soft, strong firmness of her hand envelop his, completely hiding it in her grip, and he looked up the immense swerve of her hips, now unable to see her face. At that exact moment, though, Courtney leaned forward slightly, so that her gorgeous visage appeared from high over the jutting breasts that stretched her deep purple sundress. She seemed to know exactly what he needed...and, at the moment, it was reassurance that they had made the right decision.

"Aaron and I have *lots* to talk about," Courtney hummed deeply, squeezing his hand lovingly as she spoke, "So why don't you two go on a little walk around the block...or, better yet, a nice drive to the City Square for a bite to eat..." – and here Courtney's eyes swiped sideways to Kristina as her grin widened – "I can tell you're hungry again."

"What the...are you calling me fat!?" Kristina burst out, sticking out her chin even as the corners of her lips quivered with humor. She was still playing her customary role as the energetic mixer-upper, but Aaron could see in her face how relieved she was that Courtney had managed to weather the wish without it harming her mind or changing her personality. It was touching to see Kristina relax in her frisky way.

"We're *both* huge," Cassie laughed, coming up behind Kristina, wrapping her arms around her friend's midsection, and shaking her curves. Aaron was treated to a mouthwatering display of two titanesses, one 7'9, and the other 8'1, looming over him as the air around him was disturbed by the sheer immensity of their jiggling flesh. Even though he had wished all of this into existence, Aaron still couldn't quite wrap his mind around how massive they both were.

"And anyway, I can see what Court's doing right now," Cassie continued, leaning her chin down on Kristina's shoulder, so that their heads lined up together as they both stared down at Aaron.

"She needs some time alone with our little man without having the big-ass, big-tit bimbos getting in her way."

"Oh is *that* what she's doing?" Kristina asked meaningfully, turning her gaze up to Courtney, who only answered by smiling, closing her eyes, and nodding her head up and down.

"Huh, well..." Kristina scoffed, pretending to be peeved before glancing sideways at Cassie's head on her shoulder, "I guess more food isn't the worst thing in the world...been meaning to try out that new Korean barbecue place anyway."

"That's the spirit!" giggled Cassie, straightening up and giving Kristina a mighty smack straight in the middle of her right ass cheek. Aaron's eyes popped at the sight of such a huge amount of ass flesh jiggling at his eye-level, and Cassie only played it up by keeping her hand there and shaking it harder as Kristina rolled her eyes.

"You've got the fattest ass in the city," Cassie laughed, bending down to wink at Aaron as she continued jiggling Kristina's butt with her hand. "Might as well just keep making it fatter!"

Aaron couldn't help but think that Kristina's ass alone probably weighed more than he did at this point...and he also noticed how easy it was for Cassie to jiggle it so crazily, like she was doing now, using only one hand. Even when he used both hands, he remembered, Kristina's ass was so heavy that he could barely even manage to put a dent in her flesh. He had tried before – and it felt like her ass was pushing his hands back. But Cassie was showing just how effortlessly big and strong she was in comparison...and, as he gawked at the two girls laughing and carrying on at each other, Aaron felt Courtney's gaze on him like a shadow. She was watching him...and gauging his reactions to what was going on.

"All right, all right, enough horsing around," Cassie smiled, breaking off and striding to the door, tugging Kristina along with her. "Have fun with Ms. Genius-300-IQ-Whatever-the-Heck-She-Is."

"O-Okay," he grinned up at her, still taken aback by how much their bodies jiggled and gyrated with every step they took.

"And Courtney!" Cassie added, throwing the door open and shoving Kristina out, who could be heard complaining in the hallway, "Don't be too hard on him! Now that you can physically AND mentally squish him like a bug...be gennnnntle!" She dragged her huge hand over her prodigious chest, softly squeezing each breast in an apparent indication of what "gentle" meant. Aaron turned to look up at Courtney. She gave no answer to Cassie's enjoiner, and only pursed her plush lips together in a knowing smirk. But right before Cassie was completely out the door, Courtney added:

"Oh and when you girls are at the Square, keep an eye out for our three new friends...remember them? Willow, Stella, and Lucy?"

"Riiight, right!" Cassie replied, nodding. "You think they'll be there?"

"Just a hunch," Courtney chuckled. "And if they are...bring them back here."

"Bring who back where?" came Kristina's voice from the hallway.

"Alrighty, you got it," Cassie smiled, winking at Courtney. The next moment, after playfully sticking out her tongue at Aaron, Cassie was gone, the door shutting behind her. The loud but muffled sounds of her and Kristina arguing and laughing in the hallway quickly faded away, and there was stillness in the apartment.

Aaron suddenly felt himself becoming very nervous. He was facing the closed door, with Courtney standing behind him...and even though it had already been established that the IQ-buff hadn't dramatically changed her personality, Aaron could feel a difference in the air. It hung there suspended between them, invisible, and yet somehow noticeable, like the electric smell of ozone after a lightning strike. He was almost afraid to turn around, especially since Courtney wasn't saying anything...but a few seconds later he did, speaking at the same time to somehow diffuse the tension in the room.

"Heh, well now that they're gone, uhm, what was it that you...uhhh...wanted to...w-wanted...t-to..."

Aaron's words died away in his throat as he turned around and looked up at Courtney. She was standing over him, her big arms crossed impressively across her chest, just underneath the huge, sumptuous splay of her enormous breasts that stretched out her purple sundress to its farthest extent. She was just so...massive...so colossal and imposing in every way, at 8'4, nearly 4 whole feet taller than the 4'10 Aaron, with her thighs many times thicker than his waist, and her body easily five times his weight.

But it wasn't the intimidation factor of Courtney's bodacious body that had struck Aaron silent...no, at this point, he was actually getting used to feeling so small around her. What was new was the expression on Courtney's face as she stared silently down at him. Aaron had raised his eyes up to her face expectantly, excited for whatever it was she was going to do with him, but he quickly found that he had to avert his gaze back down to her bare feet on his hardwood floor. Her expression...it was too intense...too much for him. She didn't look angry, or aggressive per se...but she also wasn't smiling. Her mouth seemed to be upturned slightly at the corners, in a kind of smirk, but as Aaron braved another submissive glance up at her face, he couldn't even be sure of that. No...it didn't seem...she...she wasn't smirking. Her expression was just...deadpan. And she wasn't moving, or saying anything at all. She was just standing there, arms crossed, staring down at him as the silence deepened around them.

Several times, Aaron opened his mouth to try and say something, but each time, nothing came out. He kept looking away from her, but then, almost as if there was some kind of magnetic attraction to her face, his gaze climbed steadily back up her body and met her eyes. The third

time this happened, Courtney's stare seemed to widen slightly, and Aaron's eyes were suddenly held captive; he could no longer look away. He desperately wanted her to say something, to change her expression, to give him SOME kind of reassurance. But she didn't. She just kept staring at him with the same deadpan expression on her face, as her dark eyes seemed to dissolve him from the inside out. Aaron felt the rest of the room melting around them, and his face suddenly got very hot and very red. His chest felt tight. Sweat broke out on his forehead. She inhaled deeply through her nose, her nostrils flaring, and she seemed to rise up even taller, holding her head higher in proud, regal majesty...she was staring even farther down at him now, or, at least, that's what it seemed like to Aaron. He felt weak in the knees, and he was only just able to hold himself together enough to keep from trembling.

And then, her expression unchanged, and her arms still crossed in front of her chest, Courtney stepped forward a single pace towards him, so that the firm pillars of her upper thighs were mere inches away from his chest and shoulders. Aaron could feel the heat radiating off her body, warming him...and as he craned his neck upward to keep the eye contact, more than half of her face was suddenly obscured by her overhanging breasts. He couldn't see anything of her face now, except her forehead...and those eyes...those eyes that kept steadily staring down at him, unwavering. Her huge hands, with those sharp, manicured nails, stirred slightly high above his head under her breasts...he saw the tendons of her forearms and wrists pulled taut with the slight movement of her fingers. The gentle rise and fall of her chest, a full foot above his head, felt overwhelming in a new way. The sheer size and...mass...that it took to fill out her dress like that...a dress that Aaron could easily have used as a full-body blanket...it was crazy how huge she was, how tiny his little body was in comparison. Everything about her...EVERYTHING...dwarfed him. And still, those dark eyes, staring steadily down at him over those big breasts, with the power of superhuman intelligence behind them now as they analyzed him, picking apart every aspect of who he was, leaving him stripped and naked before her, with nothing to hide.

Aaron was truly trembling now, and he was so overwhelmed, and confused, and desperate for some communication from Courtney, that at first he didn't even realize that he was harder than he had ever been in his life. She wasn't even touching him. She didn't need to. The sheer enormity of her gaze, the effortless, knowing superiority, was more than enough to get Aaron going. No one had ever stared at him like that...ever. No meanness, no nastiness, no smugness...none of that...just pure, unadulterated, pristine superiority, clearer than a mountain stream. And Aaron was liquifying into it, letting it infiltrate inside his body and his mind, giving into it completely – he had nothing to counter it with, nothing to keep it from flooding him completely. Another slow, purposefully exhale from her nostrils flustered his hair and washed over his face, and Aaron realized how hard he was, how tightly-wound his body felt, like a spring on the verge of snapping and shattering into a thousand pieces. Courtney's body shifted in place ever so slightly, and then, in a great unfolding display before him, she uncrossed her arms and put her hands on her hips, so that Aaron was staring slightly up at her long, strong fingers spread alluringly out against her thick curves.

His breath suddenly caught in his chest, heaving, and he felt hot tears swiftly gathering in the corners of his eyes. He rapidly blinked some of them out, but they were coming in fast now, and the next moment, Aaron broke down into sobs. He bent forward, barely able to stand, as the hot tears tumbled out of his eyes at Courtney's feet...he hardly even knew why this was happening, or what it meant...all he could see were the vague outlines of Courtney's huge thighs in front of him...she still hadn't moved or said anything...and somehow, this fact alone made his cock harder still. Even though he was crying, he felt his loins tighten and twitch, and Aaron came very, very close to cumming.

But then, all in a flash, he found himself swept up in a warm, strong, gentle embrace as his feet were relieved of pressure, his entire body whisked up and cradled sideways against a pair of gigantic, squishy breasts. He felt them descend down onto the sofa, and seconds later, Aaron's eyes were clearing and he saw Courtney's kind face staring down at him, her big hand lovingly holding the back of his head as she used her thumb to softly wipe away his tears. She wasn't shushing him, or distressed by his crying, or apologizing...nothing like that. It was almost as if she had foreseen this happening, and was now in the "aftercare" phase of their interaction. Aaron's chest heaved a few more times, but the sight of her loving face, and caring eyes, was more than enough to assuage him.

"I'm...I'm sorry," he choked a few seconds later, as Courtney continued to wipe away his tears, her fingers massaging the back of his head at the same time. He was lying sideways in her lap, like a child, staring up past her breasts which were squished down against the entire left side of his body. Courtney shook her head down at him, wordlessly communicating that he had nothing to be sorry about.

"I..I didn't mean to just...lose it like that," Aaron continued, now regaining his composure completely as he sat up in Courtney's lap, with her hand now migrating slowly and attentively down to his back, her fingers easily spanning his shoulder blades. He suddenly started laughing. "I don't...hahaha...I don't even know what just happened!"

"I do," Courtney said simply, her voice calm and understanding without seeming inhuman, "I stared down at you for a minute, without saying anything, with no expression on my face, and then I stepped closer to you...staring at you the whole time...breathing...moving my hands a little...and it was too much for you."

She brought her face closer to his, her eyes drinking in the sight of him once more – only this time, there was a lascivious twinkle in her gaze, and a knowing, sexy smile brightening her complexion.

"You were soooooo turned-on, Aaron..." she purred, "More than I've ever seen you before, which is saying something. I breathed down on you, reminding you about your own body, and when I put my hands on my hips, that's all it took. You broke down."

"I did...heheh...yeah, I...I did," Aaron chuckled, feeling quite strange and surreal in his own body right now. He couldn't even feel like Courtney had manipulated him. All she had done was stand there and slightly shift her posture. He felt more sheepish and confused by his own reaction than anything else.

"Do you know why?" Courtney asked.

"I...n-not...not really," Aaron smiled, embarrassed. "Do you...uh, I mean...do *you* know why?"

"I have my theories," she answered warmly, returning his smile before bouncing him a couple times on her knee, her big hand petting his back. "We're going to get to the diary, Aaron...all its implications...our plans for using it...what you actually want to use it for...your end goals...all of that. But first, if it sounds okay with you, I'd like to talk about...your fetish. Our fetish, really. That's what you've wished about first, and that's what we should talk about first. How does that sound?"

"Uh...s-sounds...sounds good!" Aaron managed to say. His face was starting to get red all over again.

"Mmmm good..." breathed Courtney, leaning in and affectionately rubbing noses with him, before straightening up in her sitting position, assuming the same regal posture she had before, with her head held high as she stared down her nose at him. Her expression had warmth in it this time, though Aaron was once again assailed by how powerful she looked.

"Now tell me, Aaron," Courtney asked him, her huge thigh beneath him spreading his legs as her hand continued to gently pet his back, "And don't answer what you *wish* was true...answer what you *think* is true. Do you think I'm...*superior* to you?"

Chapter 19

Aaron felt Courtney's blunt question impact his body like a hard rubber mallet directly to his chest. Based on the trajectory of their conversation, Aaron had been expecting her to ask him how long he had felt attracted to bigger, taller women, and where he thought his fetish might have come from, or something more normal and mundane like that. He hadn't been expecting her to come right out and ask him, point-blank, whether or not he felt like she was, in fact, *superior* to him. Of course, because of the implications of her question, and the mere reality that she had asked it, Aaron felt himself engulfed in a fresh, hot wave of arousal that flushed his cheeks and quickened his breathing, his already-erect cock twitching in his oversized shorts.

