

CHAPTER ONE

"Hey, Cora!" exclaimed Nora into her phone. "It's so nice to hear your voice! It doesn't matter that you're halfway across the world — I can hear you, clear as day!"

"Haha, it's nice to hear your voice too, Nora," said Cora, kicking back on an easy chair on Nora's porch. "So how's Switzerland? I took a look at the pictures you posted on Instagram, and it just looks gorgeous."

"Oh it sure is," said Nora. "The Alps are incredible — everything just seems to go together perfectly: the mountains, the rolling hills, the forests, the rivers...they all just add up to perfection."

"Well, I would say I was jealous of you," laughed Cora, "but the forests and mountains here are really something, you know?"

"Oh yeah — Eastern Oregon might not have the same tourist lure as Switzerland, but it has a beauty of its own sort," Nora agreed.

"Yeah...like, um...like a kind of wildness or something. Untamed," Cora said.

"Exactly. So how's the groundskeeping going? Having any trouble?" inquired Nora.

"With the groundskeeping? Oh no. Everything's been pretty smooth-sailing so far. Your estate here is really incredible, Nora. It's a horticulturalist's dream out here! The sheer variety of different flora is, just...well, staggering. Not to mention the fauna!" replied Cora.

"Seen any bears yet?" Nora asked.

"I did, actually! I saw a mama with her cubs one day, far off in the distance."

"Wow! Just...I mean, of course, you know your outdoorsy stuff far more than I do, but...please be careful! I would never be able to forgive myself if something happened to you on my property, with me not being there to help you."

"Aww, Nora!" chuckled Cora, shaking her head at her friend's sweetness. "You don't have to worry about me! I'm a big girl! And I always hike with my stat phone, just in case I step in a rabbit hole or something and twist my ankle."

"That's good to hear," said Nora on the other end, sounding relieved. "I know you're an expert and all, but...haha, some things never change. I'll always worry about my friends, no matter how many degrees they've got."

"You're too sweet, Nora," laughed Cora. "But just keep in mind that, even if I got stuck outside for a while for some reason, I'd easily be able to subsist on all the wild food that grows out here. Have you ever tried the berries out here? They're delicious!"

"Haha, no, I've always been too afraid to eat anything I see in the wild! I'm afraid of poisoning myself or something!" Nora said.

"Well, when you get back, maybe I can take you on a tour of your property, and uh, you know...give you a little "Horticulture 101" about the different plants that grow in the forest," Cora offered.

"Aww, Cora, that sounds lovely! Yes, let's definitely plan on it — I know there must be dozens of plants growing out there that I've never even heard of."

"Oh, hundreds, for sure!" laughed Cora. "I mean, I have a degree in horticulture, and I'm discovering new plants and fungi all the time — I really can't thank you enough for letting me have this job, Nora."

"Well, I knew that the estate would be in good hands," said Nora warmly from the other end. "Do you go into town much? I mean, I know that you have to stock up on food every now and then — how's the town doing?"

"It's pretty small, so there's really not much going on, usually," said Cora slowly, causing Nora to laugh.

"Yeah, if you wanted somewhere to grab drinks out or go to the club, it wouldn't really be the town to do it," Nora remarked.

"Yeah — lots of people are older," agreed Cora, "And they, um...they just mostly keep to their own business. But, uh...well, there's this younger woman, actually."

"Oh boy," said Nora, "I feel like I know where this is going. Is she, like, really tall?"

"Mmhmm," Cora confirmed.

"Long blonde hair? Like to wear fancy heels? Super rich? And, uh...well, I don't want to sound mean, but...a little stuck up?" Nora said.

"Haha, a little?" joked Cora. "I would say that's her main quality."

"Yes, well...Georgiana comes from a very old family. I think they made a fortune in one of the gold rushes out here, way back in the 1800's. And, uh...well, I'm not really sure how to say it nicely."

"How about this?" chuckled Cora. "She's from a superrich family, and they've been rich for so long that looking down on others has become genetically bred into their brains?"

"Hahaha Cora!" giggled Nora, a little admonishingly. "That's a bit of an exaggeration! She's not mean-spirited, I don't think."

"No, no, you're right," admitted Cora. "I tend to exaggerate sometimes, it's true — but it's definitely also true to say that Georgiana Calloway is not shy about flaunting how much money she has."

"Oooh, you know her last name too?" Nora observed.

"Well, I, uhh...haha, we've crossed paths a few times when I've been in town," Cora replied.

“Oh, I hope it wasn’t too unpleasant!” said Nora anxiously.

“No, no, nothing too bad,” said Cora airily. “It’s just that, um...well, there aren’t many other young women in this town, and...haha, well, you could say that we’ve developed something of a rivalry.”

“Hmmm, I’m actually glad I’m not there right now,” chuckled Nora. “That sounds too stressful for me.”

“Aw, it’s really nothing...no big deal,” laughed Cora dismissively. “She teases me about being a female groundskeeper — I tease her about her fancy shoes and the animal skins she loves to wear. It’s really pretty low-key.”

“So...flirting, then,” came Nora’s sudden devious voice from the other end. She didn’t usually take this kind of tone, but when she did, it was striking.

“What?” asked Cora, a little alarmed.

“So you two basically just flirt, then,” giggled Nora. “Light teasing and so on. Trust me, I don’t blame you, Cora. For all her attitude, you can’t deny that the woman is drop-dead gorgeous.”

“Uhh...haha, yeah she is. I mean, uh...yeah, I um...I’m not sure if I’d call it ‘flirting’ per se, but...well, I don’t really know.” For a moment, Cora felt awkwardly exposed. She had never really thought hard about the interactions between Georgiana and herself, and Nora had unintentionally exposed a truth that she had not really ever considered before. She and Georgiana *were* sort of flirting; there was definitely some sexual tension between the two of them. Cora was definitely pretty, but Georgiana was beautiful.

“Aw, sorry if I made you feel awkward!” came Nora’s concerned voice on the other end. “I just...haha, I guess I’ve always had something of a secret little crush on her, even if she can be a bit too much to handle sometimes.”

“Haha, well, when you come back,” teased Cora. “She’s all yours.”

The two women laughed and continued their phone conversation for a few minutes more, and then said their goodbyes. Cora had to start her daily survey of the property, and Nora was due for a dinner reservation. They promised to talk again soon.

A few minutes later, 27-year-old Cora Patel was exploring the secluded and beautiful forests of Eastern Oregon. It was a bright, calm day, and she drew herself up and took a deep breath of the cool wilderness air, inhaling and exhaling out pleasantly as she stared up at the great woody lengths of the ponderosa pines. She had recently come by this dream job: her wealthy friend Nora, who she had met a few years back in college, was away in Europe for the summer, and had needed someone to look after her house in the area, along with hundreds of acres of sprawling forest property. Nora had immediately thought of Cora, since she knew her friend had a degree in horticulture and was the “outdoorsy” type who had plenty of experience surviving off and tending to the land. Cora had also been a Gold Award girl scout, the highest achievement possible, and so Nora knew that Cora was more than qualified to tend to her grounds and make sure that all was in order when she was away.

Cora had jumped at the opportunity — the position paid well, and it offered her the chance to have some serious private time to herself as she explored the land. She took a few more deep breaths of the fresh pine air. This was her idea of a perfect day: scouting and surveying previously unfamiliar land, making note of all the new plants and animals she came across.

She had been living on Nora's land and staying in her house for two weeks now, and during this time, she had noticed something peculiar: while all the trees and local fauna seemed to be in good order, the animals she came across were...a bit odd. She had noticed within a couple days of being there that some animals were strangely large, while others were bizarrely small.

At first, this phenomenon seemed like a trick of the light or something simple like that — surely she wasn't actually seeing what she thought she was seeing. But after a couple days, there was no denying it. Cora came across the smallest stag she had ever seen; it was a stag all right, with its characteristic antlers and everything...but it was only three feet tall! She had tried to track it into the forest, but it had seen her and scampered away.

A little while later, she had looked up into the sky as she felt a huge shadow pass over her — it was a blackbird — there was no doubt about that. It had the telltale markings and the characteristic orange beak. But it was huge! With at least a four-foot wingspan! Cora didn't know what to make of all these strange natural anomalies, and the more she explored the forests, the more examples she saw of oddly-sized animals.

"Golly," Cora had thought to herself, brushing her jet black hair out of her face, "I know I'm not just seeing things now! Something strange is going on — I've gotta take notes!" And she had been doing exactly that: carrying a notebook with her and jotting down every strange example of an unusually-sized animal that she came across. After two weeks, she had compiled dozens of pages of notes already.

"I wonder what daddee ma would think about all this," Cora had said out loud, chuckling at the thought. Her grandmother, who still lived in India, was the main reason she had been attracted to nature as a child. On family trips to India as a child, her grandmother had encouraged her to see herself as part of nature, and not outside it, and Cora had consequently fallen in love with the trees and forests of the Hindu Kush Mountains from a young age.

As Cora continued to explore the wilderness this particular morning, she reached a clearing that had previously been hidden to her.

"That's strange," she said out loud to herself. "I thought I had already come this way before — those spruces over there looked so familiar. Oh well, I guess this is new territory then!" She became excited as she suddenly saw a doe that had its head down. Cora stopped moving and stood stock still, hoping to get a good long look at what the doe was doing. She saw that it was nibbling on something...a strange mushroom that was growing in the ground. This mushroom was unlike anything Cora had seen before — it grew in little clusters, like most mushrooms, but it was tinged with dark streaks of purple, which ran through the filaments of the stem, up through the gills, and perforated all throughout the cap. Cora then realized that this mushroom cluster the doe was hungrily nibbling at was not isolated. There seemed to be quite a number of them in this clearing.

"Wow, they're everywhere!" she thought to herself. Still without moving, she glanced around and saw at least a dozen clusters of these bizarre purple mushrooms growing everywhere. These were definitely not like any fungi she had ever seen — on top of being purple, some of them

were considerable in size...huge, even. Cora felt her eyes popping a bit as she looked at a particularly enormous cluster that grew over two feet off the ground.

But the novelty of these strange new mushrooms was nothing compared to what happened next. Suddenly, without any warning or sound, Cora quite clearly saw the doe growing before her eyes. She could hardly believe what she was seeing, but the evidence was plain before her: the doe, previously slight of limb and no taller than four feet or so, quickly swelled in both size and stature, reaching the magnitude of a full-grown stag in a matter of seconds. And all the while, the doe was still nibbling at the extraordinary mushrooms.

Like a flash of lightning, Cora understood. It was the mushroom that was making the doe grow! In her astonishment, not really thinking what she was doing, she took a step and snapped some twigs on the ground. The huge doe shot her head up, took one quick look at Cora, and bolted away into the trees, her newly-huge and lengthy limbs giving it added speed and agility.

Cora took a few moments to take in what had just happened. Surely...surely that couldn't have been real! Surely she was...she was seeing things, right?!

"No way!" she said out loud to herself. "I've had my coffee this morning — I'm wide awake! There's no way I just imagined that! These mushrooms...hmmmm." She made a move to go examine them, but something held her back. Oftentimes when plants and fungi were colorful in nature, it meant that they were poisonous. But seeing that doe grow to such a huge size in such a short amount of time...it made Cora tingle with excitement all over.

It was a little secret of hers that she had kept from everyone for years: she stood at 5'6, which was already a little taller than average for a woman, and particularly an Indian woman. But secretly, she longed to be much bigger. Cora wanted to be tall...like, really tall. Like way over six feet tall. She envied those 6'9 women who played basketball on TV...and what's more, she wanted to be curvier, and more muscular. She already had some impressive curves, and people who met her for the first time never failed to notice her ample ass and her C-cup breasts that hung impressively on her lithe and athletic frame. But Cora wanted to be bigger...much bigger.

