

Chapter 1

“Hey Emma!” said Monica, almost apologetically, peeked her head around the office door.

“Uh...yeah?” asked Emma, looking up from her work as she sat at her desk.

“Could you...haha, uh, help us with a little something?” asked Monica. “It’s the old coffeepot in the break room.”

“I...uh, I’m not really good with fixing stuff like that,” answered Emma, with a meek little smile as she brushed her short red hair out of her face.

“Haha, oh no, no, it’s nothing like that!” laughed Monica. “The new pot we got isn’t working, and Keith put the old one, like...way up on this shelf, and, uh...none of us can reach it.”

“Oh...ohhhhh!” said Emma, her face indicating her growing understanding as she blushed a little. “So you want me to try and reach it?”

“It’s just that...all the guys are out of the office right now, and...well, you’re the tallest girl here, so...yeah,” finished Monica, chuckling a little awkwardly.

“Sure...sure I’ll try and get it,” said Emma kindly, rising up from the desk and following Monica. It was definitely true, especially with the 2-inch platform heels she often wore to work, that she was the tallest woman in the office. At 5’8 in flats, Emma was certainly a taller-than-average woman. She wasn’t thrilled to be the “tall girl” at work, but that didn’t stop her wearing the heels. Anything less would have betrayed her insecurities, since it was so common for women to wear heels to work at Scheuster Marketing, the small business that Emma worked for.

A whoop came up from her female co-workers as Emma entered the break room. Stacy was there, along with Shelly and Lauren. None of them, including Monica, stood over 5’5.

“There she is!” laughed Stacy.

“Our amazon caffeine rescuer!” giggled Shelly.

“Haha, uh...ok, ok, guys,” said Emma good-naturedly, her cheeks coloring even further still. She really didn’t like being the center of attention in any situation, but when that attention involved her height, she was doubly embarrassed. It didn’t help that she was easily able to reach the coffeepot, and in less than five seconds she had brought it down to the countertop.

“Oooooo wow! Sooo tall! Haha, thanks Emma!” laughed Stacy.

“Hehe...anytime guys!” she replied, feeling like she couldn’t make her way out of the room quick enough.

Later on that day, she came home to her boyfriend Daniel, who worked from home for an IT tech company.

“Hi honey!” called Emma as she came in through the back door. There were a few moments of silence at first, and then Daniel finally answered.

“Uh, hi! Just a second, I’m finishing up this program real quick.”

Emma smiled to herself as she shed her purse, jacket, and heels, and walked up to Daniel’s work desk. As ever, he was intently focused on his computer screen, his eyes going back and forth through lines of data. Emma just stood there expectantly, enjoying the moment before their daily evening embrace. Now, more than usual, she wanted to feel her boyfriend envelop her.

“Haha, sorry about that, Emma,” said Daniel apologetically a minute later as he stood up from his chair. “Had to just get that taken care of.”

“No problem,” said Emma, smiling as she held out her arms to him. “Hold me.”

Daniel grinned as he walked over and embraced her. Emma leaned into the hug, closing her eyes in pleasure as she felt his larger, taller form wrap around her and squeeze her tightly. While Emma often felt larger than she wanted to in her 5’8, 135-pound frame (even though she was quite slender) whenever she was around Daniel, she felt wonderfully small. At 6’1, he was a full five inches taller than she was, and his medium-build 175-pound body was more than enough to compensate for her being taller than average.

“Had a nice day?” asked Daniel, pulling apart and smiling down at her.

“Eh...it was ok,” said Emma, shrugging her shoulders.

“Uh-oh...just ok?” said Daniel with a cock of his head. “What’s up?”

“It’s just...well, Monica asked for my help today...when the guys were out of the office and the other girls needed to get something off a tall shelf. They had to come to me.”

“So?” asked Daniel. “After all the guys, you’re the tallest one there, right?”

“Right,” said Emma. “But...it just made me feel...uh...”

“Helpful?” offered Daniel. “Come on, Emma. It sounds like you put your natural gifts to good use. No harm done!”

“I know, I know,” she said, feeling almost a little impatient with him for not understanding what she was trying to say. “It’s just that...well, sometimes I don’t like to be reminded how tall I am, is all.”

“Oh Emma, you shouldn’t worry about all that,” said Daniel dismissively. “In fact, it’s more likely that the other girls wish that they were taller, like you, so they wouldn’t have to ask for help getting things off high shelves, you know?”

“I guess...” said Emma doubtfully.

“Well anyway, like I said, don’t worry about it,” said Daniel waving his hand. “I got us take-out from El Camino tonight.”

“El Camino!” cried Emma, her face immediately brightening. “Awww honeyyyy!”

“Haha, I know that’s one of your favorites,” chuckled Daniel. “I ordered what we usually get — two chicken tacos, beans and rice for you, and a big ol’ verde burrito, bean and rice for me.”

“Mmmm oh my god I can’t waiiitt,” moaned Emma, feeling her stomach rumble. She suddenly realized that she was hungry...hungrier than she had ever remembered being.

And when the food came a bit later, Emma was surprised at how quickly she gobbled up her portion, licking the hot tomato sauce off her fingers as she watched Daniel finish up.

“Good grief!” laughed Daniel. “You totally inhaled those tacos! Glad I ordered before you got home!”

“Haha yeah,” said Emma. It was a little odd to realize, but she wasn’t quite...full yet. Normally, her favorite dish from El Camino was more than enough to satiate her, and sometimes she even had to put half a taco in a tupperware container for later. But tonight...well, tonight she had eaten it all...and she was still hungry.

Later that night, as they were getting ready for bed, the gnawing hunger in her stomach became so pronounced that Emma actually had to sneak back out to the kitchen and help herself to a few slices of cold ham and a hunk of cheese from the fridge, finishing it off with a big swig of milk. It wasn’t like her, to have this kind of an appetite, but she simply had to do something to stave off the nagging pit in her stomach.

Over the next few days, Emma started noticing that everything seemed to feel a bit...off. Her clothes had begun to feel a bit strange...almost...Emma didn’t want to think it...almost tight. And her appetite, which had seemed noticeably pronounced on the El Camino night, didn’t go away. She found herself packing extra snacks into her purse, and eating larger portions at dinner. Still, it wasn’t anything too noticeable, and she brushed it all off, chalking it down to the fact that she was in the tail end of her period. Surely that explained it...surely.

But once her period was gone, things didn’t change — in fact, they became more pronounced. Her clothes continued to feel strange...yes, there was no denying it now. They were definitely tighter. She began to notice that it was becoming more and more difficult to put her shoes on every morning. In puzzled frustration, she checked the label inside...yep, still a 9 W...

“Having trouble, honey?” asked Daniel.

“Uhh...no, no, just...this shoe is smaller than I remember.”

“Hmmm, well you could always try on my 11 Men’s if your feet are still growing!”

“Oh my god, haha, would you stop it?”

The jokes aside, though, Emma was beginning to slowly realize that something was up. She noticed one day that Keith, her co-worker, was shorter than she remembered...and this was on a day that she had chosen to wear flats. She knew that Keith was an inch taller than her, but, as they stood next to each other in the break room, she couldn't help but feel like he wasn't any taller than her. She felt a wave of unpleasant anxiety, but she brushed it off, dismissing it as nothing more than some kind of weird irrational fear.

But there was nothing irrational about the shock she had when, one night, as Daniel was reading in bed, she stepped on the weight scale in their bathroom. The blue numbers garbled themselves up for a moment, and then settled on the empirical truth: 143.2.

'What!?' she thought to herself, and for a few moments she just stood there on the scale, panicking. But she closed her eyes, shook her head, and stepped off. She was not going to play this game that so many other women played...the inexorable tug-of-war with the scale... she just wasn't going to do it. She had been eating a little more...she had been a little more stressed at work...things were feeling a bit off...and that was it! There wasn't any more to it.

She slid into bed next to Daniel and he reached over and gently grabbed her butt, massaging it lovingly.

"Mmmm, babe, you're feeling nice down there," he said in a low voice.

"Haha thanksssss," she said, feeling warm pleasure wash over her. So what if she had gotten a little bigger? Daniel liked it.

"I can't wait to go out together tomorrow," he continued.

"Me too," she whispered, kissing him softly on the cheek. "Four years is a long time."

"The best four years of my life so far," he replied tenderly. "And an anniversary dinner at the Ritz is the best way to celebrate, don't you think?"

"Oh yesssss," she breathed as she snuggled herself up to him. For the moment, it was easy to forget any weirdness that was going on with her body.

But the following night, there was no denying what had been chewing at her mind for the past week or so: she had chosen to wear her fancy 5-inch heels out to the Ritz, and it was plainly obvious to her that, in the heels, she was actually a little bit taller than her boyfriend. She had pointed it out to him as they waited for an Uber to come pick them up, but Daniel had brushed it all off.

"There you go, honey...worrying about your height again," he said with a flippant smile. "Look, you're wearing heels, and I'm wearing flats. Of course you're gonna feel a little taller."

"No, but...but you're not getting it," she said, trying to stay easy with him, "I've worn these heels before, and I've never been taller than you in them! Maybe the same height but not taller!"

“Emma,” said Daniel, smiling at her as he took her hands in his, “Maybe we were standing on different-level ground or something. There are all kinds of reasonable ways to explain this. But, like, what? Are you saying you’re getting taller?”

“I...I don’t know!” said Emma helplessly. “I mean, I’m getting heavier, aren’t I?”

“I’ve noticed a little extra weight,” grinned Daniel as he looked approvingly at her hips, “And I think it’s super hot...but growing height-wise? Come on, Emma — we both know that doesn’t happen at our ages. So just...relax and have a nice time tonight, ok?”

“O-ok,” she said, blushing as she forced a smile. She felt stupid for even making any kind of deal out of what was bothering her internally. And she did have a nice time at the restaurant, which was a lavish, almost over-the-top experience that had her and Daniel grinning at each other from across the white-clothed table, like they were almost embarrassed to be treated to such opulence. For all intents and purposes, it was a lovely anniversary dinner.

But even still, internally-speaking, Emma could not keep her anxiety under control. She smiled and laughed and joked and blushed, all genuinely, but inside, she was beginning to notice how things were “off” more and more. To begin with, her appetite just seemed to have kept increasing. She found herself forcing herself to eat the courses more slowly, so that Daniel wouldn’t notice how hungry she was. Her nice dress, which she had last worn at a Christmas party months before, was feeling uncomfortably tight. And her heels, well...as soon as they were sat at the restaurant, Emma had taken advantage of the floor-length white tablecloth and quietly kicked her heels off, feeling a rush of relief as she flexed her toes under the table. There was no doubt that the heels had become too small for her feet.

That night, after they got home, and after Daniel had fallen asleep (which he did every night within five minutes of his head hitting the pillow), Emma slid out of bed and crept into the bathroom. She stepped on the scale...148.7. She suddenly felt sick to her stomach. What was happening to her!? She had gained more than 10 pounds...verging on 15...in less than a week! Taking care to move quietly, she snuck out of the master bedroom area and into the pantry. She turned on the light and looked up at the top shelf, where Daniel kept his toolbox. Unsurprisingly at his point, Emma found that she was able to reach the toolbox by standing on her tiptoes — she didn’t even need the stepladder like she used to. She took out the long, metallic measuring tape, fumbling with it clumsily for a moment. It made a loud, silvery clanging sound, and Emma paused a moment, her heart beating madly, as she listened for signs of Daniel waking up. She certainly didn’t want him to find her in here like this, measuring herself in the middle of the night like a crazy person. Thankfully, he was a deep sleeper, and hadn’t seemed to have heard.

She stood up against the doorway, standing as straight as she could as she measured herself. She put her finger where she felt the top of her head was against the measuring tape, and stood back to look at it, with her heart hammering away in her chest.

69 inches...no...a little more...like 69.25 or so....that was...that was just over 5’9! Emma’s anxiety deepened, and her heart didn’t slow down. She was...growing!? She was actually getting taller!?! Emma hurriedly put the tape measure away and clutched her chest, as she felt the blood rushing through her ears. It felt like her throat was starting to close up. She backed into the pantry door, leaning heavily against it, as she closed her eyes and hummed to herself,

silently willing her mind and body away from an impending panic attack. After a few minutes of quiet breathing exercises, she felt herself come away from the brink.

It was stupid...of course she wasn't getting taller. Sure, maybe she was gaining some weight, but that was only natural for women as they got a little older, right? All of this was natural, surely...and of course her height measurement had been off. Come on, a tape measure and a doorway? She suddenly got the idea to make an appointment with Dr. Hartman. Yes! Of course! That was it! That was the way to go...he could weigh and measure her officially, and do some tests, and just...make sure that everything was ok. It was for her peace of mind, more than anything. Emma felt reassured as she turned off the pantry light and crept back into bed, feeling almost proud of herself for not giving in to her anxiety.

The next morning, she made an appointment with Dr. Hartman, and a day and a half later, she was in his office. During the day and half that had elapsed, Emma had tried her best to ignore everything that she had been noticing before — her increased height and weight, her increased appetite, the tightness of her clothes and shoes...everything. Dr. Hartman would put all this right — he would tell her what was going on.

"Ok, so, it looks like you're 153.1 pounds," said Dr. Hartman, typing the number into his computer database.

"And that's like...almost 20 pounds more than I weighed a week and a half ago," said Emma, doing her best to keep her voice normal.

"Hmmm, and you've had unexplained increased appetite?" asked Dr. Hartman.

"Yes."

"Well, that clearly explains the weight gain...and your blood pressure was normal...you certainly don't look like you're accumulating fat. Let's check your height."

A few moments later, Dr. Hartman was clicking his tongue.

"What? What is it? What does it say?" asked Emma, knowing that she was giving her anxiety away.

"Now here's what's quite interesting," said Dr. Hartman, looking at her from behind his glasses. "I'm measuring you right now at just a tad over 5'10, two inches taller than you were last year."

"See! See that's what I'm talking about!" exclaimed Emma. "I'm 28 years old! Women don't just...start getting taller randomly, do they??"

"Not generally, no they do not," said Dr. Hartman, eying her curiously. He was looking at her face closely, and then, without speaking, he took her hands in his and examined them.

"What are you checking for?" asked Emma, trying and failing to sound easy and natural.

"Hmmm, it's just...very curious...verrry curious indeed," said Dr. Hartman, turning back to his computer and typing out some notes. "There's a condition called 'acromegaly,' which is a

hormonal disorder that can develop if your pituitary gland starts producing excess growth hormone. It's extremely rare, with less than 20,000 cases a year, but...those who have it do experience sudden and rapid growth. But I don't think you have it, Emma."

"Y-you don't? Why not?"

"Well, acromegaly presents with abnormal enlargement of the face, hands, and feet."

"Yes! Feet! My feet have been growing! My shoes have been too tight!" exclaimed Emma quickly.

"Yes, but you see...all of your growth looks proportional, Emma. Maybe your feet and hands have gotten bigger, but it's not in disproportion to the rest of your body. That's not how acromegaly presents."

Emma was silent for a moment, and Dr. Hartman laughed a little.

"That's good news, Emma!" he said, smiling. "It means you don't have a serious hormonal disorder!"

"Yeah but...but what do I have?" asked Emma. She wasn't at all satisfied not knowing.

"Well, I'm not sure — let's run some blood tests and see what we find. Try not to worry too much, ok Emma? Despite your interesting new growth, everything else seems to be in order."

Emma tried to heed her doctor's advice for the next few days, since she knew that her anxiety could become debilitating if she allowed it to fester. It was hard to follow the advice, however, because almost everywhere she turned, she was noticing how different everything was becoming. To begin with, her clothes were becoming so tight and uncomfortable that she was seriously considering the prospect of going out to buy new ones. She hated even thinking about this, because it meant actually admitting that she was, in fact, growing, but what choice did she have? The waistband to her work pants had become unpleasantly tight, and was pressing deeply into her flesh. Her legs had gotten longer, to the point where there was actually a little bit of ankle showing when she stood up straight. Emma had unhappily noticed Stacy and Monica glancing down at her exposed ankles when they were standing together in the break room. Neither of them said anything, but Emma knew that they had noticed and were silently asking questions. And her feet...her poor feet...Emma knew that she was going to have to get new shoes, and sooner rather than later. She comforted herself briefly by wearing some one-inch heels from the back of her closet that had been a Christmas gift years ago, which she hadn't wanted to return, but that she had never worn because they had been too big. This idea worked for a couple days, but even then, she felt her feet beginning to press uncomfortably up on the shoes' sides. Her feet were outgrowing them too!

Her relationship with Daniel was not unchanged by these new developments, and Emma felt guilty even admitting that to herself. Daniel hadn't seemed at all affected by it, and he made it a point to calmly reassure her whenever she brought up her anxiety surrounding her new growth. But for Emma, things had changed. Approaching Daniel in height and weight had injected a whole flurry of new and disorienting feelings into her brain. When she went to work in the mornings, she noticed that, in her one-inch heels, she was only two inches shorter than her

boyfriend. This man, who a couple weeks ago had seemed so much taller and larger than her, now seemed almost...ordinary compared to her.

'No, no, not "ordinary"...that's not the right word,' thought Emma as she drove herself to work after kissing him goodbye. She had barely even had to avert her head up to kiss him. And, of course, she had been forced to pull the car seat back a little again as she got into her car.

'Not "ordinary," just...just...not as big as he seemed before....not as...big around me.' She thought about them hugging, and about how he had used to just swallow her up in his arms. Now, their hugs almost seemed to be experienced on an even footing. And she didn't like it... she didn't like it at all.

'He's not as comforting when he's not as big,' thought Emma, but then she brutally chastised herself internally for even thinking such a thing.

'Daniel isn't the problem! There's nothing wrong with him!' she told herself viciously. 'You're the one who's growing...you're the one who's turning into a freak!'

But she tried to calm herself down, reminding herself that self-loathing was not the path out of this mess. But even if Emma was doing an adequate job keeping her self-loathing to a minimum, it didn't stop the unavoidable feelings of awkwardness as she continued to grow. Awkwardness at work was one thing — she was used to feeling awkward and shy at work. But awkwardness at home, around Daniel, well, that was something else entirely. Two days later, she came home from work, a little sullen at receiving her test results earlier in the day from Dr. Hartman.

"You ok?" asked Daniel, immediately sensing that something was wrong.

"Got the test results back today," mumbled Emma irritably. "Inconclusive. I scheduled another appointment for tomorrow."

"Well? That's not really so bad, is it?" offered Daniel kindly. "At least you don't have something that isn't good!"

"What? No, Daniel, it is bad!" blurted out Emma in frustration, tossing her purse onto the counter as she walked up to him. "I wanna know what's going on with me. this whole "not knowing" business is really...starting to..."

But Emma trailed off, because, as she got closer to Daniel, it was becoming clear that the height gap between them had become...very small. Emma stopped talking altogether and looked down. Daniel was in his usual white socks, and she was in her one-inch heels...but they looked...almost exactly the same height. Emma's brow furrowed a little as she looked up and down her own body, and then at Daniel's. She just couldn't understand how all this could be happening. They were, like...almost exactly the same size. She had kept putting on the pounds as she had gotten taller, and her thighs had thickened, her hips had become wider, and her ass, which had never really been small, was now more than noticeable. She had even developed an obvious cleavage which had not been there before.

For a split second, Emma felt a hot flash of something wash over her as she compared her body to her boyfriend's...what was it? What was that feeling? It was something strange, something she had never felt before, a little spasm of something hot, something fiery. Emma didn't realize it, but in that moment, she had felt a searing stab of sexiness — she had actually liked her new proportions in relation to Daniel. She had felt big...sexy...powerful.

But it all passed in a flash, and a moment later she was back to feeling her customary anxiety-bordering-on-misery that surrounded her increasing size.

"H-heyyy babe," chuckled Daniel a little awkwardly as he caught her eye. He too was noticing their closeness in size, in a new way. He had been brushing it off for a while, but now, as Emma stood in front of him, it was very hard to ignore.

"Hey," she returned, also awkwardly. "Uhh...y-yeah..."

"Ummmm," replied Daniel, his eyes going over her body as he tried to think of something to say.

Emma suddenly sighed and put her hands on her hips. "Look at me, Daniel!" she complained miserably. "I'm...I'm huge! I'm almost as big as you! I mean...actually...I bet I weigh almost what you weigh right now!"

"Haha, I, uh...I don't think, uh...n-no you don't!" he laughed nervously, trying to play it all off.

"Come on," said Emma suddenly, taking him by the hand (in a hand that seemed almost as large as his) as she pulled him toward the bathroom. "Let's see."

Chapter 2

Emma's one-inch heels clacked against the tile of their bathroom as she pulled her boyfriend in. Daniel had attempted a kind of halfhearted, chuckling protest as she tugged him along, masking his surprise at how strong she had become.

"Haha...come on Emma...hehe, this is silly!"

"It's not silly," Emma immediately countered, without even turning around. "I wanna show you that this is serious. I'm, like...totally getting bigger, and no one knows why."

"I...uh, Emma...hehe easy there...I now it's, umm...serious and all, but I feel like you're getting yourself all worked up for, uh...you're just stressing yourself out."

He had been about to say "all worked up for no good reason," but he thought better of it. He didn't want to antagonize his already-distressed partner. Although, and here Daniel felt a little twinge of guilt for this thought, he could not fail to notice how Emma's ass was bouncing up and down in front of him as she walked. She definitely looked...well...totally hot. She had been hot before, but now, her added weight had really accentuated her curves, to the point where Daniel actually had to shake his head a few times to bring himself back into their current situation.

"Well, I don't need any help getting stressed," said Emma irritably as they reached the bathroom. "My body's doing a fabulous job of doing that all by itself." She bent down to take off her heels. "Ok, you first."

Daniel glanced down at the scale, shrugged his shoulders, and stepped on. The blue numbers mixed themselves up in a fast array, and then, a couple seconds later, it presented the result: 173.6.

"Huh, guess I lost a pound or so," said Daniel airily. "Oh well — I hover around 175... sometimes lower, sometimes higher."

"Ok, now me," said Emma, shooing him off the scale as she stepped on in her bare feet. She was being a little more bossy than usual, but whenever Emma got irritated, her behavior generally followed suit in this way. Daniel looked down at the garbling numbers with a bemused look on his face. He thought all of this was a bit silly, a bit of an overreaction on Emma's part. Emma, on the other hand, was clearly not enjoying herself. She kept her head down, staring intently at the garbling scale numbers with a look of determined anxiety. She was anxious, yes...but she was also determined to show Daniel that there was something truly wrong with her.

Daniel looked up to Emma's face, blinking a couple times as he regarded her. She sure was beautiful...he would try harder to help her calm down. However, just then, he saw her eyebrows go up as her eyes went wide. She took a sharp breath in through her mouth and thrust her arm down, pointing at the number.

"See!?" she said forcefully. "Look at that!"

Daniel inclined his head downward and looked...167.5. He felt something lurch in his stomach as his eyebrows also went up, but he maintained a cool disposition as he straightened up again to look at her.

"Uhh...yeahhh....so, uh — " was all he could manage to get out before Emma interrupted him.

"I was right!" she exclaimed miserably. "I'm almost as heavy as you now! You don't even weigh ten pounds more than me!"

"Look, Emma...honey," said Daniel gently, coming around behind her and embracing her as she stepped unhappily off the scale. "You have that doctor's appointment tomorrow. Maybe...uh... maybe they'll be able to clear some things up with you then."

"But he didn't know anything about it last time," said Emma as she fought back the urge to cry. "What if they still don't know, Daniel? And what if I just...keep growing and growing and growing!?"

"Come on baby," persisted Daniel, hugging her tighter from behind. He was doing his best to ignore the arousal inspired by feeling the firm plushness of his girlfriend's newly-accentuated curves. 'Now is not the time to be horny,' he told himself. He was also trying to ignore how Emma had to only be two inches shorter than him.

"You're not just, uh...gonna keep growing and growing. That doesn't happen to people."

Emma turned around in the embrace to face him, her eyes glassy as her mouth quivered a little. She was scared...and she missed Daniel's overwhelming embrace more than anything now. She missed feeling small in his arms.

"Th-this...THIS doesn't happen to people!" she replied, gesturing down to her body.

"Just...Emma...you gotta put your faith in the doctor, ok? And in the meantime, totally stressing yourself out can't help. The body responds badly to, uh...to chronic stress, you know."

"I know...I know," said Emma, nodding gloomily. Daniel saw his chance at latching onto this slight bit of momentum, and kept on.

"And Emma...and I know you probably don't wanna hear this, but...you look fucking incredible. I mean, of course, I thought you did before, but babe! I mean come on! Look at your ass! Look at your hips...your breasts!"

"Yeah...all so much bigger than I used to be," pouted Emma in his arms.

"Well, just know that, haha, honey...a lot of girls would totally kill to have a body like yours right now."

"You're just...you're just being sweet," said Emma dismissively, looking away from him and down at the floor.

"I am not!" laughed Daniel, shaking his girlfriend affectionately. "I'm telling it like it is!"

Just then, a slow, deep rumbling came up from somewhere. It only took Daniel a second to realize where it had come from — Emma's stomach. She looked slightly up at him, with a mixture of apology, embarrassment, and unhappiness. Daniel, however, laughed.

"Haha, you hungry there?"

Emma's mouth went up a little at the corners, responding to Daniel's mirth with a little smile of her own. He really was sweet to her. 'He's just doing his best in a tough situation,' Emma reminded herself. And even though she felt emotionally upended right now, she would try her best and put on a happy, straight face.

"Yes," she mumbled softly, bending down to lay her head on his chest.

"Well then, let's order in again!" said Daniel brightly. "Let's have a little fun with it! How about some pizza from Angelo's? That sound like a good choice?"

"Pizza sounds good," murmured Emma into his chest. She really was very hungry. And even though she truly disliked her new appetite, there wasn't much that she could do about it right now. She had to satisfy it.

That night, for the first time, Emma actually out-ate Daniel. They were watching Netflix together on the sofa, and Daniel was considerate enough not to point it out, but he had definitely noticed that he had eaten three pieces of pizza, and Emma had eaten four. Emma had decided that she wasn't going to tie herself up in knots about how much she ate tonight, and so, after she had polished off her third slice, she had made no ceremony about reaching into the box for her fourth. Emma had to admit that it felt good to satisfy that gnawing hunger in the pit of her stomach, even if it meant that she was gaining more weight.

The next day, Emma went back to the doctor's office. Dr. Hartman greeted her, and did a short little scan of her body as he walked into the room.

"So...we're still growing, are we?" he asked with a smile on his face, trying to keep everything casual.

"I'm pretty sure, yeah," said Emma, folding her hands nervously in her enlarged lap. "My appetite's been, uh...I mean I've just been eating a lot lately."

"Mmmm, ok, ok," said Dr. Hartman analytically, "How about we get some actual measurements now, huh?"

A few seconds later, his eyebrows had gone up.

"Well that is something...that is definitely something," he muttered. "You're a full six feet tall now, Emma."

"I...uh..." stammered Emma, feeling the bottom go out of her stomach.

“Take it easy, take it easy...no worries, Emma. Deep breaths in and out,” said Dr. Hartman soothingly. “Let’s get your weight here...uh-huh...ok, just adjusting this scale here...aaaaaanddd...it looks like...176.”

Emma stared straight ahead at the white wall, feeling her mind go blank. She was bigger than Daniel now. She weighed more...than her boyfriend. She blinked her eyes desperately at the wall, unable to say anything in response. Dr. Hartman was clicking his tongue as he typed on his computer.

“Quite curious...hmmmm, very unusual,” he was saying, almost to himself.

“D-does...what does this mean?” asked Emma in a shaky voice, turning around to face him.

“Well...before I say anything, let’s get your vitals, and just...make sure everything’s working the way it should,” said the doctor. “Your blood work didn’t show any illnesses or abnormalities, so we don’t have to worry about that.”

For the next several minutes, Dr. Hartman examined Emma carefully — he took her blood pressure, listened to her heart and lungs, looked in her throat, nose, and ears, and even tested her reflexes.

“Well — everything seemed to be in good order!” he announced at the end of his examination. “You’re healthy, Emma...totally healthy. The only thing out of wack is your, uh, your abnormal growth.”

“And you’re sure the blood tests didn’t find anything?” asked Emma desperately, feeling a real need to find something to latch onto. “Nothing at all?”

“Nope, nothing!” said the doctor. “Like I said, Emma — you’re totally healthy.”

“B-but...but isn’t...isn’t all this just crazy!?” exclaimed Emma, throwing up her hands. “I’m getting taller and bigger, and nothing explains it!?”

Dr. Hartman looked at Emma steadily for a moment, studying her face. Emma was not encouraged by the air of befuddlement in the doctor’s demeanor.

“You know what? How about this?” he said suddenly. “I can send your lab samples out to a different lab...one with even more testing capability. We’ll run a more intensive series of tests on your samples, and maybe we’ll find something then.”

“O-ok...that...that sounds good,” said Emma, nodding her head. It wasn’t the immediate answer that she wanted, but at least it was something...perhaps an answer to look forward to.

The rest of the day passed by slower than Emma wanted. Her co-workers, both men and women, were acting awkward around her. Monica, Stacy, and Shelly all looked at her with concern, and told her that they hoped she was ok, and that they were thinking about her — the whole social shebang — but Emma knew that they were whispering about her behind her back. It didn’t help that she felt absolutely huge around them now. She had been the “tall one” initially,

but now, she was taller than a lot of the men in the office as well. She could tell that a lot of the guys, Keith in particular, were eying her body more than they had been before.

‘I guess Daniel was right about that,’ she thought to herself. ‘I guess I’m...hotter now.’

A few times during the day, she caught herself just staring down at her body: into her cleavage, along the curving sway of her hips, and so on. She hated how big she was getting, she really did...and yet...well, there wasn’t any getting around the fact that the guys in the office were totally noticing her now. Emma couldn’t have cared a flip about them — she only cared what Daniel thought. But she would have been lying to herself if she said that there wasn’t a tiny little part of her internal self that...enjoyed the attention. Towards the end of the day, she and Keith were walking through the same doorway going opposite directions, and as Keith passed by, she actually saw his eyes get bigger as he passed close by her body. He couldn’t help but look at her cleavage, and then down to her legs. Even without her one-inch heels, Emma was a full three inches taller than him now, and as she glanced down to witness his surprised, almost-helpless expression, she felt a strange surge of pleasure emanate from her spine. In that moment, Emma was actually aware, for the first time, of feeling...powerful in her new body. She didn’t have to do or say anything. She only had to exist, and her body would command attention and influence.

She gave Keith a slight smile as she passed by, and then spent the next few minutes puzzlingly going through a number of confused emotions. She liked the feeling of being taller than Keith... and bigger than him too. But this didn’t make any sense — she wasn’t happy about what was going on with her body! She wasn’t happy about it at all! She was dreading going home to Daniel, when she would have to tell him that she was now bigger than he was, if not taller. And she would be taller than him pretty soon, with the way all this was going.

‘No, no, this is not good, what’s happening to me,’ Emma reminded herself insistently. ‘Yeah, sure, now I can turn on all the guys at work. Great. Awesome. It’s all I ever wanted.’

She quickly talked herself back down into her hole of misery, and she was still in this mood when she got home. As usual, Daniel stood up from his computer chair to greet her in his socked feet, but this time, with Emma in her one-inch heels, they were exactly the same height. They hugged, and kept the embrace going for longer than usual, as if they were both reassuring each other. It was Daniel, however, who was doing the majority of the reassuring the rest of the night.

“So they’re sending your samples to another lab?” asked Daniel over dinner. “Well that’s good! Maybe they’ll find something.”

“Yeah maybe they will,” said Emma, trying to put a bright face on the whole thing. Everything that happened, though, seemed to underline what was going on. She finished her first portion of spaghetti in under five minutes, and was already halfway through her second portion when Daniel finished his. He sat back and rubbed his stomach, sighing contentedly.

“Aren’t you, uh...aren’t you gonna get more?” asked Emma.

“No, I think I’m pretty full already,” replied Daniel. “That sauce is pretty rich.”

“Uh, yeah,” said Emma, looking down at her half-eaten second bowl. She suddenly felt irritated at her boyfriend — why couldn’t he just eat more, so she wouldn’t feel like such a pig?

“But don’t worry Emma — you just, haha...you just have as much as you want!” said Daniel kindly, though he was reddening slightly in the face. He didn’t want to embarrass her, but he was finding this whole situation to be quite difficult to tiptoe around.

“I...thanks,” mumbled Emma. She wasn’t quite sure if she had managed to keep the annoyance out of her voice or not.

“So...how is everyone at work?” asked Daniel, trying to make light conversation.

“How is everyone?” asked Emma, looking up at her boyfriend, annoyed. “What do you mean?”

“I just...I mean, like, how is everyone handling...you know...this?” Daniel was privately kicking himself for asking, but it was just very hard to talk about anything else. Emma’s increased size had become the number one topic of conversation, the number one “mood establisher.” And, for Emma at least, it was a sour mood.

She sighed and closed her eyes tightly for a moment. She was not going to take this out on him. He was being nice...he was normal...she always had to remember, through this whole thing, that she was the freak.

“You know, actually,” she said, opening her eyes and making an effort to smile, “I think you were right about, like...people thinking my body’s hot.”

“Duh!” laughed Daniel, inwardly breathing a sigh of relief. “What did I tell you? So, like...hehe, the other guys in the office are...?”

“Oh don’t worry about them,” chuckled Emma. “You know that I don’t really find any of them attractive...well, Steve, maybe, but...”

“Hey!” protested Daniel, cracking a grin.

“But anyway,” continued Emma, smiling back, “Yeah, you were right. I could feel them all looking at me, like, in a way that hadn’t before. And the girls too.”

“Well, if any of those dudes, or girls, for that matter, think they can just flirt with you, then they better — ”

“Oh my god, you’re too much!” laughed Emma at Daniel’s mock displays of macho resolve. She was glad to have a boyfriend who could make her laugh, even when she was suffering from a heightened state of anxiety.

Later on that night, Emma was having trouble sleeping, and, as usual, Daniel had fallen asleep almost instantly. She figured that, if she was going to be up, that she may as well get ahead on some of her work for tomorrow. She realized that she had left a folder of documents out in the car, and so she bumbled around a little in the dark closet, pulling on her tennis shoes. She didn’t want to turn the light on, since Daniel sometimes woke up in response. She went out to

the car, got the folder, and came back inside. Only when she switched the kitchen light on did she realize that she had mistakenly put on Daniel's tennis shoes instead of her own — and they fit her perfectly. She sighed out into the house, her shoulders slumping; she suddenly didn't have any drive to get work done. She took a sleeping pill and fell into an uneasy slumber.

The next couple days continued to be hard for Emma. She was eating more and more, and she knew that she was getting bigger...and taller. Her one-inch heels had gotten too small for her, so she had taken to wearing a pair of Daniel's flats. She hated that she had to do this, but the alternative was going out to shop for new shoes, which was something Emma definitely didn't want to do — it would have meant full-on admitting that this was her life now.

Two days later, when she came home from work, Daniel rose to greet her, and, after hugging, Emma pulled away and found herself looking straight into her boyfriend's eyes. They were the same height. Daniel blinked and smiled a little awkwardly, laughing a little and going on to talk about something unrelated. But Emma could feel the dread of the moment slowly sinking into her for the remainder of the night. Hours later, when Daniel was asleep, she couldn't help herself. She snuck out again to the pantry, turned the light on, easily fetched the tape measure from the top shelf, and measured herself against the doorframe.

'Maybe I'm not quite his height yet,' she thought desperately. 'Maybe I'm like a quarter inch shorter...maybe...please...'

She took a step back and looked at where she had marked the top of her head, and her heart sank. Right at 73 inches...no more, no less.

It was difficult for Emma to get to sleep after this most recent disappointment. She reached over and cuddled Daniel, but he felt small. She turned around, despondent, and eventually fell asleep.