It was one thing to be sitting there on the lap of a voluptuous, curvy, gorgeous, 8'4 amazon, whose body was stretching out her purple sundress to its limits, and who was lovingly petting his back with her huge hand – but it was something else entirely to have those big, dark eyes trained down on his face, the power of a 284 IQ behind them, gauging his response to the most pointed and intense question he had ever been asked. Aaron felt like he had been stripped bare, with all the secrets of his sexuality exposed for Courtney to see. The sensation was shocking at first, but as the seconds passed by, and she blinked down gently at him, he remembered that this was the whole point of his previous wish: he wanted Courtney to help him work through his fetish, so that she – and he – could better understand how to make his dreams come true.

"I...I g-guess it depends on what you mean by...s-superior," Aaron stammered out, finding it a bit difficult to speak in such an immense presence. But Courtney only widened her warm, affectionate smile as she blinked tenderly down at him, slightly speeding up her back rub while softly bouncing his little body on her knee. Aaron felt reassured by her kind disposition, especially in contrast with her cold, deadpan intimidation from a few minutes before – he knew that she had only been acting that way to push the boundaries, to induce a revealing reaction...which is exactly what had happened.

"Relax, sweetheart," Courtney breathed down at him, her huge, gentle hand on his back turning him to liquid as she rubbed him lovingly up and down, "There's no need to stutter – it's just me."

"I know, but...it's...you're...it's different," Aaron replied, managing to avert his eyes upward and stare into hers. He suddenly understood that he could feel totally safe in her presence if he was completely honest, and so he ventured on. "The way that you're acting, that you're looking at me...I can't really, uh...put it into words. I know it's still you, but everything is just more...um, more..."

"Intense?" offered Courtney, grinning.

Aaron let out a little chuckle in response and he shrugged his shoulders, almost apologetically. "Heh...I mean...yeah..."

“Just remember,” Courtney replied kindly, “That so much of what intimidates us in other people is our own projection – kind of ironic, isn’t it? Our minds form an idea of this other person, and then we get frightened into submission by our own creations! How silly, right?”

“Yeah, how...silly...” Aaron nodded, feeling like Courtney was doing everything she could to keep the conversation on his level. Since he was 4’10, she was already well over twice his height, and probably five or six times his weight, and now that her IQ had doubled, Aaron just couldn’t help but feel absurdly miniscule in her presence – in every way. Once again, he found himself unable to speak, and Courtney responded by cheerfully bouncing him on her knee a bit faster, encouraging him to open up.

“So you want me to define what I mean by “superior,” then?” she teased, tilting her head to the side as she stared at him steadily. “Okay, fine – I mean the basic definition that everyone knows: “higher in rank, status, or quality”...and I think we can dispense with the first two parts of the definition, since I’m not interested in “rank” or “status” – so what I was asking was...”

And here she twirled a long, strong finger, her manicured nail glinting in the afternoon sun, as she encouraged him to complete her sentence.

“So what you were asking was whether...I think that you’re, uh...”higher quality” than me,” finished Aaron, eliciting a bright smile and affirmative nod from Courtney. He could feel the hot blush coloring his face again. It was crazy – he had already gone through insane blowjob marathons with Courtney, Cassie, and Kristina, and been endlessly teased and tantalized and fucked and played with and boob-squished out the wazoo...and all the rest of it. But Courtney had just asked him this one simple question about the true, substantive comparison between them, and it was almost too much for him to handle. He swallowed nervously, but still managed to revel in this bizarre dream of a situation as Courtney continued to bounce him up and down on her knee. He knew what she was wordlessly conveying to him: that his body weight was nothing compared to her thigh, and that she could do this all day long.

“Y-Yes...” Aaron whispered, not even having the strength to raise his eyes to hers as he answered. Courtney didn’t slow down her calm, steady bouncing at all – she didn’t even hum or nod or give any indication that he had answered. She was waiting...waiting for him to say more. He almost didn’t want to continue; part of him felt like he had already revealed too much, and that it would be too humiliating and painful to keep going. This fetish that he had had for so long, almost as long as he could remember...it wasn’t all positive. It didn’t *all* feel good. There were aspects to it, some angles and implications, that were deeply disconcerting and unnerving to him. In the back of his mind, even before he discovered the diary, he had always wondered if it was healthy to be mentally indulging this fetish in the first place. When he had cum to the thought of being shorter, smaller, weaker, lesser – which is where his mind inevitably went, no matter what he was jerking off to – he had been washed away in an ocean of pleasure, but so often, the “post-nut clarity” weighed especially heavy on his mind. He didn’t actually want all these things to be true, surely.

'But I *do* want them to be true,' Aaron thought, looking down at his small, skinny legs on top of Courtney's huge, full thigh. 'I wanted them *all* to be true, and now...now they are.' He finally found the strength to look up at Courtney, who was just staring at him patiently, waiting for him to continue. She had the merest hint of a smile on her face, and that, combined with the dark glimmer in her eyes, persuaded him to keep going.

"I DO think you're...uh, "higher quality" than me..." continued Aaron, feeling so vulnerable as he spoke, like he was exposing his nerves to the air. "I think...that you're j-just...just better than me in every way."

Without her face changing at all, Courtney silently draped her big arm around Aaron's shoulder, making his little body slouch with its weight, as she brought her free hand up towards his face. Her fingers spread wide, and she held her hand stationary there, a couple feet from his face, wiggling her long fingers. Aaron understood what she wanted him to do, and he brought his hand up to hers, nearly trembling as he did so. He was so aroused now that his hair was standing on end; it felt like there was electricity in the room. Their hands came together, and Aaron's eyes widened at the ridiculous comparison. His hand was so small compared to hers that the tips of his outstretched fingers didn't even cover all of Courtney's palm. His fingers didn't even come up to where hers *began*. Her palm alone was bigger, taller, and wider than his entire hand, fingers and all.

"Well," Courtney said quietly, her deep, feminine voice almost purring with voluptuous intent, "My body is certainly so much bigger and stronger than yours, Aaron...in every category, in every conceivable way...I have you beat." She pivoted her hand back and forth in place, causing his hand to do the same, as she tilted her head to the side, her eyes closely studying his face.

"Look at our hands together, Aaron," she murmured, her eyes never leaving his face as she spoke, "Just *look* at them..."

"I...I am..." he nodded, barely even able to get the words out.

"Do you realize how tiny you are compared to me?" Courtney continued, her voice in that same murmur. "I mean, Aaron...I'm not even trying to be sexy right now. I'm just stating basic facts."

"I—I know you are," Aaron breathed. He was trying to anticipate what Courtney's next move would be, just so he could try and steel himself and keep from cumming, but he knew that getting into her head was a tall order. And with each second that passed, she seemed to coolly, effortlessly tighten her psychic sexual grip around his brain. He was being squeezed in a mental vice, and it was only a matter of time before everything just popped.

"Here, baby," cooed Courtney, once again using a tenderly intimate word to address Aaron, "Just a simple hand comparison isn't enough. I know you've been around me and the other girls

at our current sizes for a while now, but you've just been flying by the seat of your pants the whole time, haven't you?"

Aaron nodded meekly.

"You haven't had the chance to really...*truly*...understand how tiny you are compared to us," Courtney continued. "And, you know what? I think you've almost been scared to hone in and focus on it. Standing next to us, sitting on our laps – even all the times we've blown you – it's all been a kinetic whirl for you, one phantasmagoria after the next. You haven't had the time, or the stillness, to just sit with me, or Cass, or Kristina, as we show you what exactly it is that you've wished for."

With a jingle of silver bracelets, Courtney held out her forearm in front of Aaron, making a fist with her huge hand.

"Well....we have all the time in the world now, Aaron," she purred, "And I'm going to show you just how miniscule your body is compared to mine. Come on, line up your forearm here...I want you to see."

Aaron really was trembling now as he did as she asked, feeling the warm, firm flesh of her forearm meet his as he lined his arm up next to hers. The hand comparison had been absolutely cartoonish, but this forearm comparison...it was somehow even more intense. Her forearm was almost twice as long as his, but that wasn't even the most astounding part – it was the sheer contrast between how thick and wide the two of them were. Courtney's wrist and forearm looked at least twice as wide as Aaron's, and...as he looked closer, he felt his heart quicken even more. Her arm *HAD* to be at *LEAST* three times as thick...

"C-Courtney," Aaron panted out in a strange kind of whispered croak.

"Shhhhh, shh, no talking," Courtney whispered back at him. "I want you to really look at it, Aaron...to take it all in. Look at the difference."

Aaron hadn't even known why he had just spoken her name, but as soon as Courtney had shushed him, he understood. He had been trying to escape the comparison; he had been trying to ask her, to *beg* her, for a reprieve...and she wasn't going to give it to him. But this is all what he wanted, right!? He had wished for this exact size difference! So...why was it so hard for him right now to just sit there on Courtney's lap and admire how tiny he looked!? As he blinked at her long, massive forearm, and concentrated on her thick, powerful wrist, he felt the gist of his resistance sinking in through his mind; somehow, Courtney's gentle prods were guiding his brain to the answers. This extreme and purposeful size comparison, this deadpan, no-nonsense juxtaposition between the two of them, was so hard for him to stomach because, when it came down to it, Aaron actually felt *ashamed* of wanting this. He didn't just want Courtney to be bigger or stronger – he wanted her to be better, superior...worth more...and just...higher up according to any possible standard.

All of this, of course, implied the frightening corollary: he wanted to be worse, inferior...lower according to all standards. Aaron didn't know if he believed in God, but if he did, he wanted that God to prefer Courtney to him. He stared at the arm comparison. No...that wasn't even it. His perverse desire actually went even further. He wanted Courtney to take the PLACE of a deity...he wanted to worship HER as his Goddess, as a superior entity who would dominate him over and over in a never-ending sensuous bounty of situations. He wanted to melt, to dissolve his pitiful little existence down into her warm, all-encompassing flesh, where she would surround him on all sides forever.

"Now ball up your hand in a fist," came Courtney's deep, velvety voice in his ear. "I want to see what happens when you flex."

Aaron did, and there was practically no change to the size of his arm. He wasn't quite a twig, but he was very skinny, and because of his recent weight loss, his arm really didn't have much muscle or substance to its shape. Then Courtney balled up HER hand and flexed, and her forearm burgeoned and expanded in an impressive display of size and power. Her silver bracelets, which had already been tight on her wrist, were now actually pressing into her skin, causing indentations to form. She relaxed and then flexed it again, just to underline the absurdity of how big she was compared to him. Aaron noticed that a couple of her bracelets were now so tight around her wrist that they had practically disappeared into her flesh.

"You're actually *older* than me, Aaron," said Courtney in his ear, as she bent her head down and gently nuzzled the side of his face with her nose. "You're older than *all* of us...and what do you look like, compared to me right now?"

"I look...I-like a little kid," he whispered, barely even able to get the words out. "Like I'm j-just nothing compared to you."

He felt her nose go back and forth against his face as she shook her head "no."

"Uh-uh," she countered in a whisper, her tone still deadpan and matter-of-fact. Somehow, her stoic tone was even hotter to Aaron than a sultry tone. It was like she knew she didn't have to play up anything in the least – the simple reality was more than enough.

"It's so much more than that, Aaron," she continued, softly unrelenting, "So much more. It's like we're entirely different *species*, you and I." Her head was tilted to the side as her eyes closely studied his face. "That's what you're thinking right now, isn't it? Or...maybe it's even beyond that. Maybe you feel so small, and so submissive compared to me, that you're imagining me as a Goddess in the living flesh."

Aaron's lips parted and he looked up at her, hardly believing that she had just managed to read his mind. She was so smart and incisive, so intuitive and quick, that she had decided exactly

what he had been thinking. He didn't need to tell her she was one hundred percent correct; he didn't even need to nod. They both knew that she had just hit the nail on the head.

Once again, Courtney didn't press on with the humiliating talk. She let the sheer insanity of the size comparison, and the silent moment between them, speak for itself. For a full minute, she subtly turned and twisted her forearm in place, while Aaron copied her movements in order to ogle the comparison from every angle. The whole time, he felt like his temperature was rising higher and higher; the delicious humiliation of the crazy contrast between them was cooking him from the inside out, and he wondered how much more of this he could take before he spontaneously combusted in a hands-free orgasm.

Silently, Courtney held her forearm straight up, shaking her hand so that her jingling bracelets went as far down as they could; Aaron could see that they had barely even budged from her wrist...and these weren't small, narrow bracelets by any means. He was only just beginning to wonder what one of them would look like on his wrist when Courtney, without him even having to ask, wrestled one of her bracelets free, having to squeeze it past her wrist and over her hand.

"Here," she said softly, taking his wrist with her huge hand, "I want to see how my bracelet looks on your arm, Aaron."

He was breathing hard as she slipped the silver bracelet around his wrist...or, more accurately, she put his wrist *through* the bracelet. There was so much room on all sides that it seemed like a ridiculous task to even have him "try it on" in the first place. Aaron blinked and moved his arm slightly downward, and the bracelet instantly slipped off his arm. Courtney, who seemed to have anticipated this exact thing happening, had her hand right there to catch it as it fell.

"Ooops!" she cooed, "Careful there, Aaron! It's so huge on your arm that it slipped right off! Here, let's try it again...just don't angle your hand down like that, or it'll come off again."

Courtney slipped the bracelet on him again, and this time, Aaron made sure to angle his arm slightly upward, so that the bracelet would stay on. The problem, though, was that the bracelet instantly responded to the opposite incline by traveling rapidly *up* his arm. The next instant, it was right at his elbow, only prevented from going further up by the crook of his arm. It was obvious there was still plenty of room left – his upper forearm didn't even fill up half of the empty space.

"Woww..." Courtney breathed, her sweet breath washing over him, "This is just crazy! Here, straighten your arm out. I want to see how far up it goes."

Aaron did as he was told, embarrassed by how obviously he was now trembling with arousal. He straightened his arm out, again angling it slightly upward, and the bracelet swiftly slid past his elbow, past his bicep, and all the way up to his shoulder, where it was forced to stop. Courtney's mouth dropped open, and she turned her eyes to meet Aaron's as her eyebrows went up in delight. It was obvious that she had known this would happen, and was just

hamming up her reaction for him...but from Aaron's perspective that made it even hotter. Courtney extended a long finger and inserted it through the spare room left inside the bracelet, wiggling it around and around as she stared straight down into Aaron's eyes, her mouth remaining open in theatrical amazement. There was still a good deal of room left, and the silvery tinkle of her nail against the silver sang out into the air.