She sighed as she thought better of eating the purple mushrooms herself. It was only a fantasy of hers, to get bigger...surely there was no way that it could become a reality. Besides, Cora still wasn't sure if the mushrooms were safe to eat. She decided to hide herself in the trees and watch for other animals who might come by and partake in the curious fungi.

About half an hour later, Cora's heart leapt in her chest as a great-tailed grackle suddenly flew down without a sound and alighted on one of the large clumps of mushrooms. Cora noted that the grackle was normal-sized at the moment, around 15 inches long. From her hushed and hunched pose, she watched as the grackle bent down and started nipping at the purple flesh of a particularly large mushroom's cap. She felt her heart start to hammer away harder as the thrilled tingles started to spread outward from her chest to her four limbs, and all the way to the tips of her fingers and toes — it was happening again!

Right there, before her eyes, the grackle was growing! First to two feet, then three, then four...and...five! Cora was dumbfounded, watching open-mouthed as this now gigantic bird reared itself up, seemingly having reached its fill, and spread its mighty wings out as it swooped away. Cora felt the wind from the bird's huge wings brush her black hair past her chocolate brown cheeks as she watched it fly away.

“There’s no question now!” she laughed out loud. “See, Cora, you knew what you saw — don’t second guess yourself, girl!” She almost danced over to the nearest clump of purple mushrooms, eager to get a closer look. She noticed that there were a number of tiny bite marks on several of the mushrooms in this clump. Just to verify, she went over to look at other clumps, and saw that the same was true for them. All of them were peppered with little tooth-marks and beak-marks.

Clearly, a variety of animals had been snacking on the fungi. And clearly, that’s what explained the weird size differences she had been noticing! Or, at least, it explained certain animals growing bigger — her mind shot back to the miniature stag she had seen before, and she wondered if these mushrooms had anything to do with it getting smaller...or perhaps the stag had consumed another fungi that grew somewhere close by...but she didn’t have enough brain capacity to think about all these added details at a time like this.

Cora felt a well of excitement build in her chest: this was an incredible discovery! She could write scientific papers on these purple mushrooms! She could study them and make a name for herself in the scientific and nature community!

But almost as soon as she felt this swell of intellectual promise, she felt a much more powerful urge threaten to overtake her. These mushrooms made animals grow larger. All different kinds of animals...mammals and birds, as well as reptiles and amphibians (judging from the large lizards and salamanders she had seen).

“I’m a mammal,” Cora said, almost breathlessly, as she stared hard at one of the mushrooms. “So why shouldn’t it work on me too?”

She thought hard about this, going back and forth in her mind. The urge to grow, to get bigger, was by far the most powerful internal feeling she felt, but she held herself at bay for a few minutes. What if it was poisonous to humans only? And what if the change was uncontrollable? Or permanent? Or what if it changed her brain somehow, and not just her body? Cora thought hard through all these contingencies.

“But the doe and the bird didn’t seem to change,” Cora said to herself, “except they just got bigger. They still behaved like the animals they were...they were just...huge!”

She looked hard again at the purple fungi flesh on the cap. The compulsion bubbled up within her, and she suddenly didn’t care about the negative possibilities. She was going to try it. Without any more thinking, she suddenly reached out and picked a small mushroom from the bunch on the ground, held it up to her mouth, inhaled, and took a bite.

Cora sucked in air sharply: the change was immediate. She became instantly conscious of two things simultaneously. First, she felt her clothes tighten around her entire body. Her long pants, her long-sleeve outdoors shirt, and even her socks and hiking boots all hugged her flesh tighter — her body was expanding!

But Cora couldn’t just focus on her growth — at the same time as all this was happening, she experienced a sudden wave of intense stimulation that immediately put her in mind of how she felt when she masturbated. The dark areolas around her nipples seemed to ripple in arousal, and her nipples themselves were straining through her sports bra and shirt, so hard that they poked out almost painfully. The dark brown folds of her pussy lips became immediately wet with lubrication, and her snatch instantly grew hot and moist.

“Ohhhh...ohhh mmyyy goodddd,” Cora moaned out into the clearing, unable to stifle these words of pleasure as she continued to grow. After a few more moments, she seemed to have stopped. She had shot up to a statuesque 5’10 tall, and her body had swelled into a fuller and more curvaceous appearance, with her hips, ass, and breasts especially bearing the most obvious signs of growth.

Cora looked down at her arms and pulled her sleeves up, noticing with a thrill that her forearms looked a little more muscled. She stood there in the clearing, soaking up her new size for a number of minutes, her heart beating rapidly in her chest, as she waited for any other effects. But that was it; her growth seemed to have stopped, and she certainly wasn’t feeling ill or anything like that. Not wanting to waste any more time, she quickly gathered a large handful of the mushrooms and brought them back to the house.

Over the next few days, Cora experimented with consuming a couple more of the mushrooms as she went about her groundskeeping work in the forest. She couldn’t have been more happy at this new and fantastical development — at last, she was getting her wish! She was growing, and not just in small increments; she was getting huge! As she snacked on the purple mushrooms (which had a deliciously hardy and earthy taste), she gradually grew more and more in both size and stature. Her already impressive body filled out even more, and her considerable muscles continued swelling even bigger.

Cora didn’t even wait for her food supplies at Nora’s to dwindle before going out into town a couple days later. She had reached 6’2 now, and although she wasn’t quite sure how she would measure up to Georgiana Calloway, she knew that her rival would definitely be able to tell that she had grown, both in stature and in musculature. Cora just couldn’t wait any longer to see the look on Georgiana’s face, and so she went out to town just after lunch one day, a time that she knew coincided with Georgiana going to a specific boutique coffee shop to hang out and superciliously observe the other locals.

As Cora drove into town, her heart was beating quickly; she wasn’t sure if it was from the effect of the mushrooms she had eaten that morning, her excited nerves anticipating her meeting Georgiana, or some combination of both. Within fifteen minutes, she had driven down the forested mountain and into the valley, where the small town lay.

Soon, she was pulling into the small “shopping center” that truly only consisted of a general store, a chic clothing store, and a coffee shop. Sure enough, Cora saw Georgiana’s corvette parked in her usual spot, but to make it seem like she had gone to town for something else, she went into the general store, browsed around for a couple minutes, and ended up buying some vermiculite she realized she needed anyway for some potted plants she was growing.

“Hello, Ms. Cora!” said Mr. Jetson, the cashier. “Doing well today, young lady?”

“Sure am, Mr. Jetson!” Cora replied brightly, walking up to the counter. She was wondering how he would react to witnessing the change that had come upon her. For a few moments, Mr. Jetson didn’t seem to react at all; he scanned her item, looked at his screen, and told her the payment. Only when Cora was paying did she see him begin to study her. Mr. Jetson wasn’t terribly short, but at 5’8, he wasn’t that tall either. Before, he had only been an inch taller than Cora, but now he was a full half foot shorter.

Cora couldn't help but smile as she felt his lingering gaze on her body. Mr. Jetson was a kind old man, so she knew that his stare wasn't creepy in any way. Instead, it was merely confused and puzzled. After she finished paying, Cora took her bag and looked down at him, making a point to linger a moment and enjoy his reaction. The top of his head only came up to her nose; he was looking straight into her shoulders!

Cora merely grinned, and Mr. Jetson looked for a moment like he was going to open his mouth to say something. But whatever it was seemed to die in his throat, and he merely blinked a couple times and gave her a confused smile.

"Take care, Mr. Jetson!" said Cora cheerily, and she was gone, with him waving slightly as he stared after her.

'Well, that was a fun little appetizer,' thought Cora as she put her bag of vermiculite in her truck. 'But now it's time for the main course.'

She went into the coffee shop, striding right past Georgiana, who, as usual, was sitting in a plush chair near the entrance, pretending to read her Victorian novel as she stared haughtily over the pages at the rest of the coffee shop patrons. Cora had to admit that, even though Georgiana was a huge snob, she really, truly did stand out from the rest of the "mountain" crowd.

Everyone else had on plain, earth-colored clothing, and they were more or less of average height. Georgiana, in contrast, was wearing a long, silk black dress that showed just enough of her shapely calves to tease anyone who looked at her. Draped around her shoulders was a large fox-skin, and her blonde hair was done up in an elaborate, fancy hairdo. She looked like some ravishing young starlet straight out of a silent movie during the roaring twenties. But unlike those starlets, Georgiana used her voice quite often.

But Cora was pleased to note that even Georgiana, who almost always greeted her with a little teasing remark, had been struck dumb upon seeing her stride into the shop. Acting like everything was normal, Cora ordered her customary chai latte, and a minute later was sipping it smugly as she walked slowly back toward the entrance.

'She has to say something now,' thought Cora. 'Or else it's like her admitting defeat.'

"Cora?!" came Georgiana's voice, rising loudly over the quiet din of other voices. "What in god's name happened to you?!"

"What are you talking about, Georgiana?" asked Cora innocently as she sipped her latte. "I mean, I *thought* about dyeing my hair purple, but that would just reinforce your stereotype of me as a dirt-loving counter-cultural hippie."

"Don't play coy with me," said Georgiana, putting her book down. "You know what I'm talking about. You're taller! And...and *bigger*!"

Georgiana abruptly stood up to get a real sense of how Cora stood compared to her, and was shocked to discover that they were the exact same height. Cora stood there with a grin on her face as she enjoyed Georgiana's wide-eyed reaction, and how her pretty mouth opened slightly, but said nothing. She was dumbfounded all right, and for several long moments, she seemed to have lost the ability to speak.

"Uh, yeah," said Cora casually, sighing as her eyebrows went up, "I guess I am. Haha, looks like I'm just as tall as you now, supermodel."

"B-But...but how?" was all that Georgiana could muster.

Cora shrugged again. "Oh, I don't know...sometimes, you know, hiking in the woods, you find things!"

"That's impossible," snapped Georgiana, regaining her old vigor. "This is some kind of trick, and you're not fooling me."

"No tricks, girl! Swearsies!" laughed Cora, putting her free hand up in a motion of reciting an oath. Then she swept the same hand across her body's frame. "This is all 'au naturale,' just like my organic shampoo and deodorant you love to tease me about."

Georgia just stood there, looking for all the world like some kind of fuming Hollywood star who has been publicly slighted in front of the cameras. Except, instead of cameras, it was just a collection of townspeople in the coffee shop, watching the encounter curiously from their tables.

Suddenly, an imperious smile floated over Georgiana's lips. Even from her position of temporary primacy, Cora felt her confidence wane a little. Georgiana could have that effect on people when she gave them that smile.

"Yeah, you like to tease and lecture me about animal cruelty and organic this and organic that," she said, her eyes narrowing as her smile grew, showing her brilliant white teeth. "But you're such a little hypocrite, Cora."

"How...how so?" asked Cora uncertainly.

"How so?! How can you lecture me about all that when you're taking steroids?!"

Now it was Cora's turn to smile.

"Steroids?" she burst out, opening her mouth mirthfully. "You're out of your mind, Georgiana! What you're seeing has nothing to do with steroids!"

"You're lying," countered Georgiana quickly. "And I'm going to prove it somehow."

"Well, good luck with that, Ms. Hollywood!" laughed Cora, feeling like it was time to leave now, when she was still on top. She walked up to the entrance, put her hand on the door, turned, and smiled. "But you better get a move on 'proving' your little theory. Next time you see me, well, I can't guarantee that you won't be looking up at me."

With that, Cora turned and left, feeling the warm butterflies congratulating her as they fluttered and battered lightly on the inside of her stomach. She sipped her latte all the way back up the mountain; it was the most enjoyable drink she had ever had. She had Georgiana's number now!

Feeling inspired by her recent encounter with her rival, Cora decided that she would celebrate her triumph with another mushroom or two. She had a large host of them drying on Nora's big kitchen table. After arriving back home, she didn't waste any time in scarfing one down.