A couple days later, Emma went to the doctor again, with Daniel accompanying her this time for moral support. She knew that, in the last two days, that she had grown taller than her boyfriend, but she wasn't sure by how much. The appointment was less than satisfying for Emma, as Dr. Hartman told them that the results had come back and that they still didn't know what was causing her to grow. Daniel reached down and held Emma's hand as they heard the news. Emma appreciated the gesture, but she couldn't help but notice that Daniel's hand felt small in her own. She looked down at their hands, and then quickly looked away, since the size difference was clear at a glance. It also didn't help that Emma was now taller than Dr. Hartman, who seemed to be completely befuddled as to what was happening. He measured Emma's vitals again, which were all normal, and then he measured her height and weight. She was 6'2, 184, and Emma was not able to refrain from bursting out at these new measurements:

"Dr. Hartman! This is terrible! You all have to do something about this!!"

"Now Emma," said the doctor kindly, "We don't know what's happening with you, but I'm sure that this won't go on for much longer."

"You...you think so?" asked Emma, looking over at Daniel.

“Absolutely,” nodded Dr. Hartman. “Your growth is highly irregular, and I don’t expect it’ll go on much more. Just...remember that you’re healthy, keep exercising and eating well, and, uh...you should be ok!”

The doctor’s answer didn’t seem like enough for Emma, but what could she do about it? The car ride home was miserable and nearly silent. Daniel had tried to cheer her up, but Emma was feeling very low and depressed about the whole situation. She hadn’t asked for this...she knew not to say it out loud, but she missed feeling Daniel hugging the air out of her lungs. She missed looking up at him...she missed it all so much.

The next day, a package came in the mail, marked for speedy delivery.

“Promise you won’t get mad?” smiled Daniel, looking up at Emma as she held the box.

“Uh...promise,” she said uncertainly. She opened the box, and her eyes went wide as she inhaled in surprise. A pair of spiffy-looking black platform heels were staring back at her. In that moment, Emma felt a complex mixture of emotions. Her first thought was that the heels looked amazingly sexy, and she felt a wave of something go through her...was it...arousal!? She wanted to put them on immediately. But almost simultaneously, she remembered how much she hated being big and tall already, and this would just...exacerbate it all. She felt herself being pulled in both directions.

“B-but...But Daniel...!” she began, not sure what she was going to say, but he interrupted.

“Now I know that you’ve been down about this whole growing thing,” he said, “But I just wanted to get you something to show how much I, uh...how much I don’t care about any of that, and how lucky I feel to have you, so...yeah...these heels are like my way of saying, ‘Just go with it!’ Haha, you’re not mad, are you?”

“Ohhh Daniel!” cried Emma emotionally, swooping over and embracing him emotionally. As they hugged, Emma was able to forget how big her body felt around his, if only for a moment.

“No! No I’m not mad!” she said, sniffing a little with emotion. “You’re just...you’re so sweet, Daniel. Of...of course I’ll wear them!”

“To your office party tomorrow?” offered Daniel, smiling up at her.

“I...” said Emma, pausing a moment. She found herself suddenly wishing that she hadn’t agreed to wear them, but something in her mind told her to just suck it up and run with it.

“Yes,” she said, blinking down at him. “Yes, that...that sounds nice.”

A few seconds of silence passed between them as they both stared at the stylish black heels, which glinted back at them, almost seeming to wink.

“Well...” said Daniel, breaking the silence as his eyebrows went up. “You wanna try em’ on?”

“Uh...like, right now?” asked Emma uncertainly.

“Haha, yes, right now!” laughed Daniel. “I wanna see if they actually fit right and everything, you know.”

“Um, yeah, sure...ok,” said Emma. Her face was already starting to color as she anticipated the dramatic height change. She lifted them out of the box. “How, uh...how tall are these?”

“Four inches,” said Daniel, nodding his head.

“F-four!? So, like...I’m just...gonna be 6’6 here in a couple seconds,” said Emma. She was feeling quite reluctant to go through with this all of a sudden. 6’6!? That sounded absolutely gigantic!

“Yeah, go ahead, try them on, Emma — don’t be so shy about it,” said Daniel encouragingly.

She bent down and took her shoes off, sat down on the floor, and strapped on the heels. Emma liked how they hugged her ankles and lower legs, but she looked with trepidation upon the imposing size of the actual heel.

“You need me to help you up?” asked Daniel. “Here, take my hands.”

Emma gladly accepted the offer, but the end result was that she nearly pulled Daniel down off top of her. They had both underestimated her strength, and Daniel stumbled forward a bit, laughing.

“Haha! Oh wow, woah, woah! I need to get a little better foothold. Haha, ok there — ready? One, two, three, up!”

With her boyfriend’s help, Emma stood up. Her perspective had changed so much that, for a second, she wasn’t even able to register what she was looking at. And then, like a flash of lightning through her brain, she realized: she was staring DOWN onto the top of Daniel’s head, which didn’t even come up to her eyes! Emma’s eyes went wide and she took a little step back, looking up and down her boyfriend’s body. He just looked so...well, short compared to her now! His shoulders were even with her nipples, and the curve of her hips was as high as his elbows. She saw that his eyes were looking straight into the bottom part of her chin. For a few seconds, neither of them said anything — they were just absorbing the wildness of this new size comparison.

“Wooaaahh!” exclaimed Daniel after a few seconds. “This is...wow! I expected you to be tall in those heels, but...haha, well, it’s a little different actually SEEING it rather than just imagining it, huh?”

“Yeah,” said Emma quietly. In that moment, she genuinely did not know how she felt. She had still not been able to process the reality that was unfolding in front of her. Never in her life had she ever imagined that she could tower over her 6’1 boyfriend like this.

“How do you feel, honey?” asked Daniel kindly. “Not too weird?”

"I mean...hehe, it's definitely weird, that's for sure," said Emma with a nervous laugh. "But...uh...no. No it's not too weird. I just...uh, yeah, wow. This is just a lot to take in right now, all at once."

"I get it," said Daniel, nodding. "Why don't you try walking around in them a little bit, huh? Just, you know...to see how they feel and everything."

Emma started walking around the kitchen, and she was amazed at how low to the counter and stove seemed now. Before, when she was her original size, the counters had come up to the middle of her stomach, but now, she actually had to bend down a little bit to even touch the counters. Likewise, she had to bend down a little to adjust the knobs on the stove. She walked into the pantry and turned on the light. She was face-level with the top shelf now! She was able to see a fine layer of dust on these top shelves.

"Wow, I think we need to dust up here!" she said.

"Haha, do we? I had no idea!" chuckled Daniel. "I can't see that high up."

"Wow, this is...this is really something," murmured Emma as she came out of the pantry.

"So how do they feel, hun? Too loose? Too tight?"

"They feel great," said Emma, smiling. "Like, on my feet, at least. I'm gonna have to get used to, like, actually being this tall, though. It's definitely, uh...definitely different."

"Well no time like a party to get some good use out of them, huh?" grinned Daniel.

Even though Emma was still feeling hesitant, her boyfriend's warm smile was all it took right now for her to put those misgivings on the back burner and step forward to give him a hug. The two embraced. It definitely felt very odd for Emma, and she didn't like how she was hugging the upper part of Daniel's shoulders, while he was hugging her midsection. Her breasts squashed together around his neck — it definitely felt awkward for her, but she readjusted herself a little and held on, reminding herself that she was lucky to have a boyfriend like him.

The next day, Daniel went out with Emma and they settled on a fashionable red dress that fit her curvy form tightly, with a few frills here and there for accentuation. Later on, all dressed up, they got into the car and headed to the party. It was a bit of an awkward ride for Emma, since, in her heels, she had to push the passenger seat all the way back to give her legs enough room. Even still, she felt rather cramped. Her head was nearly touching the car ceiling, and her big ass and hips filled the car seat.

"Having a little trouble there babe?" asked Daniel, who was driving.

"Uh, haha, yeah, just a little," said Emma as she tried in vain to reposition her big body. "It's just...these heels make it a little tough. I suddenly feel sorry for super tall people — they have to deal with this kind of stuff all the time, and not just when they're wearing heels."

"Well, we're almost there," said Daniel reassuringly.

Emma and Daniel arrived to her work party fashionably late. As they entered, everyone's heads turned. They all knew Daniel, but they were looking at the woman on his arm like they had never seen her before. Wearing a tight red dress, and rocking her new 4-inch heels, Emma towered over almost the entire party. She was a full 6'6 in the heels, and Daniel, even though he was 6'1, looked tiny next to her; the top of his head didn't even come up to her eyes, and her luscious, curvy body made his medium-build frame look almost petite.

Emma took stock of how everyone was turning to look at her, and many of her co-workers had their mouths hanging open. Her first instinct was to turn and run, but instead, she swallowed the urge down, drew her back up, and stood even taller. There was no question as to the power that her frame conveyed, and again, Emma felt struck by how she didn't have to actually do anything. All she had to do was walk into a room and, just like that, people would turn and look. And their faces were far from nasty or judgmental. Quite to the contrary, Emma was surprised to see that these people...her coworkers...were all looking at her with some combination of admiration, surprise, and intimidation. The moment she and Daniel had walked in, she had felt a nasty cold chill go down her spine. But then, as she realized how people were reacting to her, the cold chill melted away and was replaced by a warm, pleasant sensation that only seemed to increase as the night wore on.

Chapter 3

Emma ended up leaving the party on the high note of a pleasant, warm glow throughout her mind and body, but it took awhile to get to this point. She had been initially struck, upon walking into the party with Daniel, how easily her body commanded attention, and this sudden realization did not make her feel terribly comfortable. She wasn't used to people staring at her like this, and even though most people were looking at her with admiration or even aroused intimidation, she did not enjoy her big body being the center of attention. She just wasn't ready for it.

Even though it was Emma's work party, Daniel took the lead in guiding her around the room, talking to groups of people one by one. He knew that she was going to be anxious, at least in the initial stages of the party, and he wanted to nonverbally communicate, with the gentle squeeze of his hand in hers as he led her, that she was safe and that he had her back. Emma appreciated this gesture, and for the moment, she took refuge in the feeling of being led by her boyfriend, even though the top of his head didn't come up to her eyes...and even though his hand felt small in hers.

After a bit they came up to a group of three of Emma's co-workers, a group that included Keith. Daniel knew the other two guys in the group fairly well, and they were soon engrossed in a conversation about IBM stocks. Emma quickly realized that she wasn't going to be playing much of a part in this conversation (which didn't really interest her anyway), and so, naturally, she turned her eyes down to Keith. She saw that he had already been looking up at her; their eyes met, and for a second or so, neither of them said anything. Keith's mouth opened slightly, as if he was about to say something, but no words came out. Emma couldn't believe how tiny he looked. This man, who not long ago was an inch taller than her, was now essentially eye-level with the top of her breasts. The crown of his head barely came up to her chin. Emma shifted her weight slightly in a nervous motion, and she saw that Keith actually took a little step back as his eyes got wider.

'Oh my god,' she thought suddenly, 'I'm totally huge to him. He doesn't know what to do. When I move my body even a little bit, it's intimidating to him up this close.'

A number of conflicting emotional impulses fired off through her brain. On one hand, she was irritated at Keith for acting so weird around her — it was just her, after all, the same woman he had worked with at Scheuster Marketing for a while now. So what if she had gotten a little taller? A little bigger? It didn't mean that he had to just dissolve in front of her and change his behavior. Emma didn't quite realize it, but this flash of irritation was born from her continued insecurity about her size. She didn't like to be reminded how dramatically she had grown, in just a couple weeks, and Keith's cowed reaction to her was the exact type of reminder she wanted to avoid.

However, there were other things happening in her mind as she looked down at him. Just seeing a grown man of fairly average height appear so tiny before her...well, it made her feel...strange. And it wasn't altogether a negative kind of feeling. It felt new — like a part of her mind that had never been touched before was now being gently prodded. It didn't really feel all that bad. In fact, there was something a little funny, and almost ridiculous, about the whole situation. Keith blinked up at her and Emma suddenly pushed away her irritation and smiled brightly down

at him. She was going to just try and make do with herself as she stood, and she may as well have a little fun along the way.

“So...haha, what’s up Keith?” she asked, chuckling and trying her best to sound natural.

“Uh...I, uh...haha, you!” Keith stuttered through a nervous smile. “You’re up!”

“Ummm?” asked Emma confusedly, furrowing her brow a little as she inclined her head slightly down at him.

“I mean...haha, like, you’re up there,” laughed Keith awkwardly as he pointed up at her, “And, like...I’m down here.” He finished his sentence by pointing at his lower stature.

“Oh! Uh, haha, yeah,” said Emma, feeling her spirits drop a little. Why did he have to be like this? Why couldn’t they have a normal conversation like two adults?

“Hehe, uh, I know...uh...lame joke,” muttered Keith, bowing his head a little.

“No...I was just, um...haha, a little slow on the uptake, I guess,” said Emma, trying to keep the conversation going along. Keith looked up at her again, once more catching her eye.

“Uh...hehe, I’m sorry Emma, I d-don’t mean to be, uh, like, acting all weird like this,” he stammered. Emma could see that his face was getting red, and she suddenly felt a little sorry for him, even though she wished he would just grow up and act normally around her.

“It’s just that...haha, well, I didn’t really expect you to, uh...to be, um...”

“Wearing heels tonight?” Emma offered, sighing inwardly. She glanced over Keith’s head, scanning the party a little for maybe Molly or Stacy to signal to come over and rescue her from the awkwardness.

“Uh, I mean...yeah,” said Keith, almost apologetically. “B-but, but don’t take that in a bad way, Emma! I, uh...you look great. Um...amazing, actually.”

Emma looked back down at Keith carefully as she felt something buoy up in her. He wasn’t flattering her — he wasn’t kidding. He was legitimately paying her a compliment. Emma’s eyebrows went up a little as she smiled again.

“Well, haha, thanks Keith.”

Keith seemed encouraged by Emma’s smile, and his face continued to color as he opened his mouth to speak again: “I’ve actually always thought that tall women were, uh...were really— ”

“Hey honey!” came Daniel’s voice, interrupting her and Keith’s conversation. “Haha, sorry guys, I don’t mean to butt in, but I need Emma to back me up here — Toby here says that El Camino’s tacos are a distant second to Los Bravos. What do you have to say to that, Emma, huh?”

Emma paused a moment, actually wishing that Keith had been able to continue what he was saying. He had been about to confess that he had a thing for tall women, right? Or maybe not? Emma didn't know. It would surely explain his awkward bashfulness around her now.

"Uh, tell Toby," said Emma, pointing at her other co-worker (who was 5'10), "That he must have never had El Camino's fried chicken taco with that jalapeño mayo...well, either that, or he has terrible taste in Mexican food."

Daniel, Toby, and the rest of the group laughed. Emma smiled over at Daniel, giving him a wink. As she did, she felt the eyes of the other men go up and down her body, using her eye contact with her boyfriend as an opportunity to take her figure in. She looked back at them and their eyes darted towards the floor, almost sheepishly.

'It's not just Keith,' she thought to herself. 'They're all attracted to me, and they're all intimidated by me...every one of them.'

She turned back towards Keith, but he wasn't there anymore. Apparently, he had gotten too nervous and fled. Emma found herself wishing that he was still there below her, so he could continue on with what he had been about to say...about liking tall women. An odd kind of exploratory eagerness had come over her. She wanted to talk with other people, and see how they reacted to her and treated her differently. For the moment, she began to forget how much she disliked being this big.

"Here honey, take a martini," said Daniel a few minutes later after they had gone around the room a little more, towards the makeshift mini-bar. "I made it a little sweet, just like you like it."

"Thanks Daniel," she said, grinning as she accepted the drink.

"So...like you doing ok?" asked Daniel quietly, getting a little closer to her and speaking lower, so that no one could hear. "The heels doing ok? Dress feels alright?"

"Haha, yes!" chuckled Emma, nodding as she took a medium sip of the martini. She felt the pleasant bite of alcohol in her mouth and down her throat as she swallowed. Already she was feeling warmer. "Actually, I mean...it was a little awkward at first, in my head at least," she continued, "But now...I think I might actually enjoy myself tonight!"

"Of course you will!" laughed Daniel, looking straight forward into her shoulders for a moment and then averting his eyes back up into hers. "It's a party!"

It was a party indeed, and as it progressed along later and later into the evening, Emma found herself feeling more and more natural in her body. The drinks definitely had something to do with it. After a few martinis, she found that it was easier than ever to forget the unpleasant reality of not knowing what was happening to her body...and of missing her old stature. Eventually, she found herself beginning to enjoy how all her male co-workers seemed unable to keep themselves from stealing glances at her when they thought she wasn't looking. She started to make a little game out of it: she would be talking to someone, and then, out of the corner of her eye, she would catch one of the guys looking at her. She would then turn and look whoever it was straight in the face — inevitably, they quickly darted their eyes down to the floor,

but they would know that they had been caught red-handed. It was a bit of an amusing game for Emma, more than anything else. When she got tipsy, she got playful.

Another interesting moment was when she met Shelly's husband, Hank, who was 6'6. In her heels, Emma was actually eye to eye with him, and as she shook his hand, their eyes met and they both grinned a little. They were the two tallest people at the party by far, and in their shared glance was a hint of mutual understanding. It was as if they were both saying, 'Oh hey, so you know what it's like, don't you?'

"I, uh...wow Emma," Shelly was saying, momentarily taken aback. "I...you're as tall as Hank! Oh my god!"

Shelly seemed genuinely shocked — she had been surprised at how tall Emma was when she walked into the party, but she hadn't realized that, in heels, her co-worker was actually as tall as her husband. Shelly was 5'4, and if she looked straight forward at Emma, her eyes were even with Emma's nipples.

By this point, Emma had downed a few martinis and was feeling nicely tipsy. If Shelly had said this exact thing at the beginning of the party, it would have made Emma feel ungainly, awkward, and depressed. Now, though, she couldn't help laughing.

"Haha! We are, aren't we!" she sang out pleasantly. "Although, haha, I mean...Hank, I'm not actually 6'6...just 6'2."

"Right..."just" 6'2," said Shelly, making air quotations with her fingers. Daniel looked over at her warningly, as if to tell Shelly to cut out the comments about Emma's height, but Emma just laughed again, looking at Hank. He was a good-looking quiet type of guy.

"So this is what it's like for you all the time, huh?" she asked, her cheeks reddening a little as she sipped her drink.

"Haha, yep!" answered Hank. "Been this tall ever since I was 18. I'm pretty used to everything at this point — when I was a teenager, though, I was totally awkward...knocking over stuff everywhere I turned, haha!"

"Haha oh wow!" enjoined Emma. She felt the unpleasant sting of a reminder that she had only been growing for a couple weeks — she wasn't used to being this big at all...and she could still be growing...

'But I'm not,' she thought to herself reassuringly. 'I'm not growing...I mean, I could be, but I'm not. This is as far as I'll go. It's like the doctors said.'

The alcohol flowing through her made it easier to dismiss her worries. She glanced down at Shelly, who she caught looking up at her. If Keith had looked tiny, Shelly looked positively miniature. Her head didn't even come up to Emma's shoulders. And, while Shelly was petite, Emma had gained quite a bit of weight as she had grown taller, and her luscious curves were stretching the red fabric of her dress impressively. There was something in the way that Shelly was looking at her speaking with Hank...a kind of fear in her eyes. It was like Shelly was afraid that Hank would think that Emma was "more of a woman than she was," or something.

'Well, technically, I am,' thought Emma, indulging the silly thought a little as she kept talking eye-to-eye with Hank. 'I'm like two whole Shellys put together, haha...'

"And it turns out," Hank was saying, gesturing down to Shelly, "That lots of women love tall men."

Emma had a little snap of sourness bite at her mind. Lots of women did like tall men...she was one of them. And she felt guilty to remember how nice Hank's big hand had felt in her own as she shook it — that's how Daniel's hand used to feel...how his body used to feel. Big, huge, and strong all around her. But now...now all of that had changed. Now she was the taller one...the bigger one.

Emma drank down the rest of her third martini and honed in on herself.

'Now is not the time to get all boo-hooey about it,' she told herself sternly. 'This is a party and you're having fun!' The alcohol was hitting her faster now, and she pushed the troublesome thoughts away.

"Haha, well apparently it's not just girls who like tall guys!" she laughed, feeling the heat and color rise in her face. "Apparently there are some guys who like tall girls!"

Emma was speaking louder than she had intended to, and as she spoke, she deliberately looked over at Keith, who was in an adjacent group. His face got red as he heard her words directed towards him, and he quickly scurried off, escaping the whole exchange.

'Hmm, was that too much?' thought Emma immediately. She shrugged her shoulders playfully and continued on with her conversation with Hank.

A little later on, as Daniel drove them back home, Emma was actually feeling quite nice. The party had ended up being far more enjoyable for her than she had anticipated. However, once they got back home, when she shifted her body to get out of the car, Emma heard something tear. She froze.

"Uh-oh!" said Daniel. "Was that what I thought it was?"

Emma looked down and her heart sank — there was a small one-inch tear in the right hip of her dress. Her happy giddiness vanished in an instant, and all her old worries came flooding back. Was she still growing!? They had just bought that dress a day ago!

"Hey, don't worry about it, honey," said Daniel soothingly, coming around quickly to help her out of the car. For an instant, as Emma accepted his hand and rose up, they were the same height, but then her legs straightened and she was back to looking down at the top of his head.

"It was a tight dress to begin with, anyway," Daniel said to her reassuringly. "I'm sure that's it."

But over the next week, however, it became abundantly clear that Emma was continuing to grow. At the party, she had actually been able to tipsily enjoy her size, but that was all because she had managed to convince herself that her growing had stopped. It was a strange paradox

in her head: she had thought that she wasn't going to get any bigger, even though she knew that she was. She had stopped measuring herself for a few days, just to entertain the idea that she wasn't any bigger. But all the signs indicated that she was.

To begin with, Emma was starting to notice how out-of-place everything was seeming in the house. The cereal boxes were a shelf too low, the vegetable drawer in the fridge was too low, the bowl for their keys was too low...everything was too low. Emma couldn't help but get frustrated every time she had to arch her back and bend down for something that used to be perfectly within her reach. And, she had to admit, even though Daniel was being as kind and loving as ever, Emma wished that he would be a little more considerate of her space. Every time she drove the car, for instance, she had to adjust the seat back a few clips.

'Doesn't he realize how annoying that is!?' she thought to herself as she was forced to adjust the rearview mirror and sides mirrors too. But she said nothing out loud.

Another sign that something continued to be amiss was the fact that Emma's limbs were starting to consistently ache. Even though she hated to admit it to herself (and outright refused to think about it), she knew what it was: growing pains. She tried to just ignore it for a few days, but eventually, she broke down and had to ask Daniel to massage her.

"Woah babel!" he said he rubbed her big feet, which she had put in his lap. "Your feet really are getting big, haha!"

Emma looked at him silently for a moment and then looked away. She didn't want to entertain any of that kind of talk.

"That feels nice," she murmured.

"Honey, don't worry about it — if you're getting bigger, you're getting bigger!" said Daniel, trying to be reassuring. Emma wished he would stop.

"And, like, babe...I have to say," he added, taking up one of her hands in his and massaging it, "I think you are getting bigger."

"Would you stop it, please, Daniel?" begged Emma. "I don't wanna talk about it."

"But honey, you can't just pretend it isn't happening," said Daniel. "I mean, look at this!"

He brought his hand up to Emma's, and compared their palms. The tips of his fingers only came up to the third knuckle on Emma's hand, and her palm extended out beyond his noticeably. Emma stared at the comparison for a second, dumbstruck. She had been trying to push all of this out of her mind! She had been trying and trying, but apparently Daniel wasn't going to let her forget about it.

"Can you just...keep rubbing me, please?" she asked with a hint of irritation, dropping her hand away.

A couple days later, Dr. Hartman called. He and his team were still looking into what might be going on with Emma's growth, and he had called to ask that Emma measure herself each day,

so that the doctors could have a steady stream of data that they could work with. Emma reluctantly agreed, and her crestfallen tone came through the telephone line.

"I know it's hard for you Emma," said Dr. Hartman, "But you don't have to do it alone. Have your boyfriend measure you — it could be a nice little intimate activity that you two do every day."

Later that day, they had their first "measurement session," and it turned out that Emma was now all the way up to 6'3-and-a-half, and 187 pounds. These stats confirmed what Emma had been trying so hard to avoid — the fact that she was still growing, and maybe even faster than she had been before. Daniel had to order delivery from El Camino to calm her down, and even when they were happily eating together, it was not lost on Emma that she was eating nearly twice as much as her boyfriend now.

The days continued to pass by, and now it was impossible for Emma to pretend like she wasn't growing. Every day, it was confirmed — a quarter inch here, a couple pounds there, and always increasing. Daniel's shoes were getting too small for her feet, but Emma didn't want to say anything about it. She dreaded having to admit that her feet couldn't fit in his shoes, but a few days later, as she struggled trying to get her feet into them, Daniel was watching her.

"They're just too small for you, hun," he said quietly.

Emma turned and looked at him helplessly, but there was no denying it; he was right. Later on that day, they went out shopping for new clothes. Emma had first been very down and depressed about it all, but she managed to cheer up once she saw how nice she actually looked in a lot of the outfits she tried on.

"I mean...I actually look ok in this," she said multiple times, spinning around in the mirror.

"Congratulations on realizing what I've been trying to tell you all along!" chided Daniel.

"Oh...you!" she responded playfully.

Later on that night, after a huge meal of pasta and meatballs, Emma was actually the first one to fall asleep. Daniel managed to get to sleep soon after, but he was awakened later on by a numbness in his left arm. He turned over and saw that Emma had rolled over onto his arm in her sleep. Daniel gently tried to move her body off to the left, but finding that he couldn't move her that way, he pushed harder. Still, she didn't budge. Daniel relaxed and tired again several times, but there was no use — Emma had become too heavy for him to move.

"Emma..." whispered Daniel in her ear. She snoozed on.

"Emma!" he said, a little louder.

"Hmm!? Whasssa?!" she moaned.

"You're on my arm, honey, could you roll over that way a little?"

"Oh...ohh yesssorry babe."

A couple days later, Emma was very nearly 6'5. She was trying hard not to be stressed out about it all, but it was very difficult to be reminded every day of a reality she didn't want.

"Do we have to measure every day?" she complained to Daniel.

"The doctors need their data, so yes," he replied simply. His eyebrows went up as he saw her weight on the scale. "Aaaand...ok, we've cracked 200 pounds!" he announced.

"Fuck!" cried Emma miserably. "This is terrible! I'm soooo huge now!"

"And proportional!" added Daniel. "You're looking great, honey."

Emma felt so irrationally incensed with her boyfriend's sunny attitude that she stormed off into the bedroom. Daniel decided to give her her space and sat down on the sofa to watch TV. An hour or so later, Emma came out and apologized.

"I'm just a mess emotionally right now," she said contritely. "And I'm sore everywhere...my back especially — could you rub it?"

"Of course honey — come over here and sit in my lap!" said Daniel, smiling. Emma paused a moment and then smiled back, walking over and plopping herself down in his lap. She heard the huff of an involuntary exhale escape from Daniel's mouth — her weight had literally pushed the air out of him. Once again, she felt a flash of irritation. She knew that he didn't mean to highlight her size, but did he really have to make that noise. Couldn't he have, like, prepared better to receive her weight?

The next morning, Daniel was trying to reach the cereal box, but Emma had unwittingly put it out of his reach.

"Uhh...honey?" he asked.

"What?" Emma replied, not looking up from her phone as she ate her own cereal.

"I, uh...I can't reach the cereal," chuckled Daniel apologetically.

"Huh? Can't reach it?" asked Emma, not understanding, as she looked up.

Daniel had his arm fully extended to show how he couldn't quite get to the top shelf.

"Oh...oh, uh, sorry," said Emma. "I guess...um...I guess you need me to get that for you, then?"

"Haha, that would be...great," Daniel replied, having a little laugh at the situation. Emma got up and walked over in her socks. She stood next to her boyfriend for a moment, studying his face suspiciously.

"I seriously can't reach it Emma!" he laughed, extending his arm once again to show her. Emma reached up past him, her hand extending inches beyond his reach, and effortlessly grabbed the cereal box, bringing it down and handing it to him.

‘There, was that so hard?’ she thought suddenly to herself. ‘He wasn’t really trying — he could have reached it.’

Later on that day, it was confirmed that Emma had reached 6’5, and she weighed in at 206 pounds. Her growth seemed to be slowing a bit, and, in a conversation with Dr. Hartman, Emma was heartened to hear him say that this slowed rate was likely a good sign. Finally, it all seemed to be abating.

Emma felt relieved at her slowing growth, but her relief didn’t stop her from noticing more and more how different everything was. When she typed on her keyboard, she had to make an extra effort to bend her long fingers at sharper angles to actually hit the right keys. Her big palms covered her laptop way more than she was comfortable with — the whole computer was just starting to seem like it was miniature. Utensils and dishes were the same way — forks and knives were starting to feel very small in her hands. She realized that she could wrap her hand all the way around their water glasses. And everything that had seemed low before just seemed lower still. Even the clothes that she had bought a few days before were starting to feel a little tight. The waistband on her new jeans was digging slightly into her flesh, and the new sneakers she had bought were starting to feel a little tighter.

For the next few days, Emma’s growth had slowed to a point where it was “only” an eighth of an inch, and an extra pound or so, a day. Things were certainly looking up on that front, but Emma now had other reasons to feel anxious. Daniel was going to be leaving to go out-of-state on a work trip, and Emma would be home all alone for a week. Normally, this kind of a trip would only make her a little anxious, but with all that had happened over the past few weeks, she felt extra anxiety at the prospect of being alone without her partner.

“Don’t worry — we’ll face-time every night,” Daniel said reassuringly to her the night before he left. “And you can measure yourself in front of the camera and we’ll have a little fun with it all, haha. No reason not to keep our same routines in place, right?”

“I guess so,” she murmured off the side of the bed as they spooned together. Emma had insisted on remaining the “little spoon,” despite the fact that she could feel how narrow Daniel’s hips were compared to hers. But this way, she didn’t have to look at the size comparison. Just seeing it once before had been a little much for her. The way that the curve of her hips rose up powerfully next to his had been almost shocking to see. And that was days ago, and she had gotten bigger since.

‘But only a little bigger,’ she thought to herself as she drifted off to sleep. ‘Only a little...it’s slowing down...’

The next morning, Emma was on edge. She was not looking forward to Daniel leaving — they ate their breakfast mostly in silence, and then, when Emma stood up to put her bowl in the sink, it happened again. A ripping sound cut through the air. Alarmed, she looked down to see that her new khaki work pants had torn a few inches down her right ass cheek.

“What the!?” cried Emma.

“Oh no!” exclaimed Daniel, smiling despite the situation.

"I thought it was slowing down!" blurted Emma.

"Well, maybe not as much as we thought," said Daniel casually, standing up from the table and putting his dish in the sink.

"This is not good...not good," muttered Emma. "Maybe I'll call Dr. Hartman again."

"Because you ripped your pants?" laughed Daniel. "Honey, I think you're overreacting a little bit here."

Suddenly, something snapped in Emma's mind. She stood up and faced her boyfriend, absolutely furious.

"Overreacting!?" she yelled. "Three weeks ago I was 5'8...and now I'm six foot fucking five and I weigh over 200 pounds and any clothes I buy I outgrow...and apparently I'm still growing. How the fuck am I overreacting!?"

"Just easy, easy...take it easy babe," said Daniel, pushing his palms down on the air. He still had a hint of a little smile on his face. The truth was, Daniel was not thrilled about Emma ripping her pants either, or about the prospect of her continuing to get bigger. But unlike Emma, when Daniel felt uncomfortable, he would sometimes smile.

"Don't tell me to take it easy, Daniel," Emma shot back, taking a step towards him. "It doesn't help. It just makes me more stressed out."

"So, just...do whatever you need to do to calm down," said Daniel, his smile vanishing. Emma could tell he was becoming irritated at her anxiety, but realizing that only made her more angry. She had every right...every right...to feel exactly how she was feeling right now.

"You're getting pissed at me right now, aren't you?" she asked, her voice shaking a little.

"Well...sometimes I just wish that you wouldn't freak out whenever something doesn't quite go your way."

"Doesn't quite go my way!? Are you hearing yourself, Daniel?! Look at me!! I think we're a little past that, aren't we!?"

"Well, freaking out doesn't help anything," countered Daniel. "And it's honestly kind of exhausting."

"Oh well I'm soooooo sorry that I take up so much of your time and energy," replied Emma sarcastically.

"And it's just...with you getting so big and all," said Daniel, ignoring her sarcasm, "When you flip out it can be a little much."

Emma couldn't believe how angry he was making her. Her anger was fueled by her anxiety at his impending departure, but she wasn't thinking about that now. Right now, she just wanted to

get back at him for saying that to her. She stepped closer to him, so that they were only a few feet apart. She made it a point to stand in close, so that he would be in her shadow. She put her hands on her hips. He looked smaller than ever. His eyes were just about even with her shoulders.

“Oh?” she said, doing her best to control her voice even though it was shaking with anger. “Am I a little much for you, then? Can’t handle me at this size, huh? You wish I was back to my normal size so I wouldn’t intimidate you?”

Daniel looked up at her wide-eyed, and he opened his mouth to reply, but nothing came out. She had really surprised him with her behavior, and how imposing it could be when she was this big. It looked like he was realizing her true size for the first time.

“Yeah, I guess that makes sense,” continued Emma, determined to twist the knife. “Short guys like you need smaller girls to feel big and strong, huh?”

“I’m...not short, Emma,” said Daniel as his face got red.

“Well you look pretty damn short to me from up here!” said Emma, stretching herself up to her full height as she looked down on her boyfriend imperiously.

A few moments of tense silence passed between them.

“Fuck you, Emma,” muttered Daniel, and he stomped over to his suitcase, yanked it up, and left the house, slamming the door behind him. Emma just stood there in the kitchen for a minute as she listened to Daniel leave in the car. So much was happening internally — anger, bitterness, frustration, regret, guilt — that she just went over to the sofa, sat down, and cried for minutes on end.

When she was finally done, she felt so preoccupied and depressed about how her “goodbye” with Daniel had gone that she almost left to go to work in her ripped pants.

Chapter 4

The evening after their fight, Emma and Daniel had a video chat, which for the first five minutes consisted of them both profusely apologizing to the other. Emma found herself in tears again, even though she had been determined to keep her composure.

"I—I j-just..." she stuttered, blinking through tears at the pixels of her boyfriend on her phone screen, "I j-just feel so b-bad that I...that I l-lost my temper at you like that and...and...s-said those things to you...oh Daniel! P-please...I'm...I'm s-so sorry!"

"Relax, Emma, take it easy honey," said Daniel from the other end. He was more collected than Emma, but he felt himself aching with desire to reassure her. The sight of his girlfriend crying, especially when it was over a video chat and he couldn't hug her, was almost too much to bear. "I lost my temper at you too. You've been...you've been going through a lot, and...and I haven't been doing a good job of appreciating the strain that it's left on you."

"No...no Daniel you've been wonderful!" protested Emma.

"No, Emma...and I was thinking about this a lot on the plane ride over here...I've been trying to downplay what's been going on, because I thought that would help with your anxiety, but I realize now that it's been actually making it all worse. I can't just be an idiot and smile and pretend that this has become a real issue for you and that...you don't need me just constantly smiling all the time — you just need my support, Emma, and I'm going to give it to you."

"Oh Daniel!" cried Emma thickly through her tears. "Y-you're...you're just the sweetest guy in the whole wide world! I...I d-don't deserve you!"

"Uh-uh, I don't wanna hear that kind of talk, Emma," replied Daniel immediately, shaking his head. "I'M the one who gets to feel that way. I mean, how many other guys have managed to score a gorgeous, bombshell 6'5 goddess like you?"

"Oh my god now you're just flattering me!" laughed Emma, wiping away her tears.

"No way — it's just true!" returned Daniel with a smile. "Although I have to say, Emma — I realized when I got to this hotel room that you were gonna be spending the night alone in the house for the next week. Now normally, this would make me feel a little nervous. But haha, I don't think I have anything to worry about now, do I? I mean, haha — honey, when you were mad at me and, like...looming over me in the kitchen, I actually felt a little scared of you!"