"Not even *close* to filling it out," murmured Courtney, the apparent gentleness of her voice belying the lusty gleam in her eyes. It seemed like even she was having trouble keeping herself under control. "I think we're gonna have to try it on your *leg*, Aaron..."

As she spoke, Courtney lowered her big hand down towards Aaron's bare foot, which was dangling off her lap. He felt his foot caught up in the hot, plush embrace of her hand as she palmed his sole, turning it over to show him how her hand was still a couple inches longer. Even Courtney, with her supernatural poise and intelligence, couldn't keep the smirk off her face anymore, and she shook his foot with her hand, effortlessly jiggling his entire leg with her easy strength.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Courtney asked, still shaking his leg with one hand as she slid her bracelet off his upper arm. "Seeing how your little leg compares to my big, strong arm?"

Aaron nodded. "Yeah..." he replied simply, a bit of sheepishness creeping into his voice as Courtney's beautiful lips began to crack into a full grin.

"That's one of the defining characteristics of the fetish, isn't it?" she prodded, her question once again not arising from any "dom" roleplaying, but rather from a genuine desire to understand.

"Uh...I...wh-what's a defining characteristic?" Aaron asked, for the first time not quite able to keep up with where Courtney was going.

"Aheh, I'm sorry sweetheart," she chuckled, shaking her head at herself, "I wasn't being clear. I mean – even though we've already spent all this time comparing, there could always be more, right?"

"Oh...oh! Uhm, yeah," Aaron replied, understanding now, "Yeah, that's...I'd say that's definitely one of the...you know, characteristics."

"You can never feel too small, too short, too little, too weak," continued Courtney, dandling her big bracelet in front of his face and shaking it playfully before slipping it easily over his foot. "Because every time you're humiliated, dominated, or dwarfed by a comparison, it only intensifies the pleasure of your submission."

"Y-Yes...!" moaned Aaron. His cock had been so hard for so long that a stain had appeared in the crotch of his oversized shorts; he was leaking precum through his pants, and Courtney hadn't even touched him down there. He knew (and Courtney knew) that all she had to do was

wrap her hand around the bulge of his cock, and that would be game over for him. She was playing the long game, though, aiming for an even more climactic and theatrical finish. Aaron could tell she was guiding him towards the final checkmating square, but he didn't know when she would pull off the dizzying final combination that was already in motion. Every word she spoke, and his helplessly aroused reaction, was a confirmation for her about the intricacies of his fetish. She was learning, and edging him, and entertaining herself, all at the same time.

"Your size fetish is like compounded interest, then," Courtney chuckled, slowly and purposefully sliding her bracelet up Aaron's lower leg. The farther up she went, the bigger his eyes got. He had at least expected his upper ankle to fill out the bracelet, but there was still so much room left. He locked eyes with Courtney, and her eyebrows went up, as if to say, 'Oh, you're surprised, huh? You thought you were bigger!?' He felt his groin lurch, and only a last-second and instinctive tightening of his sphincter muscles prevented him from losing his load right then and there.

"The smaller you feel, the more meager and inferior your body looks compared to mine," persisted Courtney, now sliding her bracelet towards his calf, "The more intensely aroused you become. There's no ceiling to your submissive lust, is there, Aaron?"

"N-No..." he breathed, barely holding on at this point.

"The only true ceiling is an orgasm," hummed Courtney, her smile lengthening as she navigated her bracelet quite easily past his calf, encountering almost no resistance from his leg whatsoever. "And even that is only an abdication, an admission that you give up, and that you must be allowed to recharge for an even bigger explosion of submission later on."

She widened her eyes at him in glee, her gaze going back and forth from his face to her bracelet as she slid it up towards his knee.

"That's what an orgasm IS for you, Aaron..." Courtney kept going, calmly relentless in her pursuit of his climax. "A surrender."

Courtney wasn't even "pursuing" or "searching" for his climax – it was more like she was crafting it, bit by bit, like a work of art. His helpless mind and body were her raw materials, and the hot cum bubbling in his balls was going to be her final flourish on the canvas. Unable to even speak anymore, Aaron quickly nodded his head. She was right...she was right about everything. And, just then, her bracelet encountered its first real resistance as it pressed up against the bony protrusion of his knee. But Courtney just pursed her lips and, without even having to push too hard, navigated it left and right, and past his knee!

"It...it went *past*, Aaron," Courtney whispered, staring at him in disbelief with wide eyes. Aaron didn't even know if she was putting on a shocked act for him or not, but it didn't matter. It was all so searingly hot that he felt like he might pass out if she kept at it. Courtney seemed to know

exactly where his mind was, and she slithered her massive free hand up his back and neck to palm his entire head, turning it softly but firmly up to her so that he was looking her in the eyes.

“Flex that thigh, baby,” she cooed down at him, and he immediately obeyed, flexing his muscle as much as he could as Courtney continued to work her bracelet up and up until she finally met enough resistance to let go and have it stay stuck where it was – almost halfway up his thigh.

“Amazing...” she breathed. In a sudden, fluid motion, Aaron felt her huge body flex and jiggle as she rose up from her sitting position. At the same time, still palming his head, she lifted him up off her lap, using only one hand, and held him aloft in midair for an instant as his legs dangled like a marionette’s, a full two feet off the floor. Aaron’s entire body flexed and hardened from the shock of her effortless physical feat, but almost as soon as he began to actually register what she was doing, Courtney had lowered him back down to the floor, where he stood before her. Her huge, full, strong thighs were spread out on either side of him, and, staring straight forward, he saw that his eyes were directly even with the middle of her pussy mound, which looked swollen through her purple sundress. Up and up his eyes went, past her immense hands on her thick hips, and past the huge protruding breasts high over his head...until they finally found Courtney’s beautiful face, thanks to her leaning slightly over her breasts so that he could actually make eye contact with her. The elegant, alabaster length of her neck seemed to lengthen as she took a deep breath, inflating her chest as she rose up to her full height. Now only her dark, gleaming eyes were visible above her breasts.

“You’re so tense, sweetie...”

Aaron heard her voice come washing down over her breasts like a waterfall spilling out on top of his head.

“Relax, baby...just relaaaaaxxxx...”

Her deep voice was like a soft afternoon wind in spring, and Aaron felt his arms, legs, and torso relaxing in response.

CllllllluggggClingggClinggClingCling

Aaron didn’t even have to look down to know what that sound was. After he relaxed his thigh, Courtney’s bracelet had loosened up come clinging down onto the floor. He lost it. He couldn’t hold on any longer. His knees buckled, and he fell before Courtney onto his hands and knees, his entire body wracked with shivering spasms as his captive cock came and came and came in his pants. Courtney didn’t move. She just stood there, her dark eyes peering down at his abject little body as he gave her everything he had.

A little while later, after she had cleaned him all up, Courtney was sitting next to Aaron on his sofa, her huge arm draped around him as she casually crossed her big, creamy thighs.

“So,” she smiled down at him, “I think I’ve got a pretty good handle on what exactly your fetish is, Aaron...would you agree?”

“I think my answer is...yes,” he replied, and both of them laughed.

“Mhmmm, I think we have a bit more time before the girls get back,” Courtney mused, staring out Aaron’s living room window at the orange-red sun, which was just beginning to set on the horizon, “So I think it’s time that you and I discuss this little diary of yours.”

Chapter 20

Just a few minutes later, Aaron was standing next to his apartment door, staring uncertainly up at Courtney, who was towering above him in all her 8'4 glory, hands on her thick hips, clearly enjoying his bemusement.

"Wait, so...that's...that's it?" he asked searchingly. Courtney slowly nodded her head up and down, the long, elegant curls of her brown hair bouncing playfully on either side of her gorgeous face as she shifted her weight to one hip.

"That's it!" she replied brightly. "You just needed to tell me all the details you could about your little diary, and you did that...so I can fill in the rest."

"But..." began Aaron, feeling like their discussion had ended a bit anticlimactically, "Don't you...I mean...isn't there more that we need to, uhhh..." – and here his words petered out, his mouth breaking into a sheepish grin as Courtney gently shook her head. It wasn't just that, at 4'10, he felt absolutely dwarfed by Courtney's gigantic body, or even that he was totally overwhelmed by her beauty. The main thing was that he knew that this bombshell mini-giantess standing before him also had a 284 IQ, and had been directing every bit of it into understanding his size fetish. Just existing in the presence of that kind of brain power could easily make anyone feel a bit silly, and Aaron had already started learning how to laugh at himself when it was clear that Courtney was a few steps (or more) ahead of him.

"You trust me, don't you?" she asked genuinely, bending down at her waist so that her face loomed closely over him. Her dark eyes were intimidating...powerful...and seemed to hold his in a kind of captive embrace, where Aaron felt like he could not look away. He swallowed, feeling rooted to the spot, and if Courtney had been a stranger, he might have just snapped and run away. But she wasn't a stranger. Despite all the physical and mental augmentations that had been made, despite everything that had happened the last few weeks, Aaron knew that this was still Courtney. There was no malice behind those dark eyes, no predatory designs, no disquieting warnings that she had become a power-hungry tyrant who was going to run Aaron's new world order off the rails. If anything, he knew that she was going to help him craft this order in ways that he couldn't even begin to imagine.

Aaron nodded, staring up at her meekly. She smiled lovingly back at him and reached a huge hand down and softly palmed his head, ruffling his hair as her long sharp nails gently scratched his scalp. Aaron couldn't help but feel, despite the obvious affection behind her gesture, that he was being touched...pleasured...PET...by a superior being. That was it exactly – he felt like an animal that Courtney was *petting*, and it turned him on all over again.

"I could pet you like this for days, Aaron," Courtney cooed down at him, "Daaaays...and it would never get old. You didn't even realize it, but you just went up on your tiptoes to press your head up into my hand...like an adorable little cat."

Aaron immediately felt even more bashful than before, since he indeed hadn't realized that he was up on his tiptoes, and he very nearly went back down out of embarrassment. But the next moment, he reconsidered and, instead of lowering himself back down, he went up on his tiptoes even more, pressing the top of his head deeper into Courtney's palm. The deep, soft rush of her laughter washed over him, and he joined in, laughing at his own antics.

"Soooo adorable," murmured Courtney, "You're going to have to dial back the cuteness, Aaron...otherwise I might have to reconsider sending you around the block for a walk."

"Yes, reconsider!" Aaron pleaded, not caring that he sounded a bit ridiculous as he pushed himself up against Courtney's huge leg. "Let me stay here with you!"

It was almost like, because she was so much taller, bigger, and smarter than him, he felt free to act in this uninhibited way. It was easier to openly embrace his submissive instincts around her. Cassie and Kristina of course inspired these feelings as well, but Courtney, because of her extraordinary intelligence boost, was now in a league of her own. Aaron actually had to remind himself multiple times that, in fact, they were both humans, and that Courtney wasn't some superior species.

'But...maybe she actually *is*, now,' countered a voice in his head. 'Maybe she's the beginning, the first of a new female species that's superior to me in every possible way...so much so that they're not even technically human anymore. They'll be something else entirely...something so much more!'

"No, no," chuckled Courtney gently, reaching her hand down to ruffle his hair affectionately, "You need to go on a walk and clear your head. Look at you – you're daydreaming about our new world order as we speak!"

Aaron opened his mouth to retort that he wasn't, but Courtney just inclined her head slightly, staring down at him, as if daring him to go ahead, and he shut his mouth almost as soon as he had opened it. Trying to lie to Courtney was a fool's errand. She had already been able to see through him, even before her IQ had doubled. Now it wasn't even up for debate – she could read him like a book.

"Mmmm okay, go along now," she hummed richly, almost like she was a mother telling her son to go out and play (even though she and Cassie and Kristina were all several months younger than Aaron!), and she gave Aaron an encouraging but firm pat on the back as she opened his apartment door for him. "Go for a nice walk – stretch those little legs! I'll just be here...experimenting."

"Wait...what!?" Aaron asked, blinking up at Courtney as she ushered him out the door. "Experimenting? What do you mean?"

"You'll see, sweetheart," winked Courtney. She leaned her forearms on the door frame, bending her head down enough so that her dark eyes were gleaming down at him. Backlit by the deep red glow of the setting sun through Aaron's living room window, most of the features of Courtney's face were suddenly shrouded in shadow. Her dark curls hung low around her face, and her huge body nearly filled up the entirety of the door frame, her breasts and ass literally squeezed into the frame itself, with only little pockets of the blood-red sunset managing to wink through at the corners. Aaron couldn't even see the expression on her face...but he could see those eyes gleaming down at him. A shiver went up his spine as he found himself afraid of this entity standing there in the doorway. She was more than human. And with her size, her strength, and, most of all, her supernatural intelligence, there was no telling what she was capable of. What was she going to do!?

But almost as quickly as all of these things were flashing through Aaron's mind, Courtney ducked her head a bit more, letting her right arm drop down as she did so, which flooded her face with light from the sunset.

"It's just me, honey..." Courtney breathed down at him tenderly, and Aaron saw that she had been smiling gently...or, at least, that's what she was doing now. "I know some things have changed, and many more things WILL change...but it's always just gonna be me, in the end. Alright?"

Aaron felt himself take a deep breath and let it out, exhaling his fears away. It must have been the intensity of all these changes that was making him paranoid or jumpy or...whatever that had been just now. A germ of fear still lingered somewhere in the back of his brain, but just looking up at Courtney's face was enough to reassure him.

"A-Alright!" he nodded, trying to recover himself. "I...uhm..."

"No need to explain yourself," Courtney cut in warmly. "I already know what you're feeling, and it's nothing that a nice little walk won't cure. Come back in half an hour. See you then!"

And with that, Courtney's long fingers snaked around the top of the door, and gently but firmly closed Aaron's door in his face – not rudely by any means, but he still felt the suddenness of being shut out alone in the hallway of his apartment building. The next moment, he heard the smart clink of the deadbolt sliding into place.