'Hmmm, better make it two actually,' she thought to herself lightly, reaching down, snatching another one, and popping it into her already-chewing mouth. Cora was on such an elated high that, as she chewed the two mushrooms down, she almost decided to eat a third. But something held her back; even though everything was going so well, she didn't want to stretch her luck. After all, she still didn't really understand the mechanisms of how exactly the mushrooms worked.

At this point, she could be fairly certain that they weren't toxic; after all, she and a whole host of other animals had eaten them without any apparent issues. But as a trained horticulturist, she knew better than to stuff herself full of a strange fungi that she was still in the process of studying.

Once again, the change happened quickly, just seconds after she had swallowed the mushrooms down. She could feel her clothes tightening again all around her, and it looked like the room was getting smaller before her very eyes. Of course, Cora knew that the room wasn't getting smaller — she was getting bigger! Her already big body swelled and lengthened, growing at a rate that had been unprecedented up until now. And as she grew, Cora could feel the dark lips of her pussy moistening again, until they actually began to drip with fragrant pre-cum.

"Ohhhh geeezzzzz!" she hissed out into the air, throwing her head back as she backed up into a wall, attempting to steady herself from the intense sensations of the growth itself, and from the powerful spasms of lust that accompanied it. Up, up, up she grew, past 6'5...past 6'7...and past 6'9! Cora was moaning out loud now, over and over, and she had started vigorously rubbing her clit as her body continued to sprout and flourish.

Before long, she had grown into an absolutely amazonian physique, with enormously thick hips, a massive ass, and bombshell tits to boot. But more than anything else, it was noticeable how tall she was. When her growth finally stopped, Cora had grown all the way up to a towering seven feet tall!

But, at least for the moment, Cora was not focused on that. Her eyes were shut tightly as she gritted her teeth together, rubbing herself harder and harder, until the house was filled with wet, fast-moving splashing sounds as Cora brought herself to orgasm. She was thinking about Georgiana...and her proud, gorgeous face...her mouth opened in shock, her eyes wide with wounded pride...god she had incredible lips too...and her fingers were so long and elegant, with those expertly-manicured nails...she was so rich, so, so rich...and towered above everyone...

'Except me,' thought Cora in her lustful reverie as she began to cum, rubbing large sprays of fat, heavy cum droplets all over the hardwood of Nora's floor. 'Georgiana towers over everyone except me...oh goddddd...ohhhhh goddddddd when I see her next time....ohhhhhh my goddddddd I'm gonna tease her....and she'll have to take it...there won't be anything she can do...ffuuckkkkkk!'

Cora slumped against the wall, falling into a sitting position from the force of her orgasm. For an entire minute, she just sat there panting, not even opening her eyes. When she finally did, she was amazed by how much she had grown, and, consequently, how small everything looked. She took a deep breath and pulled herself to her feet, by gripping on to the handle of a nearby cabinet. In doing so, Cora nearly ripped the entire cabinet door off its hinges.

‘Golly!’ she thought to herself. ‘I’m...*strong!*’

When she had finally managed to stand up, she walked around Nora’s house for a little bit, enjoying the myriad size comparisons of her new amazonian stature. She walked up to the bedroom doorway, and she was delighted to see that the door frame only came up to her eyes. Taking pleasure in having to duck down in order to go into the bedroom, Cora sprawled herself out on Nora’s enormous king-sized bed — even though the bed was huge, it still wasn’t big enough to contain Cora’s body. Her feet stuck out at the bed’s end; Cora laughed to herself, wiggling her toes in the air.

“Oh well,” she said out loud, “I guess I can just pull my legs in when I sleep...no big deal!”

For the next few days, Cora isolated herself in Nora’s cabin. At first, she had been dying to go to town again, just so she could encounter Georgiana, and maybe also enjoy the shock and surprise of Jessie Jetson, the short young woman who worked for her grandfather Mr. Jetson.

“Hell, I can’t wait until everyone sees me!” she said out loud, admiring her strong, powerful physique in the mirror. “They have no idea...no clue...that’s been going on...and what I’ve found. Oh my god, Georgiana! She’s gonna totally freak!”

Even though Cora was well aware that she had masturbated to intense thoughts of Georgiana a few days before, she still didn’t really know how she felt about the whole thing. She thought that her rival was hot, obviously, but would there be anything that happened beyond those thoughts? Cora doubted it.

“I mean, she’s not gonna be able to stand me being this big compared to her,” said Cora to her reflection in the mirror, flexing her arms. “Haha, nope! Poor girl’s not gonna be able to handle it.”

While Cora spoke this way to herself, she still had to admit that she would probably not behave nearly as confidently around Georgiana, even being this big. The rich woman was just...so beautiful...that it was hard to act contained around her. But Cora was working her way up to the next encounter by building up her own self-esteem. She gave herself pep talks; she continued admiring herself in the mirror; and she made sure to keep going on long walks around Nora’s property, which helped make her feel vigorous and alive.

Then, a couple days later, almost exactly when Cora had worked her way up to going into town again, she received a visitor. It was Mr. Hanson, a middle-aged lawyer, and one of the town’s most prominent and well-respected residents. Cora was surprised to see him when she opened the front door. Mr. Hanson immediately gaped up at the gigantic woman. At 6’1, he was no slouch himself, but Cora towered over him; he was staring right into the top of her breasts.

“C-Cora!” he stammered. “You’ve...you’ve gotten so much bigger!”

“Yep, Mr. Hanson!” said Cora proudly, getting over any nerves almost immediately as she thrust her chest out proudly. “I guess it’s just something I ate, haha!”

“Hehe, well...” he said, his eyes going over her impressive body (which was squeezed into the clothes of Nora’s 6’6 older brother), “Well...well...um, I just came up here, Cora, to...to invite you to one of the annual events we have up at the Lodge. It’s just a fun little ‘social’ if you will. Everyone gets dressed up, and there’s a fancy buffet and cocktails, and there’s a live jazz band, and we all dance...you know...some nice old-time fun.”

“That sounds wonderful!” exclaimed Cora, who had felt a twinge in her pussy. This was perfect! The absolute best scenario for Georgiana to see her!

“And, well, usually Nora comes, when she’s here,” continued Mr. Hanson (who was determined to act normally despite Cora’s enormous new size). “But seeing as how you’re keeping up her property right now, I just wanted to invite you in her stead. The social will be in two days — what do you think?”

Cora couldn’t keep the huge grin off her face as she looked down at the comparatively tiny man.

“I’ll be there,” she said, her voice brimming with excitement.

CHAPTER TWO

"But what am I gonna wear?" asked Cora anxiously into the phone later that night.

"Hmm, that's actually a good question," said Nora, pondering. "Let me think for a sec...what's in those closets? Haha, there's so much that I can't even remember."

Cora was standing in front of the open closet in Nora's bedroom, feeling her anxiety starting to build, even as her excitement was increasing in tandem.

"Uh...well, there's lots of your clothes," laughed Cora, "which, you know, isn't the most helpful thing in the world. I'd be able to get one leg into your dresses, maybe. But that's about it!"

"How tall did you say you were again?" asked Nora.

"Seven feet," said Cora, inwardly noting that it would be awhile before she got tired of hearing herself say that. She had just spent the last hour talking eagerly to Nora about the mushrooms she had found and their power to grow her. Of course, Nora had been frightened of it all at first, and it had taken about half an hour of Cora's reassurances before Nora was placated and convinced that everything was safe. Now, the issue was finding something acceptable for Cora to wear to the social gathering the following night.

"Well, my brother's 6'6," began Nora, but Cora started laughing into the phone.

"Haha, I know! And I've been wearing some of his clothes around, but they're suuuuuper tight on me!" Cora said.

"Hmm, yeah...wow," muttered Nora. "I mean, I know I'm not tiny, but Jeb has always seemed huge to me."

"Me too!" exclaimed Cora, pacing around the bedroom. "You know...until now."

"Look a little deeper in the closet," said Nora. "I'm pretty sure there are some oversized things somewhere back there. We had no idea how tall Jeb would end up being, so I think my parents might have jumped the gun on one or two purchases. You know how they like to just spend, spend, spend, right?"

"Ha! Well if I had the money your parents did, I think I'd be spending a lot too!" chuckled Cora.

"Yeah, well, I know...but...well, I try to be as frugal as I can, at least," said Nora.

"Says the girl who is vacationing in freaking Switzerland," Cora countered.

"I...just...hey! That's not fair!" said Nora indignantly on the other end.

"Kidding, Nora! Just kidding!" laughed Cora. "You're a saint, and you know it. You're the last person who would spend frivolously."

"Well, sometimes I wish my folks would just chill out," said Nora. "But I guess it's nice to have stuff sometimes."

"Tell me about it," said Cora, digging through the closet with her hands as she balanced her phone between her cheek and her shoulder. "This house, for instance."

"Uh, well yeah, I guess there is that," agreed Nora, giggling appreciatively.

"Hey!" exclaimed Cora. "I think I found something!"

"What is it?" asked Nora. "Is it one of Jeb's huge sweatshirts?"

"No!" said Cora. "Much better! It's not even Jeb's...I mean, unless he's a cross-dresser or something."

"Haha, not a chance," said Nora. "Or at least, I should say, I would be very surprised. Let's just put it that way."

"So...I don't know whose this is," said Cora slowly, "But I think this might actually work."

"But what issss it, Cora?" laughed Nora. "You're really building up the suspense!"

"I mean, it's a dress," said Cora simply, looking at what she was holding up in the light with her free hand. "A red dress...and it looks like I might actually be able to fit into it, like...if I make a couple adjustments to the waist and hip area."

"Well, we have a sewing machine up there on the closet shelf," said Nora.

"Yep, I see it," said Cora immediately, thanking her stars that her mother had taught her to sew as a young girl.

"Wow! Who's dress could that have been?" asked Nora. "I mean...my mom's not tiny, but she's nowhere near as big as you are now. Seven feet?"

"Yeah, well, she has pretty broad shoulders and hips, right?" asked Cora.

"Uh, I mean, yeah," said Nora. "But if what you told me about how much you grew is, like...uh...I mean, there's no way you'd fit into any of her dresses."

"Well, this one looks brand new. Maybe she never wore it because it was a gift from someone and it was way too big or something. Anyway, I can make some adjustments to the hips, waist, and the shoulders too, definitely. And I think I could make this work! Like, I mean, this is supposed to be a floor-length dress, so it'll only come up to my, uhh...like, upper calves or so...but that doesn't really matter, right?"

"No!" agreed Nora. "It'll totally be, like a kind of retro look!"

"Plus," added Cora, "I don't mind Georgiana and everyone else getting a nice view of my calves. They look sexxxxxy."

"Well, from those pictures you sent me," said Nora, "they certainly do. Geez, Cora, this is so exciting! How do you feel? You think Georgiana's gonna be pissed?"

“Oh, totally!” laughed Cora, getting the sewing machine down from the closet shelf. “At least internally, she’ll totally freak! And the best part is, she’s gonna have to try and keep it together for the entire night, otherwise, everyone in town will know that she backed down...that I beat her, you know?”

“Haha, it makes sense, Cora,” chuckled Nora, who never got into these kinds of rivalries herself. “Just...you know, be careful, ok?”

“Be careful?” asked Cora amusedly as she sat down with the dress and sewing machine. “What do you mean?”

“Like...I don’t know. Just have fun with it all, I guess...I guess that’s all I’m saying. Just, uh...don’t get too caught up in the whole ‘rivalry-crush’ thing too hard. I would hate to see you get hurt in some way.”

“Thanks, Nora,” replied Cora with appreciative coolness, “but I think you should save your worries for Ms. Georgiana. She’s gonna need all the vibes she can get tomorrow.”