"You...you were afraid of me?" asked Emma, her smile falling off her face.

"Haha, a little!" laughed Daniel. "I'm not sure you realize how big you are compared to...well, even above-average-height guys like me. I felt pretty tiny, that's for sure!"

"Well I hate that I made you feel afraid," muttered Emma. The awful feelings of regret and guilt had returned almost as quickly as they had left.

"Honey, it's all over now, ok?" said Daniel earnestly into the camera. "I just...haha, it was something I noticed. If there's a home invasion, I think you're all set!"

"If there's a home invasion," countered Emma, "I'm gonna wish you were here like ten times more than I already do." She made a mental note to push away her feelings of guilt; it had been a nasty discovery to hear that she had actually made Daniel feel scared earlier that morning.

"So anyway," said Daniel, changing the subject, "You said that Dr. Hartman dropped something by the house today?"

"Oh...yeah! Yeah, while I was at work, he had a special package delivered."

"Well...?"

"Haha, I mean...it's not THAT exciting," said Emma, looking sheepishly into the camera.

"Well what was it?"

"Here, I'll show you." Emma took up her phone and directed it towards the wall in their bedroom. Through his screen, Daniel could see, quite clearly, a height chart come into view. Emma had taped it to the wall.

"Aha! Nice!" he said. "So you can keep measuring yourself and tracking your progr—uh, your growth?"

"Yeah," said Emma, as she looked at the height chart. "He wanted to give it to me just so we can have accurate measurements each time. The chart makes it a lot easier."

"Well...let's measure you then!" said Daniel brightly. "I'm not there to measure you myself, like the old routine, but this way, we can keep up some kind of sense of normalcy, you know? Keep the routine going."

"Yeah, that's what Dr. Hartman said too," said Emma, going over to stand in front of the chart with her back to the wall, still holding her phone up to her face. "He said it could be like...kind of like therapy for me. So I can actually interact with the reality of my...uh, my height...without it just being all in my head all the time."

"I think that sounds like a wonderful idea," said Daniel. "It'll help ground you."

"Yeah I guess...ok so here we go...standing up like this...here, Daniel...I'm gonna hold the phone up to the top of my head and you tell me what it says, ok? Otherwise I can't really trust myself to have the most accurate measurement, you know, if I just measure with my hand."

Daniel brought his phone closer to his face as he narrowed his eyes to get an accurate measurement. "Ok...so...it looks like...yep! Pretty much the same as last night — just a touch over 6'5. Looks like it's really slowing down, honey!"

"Phew!" Emma blew out from her mouth, feeling comforted. "And not a fraction of an inch too soon, huh? Well, let's just say that I'm happy that I don't have to keep dealing with all this getting bigger stuff alone."

But the fact was: Emma DID have to deal with it. She and Daniel finished up their video chat, and she happily tucked herself into bed, feeling the weight of their fight totally lifted off, like a distant memory, and, for the first time in weeks, actually beginning to truly believe that her incredibly strange size ordeal was over. The next morning, however, Emma woke up feeling slightly more off-kilter than usual. Her feet had been all nestled under the covers when she went to sleep, but when she woke up, she realized that they felt cold. Emma was not one to toss and turn much at night, once she got to sleep — she looked down at her feet and saw her bare toes poking out through the end of the comforter. She started to worry, but quickly managed to dismiss any negative thoughts. She was going to just go about her day normally, and not allow her anxieties to get the best of her. She walked by the height chart, which she had marked with a red pen at just over 6'5, but she didn't look at it. There was too much of a temptation to measure herself again.

But as she got ready for work, the temptation got stronger. Her clothes seemed to fit even tighter than they did yesterday, and even though Emma chose the biggest shirts and pants that she had bought a few days previously, it was a bit of a chore to get everything buttoned and zipped up. Once all her clothes were on, Emma went to look at herself in the full-length mirror that was attached to the back of their closet door. She found that her figure was close to filling up the mirror completely, even though it spanned from the floor all the way to the top of the door. Emma felt another flash of anxiety, but mixed with it was something else — for the first time, she was actually able to see clearly how...GOOD she was looking. Her thick hips and thighs looked incredible in her skin-tight khaki dress pants, and her breasts were looking fuller and perkier than ever; she turned around to get a good look at her ass, noticing how it wobbled gently with her slight movements.

'God, I, like...totally have an ass now!' she thought. 'A HUGE ass...oh my god!' She reached down and gave her butt a little smack, marveling at how this simple gesture made her entire cheek shake and quiver. She could feel some warmth come into her face as she turned to face herself again. It actually felt...kinda good to have a body like this.

'You know...maybe this isn't all so terrible after all,' she thought to herself. 'Maybe I just need to chill out a little bit and...just...take whatever comes. If I'm still growing, I'm still growing...so be it.'

Emma's words to herself weren't quite an indication of her overcoming her anxieties and fears surrounding her increased size — they were more like a pep talk than anything else — but they did help her to relax and get her day started on a positive mental note. She was absolutely starving, and half an hour later she was walking towards her car in the garage, having just consumed four bowls of cereal, three pop tarts, and a big, tall glass of orange juice. She felt invigorated and excited to take on the day — she had even decided to wear a new pair of one-inch heels that she had bought days before. She ignored how snugly they fit her feet, just as she ignored the fact that she had to adjust the car seat yet again to fit her long legs. She could actually feel her head brushing the car ceiling now, and she was forced to hunch a little over the steering wheel to make room for her torso.

"These freaking cars," she chuckled a little, out loud to herself, "Made for tiny people...oh well!"

Emma still felt worried about everything, but she made a point to laugh a little about it to herself — she was taking a little cue from Daniel's playbook. She was trying to keep it light. And, for the moment, it was working.

She didn't see that many people at work that day — it was a Friday, and a number of people were out of the office for a special presentation they were giving at an important client's company. Emma found herself alone most of the day, which was fine for her, since she was able to get more work done without the constant distraction of everyone else looking at her. She noticed, however, that Keith was still in the office. Emma felt a little drop in her stomach when she heard him speaking on the phone to someone in his office. She hadn't really had a conversation with Keith ever since the party, during which she had tipsily insinuated to other people that Keith had a "thing" for tall women. She felt guilty and embarrassed about this little episode, even if she knew that she was probably overblowing it in her head.

Try as she might, she wasn't able to avoid Keith all day, and, as luck would have it, she nearly ran into him as she turned a corner late in the afternoon.

"Oh, Keith!" she exclaimed, startled. "I'm sorry, I didn't see you coming!"

"It-it's ok...m-me neither!" he stuttered.

Emma immediately noticed that Keith's head didn't even come up to her chin anymore. She was wearing one-inch heels, but still, he had never before seemed as small to her as he did now. He immediately started blushing, and Emma felt a little flash of strange desire go through her. She almost...wanted to play with the dynamic a little bit. She almost wanted to flaunt herself a little in front of him...just for fun. But, more than anything, she just wanted to escape from the situation.

"I'm sorry, I'll just...yeah...haha, ok," she said, responding to what was going on. Each of them had stepped to the side in opposite directions, with the end result that they more or less walked into each other. Keith's face smacked straight into the firm, voluminous flesh of her breasts, causing them to both laugh nervously, sidestep each other again, and continue on their ways. It had definitely been an awkward encounter, and as Emma thought about it on her ride home, she couldn't help but feel...well, slightly amused by it. She still wasn't used to having an intimidating effect on guys with her body, especially guys like Keith who were apparently into taller, bigger women.

'I wonder if he was super turned-on by all that,' she thought to herself, chuckling a bit.

Stepping out of the car, she heard another slight rip, this time on the left hip of her pants, but she took it surprisingly well in stride. Maybe it was the lightness of the weekend coming on, or maybe it was her laughing to herself about running into Keith, but whatever it was, Emma was able to shrug off the slight tear in her pants.

'Maybe I'll just go shopping for some more this weekend,' she thought to herself. She felt a slight tickle in her scalp as she walked in under the door, and she realized that the top of her hair had slightly brushed the top of the door frame.

'It's the heels, of course,' she thought, kicking them off. Without stopping to think too much about it, she set about making dinner. The two large sandwiches she had eaten for lunch had not been nearly enough to stave off the hunger that she was feeling now. She started a big bowl of pasta water boiling, and rummaged around the kitchen, preparing the meat and the sauce. Almost immediately, Emma had another strong urge to measure herself again, because everything was just looking so...well, SMALL. It didn't matter that she was using the biggest pot in the kitchen to boil the water — Emma found that she was able to handle the full pot with ease, something that would have been unthinkable a couple weeks before. The spatula felt like a little wooden stick in her hand, to an almost comical extent.

'I bet I could snap this thing in two with one hand if I wanted to,' she mused to herself, shaking her head.

These aspects of her size weren't all just novelties — after ten minutes of cooking, Emma was beginning to feel a dull ache in her back, from bending over so much. But there wasn't really any other option — she HAD to bend over to reach the stove, after all. Once, when she had curved her back forward and thrust her butt out in the act of bending down, she had accidentally opened the refrigerator with her ass. She didn't even realize that she had done it until the door came back around and gently tapped her right cheek, startling her briefly. Another time, when she was going around the kitchen island to put away some spices, she banged into the trashcan with her knee.

"Ow! God damn it!" she cursed out loud, rubbing her knee and staring at the trash can. Had she always been this klutzy? Maybe it was all just magnified when she was by herself.

Later on that evening, after she had eaten an entire box of pasta, to go along with an entire jar full of sauce and a whole pound of ground beef, Emma video chatted with Daniel again. He was happy to see that she appeared to be in an upbeat mood. She stepped on the scale and showed him her weight: 215.3.

"Oh! Oh wow!" said Daniel in surprise. "That's...haha, that's a good bit more than before, isn't it?"

"Yeah...it is," said Emma, feeling her nervousness ramp up again. She wished that Daniel didn't feel like he had to just say it all outright, but she kept her thoughts to herself. She shrugged her shoulders and said in an airy voice:

"Well I DID just eat, like a whole box of pasta, so...haha that probably has something to do with it."

"A whole box, woah!" exclaimed Daniel. "How many servings is that?"

"I don't know...eight?" said Emma nonchalantly, shrugging. "I was hungry."

"Of course...nothing wrong with that!" laughed Daniel, wanting to avoid any confrontation around food. "Let's measure your height!"

A few seconds later, Daniel was blinking into his screen, making sure he was seeing everything correctly.

“Well?” asked Emma, this time failing to disguise her anxiousness.

“It says...well, the top of your head is right in between 78 and 79 inches.”

“So...6’6...and a half,” Emma intoned, swallowing a little lump in her throat.

“Y-yeah...yep! That’s what it says.”

“Well...haha, so much for the growth slowing down, huh?” For a few seconds, Emma felt all the crushing weight of her depression coming back. But then, she suddenly remembered the image of herself in the mirror earlier that morning...and this image flashed in her mind, combining with another image: Keith’s blushing face, looking up at her awkwardly after his face had accidentally smushed into her boobs. She looked down at her body, once again appreciating its curves. And, just like that, the depression seemed to evaporate. She was still anxious, and still wanted very much to know what was going on, but she refused to entertain that dark, hopeless realm of her mind anymore. There wasn’t any point to it — indulging in those bad thoughts accomplished nothing, and they made her feel like a monster. She wasn’t a monster; she was a woman...a woman who was growing...a woman who had curves.

“Baby?” came Daniel’s apprehensive voice from the other end. “It’s gonna be alright, you know — everything’s gonna — ”

“Oh I know...I know, Daniel, thanks!” she said, cutting him off before he could launch into his damage-control mode with her. She made a point to smile brightly into the camera. “It’s...like...it’s all ok. I thought everything was slowing down, but apparently it’s not, and...and it’s just like you said — it’s gonna be all right. And I feel all right, really, I do!”

“You sure?” asked Daniel carefully. “Nothing else the matter? Body feeling good?”

“Haha, I mean, I’ve turned into a freaking klutz!” laughed Emma, surprising herself with her bubbly mood. “Like...I accidentally opened the fridge with my butt earlier, haha!”

“Oh wow!” enjoined Daniel with a chuckle. He was looking at her closely on his screen. She really DID seem to be ok.

“And, like...I mean, my body still kinda aches all the time.”

“Growing pains?”

“Uhh...haha, yeah. At least that’s what Dr. Hartman says they are. But otherwise I’m totally fine!”

And she was telling the truth. Even though Emma felt like she sounded like she was trying to convince herself of her own words, the fact was that, except for those few awful moments right after she had been measured, the same sense of despair and panic did not return. In its place was a kind of tacit, almost numb acceptance of what was going on. She had reached some kind of gradual epiphany, a slow realization, that it just felt better not to be living in a constant state of anxiety about something that she could not control. Emma wasn’t fully conscious of

how she had come to attain this new mental state, but the two images in her mind, of herself admiring her curves in the mirror, and of Keith's embarrassed red face, had something to do with it. Subconsciously, they were instilling a kind of confidence in her, directly connected to her growing body.

For the next several days, Emma's growth continued to increase. The day after she had reached 6'6-and-a-half, she had shot up all the way to 6'8, and her weight had increased further, up to 230 pounds. Now Daniel felt like he was the one who had to hide his anxiety; he hated not being there in person, but it seemed to him like Emma was really dealing with it quite well. She seemed almost casual about it at times. When she had measured in at 230.8 pounds, Daniel had nervously waited for her reaction, but all she had done was raise her eyebrows and let out a low whistle.

"Wow!" she had said, trying to stick her finger in between her stomach and her waistband, "No WONDER these feel tight."

Later on in the same conversation, Daniel had heard a loud rip as Emma adjusted herself on the bed.

"What was that?" he had asked.

"Haha, oh it's nothing," said Emma, rolling her eyes and shaking her head as she smiled a little. "Just my pants finally waving the white flag, haha."

"They just tore?" asked Daniel, trying to sound natural.

"Yeah, right down my hip. But it was bound to happen sooner or later...I could feel it straining there for a while. At this point, it's a choice between having clothes that fit, or walking around hungry all day."

"I...think you're making the right choice, honey," said Daniel. "You can always buy more clothes."

And Emma did the next day, specifically with the intention of anticipating further growth. She bought some clothes that fit her in her current form, but she also bought some that were fit for someone who was around 6'9 or 6'10, and with bigger measurements, and who weighed a good 30 pounds more than she did. Emma didn't particularly enjoy this aspect of the venture, but she managed to shrug off any impending feelings of worry. She was just doing what she had to do to be comfortable.

On her way out of the store, she ran into Hank.

"Emma! Hey!" he exclaimed.

"Oh Hank! How are you?" she replied pleasantly. Even though she was in flats, she immediately saw that Hank was a good deal shorter than her now — three whole inches, in fact. He was looking straight into her teeth.

"I'm...uh, I'm fine — how are you?" he asked, feeling a little puzzled. She definitely seemed taller than she had been at the party; Hank assumed that she was wearing some even taller heels or something, but his confusion grew when he looked down and saw that Emma was in flats, standing on the level pavement. He blinked a few times and slowly brought his eyes back up to hers. He gave her an awkward smile.

"Just doing a little weekend shopping!" she said brightly, enjoying his confusion. "I got too big for my other clothes so...haha, yeah!"

"Oh...ah...ok, haha...well, nice seeing you Emma!" said Hank, waving goodbye to her a bit clumsily.

'Jesus,' thought Emma as she rode home, totally cramped in her car, 'Hank looked really...small just then...and he's a "big guy," haha, man!'

It was more of a novelty than anything else, to realize how much bigger she had become than a guy like Hank, who, up until very recently, had seemed like nothing less than a giant compared to her. Later on that night, she was video chatting again with Daniel in the kitchen, preparing to go into the bedroom to measure herself again.

"Wow, so he looked small?" asked Daniel.

"Yeah!" said Emma as she walked towards the bedroom, "Like...I was in flats and everything, and he just...looked little, haha!"

"Gosh, I can't imagine how I must look compared to you now," chuckled Daniel.

"Well, if you want i can draw a line on the chart and see where you — OW!"

From Daniel's perspective, he had been watching Emma's face as she walked toward the bedroom, but he had suddenly seen the top of the doorframe come into view. Emma hadn't seen it, since she was looking down at her phone screen, so she had been totally blind-sighted by it as it smacked into her forehead. She saw her stagger back a little, rubbing her head in surprise.

"Honey! Honey are you ok?!" he asked.

"Haha yeah...I just...wow, I totally just banged by head on the doorframe!" she exclaimed.

"I can see that!" replied Daniel.

"Hmmm...thought I still had a bit of clearance...oh well!" Emma almost seemed to speak these words more to herself than anything, but with a shrug of her shoulders at "oh well!" she was back in the conversation. She went over and drew a line at 6'1 and stood up next to it, holding out her phone to show Daniel the comparison.

"Looks like the top of my head is right at your chin...wow!" said Daniel. "Now let's see your height now!"

“Oh gee, I wonder what it’s gonna say tonight?” joked Emma as her boyfriend laughed. She was still a little anxious about everything, but they were having fun. A moment later, Daniel found himself speaking through a slightly dry mouth:

“You’re 6’10, honey.”

Emma paused a moment, letting her boyfriend’s words sink into her body. 6’10...6’10!?! Despite her incredulity, her heart rate remained surprisingly normal. She lowered her phone from the top of her head to her face and smiled suspiciously at Daniel through the camera. She noticed that he looked as shocked as she felt, but she was hoping that the surprise was less obvious on her face.

“Are you screwing with me?” she asked, narrowing her eyes playfully at him.

“N-no, Emma...haha, I’m not kidding,” said Daniel, chuckling in spite of himself. “You’re 6’10, trust me — I mean...you can take a picture of your head on the height chart if you don’t believe —”

“No, no, Daniel, I believe you,” said Emma, shaking her head as she smiled. “It’s just that... uh...haha, umm...wow, you know? Six foot freaking ten!? No wonder Hank looked so tiny next to me!”

“Umm...haha, yeah...no wonder,” murmured Daniel. He was about to recommend that Emma call Dr. Hartman to tell him that her growth had accelerated again, but something held him back from doing this. He didn’t want to stress her out, or make her feel like she had to do extra work, dealing with all of this crazy growth.

“Hmmm...I should probably tell Dr. Hartman about this,” muttered Emma.

“Uh, haha, yeah...I think that’d be a good idea,” said Daniel, feeling grateful that she had arrived at his suggestion on her own.

Emma sighed, and then she got a funny little idea. It didn’t really feel like an idea that she would have, and yet it had come to her — in the moment, it felt like an enjoyable little diversion.

“Well, in the meantime,” she said, “How about I give you a special little tour of our house, from MY perspective? Haha, you know, just so you can see how small and low everything looks from my point of view?”

“Uh, haha, ok,” said Daniel, appreciative that she was seeming to be taking all of this well.

For the next several minutes, Emma walked around the house, keeping her phone level with her own eyes so that it was like Daniel was looking at everything from her perspective. It was a fun kind of game, and Emma found herself enjoying it more than she had even expected when she got the idea.

“And see?” she laughed, “This is what the top shelf looks like to me — see, I barely have to even try to reach, haha!”

“Wow, that’s amazing!”

“Yeah, but it’s not always the most amazing...like...look at the top of the fridge here.”

“Oh man...wow it’s pretty dusty up there!”

“Don’t worry baby — I’ll do a little dusting tomorrow.”

“Can you touch the ceiling? It’s looking pretty close.”

“Haha, I can’t yet — but I’m not too far away! Our ceilings are nine feet, so...yeah...but I can totally reach past 8 feet.”

“8 feet...geez!” Daniel’s head was spinning as Emma continued on through her tour of the house. He couldn’t believe how low to the ground everything looked from her perspective. The stove, the sinks, bed, even the toilet...it all just looked so...far away. When they finally signed off at the end of their chat, Daniel just sat there on the end of his bed in the hotel room. He couldn’t make anything of all this craziness...and he started to worry about what it would be like when he came back in two days.

For her part, Emma was getting more and more accustomed to dealing with her growth on a more fluid, relaxed basis. It certainly helped that she wasn’t actually around a lot of other people to compare to, but even still, her encounter with Hank had reinforced the reality that she was, bit by bit, coming to terms with whatever it was that was happening to her body. She still had her moments of nervousness and anxiety mainly centered on the uncertainty of everything that was happening. But she no longer felt the desperate longing to be engulfed by her boyfriend; even though it had been a painful thing to let go, once it was gone, Emma felt strangely able to handle it. In fact, she even found herself looking forward to hugging him on his return. He had always been so loving and protective of her, and now that she was the big one, she felt eager to return the favor.

The next day, Emma didn’t actually have to go into the office, since it was a holiday, and so she busied herself doing a little work from home. After she had finished up everything by mid-morning, she went around dusting the house, easily accessing all the hard-to-reach places. She spent much of the rest of the day cleaning the house, delighting in making it all nice and sparkly for Daniel when he got back the next day. Even though their fight was long behind them, Emma still harbored a nagging sense of guilt and regret for what she had said to him (especially about being short), and she wanted to do everything that she could to welcome him home in a positive way. Cleaning the high places was easy enough, but cleaning the lower places, especially the countertops, left Emma’s back feeling quite sore by the end of it all. She had also banged her knees against various doors and objects throughout the day, so much so that they were both red and a little swollen.

She video-chatted with Daniel one last time, but didn’t let him see how clean the house was, to preserve the surprise. As they chatted, Emma munched absent-mindedly on some pop tarts. She had already eaten a full meal and enjoyed a carton-full of ice cream for dessert, but it just hadn’t been enough to assuage her hunger. Daniel couldn’t help but notice how much she was eating.

‘Jesus, that’s her third pop tart in ten minutes,’ he thought to himself. ‘I thought she said that she already ate.’

“Uh, h-honey?” he said out loud, “Haha, you, uh, you goin’ a little hard on those pop tarts?”

“Yeah, so?” she asked mildly, feeling slightly irritated that he would bring it up. She couldn’t help it that she was still hungry!

“It’s just...uh...haha, I mean, well...I guess it isn’t really a big deal.”

“I’m a growing girl, after all!” said Emma wryly, and Daniel backed down. They measured her just a little while later — 6’10-and-a-half, 242 pounds. The growth seemed to have slowed a bit, but at this point, neither of them trusted that downward trend. They said their goodbyes, both of them earnestly letting the other know how eager they were to be reunited the next day.

After her video chat, Emma didn’t really feel tired. She started surfing around the internet on her phone, going through social media for a moment, before an idea suddenly popped into her head. She just decided to google “giantess.” Immediately, her eye was drawn to several webpage titles that made her heart beat faster: “How I Accidentally Became A Fetish Model” from a blog, and “Pretending To Be A Giantess Made Me Feel Like A Boss” from VICE News were the first two that caught her eye. She clicked on the VICE article.

She proceeded to read the entirety of an article, written by a woman, about becoming a fetish model for macrophilia, a kink that Emma had never even heard of before. Apparently, there was an established community of loads of submissively-inclined men (and some women), who got off on size comparisons and fantasies of being dominated and humiliated, and even crushed or eaten, by giant women. Emma felt her curiosity rising, even as a part of her warned not to explore “the weird shit” any further. She clicked through some giantess fetish art on some free sites, and was astonished to see all varieties of size and height comparisons, in a dizzying array of scenarios. Photographs of women as tall as she was, looming high over small, skinny men... collages of women as tall as skyscrapers, rampaging through cities...gentler scenes of big-breasted, 15-foot-tall giantesses giving normal-sized men the blowjobs of their lives...3D renderings of huge, open mouths, threatening to swallow the tiny, screaming men in front of them...

It was all so much for Emma — perhaps a bit too much — and she started to feel a little repulsed by the whole thing. ‘Surely there’s something wrong with these people,’ she thought to herself, even as she continued to scroll through the images. ‘This is...there’s something just... off about all this...’

She suddenly wondered if Keith was one of the people in this community. Almost everyone seemed to use an alias, so it would be impossible to find him, but she definitely wondered...she was about to click on a link for “GiantessCity” before she finally decided to call it quits for the night. She exited out of the internet, feeling a sense of relief wash over her. It had been quite intense, to discover that there was actually a community of people online who would...well... who would be especially attracted to what was happening to her. But Emma didn’t think any more of it; she felt tired and drained, and a few minutes later, after brushing her teeth and washing her face, she was in bed asleep.

The next day, Emma again worked from home, taking a special personal day for herself. She knew that she had grown more during the night, and she just didn't feel like going into the office and dealing with the inevitable "oohs" and "aahs" and concerned expressions of her co-workers. She had slept naked the previous night, and she managed to squeeze herself into some pajama pants that had been fairly roomy only a few days before. Everything looked even smaller and lower than usual, and by mid-morning, Emma broke down and measured herself — 7'1, 257 lbs. Her mind numbly accepted these measurements, and she shrugged and went about her day, taking care to move slower about the house after the vibrations from her steps had knocked over a lamp in the living room.

A few hours later, Emma heard Daniel's car drive up. An ebullient joy bubbled up inside her, even as it mixed with nervousness and anxiety. He opened the door and she jumped up from the sofa and skipped over to him, closing the gap between them rather quickly. He looked TINY to her, SO much tinier than she expected, but she ignored it and bent down to embrace him, squeezing him tightly and feeling his bones pop a little.

"H-hi Emma!" breathed Daniel as the air left his lungs. She released him and took a step back, smiling down at him with wide eyes despite the enormity of their size difference.

"Hiiii," she said, immediately blushing. Neither of them could believe it. She was a full foot taller than him; the top of his head didn't even reach her chin now, and her huge, curvy hips were even with the middle of his chest. He was staring straight into the middle of her breasts. For several long moments, neither of them could speak.

Chapter 5

‘Oh my god,’ thought Daniel to himself, as he stared up at Emma’s big, wide shoulders, up at her chin, and way up into her eyes. He knew that she had grown a lot over the past week, but nothing had prepared him for the shock of actually experiencing a one-foot height difference in person. She was positively gargantuan — and even though it was still her sweet, pretty face that was smiling down at him from way above, Daniel could not help but feel instantly intimidated by her size. Everything about her — her feet, her calves, her thighs, her hips, her breasts, everything — was far, far bigger than he had been prepared for.

At the same time, Emma was equally as shocked, but for opposite reasons.

‘Jesus he’s short!’ was her immediate thought, and she looked down at his briefcase that he was holding in his hand. The briefcase itself, along with the clothes he was wearing, looked so adorably small to Emma that she almost started giggling — it was a nervous kind of laughter that started bubbling up from inside her, but she was able to stop it before it became audible or evident on her face. Everything was just too bizarre to have one single reaction like that. All she could do was stare down at him for several long moments. Like Daniel, she had not been prepared for the enormity of the size difference in this moment.

“Uhhh,” said Daniel a few moments later, awkwardly breaking the silence. “Y-you’re...wow, Emma!”

“Yeah,” she said softly, nodding her head down at him slowly. “Wow is right.” She suddenly felt a strange surge of affection for him in his awkwardness, and she bent down again, arching her back at an odd angle as she bent her knees, desperate to get at him for another hug. Daniel backed up a step in reaction to her descending figure, but he quickly realized that he would not want to be seen as evading an affectionate maneuver. He accepted her hug, and once again, he felt the air leave his lungs as she squeezed him. More so this time, he felt the almost crushing weight of her bulk come down on top of his shoulders, and he staggered in place, nearly losing his footing.

Emma didn’t notice, though. She had her eyes closed with her arms around him, hugging him tightly in genuine affection. Even though they had made up after their fight the previous week, this was still the first time they had actually seen each other since that unfortunate moment. She began to get a little teary as she leaned a little more into the hug, causing Daniel to stumble once again.

“Emma...” he said in a weak voice, all he could manage without any air in his lungs. “Ok...ok, Emma.”

“It’s just so nice for you to be home!” she said a little thickly, and without quite realizing what she was doing, she straightened her back up a little bit, since she had bent down forward at an awkward angle. At the same time, though, she did not let go of the hug, and the effect was that she actually lifted Daniel off the ground for a couple seconds without even meaning to. She had simply forgotten how tall she was. A second or two later, however, she seemed to realize what was going on and loosened her arms. Daniel dropped a few inches back down into the floor, letting out a kind of nervous laugh as he did so.

“Ahaha...ah...yeah...yeah, it’s nice to be home,” was all he managed to say.

“I just...I just can’t believe how small you are!” Emma burst out a moment later, flashing a huge grin down at him. She felt like she was soaking up a surreal moment, and she really didn’t know how she felt about the greater-than-expected size difference. But she did know that she was so happy to see her boyfriend that her joy at seeing him trumped any other identifiable emotion she was feeling, and so she turned it up a notch, just to make sure he knew that she was happy, and not shocked, or confused.

“I...I’m not the...eh...haha, well I could say the same thing about you, honey!” laughed Daniel nervously. “Just the opposite, haha!” He had been about to correct her and say that she, in fact, was the one who was big — he wasn’t small. But that would have resurrected the very fight he did not want to repeat, and so he just went with a diplomatically cheerful rebuttal.

“Yep, yep, I’ve gotten a little bigger,” said Emma, nodding and looking around the kitchen.

‘A little!?’ thought Daniel to himself.

“But anyway, here, let me take your bag!” she said brightly, wanting to do something nice for him right away. Daniel felt her snatch his briefcase out of his grasp, and he looked down just enough to see her hand extended next to his. He felt something like a cold sweat begin to break out across his brow, even as it was mixed with a strange kind of arousal. Her hand looked comically big next to his.

“Woah, this thing is light!” she giggled, waving the briefcase one-handed around the kitchen a little without meaning to. It really did feel as light as a feather to her, even though it weighed around twenty pounds.

“Haha, careful Emma!” laughed Daniel. “That’s got all my computer stuff and everything in there.”

“Oh...yeah, ok, sorry!” she said, smiling contritely and striding over to put it down by his desk. Daniel noticed that Emma only needed about two and a half strides to get all the way through the kitchen. Emma didn’t really seem to notice, though. As she bent down, her tight pajama pants strained audibly against her huge ass and wide hips.

“Oooh, I gotta remember not to bend over too quickly,” she chuckled, straightening back up. “I think it might be time for me to shop for some new clothes.”

“That’s...uh...that it looks like that might be a good idea,” admitted Daniel.

“You really think so?” she asked immediately, her face falling a little in concern. “Is it that obvious?”

“Hehe, uh, I mean, honey...it’s...it’s fine! You’re still growing,” said Daniel, trying to sound natural and casual. But from his point of view, Emma’s pajama pants, which were supposed to be quite roomy, looked so tight that they resembled spandex.

The next day, Emma physically went into the office again, but she quickly discovered that she could not adequately perform her job without her size and stature getting in the way. All of this made her feel more annoyed than anything else. She felt totally fine! Why couldn't everyone else just get over it and move long with their day? More than once, though, she caught her co-workers lingering at the door to her office for too long. She heard people whispering out in the hallway; she tried to shake all the unwelcome drama off, but eventually she was directly confronted. Monica walked slowly into her office, approaching her desk cautiously. Emma looked up — even though she was sitting down, her head still rose a couple inches above the 5'5 Monica's. Emma's eyebrows arched expectantly, even as she tried to bury the irritation that was threatening to rise to the surface.

"Uh...Emma?" asked Monica tentatively.

"Yeah?" asked Emma, trying to sound normal. But she didn't feel normal; her ass already hurt from being squeezed into her tiny office chair.

"Y-You've...you've really gotten...a lot, lot bigger and taller recently," said Monica slowly.

"Sure have!" said Emma, smiling. 'God, is she really wasting my time with this?' she thought to herself.

"There's...there's something just not right going on, Emma," said Monica, still timid, but firm in her conviction. "I mean, like...before, when you were just a little bigger, it was already, uh... pretty weird. But now, like...there's something seriously wrong, obviously."

"Well," said Emma, cocking her head and shrugging her shoulders as she threw her hands up in the air, "The doctors are running a whole bunch of tests right now. I don't know what else to tell you, except that I feel fine."

"Well, uh...that's...that's good," said Monica in a bit of a small voice, taking a little step back. Emma suddenly realized that her voice had carried louder, and perhaps was a little deeper, than she had intended. Had she scared Monica? but she was just speaking normally — why was Monica being so sensitive? Emma abruptly decided to stand up and turn around, to show Monica her figure, in the hopes that both of them could just laugh at the impressive scope of her new curves, but she once again misjudged the tightness of her work pants, and in rising, she split a two-inch hole right down her left thigh.

"Oh god damn it!" snapped Emma frustratedly, rolling her eyes. She didn't see it, but Monica took another little step back. The amazon recovered, though and just looked down at Monica and laughed, making crazy eyes at her, as if to say, 'Hahaha, wow, is this even happening!?'"

"Oh well, I was gonna go shopping for new clothes today anyway," she said cheerfully. She made a motion to step towards Monica, but the very act of stepping tore her pants another four inches.

"I...guess I better go now!" chuckled Emma, and she walked gingerly past her stunned co-worker, whose eyes were exactly even with the underside of her large breasts.

Emma passed Keith in the hallway, but for once she wasn't interested in exploring any kind of interaction with him. The longer she was in the office, the more she felt like everything just... wasn't made for her. Her ass was still sore from her tiny chair, her hands and wrists were sore from holding them at odd angles over her keyboard, and even the new flowers in the corner just looked...well, too close to the ground. She couldn't even see her face anymore in the long mirror that hung in the hallway. She barely even looked at Keith as she shuffled awkwardly past him, trying her best to both cover up the hole in her pants and move slow enough that it didn't get any bigger. She was able to notice, however, that the top of Keith's head barely even reached her boobs. As she passed him by, she felt his eyes on her body, but she didn't even bother to turn and make eye contact. She just didn't want to deal with his awkwardly meek admiration right now.

A bit later, she was at the store, trying on outfit after new outfit, and as she did so, Emma found herself becoming increasingly frustrated. Why did nothing seem to fit her!? Surely there were other women like her! Why didn't the companies make clothes for them then? Anything that possibly fit her hips and ass was invariably far too short in the legs, and the one pair of pants that got anywhere close to being long enough...well, Emma couldn't even fit her legs into them!

She was becoming increasingly desperate when she felt a tap in the middle of her back. She turned around and saw a kindly-looking older lady, who was wearing a kerchief around her grey, expertly-styled hair. This woman was tiny. Emma's hips were higher than her shoulders! 'Aw, a nice old dwarf lady!' thought Emma genially.

"Hello," said the old woman in an immediately-amiable voice, speaking perfect English, though in a French accent, "I just noticed that you were having a little bit of trouble there, and I don't want to presume, but I might be able to help you."

"You can?" asked Emma, immediately liking this woman's easy energy. 'Finally,' she thought, 'Someone who's treating me like a normal person.'

"Yes indeed," declared the woman, the accented English spilling in a lovely way off her tongue. "My name is Cécile Bisset, and I was a fashion designer in France for many years, before I moved over here to the States, to get away from it all. I do custom-tailored designs for private clients. For someone of your stature, Ms....?"

"Oh, Emma! My name's Emma." They shook hands, with Emma actually taking special care not to accidentally snap the old woman's fingers. Ironically, being treated as normal made her more conscious of how abnormally large she had become, at least for the moment.

"So, Ms. Emma, if you find that you can't find anything satisfactory, please give me a call here — may I give you my card?"

"Oh! Oh yes! Yes, Ms. Bisset!" exclaimed Emma happily, taking the business card in her two fingers (and noticing, before she put it in her purse, that it looked and felt more like a little scrap of paper than an actual card). "I'm sure I'll be giving you a call here soon, because there's nothing that seems to fit me here! Nothing!"

"Well, don't you worry yourself, young lady," said Ms. Bisset. "I help people like you all the time!"

“There are lots more like me?” Emma heard herself say, although she felt puzzled by her own words.

“Oh yes,” said the old woman, her eyes twinkling. “Lots of people don’t fit into the established sizes these big companies produce. Let me know, Ms. Emma!”