'Wow!' he thought, 'She's actually...locking me out! I wonder what she's gonna be getting up to?'

It was slightly disconcerting to imagine what Courtney could be planning, and why she had actually taken the dramatic step to lock him out. But despite any misgivings in his mind, Aaron really did trust her, and, in any case, it wasn't like he had much choice in the matter. Slowly turning in place, he made for the exit, though he glanced back over his shoulder when he heard some thudding movements coming from his condo. He was so intrigued...but he kept moving,

knowing that's what Courtney wanted him to do. He had to trust her – after all, that was the whole reason for doubling her IQ, wasn't it?

He came out of his condo to the advancing sunset, a deep red expanse of striking color which stretched majestically all the way across the sky, flecked with gorgeous little wisps of purple clouds. The sun itself had vanished beneath the horizon, but its dying light was putting on an encore show for the ages. Aaron didn't know if he had ever seen a more beautiful sunset, and, as he stared up at it, he noticed the twinkling little dot of Venus in the west, heralding the coming of night.

A sudden tinkle of female laughter sounded in his ears from somewhere behind him, very faint, almost like he was imagining it. Aaron turned around, trying to find the source, but couldn't see anything other than the gently bowing branches of the trees as a cool breeze whispered through them.

'Maybe it was just the wind,' Aaron thought to himself, his hair ruffling a bit as he started walking toward the park on the other side of the street. The streetlamps were beginning to come on, and all around there was a strange, beautiful stillness. Normally there were people walking around at this time of the early evening, but right now the entire area was deserted...or, at least, it appeared to be. As he crossed the street and made for the park, Aaron couldn't help but think that this stillness, this quiet, was a little eerie. It felt like everything around him – the chattering leaves, the bowing tree branches, the stately lampposts, the slowly swaying empty swing sets – were all watching him, waiting...holding their breath for something that was about to happen.

'I think maybe Courtney was right to send me out on a walk,' Aaron chuckled to himself, shaking his head as he tried to clear these thoughts from his mind. 'All this supernatural diary stuff and growth and shrinking and IQ-buffing and...just all the rest of it...I think it's made me go a little nutty. Nothing like a nice evening walk to clear my head.'

And then, from behind him, he heard it again – that same teasing echo of female laughter, a bit louder this time, and closer. Aaron whirled around, his heart beating fast in his chest, and he thought that he caught a golden wink of blonde hair disappearing behind a large oak tree. The leaves above shivered, and he heard it again, this time unmistakably: the high-pitched giggle of a young woman. Aaron stood still for a moment, a bit scared. A disquieting thought popped into his head: that he was being stalked...hunted. He was all alone, a short, skinny little man, in a world of tall, huge, curvy women, many of whom were sexually voracious. At this point, it didn't matter that this was a world of his own making; he was out in it now, exposed. He briefly thought about turning around and retreating back to his apartment, but he remembered the sharp, heavy sound of the deadbolt, of Courtney locking him out.

'I'd be disobeying her if I went back,' Aaron thought, 'She sent me on a walk for a reason...it would look silly if I came back because I was afraid.'

He took his phone out of his pocket and glanced at the time: 8:36. Courtney had told him to go for a half-hour walk, and that had been a few minutes ago, so he could come back at 9. The breeze kicked up again, and Aaron felt a sudden lightening in his chest as he took a few deep breaths of the fresh, cool air. He trusted Courtney. She knew what she was doing; she wouldn't have sent him out into a dangerous situation. By this point he knew that he hadn't imagined the sound of laughter (although maybe he had hallucinated the sparkle of golden hair), but...so what? Why was he suddenly so anxious? It really was such a nice evening, better than any he could remember. And he could enjoy it knowing that, even though she wasn't there, he was under Courtney's protection. In the midst of these mental meanderings, he had completely forgotten that she was alone in his apartment with the diary.

Resolving to savor the lovely evening, Aaron started walking again, this time toward the large oak tree behind which he had seen – or imagined – that glitter of golden hair. This was his way of showing himself that he wasn't afraid anymore, and that, instead of running away, he'd investigate. The closer he got, the sweeter the air grew, and the faster his heart beat. He was half-expecting to find a young woman behind the tree, but once he got to the tree and cautiously glanced around it, he saw nothing. But the air was thick with a heavy, fragrant aura...the smell of roses.

Behind another nearby oak, the giggling laughter sounded again, a little louder still...mischievous and playful. Aaron's head shot up, and this time there could be no doubt: a wavy fall of blonde hair had just danced behind the tree trunk, quite high up, close to the first overhanging branch. Steeled by his resolve, and remembering Courtney's protection, Aaron set off towards the tree, walking faster, the scent of roses growing ever-stronger as he followed the trail. He reached the second tree, breathing hard, less from the effort of walking and more from the expectation of who he was going to meet. But looking around the trunk's expanse, he once again found nobody. Glancing up at the branch, close to where he had seen the blonde hair, Aaron could tell that it was about a foot above the top of his head...maybe a bit more. This young woman, whoever she was, was about 6 feet tall.

Aaron looked back down from the branch, and he slowly began to scan the park, looking for signs of the woman. The park appeared to be deserted, but as the blood-red light from the sunset began to fade, replaced with the soft glow of the streetlamps, Aaron knew that he wasn't alone. He continued scanning, scanning, feeling like he was going to spot something that hadn't been immediately obvious before. But after a minute or so he hadn't seen anything unusual, so he started walking again.

But just then, he suddenly detected movement on the far end of the park, close to another huge oak tree. Aaron stopped in his tracks, and his eyes narrowed, trying to make out the source of the movement. At first he didn't notice anything, but after a few seconds of staring, he felt a sudden shot of realization go through him, and his heart seemed to stop for an instant. There was someone hiding behind the tree, peering out at him with sapphire eyes that glimmered in the lamplight...a young woman with golden blonde hair. Even from this distance, Aaron could

see that her eyes were crinkled up, narrowed at him furtively, playfully, as she peered at him from behind the tree.

Pushing down his fear, Aaron started walking toward her, quicker now. This seemed to delight the young woman, and another melodious giggle sounded out; obviously she was the one who had been laughing at him. Aaron picked up his pace, breaking into a jog, and she ducked behind the tree out of sight. By the time he had reached the tree, the woman had vanished once again, with only the aromatic scent of roses to tell that she had been there. But Aaron had caught the tail-end of her as she had disappeared around a bend in the winding path, her colorful clothes flashing briefly before vanishing. A series of metallic clinks died away in her wake, an indication of the jewelry she was wearing.

'She wants me to follow her,' Aaron thought, his excitement rising even as he still felt a lingering sense of danger. But his curiosity was more powerful, and he took off after her, now in a full jog. The bend of the path was long and thickly-wooded on both sides, so he couldn't actually see the woman at all, but from the lingering fragrance he knew that he was on the right track. A couple minutes later, he finally emerged out of the bend, where the path straightened up and opened out to the center of the park. A large fountain was bubbling there, the quadruple plumes of rounded water softly chattering in the evening. Aaron had been around this fountain many times before, but it seemed to him like he was looking at it for the first time. Its white marble gleamed gorgeously in the soft glow of the lamps, which were positioned all around the park's center in a circle, and, as Aaron approached, he had the strange sense that the fountain's waters were talking to him, and whispering his name.

Coming up to the fountain, Aaron's attention was arrested by something new: right by the fountain's edge, lined up neatly side by side, was an enormous pair of tall platform heels, winking up at him, hot-pink. Walking up to them, Aaron saw that they were so tall that they came up to his mid-shins. Already, he could feel himself getting aroused, just by looking at those huge heels. He knew they belonged to the young woman, and that she had purposefully left them out there for him to gawk at.

But more intriguing still was the pair of wet footprints that emerged from the fountain and led away, towards a wooded glade close by. Aaron bent down, looking closely at the footprints, and saw that they had been made with bare feet. Almost automatically, Aaron put his own foot in one of the wet footprints, measuring himself against it, and felt his arousal heat up when it became clear that his foot barely even covered half of the print. He began to follow the footprints, going towards the glade, and scanning for any signs of those playful, glinting eyes peeking at him from behind the trees.

He was a bit puzzled, then, when the footprints veered off the concrete path, straight in the direction of a huge beech tree that hung over a large patch of soft green grass. Aaron followed the footprints through the grass (noticing how much deeper the indentations were than his own footprints), and stopped right at the trunk of the enormous tree. He stood there for a few moments, blinking at the last print at the very base of the tree, and then looked up. At first he

only saw a thick, winding mix of heavy branches, but then his eyes locked onto something anomalous, a huge, dark shape that was hanging high there in the deep shade. Two glinting sapphire eyes blinked down at him, and Aaron's own eyes widened as he saw the curved white of exposed teeth underneath...a silent grin.

"Huuuuuaaugggh!!" he cried in alarm, for the huge shape had suddenly dropped down, descending from high above like it was going to fall right on top of him. He scrambled out of the way, twisting as he fell backward on his face in the soft grass. The girlish laughter echoed in his ears, and he struggled to his feet and turned around. An enormous young woman was standing before him, smirking down at him playfully as she smacked loudly on her pink bubble gum. Her fresh face was gorgeous – stunning, in fact – and her golden spill of shoulder-length blonde hair vibrated and shook as she bounced up and down on the balls of her bare feet. Aaron quickly saw that she must have been taller than 6'0, because his eyes were just about even with her nipples, which were clearly erect and poking through the tight fabric of her rainbow-dyed, one-shoulder top. There were innumerable necklaces around her neck, and many colorful friendship bracelets around both wrists. Her long manicured fingers twinkled in the lamplight, adorned with manifold golden rings, which caught the light as she flexed and unflexed her hands. Her hips looked like they were only barely contained within a pair of tight jean shorts, which stretched around two pillars of solid impressive thighs that Aaron was sure each exceeded the circumference of his own torso. She was huge.

"You found me!" she exclaimed, those sapphire eyes opening wide as she smiled down at him, constantly smacking on her gum. Her voice wasn't as deep as Courtney's, or even Cassie's or Kristina's – it was higher-pitched, more sprightly, more impish.

"Y-yeah...I...I found you!" Aaron laughed. He had no idea what he was doing in this interaction, or really even why he had followed her in the first place. But he didn't have time to feel awkward, because she was already speaking again.

"Did I scare ya?" she laughed, holding up both of her big hands and curving her long fingers into claws. The golden rings glinted and sparkled, and Aaron saw that her manicured fingernails were very long and very sharp, meticulously painted bright rainbow colors, just like her shirt. Her mouth opened into an aggressive snarl.

"Rrrrawwwrrrrr!!" she growled, causing Aaron to take a step back, even though he knew that she was just being playful. Her sheer size compared to him, and the general buoyant, ebullient energy of her presence, made his protective instincts kick in. In so many ways, she just seemed...overabundant.

"Awww I'm just playin' with ya!" she laughed, quickly extending her hand to Aaron, bidding him to come closer. "I'm Neera! What's your name?"

"I'm Aaron," he replied, coming back to accept her hand. He almost shivered when he felt the cool, pillowy expanse of her huge palm swallowing up his own hand, and when they shook, he

could feel the effortless power of her hand and arm compared to his. He quickly realized that, if she had wanted to, she could have snapped his arm in two like a twig. But as Neera straightened up and grinned down at him, her face glowing in the streetlamps, Aaron didn't feel scared of her. Cowed and intimidated by her size and beauty, of course, but not afraid. She was like a ball of sunshine, reflecting a rainbow through the air wherever she went. And her smell...it was intoxicating, nearly overpowering. If Aaron had closed his eyes, he would have assumed he was standing next to a very large rose bush in full bloom.

"Aaaaaaron," she sounded out slowly, relishing the sound in her mouth as her pink gum hung on her teeth, "That's a cute name...just like you! You're a little cutie, you know that?"

"I've...been told that," he managed to reply.

"Yeah, I bet you have," Neera grinned, shifting her weight over to one side as her thighs and hips jiggled with her movements. "Cutie..."

Several seconds of silence passed by, with Neera not seeming to care at all about the social niceties. She just stood there, chewing her gum, her striking eyes going eagerly up and down Aaron's body. He was strongly attracted to her – she was probably about 6'4, and looked like she weighed upwards of 230 or 240 pounds...a real voluptuous hulk of a woman. And her apparent youth, her colorful fashion, and her peppy, jaunty mannerisms all just seemed to accentuate and intensify the effect of her size.

"I saw you standing on the street corner," Neera said, breaking the silence, "And I thought, wowwww...what a precious little guy! Maybe I can get him to chase me!"

"I...ehh, I thought that *you* were the one chasing *me* at first!" laughed Aaron.

"Oh nooooo, no, no, that wouldn't have been fair at ALL!" exclaimed Neera, her face at once breaking into a scandalized frown. "Look at your tiny legs! No way you would've been able to outrun me!"

"No, yeah, you're right," nodded Aaron, feeling like there was something a bit "off" with this young woman. Not worrying or disturbing, just..."off." It was like she was from someplace else, a different plane...almost like she was some type of...fairy, or something. Aaron tried to get control of his thoughts, inwardly shaking his head at himself. He sure did tumble down some mental rabbit holes at the drop of a hat these days!

"Yeah, I wanted to make it fun for both of us," Neera continued, her expression abruptly flowering again into a smile, "So I left clues for you along the way!"

"Mhm, I...yes, I saw your heels over there," Aaron said, pointing over to the fountain. Neera balled her big hands up and shook them.

"Oooooooo you saw them?!" she laughed. It was so odd, her behavior was almost childlike, but she seemed very obviously to be an adult.

"Yeah, I saw them," nodded Aaron, his eyes searching her face.

"And you saw my footprints, of course," Neera nodded, "That's how you found me in the tree!"

"That's...that's right," Aaron said. He felt a need to get something straight. "Uhm...so Neera, how...how old are you?"

"How old are YOU?" she asked, leering back at him challengingly.

"I'm 27," he replied simply, an answer that caused Neera to break out into laughter.

"Oho...hahaha...I'm WAY older than you!" she exclaimed.

"You are!?" asked Aaron, dumbfounded. Of course Neera's body was massive compared to his, but he had assumed she was in her early-twenties, or even younger.