The following night, most of the town was enjoying itself at the Lodge, which was more or less the main community gathering place for the town’s businesses, clubs, and activities. The annual event was lavishly catered, and a jazz band played mellifluous tunes that danced on the air, in between people’s spirited and animated conversations. Everyone was dressed up in their best clothing — the normally plain and earthy townspeople enjoyed coming out of their shells from time to time, and the annual social at the Lodge was one such time. Everyone looked fancy, and compliments on each others’ appearances competed happily under the flickering candlelight.

But Georgiana was unquestionably the talk, the toast, and the envy of the rest of the town. Everyone looked wonderfully fancy, but the statuesque 6’2 socialite was without question in a league of her own. Her thick, curvy, proportional body was squeezed into a skintight golden dress that only went down to about her mid-thigh, leaving none of the size, shape, and creaminess of her legs to the imagination.

Her dress itself seemed to sparkle in the candlelight, and it was clear to everyone that it was made of the most expensive material. Golden bracelets sang and jingled from her well-shaped arms as she gestured and indicated over everyone’s head, and her blonde hair had been done up in a 1920’s-style finger wave pattern that made her head look like wave upon wave of cascading gold. She was wearing bright red lipstick to accentuate the plush volume of her lips, and her nails were also painted red, and filed to cat-like taloned points. Combined with her easy movements and haughty way of carrying herself, Georgiana was a sight to see: she looked fearsomely beautiful.

Perhaps most noteworthy of all, though, was the fact that she was wearing 6-inch golden gladiator platform heels, which tied around her ankles and calves, accentuating their firm size. At 6’8 in her heels, she absolutely towered over everyone else at the Lodge. Wherever she went, and whenever she moved, everyone else’s eyes moved with her. She was just that impressive...and she knew it.

It was little wonder, then, when Georgiana saw everyone’s eyes turn away from her towards something unseen behind her, that she took it as an affront. She turned around to see what all the commotion was about, and her mouth dropped open. Cora had just walked in. Just as it had been totally understandable why the townspeople were all staring at Georgiana, so too was it

understandable why they were staring at Cora now. She was decked out in a dress, blood red that shone in the candlelight like a dark rose. The dress accentuated every curve and muscle of her newly-burgeoned body, and it showed off her big, shapely calves, coming down to just underneath her knees.

Cora wasn't even wearing heels — she had on a pair of simple but stylish black flats that were more designed to be comfortable than glamorous. But of course, Cora didn't need heels. She absolutely transcended everyone, rising high, high above what the townspeople had thought the threshold was for female height. After Georgiana, whom she loomed over by four whole inches, the next tallest person compared to Cora was Mr. Stam, who stood at 6'2. Everyone else was largely relegated to somewhere around Cora's breast level, with some of the smaller women being eye-level with the middle of her stomach.

As Cora walked in, she felt everyone's eyes turn to her and heard all the other conversations that had been going on come to an abrupt halt. She had been expecting this, and she relished it. She made it a point not to stare directly at Georgiana at first, since doing so would show the blonde beauty that she still held some kind of power over Cora.

So instead, she waved to the Jetsons, who waved back, totally dazed upon seeing her in her new form. She approached and greeted them, concluding the visit with Jessie, the young woman who worked at her grandfather's shop. At 5'0, Jessie Jetson was one of the people staring straight into Cora's toned stomach. Only after greeting a few other people first did Cora make her way over to Georgiana. The blonde just stood there, rooted to the ground in her huge platform heels, looking for all the world like a famous actress who had just been upstaged.

"Well hello there, Georgiana!" said Cora, loudly enough for other people to turn and watch the interaction. They were already all watching, though.

"Cora," intoned Georgiana, barely able to get out her words as she looked up, "what...what the fuck is going on?"

"What's going on?" laughed Cora, standing up tall and drawing a line with her palm over Georgiana's head, showing that the top of her rival's head only came up to her eyes. "What's going on is that I'm totally taller than you...and even when you've got on those ridiculous heels!"

Georgiana wasn't moving. She was continuing to stare up at Cora, dead in the eyes. Her stare was so intense, and her eyes were so beautiful (her anger just made it more so), that for a moment, Cora felt worried that Georgiana would somehow see through her and discover her secret.

But she recovered herself by blinking and smiling wider. Cora also couldn't help but notice, even in her excitement in upstaging Georgiana, that she was getting wet. Just seeing Georgiana all decked out like this, on top of her being all angry and discombobulated, just made for the perfect combination in Cora's mind. The blonde looked so tasty that Cora felt like she could have just eaten her up right then and there.

"Okay, just...enough of this nonsense," hissed Georgiana, her blue eyes glancing around at everyone else watching them before settling back on Cora. "Quit fucking around, Cora. Tell me what you're taking."

"Taking?" laughed Cora, looking around at the other people, as if her rival had just suggested something outlandish. "Come on, Georgiana, you know me better than that! I'm a girl of the Earth! Totally one hundred percent, cruelty-free, vegan to the core!"

Even though they definitely felt some trepidation, some of the townspeople began to laugh a little at Cora's humor. They had no idea how she had gotten so big, but she sure looked good...and healthy too. And what's more, it was always a welcome sight to see Georgiana get eclipsed by someone else. It rarely ever happened, and when it did, it made for an entertaining picture.

Georgiana's eyes were going over Cora's body, almost desperately in her anger, trying to find some clue as to how she could have grown so big.

"You like my muscles, huh?" chuckled Cora. She held her arms up and did a double-bicep pose, her muscles swelling considerably, yet still with a feminine kind of plushness to them. Georgiana's eyes went even wider as the townspeople gawked.

"Mmmm, yeah, I guess I do too," laughed Cora, extending out a thick leg from under her dress and flexing it as well. "You know, if I didn't know any better, Georgiana, I would say you were just, um...undressing me with your eyes just then."

More people chuckled, and Georgiana blushed scarlet in embarrassment. She was strong and proud, though, and she recovered quickly.

"You're not going to get away with this Cora," she warned, pointing a sharp, bright red fingernail up into Cora's face. "I'm gonna find out what the hell is going on."

Cora tipped her head back a little, giving a soft but condescending laugh that gave Georgiana a perfect view of the upside-down white horseshoe of her rival's upper teeth; Georgiana was actually looking *up* into Cora's mouth.

"Do whatever you wanna do," laughed Cora, righting her head and looking back down into Georgiana's glowering eyes. "But it'll just be a waste of time. It always has to be something with you, Georgiana — there always has to be some secret to discover whenever someone challenges you."

And, knowing that people were watching, Cora straightened her legs, back, and neck, throwing her shoulders back as she rose up to her full height, making a point to thrust her breasts forward.

"But you know," Cora continued, doing her best to savor this delicious moment and she bore down on the perplexed beauty before her, "maybe you just need to admit sometimes that...well, you're not on top of the world. Maybe you'd do better to just accept that...you're second best. Might take some getting used to, I know. Haha, so, the sooner you get started, the better, huh?"

More muttered chuckles from the party met Georgiana's ears, inspired by Cora's snarky and mocking show of confidence. The townspeople weren't used to seeing Georgiana look so completely bewildered, but perhaps more than anything else, they weren't used to seeing her look so...*small*. But there she was, standing 6'8 in her impressive heels, tall and statuesque, far over everyone else's heads, looking quite reduced next to Cora's 7-foot, strong, muscled figure. And it was not lost on everyone that Cora, unlike Georgiana, was *not* wearing heels.

Georgiana stood frozen in place, looking up at Cora, who was fast becoming her nemesis, with a cold fury that seemed strangely warmed by the embarrassed scarlet blush of her cheeks. Even in her moment of public triumph, Cora could not help but appreciate Georgiana's beauty. And somehow, strangely, her helpless and confused anger only seemed to augment and accentuate her gorgeousness. Cora was locked in a kind of "contest" with her, she knew, but Cora was also aware of the bare reality of what she was doing, when all was said and done: she was flirting.

And between the two of them, their flirting took the form of put-downs, clever comebacks, and supercilious retorts. But in all of her interactions with the blonde beauty, Cora had never once felt this much in control. In the past, it was the rich heiress who often bested her, since Georgiana was eventually able to fall back on the fact that she had been taller, bigger, stronger, and prettier than Cora.

At this point, few would have argued that Georgiana remained the prettiest person at the Lodge, but she had lost her physical edge. Her unique and inexorable blend of her physical size and her physical beauty had been severed, halved, cut off from its symbiotic cycle; now, she was just the prettiest, and Cora was the tallest, the biggest, the strongest.

And, if Georgiana was being honest with herself, in the midst of her startling and sudden growth, Cora had grown more attractive. Even though she had never admitted it openly to others (and rarely, even, to herself), the reason why Georgiana had teased and picked on Cora so much was because she found the plucky horticulturist interesting...and cute. She admired Cora's spunky attitude and her unwillingness to back down from conflict.

Most other women just rolled over and played dead whenever Georgiana tried to engage them with her teasing prods and mocking instigations. The fact was that the wealthy young woman, despite all of the advantages she had been born into, had lived a relatively lonely and reclusive life growing up, when she was largely isolated from other children. She had never been properly socialized, so that now, as a young woman, her main avenue towards any kind of personal connection began with an acerbic or teasing goad.

Georgiana simply didn't know how else to engage people...especially other young women...and most especially younger women she was attracted to. And in Cora, she had finally found someone who could meet her in the middle, and tease her right back. Until...well...now. Now things had gone too far.

Something serious was going on, and it was threatening Georgiana's power, both in the exchange between her and Cora and in the eyes of the townspeople as a whole. Something had to be done; she had to find out what was going on. Georgiana straightened herself up likewise, and even though she still stood four inches under Cora, with her own shoulders thrown back this way, and her curves straining her lavish dress, Georgiana cut an impressive figure nonetheless.

"Why don't you head on over to the buffet?" asked Georgiana mildly, inclining towards the table behind Cora that was piled high with tasty food. "If I was that big, I think I'd need to eat every five minutes or so. May as well go and pull up a chair while you're at it."

Cora immediately recognized that Georgiana's transition from outright anger to pointed mockery was an indication that the blonde had accepted temporary defeat and would be on the lookout for clues, snooping about in her own shrewd, silent, and carefully planned way.

'Gotta stay alert,' thought Cora to herself. 'She's gonna be watching me like a hawk all night long — can't get tipsy and give everything away.'

"Why don't you scoot your butt over to the bar and order yourself a cocktail?" shot back Cora out loud, tilting her head to the side and smiling down at her rival as she stuck her tongue playfully into the inside of her cheek. "It must be hard for you, not being the tallest anymore. But don't be too hard on yourself! Have a drink! Get tipsy, girl! Haha, come on...this is a *party*, Georgiana! We're supposed to be having *fun*!"

As she spoke, in a rush of confidence, Cora actually reached down and gave Georgiana a playful little nudge in the exposed flesh of her upper arm. The heiress looked shocked at Cora's brazenness, but she was also not able to hide the goosebumps that started to immediately pop up where Cora had touched. Cora noticed, and her already aroused pussy now kicked into a new gear, warming rapidly and getting wetter and wetter.

Could it be...that Georgiana was actually...strangely...*aroused* by her? Cora wasn't sure. But in that moment, both young women blushed, and, for their own reasons, regretted that they were unable to hide their physical reactions from each other. Both of them wanted to hide their attraction, in order to maintain their power over the other, but for this brief moment, neither of them were able to do so.

Cora was the first to gain the upper hand, at least in her mind, and she took great pride in managing to walk away from the encounter first. She could feel Georgiana's blue eyes on her as she turned away, and she was just able to make out, in the corner of her eye, the figure of her rival turning away quickly as well. Cora knew what Georgiana was doing; the heiress was trying to make sure that it didn't look to the rest of the party like she had lost the exchange, as she gaped after Cora. No — she wanted it to seem like they were both parting on equal terms, even though, as Cora knew, Georgiana had her work cut out for her on that front. She was wearing six-inch heels, and even still, Cora was a good four inches taller.