Emma didn't even wait for Ms. Bisset to leave. Right then and there, she agreed to pay the old woman to help make her a series of custom-designed pants, tops, skirts, and dresses. Ms. Bisset took Emma's measurements, and promised a new line of clothes that would be ready in a week. Emma was so happy that she felt like splurging on something to celebrate — getting new clothes had become such a hassle, but now all the difficulty was gone! Feeling almost giddy, she came across a pair of tall black heels with a 7-inch platform that just happened to be in her size.

‘Oh screw it, I’ll get them!’ she thought to herself, laughing. ‘Besides, it’ll be a nice little throwback to when Daniel got me those other heels a while back. He’ll appreciate them!’

Emma quickly found, however, that she wasn't able to wear her new heels and drive at the same time; she simply didn't fit in the car. Her head was already pressing into the car ceiling, and with the heels, she simply didn't have enough room for her legs. Grumbling a little, even as she shook her head and chuckled to herself, she took the heels off, drove home barefoot, and put them back on before going inside.

"Honnnneeyyyy!" called Emma as she opened the door, "I'm — " and here she almost got herself stuck in the door's entrance. She was so tall in the new heels that the door frame only came up to her shoulders. From his computer chair, Daniel turned and was able to see the huge form of his girlfriend, but with the doorframe completely obscuring her head. He froze in shock.

"I'm...haha, oh wow, this door frame is little...haha...ok, there we go — I'm hommmeee!"

She spread her arms widely towards Daniel, who stood up slowly, looking up at her like he couldn't believe his eyes. She strode over and hugged him, not even bothering to bend down this time. Instead, she just reached out, grabbed his head in her huge hands, and hugged it to her, squishing it into her lower breasts and upper stomach. The rest of Daniel's body had no choice but to follow, and he stumbled into her.

“E-Easy, easy, Emma!” he cautioned.

“Oh, sorry, haha — a little too much?” she laughed, looking down at him. ‘Aw come on, Daniel,’ she thought, ‘It’s just a little hug!’

“You like my new heels?” she asked, extending a huge, shapely leg out in front of him.

"They're...very big," he said, chuckling.

“Haha, yeah! Just like those other heels you got me before, remember? Haha, I know it was only weeks ago, but it seems like it’s been ages since then.”

“Yeah...uhh...w-wow, Emma,” was all Daniel could say. Privately, Emma wished that Daniel would just quit acting so...nervous around her. Or timid...or...whatever it was. She wished he would act more like Ms. Bisset. But she kept these thoughts to herself and told him the good news about her custom clothes. Daniel agreed that it was indeed good news, and the rest of the evening, and many evenings after passed by, at least on the surface, just fine.

But everything seemed a bit off, both to Emma and to Daniel, but for different reasons. Daniel, for his part, was feeling increasingly worried about his girlfriend. He was looking forward to hearing what Dr. Hartman would have to say about her new growth during her appointment that was coming up. In the meantime, he was just trying to act and behave in his usual steady manner; but internally, he was starting to experience real anxiety. It had been one thing when Emma was as tall as him, or even a little taller. But now she was walking around in those heels, towering over him by almost a foot and a half!? He was looking up at her nipples now! It was all a bit too much for him to handle. And she was still growing, though now at a very uneven pace. She might not gain an entire inch for four or five days, and then on the very next day shoot up an inch and a half!

As far as Emma went, she was mostly enjoying herself and feeling normal, despite the craziness of what was happening to her. She had reached an almost zen-like state of acceptance regarding her condition, whatever it was, and it certainly helped that she was actually feeling good...great, even. Her appetite had increased to the point where she was eating nearly twice the amount Daniel was, which meant that he had to go to the grocery store almost twice as often. Emma again took to working from home, and everything seemed fine — she had her tailor-made clothes, which fit her nicely (and, because of their special fabric, could accommodate another 7-10 inches of growth if necessary — surely more than enough!), and she maintained a sense of youthful energy. Her appointment with Dr. Hartman yielded no more results than before, and the doctor had looked increasingly worried about the continuation of her growth. Emma, however, had spent most of the appointment marveling at how small everything looked in the doctor’s office, from the table she was sitting on, to the sinks, to the doctor himself. It was like she was back in her pediatrician’s office, except now she was an adult. The only thing missing were the blocks and toys designed to keep nervous children diverted.

It was true that Emma had actually begun to get frustrated with a lot of small things: namely, indeed, how small everything was beginning to seem to her. It was becoming harder and harder for her to hold utensils right — why did they have to make them so small, anyway? And the shelves in the house! Only the top ones were any use to her — the bottom ones were so far down, they were almost as useless as the countertops! What did people expect her to do — just walk around in a permanent crouch all the time? As she gained inches over the weeks, it became harder and harder for her to take showers. Her feet and lower legs stuck off the end of the bed. And, after a couple weeks, she could even feel the elastic material of Ms. Bisset’s special clothes starting to feel tighter all over her body.

On more than one occasion, she was surprised that Daniel actually had to ask her to reach things. One time, he was asking where the miscellaneous box was, that had a packet of AA batteries that Daniel needed.

“Oh, it’s on the shelf up there, above the fridge,” muttered Emma from her position on the sofa, her attention arrested by work on her laptop.

"The...top shelf?" asked Daniel.

"Yeah, it's just like right there, no big deal," said Emma, not taking her eyes off the screen. A moment later, though, she heard the sound of Daniel fruitlessly grunting and exerting himself, and she glanced up in surprise to see him reaching in vain, on his tiptoes, for the box on the top shelf. He wasn't even close — the tips of his fingers were at least three or four inches away.

"I...can't reach it...Emma!" he said through teeth clenched in effort.

Creasing her brow, frowning a little, and not fully understanding, Emma got up from the sofa and walked over to the shelf. By this time, she was 7'8 in her bare feet. She lifted her arm up to eye level, calmly drew out the box, and handed it down to her boyfriend, giving him an odd, confused look before going back to work. She didn't realize it, but in that moment, Emma standing beside him, reaching up, with her breasts just a bit taller than his eyes, made Daniel have flashbacks to when he was a younger child around his mother. He couldn't help it — it was the last time he had been around a woman who was that much bigger and taller than he was.

The weeks continued to pass by, and Emma went from 7'8 to 7'10, hit 8'0, and then finally barely cracked past 8'1. Before she passed 8 feet, however, Emma had to deal with the slow, unfortunate realization that she could not proceed along normally with her life. Daniel had already generally come to these realizations, but for Emma, the process was slower, and fraught with frustration and difficulty. First, after she hit 7'8, she discovered that she could no longer wear the platform heels she had bought. For one thing, they had become too painful for her feet (even though she had gotten them a size big, to accommodate any extra growth), but even more obviously, she discovered that she could not walk around the house as an 8'3 woman without knocking things over and making a mess. She simply was too huge; at that height, she couldn't even raise her hands more than nine inches above her head without them smacking painfully into the ceiling. Reluctantly, therefore, she had to give up the heels, which put her in a bit of a foul mood for half a day, before she was able to shrug it all off and proceed along "as normal."

But a few days later, she had another growth spurt, shooting up to 7'10, and with this new spurt came the unwelcome realization that Emma could no longer fit into the car. She and Daniel had been about to go out to buy extra groceries. Emma had helpfully offered to come with him, since, after all, she was the reason why their food stocks kept getting depleted at an increasingly rapid rate. She had even offered to drive. But once she ducked her head and gathered up her legs to try and squeeze into the seat, Daniel started shaking his head.

"I don't think you're gonna fit in that way, honey," he said.

"What? No! No, I can totally fit," countered Emma, jostling down to find the seat adjuster. "I just...need to pull the seat back some. It'll work."

"But you were the last one to drive," said Daniel. "The seat's already back as far as it'll go."

"That's...no, that can't be right," grunted Emma, squirming her cramped curves in the seat, which sighed and sagged under her massive weight. "It's...hmmmm, well you're right...it's back as far as it'll go. But...here we go! I'll adjust the back part of the seat. That should work!"

Emma pulled the lever to release the seat's back for adjustment, and it immediately went backwards, responding to Emma's weight. But that didn't seem to help anything, because the end result was that Emma's head became even further enmeshed in the car's ceiling. It didn't matter that the car seat went back; her head, neck, and torso were simply too big and too tall to budge.

"Uhhhh," said Daniel, not wanting to upset her, but nonetheless seeing the hopelessness of the situation, "I don't think that's working, honey."

"I just...I don't get it," huffed Emma frustratedly. "Everything was fine just a couple days ago. Why did we get such a tiny car in the first place?"

"Babe...the car is normal-sized," said Daniel. "I think...it's just...you're the one who outgrew it."

Emma continued to fruitlessly jostle and adjust her body for a few more minutes, but it was no use. She ended up having to admit that Daniel was right, and that she had completely outgrown the car. She couldn't even fit in the passenger seat to ride along with him. Begrudgingly, she had been forced to watch Daniel drive out to get groceries alone, as she watched from the driveway.

She had been so annoyed afterwards that she didn't even return to her work. Instead, she had just started aimlessly surfing the internet, to try and take her mind off the irritation of everything seeming so small. After a bit of aimless scrolling and searching, she suddenly remembered the giantess fetish community. It suddenly occurred to her that this specific online community of people held a curious attraction for her; here were people who actually celebrated hugeness, who were actually attracted to the idea, instead of just being nervous and iffy around it like Daniel had been recently. In no time, she had found the Giantess City forum, scrolled through it, and created an account, openly identifying herself as a 7'10 woman who was still growing, even posting a few pictures of herself standing by a doorway as proof. Unsurprisingly, she soon amassed a fascinated and devoted following.

Over the next couple weeks, Emma used the giantess community as a kind of catharsis, as a way of being able to document her growth without the unwelcome clinical setting (which she was beginning to tire of in general, since all the doctors were now visibly worried). The giantess community simply devoured her posts, asking her all kinds of questions, praising her, and offering to serve her in every way possible. Emma had to admit that she got a bit of a kick out of a lot of the comments these people made. On top of telling her that she was gorgeous, amazonian, and powerful (compliments that made her feel good, even though they were the sexually-motivated words of strangers), a number of people even offered themselves as her personal slaves, begging for the chance to worship her feet, feed her, and grant her every wish. Emma couldn't help but smile at the desperate energy of some of these people. Be her foot slave? Get sat on by her lovely ass? She had to chuckle and shake her head.

'These people are something else!' she thought to herself. A few of them hadn't hesitated to send her crude messages, about wanting to shrink themselves down and live in her pussy, and asking her to suck them off. A few of them had even asked her where she lived.

'Ugh...the things some of these creeps say!' she thought with disgust.

But even though she found a lot of the community ridiculous (and some of it downright gross), Emma still enjoyed having the catharsis and freedom it offered her. No one was burdening her with all the concern she had to deal with from everyone else in her life. It was almost like a fantasy world she could retreat to, one in which she was free to exercise the power of her body however she wished.

This fantasy world seemed all the more attractive, the bigger she got. Once she hit 8 feet tall, she began having real difficulty navigating in the house. The door frames weren't even as high as her shoulders anymore. Daniel was now looking straight into her stomach when she stood in front of him. He was beginning to lose his composure — how could he keep it together, with her growing so huge like this!? He couldn't shake the thought that she was surpassing him, growing into something more. But Emma seemed to keep her wits about her. It was annoying, having to type with single fingers on her laptop, and having to sit on the floor instead of the sofa.

Once, when she was still “only 7’10,” she had tried to sit on Daniel’s lap, but he had winced out in real pain and, a moment later, begged her in true pleading terms, to get off. She had done so, but she felt slightly miffed. What was wrong with him? She was just trying to be affectionate — why did he have to be so dramatic? Besides, he was the one who wasn't able to reach things, who wasn't strong enough to pull out that pipe she had the previous week, who had to use a stepladder when he was fixing the gutters. But Emma kept these thoughts to herself, not wanting to spoil the surface-level tranquility of the household.

But one day, it boiled over. Daniel was having a refreshing moment of normalcy with her, flirting and rubbing her stomach. Emma was giggling at the touch of his small hands, pushing them away effortlessly with her huge fingers. But he remained persistent, and soon actually began tickling her.

“Hahaha, stop it, Daniel!” Emma laughed. She was appreciating the contact, but she was very ticklish. He kept at it, ticking harder.

“Hahahaha, knock it off, quittttt ittttt!!” exclaimed Emma, laughing harder. But he didn't stop. A few seconds later, Emma responded more forcefully than she intended.

“I said stop!!” she yelled, still smiling, and pushed into his body with her forearm. What the 8’1 Emma thought was a nudge, however, was a violent shove to the 6’1 Daniel, and he flew off the sofa, landing hard on the floor multiple feet away. Thankfully, there was carpet where he landed. They both looked at each other, stunned. For a moment, Emma nearly panicked, feeling like she had almost hurt him, but quickly, upon seeing that he was fine, her mouth cracked into a grin. Even though he was shocked at her force, he smiled as well.

“I’m gonna getcha!” she yelled, and went after him. Daniel took off and fled from her and she followed in hot pursuit. They ran around the living room for a few seconds, but it didn't take long for Emma to catch up to him. But instead of capturing him in her arms, she suddenly decided to nudge him down onto the carpet again. She reached out and gave him a shove, and Daniel flew backwards from the force of her push, which had been far, far greater than she had intended. He crashed backwards into their coffee table and lay in a crumpled heap, wincing in pain. Emma immediately knew that she had actually gone too far this time, and ran up to him, her hands over her face.

“Oh my god, oh my god, Daniel!! Are you ok!?! Oh honey! I’m so, so sorry!! I...I didn’t mean it! It was an accident!!”

“I...know it was,” said Daniel, his teeth gritting in pain, even as he managed a pained smile. Emma continued to comfort him, and fortunately he was not badly hurt. In the back of Daniel’s mind, though, a line had indeed been crossed. Emma didn’t know her own strength, and she didn’t accept what Daniel had come to realize: that she couldn’t keep living in this house. She was just too big and strong — it wasn’t safe.

The next day, out shopping for more food for Emma’s titanic appetite, Daniel ran into Dr. Hartman in the check-out line. The doctor’s brow darkened when he saw Daniel’s expression.

“I need to talk to you,” he told the doctor in a low voice, “About Emma.”

Chapter 6

Daniel felt almost guilty as he headed back home, his car packed with groceries for Emma. Even though he knew he had done the right thing to voice his fears to Dr. Hartman, he still felt that he had somehow betrayed her. He knew that Emma would not be at all happy to discover that the two of them had been secretly talking about her, and about how the living conditions inside their house had deteriorated. But what was Daniel supposed to do!? Emma was 8'1 now, or maybe even a little taller, and she had become far, far stronger than she realized. Daniel was well aware that she had not meant to hurt him the other day, but the fact is that she had — his back was still sore from flying backwards onto the table. Emma's concerned face was still rushing up at him in his mind. He harbored no ill-will towards her, none at all. In fact, he was beginning to pity her to an extent that made him emotional. But something had to give, and he was happy to have secured an appointment with Dr. Hartman for Emma in three days.

Emma was lying on the sofa, browsing through some of the giantess forums, when she heard Daniel pull up in the driveway. She had actually been having something of an amusing time on the forums these past few days. As a way to help her cope with her condition, she had begun to cultivate a presence in the giantess community. She still definitely saw the array of fetishes as strange (and sometimes downright shocking), but she was finding that the kind of attention she was getting online was in many ways preferable to the attention she was getting in real life. She knew that Daniel loved and cared about her deeply, of course, but recently, she couldn't help but feel a bit irritated at his anxiety that surrounded her condition. It felt a bit oppressive and unnecessary; she knew that her condition was of unknown origin, and she knew that she had definitely grown way larger and taller than she could have ever believed possible. But the way that Daniel was looking at her recently...it was like he just didn't know what to do. Whereas before Emma had felt like he was being too lighthearted about the whole thing, now she felt quite the opposite. She had come to terms with whatever "this" was, and recently she had even been feeling better than she had before her condition began. She was more confident, and cared less about what people thought. They were all so small, anyway. But Daniel had just turned into a worry-wart.

Emma exited out of the GiantessCity forum as she sighed and stood up off the sofa, swinging her big legs around, which had been hanging way off the far end. She had just finished posting pictures that she had taken of herself next to her height chart, which she had totally outgrown by this point. The response from the giantess community had been quite exciting — she had already received dozens of messages and replies after she had posted a few earlier pictures, back when she was "only" 7'10. Most of them had been quite polite, but there had been a few weird ones who had demanded that she crush them under her feet while they orgasmed on her toes. Emma had made a face upon reading these messages, and she had deleted them immediately.

'Gross!' she had thought. 'Some of these guys are total perverts!'

But the vast majority of the attention she was getting was positive. And even though Emma wasn't putting too much stock in her online persona, she had to admit that she was feeling pretty good about becoming a "big deal" in the community. It made her feel special, almost regal...which was definitely better than feeling anxious and stressing about her "sickness." She wasn't sick — she felt totally fine!

The sofa groaned out loudly as Emma stood up. She almost felt like speaking to the sofa out loud, telling it to stop being so dramatic, but she just shook her head as she went to help Daniel unload the car. She wasn't going to stay annoyed at him; she was going to make a concerted effort to remember that his anxiety and discomfort around her were only the result of the fact that he loved her and was worried about him. She would try her best to make him feel as comfortable as possible, to show him that he really didn't have anything to be afraid of.

"Ooooh, look at all that food!" she laughed, ducking her head under the door frame as she walked out into the garage. Daniel was already laden down with grocery bags, but there was still plenty more to carry.

"Haha, yep!" he said, his voice strained over the effort he was putting in to carry all the bags. "Most of it's for you, honey."

"Aww, how sweet!" exclaimed Emma, taking a mere two steps to reach the car. "Here babe, let me get the rest of those — you're already holding too many bags as it is."

Quickly, Emma bent down at her waist, and reached her huge hands into the back trunk, loading up her fingers with grocery bags. Daniel watched her dumbfounded; he knew that Emma had become quite strong, but just to see how casually she lifted up the bags with her fingers...well, it was all a bit much for him. He was carrying eight bags in his hands, and he felt quite weighed down. Within fifteen seconds, however, Emma had loaded up each HAND with eight bags each. One bag was hanging from each finger, leaving both of her thumbs free. Like she was lifting nothing, Emma raised both her hands and gave Daniel a double "thumbs-up" sign before stepping back, extending out her foot, raising it higher than Daniel's head, and using it to slam the trunk door shut. Daniel jumped a little as the trunk made a loud noise, banging shut, the entire car shaking on its wheels in response.

"Ooops, a little too hard there," Emma chuckled. She made her way past Daniel with the grocery bags, holding her arms out straight forward so that both her elbows were at 90-degree angles. Daniel couldn't fail to notice, with Emma's arms held out this way, that the groceries she was effortlessly carrying were right in his face. He stumbled backward a bit to avoid them slapping him — he knew that Emma didn't mean anything by it. She simply didn't understand where her body was in the space.

A few minutes later they had put all the groceries away. Emma had been telling Daniel about the giantess community, and she was trying to ignore the fact that the conversation seemed to make Daniel even more anxious.

"You're...posting pictures of yourself?" he asked. "On...like, a sex forum?"

"A fetish forum," she had corrected, hiding her annoyance, "And yeah! You should read some of the things these guys are saying — they're totally into it!"

"Well...I mean," said Daniel, scratching his head, "Don't they know that it's, uh...like, not just a fantasy? That you have a, um...you know, condition?"

"Oh whatever Daniel," Emma chuckled, waving off his anxiety with a big hand. Daniel could actually feel the air current of her hand's nonchalant movement. "They get turned on by size

stuff in all kinds of forms. It's not like I'm harming myself by posting the pictures — it makes me feel kinda good, actually. Like I have some admirers, you know?"

"Y-yeah...yeah I guess," said Daniel dubiously. Emma was almost to the point where she felt like openly expressing her irritation, but she reminded herself to calm down, and that all of Daniel's energy was coming from a place of love. She decided to take a more lightheartedly informal approach, instead of cultivating her irritation.

"Aw, honey, haha, you sound so down about it all!" laughed Emma good-naturedly, reaching down and giving Daniel's face a bit of a caress. As she did so, she saw him flinch a little, and she realized that it was because she had lowered her hand towards them maybe a little faster than she had intended. But what was the problem? She had control over her body!

"Look! I'll show you," she said brightly, turning and walking with a few booming steps over to their bedroom. Daniel followed, noting that he had to take about two whole steps for every one that Emma took. She ducked under the doorway, leading Daniel to the height chart, which was still taped to their bedroom wall. Daniel immediately saw that Emma had been busy with the chart; it only went up to 7'10, but apparently, she had continued measuring herself earlier that day, and had marked "8'1" with a red marker, 3 whole inches above the top of the chart.

"See? Haha, Daniel, these giantess guys went absolutely crazy when I took some pictures of myself next to this chart."

"I...uh, yeah, I can see why," said Daniel, still feeling very uncomfortable with this whole thing.

"Some of them were totally like, 'oh that's not a real height chart,'" Emma continued, stepping up to the wall. "Seems almost like they're used to getting fooled or something, and are overly insecure about getting duped, you know? Poor guys...but anyway, I took out a tape measure and actually showed them the whole thing, and that convinced them...you know, plus the shots of me standing in the doorway and totally dwarfing the door frame, haha!"

"Uhh, wow, yeah," said Daniel blankly. He wasn't sure how this was helping anything, but Emma just kept going.

"And like, of course they're all like, 'do you have a boyfriend,' and I said yes and then they all wanted to know how tall you were, and look! I marked it for them! They just about lost their minds!"

Daniel followed Emma's pointing finger, and saw that she was pointing right about at her breast-level, to the 6'1 mark, which had also been marked in red.

"They...they get off on...like, how much taller you are...than me??" Daniel asked, alarmed.

"Yeah, honey!" laughed Emma. "Isn't that hilarious!? Like you're already taller than a lot of them anyway, but, like, it's just because you're actually my partner that really gets them going, you know? I mean, it's like..." and here she gestured her hands in between them emphasizing the size difference, "This is REAL, you know. This isn't a fantasy. You...actually barely even come up to my breasts now. For these guys, it's like a literal dream come true. The way they

talk, I don't think they'd even be able to function as adults if they were with someone as big and tall as me."

"That's...um...that's very interesting," said Daniel, making an effort of his own to meet Emma somewhere in the middle. He felt like engaging with this bizarre community was going a step too far, but he could also see how much it was entertaining her and making her feel...was it happy? Giddy? Daniel couldn't tell.

"And, oh -- don't even get me started about how much they love the process of the whole thing," Emma went on. "Like, look at this, Daniel, check this out." She suddenly crouched down, bending her knees and scrunching up her torso to make herself smaller. The effect was that she actually ended up looking bigger, since her head was now hovering right around 6 feet, but there was obviously so much more length and size in her limbs that was being purposefully stifled. Emma giggled at the effort she was making and crouched down even further, until her head was right at 5'8...the height she used to be.

"So, I took some pictures of myself like this, right? All crouched down, right at the height I used to be. Can you remember that, Daniel? When I was 5 inches shorter than you? Haha, it feels like a whole lifetime ago."

"Yeah...it does," said Daniel truthfully.

"And then...I get a little bigger," she said, rising up to 5'11. "And every time I make myself bigger, I take a picture, see? Just so they can visualize the process, right? And then...haha, look at that! I'm 6'1 again -- we're the same height!"

Daniel looked straight into Emma's face and managed to smile and chuckle a little at her little game, even though he was still feeling like she might have gone a bit wonky with this whole size business.

'Maybe it's just a temporary psychological effect,' he thought to himself, "Like a kind of coping mechanism or something.'

"And then -- oops! Now I'm 6'4!" laughed Emma, rising up a little more, out of Daniel's reach. He watched her go with an odd sense of hopelessness.

"When they turn away for a second...boom! I'm 6'8!" exclaimed Emma. "And I still have soooo much height to go! Look at how bent my legs still are! And at 6'8!? Haha, and then I get bigger, bit by bit, and on and on...7 feet, 7'4...7'8...and then when I hit 8 feet and go just a bit over, yeah...I think I can safely say they lose it!"

"That's...wow," was all Daniel managed to say. He glanced around the bedroom, wanting to find some kind of a distraction, and his eyes fell on an old stack of shirts that Emma had been wearing weeks before, back when she was "only" 6'8 or so. Absentmindedly, as a kind of nervous tic, Daniel picked up one of the shirts. It spilled open before his eyes, which went wide in surprise. This shirt was absolutely huge! It would have been incredibly baggy on him...And it was for back when she was SO much smaller than she was now!

“Haha, oh wow, look at that, one of my old shirts!” chuckled Emma. “God, look at how tiny it is -- I can’t believe I used to actually fit into that thing.”

She suddenly felt a little under pressure in the bedroom; Daniel’s energy was starting to feel stifling, and so Emma ducked under the door and walked out, continuing to talk.

“But anyway, honey, that’s just a taste of how I interact with those people. It’s totally harmless, really!”

“Well, I suppose so,” said Daniel, putting the shirt down and following her.

“And besides,” she said cheerily, walking back over to the sofa, “It kinda makes me feel... powerful, you know? I mean, haha, don’t get me wrong — a couple of the people were gross creeps and went way too far in their messages. But, I mean, it feels good to be called a goddess!”

“Is...is that what they’re calling you?” asked Daniel, not even bothering to hide his discomfort. All of this was definitely getting out of hand.

“A lot of them call me that, yeah!” she giggled, turning around right as she got to the sofa. She reached both of her hands up slightly and palmed the ceiling, grinning down at Daniel. He was eye-level with the top of her stomach now.

“And, I mean...I’m definitely an amazon at this point,” she continued, smiling down at him with a toothy grin. “Everyone and everything is just...so damn small, haha. So I figure, why not go with it? “Goddess” seems appropriate now, don’t you think?”

Daniel knew that she was just being playful, and so he tried as best he could to bury his discomfort and smile up at her.

“I...I guess so, Emma,” he said good-naturedly.

“Mmmmm,” cooed Emma, suddenly sounding a little horny. “Maybe you should come over here, Daniel...the goddess needs a massage.”

She stepped back and collapsed down onto the sofa, intending to sprawl herself out like a cat in a sexy, inviting pose for her boyfriend. But as her massive body came down upon the sofa, it suddenly split in half under her weight, and Emma and the pieces of the sofa crashed to the ground. As it all happened, Emma’s brow was furrowed, with her mouth opened slightly in surprise.

“Emma!! Emma are you ok!?” cried Daniel, rushing forward. He had never seen anything like it — she had literally destroyed the sofa with her huge ass.

“I’m...fine — I’m fine!” she replied, still surprised at first, but then quickly recovering so that she brushed off Daniel’s advances. Even sitting down amidst the ruins of the sofa, the top of her head still reached Daniel’s shoulders. He made several groping attempts to help her up, but she easily batted his hands away.

“Freaking thing snapped in half like a matchstick!” she exclaimed, shaking her head in irritation. “What brand is that sofa!? I mean, is it under warranty? We should return it and get our money back — what a rip-off!”

Daniel was startled to see the extent to which Emma’s perception was now divorced from reality. He looked up at her huge body, her curves slightly shaking and jiggling as she dusted herself off. Even as she did so, she inadvertently smacked her hands on the ceiling, causing her to curse a little...Daniel saw some of the sheetrock in the ceiling start to crack...a little cloud of white dust fell to the floor...and he suddenly knew that the house wouldn’t last three more days with Emma inside. He had to call Dr. Hartman again, and set up something tomorrow.

The next day, Emma had enjoyed a nice morning stroll around the block. At this point, she had become good at ignoring all the stares from anyone who passed her by, and she had her earbuds in (taped to her ears, to keep them from falling out) so she wouldn’t have to hear any uncouth comments. She had finished the first lap so quickly that she had gone ahead and done another one. When she got back to the house, she noticed several unfamiliar cars in the driveway. Feeling a bit puzzled, she ducked in through the front door.

She was met by an array of people: Daniel, Dr. Hartman, one of his medical assistants, another doctor who she didn’t know, and Ms. Bisset. All of them were sitting in chairs, which had been organized into a semicircle around a much larger armchair, which was clearly intended for Emma. She froze in her tracks, looking at everyone’s assembled, and immediately perceived that they all seemed nervous...especially Daniel. She felt something like anger rise up in her.

“What’s all this?” she asked abruptly, taking out her earbuds.

“Wh-why don’t you, uh...have a seat, honey?” Daniel was clearly even more nervous than he looked. His voice was almost shaking. Emma just stood there, unmoving. What the hell were all these people doing here?? And why did it all of a sudden feel like something serious was about to happen? She had just been enjoying a lovely walk, only to come back inside and find these people staring at her with all these serious expressions.

“Go on Emma,” said Dr. Hartman, who was the only one who seemed like he was acting normally. “Have a seat. We need to talk about something.”

“Talk about what?” asked Emma, almost defensively.

“Go on dear,” encouraged Ms. Bisset, gesturing to the seat. Emma finally relented and slowly sank down into the big armchair. Now all of them were sitting, but Emma somehow still felt like she was standing — she simply towered over everyone. No one’s head even came up to her chin...not even close. She folded her big hands across her knee as she crossed her legs, feeling quite huge in the midst of all these tiny people.

“I’m...I’m sorry, Emma,” said Daniel emotionally. “B-But...but we had to do something. This has...this has all gotten out of control.”

“What has?” asked Emma, looking sideways at her boyfriend. “What are you talking about, Daniel?” She got a quick flash of a sick feeling in her stomach. “Is this about me accidentally hurting you the other day?”

"I...well, yes, a little," said Daniel. "B-but...It's...it's more than that, Emma. I don't think you realize how fragile...everything in this house is compared to you."

"Yeah, ok, so we have some knock-off furniture," said Emma dismissively. "That sofa was kind of a piece of junk. We'll just get something sturdier to replace it — that's all!"

"No Emma," said Dr. Hartman. "I don't think you understand." He pointed up at the ceiling in the living room. "You cracked the ceiling the other days, Emma, without even realizing it."

Emma just sat there, looking up at the cracks without saying anything. Had she really done that?

"Face it dear," said Ms. Bisset kindly, "Not even the clothes I've made you have been able to contain your growth. This condition has developed into something...a bit more serious."

"But I feel fine!" protested Emma, looking down and around at the others. "I know I'm...BIG and everything, but...but I just have to, uh...get used to everything being so small around me. I'm just not used to it yet!"

"That may well be, Emma," said Dr. Hartman, "But when Daniel told me that you were over 8 feet now, I decided to get others involved." He gestured over to the older doctor sitting next to him. "Emma, this is Dr. Kline — he runs the Institute for Growth Disorders, which is not too far away from here. I told him about your case...and..."

"And?" asked Emma, her eyebrows going up. This all seemed a little dramatic...ridiculous, even. Just because she had broken a sofa and pressed a little too hard into the ceiling?? It made her feel irritated, and as she looked around at everyone, she couldn't help but feel that THEY were the ones who didn't have the correct perspective on everything. Their little legs and arms, their tiny little bodies all sitting around in their kid-sized chairs...who were they to lecture her about things, anyway!? Of COURSE she looked too big to them — it's because they were so small!

"And...we both think, and Daniel, you're with us on this, as is my assistant and Ms. Bisset as well, that you should...go to the Institute for...for treatment." Even Dr. Hartman seemed a bit nervous to say these words.

Emma just looked at him blankly for several long moments.

"Go to the Institute?" she repeated. "Like...to live there?"

"It won't be permanent of course, Ms. Emma," said Dr. Kline genially. "It'll just be for a certain amount of time, so that we can attempt a variety of our treatments. We treat all different kinds of growth disorders, you see, but I must say, Ms. Emma — we've never had a woman as...as big as you."

Emma felt a flash of annoyance at this new doctor for referring to her size as a "disorder," but the kind and measured way he spoke made it difficult to feel hostile towards him.

“So,” she ventured, “There are...other people like me? Who are...bigger?”

“Oh yes,” said Dr. Kline, smiling as he nodded his head. Emma suddenly realized that she appreciated his energy. She wished that Daniel was watching and taking notes — the new doctor’s warm friendliness was already making her feel reassured about this whole thing.

“And...and what about Daniel?” Emma asked. “Will he be able to come visit me?”

“Of course,” said Dr. Kline. “Not every day, but at least once a week, if he wants.”

“I’ll absolutely want to!” Daniel burst out. “You’re not gonna be alone in this, Emma.”

Even though she was feeling an odd sense of surreality about this whole “intervention,” most particularly around how tiny all these adults looked, Emma suddenly felt overcome with emotion when Daniel spoke. She immediately got out of her chair, fell on her knees, and walked over on her knees to Daniel’s chair, engulfing him in a massive hug. Everyone smiled, even as they marveled at how Emma’s body just seemed to swallow up her boyfriend’s. She was a few inches taller than him in his chair, even though she was on her knees.

“Ok,” she breathed into him, hugging him tightly, “Ok, that...that sounds good. I’ll do it.”

Later on that night, Daniel still hadn’t seemed to have recovered from the seriousness of the day’s events. Emma was feeling her own private versions of anxiety around going to this new “Institute,” but, all in all, she wasn’t feeling too over-encumbered by the whole business. If anything, she was feeling a little giddy...or maybe it was just...horny. The prospect of not being able to see Daniel more than once or twice a week had hit home just how precious she found him, and how much she wanted to feel his body against hers. After a little gentle prodding, Daniel brightened up, and seemed ready to engage in her play.

“Oooo, so you wanna kiss me, big guy?” she teased, shaking her naked curves at him in their bedroom. She stood up to her full 8’2 height (she had gained almost an inch during the past couple days), rising over 2 whole feet taller than him. Daniel, also naked, bounded off the bed and stood before her, his erection obvious as he stared up past her large breasts, which hung over his head.

“Of course I wanna kiss you!” he said spiritedly.

“Mmmm, then why don’t you show me how badly you want to,” she teased, pouting her lips down at him. “Come on! Try and reach my lips!”

Daniel just stood there for a moment, not knowing how to respond. There was simply no way that he could possibly reach her lips without the help of some kind of stool or...furniture or something else to stand on. Unconsciously, he rose up to his tiptoes, which got him absolutely nowhere. Emma giggled down at him softly, almost surprising herself by how much she was enjoying this play. She even leaned forward and down a bit, kissing the air repeatedly, taunting him with her lips.

“*Mwah* *Mwah* *Mwah*...come on Daniel! Don’t you wanna kiss me!?”

“YEAH I wanna kiss you!” he exclaimed, feeling a little emasculated. “But I just...I can’t reach you, Emma!”

“Awww, what a pity,” she purred, leaning down even further over him as she shook her huge head down at him. To Daniel, it seemed like Emma’s face was in the sky — he was looking straight up at it hovering over him.

“Guess I have to help you, huh?” she continued, and she bent down even more. Now her pouting lips were only inches from his, but he still couldn’t quite reach them. He teetered on his tiptoes some more, straining up towards her, but all he got was air, and a few more gentle taunts.

“Oh! Oh!” she teased, going back up a little more out of his reach, over and over, “Not quite! Ooops! Oh! OHHHH...Mmmmmmm, there we go!” She had finally descended enough to envelop his lips in a kiss.

A few minutes later, after they had made out passionately (with Daniel feeling like he was getting mauled by an admittedly huge and sexy wild animal), Emma was on all fours on the bed, shaking her big ass in Daniel’s face.

“Mmmm, put your cock in me,” she moaned.

Daniel didn’t need to be told twice. With Emma on her hands and knees, her ass was the perfect height for him to slip his hard cock into her pussy, as he stood on the bed behind her. He was almost crazy with desire at this point, and he moved forward to penetrate her. But he quickly found that Emma’s ass cheeks were so huge — and so deep — that he couldn’t even reach her vagina without running into resistance from the twin meaty orbs of her ass. Grunting with effort, he pressed and pressed as hard as he could against them, but they just wouldn’t give way. Each cheek probably weighed about a quarter of Daniel’s entire body weight, and they were easily stronger than his attempts at getting through. The minutes passed by, and Daniel became drenched in sweat as his discouragement and humiliation grew.

He heard Emma giggling softly into the pillows. “Haha, come on, Daniel! Can’t you even reach my pussy?”