"Oh yeah," she grinned. "Ages and ages..." She paused, her mouth hanging halfway open in that same smile, like she was barely able to process the joy of interacting with him. Aaron found the overall effect disorienting and even a bit unsettling, even as he felt himself get more and more aroused. Ages and ages? What was she even talking about?

"So did ya find my other clue!?" Neera asked eagerly, "In the tree??"

"In...that tree?" asked Aaron, confused, pointing at the big beech tree Neera had just dropped out of.

"No not THAT one!" she cried, "The OTHER one! The one I was hiding behind at first!"

"Oh right that one," Aaron said quickly, "Uhhhh...you left me a clue there?"

Neera stared down at him intensely for a few moments, and then her eyes shut tightly as she swiftly smacked herself in the side of the head. The motion was so sudden that it caused Aaron to jump back a little. She was so big and strong that even this self-inflicted smack was intimidating.

"I'm a big dumbo bitch!" she laughed, her big chest heaving. "I left you one of my golden rings on the tree branch, but I didn't realize that of course you'd never even see it because you're sooooo short!"

She stepped towards him and snaked a huge hand onto his back, pulling him into her. Before he could process what was happening, Aaron felt his face smush into the soft but firm flesh of

her upper stomach, the underside of her breasts resting on top of his head. He felt Neera's abs tense up and shake against his face as her laughter continued, and her big hand softly caressed and petted his back, a touch not unlike Courtney's when she had pet him before. But Neera's touch was cooler and, as strange as it felt to think about...smoother.

"See!?" she grinned, stepping back a little so that she could actually peer down at him over her big breasts. "The top of your head barely even comes up to my boobs! You're staring into my stomach! And that's with me standing in my bare feet – just imagine how tall I'd be in my pink platforms over there!"

"Y-yeah..." Aaron replied, feeling his cheeks beginning to flush. She was just so hot...so huge and warm and curvy and strong...and her exuberance was the icing on the cake.

"Aww now I feel bad," Neera said, her mouth collapsing into a frown again. "That ring was for you...I wanted you to wear it!"

Her eyes searched him over her breasts for a few moments, and she seemed genuinely sad. But almost as quickly, her face brightened into a smile again.

"I'll just give you another one!" she declared, and instantly collapsed down into a crouch next to him. Aaron swallowed as he realized that, even crouched down like this, he was still barely taller than her. She looked even bigger with her face and torso this close to him. She had splayed her big right hand wide open and was scanning her fingers, trying to decide which ring to give him. While she did this, Aaron felt a strange, deepening confusion. He had just been eye-level with Neera's nipples a few minutes ago...he was sure of it. But when she had pressed him into her, he had been eye-level with the top of her stomach. And now, crouched down, she seemed even bigger still. What was going on? Who WAS this woman!?

"Here!" Neera exclaimed, slipping a thin, sparkling golden ring off her pinkie finger. She had to work it for a few seconds before it finally came off her finger. She held it up to him, triumphant. "There you go!" she continued, "For you!"

"Wow, thanks...thanks so much!" Aaron replied genuinely, accepting the ring. He had the odd sense that if he had politely refused, Neera would have burst into tears.

"Put it on, put it on!" she said eagerly, "I want to see how it looks – try it on your middle finger, because my fingers are so much bigger and longer than yours."

To prove her point, Neera held her hand up, wiggling her fingers at him playfully, and Aaron sheepishly put his own hand up to hers. The difference was staggering – the tops of his fingers barely even reached the second knuckle of hers. Neera stuck her tongue into the side of her cheek, showing her gum, and engulfed his hand completely in hers, shaking it and whispering "Grrrrrrrrr!" at him like she was some kind of cat. Aaron blinked at her, thrown off by her oddly

primal behavior, yet totally smitten. He tried putting the ring onto his middle finger, but it was so big that it immediately slipped right off, falling into the soft grass.

“Oh never mind, never mind!” laughed Neera, now taking both of his hands in hers, swallowing them up in her palms as she shook them playfully, “I thought it had a shot of fitting you, but you’re just so itty-bitty, Aaron! Even my pinkie rings are too big for you!”

“Uh-huh,” Aaron breathed, now blushing completely.

“I thought about giving you one of these friendship bracelets,” Neera said, holding out her wrist to him, “But I don’t even think one of these would fit on your upper arm, do you?”

She gently wrapped her huge hand around his wrist, then broke into a wide grin as her hand continued to go up, up, up his arm, past his elbow, and then to the widest part of his bicep. Her hand still easily went around, with plenty of room to spare for her fingers. She shook her head at him, smirking and smacking her gum. Aaron felt his breath catch in his chest. She was in the same crouching position as before, but...they were the same height now.

“Not...even...close...” she hummed in his face, those sapphire eyes sparkling like jewels.

“Uh, Neera...?” asked Aaron, feeling like he had to somehow ground this interaction in some recognizable reality, “Where...uhm...where do you live?”

“Oh come onnnnn!” she laughed, “That’s a silly question!” Her bracelets sounded out into the air as she lifted her big arm, pointing past him to the center of the park, towards the fountain.

“The condos behind the trees?” Aaron asked. Neera tilted her head at him, her brow furrowing, like she couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Then her face softened as she seemed to understand, and a large pink bubble expanded from her mouth as she blew it, popping right as its thin film hit his nose.

“You little bean,” Neera teased, gathering her gum back into her mouth as she reached out to playfully pinch one of his nipples, “Not the *condos*...I live in the *fountain*!”

Chapter 21

“Eeeeeeiigghh!” yelled Aaron, as Neera playfully pinched one of his nipples. His body involuntarily spasmed, trying to get away from her, but even though she was crouched down next to the bubbling fountain, Neera had little trouble wrangling him, pulling him back towards her so that he was smushed right in between her enormous breasts. It was crazy – she was practically sitting down, and they were still the same height. Hadn’t he been breast-height to her when they had been standing next to each other a few minutes ago!?

But Aaron didn’t have time to dwell on the impossibility of Neera’s apparent growth, because his right nipple was being mercilessly stimulated – Neera was pressing her massive, playful hand against his chest, holding him in place so that he had no hope of escape, as she teased his nipple with her long finger. Her palm was so big that it covered his whole chest, and, as Aaron looked down, he saw the innumerable golden rings on her huge fingers winking at him in the soft light of the lamps that surrounded the fountain. The forefinger that was teasing his nipple was going so fast that it became a blur, its rings becoming flashing streaks of gold that impishly mocked him. Aaron gaped, trying to say something, but no words came out. Neera’s stimulation felt intensely pleasurable, so much so that he was completely overwhelmed. He couldn’t even start processing the insanity of what he had just heard – that Neera had said that she lived IN the fountain – because he was being too intensely stimulated.

“Oooooo you’re such a little sweetie when you squeal like that!” Neera giggled, apparently taking his noises (or lack thereof) as a sign that she should make her finger go even faster against his nipple.

Flip

Aaron felt his face turning ever-deeper shades of scarlet as he endured Neera’s relentless teasing. The deep, crushing squish of her boobs was making it difficult for him to breathe, and the blurred craziness of her finger was sending shockwaves of electricity through his little body. His cock had been hard ever since he had laid eyes on Neera as she furtively peered at him from around the tree, but now...he was as rock-hard as he had ever been, even with the combined efforts of Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney going at him.

There was something about Neera. It wasn’t just her immense size, or that she had appeared to have grown from 7’0 to 8’0 in a matter of minutes. It wasn’t her strange, impishly humorous demeanor, or the fact that she had claimed to be AGES old, or even that she professed to live in the fountain. All of that could have just been attributable either to an error in his perception, or to Neera joking around...playing with him.

But it was the WAY that she was touching him...the method of her stimulation...that was making Aaron feel that there had to be something supernatural going on. It was like Neera knew the precise methods of stimulation that would push him quickest to the edge, without quite shoving him over. If she had pinched his nipple with her two fingers, Aaron would have cum

instantly...but she seemed to know that, and instead just kept up the crazy, blurred titillation of her finger against the very top of his hard nipple, keeping him on the verge of cumming as she stared down at him with those wide, profoundly beautiful eyes.

Flip

"You keep opening that cute little mouth, like you wanna say something," she giggled down at him, "But nothing's coming out! Why isn't anything coming out, Aaron? Huh? Whyyyyy?"

Flip

Aaron was beginning to reach a point where he was starting to get afraid of passing out. His face was beet-red now, and lights were starting to pop in his vision. He grabbed at Neera's stimulating hand, trying to push it away, but it was so comparatively big and strong that he felt like his most forceful, desperate efforts were making absolutely zero difference. If anything, she just held him to her harder, those huge, warm, soft breasts squishing him even deeper as the rest of her immense curves jiggled gaily around him, sucking him in, extinguishing any hope of escape. Her big, curious eyes continued to study him, drinking in the sight of his captive body, his trembling limbs, his frantic, silent face.

Flip

Right before Aaron passed out, Neera's finger abruptly stopped, and she immediately started fanning his face with her giant hand, as the regular color quickly returned to his cheeks.

"Whooooo wow, you looked like you needed a little break there!" she laughed down at Aaron, collapsing down into a sitting position against the fountain, cradling him in her arms, "I coulda just kept going and going and GOING, aaaaaaall night long, and never, ever gotten tired!"

She bared her right hand over him like a claw, her long, strong fingers bent in an indication of attack as she wiggled them playfully over his chest.

"P-Please..." Aaron managed to gasp out, holding up his hands, "Please don't, Neera..."

"Okaaaaay, if you say so," she sighed, rolling her eyes playfully as her hand melted down into a warm caress over his chest. For another minute or so, Aaron just focused on catching his breath, and Neera seemed to understand that he needed a bit to recover. She just kept up her warm, soft touches, gently rubbing his chest, wrapping her hands around his upper arms and lightly squeezing, and lovingly scratching his back with her long, sharp nails. After another minute or two, Aaron had regained his breath and his wits, but his cock was still just as hard as it had been before. There was just nothing he could do about it. Neera was 9'0 tall now, and even curvier than she had been when he had first seen her. Everything about her just oozed this playful, youthful, mischievous sexual energy that radiated from her and seemed to set every atom in his body abuzz.

“Neera...” Aaron ventured a couple minutes later, “Uhm...you...you said that you live...IN the fountain?”

“Mhm!” she nodded brightly, cupping the back of his head in her hand and raising him up slightly, so that she could actually peer over her huge breasts, down into his face, “I’ve lived here my whole life!”

“Your....uh, your whole life, huh?” Aaron asked, “And...how many years did you say that was?”

“Oh goodness, I don’t even remember anymore!” laughed Neera, abruptly wrapping her hands around Aaron’s upper arms and setting him on his feet in front of her. It was incredible – even sitting down like she was, Neera was now a few inches taller than him as he stood before her.

“You don’t remember?” Aaron persisted. He felt like he needed to get to the bottom of who...or WHAT...Neera actually was. “So...like you’re maybe thirty? Or forty?”

“Thirty or forty!?” she burst out, spreading her huge, shapely arms wide, like she had just heard the most ridiculous thing in her life, “Whaaaat!? Aaron...now you’re just trying to be silly. You’re trying to make me laugh!”

“I’m not! No, really!” Aaron exclaimed genuinely, shaking his head. “I...I really wanna know, Neera!”

“You’re such a funny little guy!” she chuckled, putting her hands behind her head as she stretched her legs out in front of her. They were so long that they extended out on both sides of Aaron, and she wiggled her toes, which were nearly the same height as his knees. “Asking me questions that are impossible to answer...how old am I? I don’t know...how old is this fountain?”

“I, uh...well that fountain was built at the same time as the park here,” Aaron replied, gesturing around to the rest of the park, which was now, like the fountain, bathing in the soft white light of the lampposts. The sun had fully set, and the stars were sprinkled out across the sky like sugar. “And this park was built like forty years ago, so that means you can’t be older than –”

“Oh not THIS part of the fountain, silly!” Neera erupted with an incredulous laugh, slapping the white stone with her hand. Had she...cracked it!? Just from the force of her hand alone??

“I mean THIS part!” she finished, reaching out and smacking the water, so that Aaron was splashed. He sputtered and coughed, blinking the water out of his eyes, before furrowing his brow in disbelief at the stunning amazon sitting before him, those big eyes of hers seeming to glitter like the water in the lamplight.

“You...you’re asking me how old...the WATER in the fountain is?” Aaron asked uncertainly.

"Well of COURSE!" Neera replied, flopping her hands in her lap like it was the most obvious thing in the world, "You asked how old I was...I mean, I don't know...I'm as old as the water is!"

"I...I don't know how old the water is," Aaron managed to say, feeling quite ridiculous as the words came out of his mouth. What was going on? How were they even talking about this!?

"Exactly!" smiled Neera, nodding as she flipped her hands up on her knees, "Neither do I! I used to know, but that was long, long, ago...my memory is hazy...it comes and goes...it's all one big crazy dream, Aaron! I have it every night, when I go to bed. I see strange images...the whole expanse of a green plain stretched out before me, dotted here and there with the darker green of trees, as wisps of puffy white run in and out of my mind...I see strange, dark, deep caverns, with huge rocks grown into fantastic, twisted shapes, as I slowly feel myself dripping down them."

"Dripping...down?" Aaron asked. The way Neera was speaking, it wasn't really like she was recounting a dream. Instead, it sounded like she was describing a past life...or a series of past lives. Could this really be true? Or was she just insane?

"Mhmmm," nodded Neera, abruptly switching to the past tense, without realizing, as her eyes darkened into a deep blue, "Dripping down into deep, dark pools, where I sat quietly, for centuries...learning, or thinking very, very slowly, or...or something...at least until I see another image – the vast ocean, far darker and deeper than the cavern pools...and I sank slowly, slowly, down, down, downnnnn...until I could see nothing at all. My heartbeat slowed to a deep, ponderous drum that beat once a year. And there I lay, for thousands of years...until, slowly, bit by bit, it all began to change again. I remembered what light was again as it began to rise up again into my life. I felt myself rising, rising, until finally, out a sprang again, and joined the white laughing wisps high above the churning waters. And at some point...I tumbled down HERE! And that's when I wake up!"