"That was *perfect*," Cora whispered to herself, watching out of the side of her eye as Georgiana stomped off to go lord herself over some hapless partygoer. "Just...*perfect*!"

She had managed to make a powerful impression on Georgiana, all the while seeming to exert a minimal amount of effort herself! Now all she had to do was enjoy herself, while, of course, keeping an eye on her rival, noting her behavior. Cora was so pleased with herself that she almost forgot where she was going, and nearly ran into the buffet table. As it happened, though, she was easily able to steady herself, and hid her near-mishap by grabbing a plate and proceeding to pile it high with heaps of gourmet food.

"Good gracious, Miss Cora!" exclaimed Mr. Jetson, coming up to her and looking far up into her face. "What on earth's gotten into you, young lady? You — if you pardon my saying so — have had some kind of...growth spurt, haven't you? I've never seen anything like it!"

"Haha, well, you're definitely not wrong there, Mr. Jetson!" laughed Cora, taking a skewer of peeled shrimp and inserting the whole thing into her mouth, bringing it out clean as she chewed

rapidly and swallowed. "I thought girls were supposed to be done growing before their early twenties, but I guess I'm just an odd case!"

"I...uh, y-yes...yes indeed," said Mr. Jetson, uncharacteristically having a bit of difficulty with his words. Cora looked down at the elderly man as she continued to eat, appreciating how truly tiny he looked compared to her now. At 5'8, he wasn't a tiny man by any means, but even so, the top of his head barely reached the underside of her breasts! He found himself staring into the topmost area of Cora's stomach, which was visible through her tight dress as a series of two rather prominent abdominal muscles.

Mr. Jetson swallowed nervously, looking back up at Cora; he found that he had to take a step back to look up into her face, since, if he was standing too close to her body, her breasts got in the way of him seeing up into her face. He had never felt this way before around another woman. Of course, whenever Georgiana wore her heels, he (along with everyone else) felt awed in her presence, but now Cora, sweet little green thumb Cora, had grown up into a true giantess, who was just a step above even Georgiana in her heels.

Looking down at him, Cora realized, with a shot of arousal, pride, and confusion, that Mr. Jetson was intimidated by her. She smiled at him and continued on with their amiable conversation, but she was not able to shake that initial realization of just how...big she was compared to this average-sized man. Even though their conversation drifted to things other than her physical height and size, the hard, obvious reality of their size difference never left the conversation. When Mr. Jetson inclined his head politely and moved on to talk to others, Cora could tell that he was completely blown away.

And he wasn't alone — all the rest of the night, Cora had an absolute ball talking to all the townspeople, comparing herself to each and every one of them as they came up to her, awestruck, surprised, confused, worried, intimidated, and often some combination of all five of these emotions. They asked her how she could have gotten so big, and when had it happened, and how did it feel, and did she not want to go see a doctor to make sure everything was okay, and what it was like to be so tall and strong, and what she and Georgiana had talked about and on and on and on. Cora answered all these questions with a lightness and grace that was becoming increasingly easy for her — the truth was, her superior strength and physical size loosened her tongue and allowed her to relax in an environment that might have made her tense before.

And of course, all the while, as the night deepened, and the alcohol flowed, and the jazz music played, and people laughed and danced, Cora kept a sharp, furtive eye on Georgiana. The blonde beauty had avoided interacting with her, ever since that initial encounter, but much to Cora's pleasure, she often caught Georgiana glancing sideways at her from across the room, as if the wealthy socialite was trying to catch Cora doing something suspicious.

"But that's not *really* why she's looking at me," muttered Cora to herself happily, feeling the effect of a couple cocktails pounding pleasantly through her blood. "She's looking at me because she thinks I'm hot...and because she's secretly aroused by my body! I saw it in her eyes...I saw it!"

"Saw what, Cora?" asked Jessie, one of her acquaintances from the General Store, coming up behind her.

“Oh hi, Jessie!” said Cora brightly, turning round. “Just...talking to myself a little, haha. I’m kinda kooky, I know.”

“Well, kooky and *bangin’*!” exclaimed Jessie, looking up at Cora’s body. “*Jesus*, girl! What have you been eating?!”

“Haha, if only you knew!” laughed Cora, but then quickly realizing that Georgiana was in earshot and had quickly turned her head when Jessie had asked her question. Feeling Georgiana’s eyes on the back of her head, Cora thought it best to put the subject to rest. She looked down at Jessie, who, at five feet even, was looking straight into the middle of Cora’s stomach. The jazz band suddenly started up a lively rendition of “Take Five.”

“Hey! Wanna go out there and dance?” asked Cora, pointing to the dance floor.

“DO I?!” laughed the vivacious Jessie.

A moment later, much of the Lodge was watching in pleasure and laughing as Cora and Jessie broke it down on the dance floor, the giantess and the tiny girl, both dancing up on each other, shaking their butts to the quick music and pulling off dance moves they would have both been too shy to try if they had been completely sober. Georgiana watched sourly from the shadows, her piercing eyes fixated on Cora.

Later on that evening, everyone had gone home. It had been a Lodge Party to remember, chiefly because of Cora’s presence, on top of the all-around good cheer and company of the townspeople. Cora went home happy and a little tipsy to Nora’s house, laid face down on her bed, breathed happily into her plush blanket, and promptly fell asleep with her clothes on.

CHAPTER THREE

Deep within Georgiana's mansion, her maid Maya was just beginning to pour a few drops of rose essential oil under her bathwater (as a rare treat to herself) when she heard, from far away in the house, the front door slamming shut. Maya, who was in her mid-30s, had been serving Georgiana's family for the better part of 20 years. She knew that both of Georgiana's parents were away on business. She also knew that no one else but her mistress had a key to the house.

Even still, the petite, dark-skinned maid stood up apprehensively, momentarily pausing in her task to strain her ears towards the sound. It wasn't like Georgiana to come home early from a party, especially the parties that were held at the Lodge. If this year had been anything like last year, Georgiana would have pulled up around 3 am in a stylish cab, with a collection of four or five doting young men (and maybe even women too), and proceeded to continue the party in the pool, drinking away until the sun came up.

But it was barely even 11 pm; Maya turned off the bathwater and listened intently for any telltale sign that there wasn't an intruder in the house. Sure enough, within a couple seconds, she heard the powerful clap and clatter of Georgiana's platform heels on the hard, smooth marble of the main floor foyer. So she had come home early. Maya turned the bath water on again, sighing to herself.

She had been looking forward to soaking in the sweet-scented water, but now that Georgiana was home, Maya needed to attune her desires to the needs of her mistress. And from the sound of her rapidly approaching, heavy footsteps, Georgiana was extremely unhappy about something. Less than a minute later, Georgiana burst into her bedchambers, cursing to herself. Maya looked up from her crouched position by the bath, which had begun to emit a rich, thick, rose-scented steam.

"Oh! Georgiana! Back so soon?" said Maya, keeping her voice steady. She knew that it was best to directly engage Georgiana concerning whatever was bothering her. If left to stew, Georgiana could poison herself with her own toxic emotions.

"That smug little bitch," Georgiana was muttering to herself through gritted teeth. "I'll show her...I'll...I'll get to the bottom of this. She's not gonna get away with this."

"Who's not going to get away with what?" asked Maya, standing up as she continued to let the hot bath run. She was now directly in front of Georgiana, who, in her unconscious anger, had stormed straight up towards the bath, without even meaning to. Maya stood her ground, even as the gigantic figure of her mistress fast approached. Georgiana was 6'8 in her platform heels, nearly an entire two feet taller than the 4'9 Maya, whose head did not even come up to the bottom of Georgiana's breasts. Looking straight forward, Maya was staring directly into the middle of her mistress's stomach, which was taut and defined as Georgiana flexed and unflexed her abdominal muscles as she breathed angrily in and out.

"Woah, woah, don't run me over!" said Maya suddenly, putting her little hands up as Georgiana kept coming on. The statuesque beauty had been so preoccupied that she had nearly flattened her own maid. Shaken briefly from her plots, Georgiana stared down blankly at the steaming, running bath.

"What's this?" she asked.

"Well...it's your bath!" said Maya brightly, gesturing with a smile towards the burgeoning suds. "Or, at least, it was my bath a few minutes ago, but...well, now you're back home, so it's your bath."

"Huh?" muttered Georgiana, shaking her head a little as she stomped over to another corner of her bedchambers, shaking her head a little as she waved her hand in front of her face, like she was dismissing Maya's offer.

"No, no," said Georgian flippantly, almost to herself, "I don't want a bath. You take it, Maya. Treat yourself. You don't treat yourself often enough. I've got a bone to pick anyway."

"Hmmm...no," said Maya definitively, pursuing her mistress around the bedroom (and having to move her little legs quickly, to keep up with Georgiana's long, powerful strides). "I think you do need a bath, actually. It would be just right for you right now...calm you down, soothe your nerves."

"I don't *need* to *calm down*, Maya," huffed Georgiana roughly, stepping around her tiny maid and continuing past her to another corner of the bedroom. "What I *need* to do is find a way to...to —"

"To *what*, Georgiana?" persisted Maya, who had practically run behind her mistress, and had managed to corner her on the far end of her bedchambers. Georgiana grunted and tried to step past her, but Maya spread her arms as wide as she could and caught up Georgiana by her thick, wide hips, which were so big compared to the little maid that her arms could barely fit all the way around them.

"Maya!" whined Georgiana in irritation, taking another step with the maid clinging to her lower body. "What are you *doing*? Come on! Let me go!"

"No!" chirped Maya defiantly, her face buried in her mistress's stomach. "Not until you promise that you're going to get into the bath, take a deep breath, relax, and tell me what's going on."

Georgiana sighed up at the ceiling as she stood there for a few more moments. Maya felt the imposing woman's hips drop a little, and she knew that her insistence had worked.

"Okay...fine," Georgiana sighed again.

"There," said Maya soothingly, unlatching herself from Georgiana's hips, "was that so hard?"

"Well...you know me, Maya," murmured Georgiana, who had crossed over towards her large, stately four-poster bed, sank down onto it, and started undoing her heels. "When I'm in a mood...well, I'm in a mood, you know."

"Yes, I do know," said Maya heartily, unscrewing the cap of chamomile essential oil and adding a few drops into the steaming bath. "I think I probably know you better than anyone on this planet, Georgiana."

"Hmmm, isn't that depressing?" Georgiana muttered, but then quickly snapped her head up at Maya. "I mean..." she added quickly, "Nothing against *you*, Maya, of course. I don't take you for granted at all. I'm just talking about, well...*you* know."

"Your parents have been on their own schedules ever since I joined this family," said Maya kindly, turning off the bath water. "They mean no harm by it, I don't think."

"Yeah, well, their 'schedules' never really seemed too concerned with me, now, did they?" mumbled Georgiana, peeling off her tight dress. Maya had been about to answer, but Georgiana kept going. "Oh geez, whatever! I don't even care anymore. That's not why I'm all...pissed off right now."

"Well, I ran it nice and hot for you," said Maya, gesturing towards the pleasant smelling suds.

"Thanks, Maya," said Georgiana genuinely, now completely naked, as she walked over toward the large porcelain bathtub. Even after all these years, Maya could still marvel at Georgiana's perfect figure as she stepped into the bath. She looked like someone out of a Renaissance painting, like one of those ancient statues of Aphrodite.

Georgiana winced slightly as her skin became accustomed to the hot water, but within a couple seconds, she was sighing out in pleasure as she leaned back into the tub, sinking into the water all the way up to the middle of her breasts, closing her eyes. Even as she reclined like this in the tub, she was almost as tall as Maya, who stood close by, leaning expectantly into one of the tub's rounded ends.