“I’m...trying,” he said through gritted teeth.

“Well...haha...it, uh...it doesn’t really seem to be working,” chuckled Emma, after another few futile attempts, turning around slightly and raising her eyebrows at him. “I’m...not sure you’re big enough to get in, haha.”

“Of...course I’m big enough!” exclaimed Daniel with energy, really throwing himself with abandon into Emma’s ass cheeks. She looked back at him from her crouched position, and couldn’t help but giggle again. She knew that he was feeling emasculated right now, but it was all just a little too funny not to laugh. He was trying sooooo hard, and he was getting nowhere. It was kind of cute, actually, how seriously he was taking all of this.

“Wellll...” said Emma matter-of-factly a few moments later, “I don’t think you are, Daniel. Haha, I’m not being mean or anything...I’m just...haha, Daniel, I’m just being honest. I can barely even feel you back there.”

“B-But — ” he began to protest, but Emma suddenly turned around on her hands and knees, facing him head-on.

“Here,” she growled sexily at him, extending her tongue and licking her lips. “Let me take care of that little cock of yours.” Moaning in pleasure, she bent down and forward and took his entire cock and balls into her hot wet mouth, taking care to suck gently but insistently. Daniel felt profoundly humiliated on many different levels, and Emma inadvertently calling his cock “little” was just icing on the cake. But the pleasure she was giving him was too intense for him to dwell on his feelings of emasculation, and he soon lost himself in a sea of searing desire as Emma hummed and moaned as she sucked on him, not stopping until he had shot his load into the back of her tonsils.

The two of them lay in bed next to each other, with Emma’s side sagging noticeably as her feet stuck way out beyond the edge of the bed.

“What about you?” asked Daniel in a small voice. “Aren’t you gonna get off? Can I...help in any way?”

“No, it’s ok honey,” said Emma, petting his head with her large hand. “It was enough for me, giving you pleasure like that. Don’t worry about it, ok baby?”

She was telling the truth. It HAD been enough for her, to tease him, to overpower him, and to draw his essence from him. It was a new kind of pleasure, and she needed to sit on it and think about it some more. In the meantime, she found her mind drifting away to the Institute, where she would be going the next day. It made her pensive; she felt far away from everything, even Daniel. But she squeezed his little body up against hers with her arm, determined to hold him close the entire night long.

Chapter 7

“Are you sure you’re comfortable back there honey?” asked Daniel anxiously, turning in the driver’s seat to look behind him.

“I think I’m as comfortable as I’m gonna get in this tiny little....uh...in this car,” said Emma, sounding cramped, but still smiling at her boyfriend. Since Emma was now too big to fit in the front seat, they had let the seats down in the back of the car, so that Emma would have enough room to half-lie on her side during the car ride to the Institute for Growth Disorders. They had put some pillows in, so Emma could at least be moderately comfortable, but she quickly found that, whenever she put the weight of her arms or elbows into the pillows, they just seemed to shrink away like little cotton balls. She was just too big, and too strong, to be comfortable in a normal-sized car, in any capacity.

“Just make sure you drive carefully, babe,” said Emma, letting some humor bleed out of her voice. “You know I’m not wearing a seatbelt, and I’d hate for you to be on the receiving end of my inertia right now, haha! Imagine me flying out of the windshield — I’d totally take you with me! You wouldn’t stand a chance!”

“Haha, uhh...Emma, maybe we shouldn’t be talking about that kind of stuff right now,” said Daniel, chuckling through his nervousness. “I’m already anxious enough as it is.”

“Aww, I know you are,” said Emma kindly, reaching a big out and petting the side of his head from behind. She felt Daniel flinch a little, and withdrew her hand, feeling a little bad. Had she pet him too hard? Was she so big now that he was afraid of her? Emma didn’t really know. But what she did know was that she had spent much of that morning reassuring her boyfriend that everything was going to be fine while she was at the Institute. Dr. Kline hadn’t been able to say precisely how long she would need to stay there, but it definitely wouldn’t be for a huge, extended amount of time. Besides, once the initial few weeks of testing and treatment were completed, then Daniel would be able to come visit her.

That was the hardest part for Daniel; going a few whole weeks without being able to see Emma — especially in the condition she was in — was not something he was looking forward to. Emma wasn’t thrilled about it either, but she could tell that her approach to the whole thing was just...different from his. As she reflected during the awkward car ride, Emma wondered how exactly she was feeling about everything. Daniel was anxious and sad; that was easy enough to gather. But was she anxious? Emma wasn’t really sure. She definitely had a few butterflies in her stomach when she thought of the myriad forms of treatment she would be exposed to. They were all simply unknown, and the unknown could be a bit anxiety-provoking, for sure.

But for some reason, Emma wasn’t truly feeling all that anxious. She was definitely experiencing sadness around having to be apart from Daniel, but, if she was being honest with herself, there was a significant part of her that was actually relieved that she wouldn’t have to be constantly subjected to his incessant worrying about her. She had started to realize how exhausting it all was. So, although she loved Daniel dearly, she was seeing her extended stay at the Institute as a kind of welcome vacation from the cares and worries of their relationship. Additionally, Emma also couldn’t help but feel how surreal all of this felt — it was almost so surreal that she didn’t have the capacity to feel anxious about it. She was 8’2, weighed god-knows how much, could barely fit into the car, and had started actively engaging an online fetish

community that had become transfixed by her size. If Emma had known how her life was going to pan out two months before, there was no way she would have believed it. Alone in the backseat, she felt that she had no choice but to smile a little at the craziness.

A couple hours later, they arrived at the Institute. Daniel got out and opened the trunk door, allowing Emma to finally exit the car. She looked absolutely enormous, stepping out, totally dwarfing the regular-sized car. She took a deep breath, reached her limbs up and out, and gave a long, mighty stretch. Daniel could do nothing but watch transfixed. The top of his head was right at her breast level, and he was staring straight into the upper part of her stomach. And when Emma reached her arms up like this and stretched, it made her entire body look even bigger. Daniel couldn't help but shudder at her sheer magnitude, even though he was still very much attracted to her.

"Ah Emma!" said Dr. Kline, coming out to greet them. "I see that you've made it here ok — welcome to the Institute! I hope your drive went ok?"

"As well as it could've gone," giggled Emma, feeling immediately reassured by the doctor's presence as she continued to stretch. "It's a tight fit in there!"

"Haha, I bet it is!" laughed Dr. Kline.

Emma was looking around at where they were. The Institute was a series of sleek, large white buildings that were situated nicely within a forest of tall pine trees. They looked to be up somewhere in the mountains, and, as she took a deep breath of the fresh mountain air, Emma felt a rejuvenating, almost excited rush go through her. Everything was going to be ok — they would be able to treat her here. And she would get to clear her head.

After a sad and awkward goodbye to Daniel (in which Emma was surprised and touched to see that Daniel had tears in his eyes), Emma reassured him that they would see each other soon, and that they could even facetime sometime later on in the week. Daniel drove away, and Emma turned to follow Dr. Kline into the Institute's main building.

The first thing that Emma noticed was how normal everything looked. During the past few weeks, she had become accustomed to everything being far, far too small for her. Everything, from utensils to her bed to her shower to her furniture, were all just way too small. But as soon as Emma walked through the door of the Institute, she realized that this place was different. To begin with, she didn't even need to duck her head down to enter. And once they did, she beheld a sleek lobby, or common room, with chairs, sofas, and tables that all seemed the right size. Emma felt a surprising surge of emotion — finally, she was somewhere that was made for her.

The second thing that Emma realized was that there were other people, all of them wearing knee-length white robes, who were just as big, or bigger, than she was. This was perhaps the most striking thing to see. Sitting at the tables, lounging in the chairs, playing board games with each other, reading, or just hanging out...were dozens of the biggest, tallest people that Emma had ever seen. Some of them (and all of the women) were smaller than her, some by a good deal. But a good number of the people (all of them men) looked totally huge to her. Emma couldn't help but stare. Is this what other "normal" people felt like when they were around her?

"Everyone!" called Dr. Kline, tapping on his clipboard with his pen, "This is Emma, our newest resident!"

"Hi Emma!" came a chorus of deep voices. Emma was struck by the sheer, effortless sound and volume of the voices. She could tell that none of these people were speaking very loud, but their voices were big and they carried strongly on the air.

"Hiii!" she said bashfully, blushing a little as she waved at the group.

"We're gonna take you in for processing," said Dr. Kline. "But after we're done with that you can join the others here and make some friends!"

"Ok!" said Emma, feeling buoyant.

A few moments later, Dr. Kline led her into an exam room, which had clearly been designed and fitted specifically for someone around her size. Emma noticed that other exam rooms had labels about their doors..."Sexta," "Septa," and "Octa" were a few of them...Emma noticed that they went into one of the "Octa" rooms.

'Of course,' thought Emma. 'It's because I'm over 8 feet tall.' She wondered why there were "Sexta" rooms. Did people have this condition who were only 6-foot-something? Maybe they were children? She wasn't sure. In any case, she was distracted by looking down and seeing just how tiny Dr. Kline looked in this room. He was not a short man himself, but he wasn't any taller than Daniel. Seeing him stand next to the sink, the exam table, and the comparatively-huge door, just emphasized how small he was compared to her. Emma smiled, and felt a little like giggling. She knew he was an adult man, and a doctor...but he just looked so...tiny.

"Ok Emma, the nurses will be in to get your preliminary measurements and stats in a moment," said Dr. Kline, and left. Emma went over and sat back on the exam table, enjoying how nice and accommodating it felt. She even noticed that she had to jump up slightly to get on it. A minute or so later, a kindly-looking middle-aged nurse came in.

"Hello Emma," she said. "Welcome! Let's get your measurements!"

"Haha, ok!" said Emma. She didn't know why, but she almost felt giddy. This all felt like some kind of fun little game...and it all revolved around her. Even though Emma was not one to seek or hog the limelight, she had to admit that it felt rather nice to have all these little doctors and nurses scurrying about, who were all there to treat her. She hopped off the exam table and went over to the height-measuring station. The nurse, who couldn't have been taller than 5'4, reached out and pivoted Emma carefully into position. From way up above, Emma had to crack a smile. The size comparison between them was just ridiculous. This adorable little woman was staring straight into her hips! And she had to spread her arms wide to jockey Emma into position to the measuring contraption, which looked to be some kind of special sensor that started at the floor and spanned all the way up to the ceiling.

"Alright good!" said the nurse. "Now stand still for a couple moments...really still there...ok good! Eight-foot-two-and-a-half!" The way the nurse spoke the last bit, it made Emma feel like there was something noteworthy about that particular measurement.

"Is...is that normal?" asked Emma.

"Well! No, not for a woman," said the nurse, taking a couple steps back and looking up at Emma impressively. "In fact, that's the tallest initial measurement we've ever had from an incoming female patient."

"I...uh, wow," said Emma, feeling a little throb of something unpleasant inside her.

"Aw, but don't worry dear — that's why you're here, isn't it?" said the nurse kindly, smiling up at her. "Let's get you weighed."

She led Emma over to the huge scale in the corner of the exam room. Before Emma stepped on, the nurse had her take off her (too small) clothes made by Ms. Bisset, replacing them with one of the knee-length white robes instead.

"Ooo, I'm sure you're glad to have those clothes off, huh?" said the nurse.

"Oh my god, yes," said Emma, nodding as she slipped into the airy, comfortable robe. It had a nice loose fit all over, although Emma also noticed that it was made of a kind of micro-fabric that was stretchy. But she hardly noticed it, because she was busy making small talk with the nurse.

"I actually hired a personal tailor to make these," said Emma, holding up her clothes. "They were made to fit someone, all the way up to 7'10, and that was just a couple weeks ago, when I was 7'0. We all thought it would be fine."

"You've grown over a foot...in two weeks?" asked the nurse bluntly, betraying her surprise.

"Um...uh, yeah, yeah I did," said Emma, getting that uneasy feeling again.

The nurse recovered quite quickly, however, brushing her hand in front of her face. "Aw, don't worry about it Emma — we'll cover all of that when we sit you down for your "past history" part of the initial exam. Alright, just go ahead and step on that scale there!"

Emma did, staring forward into the electronic weight display which had initially been blank. When Emma had first stepped on, it had "woken up" and gone to a "0 lbs" rating...but quickly, the "0" disappeared. For a moment, the scale was blank again; it appeared to be "thinking." When the number suddenly appeared, Emma felt her jaw drop on its own accord.

"O-k...394.7...and that robe is five pounds exactly, so your official weight is 389.7."

Emma just stood there, staring at the huge number on the scale. The last time she had bothered to weigh herself, weeks before, she had weighed just over 250 pounds. And now... NOW...she was almost 400!? Emma couldn't believe how much bigger she had gotten. She had been so focused on height and navigating the spaces of cars and doorways that she had forgotten how big the rest of her body had become, proportionally, to her towering height. The nurse seemed prepared to deal with Emma's reaction, and she reached up above her head and put a kind hand on the small of Emma's back. Emma appreciated the gesture, but also noted how she barely even felt the nurse's touch; comparatively, her hand was not bigger than a small child's.

"It's going to be alright, Emma," said the nurse reassuringly. "A lot of our patients, particularly our girls and women, get a nasty shock when they see how much they really weigh. But Emma, always keep in mind that this is a condition, and that it says nothing about who you are as a person or your ability to control your diet."

"I...I, ok, uh...yeah...yeah, thanks," said Emma. She was struggling with unexpected and unwelcome feelings from weeks past, back when she was filled with anxiety, and even dread, about her condition. She had indeed been caught by surprise at just how huge she had become. She knew that she was big...but...almost 400 pounds?? It seemed absolutely crazy.

"Am...am I the heaviest woman that's ever come through here too?" she asked suddenly, hating how scared and vulnerable her voice sounded when she asked the question. It struck Emma as an absurd scenario — it was like she was airing her private fears to...to a child. She knew that the nurse was an adult, and a competent medical professional as well, but something in her brain just couldn't get quite past the size difference.

"Um...I, uh, yes, yes i believe you are," said the nurse, trying to sound casual about the whole thing. "But that makes sense, Emma! If you're the tallest, and you're all growing proportionally, then it's just common sense that you'd also be the heaviest. Don't let it make you feel weird or get you down. For what it's worth, I think your shape and proportions are some of the...most aesthetically pleasing I've seen."

"Really!?" asked Emma, staring down at the nurse. That little comment had really hit a nerve in her heart, a positive nerve, and Emma could feel herself brightening almost immediately.

"Honest truth, yes!" laughed the nurse. "But that's not to put down anyone else, of course. I just noticed how...um, nice your shape was, and thought I should let you know."

"Well that's very nice of you — thanks!" said Emma brightly. She knew that the nurse was probably just doing her job, trying to reassure her during a moment of anguish, but for some reason Emma didn't care. She remembered looking at herself in the mirror, and how good she thought she had looked. The only thing that had changed since then was she was a lot taller and a lot heavier, but all in proportion — though her hips were perhaps wider than usual, and her ass might have been a bit bigger than what was proportionate. But the nurse's compliment went a long way, and Emma could feel her old fears being carried away like smoke on the air.

The rest of the exam took another hour or so, and involved a series of basic body measurements, followed by another series of more complicated and nuanced measurements that the nurse performed using a whole host of strange, exotic-looking tools. None of it really hurt Emma, although the nurse did draw some blood from her arm for additional tests. Emma marveled at how big the needle looked compared to the nurse's arm.

'Good god, if she got stuck in the arm with that needle, she'd bleed out!' thought Emma.

But eventually, after taking down her past history, the exam was over, and Emma was allowed to go mingle in the common room area. At first, she went over and sat down in a group of five women who were playing cards. They all greeted her warmly, and exchanged a series of pleasantries and little stories about their conditions and how they had come to be at the

Institute. Jessica was an attractive redhead in her mid-twenties, just younger than Emma, and had started growing slowly and steadily ever since she had turned 22. Before then, she had been only 5'2, but gradually, she just kept growing and growing, reaching 6'0 by the time she was 23, 6'5 when she was 24, and, finally, 7'0 now at 25. Hitting 7 feet tall had been the last straw for her boyfriend and her parents, who were all worried about her, and so they had paid for her to come here. But recently, in the past two weeks, Jessica's growth had slowed to the point where she hadn't grown at all in 10 days.

"So that's hopeful, right!?" laughed Jessica, staring around at the rest of the group. They all responded enthusiastically with encouragement. Emma did as well, even though she had started to feel strange. She listened intently to the story of another young woman, Bethany, who was only 19, but who had started growing suddenly and rapidly at age 18, all the way up to 6'8. Like Jessica, she had been short initially, standing only 5'1 before the spurts began. But unlike Jessica, Bethany was still growing, though at an admittedly slower pace of an inch every month. Her treatment seemed to be working. Among the women, there was a sense of cautious optimism and camaraderie...and it made Emma feel good, on the one hand, but on the other, it kept making her feel strange. Maybe she had been out of women-centered environments for too long, but the constant encouragement and support that these women were all giving each other just...well, it made Emma feel like there was something else going on under the surface. Like...maybe everyone actually wasn't so happy and optimistic about their situation, but no one wanted to say it out loud. They were going to be strong together, and not let their links break. Emma had to admit that she admired this group attitude, but, looking down at her own body, she also had to admit that it made her feel like a bit of an outsider.

To begin with, aside from the remnant feelings of panic and vulnerability that had briefly passed over her when she saw her weight, Emma didn't really know how she felt about her current condition. Sure, she wanted to be "cured," if that was the right word, but the way these other women were talking about it, someone would have thought that they had cancer or something. The search for the cure, the cure that would end their nightmare, seemed to be the focus. And Emma didn't feel like she was living in a nightmare. A surreal world, yes — a bizarre, almost fantastical parallel reality, perhaps. But not a nightmare.

The other thing was, Emma was already a good bit larger than all of the other women there. The one who was closest in size to her, Anastasia, was "only" 7'4. Even sitting down, Emma's head rose up high above hers; the top of Anastasia's chin didn't even come up to Emma's mouth. And...well...just everything about Emma was so much bigger than them. They were definitely much bigger than the other people like Emma had been used to, like Daniel, but they were just a degree or two bigger. When she looked down at her hands, and privately compared them in her head with the other girls' hands, she still felt like a giant. And here they all were, talking about their barely-veiled desperation that they all be cured, and Emma was already the biggest of them all! It all left her feeling odd and out-of-place, and after a little while, she kindly excused herself from the group, deciding to wander around on her own a little instead.

It had grown towards evening, and dinner was about to be served. Emma walked out into one of the courtyards, which was heavily and delightfully filled with all manner of vegetation. She looked up into the deepening sky, up towards the dying remnants of the sunlight that was passing away into the west. The moon, a fingernail-thin waxing crescent, looked almost archetypally beautiful in the sky of dark violet, superimposed upon the velvet background as if by some intentional hand. Emma took a deep breath of the fresh, cool, clean mountain air, and

let it out again. She wasn't going to let those other women get her down, or make her feel too weird. This was HER condition, and nobody else's. If anything, hearing all the other women's stories told her that, even if this was all the same condition (which it likely wasn't), it affected everyone in different ways, both physically and mentally. And Emma was determined to have a good attitude about what was happening to her. As she took in the natural beauty of the young night, she felt like she was well on her way in this regard.

"Nice evening, is it not?" said a deep, accented voice behind her. Emma turned around and looked up. A huge middle-aged man was standing before her, smiling politely. Emma noticed that if she stared straight ahead, she was staring straight ahead into this man's neck. For the first real time in a long, long time, she felt truly small.

"Oh! Oh yes, it is!" she said, having to catch her breath a little from the unusual sensation of looking up at somebody. She wasn't aware of it in the moment, but Emma was feeling, for the first time that her growth had started, a feminine sense of smallness that she had so desired before. A warm rush went up in her torso and down her back.

"I'm...I'm Emma," she said, holding out her hand.

"Igor," said the giant man, stepping forward in one step and accepting her handshake in a warm, powerful embrace. Emma almost shuddered in pleasure at the feel of his massive hand. She had big hands, of course...giant hands...but compared to Igor's they seemed tiny.

"P-leased to meet you," said Emma, having to swallow a couple times to keep her throat from going dry. She was not smitten with Igor in a romantic sense really — it was more like she was smitten with his raw size. He was not an unattractive man by any means, but it was how he made her feel that was taking Emma by pleasant surprise. He was making her feel...like a woman again, in the most basically physical sense.

"Likewise," said Igor. "So, you're the new resident here?"

"Yeah," said Emma. "The nurse told me I'm the tallest, biggest woman they've had here." Talking with this man felt so easy and natural.

"Hmm, that may be," chuckled Igor. "But you still look maybe a little small to me, haha!"

"Haha, well!" laughed Emma, trailing off. "How long have you been here?"

"Oh I'm not a permanent resident here anymore," said Igor. "I come back a few times a year for treatment — lasts maybe a month or so each time. But my growth has slowed down to where I'm only growing an inch or two a year, so..."

"Oh! Oh well, that's nice, isn't it?" asked Emma, searching his face for clues as to how he felt about it all.

"What's that saying...What do they say? It is what it is," chuckled Igor, spreading his huge hands out and shrugging his shoulders. Emma smiled up at this man. His energy was a little more relaxed, more mellow...and more to her taste than the women she had been hanging out with. She knew, in that moment, that she and Igor were going to be friends here.

“So tell me about you,” said Igor. “What’s your story, Emma?”

Chapter 8

For the next few days, Emma felt like she was caught up in some kind of dizzying cyclone of tests, surveys and “treatment options.” Most of these few days were spent getting examined by nurses, having more blood drawn, getting interviewed by Dr. Kline and others, and more or less receiving the full brunt of the term “medical intervention.” Emma tried to keep a level head and straight face through it all, but this proved more challenging than she thought it was going to be. For starters, even though all the doctors and nurses (and particularly the nurse who had taken her first measurements, whose name was Martha) were relaxed and conversational around her, Emma couldn’t help but feel the weight of their underlying seriousness. They were medical professionals, first and foremost, and they were engaged in treating a disease, or syndrome, or whatever, that was still largely unfamiliar to them. They had come far enough to where they could dramatically stall growth in many patients, like they had with Igor, but by no means did they comprehensively understand the full nature of these growth disorders. As a result, even though they tried to keep the mood around Emma relaxed, she could tell that they were quite serious, and even grave, underneath.

The thing was, even though Emma of course appreciated the doctors’ dedication to her case, she wasn’t able to avoid feeling like they were acting a little ridiculous, taking everything so seriously around her. As far as she was concerned, aside from the obvious conundrum of her growth, there was still not really anything wrong with her, per se. She felt totally fine, and even giddy at times. It certainly didn’t help that whenever the doctors or Martha or other nurses got close to her to perform an examination, it would become painfully, comically clear how much smaller they were compared to her. For example, when Dr. Kline had been conducting one of his customary formal interviews with her from behind his desk, Emma couldn’t help but notice that his desk, while being perfectly proportional to the doctor’s size, looked almost like a toy desk to Emma...one that a little boy might be given for Christmas so that he could imitate his mother or father, whose desks he had seen during “bring your kid to work” day. This odd, off-kilter thought had occurred to Emma right in the middle of one of Dr. Kline’s questions, and she had snickered slightly at the thought, bringing her hand up to her mouth a little to stifle it. Dr. Kline had given her a bit of a strange look, and then continued.

Or when Martha had needed to take a saliva sample, and had asked Emma to bend down so she could reach, Emma had had to arch her body so far downward towards the floor that it became ridiculous. Giggling a little, she had stood back up to her full height, out of reach of Martha’s up-reaching hand, and instead got down on her knees...it was just easier. Martha had smiled appreciatively at Emma’s slight antic, and both women saw that, even on her knees, Emma was still a couple inches taller than the nurse. As Emma opened her mouth, and Martha reached a swab inside to get the sample, another strange thought had flashed through Emma’s head. For an instant, she had thought about leaning forward and engulfing Martha’s entire hand in her mouth, just as a little joke. Everything surrounding all these endless tests and interviews was so rigid and humorless and...over-professional...that Emma felt like livening things up with a little joke here or there. She didn’t end up following through on this thought, but she had noticed the strangeness of it — like, swallowing Martha’s hand up in her mouth? And closing her lips around it?? That would have definitely been a little weird...which is why she ended up not doing it. These were just some little thoughts that were dancing about in her mind, like little sprites trying to liven up the somber, sterile environment.

Thankfully, she had her budding friendship with Igor to provide reprieve from all the tests. The two of them talked endlessly about their experiences with growth, and about how the syndrome had manifested. Igor had been in a relationship with a woman for a number of years, but when his growth got out of control and he came to the Institute, he found that she had been unfaithful to him.

“What!?” cried Emma, feeling almost outraged that such a kind and mild-mannered man could have been treated like that.

“Yeah, it really crushed me there, for a while,” sighed Igor, a little wistfully. But then he shrugged, and gave Emma a genuine smile, though it was still tinged with a bit of sadness. “But what are you gonna do, right? You can’t control other people’s reactions to this kind of thing.”

“But...” said Emma, not being able to comprehend it, “Like...did she ever say anything to you about it?! Did she ever apologize??”

“No,” said Igor simply. “She just never came back to see me.”

“Oh my gosh, that’s so sad!” said Emma, reaching out and grasping Igor’s hands in her own. She had recently taken to touching his hands often — it was mostly an unconscious thing on her part. She just liked feeling how big they were; it took her back to how things used to be with her and Daniel, even though, of course, there was no thought in Emma’s mind of being unfaithful to him. Her connection to Igor, in her mind, was entirely platonic. He seemed to understand, even though he also didn’t at all seem to mind her grasping and squeezing his hands often.

“Yeah it was pretty bad there for a minute,” he said. But then he chuckled, a genuine, merry gesture, that made Emma feel like he had more or less completely recovered. “But that was years and years ago, you know? Things pass, and you just get on with your life. You have to get over this kind of stuff, even though, in the moment, it feels like the pain is never going to end.”

“Well...well I just think you’re awesome, Igor,” said Emma, feeling almost overcome by some kind of sudden, strange emotion that took her by surprise. She actually got some tears in her eyes, and had to blink them out to see him clearly again. “You...you just didn’t deserve that.”

“Haha, well...thanks Emma,” said Igor, genuinely touched by Emma’s empathetic show of feeling. They squeezed hands together and continued telling each other stories about their growth.

“So, when was the moment when you really, you know...got irritated, or even mad...that something normal-sized was just too small for you?” he asked her.

“Haha, oh man...how much time do you have?” laughed Emma. “There were soooo many of those moments. I guess they just built on each other, until...hmmm...untill...”

“Yes?” asked Igor, grinning at her.

“Haha, I guess it was when I realized I couldn’t fit in the car anymore,” laughed Emma. “I was trying to go to the grocery store with my boyfriend, and...like...it was just...haha, like, I couldn’t

even fit my legs in! And I had to totally just bend my neck this way and it was super uncomfortable and...haha, I felt like I was in a little kid's toy car or something!"

"Except, of course, it was a normal-sized car," said Igor.

"Well...yeah, I guess," said Emma. "But, I mean...I think that car was maybe a little too small in general though. Like, I'm pretty sure we shouldn't have been so frugal and splurged an extra couple thousand bucks for a little more leg space, you know?"

Igor let out a loud laugh that trembled on the air. Several of the other smaller residents turned their heads toward the giant duo in response, but Emma hadn't even really registered that Igor's laugh was so loud. It sounded pretty normal to her.

"But Emma!" he laughed, "You guys got the car before you started growing right!?"

"I mean...yeah!" smiled Emma, understanding his point. "But still...freaking thing is tiny, is all I'm saying, you know?"

The two of them continued on talking for a while, and after the fourth day, they were talking for multiple hours every day. Emma felt for Igor, and his unfortunate past relationship, but not once did she feel afraid that Daniel would do something similar to her. The thought hadn't even occurred to her — it wasn't that Emma was talking Daniel for granted. It was just that, even though she was 8'2, almost 400 pounds, and getting treated at the Institute for Growth Disorders, she still felt...relatively normal. And any irregularities that she had been feeling, cooped up in her and Daniel's tiny house, had been mitigated by the appropriate size and scale of everything at the Institute. The rooms, the ceilings, the furniture, and even the meal portions, were all exactly right; normalcy had been restored. On the fourth night, Emma didn't even really realize that, for dinner, she had consumed three portions of what normal "8-footers" were eating.

"Golly, you're hungry tonight!" Igor had laughed, marveling at her portions. "That's even more than I ate!"

"Well, I was extra hungry!" replied Emma in a tone of feigned defensiveness, smiling up at him. She noticed, out of the corner of her eye, that Martha and Dr. Kline were whispering together from the corner of the dining hall, both looking in her direction, but she brushed it off. The doctors had to do all their tests and calculations and what have you...and they had to mark down what their patients were doing and eating and all the rest. She just wasn't going to be bothered by it.

She went to bed that night feeling more fresh and vibrant than she had in a long time...and possibly in her entire life. Things were going to be ok. When she finally managed to fall asleep, though, her dreams were strange, and troubled by visions of fire, and strange lights flashing all around. Booming thuds and explosions riddled themselves through her unconscious mind. Even though there was no one to hear or measure, her breathing was labored, and her heart rate spiked. When Emma woke up the next morning, her body was covered with sweat, an unusual occurrence for someone who generally slept peacefully.

'Well, I guess it makes sense, with all those dreams I had,' thought Emma, shaking her head and staring up at the white ceiling. 'Jesus, what was all that?'

She pivoted out of bed and made her preparations for the day, brushing her teeth and hair, and applying her pre-approved lotion to her face. She had wanted to wear a little make-up during her treatment, but Dr. Kline had forbidden it, since he and the other doctors suspected that some chemicals in the make-up might be partially responsible for throwing her growth hormones out of wack. Emma thought it was a ridiculous idea, but she had managed to keep her mouth shut. She threw on her white Institute gown, put on her shoes, and walked down to the dining hall for breakfast. She had the sensation of her thighs feeling a bit more exposed than usual, and she couldn't help but notice that her feet were feeling a little confined in her shoes. But she shrugged it off — she had had a night of weird dreams, and her body was just adjusting itself back into the real world.

She positively devoured her first portion at breakfast, and even after two more trips back down the cafeteria line, Emma still wasn't satisfied.

"Are you...are you sure you're feeling ok, Emma?" asked Igor, still smiling, though with a bit of something else in his voice this time.

"Yeah, sure! Why? What's wrong?" she asked obliviously, opening her mouth and more or less inhaling a stack of four pancakes at once.

"It's just...well, haha! I've never seen anyone eat like that before!" he chuckled.

"Oh that's ridiculous, of course you have," she chided him, with her mouth full. "After that story you told me about eating out that entire Chinese buffet? Please."

"Ha! Well...I guess you're right about that," said Igor slowly. But he was still looking at her a bit funny, until he had to get up and go for his round of daily tests. Emma remained sitting, essentially continuing to stuff her face until she had to leave for her own tests and measurements.

When Emma went in to get measured by Martha for her daily statistics total, her eyes had lingered for a moment on the top of the nurse's head. Martha had always looked like a child to her, but now...Emma thought that her head looked even farther down than before. It was a strange thing, to be staring directly down...into the top of another adult's head. Martha seemed to realize that something was amiss as well, and she creased her brow as she looked down at Emma's feet, as if to check whether or not she was wearing heels.

"Feeling all good this morning?" asked Martha, in a voice that did not hide its uneasiness.

"Uh...sure! Yeah!" said Emma brightly, a bit puzzled and put off by Martha's tone. "Um...how about you?"

"Oh, I'm...doin' ok," said Martha, looking up at Emma and nodding slightly. "Why don't you, uh...step on up and get measured, huh?"

A few seconds later, Martha was staring up at the number that the height sensor had measured. For a couple long seconds, the nurse looked stunned. Emma had a split-second moment where

she felt like her stomach was about to drop out of her body, but, without any real explanation, it passed. Now she just felt curious.

“What?” she asked inquiringly. “What is it, Martha?”

“It...it says that you’re 8’6,” said Martha, in a voice that was almost a croak.

“8’6?” asked Emma, looking behind her for no apparent reason, as if doing so would explain the measurement. “But...I was 8’2 and a half, like...yesterday.”

“Yes,” said Martha, writing down vigorously on her clipboard. “You were.”

Emma just kept standing there for a few moments, feeling like she was in a dissociated state. She felt fine; everything felt fine. Her heart wasn’t even beating faster. She wasn’t stunned or shocked like Martha seemed to be. She was just existing in the moment, taking in the surreal reality of what was happening, without much thought for the past or future. Further measurements showed that she had gained almost 50 pounds, putting her well over 400. This new number bothered Emma at first, but after a few moments of hapless gaping, she suddenly shook it off, laughing.

“Well,” she said, smiling, “I mean, if I’m gonna be that much taller, it makes sense that I’d be gaining all that weight, right?”

Martha just looked up at her as she continued to write in her notes; the nurse was too stunned to share in Emma’s odd lightheartedness.

“Gotta keep my figure proportional, haha, like...right?” Emma ventured again, smiling down at the nurse. She wished that Martha would knock off the serious, ashen-faced bullshit. Of course she was still growing! This was why she had come to the Institute in the first place, wasn’t it!? And she had only been there four days! What, did they all expect to have cured her with a snap of their fingers? No! So why was Martha acting so...alarmed? It irritated Emma, but she knew that her nurse was just trying to wrap her head around how big Emma was. But it wasn’t Emma’s fault that Martha was, like, just over 5 feet tall, right?

The rest of the day, and the next one after, passed in a bizarre kind of haze for Emma. She almost felt like she was walking on air, even though, at the same time, her feet felt more firmly planted on the floor than they had ever been before. Everyone was looking at her sideways... the doctors, the nurses, the women’s group (who, much to Emma’s annoyance, seemed to be whispering about her too), the shorter, 6-foot residents whose heads barely even came up to the undersides of her breasts...even Igor seemed alarmed by her sudden growth spurt.

“Aw, come on, not you too!” she laughed, punching him playfully in the shoulder when he had asked in a serious, concerned voice how she was doing.

“What...what do you mean?” asked Igor.

“Everyone’s all concerned about me!” burst out Emma, smiling and shaking her head incredulously as she gestured wildly with both hands. Close by, a 7’2 man around her age had been passing by, and Emma nearly clotheslined him with her hand by mistake. Seeing as the

top of his head only came up to Emma's shoulders, the result would have surely laid him out flat on his back.

"Woah, oops! Sorry!" giggled Emma, making embarrassed eyes at Igor, as if to say, 'Whew, that was close!' The 7'2 man looked up at Emma blankly and shuffled quickly away. Emma was suddenly struck by the idea that this man was getting away from her because he was afraid of some kind of contagion...like he was going to "catch" some kind of "growth bug" from her. Once again, she felt a kind of irritation bubble up in her head.

'He's not gonna "catch" anything from me,' she thought to herself in a flash. 'He's already HERE at the Institute, for Chrissakes!' But Igor's voice snapped her back into the moment.

"I mean...it's just that, uhh..." he was saying, a bit awkwardly. Emma looked at him sideways, creasing her brow a little at him as she continued to smile. Why was he acting like this??

"It's just that WHAT, Igor? Come on, spit it out!" she said, laughing good-naturedly at his tone.

"It's just that...I've never seen anyone grow so...fast before," said Igor, finishing and straightening up, looking at her with an unmistakable seriousness. But then he blinked and seemed to try to make an effort to smile. Emma smiled back, eager to reciprocate his effort.

"I'm...uh...I'm not trying to freak you out or anything," he continued, launching into a kind of perfunctory chuckle. "It's just like...'woah!'...haha, you know?"

"Yeah, at this pace, pretty soon I'm gonna totally be taller than you, huh?" chided Emma playfully. But her rambunctiousness ground to a halt internally when she saw Igor's reaction to her joking around. There was really something like...fear in his eyes. Or at least...uneasiness. She wished he would just knock it off.