"That's...quite a dream!" Aaron remarked. It was so odd; while Neera had been describing her "dream," her word choice, and the cadence of her sentences, had become much more contemplative, more measured, more...adult. But then as she described herself "waking up," her impish playfulness had returned.

"Yessss it is!" Neera giggled, clasping her hands together in front of her knees as she pulled them up against her torso, squishing her enormous breasts against her chest in the process, "And it's so crazy, you know? I've been having that dream FOREVER, for as long as I can remember! Sometimes I even forget what's real and what's not. You ever feel like that, Aaron? You're not sure whether your life is real...or that it's just one big, long dream?"

"I...uh, yes," Aaron smiled, chuckling a little, "Yes, I actually feel like that...quite often."

“Oooohooohoo look at that little faaaaaace,” Neera cooed, those profound eyes flashing, “I can’t believe we just met tonight, Aaron! When you’re as old as I am, everything can blend together, from the past into the future with nothing in between. But having you here...it makes me so AWARE of the present. It makes me so HAPPY to be here with you!”

“I-I’m happy to be here with...with you too!” Aaron smiled, experiencing the strange sensation that he was once again speaking to a kind of child-like entity, despite her immense size.

“Mmmmm it makes me want to play around with you some more,” Neera hummed, “And TEASE you!”

She clapped her huge hands together, making Aaron jump, and the next moment her colossal figure unfolded itself from its sitting position and rose up, up, up, so that she was standing before Aaron again. She absolutely towered over him; Aaron had to look slightly up to gawk at the vigorous curve of her thick hips. With her standing directly in front of him like this, he couldn’t even see her face. It was too high up, and her enormous breasts obscured his view, like a giant, arcing cliff high above his head. From Aaron’s perspective, he couldn’t have imagined anything sexier, anything more alluring, more impressive, more imposing. He was standing there before this...this fairy...this water goddess...this...whatever-she-was...and it didn’t feel like his cock could get any harder.

But then Neera did something that proved him wrong. With the dripping tinkle of a giggle high up beyond her jutting breasts, she waltzed over to the other side to the fountain, right up next to the pair of immense pink platform heels that Aaron had seen before. She was far enough away from Aaron now that he could see her face, and so he could see the playful gleam in her eyes as she smirked down at him. The next moment, she had stepped into the platform heels, bending down with extraordinary balance and dexterity to buckle them up with one hand, before slowly, sensuously rising back up. Aaron gaped up at her as she sauntered back over to him, those huge, heavy pink platforms echoing out with a commanding *CLOOMP-CLOOMP* against the concrete pavement surrounding the fountain. When she was a few feet away, just before her face disappeared again behind her breasts, Neera stopped, putting her hand up to her open, surprised lips as she gasped out in delight.

“I didn’t even think it was POSSIBLE for you to look even TINIER, Aaron!” she cried through her glittering fingers, “Oh my GOODNESS just LOOK at you down therrrrre!”

“Y-Yeah!” Aaron breathed, staring straight ahead into the magnificent fleshy pillar of Neera’s thigh. “I’m, uhh...those heels...they, uhm...they suit you.”

“Oh you really think so!?” Neera beamed from high above, “That’s so nice to hear, Aaron – sometimes my sisters like to make fun of me for my fashion choices.”

“Your...sisters?” asked Aaron blankly.

“Uh-huh, they say that I’m too flashy or fluid or....I don’t know, too showy, right?” Neera sighed, rolling her eyes and gesturing her hand dismissively. “Like I’m trying to, I don’t know, upstage them or something. They say I need to, like, grow up.”

“Well I think you’re just...perfect the way you are,” Aaron replied truthfully. A cool breeze had kicked up, right as Neera bent down and lovingly swooped him up off his feet. The next thing Aaron knew, his entire face was engulfed in the warm, plush embrace of a kiss from Neera’s huge lips. She kissed him once, twice, three times...and the third time she kissed him, her lips lingered a bit longer, and quickly turned cool against his face. When Neera lowered him down and stood him on his own two feet, her hands, which had been warm before, had suddenly turned quite cold.

“You are just the sweetest, CUTEST little thing I’ve ever met, Aaron!” Neera smiled down at him. Aaron felt his heart freeze as he stared up into her face. Those bright, gleaming eyes had suddenly turned black...black as night. It made her look even more beautiful, but scarier...and more fearsome.

“I’m so happy you found me tonight,” she continued. Even her voice was changing. With each word it was becoming deeper, more gurgly...like her vocal cords were changing into water. “I’d want to play with you all night, but the moon...it’s about to rise on the horizon, and I must obey, must obey its silvery voice, must attune to its vibration, must go, must go...”

She had stepped backward into the fountain, her huge pink heels glinting in the lamplight, and pointed up into the sky with a long finger. Aaron turned to look behind him, where she was pointing, and saw, against the star-studded night sky beyond the treeline, that a swell of silver light was beginning to glow on the horizon.

“What, so you can’t be around when the moon rises?” Aaron asked, turning back around, but he found himself blinking at the gently-chattering fountain. Neera was nowhere to be seen. Alarmed, Aaron quickly scanned the park. There was no way that she could have just disappeared, or run away. He would have heard her, and anyway, he had only had his back turned for a couple seconds! But she was gone. Befuddled, Aaron walked up to the fountain and looked down into the water. For a second, he was sure that he saw the pink glimmer of a pair of heels, and two big, deep eyes blinking lusciously at him. The breeze kicked up again, and he felt the cool spray of the fountain against his face as a faint voice echoed in his ears: “*Cutie...cutie...*” before fading away into the night air.

“Neera!?” Aaron called out into the fountain, his voice trembling. He felt silly, speaking down into the water like that, but far beyond any feeling of ridiculousness, he was experiencing a sudden, almost painful longing to be close to her again, to feel her touch, to look into those beautiful, teasing eyes. Without even thinking, Aaron reached down into the fountain, perhaps hoping to somehow grasp her again, but all he felt was the cold chill of the water against his skin. He kept his arms elbow-deep in the fountain for several long seconds, staring down into the clear depths, hoping, hoping...but no sign of her came. The fountain just continued quietly

chattering away, with the breeze occasionally spritzing his face with a cooling hint of spray from the nearest bubbling column.

After a minute, Aaron sighed out and withdrew his hands, shaking them before rubbing them on his pants to dry off. He looked all the way around the fountain, walking its perimeter several times, looking left and right, trying to find some sign, some vestige, some remnant of Neera's presence. But he couldn't find anything. There were no imprints of her bare feet in the grass like there had been before; there were none of her golden rings that she had left behind; there wasn't even a lingering hint of roses in the air. Surely he hadn't DREAMED all of that, right!? Surely she hadn't been some crazy mirage??

With a strange, aching heaviness in his heart, Aaron took one last look at the fountain, and then turned slowly away, walking down a pathway that led deeper into the park. His head was spinning, vibrating, reeling with the overpowering, luscious, unforgettable sensations of Neera's presence, and, as he walked farther along the path, he was hardly even aware of where he was going. It was like he was wandering through a dream. The overhanging oak trees that lined the concrete path, the star-studded sky above, and the lamps that lit the way...they all looked perfectly ordinary, perfectly normal. And yet, Aaron couldn't help but feel that there was a profound unreality to everything around him. It was like each thing he saw, smelled, heard, and felt, was "off" by the slightest hint of a percentage point, slightly tilted to the side, slightly shaded in a different way. It wasn't even perceptible, but it had an effect on his brain.

'Where...where AM I, even!?' Aaron thought to himself suddenly, pausing in the middle of the pathway. He had walked through this whole park before, but he had never recalled seeing the path curve off before him to the left, like it was now. In the midst of all his strange, fantastic, marvelous experiences, he had quite forgotten who was back in his apartment, and WHAT she was alone with.

And then, suddenly, Aaron heard the sound of clanking metal. It was coming from beyond the curve in the path, deeper into the trees to the left. Feeling a bit scared, but also like he had no real choice in the matter, Aaron began following the noise, walking down the path as it curved left and down a slight slope into the thicker trees. The clanking metal sounds were getting louder, and Aaron noticed that they were rhythmic and heavy, like they were huge metal weights being lifted up and dropped back down on the ground. As he descended deeper into the trees, the concrete path narrowed, going from a fairly wide avenue to a smaller, more personal, more intimate path, until it became so narrow that only the 4'10 Aaron could have walked on it. All around him, the trees were huge and wide, tall and ancient, their gnarled, hardy roots intertwining with each other as their thick, knobby branches bowed slowly above his head in the light breeze, like they were all silently nodding at him.

As he ventured in deeper, Aaron could feel his heart starting to beat faster. He was nervous, afraid, unsure of what he was going towards, but still, something propelled him forward. The trees themselves seemed to be gathered close around him, almost stifling in their hugeness, and yet still showing him the clear path forward. He rounded another bend in the narrow path,

and then Aaron suddenly saw a series of lights up ahead, glowing in little twinkling winks through the thick, dark trees. A smell came wafting up to Aaron's nose, something robust and profound – the smell of warm, rich earth, like there was a gigantic, freshly-dug hole in the ground nearby.

CLANK...CLANK...CLANK...CLANK...

The metal sounds were getting louder and heavier with each step Aaron took towards the lights, and he felt his insides seize up in anxiety and expectation. After a few more steps, he abruptly came out of the thick trees and found himself standing in a wide clearing, lit around in a circle, much like the fountain before, by the soft, glowing light of streetlamps. But instead of a fountain in the middle, there was an array of outdoor exercise equipment – a long line of dumbbells, going from 10 pounds all the way up to 120, chained in a neat row off to one side, an overhead press machine, an overhead pull, a rower, a bar for pull-ups and dips, and an enormous power rack with a barbell that could be loaded up with weights for bench press, squats, and deadlifts. Aaron had never seen any of this before; he hadn't even known that such a spot in the park had ever existed.

But Aaron only briefly registered all of these details in a quick flash, because his attention was completely swallowed up, not by WHAT he was seeing, but WHO. There, standing in the middle of the colossal power rack, with her back to him, stood an absolutely gargantuan woman, the tallest and biggest that he had ever seen. He had thought Neera had been huge, at 9'0, but this woman was even taller...and bigger. Whereas Neera had been astonishingly thick and lusciously curved, this woman was heavily-muscled, with her unbelievably thick and powerful build clearly displayed by the fact that she was only wearing a black sports bra and a skin-tight pair of athletic-wear shorts. Like Neera, she was barefoot.

Aaron gaped, his mouth literally dropping open. She was in the middle of a set of deadlifts, and it looked like there had to be about 1,000 pounds loaded up on the bar. He saw her huge, powerful arms, her thick, mighty thighs, and her immense back all flex and un-flex as she lifted and lowered the weight. It was unbelievable how muscular she was, and yet, she didn't look monstrous or grotesque. Despite her incredible size, she still managed to look thoroughly feminine, an ultimate testament to the potential of the female form. Her fiery red hair was tied up in a ponytail that bounced and trembled with her efforts, and, drawing a bit closer, Aaron saw that her smooth, immaculate skin was shining with sweat in the lamplight.

CLANKKK

The woman finished her last rep, lowering the barbell down to the earth in one final, controlled motion, and straightened up to her full height, mopping her brow with a massive hand. Unlike Neera, her nails were short...designed for activity and sturdiness. Aaron was about 15 feet away from her now, and he suddenly stopped approaching, growing afraid of this woman as she stood with her back to him. He hadn't realized that she was even huger than he had first thought – his eyes were even with the top of her knees, and it was obvious that her calf

alone...her bicep...maybe even her forearm...was thicker than his entire torso. The rich scent of warm, freshly-dug earth was more powerful than ever, and, glancing sideways, Aaron felt his breath catch in his chest. There, to his left, was a gigantic hole in the earth, heaped all around with rich loam that was steaming silently in the soft lamplight.

The immense woman suddenly turned around, mopping her brow, as her fiery-red ponytail bounced and flipped to the side. Aaron froze. Her face was astonishingly beautiful, but different from Neera's – it was more serious, more contemplative, more grounded, but no less gorgeous. Her eyes were dark and deep, though with striking red pupils right in the middle that matched the color of her hair...and they were looking straight down at Aaron. Her full lips gave no hint of an expression.

Aaron had no idea how long this woman stood there, staring down at him, but it felt like an eternity. He realized, with a flood of embarrassment, that he was still rock-hard. It didn't seem like it was possible to exist in such a presence without his body responding this way. The woman tilted her head to the side, fetching a white towel from the waistband of her shorts.

"Seems like you've just met my sister," she spoke, in a voice that was even deeper than Neera's, measured, stoic, and profoundly beautiful, "I'm Avani – come here little boy...let me dry you off. You're soaking wet."

Chapter 22

Aaron instantly obeyed, his brain in awestruck disarray as he timidly approached the gargantuan, redheaded muscle amazon standing before him. He was being thrown for so many loops that he hardly knew what was happening anymore. For one thing, he hadn't even realized that he was soaking wet until Avani had pointed it out to him...had that been because of Neera? Had she somehow soaked him through his clothes without him even noticing? How could that even be possible!? And where was he in the park, actually?? He had walked through the park by his apartment many times, and he never remembered it being this big, or having a strange, secretive clearing in the middle with all this outdoor workout equipment. And, perhaps most ominously, how had that giant hole appeared in the earth, close to where Avani was standing in front of the power rack? The rich brown loam heaped up around the sides of this hole was still steaming in the soft light of the streetlamps that rounded the clearing...almost like the hole had been made very recently, by some intensely kinetic force that had risen up from the very bowels of the Earth itself.