"Okay," said the maid, after she had given Georgiana a little time to relax into the bath, "so tell me what's got you so upset?"

"It's that stuck-up...primrose, Cora Patel," answered Georgiana, her eyes still closed. She had been about to call Cora a stuck-up "bitch" instead, but she had held herself back, because she didn't want to betray too much of her animosity to Maya. Besides, she knew that her maid didn't much approve of such language.

"So what's Ms. Patel gone and done this time?" asked Maya. "Did she wear some fancy dress tonight, trying to show you up?"

"That's...not what she did," muttered Georgiana. "It's worse than that, Maya. She's got some kind of...secret or something. She's growing herself."

"She's...she's what?" asked Maya, her brow furrowing of its own accord as she perked her ears up even more than they had been before. "What did you say?"

"I said," repeated Georgiana, opening up her eyes and sitting forward in the bath, "that she's *growing herself* somehow. She's like seven feet tall, Maya."

The maid just stood there beside the bath for a few long moments, staring directly into Georgiana's eyes, trying to come to terms with what she was hearing. Of course, her mistress' words were extraordinary, but to Maya, they had a particularly poignant significance. Unbeknownst to anyone (including Georgiana), Maya had harbored a secret desire to grow bigger, ever since she had stopped growing as a teenager.

And hers was not the normal desire of short people to grow taller, and hence attain normalcy. No, Maya wanted to actually grow for its own sake: to expand her body, to become taller, to tower over people. It was something like a strange fetish for her, and it had never been lost on

Maya that it was an odd one to have, for someone as short and small as she was. But, as she never stopped reminding herself, no one really *chose* their fetishes.

“But...but Ms. Patel has always been...well, quite a normal woman, hasn’t she?” asked Maya, doing her best to keep her voice sounding disinterested and steady. “At least as far as height was concerned.”

“Well, there’s nothing normal about her anymore,” huffed Georgiana, reclining back in the tub. “She was *several* inches taller than me, and I was 6’8 in my heels tonight.”

“Well...maybe...maybe she was pulling some kind of trick?” suggested Maya. “Maybe she was wearing — ”

“Look, she wasn’t *wearing* anything special, ok?” interrupted Georgiana irritably. “No heels, no special tricks, no nothing. She’s just...somehow managed to grow herself recently. And it’s not just in height, Maya.”

“Oh?” asked the maid, doing an impeccable job of hiding her excitement.

“No! Like, she’s gotten more...well, stronger, for one thing,” said Georgiana, struggling for the words. “She’s all muscular and everything now. Almost like a bodybuilder...but still...I don’t know...feminine?”

“Hmmm, well that sounds like quite something,” hummed Maya. “I wish I had gone, just so I could’ve seen her.”

“And that’s what everyone else was doing!” burst out Georgiana, sitting up again in the tub abruptly. Maya quietly shushed her, guiding her mistress’s glorious body back down into a reclining position.

“Shhh, shhh, just calm down, Georgiana,” she murmured. “Take it easy...relax.”

Georgiana did as she was told and closed her eyes again, letting out a frustrated sigh.

“I’m...I’m sorry, Maya,” she muttered. “I don’t mean to get all worked up. It’s just that...well, I spent all this time getting ready tonight, getting my dress, buying my special heels, getting my hair done, making sure my makeup was perfect...And then all everyone else does is stare at Cora freaking Patel all night.”

“That couldn’t have been easy for you,” Maya said soothingly.

“Look, I know I’m an attention whore,” continued Georgiana. “I admit it freely. So I really can’t pretend to not care when some...someone else makes a point to just...to just stick it to me on purpose, you know?”

“Was that what she was doing, do you think?” asked Maya.

“Oh, I *know* that’s what she was doing,” said Georgiana decisively. “The way she went up to me and just...smiled down her nose at me with that...that little grin of hers. Making it a point to stand close to me so that she could show me how much bigger she was in her flats...teasing me and...and trying to embarrass me in front of everyone. You should’ve seen her, Maya. God, I can

tell she's totally obsessed with me. It's, like...so obvious. The way she was glancing over at me all night long, making sure that I was watching her."

"Well, you *were* watching her all night, weren't you?" Maya ventured, with some slight humor in her voice.

"I...well yeah, everyone was, though," replied Georgiana.

"Hmmm, well, I have to say, this isn't the first time you've come home with little stories or anecdotes about Ms. Patel," said Maya mildly.

"What are you trying to say, Maya?" asked Georgiana, a little sharply.

"Oh nothing!" said the maid, shrugging with a slight smile. "It's just...Are you...are you sure that Ms. Patel's 'obsession' isn't...well, mutual?"

"Me?!" cried Georgiana, forcing a laugh to escape her gorgeous diaphragm. "Obsessed with Cora Patel?! Please."

"Just asking, is all," said Maya, shrugging again as she shook her head a bit in humor. "I don't really know too much about what's happening down in the town, but boy, do I always know what's going on with that Cora Patel."

"Okay, okay, you've made your point Maya," said Georgiana irritatedly, holding up a sudgy, dripping hand. "The point is that Cora has a secret, and I need to find out what it is. She's...she's *taking* something...or *using* something...to grow herself. And I need to find out what it is."

Maya stood there for several silent moments, her little body vibrating with thrilled energy. Could this be it? Could Cora Patel have discovered a way for Maya to finally make her fantasies come true?

"It's too bad that you weren't there at the Lodge tonight," mumbled Georgiana. "I could've had you follow her home. I was gonna do that, but, well...it's kinda hard for me to covertly follow someone, especially when I'm dressed up like this." She turned her eyes to Maya. "But my sub-five-foot maid? You would've been perfect."

"I...I could maybe...spy on her?" offered Maya, hoping that her suggestion would not seem too out-of-character. "I mean," she added, to disguise herself, "If that's even an ethical thing to do, which it's probably not, now that I think about it."

"No, that wouldn't work," said Georgiana dismissively, ignoring Maya's concocted dilemma over ethics. "You're tiny, but Cora's a savvy little...a savvy woman. She'd find you out, eventually, no matter how careful you were."

The two of them remained silent for a few more moments, with Maya standing there, trying to find out how to discover this secret without betraying herself, and Georgiana reclining in the tub. Suddenly, Georgiana sat up, her eyes wide open.

"Drones!" she exclaimed.

"Pardon?" asked Maya.

"My dad ordered a bunch of those fancy-shmancy, top-of-the-line drones a few months ago, right? Just, like, on a whim?"

"I...believe he did, yes," replied Maya. "For surveillance around the estate if I'm not mistaken."

"Well," said Georgiana, now becoming excited herself, "what if you used that knowledge...to spy on Cora? And see what she was up to?"

"You want me...to do that?" asked Maya, feeling incredibly ebullient, though hiding it well.

"Well, you said yourself that you know how to use those things," said Georgiana, "and I don't wanna waste time learning this myself. How about it, Maya?"

The little maid stood there for a few moments, and she allowed a slow and impeccably genuine smile to crawl across her face as she spoke to her mistress.

"Let's get to the bottom of this mystery."

CHAPTER FOUR

Cora woke up the next morning feeling more refreshed and elated than she had in a long time. Generally, she woke up and immediately went about her day, bustling around to get dressed and eat breakfast before setting out onto Nora's estate to tend to the day's various tasks. But this morning was different — for an entire half hour, Cora lay in bed, staring happily up at the ceiling, recalling the enjoyable events of the previous night.

She remembered all the townspeople's dumbfounded expressions at her tall, strong, muscled body, and how everyone had been staring at her, whispering about her, and otherwise helping her to be the center of attention. But of course, more than anything else, she remembered over and over, with sweet ecstasy, the look on Georgiana's face when the blonde beauty had first laid eyes on her. Cora hadn't thought that Georgiana was capable of looking so hopelessly discombobulated, but there it was — she had been totally bamboozled by Cora's appearance.

"She actually stuttered!" laughed Cora to herself out loud. "Tall, elegant, goorrrrgeous Georgiana actually stuttered when she spoke to me!"

Cora twisted her big, strong body up on the bed, going back and forth in pleasure as she thought about Georgiana's beautiful face, all agape in shock and surprise.

"She's even hotter when she's mad!" Cora chuckled, feeling herself begin to blush. Nora had been totally right; there was no question that she, Cora Patel, was into Georgiana. How could she avoid it at this point? She had been thinking of Georgiana when she decided what to wear...she had been thinking about her every minute she was at the party the night before...hell, she was thinking about her now, almost as soon as she had woken up!

"Nora's gonna totally be smug about this," Cora said to the ceiling. "Oh well, who cares? The point is that now I have that...that girl's attention. Now what?"

She sat up in bed, having forgotten for a moment how big she was. But as soon as she sat up, she felt the pleasant ribble of muscle in her abdomen, and she looked down.

"Oh that's right!" she cried. "I have a 6-pack now! Hahaha!"

And she didn't just have a 6-pack. She looked down at the rest of her body in amazed awe, marveling at the developed muscles in her arms and legs. She extended her long limbs out and flexed them, feeling the warm jolt of pleasant sensations shoot through her body. It was going to be a good day...a wonderful day...and it was all because of those fantastic, beautiful, mysterious purple mushrooms that she had found in that clearing, deep in the forest. She knew what she wanted to do — go back and get some more!

"But I gotta be careful," she said, going into the bathroom to brush her teeth. "Haha, wow, I gotta duck to even see myself...anyway, yeah...I gotta be careful. Georgiana's not stupid. Actually, she's pretty smart...I have to give it to her. So I can't eat too many of the mushrooms. But maybe just...a tiny taste. To grow a little more. And then...haha, then I'll go into town and see if I can 'stumble' on her!"

Cora got herself ready for the day with a hop and a skip in her step, but she had to watch herself. She still wasn't quite used to being a 7-foot-tall muscled amazon, and a few times, she

wasn't able to help bumping into things, even going so far as to accidentally knocking her coffee mug off the countertop, causing it to shatter on the kitchen floor.

"Oh well!" she sang cheerily, not bothered in the least by it as she took a broom to sweep it up. "I hadn't even poured the coffee into it yet! Oh geez...this broom is *tiny*!"

She swept up her mess, poured her coffee into a different cup, and then went outside on the balcony, completely naked. Ever since her growth, Cora had felt more comfortable, and even brazen, in her newly-developed body. She stood up to her full height, inhaling in the cool, fresh, sweet morning air.

Cora knew that no one could see her on the balcony — since it only faced the great yawning swath of green forest — but she knew that, before her growth, she would have never even dreamt of doing something like this. But now that Cora was a strong, powerful amazon, she felt completely comfortable enjoying the morning air like this. She put her coffee down and stretched her arms high up in the air, seeming to reach for the sky, as she gave a sexy, primal growl.

"Yyyyyyyrrrraaauugghhh!" Her roar echoed off the trees back to her, causing Cora to smile to herself. She loved what she had become, and she was almost tingling with the excitement of new possibilities, and a new life.

What Cora didn't see was the hidden, small, and nearly-silent drone that was just barely hovering over Nora's roof. The drone itself was top-of-the-line and couldn't be purchased in any common retail stores. On the market, even though it was no bigger than a foot across, it would have gone for thousands and thousands of dollars. And fitted to its rounded top was an equally high-end camera, which turned and swivelled with a barely-perceptible little hum.

A few miles away, Georgiana and Maya were gathered around a series of monitors, their eyes glued to the screens. Georgiana was sitting down in a grand old wooden chair, and her deft, graceful hands were slowly working a series of knobs and levers, operating the drone. Maya stood beside her, watching carefully. Even though she was standing and Georgiana was sitting, they were the exact same height.

"I think I saw some movement down below, on the deck," said Maya, peering eagerly into one of the monitors.