A couple days later, Emma was sitting in Dr. Kline's office, going over (yet another) list of potential treatments for her sudden spurt. She was sitting directly across from his desk, in a large chair that was designed specifically for people around her size. The thing was, though, that Emma was starting to think that actually, things didn't seem to be quite so "normal" as they had been before. The chair had been fine a few days ago, but already, it was starting to feel a little too confining. She shook off the annoyance, chalking it down to having to get up early to meet Dr. Kline for her appointment. Suddenly, just as Dr. Kline was in the middle of a lengthy spiel about a promising new drug, there was an audible ripping sound. Emma's right foot suddenly felt a lot better, and she realized in this moment how tight her left foot felt. Dr. Kline stopped speaking.

"What was that sound?" he asked, blinking.

Emma looked down and saw that her right shoe had split down the sides. She stared blankly at her foot for a few seconds, and then inhaled and smiled, holding up her foot to show Dr. Kline the split shoe. As she did so, he started back in his chair, nearly falling over.

"Are you okay?" asked Emma, puzzled at the doctor's reaction.

“Y-yeah,” he said, a little shakily as he regained his composure. “You just...kinda threw your leg up there and it was just, a little sudden...and it startled me.”

“Oh...oh I’m sorry!” said Emma, looking at him a little sideways. Dr. Kline was so funny, getting all scared like that! Subconsciously, she realized that she should have probably warned him before she just...swung her leg up like that. But it was just her leg! What was the big deal?

“Well, anyway, I was just showing you my foot — my shoe just tore, so, yeah...I think that’s what the sound was.”

“I...I see,” said Dr. Kline, frowning as he peered in closer. He was silent for a few moments, and then Emma just decided to put her foot back down...a little harder than she had intended. The whole office and Dr. Kline reached out to steady the papers and trinkets on his desk.

“Hehe, my bad,” said Emma self-consciously, blushing. “I didn’t realize how, uh...yeah. I didn’t mean to shake everything just now.”

“It’s quite alright,” said Dr. Kline, now visibly shaken. Even though he was trying to maintain an unconcerned exterior, Emma could see right through him. She could tell he was troubled. She almost told him how good she felt, and that he shouldn’t be so uptight about everything, but she held her tongue. Dr. Kline was the head researcher, and she should be respectful to him. Still though, it was hard for Emma not to look at him in a slightly...condescending way. After all, sitting down at his fragile little box of a desk, he just looked so tiny.

Later on that day, Emma was hanging out with 7’0 Jessica and 6’8 Bethany in the common area. Emma had caught the two young women staring at her earlier and, instead of just feeling annoyed at them, she suddenly decided to go up and hang out. She was feeling a little more gregarious these days, anyway, and she much preferred to instigate friendly social interactions than having to deal with everyone else’s awkwardness around her.

‘I’ll show them that they have nothing to worry about,’ she thought to herself happily as she strode up to them. In the process, however, she nearly ran over a pair of middle-aged men, who were 6’4 and 6’5. Emma hadn’t even seen them, because they were underneath her breasts which had grown larger in recent days.

“Oh man! Sorry!” said Emma earnestly, waving her hand in apology as the two men shuffled away. She turned to face Jessica and Bethany, who were both seated. “I’ve been a little clumsy the past few days!” she laughed.

“Haha! Well...well I uh, I guess it’s understandable,” said Jessica, forcing a laugh. “You know, with you growing so...so suddenly and all.”

“Yeah, I guess,” laughed Emma casually, turning around and collapsing into one of the empty nearby chairs. The sound of something cracking echoed out into the air, but nothing in the chair’s actual structure seemed to change. Emma froze for a second, and then smiled, looking with wide, guilty eyes at the two other women.

“You two didn’t see that, ok?” she giggled. Jessica and Bethany just stared for a couple moments, but then they both made an effort to smile.

“Cross my heart, nothing happened,” laughed Bethany.

For the next few minutes, the women had a fun little chat about unrelated things, and Emma was beginning to thoroughly enjoy herself. The other two were seeming to make a special effort not to bring up her recent growth, which Emma appreciated.

“Oh, look who it is,” intoned Jessica, looking up past Emma suddenly. “The Gentle Russian Giant!”

Emma turned around and saw Igor walking towards them. They exchanged smiles and waves.

“Ladies,” said Igor in greeting as he stopped in front of them. Emma instantly felt the unspoken power of Igor’s presence amongst the other women. He was a man...and he was just so much bigger than they were.

“I see you’ve decided to mix with the dynamic duo, Emma,” said Igor, grinning and shaking his head. “Bad idea. Sexta, Septa, and Octo women all hanging out together?! My god, you’ll start hatching plots before we know it.”

“Aww, what’re you afraid of, Igor?” mocked Bethany. “It’s not enough to tower above all of us, is it?”

“Well, I can pretend it doesn’t mean anything,” chuckled Igor, with a knowing cock of his head.

There was a bit of a pause in the conversation, and Emma could feel Jessica’s eyes on her.

“Actually,” said Jessica suddenly, in a strange voice, “I think Emma’s got you beat.”

“What?” asked Igor in an alarmed voice, but then he quickly recovered and laughed. “I mean, I know she just had a big spurt there, but...I don’t think she’s caught up to me just yet.”

“Stand up, Emma,” said Jessica. “Let’s see.”

Emma glanced around at everyone, feeling an odd, simultaneous mixture of lighthearted frivolity and gravity. She looked up at Igor, who was wearing a mask of a grin on his face. His eyes, though, were searching.

Sticking her tongue into the side of her mouth, to emphasize how playful she felt, Emma stood up slowly. The world seemed to rush down beneath her as she continued to rise. Igor’s eyes got bigger and bigger, and his mouth opened up halfway. Emma’s eyes were even with his, and then she kept straightening her legs, until her knees locked. She was looking straight into Igor’s forehead. She had him...by three whole inches.

Chapter 9

For a few seconds that seemed to stretch strangely into eternity, no one said a word. No one even moved. Jessica and Bethany were still in their seats, their eyes wide, their hands clasped over their mouths in an overt display of silent wonder. Jessica had been the one to suggest that Emma was taller than Igor, but she had spoken in a bit of an offhand way, flippantly deciding to goad Igor with the possibility that he no longer held the primacy of height. Somewhere in the back of her mind, Jessica had truly felt that what she had suggested was true, but she hadn't actually considered the possibility...not at the forefront of her consciousness, at least. That was why she was joining Bethany in silently gasping at the clear fact that Emma was now noticeably taller than Igor, the formerly "untouchable" 8'8" giant.

Emma was studying the slight creases and wrinkles in Igor's forehead, furrowing her brow slightly as she blinked blankly a couple times, struggling to take in the reality of what she was seeing. It worked in an odd way within her brain. First, as she stood up and extended her legs to their full length, it struck her as odd that Igor's broad shoulders seemed so far down below her — they were almost even with the top of her breasts. She glanced back up at Igor's forehead, against feeling a weird sense of surreality as she cocked her head slightly, chewing a bit on the inside of her cheeks as she studied the novelty in front of her. She was looking... straight ahead...at his forehead. And his forehead was...higher than his eyes...which could only mean, if she thought through it for a second or two, that her eyes...were higher than his eyes. Which meant...that she was in fact, taller than he was.

The line of reasoning that Emma had progressed through in her head was so oddly elementary, so basic, that once she realized the essential truth — the fact that she was now taller than Igor, and by a good bit — she blinked again, and her eyes seemed refreshed and clarified with her new knowledge. She smiled, a bit bashfully, and gave a little laugh, which was aimed more at her slowness in grasping the truth than anything else. But it was also a laugh that was tinged with something else: an "old school" type of gentle mockery, as if to say, 'Haha, I'm taller than youuuu!' in the same way that a young girl might tease a young boy on the playground.

Igor was looking up at Emma, his own brow heavily creased, but in an entirely different way. He looked genuinely alarmed and afraid, not of Emma's pure physical presence per se, but rather because of the fact that, in the past few days, she had grown an absolutely unprecedented amount. He had just started getting close with Emma, and had come to think of her fondly as a "little sister" figure of sorts, who was struggling through her own height disorder, but who remained beneath him, in the very literal sense. But now, all of that was totally out the window, and he found himself staring into Emma's bashfully grinning mouth. He felt all the shock, surprise, and alarm that an older brother might feel when his younger sister came back from summer camp taller than him...except that for Igor, this had all happened in a matter of days.

Bethany was the first to speak.

"Oh...my...god," she intoned through her hands. "She totally is taller than you!"

"B-But...but how?!" asked Igor in a voice that didn't sound to him like his own. He was still busy studying Emma's mouth, with his eyes darting around to her full cheeks, her playfully smiling eyes, and the top of her head, which seemed farther above his eyes than what was actually real.

Emma looked up and down Igor's body in wonder. His feet still looked huge...his hands were totally enormous...nothing about him had really changed. That was the truly strange thing to Emma right now — everything about her giant friend looked exactly the same, except for the fact that she was now taller than he was. She glanced down at her own hands, her mouth slightly open in a neutral expression of intrigue and inquiry. Her hands looked the same too. Surely they were still smaller than his! She looked back up at Igor's face and saw how unsettled and...scared he looked. In that moment, a contrasting duo of emotions rifled through her. First, and perhaps most powerfully, she felt a quick tang of challenging, potent aggression towards him, verging on anger. So she had grown taller than him — so what!? She was still the same person, after all! Why did he insist on acting like Martha and Dr. Kline and all the other doctors who she had recently been catching looking at her, and whispering about her to each other in corners? It was part of the old story that Emma was really getting sick of: the contrast between the perfectly fine way that she felt, and the concern of all the other people around her who professed to care about her. What was their problem? So she was growing...so she was still growing...so what? Didn't they care about how she felt!? Or were they really all that intent on trying to freak her out as much as possible?

Deep down, Emma was feeling this way because she had successfully repressed her own fears and anxieties about her disorder a while ago, way back weeks before, when she had been living in the house with Daniel, before he had gone on that business trip for a week, before they had fought. She had been the one to freak out, many times, in the earlier stages of her growth, but she had gradually managed to reach a point where she had more or less come to terms with the unassailable fact that she was getting taller and bigger, that no one seemed to know why, and that it seemed like there wasn't really a firmly-defined end in sight.

For better or worse, exempting little moments like her first weigh-in with Monica the week before, Emma had learned to accept her condition for what it was, and to just take it all on the chin, so to speak. It would have been an entirely different matter if her disorder made her feel sick, or tired, or otherwise negative in any way. But despite occasional muscle cramps and growing pains, Emma was now feeling fresher, more energetic, and more alive than she had ever felt in her life. She didn't know if it was because of the physical aspects of the growth, or the psychological, or some combination of the two. All she knew was that, when she encountered concerned and alarmed expressions like the one Igor was giving her right now, they made her feel, first and foremost, irritated.

There was also the slightly, very gentle smugness that came along with the mere fact of a girl being taller than a guy. Emma couldn't really help her eyebrows going up a little as she locked eyes with Igor for the first time as a taller person, and in the same way, she couldn't quite help letting out another slight exhale of amused laughter. Once again, it was almost an elementary response: that "tallest girl" in the class was laughing at the fact that she had exceeded the "tallest boy."

"I...I have no idea," said Jessica out loud, her voice cautious. "You feeling alright, Emma?"

"I...uh, yeah!" said Emma, breaking eye contact with Igor and looking to the side and down at Jessica. "Yeah, I feel...the same."

“Well you...you grew like four inches...or more...in a single day,” said Igor haltingly, as if he still couldn’t really believe it.

Again, that same strange mixture of irritation and buoyancy flashed through Emma and she turned back to Igor.

“You sure about that?” she asked, with a lightness to her voice that nonetheless carried something of a sharpened point. “Maybe you just shrunk!”

Bethany and Jessica both chuckled nervously at Emma’s little suggestion, but Igor was clearly not in any kind of laughing mood.

“I...didn’t shrink, Emma,” he said seriously. “Trust me, if something like that happened, I’d know. I’m experienced enough with this whole size thing to know that.”

“Well excuuuuse me, I guess I have a lot to learn!” chided Emma, looking down to Bethany and Jessica for a little badgering support. “Because apparently, I grew four inches overnight and couldn’t even tell!”

“Y-yeah, Emma...you did,” said Igor quietly. “This isn’t really a laughing matter, Emma. Something serious is going on with you.”

“I...uhh, I mean, I guess so,” said Emma, dropping her teasing and trying to meet Igor somehow in the middle. She could feel an onrush of something like panic suddenly and rapidly approaching her, and she started taking deep breaths.

“But I feel fine, is the thing,” she said, looking slightly down at Igor hopefully, as if that would somehow convince him to lighten up a bit.

“Well, uhh, that’s good,” he said. “But still, Emma. I think you really do need to go see Dr. Kline today and tell him about all this. I don’t know what it means, but it could be really...uh, serious.”

Igor saw that Emma had dropped her playful act and was now looking at him with a slightly ashen expression, her mouth open a little, as her eyes searched his. He felt his heart throb a little, and he suddenly felt very sorry for her, and very protective and empathetic towards her. She really was very pretty, and very sweet, and very...innocent. And even though she was an adult, and acted like an adult, there was something in her that Igor had detected, something almost childlike — and pure — that made her different from anyone else he had ever met, at the Institute or otherwise. She hadn’t asked for this; she hadn’t asked for this condition, or any of the heartache (or heartbreak) that came with it. Igor thought of her boyfriend, and feared that her relationship was now in serious jeopardy. But most of all, he was starting to worry that Emma’s condition had well and truly “grown” out of control, potentially pushing her to new and dangerous territory, for others, but most importantly, herself.

Emma saw the concern in Igor’s eyes, and for a moment, it only served to fuel her impending panic. But she took a few more deep breaths, reminding herself that she felt totally fine, even invigorated, and that it was only natural that someone like Igor, who was so used to being bigger and taller than everyone (especially the women) should react like this when someone finally

outgrew him. It was bound to happen sooner or later, and Emma had to admit, it was kind of crazy, and a little funny, that the person to outgrow him was her.

“Look,” she said earnestly, blinking and taking Igor’s hands in her own, like she had done a couple nights previously. “I appreciate the concern...I really do! But...uh, i’m not gonna... umm...gonna worry too much, ok? I’m going to see Dr. Kline anyway today, so...so yeah, that’s taken care of...uh...of...already.”

Emma had been a little distracted in her speech, because she was realizing, holding Igor’s hands in her own, how...ordinary they felt. Just a few days before, she had been marveling at how big his hands were. But now, well...there didn’t seem to be anything that extraordinary about them anymore. Suddenly, on a whim, Emma released her hands from Igor’s and held up her palm.

“Hey!” she said brightly, trying to lighten the mood a little, “Let’s compare hands! I wanna see if mine are bigger!”

Wordlessly, and frowning slightly, Igor looked up at her and then to her offered, upright palm. Mechanically, he brought his huge hand up towards hers and carefully lined it up, going forward until their palms and fingers met. After a second or two of jostling and arranging, the comparison was set. Jessica and Bethany had both stood up to get a good look, and only now did Emma realize how small the two of them actually looked compared to her. In fact, the difference between them was so dramatically vast that, for a moment, Emma became completely distracted from her hand comparison with Igor. The top of Jessica’s head only barely managed to reach Emma’s nipples...and Jessica was 7 feet tall. The huge curve of Emma’s mighty hips was even with Jessica’s breasts; Emma glanced down, feeling surreal, and saw that her knees were even with Jessica’s upper thighs. It just...didn’t seem real. Bethany, who was no slouch herself at 6’8, found herself staring straight into the top of Emma’s stomach. Her head didn’t even reach Emma’s nipples, and instead lightly brushed the underside of Emma’s breasts.

Emma’s eyes flickered strangely from Jessica to Bethany, and back and forth a few times, like she was trying to make sure that she wasn’t seeing things. The two smaller women had known that Emma was big, but nothing had prepared them for the shock of this incredible, unbelievable comparison. Their mouths were hanging slightly open, totally unconsciously, and their eyes were staring far up at Emma’s face, as if they were having trouble convincing themselves that Emma was real. For several moments, they all just stared at each other.

But then, Emma remembered the hand comparison and snapped her focus back to Igor; she readjusted her hand again, even using her other free hand to make sure that Igor’s wrist was just about even with her own. In doing so, she noticed with a start that her wrist looked a little wider...and a little thicker...than his. How could this be possible!? Igor was the giant one! Now their hands were even, and the result was plain to see: Emma’s fingers were all noticeably longer, and a little larger in general, than Igor’s. She had him...maybe by as much as a third of an inch. And it wasn’t just her fingers — Emma’s palm extended outward from Igor’s on both sides, showing that it too was larger and more substantial.

Emma felt something like a little knot growing in her throat. There was no way this was real... Igor...and his huge hands...now shorter than her...smaller than her!?! But there was no

arguing with the evidence before her. Emma gathered herself together and swallowed the lump in her throat, and she felt better afterward. It was like she had stopped some impending feelings of negativity in their tracks; she didn't even bother to dwell on what they might have been. Instead, she adopted an attitude of relaxed, offhanded acceptance. How else was she supposed to feel? Her growth disorder had clearly started kicking into high gear, and everything that she had thought about the Institute's mission to cure her was now out the window. She would have to deal with Dr. Kline...with Martha...with all the other doctors and nurses, and their stunned, uncomfortable reactions, no doubt. Normally, such a thought would have made Emma feel irritated, but right now, she felt almost flippant. A strange giddiness existed where her anxiety once dwelt, and she found herself amusedly wondering how tiny Martha would look to her when she went in for her daily measurements.

All of this happened in a flash through Emma's brain, taking up no more than a second in real time. Her eyes flipped back, slightly down, to Igor's. He was staring at the hand comparison, his brow creased, like he was not understanding what he was seeing. Emma quickly realized that this probably was the first time that someone had been clearly bigger than him...possibly ever. She suddenly felt an urge to tease him.

"Well..." she said, arching her eyebrow at him as her mouth curved into a grin. "How does it feel?"

"How...does it feel?" asked Igor, not seeming to understand.

"Yeah!" laughed Emma. "How does it feel to be smaller than someone for once? Smaller hands...smaller arms...smaller legs...smaller everything!"

"I...I can't....uh...I don't...don't know," sputtered Igor, taking his hand away from Emma's slowly as his eyes fixed on her huge palm, trying to make sense of it all.

"Yeah, I mean, it's not even close," said Emma, standing up straight and putting her shoulders back, so that she stood at her full height. "I'm like...at least a few inches taller than you now."

"Emma," said Igor, his words labored, "I really think you need to go see Dr. Kline...right now."

"Oh I'm seeing him later on today — what's the rush?" she asked, waving her hand nonchalantly.

"You've grown...an unprecedented amount...in a crazy-tiny window of time," he replied, peering slightly up at her anxiously.

"Yeah I guess I have, haven't I?" said Emma, nodding to herself. "And you know what? It's made me freaking hungry!"

Jessica and Bethany laughed a little at Emma's lighthearted disposition; but even still, they did so with more than a touch of nervousness and uncertainty. They were still stunned by the raw power of Emma's sheer physical presence.

"Hungry?" asked Igor, straining to understand.

“Yes! Food! I want to eat...right now!” said Emma, opening her mouth and pointing inside. She didn’t quite know why she was acting so silly, but it felt right in the moment, and it was certainly making her feel like she was blunting Igor’s seriousness a bit.

“I r-really think — ” Igor began, but Emma cut him off, putting her hand up close to his face in a playful “stop” motion. Igor found himself frozen; he still couldn’t believe how big her hands were.

“Nopel!” interrupted Emma, “I’ve made up my mind. Can’t do anything productive if my stomach’s growling. And judging by the size of me now, it would probably sound like a tiger or something, haha! Alright you guys, catch you later!”

And with that, Emma was off, waving goodbye to her astonished friends as she walked away. She knew why Igor was acting that way: because he cared about her. Still though, that didn’t mean that she had to stand there and put up with the crushing, full weight of his concern. It reminded her of how Daniel had behaved the last couple of weeks before she went to the Institute. She suddenly had a throb in her breast, almost painful...she missed him so much. But almost as soon as the throb came, it was gone again. Yes, she missed him, of course. But it was nice, at least for the time being, to have a little time to herself, when she didn’t have to be suffocated by the anxieties of her loved ones.

A little while later, Emma was finishing up her lunch in the cafeteria. “Finishing” was a relative term, since Emma didn’t really feel full — she was confident that she could have gone on eating for another twenty minutes at the same slightly-feverish pace she had been going at. Stacks of plates had been slowly building around her, as she kept going back to the food line for more. Cafeteria policy held that patients needed to use a new plate each time they got more food, and so Emma had ended up building herself a stack that was beginning to resemble the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Four, five...ten plates later, and she was still going. She knew that everyone was watching her; she had been attuned to their eyes ever since she came into the cafeteria. Conversations had stopped...people had turned around, whispering with hushed voices at the newly-burgeoned giantess in their midst.

For a little bit, Emma had actually enjoyed the attention. She had been expecting it, given the reactions of Igor, Jessica, and Bethany, and when everyone had turned in lockstep, they were fulfilling her anticipation. It was almost hilarious how perfectly they had all fallen into the modes of behavior she had predicted, and Emma couldn’t help chuckling to herself a little as she went over to grab a tray. Even though it was certainly amusing how shocked and serious everyone seemed, her main concern remained the satiation of her hunger...with each passing moment, the pit seemed to deepen in her stomach, groaning out to be filled.

And now, 45 minutes later, it still wasn’t full. But Emma had just looked up at the clock, realizing that she only had five minutes to get to the exam room for her daily measurements with Martha. She looked intently at the stack of plates she had accumulated, and the countless husks, cores, stems, seeds, and other food refuse that had become scattered across her tray.

‘Good lord,’ she thought to herself, blinking her eyes at the scene in disbelief, ‘I seriously ate all that? Oh my god, I’m like a freaking animal!’

She made wide eyes to herself and shook her head slightly, chuckling a bit at the ridiculousness of what she was looking at. How many plates were there? Ten? Twelve!? Plus a whole felled thicket of forks, despite the fact that, halfway through her meal, Emma had largely abandoned the use of utensils, choosing to simply use her hands instead. It didn't really seem to make sense for her to use the forks anyway — even though they were purposefully designed to be larger than average (to accommodate the large patients), Emma had found them almost pointless. To her, they seemed like slightly-larger-than-average, pronged toothpicks. After a little while, she felt silly even trying to use them and had instead decided to just put the food in her mouth herself. As she ate, she had a strange feeling that something was off, although her desire to feel satisfied distracted her from actually giving it too much thought.

If Emma had paused enough in her eating, however, it wouldn't have taken her long to realize why everything seemed a little weird: the food was just...small. Strawberries seemed like big blueberries; the bananas seemed miniature; a full-sized plate of chicken and rice was puzzlingly gone in a few bites; a large glass of milk was strangely empty after one sip. The whole structure of plates, glasses, and utensils seemed a bit silly — what was the point of having them if Emma had to go back over and over and get more? Wasn't it all a bit wasteful on the part of the Institute? Shouldn't they have larger dishes and silverware!? This was the Institute for Growth Disorders, after all! Hadn't they planned for this kind of thing?

But Emma didn't let all of this get to her — these thoughts came across to her more as casual musings rather than indignant complaints. But it was definitely interesting to her...how ill-equipped the cafeteria seemed to be in accommodating her. It was around this point that Emma noticed that no one had come to sit with her. Such a thing was generally unusual, as, by this time, she had become friendly with a good number of patients and was used to chatting with them during meal times. She looked around the cafeteria, noticing a few people who definitely knew her...catching their eye, Emma waved at them heartily...they timidly waved back and turned away. Emma frowned slightly; what was going on? They were all acting like they were afraid of her or something.

She glanced back to her empty dishes. She had made a bit of a mess...and come to think of it, the time she had eaten, she hadn't really been thinking about much of anything. She had...kind of blacked out a little. Perhaps she had been a little too ravenous for other people's comfort? Had she been making noises while she ate? She wasn't really sure...a flash of hot insecurity went through her face, reddening her cheeks a bit. But it was just a flash...gone in no more than five seconds. She didn't have anything to apologize for — she had been starving! What was she supposed to do? Eat all daintily, one morsel at a time?! She didn't have time for that — she had literally been stuffing her face for over half an hour, and she was still hungry!

She stood up from her chair (which had made her ass sore, since the seat had awkwardly and uncomfortably been pressing into the middle of her ass cheeks) and stretched a little. She felt something brush against the tips of her fingers...an insect? No. She glanced up at the ceiling, and suddenly realized that it was much closer than she had remembered it being before. She stretched her hand up again curiously, and was surprised to find that she was actually able to brush the ceiling with her fingers.

'God damn,' she thought. 'How about that?'

She looked again at the clock — she only had a minute to get to the exam room. She hurriedly reached down and snatched up the twelve empty glasses on the table, one for each finger, and another two in her palms, and carried them over to the dirty-dish area. People were watching her like something crazy was happening. Emma had been amused at the attention before, but now she couldn't help but be annoyed, probably due to her running a little late. What were they all staring at? What was so interesting about her putting away dirty dishes!? The same thought kept on in her mind as she returned to the table, snatched up the stack-full of dishes with one hand, and carried it over in the same way. As she did so, she shot a nearby table a challenging look, as if to say 'What're you looking at?' The table's occupants all quickly looked down, almost deferentially...or was it...fearfully? Emma couldn't be sure. But she didn't have time to dwell on it. After putting down her huge stack of plates, she walked quickly out of the cafeteria toward the exam room. She didn't realize it, but as she left, she had nearly run over a middle-aged man who was just about to walk in through the same entrance. He had fallen over backwards in Emma's wake, but she hadn't even seen him...he was only 6'5, the top of his head even with the middle of Emma's stomach.

Martha was waiting for Emma in the exam room, and the 5'4 nurse was shocked when she saw her patient bending her head to come through the doorway.

"Hi Martha!" said Emma genially, but then stopped herself, putting her hand over her mouth in surprise. Martha looked so incredibly tiny that Emma wasn't able to stifle a little burst of a laugh through her fingers. The nurse's head was almost exactly even with Emma's hips — she looked like a 3-year old! Emma stood there, staring for a moment, with her mouth opened slightly in fascination behind her fingers...and then suddenly, stepping forward, Emma bent down and picked Martha up gently, placing two hands around her waist (which easily went all the way around) and lifting her up. The nurse's face, already frozen in shock, started contorting in alarm.

"G-Emma!" she said quickly, her voice infused with panic. "Wh-what...what are y-you doing!?"

Emma didn't answer at first. She just held Martha up at eye-level for a moment, rolling her eyes curiously over Martha's comparatively-miniature body. It was all so surreal — Emma knew that Martha was a full-grown adult, and that she wasn't even that short for a normal person. But in this moment, those thoughts were so far away that it was like they didn't even exist. To Emma, Martha had become like a little child, all dressed up like an adult.

"Emma!" cried Martha, starting to squirm.

"Oh...oh, sorry," said Emma absently, blinking her eyes as she put Martha back down on her two feet. "I just...uh...just wanted to see if I could, you know?"

"I...um, ok," said Martha, clearly frazzled from the incident. "Why don't...uh...let's just get your measurements, ok?"

It was quickly discovered that Emma was now 9 feet-plus a half-inch tall, and weighed 477.3 pounds. The numbers all sounded like gibberish to Emma, who was too preoccupied with the novelty of Martha's tininess to really notice or care how much she had grown.

“And you said you’re...f-feeling ok?” asked Martha, clutching her clipboard to her chest like it was some kind of shield as she looked up at Emma, who was sitting a bit awkwardly on the exam room table.

“Huh?” asked Emma, who had been distracted by Martha’s tiny feet moving around on the floor. “Oh! Uh, yeah! Yeah, I feel totally fine. I mean...I guess...maybe a little sore or something? But I did go on that long walk with Igor yesterday, so maybe that’s why.”

“Is it just your legs and feet that are sore?” inquired Martha cautiously.

Emma took several seconds to answer; part of her felt like this all couldn’t be real. Martha’s clipboard looked like a doll’s toy. Her fingers were so tiny Emma almost couldn’t see them. It was like some kind of joke. And at the same time, Emma knew all of this was real. In her current frame of mind, though, it was hard to take anything too seriously.

“My...legs?” asked Emma uncertainly, looking back at Martha’s face indistinctly. The nurse must have been able to detect the casualness in Emma’s demeanor, because her next words were tinged with irritation, brought on by stress. The nurse had intended to convey to Emma the seriousness of the situation, but her words came out sounding more annoyed than she meant them to.

“Yes, Emma. Your legs and feet. I’m asking you if they’re the only things that feel sore. I need you to focus here, please.”

Emma fixed her eyes on the nurse, blinking away the flippant film that she had been staring through. Now Martha was just getting on her nerves.

“Hey, I’m just trying to take it easy and be relaxed here, Martha,” she said. “You don’t need to grill me.”

“O-ok...ok!” said Martha, dropping her clipboard on the floor and putting up her hands in a motion of surrender. “Sorry! I’m not trying to make you angry!” Emma hadn’t realized it, but at her size, conveying something as tame as annoyance was frightening.

Emma kept looking at Martha, not understanding why she was behaving so dramatically.

“No,” said Emma, her eyes fixed on Martha. “My whole body’s actually kind of sore. Does that answer your question?”

“Y-yes! Yes, it does,” said Martha, bending down to fetch her clipboard, dropping it again, and reaching to pick it up once more. Emma suddenly saw that the nurse was shaking. She felt a wave of guilt that nearly made her sick, but then, almost immediately replacing it was a streak of intensified irritation. She didn’t have to put up with all this nonsense.

“So is that all?” asked Emma, making no secret of her desire to leave.

“That’s...um, yes. Yes, I think that’s all, Emma,” said Martha in a shaky voice.

Emma stood up and looked down for a moment at the tiny nurse beneath her. A sick wave of guilt passed over her again, and she suddenly felt very sorry for Martha. Not wanting to entertain the implications of her own complicated emotions, Emma strode towards the doorway, getting there in two steps. She didn't want to leave Martha on that uncertain, negative-tinged note, so she turned around and tried to smile.

"Hey!" she said, affecting a light, playful tone as she pointed to the doorframe. "Looks like I've gotten a little too big for the "Octa" exam-room door, huh?"

"Hehe...uh...y-yeah...yeah I guess you have," said Martha, forcing a chuckle out of her body.

"Well, guess we need to have the next exam in a...what would you call it...a 9-foot room?"

"Ennea," said Martha in a strange voice.

"Ennea? Is that what it is? I like the sound of that!" said Emma pleasantly.

"But...we don't have any of those rooms, Emma," said Martha, in the same strange tone. "Octa's as high as we go here."

Later on that day, Emma met with Dr. Kline — she went in feeling almost bouncy...breezy...in light spirits, despite the slight rancidity at the tail-end of her exchange with Martha. Emma's mind seemed to be constantly finding new things to locate and fixate upon: the tiny little doorways, the miniature cars of the staff in the Institute parking lots, the effortless speed with which she was now able to walk, compared to the smaller strides of everyone else. It was enough to distract her, and make her forget. However, in contrast to her mood when she went into the doctor's office, she came out feeling a glum, depressed, and annoyed.

She felt like an old cycle was repeating itself; Dr. Kline had told her, in no uncertain terms, how serious this new and unexpected growth acceleration was. Emma had tried to bring him back down a little, and make him understand that she was feeling fine, but he didn't seem to hear her concerns properly. He just kept repeating phrases like "rogue case" and "concerning developments" and "not taking this lightly," and after a while, Emma had just had enough. She hadn't quite "stormed" out of the office, but she had definitely left before Dr. Kline had wanted her to. But she couldn't take it anymore — all the long-faced, somber, weighty words...the fateful tone...she just didn't want to hear it anymore. If they didn't know what was wrong with her, what good were they, anyway!? Good for nothing other than trying to freak her out, apparently.

So she had left Dr. Kline's office and gone to the gazebo in the courtyard garden, her favorite place to lose herself in her own thoughts. She was happy to see that Igor was already there, but it didn't take long for her to remember that he, too, was not dealing with her condition too well. He greeted her anxiously, asking how the exam and visit with Dr. Kline had gone.

"Oh I don't know," sighed Emma, sinking down onto one of the benches that groaned underneath her. "Everyone seems totally freaked out by me all of a sudden. It kind of sucks."

“Well, I mean...I understand Emma,” said Igor kindly, reaching down and holding her hand. It still felt so weird to him, to be holding a hand that was bigger than his own...particularly a younger woman’s hand...but he held on all the same.

“It’s just that...well, you know,” he continued, trying to catch her eye as she looked off a little sadly into the garden, “the way you’ve really...uh...sprouted up. It’s kind of unprecedented. Even here.”

“Really?” Emma asked quietly, still looking off into the garden. “This hasn’t ever happened before?”

“Not that I know of,” said Igor. A few seconds passed by, and as they accumulated, Igor felt the impending need to comfort her.

“But,” he said, squeezing her hand and putting in the effort to smile genuinely, “But the important thing is that you’re still feeling good. I mean, even though you’re going through a little spurt now, you’re feeling ok, right?”

“I guess,” murmured Emma wistfully. A few more silent moments came and went, with the two giants sitting next to each other, hand and hand. Igor was starting to feel like his reassurances were doing the trick.

“Actually,” said Emma suddenly, “I am feeling a little...I don’t know what it is...sorer? Than usual.”

“Sorer?” asked Igor. “You mean, like, in your muscles?”

“Mmhm, all over,” nodded Emma, wincing slightly. “Almost like it’s in my bones too.”

“Interesting,” said Igor. “You told Dr. Kline about it?”

“Ha! Yeah,” said Emma, laughing a little ruefully. “He was very serious about everything. Kind of annoyed me, really. It was like he was trying to scare me or something.”

“Well Emma,” said Igor, trying very hard not to sound condescending, “He is the head doctor here. I think his opinion matters.”

“Well if he’s such an expert,” countered Emma, turning and looking Igor straight in the face, “Then how come he has no clue what’s going on with me?”

“I...uh, don’t really have an answer to that,” said Igor, looking down in Emma’s lap, away from her challenging stare. She was a little intimidating, even though she didn’t realize it.

And then...he saw it...and felt it...happen. His eyes had been resting on Emma’s hand, which he was holding in his own, when suddenly, he saw it grow. Her hand...and her wrist and arm attached to it, visibly lengthened and swelled in size. It couldn’t have lasted for more than a couple seconds, but to Igor, the time seemed to stretch on for far longer. His eyes went wide as he felt Emma’s hand expanding around his. He saw her fingers grow longer and thicker, and along with her widened, heavier palm, felt even huger in his grasp.

In alarm, Igor pulled his hand away from hers — it was more a “fight-or-flight” response than anything else...but it was the only thing that his body was capable of in the moment. Emma, who had returned to staring melancholically at the garden, turned her head towards him inquiringly.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

“G-Emma...Emma, are y-you...are you feeling ok?” asked Igor shakily.

“Yeah, why?” she responded. “I mean...definitely still sore. Got a bit of a flash of it there. But I’m fine. What’s going on, Igor? Why’re you looking at me like that?”

“I...I just saw you grow,” he breathed, his heart hammering away in his chest.

Emma narrowed her eyes at him. A few moments of silence passed before she spoke.

“What?”

“I j-just...like, literally saw you grow, Emma.”

She kept her eyes on him, seeming to search for something.

“Igor, come on,” she said a couple seconds later. “You didn’t just see me gr—”

“I know what I saw Emma,” interrupted Igor, looking up at her. There was no doubt; she was sitting higher than she had been, covering more area on the bench; even her white Institute gown had started to adhere to her form. She had grown everywhere.

“And I felt it too,” he continued earnestly. “I felt your hand grow...your fingers got longer...got bigger! Look at you, Emma! I can just tell — you’ve grown everywhere!”

Emma was looking at him with her mouth pursed shut, her brow starting to furrow. She didn’t believe him. He had to somehow prove it to her. He showed her his palm.

“Here, Emma — j-just...just let’s compare, ok? Just for reference? We did it this morning; if you didn’t just grow now, it’ll be the same.”

Emma hesitated, and then put her hand up to his. Igor’s fingers didn’t even reach her first knuckle now — there was no question.

“See!?” he cried.