But Aaron could barely spare any mental energy wondering about this, because he was too overwhelmed by the sheer size of Avani. Neera had been enormous, nearly twice the height of his puny 4'10. But Avani was colossal, and, as he approached her, Aaron could tell that he was eye-level with the top of her knees. And while Neera had sported lavishly ample, voluptuous curves, Avani's femininity was displayed in a far more aggressive, intimidating way: her muscles. Aaron knew that she could have effortlessly dominated him with a single finger, much less a single hand or arm or leg. Her powerful wrist alone looked thicker than his thigh, and her robust, vigorous forearm was undoubtedly larger than his torso. The rest of her body, from her insanely huge calves and thighs, to the muscular swerve of her thick hips and the eye-popping chisel of her 8-pack abs, to the looming double-hills of her traps on either side of her head, was all the same: just as muscular, just as impressive. She had no weak points. And that sheer muscle power, combined with her stunning height, and that intense, penetrative force of her red eyes, made Aaron's legs turn to jelly as he got closer.

"Uh-oh, you're tottering," Avani said matter-of-factly, and she bent swiftly down, still holding the white towel that she had taken from the waistband of her shorts as she stretched out a powerful limb to him. "Here, take my arm."

Aaron didn't "take" it as much as he "fell into" it, and the next moment he found himself clutching the huge, hot pillar of Avani's forearm as she deftly sank down into a cross-legged position, showing off her flexibility and dexterity. It was incredible that such a huge, muscled body could move so easily and fluidly as that. But Avani seemed intent on her task at hand, and immediately went to work toweling Aaron off. He was briefly thrust into the confused jumble of a warm, cotton vortex, his sight and hearing obscured as this muscle goddess dried him off. Avani certainly wasn't shy about getting the job done. In his discombobulation within the huge towel, Aaron had a funny little thought – if Neera had been the one drying him off, she would have probably been all playful and teasing, dabbing it around different parts of his body with her thumb and forefinger. Not Avani. She was far more practical and business-like...almost

rough...but not quite. She wasn't exactly in a hurry, but she also didn't have any time for messing around. In less than a minute, Aaron was fully dry, with his hair standing on-end and jutting out in crazy directions.

"There we go, dry as a bone," Avani nodded down at him, slipping the towel back into her waistband. Aaron realized that this "huge towel" was actually more of a small "workout towel" for Avani, and he would have marveled at the comparison more if he had been able to see out of the towel itself while she had been busily drying him off. Even sitting cross-legged like she was right now, Aaron's head barely even came up to the middle of her breasts, and, turning around in awe to face her, he realized that he actually had to look UP a little to see the highest parts of her cleavage. He felt very warm and safe this close to such a gargantuan amazon, but he also felt cowed and intimidated, to the point where his mind went completely blank. Avani seemed to be used to this kind of reaction, though, and tilted her head slightly, her eyes going slowly over his body.

"Well you certainly haven't been overeating, that's for sure," she said, reaching out and taking his arm in her hand, wrapping her fingers all the way around it. Her brow furrowed and she did the same with his other arm, holding them both up as she studied them, almost disbelieving.

"My goodness you're tiny!" she breathed down at him. "You're obviously an adult, but...such a miniscule little thing! How did you get so small?"

"I-It's, uh...it's complicated," Aaron managed to say.

"Mhm, well..." nodded Avani slowly, as she gently kneaded her hands into his forearms, then his upper arms, as her hands slid past his elbow, completely encompassing the girth of his limbs, "I don't want to be bossy and tell you what to do – my younger sister always complains that I can be overbearing...but then again, she complains about everything – but anyway, I'd say you could use a little meat on your bones."

"Yeah, I'm...I'm pretty small, no doubt about that!" Aaron squeaked out, feeling pitifully tiny in the hands of this muscle amazon. The way Avani talked was so measured and self-assured, so adult and matter-of-fact, that Aaron felt some sense of safety returning to him. Unlike Neera, he didn't think that Avani was going to suddenly do anything crazy. She was much more tethered, more grounded.

"Pretty small?" Avani hummed, letting his arms drop as she planted a gigantic hand right in the middle of his chest, "Sweetheart...don't take this the wrong way, but...you're absolutely puny."

Aaron didn't feel like he could argue this point either, and he simply stood there, gaping down at Avani's gigantic hand splayed across his chest. The comparison was ridiculous, beyond what he had ever experienced before. Her palm was flat against his sternum, and it completely covered the entirety of his chest, with plenty of room to spare. Her long, powerful fingers extended up well past his shoulder blades, to the point where, when she flexed them down, they

stretched all the way down to the middle of his back. Her thumb and pinkie finger wrapped effortlessly around his ribs, joining her other three fingers around the middle of his back. She was effectively “palming” his entire body. Aaron could feel the powerful, driving thud of Avani’s heartbeat through her hand as she held him there for a few long seconds, and the thud was so powerful, even so far from her heart, that Aaron could feel his entire body shaking with each rhythmic “thoom...thoom...thoom” of her blood pumping through her mighty hand. Aaron realized that his heart was racing, probably three or four times faster, just as Avani’s was slow, calm, collected, and measured.

A funny little detail popped into Aaron’s head; he remembered that while tiny mammals like shrews and mice had rapid heartbeats to compensate for extreme metabolic heat loss, while huge mammals like whales had much slower heartbeats, since their huge bodies retained heat more effectively. The size difference between himself and Avani wasn’t anywhere close to THAT extreme...but it was extreme enough to where he had actually noticed the difference in heartbeats.

“Your tiny heart is thumping away like a little drum,” Avani hummed, apparently on Aaron’s wavelength, as she gently squeezed her fingers around him a few times, before letting him go, “Poor little guy – am I scaring you?”

“N-Not, uh...not too much,” Aaron replied, taking a couple deep breaths as he stood there before the sitting amazon, “I just...yeah, a lot’s been happening, and it’s kind of hard to take it all in.”

“Plus I’m probably not helping, am I?” Avani asked simply, slowly raising her huge arms up above her head, on either side, and flexing them. Aaron gaped up as he watched them slowly, inexorably harden into the densest, thickest, most vascular muscle he had ever seen. Even though she was sitting down, Aaron had to crane his neck way up to look at her exploding biceps. He didn’t know her exact measurements, but he wouldn’t have been surprised to hear that Avani was 16’8 tall – so her biceps were sitting pretty at 7’10, a full 3 feet above his head.

“I...your...” Aaron blurted out stupidly, his mind seeming to melt in the wake of those insane pillars of muscle so high above his head. For the first time, a slight hint of a smile inched its way onto Avani’s face as a cool night breeze kicked up, weaving its way through the soft, strange light of the lamps circling the clearing.

“I’m sorry, I just played a little trick on you, sweetie,” Avani declared, with an indication of a chuckle behind her matter-of-fact delivery, “I already knew that you get excited by the thought of women being taller and bigger and stronger than you, and I’ve been teasing you ever since you came here. Because it’s fun. And because it’s cute to watch your little chest rise and fall as you struggle to keep calm.”

“Oh it’s...it’s totally all right,” Aaron laughed, feeling a bit of relief from the act of laughing itself, “I don’t mind the teasing. You and Neera both, uhm...yeah...I don’t...I don’t mind.”

"Mmm you don't mind that I'm taking advantage of you for my own amusement?" Avani asked point-blank, now bouncing her biceps up and down, going back and forth between her left and right arm.

"No..." Aaron replied, after swallowing a few times to try and keep his throat from going totally dry, "Not at all."

He admired Avani's incredible arms for a couple more seconds before something she had just said flashed back to him.

"Wait," he added belatedly, holding up his finger, as Avani switched to flexing her fingers, springing her forearms to life high above him, "You said...you just said...that you already knew that I got excited by the thought of women being, uh, you know, bigger and taller and stronger than me?!"

"Mhm," Avani nodded, flexing her fingers, her face expressionless as her forearms rippled above his head.

"But...h-how?" Aaron asked bluntly, "How did you know!?"

He was obviously quite aroused (his cock hadn't gone down completely, ever since he had laid eyes on Neera, which seemed like ages ago at this point) but his pants were baggy enough to where his erection wasn't blatantly obvious. Did Avani have some special sensory power, in addition to her otherworldly size and strength?

"Simple," she replied nonchalantly, "My sister told me."

"Neera?" asked Aaron, his brow furrowing, "Neera told you?"

"Sure did," Avani nodded again, now extending her arms out straight on either side of her, so that the curving bulge of her forearms and biceps were impressively outlined in their relaxed contours, only to bring her arms back up into that same crushingly sexy double-biceps pose. Even though he was trying to figure out what was going on, Aaron felt himself starting to get even harder.

"How could...she tell you, though?" Aaron persisted, not understanding, "She couldn't have passed me – I would have noticed her." He began to wonder if the two could somehow communicate telepathically. In the back of his mind, he knew that everything he had been encountering on this little "walk in the park" was somehow supernatural, but he didn't have the mental bandwidth to truly process it all, or to wonder where it all came from. His arousal was making it difficult to wrap his mind around everything, but that didn't stop him from trying. He figured that the puzzle could somehow distract himself from getting too hard and embarrassing himself any further in front of Avani.

“Well, she certainly passed UNDERNEATH you,” Avani declared definitively, dropping her arms down, splaying her hands out on the grass, so that her arms were now 7-foot-tall, sculpted, muscular pillars flanking both sides of her enormous body.

“Underneath?” asked Aaron, perplexed. Avani sounded like she was just speaking the flat, simple truth. Even her “little trick” hadn’t even really been a “trick” – unlike Neera, she wasn’t very flirty or devious or mercurial. She seemed to be a “straight shot,” so to speak. So why were her answers still not making any sense?

“Uh-huh, underneath,” nodded Avani simply, leaning forward slightly on her hands, as her huge arms flexed under the weight of her torso, “Is it really so hard to imagine the two of us mingling together, communicating beneath the surface, in the pitch-dark, where everything is always changing, very, very slowly?”

This time, Aaron couldn’t bring himself to find an answer. Avani’s words were far too cryptic, far too strange...and yet she was speaking them plainly, like they were the most obvious thing in the world.

“After all,” she added, her mouth suddenly morphing into a crooked smile as she raised her arms up again and flexed them, “Neera and I aren’t so different, are we?”

“You’re...um...you’re pretty different,” Aaron replied, figuring that he may as well abandon his detective work and just enjoy the muscular behemoth before him. Those bouncing biceps...those rippling forearms...good grief. And now she was flexing her chest, making her big breasts bounce in opposite tandem to her biceps. He could see everything moving and flexing, since she was only wearing those tight workout shorts and that black sports bra. Her body had come alive, and it was turning Aaron on far quicker than he could hope to exert some kind of control.

“Oh are we?” Avani challenged, arching an eyebrow down at him, “I know that she’s a big flirt, with all those dripping, luscious curves, but I can tease you just as good, you know!”

“I...y-yeah, I can see that,” Aaron panted. Avani was still bouncing her biceps, billowing her forearms, and flexing her pecs, and she had just added a fourth dimension to her flex-show: she had started rippling and flexing her 8-pack abdominal muscles, which were all starkly chiseled even without her flexing. But Avani somehow had the crazy ability to flex each ab on its own, and the result was that Aaron was treated to the most impressive, ridiculous display of muscle coordination that he had ever seen. Her abs were literally rippling like a current, made to look like they were moving up and down in a rolling motion. She was so huge compared to Aaron that, sitting on the grass, her lower abs began at his shins, her mid-abs were at his waist, and her upper abs reached all the way up to his lower chest.

"All I'm doing is sitting in front of you and flexing," Avani said in her inimitable matter-of-fact voice, (though it was now tinged with that underlying, humorous enjoyment), "and you can barely keep it together."

"W-Wow...!" was all Aaron could manage, in an-almost-desperate-sounding little squeak, as he watched Avani's abs ripple and flex before him. Once again, just as it had been with Neera, his cock was now painfully hard, pressing into his baggy shorts with a renewed urgency.

"Going back to my earlier observation," Avani continued coolly, like she was discussing the weather, "I think that you could use a tad more exercise, little guy. I mean, look...I know you're never going to be as big as me or any of my other sisters, but, like I said, it might be good for you to put on a few pounds."

Aaron had peripherally registered something Avani had just said – she had OTHER sisters? Besides Neera!? He couldn't even begin to wonder what THEY were like, but he didn't have time in any case, because Avani was talking again.

"Tell you what," she was saying, still holding her arms aloft, still bouncing her biceps, "Why don't we start you off with a fun little challenge. You up for it?"

"I'm...I'm ready!" Aaron exclaimed determinedly, nodding and balling up his fists in eager anticipation. His posture seemed to amuse Avani even more, and she even started chuckling a little.

"I can see that you are," she said, that distant humor underlying her voice and expression, "Okay then – all you have to do...is touch my biceps."

Her words didn't seem to flow and gush like Neera's did, nor did they hang on the air – they just had a way of dropping straight down into Aaron's body, like they were a weight that had been suddenly lowered onto his chest. Maybe it was the deadpan way she spoke, or maybe it was the fact that she was just so huge and down-to-earth that it sort of threw him for a loop. Whatever it was, Aaron had to take a few seconds to actually let Avani's words sink in. His eyes flitted up to her biceps. They sure looked high up there...and they were – a full 3 feet above his head.

"All I have to do is touch them, huh?" he said, finally finding his voice.

"That's all," Avani nodded, her eyes watching him steadily as he stepped up closer to her, staring straight up at her arm. Silently, he raised his arm up as high as it could go, stretching his fingers up, up, up...and he wasn't even close. His standing reach was only around 6'4, and her bicep looked to be a good foot-and-a-half higher than the tips of his fingers. He rose up on his tiptoes, but this only gave him a couple-inch boost, nowhere close enough to reach.

"I think," Avani suggested, with dry mirth, "That you might have to jump."

“Yeah, I think you’re right,” said Aaron, lowering his arm in wonder. It was crazy just how huge this amazon was, and, in a strange way, having her sitting like this in front of him somehow made her seem even huger. Of course, when Avani had been towering over him (by almost 12 whole feet!), she had seemed gargantuan enough, but now, with her sitting before him, the enormous bulk of her arms and torso were that much closer, so Aaron could get a true taste of their actual size. And, not to be forgotten, the colossal twin tree trunks of her giant legs were folded cross-legged underneath her torso, her upper and lower legs pressed together in an impressive display of flexibility, so that their muscular bulk was even more exaggerated than when she was standing straight up.