"I know, I know, I saw it too," said Georgiana, a tad impatiently, as she gently maneuvered the levers. "I just have to...be sure...that she doesn't see us here."

"Will she even hear that thing at all?" asked Maya. "It was almost silent when we started it up here, and you flew it away."

"Yeah, it's a reeeeeeally...nice drone," said Georgiana, half paying attention to Maya, mainly focusing on operating the levers correctly. "But...never...underestimate...what that Cora...Patel...is capable of."

"Hmm, so we're back to that again, are we?" asked Maya wryly, her mouth curling into a slight smile.

"Huh? What are you...talking about?" asked Georgiana, who then almost immediately realized what Maya was referencing.

"Oh...*that*," said the blonde beauty. "You're on again about me being obsessed with Cora, huh?"

"Well," said Maya, barely stifling a smile. "You *are* flying a drone above her house...right now...as we speak..."

"I *get* it, Maya, geez," huffed Georgiana. "How many times are you gonna...try and...make...the same..."

But here, Georgiana's words suddenly trailed off. The reason why was simple — she had gotten the drone just beyond the top of Nora's house, and she had trained the camera down on the porch. Right at this moment, Cora was stretching her arms above her head, flexing her whole body, as she roared out in her primal exclamation to the forest. Georgiana's mouth dropped open, and even Maya stepped forward, peering closer at the screen, to get a better look.

"My...goodness!" exclaimed Maya, her eyes going wide. "You...you weren't kidding, Georgiana! Just *look* at that young woman! She's incredible!"

"I know..." said Georgiana, almost in a daze. After a few more seconds of gawking in her own right, Maya turned to look at her mistress. She had never heard Georgiana's voice sound like that before, and she had never seen her so completely transported, just from looking at another person.

Usually, Georgiana was too busy admiring herself to notice anyone else, and Maya had to admit that she didn't really blame Georgiana for being this way. She really was that beautiful and that sexy. But that made it all the more amazing for the little maid to see her mistress now, so completely mesmerized by another person.

After a minute or so, Cora went back inside, but Georgiana didn't budge. She just sat there dumbly, staring at the screen, where Cora's naked, muscled body had been a moment before.

"Uh, Georgiana?" ventured Maya, taking a little step closer to her mistress. "You, uh...you okay there?"

"Huh? What?" asked Georgiana, blinking and looking over at her maid. "What did you say?"

"I was just asking," said Maya, giving her mistress a little knowing smile, "if you were okay."

"Uh, y-yeah, yeah, I'm fine! Why?" asked Georgiana, attempting to rally herself, to make it seem like everything was normal.

"You were just...staring into space there for a long time, is all," chuckled Maya, her eyebrows going up.

"I was...I was not...look, I know what you're thinking, Maya," said Georgiana, sitting up straighter in her chair, so that she rose up a good inch or two above her maid, "but I am *not* into Cora Patel, okay?! I'm just...I'm just, uh...I just want to *know*...how she's been able to grow her body the way she has. Is that so hard to understand?"

"No ma'am, of course not," said Maya, bowing her head a little contritely (which conveniently hid her lingering smile). "Just making some observations, that's all."

“Well how about you...*observe*...how I operate this drone here, okay?” said Georgiana tesily. “Because, until we find out Cora’s secret, this is going to be your number one priority, Maya.”

“What, following Cora Patel around in a drone?” asked Maya.

“Yes,” said Gerogiana, “and the most important thing, on top of discovering her secret, of course, is *not getting caught*. You think you can do that, Maya?”

“If I can learn correctly from you, yes,” said the maid deferently. Whenever Georgiana was in one of her put-out moods, it was always best to just go along with her. For the next half hour, Georgiana proceeded to show Maya the ins and outs of the drone operations, and how to use the levers, and tricks for avoiding detection, and all the rest. Maya had wondered how Georgiana had come to learn all of this stuff about the drone, but she decided not to ask.

Instead, the little maid was far too interested in getting to follow Cora Patel...and learning her secret. Maya knew that she had done a good job of hiding the true extent of her admiration, and envy, of Cora’s tall, muscular body. But deep within herself, obscured from Georgiana’s view, a raging desire had ignited in Maya’s heart: to find out the secret to Cora’s growth and to find out how to procure it for herself.

About 45 minutes later, Cora finally left the house. Georgiana had become impatient, and she had decided to go into town to see if she could get any details or gossip about why Cora had grown so big. The gorgeous blonde had no doubt that Cora’s new size was sure to be the talk of the town, and she resolved to wade into the middle of it, her disdain and envy disguised, in an attempt to learn what she could.

Maya had privately laughed to herself; there was no question that her mistress was now thoroughly obsessed. She only hoped that Georgiana would not let herself go too far down this path. The young beauty could be ferocious when the object of her desire, whether it be an individual, a goal, or a secret, eluded her.

About 15 minutes after Georgiana left the mansion, Maya’s heart jumped a little in her chest; she had just seen Cora leaving the house through the back door. Maya carefully maneuvered the levers on the drone, making sure to fly high enough, and far enough back, to where the amazonian girl would have no idea that she was being followed.

Maya chuckled a little at Cora’s clothes — clearly, the girl had not been prepared for this kind of sudden growth. A pair of men’s jeans (big, but not big enough for Cora’s legs, hips, and ass) was stretched onto her lower body, only going down to a few inches above her ankles.

Maya saw that Cora had left the button and zipper of the pants undone, in order to give her large hips room to breathe. Even undone this way, though, the jeans were in absolutely no danger of falling down — that’s how tight they were pulled over her legs. She wore an equally tight t-shirt, which was so small on her that it looked almost like a wife-beater.

Maya thought back; she had encountered Nora Lee a few times back...and...yes, she had an older brother, Jeb, was it? In any case, he was quite tall...6’6 if she remembered correctly, and Maya realized that Cora must have been wearing Jeb’s clothes.

'Wow,' thought the maid, as she pursued the muscled amazon into the forest with the drone, 'That's what a 6'6 person's clothes look like on Cora Patel? That's amazing!'

For the next half hour, Maya carefully piloted the drone at a safe distance behind Cora, drifting this way and that, careful to remain undetected. The maid quickly came to realize that Cora seemed to know exactly where she was going — she didn't pause once to take stock of where she was, or to look at a map, or to do anything that might have been expected behavior from someone going out on a surveying trek in the wilderness.

'She's going somewhere specific,' thought Maya, peering closely at the monitors, her feet dangling off the floor of Georgiana's chair as she leaned forward. 'Somewhere she's been...before.'

Maya didn't quite know why, but she felt, somewhere deep down inside, that Cora Patel was leading her straight to the secret.

After 30 minutes had passed, Cora's pace slowed slightly, and she came to a clearing. Maya held back, hovering the drone safely behind the top of a tall conifer tree. She trained the camera down on Cora's form, which had, for the first time, temporarily halted. Maya suddenly realized that her heart was beating quickly. Cora seemed to be scanning for something...and then...her head suddenly jerked up in recognition, and she strode straight over to something.

Maya eagerly trained the camera on Cora, who was bending down carefully. She had a large sack in her hand, and she seemed to be gathering something. Maya pivoted the camera slightly, her breath coming in shallow, excited rhythm. And then...she saw them. A large clump of something purple...a purple so deep and beautiful that Maya wondered how she couldn't have noticed it before. She focused the camera closer...

Mushrooms!

CHAPTER FIVE

"Well, I don't care if you think this is overkill," Georgiana said to Maya curtly as she pulled on her tall black combat boots from a sitting position on the floor of her bedroom. "This is a...unique situation, okay? An unprecedented mystery. And it calls for the right tactical gear."

"But Georgiana," replied Maya, keeping her voice steady even as she felt a bubble of laughter threatening to buoy up her throat and pop, "I *get* the tight black pants, the Lara Croft top...I even get those big boots you're putting on. But...the heat seeking goggles? The satellite GPS tracker? The combat belt with knockout gas?! Come on...I think it's all just a little —"

"Like I said Maya," interrupted Georgiana, "I couldn't care less about whatever disparaging thing you're thinking right now about my getup — this is what I'm doing, and that's that. I'm going into that forest prepared, alright? You can wear your ordinary whatever-clothes; it's no skin off my nose. Something I bring is going to come in handy...mark my words. Okay, now! How do I look?"

Georgiana had just finished tying her boots, and she rose up from her sitting position. The combat boots gave an extra three-inch boost to Georgiana's already prodigious height, making her a towering 6'5, dwarfing the 4'9 Maya by a full 20 inches. It was moments like these when Maya remembered (as she often did) just how truly beautiful and imposing her mistress was.

And there was something too about a cream-skinned, blonde amazon that made her uniquely imposing. She reminded Maya of those depictions of Viking shield-maidens that she had seen. A fairly dark-skinned woman of Brazilian ancestry, Maya had always looked at huge, tall "Nordic" women with an unmistakable air of fascination.

"You look...uh, well, haha of course you look amazing," Maya answered, feeling slightly self-conscious about her momentary and uncharacteristic loss of concentration around her mistress.

"Yeah, yeah," said Georgiana flippantly, rolling her eyes as she struck a power pose in front of the body-length mirror, "I know I look amazing Maya...come on. I meant do I look like I mean business, you know? Like, when Cora sees me, do you think she'll get...I don't know...intimidated? Or...?"

"Heh, I should've guessed," chuckled Maya, going around to the bedroom entrance.

"Should've...? Should've guessed *what*, Maya?" asked Georgiana, becoming swiftly irritated as she overtook her petite maid with a single stride, standing in front of her and blocking the way out.

"Oh, you know...nothing really," said Maya causally, shrugging her shoulders as she looked around innocently. Then, quite deliberately, she looked up at Georgiana with a twinkle in her eye. "I just forgot that you're dressing up like this to impress Cora."

Georgiana opened her mouth to speak, and then closed it, putting her hands on her thick, wide hips. There wasn't anything that she could say; Maya had caught her, yet again, in her obsession. But being Georgiana, she was not keen on letting anyone get the upper hand on her for long, and she brushed by the tiny maid, her hips connecting a bit roughly with Maya's shoulders as she went past. Maya had expected a gesture like this, and stumbled backward a little, chuckling good-naturedly.

"Yeah, just...just laugh it up Maya," muttered Georgiana, clearly put-out. After a few long, powerful strides, the blonde beauty turned around and once again put her hands on her hips, cocking them to the side.

"And try to see if you can keep up with me in the forest," said Georgiana. "I know your legs are a lot shorter than mine, but I'm not gonna be slowing down for you, okay?"

"I know that, Georgiana; I'll do my best," smiled Maya amiably, moving her short little legs a little faster as she caught up to her mistress. She liked chiding Georgiana from time to time, but whenever she did, she knew what kind of a reaction she was going to get.

"This isn't some kind of game," continued Georgiana, turning to stare out the door into the thick woods. "This is serious, Maya. We're *hunting*."

A little while later, Georgiana and Maya were deep in the forest, heading straight towards the clearing of purple mushrooms they had seen before from the drone footage. They had tried to keep the drone trained on Cora as she picked the mushrooms. However, the amazonian woman had swiftly run off into the forest, and it was too risky to pursue her so quickly without the drone being noticed.

Maya had wanted to find Cora first, but Georgiana didn't care about that nearly as much. She wanted to go straight for the mushrooms, so that she could eat them and grow just like Cora had. Secretly, Maya was getting excited; she too wanted to taste the mushrooms and to grow.

"Let's go Maya, come on!" said Georgiana impatiently over her shoulder as she ducked down under a tree branch. "I told you I'm not slowing down for you."

"I'm...going as fast as I can, Georgiana," replied Maya, a little out of breath. "And...besides...I think...we should go...a little slower."

"Slower?" barked Georgiana, striding her shapely legs with grand swiftness. "Why slower?"