Emma stood up suddenly. She didn’t know what was happening; she didn’t know what to think. She just needed to get away from Igor’s panicking energy. She had had it. Igor stood up with her, hoping to stave off her flight. He was shocked to see that he was looking straight into her shoulders.

“I don’t need this,” muttered Emma. “I don’t need this right now...at all.”

She fled the gazebo, nearly knocking her head on the underlay as she left. Igor called out to her to wait, to stop, but she didn't hold back. She needed to find somewhere peaceful, where she could relax and just...be alone. Her dorm room seemed to be the only option...but when she reached it, she found a group of doctors and nurses waiting for her there, Dr. Kline and Martha among them. There were 6 or 7 in all. Emma stopped dead, her only hope for refuge totally dissipated. Dr. Kline's head was right at her navel; the other doctors looked even smaller. What the fuck were these little people thinking, getting in between her and her bed?!

"What's this!?" she asked, a little out of breath, making no secret of her displeasure. Although she didn't realize it, her voice had become deeper, more substantial, and louder. The doctors drew back a little.

"G-Emma," said Martha, stepping forward. "W-we...we're all concerned about you and...and I think we need to admit y-you to...to our intensive care unit overnight for...for some more tests."

"More tests?" asked Emma, feeling her blood start to boil as she stood up to her full height. She felt her Institute gown beginning to stretch on her body. Who was this tiny nurse to tell her what to do!? She didn't even come up to her belly button! Emma suddenly had a flash of a thought: 'No one under my breasts can tell me what to do,' but it was quickly lost, because Dr. Kline was stepping forward to back Martha up.

"It's for your own good, Emma," he said, affecting a brave voice as he came up to her cautiously. As he did so, the other doctors and nurses slowly followed, beginning to form a half-circle around Emma, trapping her against the hallway wall. Emma saw that Dr. Kline was holding a syringe in his hand.

"I know it's been stressful for you, Emma," he said as soothingly as he could, "So I'm just gonna give you a little something here to help calm you down...to make you feel better...so we can get you in and run those tests."

He started to aim the syringe at her lower stomach, the other doctors and nurses tensely poised. And right then, Emma snapped. She angrily slapped the syringe out of Dr. Kline's hand, sending it shattering into the opposite wall. Dr. Kline cried out and jumped back, and the other staff did the same, their eyes full of fear.

"No more tests!" Emma bellowed, stomping her foot. "I don't want any more tests or examinations or measurements or ANY of it!!"

"E-easy Emma!" called Dr. Kline, his voice trembling.

"Emma, Emma, it's all right!" called Martha.

"No it's NOT alright!!" yelled Emma, stamping her foot again, cracking the marble floor underneath her. "I'm surrounded by all you...you tiny little people who are just SOOO worried about THIS and THAT...and all you wanna do is run more TESTS!! You have NO IDEA what's wrong with me, do you!?!"

Everyone was breathing hard as they stared up at Emma, having no clue how to handle her.

“DO YOU!?” she screamed, stomping again and further cracking the floor. Her fists were balled up and shaking. One of the nurses fled down the hall; the others didn’t look too far behind her.

“NO, Emma, you’re right!!” yelled Dr. Kline. “You’re RIGHT...we...we don’t know yet!”

Emma stood there, panting with rage, glowering down at them.

“Which is why,” continued Dr. Kline, “We need to admit you to the intensive care unit for the — ”

“I’M NOT GOING!!” shouted Emma, stamping her feet and shaking her head wildly, so that her hair flew all around her face. With a shot to her brain, she suddenly knew what she wanted.

“I WANT Daniel!!!” she screamed. “I WANT MY BOYFRIEND!!! I WANT TO SEE HIM!!!”

There was no reply, as everyone else was petrified with fear. Emma took a single step towards them, and they yelled out as their backs hit the wall. None of them had ever been so terrified in their entire lives.

“DID YOU HEAR ME!?” she bawled, tears starting to gush out of her eyes. “I...WANT... Daniel!!!”

“OK, Emma, OK!!!” yelled Dr Kline. “We’ll get him!! We’ll call him right now!! Ok!?”

Emma stood there, hunched aggressively over the staff, breathing hard, her face flushed, and her eyes full with tears.

“O...ok,” she said. Her rage quelled, and looked down at Martha...at Dr. Kline...at how terrified and tiny they all looked. It was all a little too much. Her face contorted and she burst into tears, backing into the opposite wall and collapsing into a sitting position. After a few moments, Martha cautiously came over and comforted her, easily dabbing her eyes from a standing position.

Later that night, Daniel drove up to the Institute. Needless to say, he had been worried sick by Dr. Kline’s phone call and had gotten there as quickly as he could. His heart stopped when he pulled up to the entrance: Emma was standing there, in her white medical gown, her hands clasped eagerly in front of her, waiting for him. There was no question it was her — she was so beautiful, so innocent-looking, but...HUGE.

His heart fluttering with surreal energy, he stepped out of the car and jogged up to her. Emma shouted out and ran towards him, and as she did so, Daniel could feel the ground shaking a little beneath his feet. She grew huger and huger with each passing moment, until they were right in front of each other. Daniel only had a moment to register that he was staring straight into her lower-stomach area, right where her belly button would have been, before he felt his organs drop in his body as two huge, powerful hands hooked down under his arms and lifted him up. Before he knew it, more than half of his face, from his upper nose to his chin, was engulfed in a wet, warm, syrupy kiss, mixed with the slight saltiness of Emma's tears.

“Daniel!!!” she sobbed, squeezing the air out of him. “Let me out of here — get me out!! I wanna go HOME!”

Chapter 10

For the next several minutes, Daniel felt like he was trapped in some kind of crazy kaleidoscope of big, gushing tears, hot, sweet breath, and huge, moist lips, as Daniel kissed him on his face again and again, sobbing into his shoulder all the while. The crazy thing was that she had swooped Daniel up off the ground, dangling his limbs multiple feet off the ground as she hugged him to her, squeezing in desperate affection, to the point where he was barely able to get his words out anymore.

“Emma...” he panted weakly, hardly able to make a sound as she compressed his lungs into his chest. “Emma...p-please...please...”

“Oh Daniel!!” she cried, continuing to hug him to her as she nuzzled his shoulder over and over, interspersing her innocent, almost animal-like emotion with wet, sloppy kisses directly on his face. “I’ve missed you soooo much!! You...you can’t even know!! Oh my god, oh my GOD...I just...I never want you to leave me again!! *Smoochsmooch* Promise me, Daniel!! *Smooch* Promise me that you’ll take me away from here!!”

“Emma...” Daniel forced out, as his face began to turn pale white from lack of oxygen, “C-can’t...can’t breathe...”

“Huh?” she asked, sniffing her nose and blinking the tears out of her eyes as she looked up from his shoulder (which at this point was sopping wet with her tears). She stared into Daniel’s face for a couple moments, puzzled at his wide-eyed panicked expression, and it was only after Daniel started gaping wildly like a fish out of water that she realized that she was holding him too tight, and that he couldn’t breathe. Quickly extending her arms outward, she gave Daniel the space he needed to catch his breath; his legs, though, were still dangling well off the ground. It wasn’t lost on him that Emma’s huge hands (which felt extra enormous under his armpits) were having absolutely no trouble in holding him off the ground, at arm’s length.

“Oh! Sorry!” she said quickly. “Are...are you ok?”

“I’m fine,” he answered, coughing a few times before he blinked rapidly and made a notable effort to give Emma a reassuring smile. He had known, from the conversation on the phone with Dr. Kline, that Emma was having a kind of breakdown...or at least some kind of panic attack, and that he needed to prepare himself to deal with it. But nothing could have prepared him to see his girlfriend this huge. It didn’t matter that he was 6’1 — she was well over 3 feet taller than him, and frighteningly strong...and worse, she was frightened and upset.

“It’s all good, Emma!” he added bravely, maintaining his smile in an attempt to calm her down. “It’s all ok! I’m here, and...and we’re not g-gonna be...be separated again, ok? You understand? I’m...I’m not going anywhere.”

“But WE are, aren’t we!?” asked Emma. “We’re not gonna stay here...You’re gonna get me out of here, right!?”

“R-right...yes,” said Daniel, nodding vigorously. What else was he going to say? He didn’t know what was the best decision, medically-speaking, but he was in no doubt that it would have been dangerous, in that moment, to say anything except what Emma wanted to hear. For the

next few minutes, he continued to give Emma exactly what she wanted, comforting her and reassuring her over and over that he wasn't going to leave her again, and that he would pull her out of the Institute as soon as possible. He was never really comfortable in her arms, even if she had stopped inadvertently squeezing the life out of him, because, in her unstable state, Daniel didn't quite trust her to know her own strength. Several times, he had to remind her not to squeeze too hard under his arms, and to not kiss him too hard.

"I...Ow! G-Emma!" he exclaimed, after one such kiss directly on his face felt like she was about to suck the skin off his nose and cheeks. "Th-that...that hurts!"

"Aw, I'm sorry Daniel!" Emma said immediately, shaking her head. "I j-just...it's soooo good to finally see you again...and...and touch you!"

"I...y-yes...it's good to see you too," he replied, quite truthfully. But the more nuanced truth was that Daniel was feeling more shocked and stunned at Emma's sheer size and strength than anything else. She was basically using him as a teddy bear, a role that he had not prepared for as he drove up to the Institute. But he resigned himself to this temporary position, calming his gigantic girlfriend in the middle of the night, in the Institute parking lot, bathed with the strange and surreal illumination of his car headlights, which he had forgotten to switch off the moment he saw Emma.

A little while later, Daniel had convinced Emma to go back inside the Institute and get some rest in her dorm room. She had been reluctant to go at first, but after he promised that he would be taking her home the next day, Emma finally relented. Ever since her emotions had snapped earlier that night, when she confronted the legion of doctors outside her dorm room, Emma had not been able to think very clearly. She knew that, in her tantrum, she had reverted to a strange kind of childishness, which took on a new flavor and dimension when she embraced Daniel. Her free-flowing emotions had changed, at that point, from anger to desperate and unfettered infantilization. She was aware that it was probably embarrassing for her to be seen in such broken pieces, in such a tattered and regressive state, but she didn't care. Even after she had calmed down, she didn't really regret her emotional outburst. It was the only way that she could have thought to react to the situation...and anyway, it had gotten her what she wanted, hadn't it?

The one big aspect of her behavior, though, that Emma remained oblivious of was the sheer extent of how terrifying she was to all around when her emotions were unstable, particularly when she was angry. Somewhere in her subconscious, Emma remembered the pale terror on the faces of the doctors as she stomped her feet in the hallway, screaming and shouting down at them...somewhere in her brain, she knew how badly she had scared them all. But Emma didn't want to think about any of that now. If she started to go back to that memory, she got sick to her stomach. In any case, Daniel was here and she had calmed down, so it was all over. And besides, if she was really being honest about the whole thing, Dr. Kline, Martha, and the others had kind of set themselves up for everything that happened — what had they been thinking, gathering like that at her door, like they were setting some kind of trap for her, with all their syringes filled with god-knows-what drugs!? What had they expected to happen??

Emma was so exhausted that she ended up just going back to her dorm room and falling asleep, with Daniel by her side, of course. Once she was asleep, Daniel sat there beside her bed, staring strangely at her bare feet that hung off the bed, a bed that was already designed to

accommodate a 8-foot-plus giant or giantess. But Emma, being almost nine-and-a-half feet tall by this point, was just too big for it. Minutes later, however, she was asleep. Daniel peered into her face, which had softened with sleep...he felt so sorry for her, to the point where it seemed like his heart would break. She didn't deserve any of this. She was just an unassuming, kindhearted girl who wanted to fit in and be loved, eager to love back in return. He noticed that his shoulders and armpits were already sore from her tight, affectionate squeezes...as was his entire diaphragm. He would really need to somehow teach Emma to be cognizant of the effects of her size and strength, or else she was really going to hurt someone one of these days. Her huge chest rose and fell...rose and fell...as Daniel helplessly watched her massive breasts go up and down, up and down. What were they going to do now?

"Daniel," whispered a voice from around the door. It was Dr. Kline. Daniel waved to him, smiling sadly. Dr. Kline motioned for him to quietly join him in the hallway, and Daniel rose and followed, pulling the door to very gently so as not to wake Emma up.

"So...um, yeah, she's out," said Daniel, shaking his head ruefully. "She's...uh, had a tough night, I think."

"We all have," said Dr. Kline seriously. "I'm sorry, Daniel, but...I just have to be honest with you. I've never seen anything like the growth that Emma has been experiencing recently."

"Like...the, uh, the extent of the growth? The speed?" asked Daniel.

"Both!" said Dr. Kline immediately, speaking barely above a whisper. Even though his voice was quiet, it carried a tone of true alarm and perplexity. "It's unprecedented, at least in my experience. I wish I could say that we knew what was going on with her, but...we...we just don't know."

"So...all those tests? Nothing came up?" Daniel was doing his best to ask these questions without making the doctor feel more stressed than he already felt.

"Nothing," replied Dr. Kline. "Usually we're able to locate certain enzymes or hormones or proteins that are out of whack, and once we pinpoint the cause we can usually begin some kind of proactive treatment. But with Emma, we haven't been able to find anything."

"Do...do you think that, uh, if she...stayed here longer, you might be able to, uh...to find anything?" asked Daniel uneasily. He was pretty sure he knew what the doctor's answer would be, but he felt like he had to ask anyway.

"Well, I can't really say anything for sure," Dr. Kline began, sighing as he shook his head, "But...and I'm sure you'll understand, Daniel...I have to say that we...can't keep her here anymore."

"No?" asked Daniel, feeling his stomach jump a little, even as the doctor gave him the answer he had expected.

"No," Dr. Kline repeated. "It's just...well, it's essential that our patients, whoever they are, actually WANT to be here, you understand? Because of the nature of this particular family of disorders, um..."

“You mean growth disorders?” asked Daniel.

“Yes...yes, growth disorders,” replied Dr. Kline, looking almost embarrassed to say what he was saying. “Because of...well, you know...the fact that our patients here are...much bigger and stronger than ordinary humans...you understand, then, that we’re not really in a position to force any kind of treatment on anyone, even, uh...even if we think it’s for their own good.”

“But...but you said that you had tried to do that with Emma,” Daniel countered, feeling a sudden need to argue a little. “You had...what was it? A sedative ready for her?”

“Y-yes,” said Dr. Kline, “And, believe me, Daniel, I didn’t want to use it on her, but...well, there didn’t seem to be another option. She was clearly not going to stand for any more tests.”

“But you weren’t able to do it?” Daniel didn’t know how he felt right now. On one hand, and most prominently, he was angry at the thought of Emma getting sedated against her will. But on the other hand, he understood why Dr. Kline had attempted it. With these competing emotions within him, Daniel felt frustrated by the fact that he couldn’t feel one emotion purely.

“No,” said Dr. Kline in a low voice. “And, well, I think that was the breaking point, Daniel. This is not a punitive decision on our part, you understand? But here at the Institute, the doctors and staff need to feel like we’re...um...you know...safe. And what happened tonight...we didn’t feel safe. None of us did. And before you say anything, please, please understand that I don’t blame Emma in any way whatsoever. She’s a sweet girl...so sweet, actually, that it breaks my heart to have to say this. But it’s clear that she doesn’t want to be here, and...after tonight, we just...can’t have her here.”

“Because the staff is too scared of her?” asked Daniel, his voice sounding odd out loud.

Dr. Kline simply spread his hands open, tilted his head slightly to the side, and raised his eyebrows slightly as he gave another sigh. Daniel quickly decided to spare the doctor any further questions — he knew what he had said. A few minutes later, he was back in the room with Emma alone, sitting in the chair by her bed.

‘Jesus, look at all this here,’ thought Daniel anxiously to himself as Emma slept away, ‘I’m sitting here next to her bed, like she’s...in intensive care or something. Like she’s really sick, and I’m...just, like...holding vigil.’

He felt sick to his stomach, with pity for Emma, with anxiety and anguish at the situation, with the unknown, and with the mere unreality of everything that was happening. He was finally able, an hour or so later, to nod off in the chair, falling asleep to the paradoxical sound of Emma’s heavy breathing.

The next morning, Daniel snapped awake to the sound of Emma bounding awkwardly around in her dorm room. He saw her struggling with something white on her body, and finally, after a few seconds, he realized that it was the white Institute gown that she had been wearing the whole time...but now, it had become uncomfortably tight, and she was trying to stretch it out to make some breathing room for her growing body. And it wasn’t just that — Daniel saw that her head was even closer to the ceiling than it had been the night before. Or maybe he was just...bleary-eyed or something, after just waking up.

"Oh, sorry!" Emma exclaimed, seeing Daniel move in his chair as she looked up from struggling with the gown. "I didn't mean to wake you up! I felt so bad for you, sleeping in that uncomfortable chair! You should've come and snuggled with me!"

"I...uh...I didn't want to wake you up!" said Daniel, stretching in the chair and standing up. The truth was, he hadn't even considered joining her in bed...not because he wasn't attracted to her. He just...hadn't considered it.

"Damn thing's too small for me now," muttered Emma, returning abruptly to her task as the fabric slipped out of her grasp and snapped back down onto her skin. "I need to get out of this thing before we leave!"

She paused a moment, eying Daniel carefully.

"We...are leaving today, aren't we?"

"Yes! Yes, of course we are!" replied Daniel, coming up to her, having already decided not to tell her about the conversation he had had with Dr. Kline the night before. "We're gonna get out of here...just as...just as soon as...we get those papers...signed."

Daniel had not been able to help trailing off as he approached Emma, because, if he had been shocked by her size the previous night, seeing her for the first time in the bright sunlight that bathed the room...well...it was something entirely different. There was no question that Emma had grown again during the night. The thick curve of her mighty hips was now just above Daniel's eyes, and he found, if he looked slightly downward, that he was looking straight into her pubic triangle, which was clearly visible, since her vaginal lips pressed tightly into the interior of her formerly-loose-fitting white gown. He blinked his eyes blankly as he swallowed without realizing it. He felt like a child in front of her, which was all the more strange for him since, looking up at her, it was Emma who was behaving a bit peevishly.

"Freaking thing's ridiculous," she muttered to herself, pulling on the fabric as her hands flexed around it, trying to make it expand. As she did so, Daniel saw the tendons in her hands tighten powerfully, as the muscles in her forearms swelled high over his head, under her efforts. Daniel quickly registered, with a kind of surreal coolness, that her arms were unquestionably bigger and stronger than his legs...it wasn't even close.

A ripping sound began to cut the air, and Emma once again let the fabric snap back on her skin as she threw her arms up in frustration, rolling her eyes and sighing out exasperatedly. The sudden movement of her arms, in addition to her mighty sigh, actually forced Daniel to take a step back, to shield himself from the wind they created.

"It's...it's gonna be ok...honey," Daniel managed to say. "We'll...we'll get you some new clothes. Ms. Bisset will be —"

"Huh?" asked Emma, her voice much louder than she thought it was. "What're you saying, Daniel? It sounds like you're just mumbling."

She bent down toward him, putting her hand to her ear as she furrowed her brow in concentration. Daniel unconsciously took another step back as she descended toward him, since, from his perspective, it looked a little bit like the sky was falling.

"I...I was j-just saying," Daniel spoke up louder, "That Ms. Bisset can make you some new clothes. You won't be stuck with, uh...with...that gown...for long."

Once again, Daniel felt himself trailing off, since Emma had apparently heard all she needed to from him and had stood back up to her full height, nodding and closing her eyes as she did so.

"Yes, you're right," she sighed, looking out of the window toward the sunlight. She was silent for a few long moments.

"Yeah, I'm gonna miss a few friends here," she said wistfully, out of the blue.

"Your...your friends?" asked Daniel.

"Well yeah! said Emma, turning back down and looking at him, smiling sadly. "I made some really nice friends, and now...I guess...I'm not gonna be seeing them again."

"Aw, well...well I'm sure you can, uh, you know...see them again sometime," said Daniel, suddenly feeling uncomfortable, upon remembering that Emma had been living her own life here in this strange place for weeks without him.

"Yeah, maybe," she said, a bit absently. She went back to staring out the window for a while, and Daniel's discomfort increased as he just stood there, watching her. He had never felt awkward like this before, around Emma. But something about their incredible size difference, and, perhaps more than anything, the simple fact that her head was so far away from him, made him feel like she was perhaps acting more distant from him than she was intending. or was she intending it!? He had no idea.

Emma suddenly turned back down towards him and smiled warmly, blinking her eyes, for all Daniel could tell, like a sweet, innocent little child.

"But no one here treats me like you do!" she exclaimed. And she bent down again and swooped him off his feet, squeezing his body to hers as she sighed pleasantly into his body. Daniel panicked for a moment, feeling her enormous breasts squish around him on either side, like firm, giant balloons, and the hot pressure of her huge hand on his back, seemingly covering a good portion of its upper region, as she held him to her. He felt the vibration of her sigh go through every atom in his body, from the center of his diaphragm out the top of his head, and down to the tips of his fingers and toes. In that moment, he hardly felt human — once again, he couldn't shake the feeling that he had become her living teddy bear.

"Mmmm, oh my god!" Emma burst out, the brilliant white row of her teeth showing as she leaned back and gave a delightfully musical laugh (which was somehow deeper than Daniel had been expecting). "You're, like...haha! You're soooo tiny now, Daniel! Look at this, haha! I can just... just pick you up and hold you, and...and caress you and...and just be with you! Aww, this is sooo nice! Isn't this great!? You're like...my big stuffed animal now!"

"It's...it's nice...yes," Daniel forced out with effort.

"Mmmmm, you smell nice," breathed Emma, nuzzling him with her nose as she flared her nostrils, inhaling in his scent. Daniel didn't know why, but even though he knew that Emma was complimenting him, and clearly enjoying his presence, he had never felt more objectified in his life. He knew that she meant nothing by it, but he couldn't help struggling a little in her grasp as she proceeded to sniff and smell all over his body.

sniffsniffsniffsniff

"Mmmmm, I've missed that smell soooo much," she cooed to him, holding him out in front of her huge face as she smiled toothily at him. Almost playfully, and a little flirtatiously, she closed her eyes again and brought his body up to her nose once more, sniffing around his neck, his chest, under his armpits, and then, finally, down towards his crotch. Daniel felt himself getting hard, but he wasn't really enjoying all of this.

"Emma...Emma!" he said, trying to push her away. "Wh-what...what are you doing?!"

"Haha, just remembering what you smell like, silly!" she giggled at him, crinkling her eyes and winking in his face. "And maybe...you know...reminding myself what...certain parts of you smell like, ya know?"

"Ah...haha, uhh...yeah," said Daniel, forcing himself to chuckle a little. "That's uh...haha, yeah, that's good, Emma. But let's, um...let's focus on getting home before we, uh...before we do any of that stuff, huh?"

Emma pouted her face at him, and for a moment, Daniel thought that he had made her feel bad...maybe he had, but if so, Emma chose not to show it. She rotated her head to the side a little, cracking her neck (which made Daniel jump in her grasp, since it sounded almost like a gunshot), and then smiled, perhaps a little sadly, and set him back down on the ground. Daniel felt puzzled by her cryptic reaction, and felt like he should say something, but for the life of him, he didn't know what to say.

"Well alright," said Emma, sighing a little and returning to some semblance of her normal adult-sounding voice. "I guess...umm...I guess I need to pack all my things up."

"I'll help!" said Daniel brightly, feeling like he needed to convey to her how much he was behind her, supporting her in this whole process. They spent the next half hour or so packing everything up, and though their conversation was covered by a sheen of normality, neither of them felt the least bit normal in it. Daniel felt awkward, both in his inability to appease Emma's strange jubilation in holding him, and in his pure inability to wrap his head around how huge she was now compared to him. Her hands could hold three, four times as much as his could...and they were undoubtedly many, many times stronger. Just...every movement she made was...was more. Emma simply left a bigger imprint on her environment than he did. And it was making Daniel feel small and insignificant in a way that he was not yet prepared to handle.

Emma didn't know what was going on. Whenever her mind landed on something concrete, she felt wave after wave of unmitigated sadness. She regretted losing control; she regretted scaring the doctors and nurses; she hated how she had reverted to being a big old baby...she couldn't

stand how helpless she felt, and how it contrasted so ironically with how huge and powerful she had become. As she and Daniel packed, she couldn't help but notice it all in a cold, almost brutal way — compared to him, she was an amazonian beast, who could have her way effortlessly if she wanted to. She shook the floor when she moved...she ruffled his hair whenever she talked close to his head, or made a gesture with her arms. Sitting down next to him on the floor, she noticed her stomach bulging out a little, and couldn't avoid thinking that she probably weighed about three times what he did now. Emma knew she wasn't fat...she knew that her figure had developed almost flawlessly, in strangely perfect proportion to her increasing height. But none of that really seemed to matter right now. She was sad about how monstrously big she was...sad about Daniel having to deal with her...sad about making him come get her, and take her away.

'I'm such a baby,' she thought savagely to herself.

But at the same time, directly conflicting emotions were simmering just as prominently. She was still angry at the doctors for trying to trick her...for trying to catch her, capture her, like some animal. She kept seeing them gathered at her dorm room door, all huddled up together, staring up at her as she advanced on them.

'Fucking pipsqueaks,' she thought aggressively. 'Thinking they can just inject me to make me do what they want. Fuck them! They barked up the wrong tree, I'll tell you what. Look at me! They actually thought they could have their way with me...pathetic bunch of midgets.'

Even as she thought these things, she looked at Daniel, his little hands folding her old clothes (far too small for her now, of course) and putting them in her suitcase. He looked like a big doll. She just couldn't help thinking it — he looked like an oversized doll, complete with the suitcase that was sold with him. Little hands...little feet...little head. He was just too precious. And he had come for her. There he was, folding her huge clothes (compared to him, anyway) as best he could. She felt a strange concoction of emotions well up in her, and her heart felt like it was going to burst for him, in a new way.

She reached over silently and engulfed his tiny body in a hug. She felt his motions freeze in her embrace, and she leaned in harder, completely enveloping him in her arms. For two whole minutes, she just sat there on the bed, holding him from behind in her arms, rocking gently back and forth, with his body in between her breasts. She said nothing the whole time, and neither did he. He didn't even move...he just sat there, taking it, feeling utterly unable to do anything else.

Chapter 11

After a couple minutes, Emma finally let Daniel go, and he stood up, stretching himself out a little as he “walked off” her tight embrace. Emma had silently turned back to packing her things; she knew that holding Daniel like that for a few minutes, without any explanation, might have been a bit weird for him, but she had already convinced herself that he would understand where she was coming from.

‘He came for me...he knows I’m in...a bit of an emotionally fragile state,’ she thought to herself as she watched his (comparatively) small body stretch itself out from the corner of her eye. ‘He knows that I just need some simple love and affection right now — that’s why he didn’t try and say anything, or wriggle away when I held him.’

Emma didn’t particularly enjoy having to admit to herself that she was feeling emotionally fragile, but the more she thought back on her outburst the previous evening, the more obvious it was becoming that she was mentally “walking on eggshells.”

‘But that’s only because I’m here, stuck in this bizarre, incompetent place where they can’t even treat me,’ she reminded herself, as she looked down affectionately at Daniel giving her a slight smile as he continued to stretch out his limbs. She didn’t realize it, but he was actually in some discomfort — in holding him tightly to her for those long minutes, she had inadvertently bruised a few of his muscles. It wasn’t anything too serious, however, and at this point, Daniel was determined not to make a big deal out of it.

‘Once Daniel takes me away from here,’ Emma continued thinking, ‘I’ll be ok. I’ll be back to my old fun-loving, confident self.’ She suddenly felt a tide of anxiety start to build over her.

“Daniel!” she exclaimed suddenly, making wide eyes down at him. Even though she was sitting on the bed, and he was standing, his head barely even came up to her nose.

“What!?” he replied immediately, echoing her distress with some of his own.

“How are we going to get out of here!?” she asked, her voice taut with energy.

“Wh-what...what do you mean?” asked Daniel, with a degree of pleading in his voice. He was hoping desperately that she wasn’t about to have another breakdown.

“I’m not going to be able to fit in your car!” she cried. “So how am I gonna go home with you!?”

“Oh...ohhhh, haha!” said Daniel, breathing a sigh of relief as he chuckled a little in response. “Don’t worry, Emma — I’ve, uh...I’ve already made some, ah, arrangements.”

“Arrangements?” she asked, peering down at him intently. “What do you mean?”

“N-nothing serious, Emma!” laughed Daniel, falling once again into his slightly bad habit of laughing when he was nervous. The truth was, the way Emma was looking at him made him feel rather intimidated. And...well, his “arrangements” might not make her feel super great about herself. He had hoped to reserve any talk about them for right when they were leaving, so she would want to just get out of there and not make any fuss. But she was still looking

down on him, completely serious and scrutinizing in her look, despite her accompanying anxiety. He had to just go ahead and tell her what was going on.

“S-so...so Emma, please don’t feel weird about any of this,” he started, knowing that the more he stalled, the worse it sounded. “B-but...well, it was, uh...the only way I could think of to, umm...to make sure that you had enough space on the ride back.”

“What’s going on?” she asked bluntly, starting to blink her big eyes rapidly. “What’s going on?”

Her mouth twitched at the corners, and Daniel was scared that she might burst into tears at any moment. He had to just tell her.

“I...I rented one of those...those horse containers, Emma! You know? The kind you see on the highway, that they use to transport horses?! B-but I...I m-made sure that there are gonna be plenty of...of mattresses and...and pillows and soft things in there so you’ll be comfortable! I...I know it’s n-not ideal Emma, but, I...I j-just wanted to make sure that...that we didn’t have to spend a whole lotta extra time here deciding how to, uh...how to get you into some sort of...of container to...ugh, god, I know this sounds bad, honey. A horse container!? Hahaha, I m-mean, I know it’s ridiculous, but...just, p-please understand that it’s all just for a couple hours, and it’s all just so that we can...can get you home as soon as...as possible.”

The words had spilled out of Daniel’s mouth, like he was trying to expel them as quickly as possible into the air, just to get it all over with. He realized, as he spoke the words, that he was a lot more nervous about Emma’s reaction to his idea than he had realized previously. He didn’t know what she was going to do, or how she was going to react — he suddenly appreciated that he was even afraid she was going to be so insulted that she would refuse to ride in it. Her initial reaction gave him nothing to go on; she simply sat there on the bed, unmoving, staring down at him.

“Pillows?” she asked, her voice cutting through the air, breaking the silence. Once again, Daniel subconsciously registered that her voice was noticeably deeper, and...and just...more...more everything. Deeper, more timbre, more force, more power...he had no idea what her tone was right now.

“Y-yes, Emma,” he answered, his voice sounding pitifully small in his own ears. Emma kept looking at him with that same inscrutable expression, and for Daniel, it was like torture.

“So I’m not going to be able to ride with you?” she asked after a few more moments, her voice lowered a bit to a murmur, even though it still carried weight.

“Well, uhhh,” said Daniel, caught off-guard, “N-no...um, no, b-but...but it’s only like a two-hour drive back home. We’ll be able to be together again once we’re home, ok?”

Emma breathed in through her nose and sighed, blinking her eyes. Daniel could tell that she was disappointed, but at the moment he felt almost elated — he could deal with her slight disappointment. But even so, as he himself sighed in relief, he felt sorry for her. His sweet, innocent, gigantic girlfriend...having to travel by horse container. She didn’t deserve that.

“I thought I was gonna be able to ride with you,” she said quietly, looking down at the floor.

“Aww, honey,” said Daniel compassionately, becoming afraid again that she was going to cry. He walked over quickly to her and stopped in front of her huge lower legs...her massive knees were as high as his waist. How was he supposed to hug her? To comfort her? He decided that he couldn't tarry any longer, and chose to lean in, a bit awkwardly, toward her lower torso, as he embraced as much of her left-side hips and waist as he could, and squeezed. He felt stupid and inadequate as he did so, but what else was he supposed to do? It didn't help that Emma didn't really react to his gesture — she just kept sitting there, staring at the floor.

“It's only a couple hours, babe,” he spoke into her flesh. “And...and if you want...if...if you feel extra lonely...we can talk to each other on the phone on the way! Haha, I know it's silly, but...hehe, I mean, maybe it could be fun!”

“Ok,” said Emma thickly, and Daniel suddenly felt the splash of what he felt like was a cup of water come down on his head. He started and looked up to see Emma blinking fat tears out of her eyes.

“I'm...I'm s-sorry, Daniel,” she sputtered, her mouth twitching again at the corners as her nostrils flared and unflared. “I'm s-sorry I'm being s-such a baby right now...I just...I just wanna get out of here. And...oh god, Daniel, you're soooo sweet. Thanks for thinking of me and...*sniff*...and planning for everything. I...I've j-just been too out of sorts to even...think about any of that stuff.”

“Well that's where I come in!” exclaimed Daniel, standing back a little to keep from getting even more wet, even though he was now holding Emma's hand in his own. The gesture itself seemed almost laughable, since Emma's hand totally swallowed his up, to the point where Daniel even wondered if she could feel his hand at all.

“You're my hot, sexy mare that I'm taking back to the homestead!” he blurted out, and as soon as he had spoken, he knew that he had hit exactly the right harmony of silliness and affection. Emma choked and exhaled a hefty laugh, even as a few more tears ran from her eyes, and Daniel could feel the flesh of her torso shaking and jiggling mightily as she flexed and unflexed her stomach in laughter.

“M-maybe you need to...to go to the bathroom and dry yourself off,” laughed Emma, recovering herself as she wiped her tears away. “They have these amazing heated towels here...that's, uh...that's one thing I'll actually miss.”

“Hehe, ok I'll do that,” replied Daniel, grinning up at her as he felt the top of his wet head. “Which way is the men's bathroom?”

“Uh, I think...turn right out of here, go down the hall a bit, and then it's on your left before you turn the corner,” said Emma, once again turning to finish her packing. But then she suddenly winced a little, making Daniel pause in the doorway.

“You...you ok?” he ventured.

“Yeah...yeah, I’m fine,” she said, shaking her arms out a bit. Daniel was surprised to see how fleshy they had become — they were still totally proportional to the rest of her body, but when she moved them like that, he could see how...big they were.

“Just a little muscle aches is all,” she added, reassuringly. “I’m used to it by now, haha. Get them all the time.”

“Ok,” said Daniel, and ducked out into the hall. When he was gone, Emma put her folded clothes down and resumed staring back at the floor...she knew she had just grown a little more.

A few moments later, Daniel was walking down the hallway, marveling at how big everything was compared to him. Everything, from the wideness of the hall, to the height of the ceiling, to the size of the water fountains, seemed to be made for bigger people. It made him feel like a midget, even though at 6’1 he was taller than the average man. He was about to go into the men’s bathroom when a huge figure suddenly emerged from its doorway. Daniel stopped in his tracks, and even drew back a bit. He wasn’t in danger of being hit by the out-swinging bathroom door, but he couldn’t help stopping and staring. A gigantic man stood before him, and Daniel quickly saw that his head reached no higher than the middle of this giant’s stomach. He looked to be around middle-aged, and he moved with such an easy, swaying power, that Daniel somehow knew that this man had been huge for quite some time.

“Oh! I’m sorry,” said the man in a deep, bass voice that seemed to vibrate the very air around Daniel’s ears. He took another step back; this man...he was just...a little too much. Daniel didn’t feel frightened of the man’s intentions per se — he seemed pleasant enough. But Daniel’s body seemed to be moving on its own accord, driven by a sense of self-preservation. He became conscious of the man’s hands, which looked about three times the size of his own. He knew Emma was big, but damn...this guy had to be bigger. How many more of these giants were there around here!?

“Uh, n-no...no, that’s...uh, ok,” stammered Daniel, looking up to meet the man’s eyes and then looking away again. He had seen other huge people at the Institute last night, so he didn’t quite know why he was stumbling over himself like this. This particular man was bigger than all the rest of them, though, surely. Maybe Emma was close to his size...but this guy...his voice...his hands...just his sheer size — it all threw Daniel for a loop.