“Well get a move-on, sweetie,” Avani urged, snapping Aaron out of another one of his size reveries, “I’d love to put you through a more comprehensive workout, what with all this equipment we have here, but my time here is short – and it ends soon.”

“Soon!?” Aaron exclaimed, suddenly alarmed at the thought of Avani vanishing just as abruptly as Neera.

“Very soon,” Avani nodded, glancing up at the sky for a moment, like she was checking something, before lowering those big, steady brown eyes back down to him.

‘Wait...’ thought Aaron suddenly, ‘Weren’t her eyes kind of...red? Just a few minutes ago?’

But he saw that Avani was bouncing her bicep expectantly, and so he shook off this last thought, bent his knees, and jumped, trying his best to reach up with his hand. This first effort, though, fell short, and his fingers swished through thin air, a good five or six inches too short.

“Mmm, good effort,” said Avani encouragingly, nodding slowly, “But not quite – try again.”

Aaron took a couple deep breaths, wiggling his body a bit in expectation, and then gave it another go, this time taking a few extra steps to try and get some momentum. This effort was closer, but he still came up a little short, his fingers getting within three inches of the underside of her bicep.

“Even better!” Avani nodded, raising her voice slightly, like she was getting more excited by the prospect of him achieving his goal, “Give it one more shot – except this time, I want you to take a long, running start. You can do it. I know you can.”

Encouraged by Avani’s tone, Aaron eagerly jogged back a good way, about twenty paces, and then turned. Even this far away, she looked absolutely massive, though, in a strange moment, the lamplight caught her figure in a certain way that made her look almost like...some sort of huge bush, or tree, or something. Aaron actually glanced up at the sky, wondering what was going on, and he saw, from the growing glow of silver to the east, that the moon was about to rise up above the trees. Feeling a peculiar, primal pang in his chest, like he had to hurry up,

Aaron turned back to Avani, who was still sitting there, arms raised, waiting for him. Aaron took another deep breath, grit his teeth, and went for it, taking as good a running start as he possibly could. Avani's huge, muscular body seemed to rush up at him, and he jumped, stretching his arm up as high as it could go. He wasn't going to make it...he was too short! But just then, Avani swiftly lowered her bicep and "caught" Aaron right as he was about to descend back down to earth. His hands reached around its gigantic rounded top, which, at over 50 inches in circumference, was far too big for him to wrap his arms around. Instead, both of his arms were latched firmly around the curve of her bicep peak, gripping it like a rock climber holding onto a rounded "sloper" hold. And as Avani sat back up straight, Aaron's feet dangled 20 inches off the ground.

"You made it!" she exclaimed warmly, her voice vibrating through his entire body.

"You helped me!" Aaron protested through a sheepish grin.

"I only gave you what you needed," she answered straight back, "You did most of the work, little guy."

Now that he was touching her again, Aaron felt an intense, earthy warmth permeate his body, almost like he was getting some kind of infusion straight through her muscle, through her warm skin. The feeling was profound, a kind of stark, vivid energy that was somehow also steady and controlled and pensive...like it had been slowly charging itself up over millions and millions of years to reach this exact point. Aaron would have felt overwhelmed, but he had come to so trust this amazon that he wasn't even afraid. Struggling to maintain his hold, with his feet dangling, he glanced over at her face, and his heart caught in his chest. Avani's eyes had turned red again, and they were looking once more up at the sky, towards the east, in the direction of the growing glow of silver on the horizon beyond the trees.

"Well..." she said, sighing wistfully, in a rare moment of emotion, "The time has come for me to leave you, Aaron."

"Leave!?" he exclaimed, still hanging from her bicep, which suddenly seemed like it was getting hotter. "You're going to leave me??"

"Oh yes," she said simply, lowering her eyes back down to him. They were burning red now, a deep, fiery, magma red. The effect was striking, and her burning eyes made her look even more beautiful and impressive than before. "The moon is rising, so I must be off. Another will have to lead you...the rest of the way."

"Another?" asked Aaron, growing suddenly afraid. Avani's eyes had suddenly flared when she had said that word, "another," almost like they were spitting fire, and her bicep had gotten so hot that Aaron tried to let go. But he found that his hands were stuck, and that he couldn't.

"Please," Aaron begged her, "Please don't leave me!" In their short time together, he had grown so fond of her directness and her gentle humor, and, of course, he had been transfixed by her body the moment he had seen it. He had never seen someone so strong, so steady, so sturdy and powerful, and now, the thought of her suddenly departing, to leave him in this strange park, all alone, was intolerable.

"I'll never really be gone, sweetie," Avani said, her voice suddenly stiff and wooden, "Just keep your feet...firmly on the ground...and I'll be there, supporting you."

The flaming, painful heat of her skin suddenly cooled, and Aaron watched in stunned amazement as the burning red of her eyes went out, like two candles suddenly extinguished. A group of birds...maybe crows, but deeper, throatier, more foreboding, abruptly squawked out a hoarse call from the tops of the trees, and Aaron looked up at the sky as a thin cloud passed away from in front of the moon. The whole park was now bathed in the quiet, reflected silver of the moon's light...soft, mysterious, and deathly silent.

Aaron turned to look at Avani again, but she wasn't there. In her place was a huge, thick, sturdy tree. Aaron blinked, incredulous, and saw that he was actually holding onto a large tree branch. He immediately let go, and he dropped down 20 inches to the grass. Taking a few steps back, he stared up at the tree, not quite believing what had just happened. Had Avani...just turned into this tree!? It was certainly shaped, in some vague sense, the exact way she had been sitting before. But the longer Aaron stared at the tree, the less it looked like her. An overwhelming sense of sadness welled up in him, threatening to crush his spirit. He missed her...he missed her so much already. But then he felt it: a deep, dull rumble beneath the earth, almost like there was something moving deep down below, something huge...something elemental.

Aaron turned to look back at where the giant pile of dirt had been steaming only minutes before, and saw that it had vanished, along with the big hole. Had he just imagined that it had been there? Or had it somehow been filled without him realizing? Once again, as with his encounter with Neera, Aaron found himself wondering if it had been real at all. But that deep rumbling beneath his feet, almost a mini-earthquake, had somehow lifted that crushing sadness off his chest and vaporized it, letting it flit away on the light breeze that had kicked up again.

The strange, throaty squawks sounded out again, coming from the treetops behind Aaron. He turned around, trying to see where the sounds were coming from. He could make out, high in the trees, some huge shapes of shrouded black. Giant crows? Vultures...? He didn't know. But all he did know was that it had suddenly gotten colder, and that, quite apart from Avani's departure, a strange, chilly fear was beginning to set in his chest. There was a path ahead of him, a path that he hadn't remembered being there before – it was a narrow, tree-lined path that led out of the clearing, lined with those same soft lamps. Aaron turned to look around. The clearing was completely abandoned. All the exercise equipment was gone, and a slow, cool mist was beginning to creep across the ground. His fear grew, and he felt like he needed to get

out of there as quickly as possible. The only way that didn't involve him plowing through the thick underbrush of the forest was down the lamp-lined path, so that's the way Aaron took.

As he walked, he did his best not to look up in the trees; he could feel the huge, birdlike shapes, high above in the branches, silently watching him. All around, the mist was growing, so much so that, looking back, Aaron couldn't even see the clearing he had just left. Shivering, he put his hands in his pockets and turned back around, only to find that his way forward was similarly shrouded in the same mist. He picked up his pace, jogging a little, hoping that he'd somehow emerge out of this unnatural fog into some kind of recognizable landmark. But the night seemed to deepen around him, and, as he rounded a bend in the path, he came upon a park bench that was just barely visible through the mist.

For a third time, the creatures squawked high above in the trees, a kind of retort, or warning...and Aaron turned around, quite scared of the sound now. The full moon was shining brightly down on him, and actually seemed to melt away the mist that had grown thick around him. Aaron took a deep breath, steadying himself, reassured by the quiet, silver light, and turned back around. His heart stopped.

The park bench wasn't empty anymore. Sitting in it now was the tallest, hugest woman he had ever seen. She was dressed in a long white gown that went all the way down to her ankles, gathered up in gossamer tatters around her bare feet. Her arms were bare from her mid-forearms down, and they were deathly pale, glistening like cold marble in the moonlight. Aaron could tell that she was huge from her sheer height, but also from the way that her gown was pulled especially tight around her hips, thighs, and breasts, and where her rear burgeoned out from where she sat. Avani had been huge...but nothing like this. This woman – for that's what she must have been – was at least 20 feet tall. But her long, jet-black hair, which spilled all the way down over her breasts and shoulders, completely hid her face.

How long Aaron stood there, he had no idea. This woman, this figure, filled him with such fear, such dread, that he hardly even dared to move a muscle. He was terrified that if he turned his back and fled, this...this thing...would chase him down and...do what to him? Capture him? Crush him?? Eat him!? He didn't even want to imagine what she would do to him. But then again, he couldn't stay like this forever, could he? The thought of getting any closer seemed out of the question. And so he kept standing there, scared stiff, not knowing what to do.

A long, thin finger, barbed at the end with a sharp black nail, suddenly issued forth from the woman's white gown. It pointed towards Aaron, turned upside down, and curved upward, slowly, silently. She was beckoning him to her. Aaron's heart was beating faster than it had all night, but he felt like he had to obey. He came closer and stopped. The finger continued to curve upward, and so he came a little closer, and a little closer...and still a little closer, until finally, her finger dropped back down into her lap. Aaron was standing directly before her, and it was only now that he realized that the park bench itself was far bigger than he had initially realized – the whole bench was over 20 feet long, the seat was almost a foot above his head,

and the backrest, which the Woman in White rose far above in her sitting position, was well over 9 feet tall.

But Aaron only subliminally noticed these things, because he was utterly focused on the woman's head...on the inscrutable black mass of hair that was poised there, slightly crooked, high above him. He could discern nothing whatsoever of her face...no eyes, no nose, no mouth...no nothing...only that silent black mass of long hair. Her huge, pale hands were folded in her lap above his head, and Aaron could see the contours of her forearms flexing and unflexing slightly as she squeezed her hands into each other, then relaxed them, then squeezed them again. She wasn't as curvy as Neera, or as muscular as Avani, but she was far, far bigger than either of them...effortlessly huge. And as Aaron continued to stare up at her, he saw that the long black strands of her hair were stirring, seemingly on their own accord, for there was no wind or breeze to flutter them. He thought he heard whispers all around, strange hallucinations of eager whispers, like they were from an invisible, onlooking gallery high above. But no sound came from the woman; she remained completely silent.

"I...I'm Aaron," he breathed out suddenly, hardly believing that he had the courage to speak to such an entity. The woman didn't move...didn't make a sound.

"I'm...I think...I think I met a couple of your sisters earlier," he continued. The whispers all around him stirred again, muttering formless things. But still, the woman said nothing. Aaron could feel the deadly chill icing through his heart, and he felt like he needed to keep talking, otherwise it would freeze over completely.

"I'm afraid of you," he blurted out, "I-I mean, I was kind of afraid of Neera at first too, and Avani...but they...I realized I didn't have anything to be afraid of. But I...fear you...more than any of the others. And I don't know why. Do you...do you think you could speak to me?"

He held a shaking hand out to the woman, hoping that she would answer him. But a few seconds later he was lowering his hand and putting it back in his pocket. The woman remained as still and silent as ever. The breeze suddenly kicked up again, fluttering the tatters of her lower dress around her bare white feet, which looked cold as ice. The whispers seemed to coalesce around him, and Aaron became intensely aware of the quiet strands of her black hair flapping in the breeze. He badly wanted to see her face, to be reassured, to at least know what was behind all that blackness...but it just seemed like a void into nothingness.

"Wh-What do you want with me!?" he cried, his voice rising into a desperate plea, "You...y-you told me to come over here! What do you want!?"

The deep-throated birds squawked a final time from the tops of the trees, with the breeze stirring up into a sudden gust. From the black depths of the void in the middle of her head, Aaron saw two eyes open – silver eyes, flashing eyes, cold, pitiless eyes, with pits deeper and blacker than the void around them. They illuminated, with an austere and terrifying majesty, the

curve of a sharp nose, and the grinning contour of a hidden mouth, which glinted wickedly in the moonlight. Teeth...sharp teeth...pressed together...preparing to open.

Aaron gasped out, utterly terrified, and, tripping back several halting steps, he turned and ran. He wasn't thinking about the danger of the Woman in White pursuing him, nor was he thinking about the eerie bird-like creatures watching him from high above in the trees. He just needed to run...and run...and RUN. He turned and saw that she had risen up from the park bench, towering a full 23 feet in the air, and was slowly floating towards him, the tips of her toes dragging along the cool dew of the soft grass. Aaron turned back to continue running, and then abruptly tripped over a tree root that hadn't been there a moment before. His face splashed down in a puddle...wait, a puddle!? That hadn't been there either! Aaron was gasping, breathing out hard, trying to regain his footing, but the next moment, looking down in the puddle, he saw the reflection of her...the Woman in White...peering down above him with those terrible eyes. The full moon was shining above her shoulder, and Aaron felt a wind whipping up around them both, chilling him to the bone. Her long, thin hand was reaching down, down towards him, her black claws flashing in the moonlight...and he felt, though he couldn't see it, that she was opening up a huge, gaping mouth from behind the jet-black spill of her hair.

He curled himself up in the fetal position, numb with fear, accepting his fate as he shut his eyes tightly.

And then, he felt his pocket vibrate. Aaron paused, his eyes still shut tight. What was that!? He didn't understand. And then, it buzzed again, and he realized it was his phone. His eyes shot open, and he sat up. The Woman in White was gone. The puddle was gone. The tree root he had tripped over was gone. He was sitting in the grass of the park, directly across the street from his apartment building, the windows dotted all around, pockets of warm, friendly light. The full moon was still out, though, and the stars were twinkling happily in the sky.

Breathless, hardly believing what was happening, Aaron dug into his pocket and pulled out his phone. Two texts from Courtney, the second sent directly after the first:

Hey there cutie – had a nice walk? ;)

This diary is funnnnn. Anyway, you can come on back now – the girls are all here, waiting for you!