“Are you lost?” asked the man.

“Lost?” asked Daniel.

“Well, I can see you’re not a doctor or a patient,” said the man. “Are you here on a visit?”

“I’m...yeah, yeah, I’m actually here to take my girlfriend home,” said Daniel, starting to recover himself.

“Oh?” asked the man, looking down at him intently. Daniel could see the man open his mouth, as if he was about to ask another question, but then he saw him close it again, like he had thought better of it.

“Y-yeah...yeah, but...but no, I’m not lost,” said Daniel. “Just going to the restroom here...but thanks!”

“No problem,” said the man, stepping aside and holding the huge door for Daniel, gesturing for him to go in. Daniel did so, nodding appreciatively up at the huge man, as he walked into the bathroom under the massive, outstretched arm.

After drying himself off with an admittedly pleasant (and extremely large) heated towel, Daniel went back to Emma’s room. They soon finished packing up, and headed for the main entrance. Daniel had insisted on carrying Emma’s bag, which was half as large as he was. Emma didn’t put up too much resistance in trying to carry it herself, and so they proceeded along as such down the hall, with Emma leading slightly, and Daniel trailing along a bit, struggling with the bulky bag over his shoulder.

Emma noticed, as they went down the hall, that other patients were poking their heads out of their dorms, silently watching her leave. She felt a defiant wave of hostility pass through her, and she even turned and shot challenging glances at a few of the faces, which responded by retreating quickly back into their rooms. She knew that her episode last night must have spread through the rumor mill like wildfire, which made her irritated for making such a spectacle of herself. More than anything, though, it made her feel even more childishly hostile toward the doctors, which she immediately blamed for spreading the story of her meltdown around the Institute. As they passed a few doctors in the hallway, Emma felt her heart start to beat faster: the result of her ill-will. She was glad to be getting out of there, because the level of antipathy she felt toward those pathetic little midgets in their stupid white jackets was really starting to get out of control. She even went so far as to purposefully walk in the path of several doctors, who were forced to get out of the way, with Daniel giving them a glance of apology as they passed by.

Emma was well aware that her actions and attitude could have been interpreted as immature or petty, but she just didn’t care. She had gone to the Institute to find an answer to her growth problems, and they had failed...and worse yet, her growth had accelerated. They were worse than incompetent. And to add insult to injury, they were a bunch of cowardly, scheming know-it-alls, who had tried to corner her...and give her drugs against her will.

‘They’re lucky I didn’t freak out more than I did,’ she thought as she and Daniel neared the front entrance. ‘They’re lucky I’m leaving now...I’d tear this place to pieces otherwise.’ As far as Emma was concerned, she was just brooding moodily. She had no idea how dangerous her energy actually would have been if she had once again lost control.

Dr. Kline and Martha were waiting for them at the front entrance. Emma felt herself sour further as she realized that she would have to pass them by one final time. Her negative feelings were mostly reserved for Dr. Kline — she liked Martha, even though she felt that the tiny nurse was operating a little over her head. If anything, as far as Emma was concerned, Martha’s main fault was not knowing when the job was too big for her. Dr. Kline, by contrast, was a trickster, and a threat.

“So sorry to see you go, Emma!” Dr. Kline said as she and Daniel came up on them.

Emma didn't even respond; just like she had done with the other doctors, she walked directly toward Dr. Kline. He appeared confused by her rapidly-approaching figure, and eventually realized what she was doing and scampered out of the way. Martha did the same. Emma chuckled down at them derisively, shaking her head....Martha's head was a full six inches under Emma's waist. Dr. Kline, even though he was a full-grown man, barely rose above her hips.

'The nerve of these tiny little doctors!' she thought to herself. 'Even now, they think they lie through their teeth to get me to stay. I'd like to see them try.'

"S-Sorry things didn't work out!" said Daniel, trailing behind with her bag, feeling like he needed to end the whole exchange on a good note. "I know...I know you all tried as hard as you could!"

"Let me just, one final time, encourage you both to reconsider," said Dr. Kline, putting his hands up in a motion of pleading reconciliation. "We can run more tests...we can...try a few other things."

"Are you...are you sure about all this, Emma?" asked Daniel.

She stopped dead; a number of things had just happened at once. She had seen the horse trailer that was attached to Daniel's car. If they had just been allowed to walk straight out the front door, without any interruption, then Emma would have probably started laughing at the sight. Instead, though, just before she saw the trailer, her anger had flared up — not only was Dr. Kline twisting the knife by trying to guilt her into staying, but Daniel was taking his side!! And now she was faced with the horse trailer that she was forced to travel in, like an animal. She felt the hot tears pool in the sides of her eyes again. But this time, she was furious.

She whirled around abruptly, her eyes flashing as the tears started to run down her cheeks. Martha took several tottering steps backward and ran away; Dr. Kline stepped back and put his hands up higher, in front of his face, and said, "Easy, Emma, easy!" in a halting, shaking voice. Daniel dropped the bag and nearly tripped over it. Emma saw the fear in his face...saw the fear in the doctor's eyes, and it all somehow nipped her crying in the bud. She straightened up and wiped her eyes, looking down on them. Something new was stirring in her...and it wasn't entirely unpleasant. She felt slightly sick...and yet, at the same time, strangely elated. Her emotions were going haywire, but she felt like she was able to float above them all, like they were a poisonous fog that was creeping low along the ground, but that couldn't reach her...she rose above it all.

She felt the ground shaking a little and looked up curiously. Igor was hurrying up to her, and behind him, Jessica, Bethany, and a number of others were cautiously gathering at a distance to watch.

"Emma!" he cried, nearly running over Daniel by accident as he rushed up to her. "I..I just heard! You aren't...you aren't leaving, are you!?"

Emma stood up to her full height and took a great deep breath, swelling herself up even bigger. Igor looked even smaller — his head didn't even come up to her nose anymore. She wanted to respond angrily, but she suddenly felt too calm for all that. She smiled, almost coyly, at him.

“Yes, Igor, I’m leaving,” she said, putting her hands on her hips in a challenging motion. “They don’t know what’s wrong with me, and they tried to dose me last night against my will. That’s it for me — I’m going home.”

“B-but...But Emma!” begged Igor, “You...you can’t just leave now! Not when your growth is accelerating like it is!”

“And why not, Igor?” asked Emma, her voice beginning to take on a sharpened edge, despite her calmness. “They can’t do anything for me here. I’m gonna be growing no matter what they do. So I may as well go back home, back to my sweet boyfriend who loves me and will take care of me.”

She gestured down to Daniel, who was still struggling with picking the bag back up. Igor creased his brow as he looked down at Daniel; their eyes met.

“Wait,” said Igor, pointing down to Daniel, “So...he’s your boyfriend!?”

“Yeah. And?” asked Emma. She was preparing herself to viciously defend Daniel against whatever Igor had in store for him.

“We...we just met,” said Igor, looking down at Daniel with a slightly puzzled expression, “In the hallway.”

“Oh...oh...ok,” said Emma, having to change her plans. She brushed the air with her hand. “But anyway, I can’t stay here, Igor. Not after last night.”

“Please Emma, please don’t just leave,” begged Igor. “I’m worried about what’s going to happen to you!”

“Well I’m worried about what’s going to happen to everyone else here if I stay!” Emma blurted out with real energy. “You don’t understand, Igor! I’m losing my mind here! I’m leaving, and that’s that!”

She made a motion towards the car, and Igor stepped quickly over to block her path. Everyone behind them, all the doctors, nurses, and patients, started buzzing with anxious whispers. A showdown was about to happen...and Daniel had a front row seat. His jaw felt slack — he didn’t really know what his face looked like. He was too busy trying to put the pieces back together of his shattered brain. That gigantic man in the hallway...Igor...was totally dwarfed by Emma, in every conceivable way. His massive legs, those enormous paws that he had for hands, his deep bass voice...all of it was neutered in Emma’s presence. She towered over him. His eyes weren’t even as high as her shoulders. It didn’t matter that he was the hugest man Daniel had ever seen. Next to Emma, he looked quite ordinary...almost small. There was no question that she weighed a good deal more than him. The only thing he had on her was the possibility that his shoulders might have been a bit broader. But even that was questionable. Every other aspect of his body was utterly put to shame by Emma’s.

And now...they were both facing each other down. Daniel didn’t know what to think — his mind was frozen. The whole host of the institute was frozen and hushed behind him in kind.

Emma's lips curled slowly into a smile as she slowly tilted her head, her eyes intently on Igor's.

"Graaccce," he said, his voice rising with anxiety, "Grraaaccce, I don't like that look you're giving me!"

"No?" she responded brightly, starting to chuckle, "Then get out of my way."

"Y-you're...you're not in your right mind!" declared Igor, remaining firmly in place, despite the obvious fear in his eyes.

"I know!" laughed Emma, spreading her arms wide, as if he had just made her point for her. "I literally just told you that I'm losing my mind here!"

"You're not making rational decisions right now," said Igor, starting to breathe hard, as his face colored red. "Just...just come with me to the gazebo in the courtyard, ok? And we can just... just talk this out."

Igor made a grab for Emma's hand, but she yanked it away from him, and, in the same motion, took her other hand, planted it firmly into Igor's chest, and shoved him powerfully back with such force that he stumbled back three whole paces before falling to the ground.

"I SAID," Emma repeated, "That I'm LEAVING." She strode a couple paces over to Igor's prone form, standing over him with her hands on her hips, in an obvious show of power. She pointed a finger down at him.

"YOU can't make me stay, Igor. YOU can't make me do ANYTHING." She looked up at the rest of the Institute and pointed at them, raising her voice.

"NONE of you can make me do anything! Come on, Daniel, let's go!"

She didn't stop to look at Igor's baffled, pleading face one last time; she didn't stop to look at anything. She just marched right up to the horse trailer, ducked her head, and got inside. She found an array of mattresses, pillows, and blankets waiting for her. Just like Daniel had said. She felt her lips quivering again.

'Fuck, not again,' she thought to herself savagely as her vision blurred again from the tears.

"Daniel, you're so sweet," she whispered to him through the opening of the horse trailer as he latched the door shut.

"Wh-what? What, Emma?" he asked blankly. He was still wrapping his mind around what he had just seen...and that, somehow, he was with someone as powerful as Emma had become.

"It's just like you said it would be in here," she whispered again shakily, smushing her face up against the opening. "All the pillows and blankets and...soft things. I love you, Daniel!"

"I...love you too!" he responded genuinely, not understanding her sudden shifts of mood. "O-ok Emma, you've...you've got your phone in there if you...wanna talk to me, ok?"

“Ok,” said Emma quietly, snuggling up to a mattress like it was a particularly large pillow. She almost felt like sucking her thumb.

“It’ll just be a couple hours,” said Daniel. “Let’s get you home.”

Neither of them had noticed the man in sunglasses at the far end of the parking lot, in an unmarked black sedan, watching the whole proceedings with binoculars.

Chapter 12

After a strange drive back home, Daniel finally pulled the car into their driveway, towing the horse container behind, with Emma lounging fitfully inside. During the journey, Emma had called Daniel several times on the phone just to talk and hear his comforting words, and he had done his best to say the right things to Emma while also paying attention to the road. It was a delicate balance — he knew that she was feeling on edge, and so he made a point to refute any insecurities that came up during their talks.

“I feel like a big old animal in here,” she had complained to him over the phone. “A huge, giant farm animal.”

“Aww honey,” Daniel had replied, “Don’t feel that way. This container was the only thing I could find that was...you know...self-contained...safe enough to take to go on the highway. It’s just a matter of practicality, Emma. try not to overthink it.”

“I can still smell the horses that were kept in here before!” she whined. “It feels like you’re driving me to the Kentucky Derby or something...I feel like...like a giant piece of meat.”

“Graccce,” sighed Daniel, smiling a little to himself and shaking his head, despite a slight twinge of irritation at her slightly infantilized behavior.

“I know, I know,” she answered immediately in an apologetic, retreating tone. “There I go again, being a huge baby again. And after all the time you spent putting all these soft pillows and mattress in here...oh Daniel, I’m sorry I’m being such a stick in the mud! I’ll try to just shut up now.”

“Emma...honey,” chuckled Daniel, “Don’t sweat it, ok? I know you’re stressed out right now. Just...try and relax, ok?”

“O-ok,” she said thickly into the phone, and promptly hung up. She didn’t want him to hear her crying again, and for the next several minutes, she buried her face in one of the soft pillows, softly crying here and there. She wished that she could pinpoint what it was exactly that was making her feel so emotional and helpless.

‘It’s the disorder...it’s as simple as that,’ she told herself. But as soon as the thought dropped into her mind, she knew it wasn’t entirely true. Yes, she was feeling scared, from time to time, of the uncertainty of everything. But her growth alone didn’t seem to explain why her emotions and hormones felt so out of whack. A few minutes later, she called Daniel again...

But now they were back home. Daniel came around and unlatched the trailer door. His breath caught in his throat again when his eyes fell on Emma again. Yes, it had only been a couple hours, but already, he had almost forgotten how huge she really was in person now. Emma was palming the ceiling of the trailer, half-standing and looking rather uncomfortable, as she struggled forward under bent knees toward the entrance. Daniel unconsciously took a couple steps backward as she came on — her massive, curvy body seemed to fill most of the entire trailer opening as she stepped out.

“Aww, we’re home!” cried Emma, clasping her hands together joyfully as she looked at the house. Her gaze lingered uneasily for several seconds at the front door, and Daniel could tell she was thinking exactly what he was thinking: how on earth was she going to fit through it!?

But Emma had already expelled her negative emotions on the ride back, and she was determined to maintain a sunny disposition.

“Haha, well...uh, it’s...everything looks a little different now, doesn’t it?” she chuckled, walking towards the house as Daniel followed with her huge bag.

“I’m sure it does to you!” answered Daniel. “You were...like, how tall when you left? I forget.”

“I forget too,” murmured Emma, now at the front door and staring at it curiously. It was just too crazy — the door itself only came up to her elbows. For a couple seconds, Emma just stared blankly down at the door, almost as if it was some kind of joke.

‘It’s like...a big dollhouse door,’ she thought to herself. She raised her eyes, looking straight ahead, and found that she was actually able to see the black shingles of the roof, which twinkled in the sunlight, as if welcoming her to a new world.

“Here, let...let me go in first, ok, Emma?” asked Daniel, gritting his teeth with effort as he lugged the bag up the steps. Emma had forgotten that he had been standing behind her, exerting himself.

“Oh...oh! Sorry!” she replied, doing her best to step aside to let Daniel by. Looking down, she watched him unlock the door, and pull her bag inside...she saw his form disappear under the door frame far below her. Of course, since his head only came up to her hips, she had marveled at his relative tininess before, but there was something about watching Daniel vanish into that miniature door that hit home his smallness in a new way.

“Wow! You just...you just walked right in, no problem, huh?” laughed Emma, bending down at the waist as she ducked her huge head down under the door frame, watching him walk into the house. She inhaled the familiar, but half-forgotten scent of their home, and she felt a tide of happiness well up inside her.

“Uh...yeah...I mean, it’s just a door, isn’t it?” laughed Daniel, depositing her bag down and turning back around.

“Well, a tiny door for tiny people, at least,” said Emma, half out-loud and half to herself. Daniel almost spoke up to correct her, to remind her that neither he nor the door were “tiny” — she was the one who was the anomaly here. But he thought better of it.

“Now, how...how am I...gonna...fit through here?” Emma ventured, grasping onto the top of the door frame as she bent down even further. She felt absolutely massive in the space of the door, and momentarily, she felt like a monstrous abomination.

‘Positive attitude!’ she reminded herself as she arched her head and neck awkwardly down and through the door.

"Yeah...yeah, I think you'll fit!" Daniel was saying, coming up to her and holding up his hands anxiously in midair, poised to do something, but able to do nothing.

"I...think so too," Emma said, wincing slightly as she felt her shoulder rub up uncomfortably and tightly against the top of the door frame. "Ow! I just...need to make sure I just...arrange myself the right way here. Oh damn...now I'm stuck."

"Here," said Daniel, "Wh-why...why don't you just, like, turn sideways?"

"Well I'm already kinda sideways," Emma returned. "It's not my hips...it's...my height."

"Right, right," agreed Daniel quickly, "But I'm just saying, maybe, uhhh, like turn sideways and then...maybe come in headfirst. Like in a kind of, um...side crawl or something."

"Like this?" asked Emma, dropping down to her knees and straightening her back. Even on her knees like this, the top of her head still easily cleared the doorframe.

"Yeah...and just...sideways...that's right," Daniel encouraged, feeling dazed by the sight of his girlfriend's eyes being even with the top of the door frame...when she was on her knees.

"And then, let me just...yeah, ok, there we go," Emma grunted slightly, as she ducked her head down and pivoted her shoulders to the side and forward, awkwardly pushing through the doorway. The momentum of her huge torso, however, was a little more than she had expected, and she found herself beginning to fall towards the floor.

"Watch it!" cried Daniel, rushing forward to do something, although his motions were more reflexive than anything else, seeing as how he had no hope whatsoever of cushioning Emma's fall. Emma, however, had realized what was happening in time, and had responded by shooting out an arm towards the floor to arrest her fall. Her hand widened itself out and smacked down on the floor, right in the area that Daniel had been about to step. The loud sound of her hand drew his eyes downward, and he was stunned to see Emma's massive hand all splayed out next to his feet, straining visibly from the immense weight it supported. Daniel couldn't believe it — her hand completely dwarfed his feet, and that wasn't all. He suddenly felt distinctly intimidated by the obvious power and strength in Emma's hand; he knew that his entire body would have crumpled under such weight as Emma's hand and arm were supporting, and yet she was apparently able to manage it quite easily. Daniel's eyes travelled up her bare arm, which looked incredibly strong, dense, and solid, while at the same time maintaining its feminine plush and shape. Emma was strong...and her arm itself, measured next to Daniel's body, was as long as one of his legs. Her shoulder was even with his waist. Daniel found himself wondering if her arm itself was just as big — or perhaps even bigger — than each of his legs.

"Ooops, haha!" Emma laughed, scooting her big ass through the doorway as she lugged the rest of her body inside, "Almost fell there. I've been a total klutz recently!"

"Hehe, uhh...don't worry about it," said Daniel uneasily, stepping back a little from Emma's big, powerful arm. "I...uh, haha, it's...it's only natural that you're...you know, getting used to...um...to your body as it...as it grows."

"Yeah, well, I can at least try and not bang around, messing everything up," said Emma self-deprecatingly. She extended one of her toes and behind her and flicked it against the door, causing it to swing back and slam closed violently.

"See? Like that!" Emma exclaimed. "I'm sorry Daniel! I'll be gentler around here, I promise!"

"It's ok!" he laughed, inwardly shaken at how easily she had slammed the door...with her toe.

"Oh my GOD, it's sooooo good to be home!" Emma cried. As she raised her voice joyfully, the plates and glasses in the cupboards audibly rattled and shook against each other. Aside from her increased size, Daniel could tell that something had indeed changed in her — her voice itself was just...more. Its sonority, its pitch, how it carried, and how it seemed to penetrate the air...it was all just...bigger...more substantial. And it made him feel even smaller than he already felt.

"It's...so nice to have you back!" Daniel responded genuinely.

"Now, let me just...see if I can stand in here," Emma said, and attempted to rise to her feet.

"I...I don't think you're gonna be able to, Emma," warned Daniel, but she ignored him and kept trying to stand up. Once she had her feet under her, she tried rising up, extending her legs, but she was never able to lock her knees, or straighten her neck, for that matter. Her head came into soft contact awkwardly with the ceiling, and Emma was forced to turn her head sideways, so that her cheek was actually flattened out against the ceiling itself. She looked down at Daniel and made a pouty face.

"Awww, it's...it's ok, Emma," Daniel said diplomatically. "Uhh..standing inside is overrated anyway. Big deal, right? Besides...um, like, you're not gonna need to be standing up much while you're in here, remember? I'll be doing all the cooking and everything — you can just...just lounge comfortably on the sofa in here!"

"Yeah, I guess," she said quietly, obviously bothered by not being able to stand up straight.

"Why...don't you go sit down in the living room, you know, just to decompress a little after that ride?" Daniel proposed. "Here, I'll unpack your bag, and...and you just relax, ok?"

Emma blinked down, looking at him sideways from her awkward position against the ceiling. For a few long moments, there was silence between them, and Daniel began to have the uncomfortable feeling that Emma was looking at him...well, in a new kind of way. It was almost like she was taking in the novelty of him as a tiny entity, and for some reason, being back in their shared home space magnified the size comparison between them even further.

"You're such a sweet little guy," Emma murmured down at him, shaking her head slightly. "What on earth have I done to deserve such a...cute little helper like you?"

"I...uh, hehe, I'll just...I'll just be in the bedroom, unpacking the bag," he chuckled awkwardly, shuffling away and feeling the buzzing pinpricks of discomfited circulation impinging all over his skin. He suddenly had the sensation of feeling objectified, like a little animal...like a pet...in Emma's eyes. And as he dragged her bag towards the bedroom, he could feel her eyes

following him; he even glanced back, and saw that she had an affectionate smirk on her face. He smiled back edgily and escaped her gaze, into the bedroom.

Emma heaved a great sigh and looked around at the living room and the kitchen. Everything looked more or less the same as before, arranged identically...everything smelled the same too. But it was all terribly “off” in one single sense: to Emma, it seemed like everything had been shrunk down considerably, to the extent that, once again, she couldn’t help but wonder if all of this was some elaborate joke being played on her. She knew that it was all just because she had grown so much bigger, but oddly, in her mind, that fact in and of itself didn’t adequately explain how strange she felt in this “home space.”

‘I just need to sit down in my old chair,’ she thought, reasoning that returning to her old furniture would soothe her anxiety. She eyed her “arts and crafts” chair in the kitchen, still sitting there reassuringly, like an old friend. Emma smiled and started haltingly walking towards it, but after a single step, she laughed and shook her head to herself.

‘This is ridiculous,’ she chuckled to herself. Feeling not a little silly, she sank down onto her knees, fell forward onto her hands, and proceeded to crawl towards the chair.

“Is everything ok!?” asked Daniel, bursting back into the room with an alarmed expression.

“Huh?” asked Emma, turning around to look at him from her “all fours” position. “Yeah... everything’s fine. What’s wrong?”

“It was...just...that bang! Did you hear it!?” He was clearly rattled.

“Bang?” asked Emma, puzzled. “Uh...no, I didn’t really hear a...a bang. I mean...maybe my hands kinda shook the floor a little, but...uhh, well anyway, sorry I startled you!”

Daniel stood there for a moment, not seeming to understand how Emma could have made such a loud noise without even realizing it. But he tried to recover, backing away.

“O-ok,” he said, trying to sound natural. “Just...making sure you were ok.”

“Haha, I’m fine!” Emma laughed, turning back around and crawling up to her chair. She looked down at it, sitting up there close to the kitchen counter. It certainly looked far smaller than Emma remembered, but she knew that her mind was playing all kinds of tricks on her, and she resolved to just quit worrying about everything and sit down. She rose up over the chair, taking care not to rise too high towards the ceiling and then sat down...or at least, she tried to. Her butt came down over the chair’s armrests — on both sides — and refused to let the rest of her body go down.

“Damn it!” Emma muttered under her breath. “Is it seriously this small now!? Come onnnn!”

She jostled and wiggled her ass, trying to shimmy it into the chair, but all that she got in the response was an even more uncomfortably tight fit. And even worse, as she pushed her weight down into the chair, she heard the sounds of splitting wood begin to cut the air. She became fearful that she was about to break her favorite chair, and promptly got back down on her hands and knees, taking her weight off the chair.

“Geez!” she grunted to herself in irritation. “I can’t even...sit down anymore!?” She felt a strange sensation still tickling her butt, and she turned around to see that the chair was actually stuck to her ass, with its legs pointed crazily up at the ceiling.

“What the?” she almost laughed. She hadn’t even realized that she had whisked the entire chair up off the ground...by getting her ass stuck in it. She shook her butt a few times, trying to dislodge the chair, but it only shook and bounced along with her huge cheeks. After it became clear that this particular idea wasn’t going to work, Emma reached back, latched her hand around the chair’s seat, and tugged in what she had meant to be a gentle gesture. She underestimated her own strength, though, because the chair popped out from her butt instantly, and swung upwards toward the ceiling in the trajectory of her hand’s motion. She realized too late how strong this motion had been, and the chair’s legs banged loudly into the ceiling, making four dents in the sheet rock.

“It’s ok! it’s ok!” Emma called, correctly anticipating Daniel running back into the room with another equally-alarmed expression. “I just...got clumsy again. Sorry!”

“What...what happened?” asked Daniel, looking with stupefaction up at the dents in the ceiling.

“Just got my ass stuck in the chair,” said Emma, trying to put on a smile as she waved the chair towards him in the air with one hand. She had no idea how intimidating this simple and innocent gesture was for Daniel — his girlfriend was nonchalantly waving around a big wooden chair...with one hand.

“And then...well,” continued Emma, feeling like it was better not to explain the whole thing. “It’s ok, babe. It’s all good. I’ll just go sit on the sofa.”

Daniel lingered for a moment longer, and this made Emma feel suddenly irritated. Was he going to just be standing there gawking every time she made a clumsy fool of herself!? Didn’t he understand that she had been back home for literally five minutes and just had to get used to the space again?? But as soon as he had gone back into the bedroom, these feelings dissipated, and she crawled over to the sofa, managing to carefully lie her body out on top of it, with something approaching comfort. The entirety of her lower legs, however, hung off the edge — she was just too tall...But Emma managed this by finding a way to put her feet comfortably on the floor. She snuggled up to the sofa pillows, doing her best to ignore the fact that almost a third of her width was unsupported. Looking around for the TV remote, she saw that it wasn’t in its usual spot on the coffee table.

“Daniel?” she called out. “Where’s the remote? I can’t find it.”

“Uhh...it should be on the coffee table,” his voice came from the bedroom.

“Well I looked there and I don’t see it,” Emma called back. She knew that she could easily just poke around and look for it herself. But she really just didn’t feel like it. After a little sound of shuffling, Daniel reappeared, frowning slightly as he went over to look on the coffee table. Emma watched him innocently, still not able to quite wrap her mind around how small he looked. Even as she lounged on the sofa, she was as tall as he was.

"Well...it was...hmm," muttered Daniel, looking around the room. "It was there before...but...oh! Here it is!" He had just overturned a magazine on the coffee table, revealing the remote.

"Oh...hehe, oops, sorry honey," said Emma sheepishly, accepting the remote as Daniel held it out to her. "Guess I'm just feeling a little lazy today."

"Heh! No problem," chuckled Daniel genially. He was about to go back into the bedroom when he stopped himself, because Emma was clearly having trouble again. Her face was slightly contorted in frustration as she aimed the remote at the TV, trying to press down the buttons. The TV, however, wasn't coming on.

"What's the matter with this thing?" she said exasperatedly. "Is it broken or something?"

"Uh, no...it shouldn't be," Daniel said, taking a step closer to examine. "Are you...are you sure you're actually pressing the button, Emma?"

"What are you talking about?" she asked in irritation, screwing her face up as she kept pressing. "Of course I'm pressing it! Look!"

"But...but...here...Emma," said Daniel tentatively, reaching out and taking hold of the remote. For a second, both he and Emma were holding it, and once again, Daniel got an uncomfortably close glimpse of the size comparison between her hand and his. Her pinkie finger alone was WAY longer...and thicker...than his middle finger...to say nothing of the size of her massive palms. He swallowed nervously, getting a sudden cold chill in the pit of his stomach. For her part, Emma was too annoyed to notice this particular comparison.

"Here...just...you show me how to do it, then," she huffed, letting go of the remote and laying back onto the sofa, pouting. Daniel carefully pointed the remote at the TV and turned it on — a football game suddenly appeared on the screen.

"H-How?" Emma began, but Daniel was already answering her.

"It's just...your fingers are too big for it," he said gently, blinking at her hands. "Or, I mean...haha, the buttons are too small."

Emma stared at him for a couple seconds, and for a moment Daniel was worried that she would get angry with him. But instead, she sank back into the sofa again. She was already getting tired of all these tiny little toys that the little people played with...even the TV looked discouragingly small. Looking for something to complain about, she suddenly realized how hungry she was.

"What're we gonna do for food tonight?" she asked, hating how moody she sounded, despite her genuinely sour disposition. 'Get ahold of yourself,' she spat savagely at herself internally.

"Well..." said Daniel impressively, "You know, I was thinking...in celebration for you being back...that we order takeout from El Camino!"

"Oh YES!!!" cried Emma, sitting up abruptly on the sofa, causing the wood to creak and groan. "Yes, I LOVE this idea!!"

“Haha, I thought you would,” laughed Daniel, feeling his cheeks warm as he saw Emma’s genuine smile again. Even though she was absolutely gigantic now, she was just as pretty as she had been...and maybe...he thought, with surreal realization, maybe even prettier.

An hour and a half later, they were both chowing down, just like old times, except for one major component. Daniel was eating the same verde burrito he always got, but Emma...well, her typical order of two chicken tacos, beans, and rice, had undergone some alterations. She had decided to go with her same order, just for starters, but had multiplied it by six — and that was only the beginning.

“Are you...uh...are you sure you’re gonna need more than that, honey?” Daniel had asked, putting his hand over the mouth end of the phone as he paused in his order. Emma hadn’t even needed to answer; she just stared at him blankly, and Daniel nodded his head rapidly and continued on with her order.

“Yes, and two large chimichangas, supreme...twelve (twelve??)...twelve beef tostitos...three large cheese quesadillas, and...two more verde burritos. A party? Haha...uh, yes...you could say we’re having a party...of sorts...haha, yes...ok...ok, great, thank you!”

Daniel hung up and stared at Emma, who made wide eyes at him as she licked her lips expectantly. He thought she was flirting with him, but she was just genuinely hungry and excited for the food.

“Emma,” he said slowly, “There’s...hehe...I know you’ve grown quite a bit, but there’s no way you’re going to be able to eat all that.”

“Oh,” said Emma, totally deadpan, “Watch me.”

Now, twenty minutes after the food had arrived, Daniel was chewing his burrito slowly, looking over at Emma in disbelief. She had already eaten her food...all of it. Her meal hadn’t been slovenly or messy by any means — she had just quietly consumed it all, sliding entire tostitos into her mouth like they were little morsels; she had dispatched the verde burritos in a clean seven bites, the chimichangas in six, and she had folded up each of the quesadillas into smaller little triangles and stuck them into her mouth, like she was eating finger food. Daniel wasn’t even half-done with his burrito.

Emma eyed his food playfully.

“Not really hungry tonight, hmm?” she teased.

“I...y-yes I’m hungry!” he replied in slightly-indignant humor.

“Well, there’s just a bunch of food still left on your plate, is all,” Emma retorted. She suddenly reached over and took a chunk of his burrito, plopping it swiftly into her mouth and swallowing without even chewing — that’s how small the piece was to her.

“Hey!” Daniel exclaimed, now genuinely indignant, “I was gonna eat that!”

“You should probably eat a little faster then,” teased Emma, finding his indignation very cute, “Because I’m still hungry!”

Over the next few days, Emma busied herself with practical tasks to distract herself from how out-of-place she felt in her own home. She hadn’t wanted to say anything about it, but she was finding everything quite vexing — from the shower to the bed to the utensils to the height of the table and counters...everything was just WAY too small for her. Her legs hung off the bed at night, making it difficult to sleep comfortably; she had to sit in the shower now; it was far more practical to stand around on her knees when she was inside, which was all well and good until her knees got sore; and as for utensils, and things like the TV remote and keys and anything else small, it wasn’t even worth trying to use them. Forks seemed like little pronged metal toothpicks at this point.

Emma had gotten back in touch with Ms. Bisset, her personal tailor, as a distraction to all of this nonsense around the house. The sweet, tiny old French lady had come and done some measurements on Emma a couple days after she and Daniel had arrived back home.

“Dearie dear!” exclaimed the genial old woman, “You’re almost 315 centimeters tall!”

“Uhhh,” said Emma.

“Oh! Haha, I’m sorry dear — I’m still used to the metric system, even after all these years in the States! That’s...just over ten-foot-three.”

“Ten...foot...three?” asked Emma blankly.

“Yes!” declared Ms. Bisset. “And...I’m guessing...still growing, are we?”

“Um...yes,” said Emma, surprised that she wasn’t having any kind of strong reaction to the news that she had grown four or five more inches in the past two days.

“Any idea how big we might get?” asked Ms. Bisset gently.

“Uh, no...I mean...no, not really,” said Emma, shrugging her shoulders, getting a strange enjoyment out of how neutral and relaxed she felt.

“So how about...we just make you some outfits that can accommodate you now...and even if you were a foot and a half taller, and bigger all around, proportionally?”

“So, if I was, like...over 11 and a half feet tall?” asked Emma.

“Yes dear,” said the amiable old woman, “That’s probably the best course, isn’t it?”

Now, a couple days later, Emma was lounging again on the couch, dressed up in a comfy red skirt that Ms. Bisset had express-made for her. Emma had been surprised, and immensely impressed, at the French lady’s speed and skill.

“You’re my special little project, dear!” Ms. Bisset had said.

Emma smiled to herself remembering those warm words as she scrolled through the internet on her tablet. Daniel was at his desk, doing work. Emma hardly thought about her old job anymore. It seemed like some kind of distant dream. She had instead been spending more and more time recently on the giantess forums that she had only cursorily explored before. A couple days after being back, she had posted a couple pictures of herself posing next to the door frame of her bedroom, both standing in her cramped position, and kneeling, with half of her head still obscured. "Still growing!" had been all that she had written to caption the photos, but within 24 hours, her post had already received thousands of views, and had unleashed an absolute torrent of adulating comments.

"OMG IS THIS REAL!?" cried one viewer. "You're an absolute GODDESS, and I worship at your feet!!" called another. "Hate to break it to you guys," said someone else, "but this is photoshopped. High-quality photoshop, I grant you...but photoshopped. No doubt about it."

"What?!" Emma said out loud, feeling an annoyed prick to somehow prove this idiot wrong.

A few more comments went back and forth, debating the photoshop point. Emma didn't know why, but the whole argument made her more irritated than she expected to be in reaction to a bunch of strangers arguing over her. She WAS that big!! And she wanted them all to accept it! And what's more, the comments themselves were not the end of it. Her forum inbox had exploded with private messages...no fewer than 45 in a single day. Some of them were quite respectful, with the authors simply praising her for her stature and beauty. Some more of them were a little more searching; "I just have to ask...and please feel free to ignore me if you want to...I'm just a nobody compared to you, after all...but...are you REALLY that big?"

'Jesus,' thought Emma, 'Some of these guys really beat around the bush, even though they're totally desperate to know...very weird.'

A few of the messages were not so pleasant. "Are u single?" asked one message, "Because I will treat u right if u choose me..ill let you sit on my face evry night and you can jerk me off like yr bitch pet."

'What the fuck!?' Emma thought, feeling shocked and slightly violated by the forwardness.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" was all another message said.

"HEy bitch," said the most unpleasant one, "It's all well and good to post photoshopped images, ok? But don't go around pretending that you're actually that size...it's insulting to all of us who actually have these fantasies. Stop lording yourself over us on the forum. You've only been a member for what, like a few weeks? Fuck off."

Emma felt her blood boiling. Who the fuck were these pathetic little men, typing all this nastiness out on their little keyboards?! It made her so angry, obviously because of the mean tone of some of the messages, but also just because they were dead wrong. She WAS actually that big, and she DID have a boyfriend, and she was NOT looking for romance.

She tried typing an angry response to the nastiest message, but she had to give up in a huff after realizing that her fingers were too big to type at an acceptable speed. She looked over at

Daniel, and was about to ask him to type the message for her, when suddenly, like a flash of lightning through her brain, she got an idea...an idea that would kill all the birds with one stone.

"Hey Daniel!" she sang out into the room, very pleased with herself, and barely able to contain her excitement.

"Yeah?" he asked, looking up from his work.

"Take a little break, ok? We're gonna shoot a little video together."