"Because," breathed Maya, her little chest rising and falling with the effort of keeping up, "if we...go too fast...then we might...miss some clues."

"What are you talking about, Maya? Clues?!" exclaimed Georgiana. "We don't need any more clues! We know exactly where we're going!"

She held up a fancy, expensive-looking tracking device that had multiple little flashing bulbs on the tips of its antennae.

"Our drone is hidden in a tree by that clearing — and this device is leading us straight there," said Georgia emphatically. "What more do we need, Maya?"

"I...just," panted the little maid, "I think it would be a good idea...if, on the way, we tracked Cora too."

"We can worry about her after we get to the mushrooms," said Georgiana dismissively, stepping easily over a large log that lay in the way. "First thing's first, Maya. I'm gonna have a taste of those mushrooms, and then we'll see how high and mighty Cora looks when I — "

“Wait! Stop!” cried Maya. The little maid had just managed to get herself up and over the log, having to take a few high, deliberate steps to do so. In the process, she happened to look down at the ground, right in front of the large log...and that was where she was staring right now, and pointing.

“What is it now?” asked Georgiana hotly as she turned around, now visibly irritated. But Maya was just pointing at the ground, and Georgiana rolled her eyes and sighed, coming over to see what her maid was pointing at.

When Georgiana saw what it was, however, her mouth dropped open. There was a gigantic footprint in the soft earth right in front of the log; it was a human footprint — there wasn’t any question of that...but it was huge, far huger than any human footprint she had ever seen. It was well over a foot long, and it had deeply compressed the earth. Wordlessly, Georgiana produced a complicated gadget and proceeded to scan it over the footprint, measuring it. Maya watched, intrigued both at her mistress’s technology and at the sheer size of the footprint on the ground before them.

“Just over 18 inches long,” breathed Georgiana, almost to herself. “And it appears to have been made...about half an hour ago.” Maya’s eyebrow went up, and she gave Georgiana a knowing look, as if to say, ‘Told you so.’ Georgiana’s own eyebrows went up in tandem, and she slightly inclined her head towards her maid, in a rare admission that she had been wrong.

“Goodness, she’s *massive* now,” whispered Maya in amazement, staring back down at the footprint. “We need to make sure that we don’t accidentally run into her.”

“Yeah,” muttered Georgiana in agreement. She looked up, and saw that the log on the ground had come from a larger branch over their heads, which looked to have been torn asunder — the jagged edges of freshly-ripped wood stood out conspicuously from the thick, broken branch.

“Look up there,” said Georgiana, pointing. “She came through here half an hour ago, clearing out anything in her path.”

“Oh my god,” said Maya in that same hushed voice, staring up at the broken tree branch, and then down at the log on the ground. “So Cora...ripped that branch off herself?”

“It appears so, yes,” said Georgiana, still looking up. She had risen to her feet, and was comparing her own height to the height of the broken branch. Even though Georgiana was standing at 6’5, she couldn’t even reach her long arms up high enough to touch the branch.

“Jesus,” the blonde beauty murmured, “she must be at least 9 feet tall by now.”

“Let’s go a little slower, shall we?” said Maya cautiously. “Just to make sure that we don’t alert her to our presence.”

“That’s...a good idea, I think,” nodded Georgiana, and then, without admitting the change in plans, she began to follow Cora’s gigantic tracks, with Maya following close behind. It had been sheer luck that they had happened upon the tracks like they had, because they seemed to cut and diverge wildly into the forest.

Georgiana and Maya had to follow them slowly, since they could be mercurial and unpredictable. They went straight ahead for a hundred yards or so, and then cut sharply to the left, and then to the right, and then back to the left again. It was almost like Cora had been sprinting and crazily changing her direction, seemingly for no reason, over and over again.

"It's the mushrooms," whispered Maya. "She had just eaten them, and she was...running through the forest in euphoria."

"Why 'euphoria'?" asked Georgiana.

"I can just...tell," muttered Maya in fascination. "She wouldn't be going back to the mushrooms if they made her feel bad. No, I think what we're seeing here is...a giantess in the midst of a growth spurt. I mean, look at this footprint here! Doesn't it look bigger to you?"

"Luckily," said Georgiana curtly, producing her fancy gadget again as she stared down at her maid, "I had the presence of mind to bring my trusty little tools along, even though a certain someone was making fun of me for it."

"Haha, you've got me there, Georgiana," laughed Maya good-naturedly as she watched her amazonian mistress bend down and measure the footprint.

"You're right," said Georgiana a few moments later. "This one's 19-and-a-half inches. She was running through the forest...still growing."

They silently continued tracking Cora, feeling an increased sense of foreboding as the footprints became steadily larger and larger. Unbeknownst to them, Cora was leading them in a circle, directly to the clearance. A little while later, Georgiana's tracking device started beeping softly.

"What's that?" asked Maya, a little alarmed.

"It's just the drone tracker," said Georgiana, muting the sound as she looked around. "We're actually getting close to the clearing, apparently."

"She's led us straight to it," said Maya in a low voice. "She must have come back for more."

Not even a minute later, Georgiana and Maya were peering carefully through the trees, looking out at the clearance in the forest. Immediately, their eyes were drawn to Cora, who was completely naked and stretching her arms high over her head. She had grown an incredible four feet, and she stood at an astounding 11 feet tall. Her nude body, glazed slightly with a thin sheen of sweat, gleamed impressively in the moonlight. Her muscles were even bigger now; she had a washboard stomach, and her thighs were veritable pillars of feminine muscle. Her arms stretching high above her head looked just as splendid, and her big breasts hung and quivered heavily on her remarkable chest.

"Oh...my...god," whispered Georgiana, her mouth totally agape. "Just...just *look* at her."

Maya was staring open-mouthed at Cora too, but she was still able to turn her head to the side and get a good rare look at what her mistress looked like when she was impressed. She had never seen Georgiana have this kind of reaction to anyone...ever. And not only that, but her mistress wasn't even trying to hide it — she was totally astounded, beyond even her pride.

A splash of color caught both of their eyes, however, and they saw that Cora had collected another basketful of the mushrooms. There were more clumps of beautiful, deep purple around in the clearing, but not nearly as many as there had been earlier that morning, when they had looked at the clearing with their drone. A sense of urgency descended upon them.

"Now," whispered Georgiana, "I just need to think...about how to distract her...or get her away from here...so I can have a clear shot at the mushrooms."

"You know what?" said Maya, grinning up at her mistress, "I think I have an idea."

CHAPTER SIX

"Well go on," whispered Georgiana impatiently, still looking out at Cora. "What is it?"

"Okay...you flank around to the side, behind that big oak tree there," whispered Maya, pointing. "I'll collect some little stones off the ground and I'll hide out on the opposite side of the clearing."

"And what will that do, exactly?" demanded Georgiana. "Throwing stones at her is a terrible idea, Maya."

"Not *at* her, silly," Maya returned, shaking her head. "I'll toss them into the woods, bit by bit, until Cora thinks that she's being watched, and she hurries over to investigate. That's when you'll swoop in and gather up all the mushrooms! You get it?"

"I...okay, I guess that could work," muttered Georgiana, thinking over the plan quickly. "Yeah...yeah, ok good. Just be sure to throw them pretty deep into the woods, ok? The last thing I need is for a giant Cora Patel to throttle my maid."

"No one is...haha, no one's getting *throttled*, Georgiana," chuckled Maya, feeling her heart skip a beat as she realized that the two of them might actually be in a bit of danger. "Okay, you stay here, and I'll get in position. When you start to hear me throw the stones, you'll know to get ready."

"You're mighty bossy for a maid," remarked Georgiana, still staring at Cora. But when she looked back down at Maya, she had a little smile on her face, which Maya returned, enjoying the rare moment of humor from her mistress.

"Well go on! Get going!" ordered Georgiana, turning back to staring at Cora. Maya didn't waste any more time, and set off into the brush, taking care to step quietly and avoid snapping twigs with her feet. For the next several minutes, she carefully chose an array of small stones, stuffing them in a little pouch that she carried for loose change.

After her collection was complete, she cautiously took up her position at the opposite end of the clearing. Hiding behind a large, overhanging green leaf, Maya looked out at Cora, who was still busy collecting the mushrooms, and then back towards where she knew Georgiana was. Maya was pleased to see that Georgiana was so disguised, and so still, that even though the maid knew where she was, she couldn't see her.

Taking a deep breath, Maya chose the first stone, aimed it carefully into the woods to her left, and threw it. A second or two later, it ricocheted off a tree and tumbled down into the undergrowth. Cora's head snapped up like a deer's in the direction of the sound. Maya crouched behind the leaf, stalk-still, watching and waiting.

Thirty seconds went by, and still Cora hadn't moved. Maya knew that she needed a bit more prodding. Silently rearing back her arm behind the leaf, she threw another stone in the same direction. It crashed through the undergrowth again, not hitting a tree this time, but making an unmistakable noise nonetheless.

Cora took off running, but in the opposite direction that Maya had planned. The petite maid started forward in alarm, seeing the massive Cora running toward her mistress, but thankfully, Cora turned slightly left and disappeared into the trees, avoiding the hiding Georgiana. A few

moments of tense silence passed, and the clearing was vacant, save for the inviting basketful of vibrant purple mushrooms that seemed to wink and glimmer in the moonlight. Suddenly, Maya knew what she had to do. Georgiana's position was compromised; Cora might be hiding close to her, for all she knew. It was up to Maya to make the move.

She took another deep breath and snuck out of the bush and into the clearing, taking care to move swiftly without making too much of an ostentatious show of herself. Her heart was pounding in her chest as she neared the mushrooms, and a couple seconds later, she was there. The deep purple of the fungi flesh looked even deeper in the moonlight, and Maya was seized with an overwhelming urge to try them herself. Reaching down, she took one of the mushroom heads and popped it straight into her mouth, chewing the flesh as she quickly caught up the rest of the basket and skirted away back to her hiding place.

As she swallowed, Maya quickly felt an almost electrical sense of excitement in her skin, her muscles, and her bones. It was immediately apparent that the mushrooms were working on her, and she couldn't help but let out an excited exhale. Finally, it was happening! She had always wanted to grow, to get bigger! And now she was literally watching the forest horizon drop a little bit beneath her; she was getting taller, and from the slight tightening and expansion in her clothes, she was getting bigger too.

"Jesus! That was close!" came Georgiana's out-of-breath whisper in her ear. Maya started a little in surprise. She hadn't heard Georgiana's stealthy approach, but she recovered quickly, turning to her mistress with an unabashed, wide-eyed grin on her face. Her growth had ceased, but her elation hadn't. She could tell that Georgiana didn't look quite as big as she had before.

"Nice job there improvising," Georgiana was saying quickly, looking down at the mushrooms. "Now let's see what you've...got...there."

Georgiana had slowed her speech down because she was realizing now that Maya looked bigger. The top of the maid's head actually reached the upper portions of Georgiana's cleavage, and it was obvious to both of them that Maya was now staring directly into Georgiana's nipples.

"I ate one," said Maya sheepishly through her smile. "I couldn't help it. I wanted to see."

"You...ate one?!" asked Georgiana, grabbing Maya by the shoulders and turning her around so she could get a good look at her. The blonde beauty tested her maid's shoulders with her grip and shimmied her hands down Maya's arms. She bent down and tested Maya's hips, and then felt over her legs.

All the while Maya kept smiling, feeling slightly silly, even as she basked in the pure thrill of having grown. She didn't know the exact numbers, but as Georgiana stood up straight to measure Maya's height against her own, it was clear to both of them that Maya had gained some muscle mass and a number of inches. She had been 4'9 before. Now she was 5'0.

"Okay...okay, good," murmured Georgiana, nodding her head. "So they work. Wow...uh, yeah...okay...how do you feel?"

"Uh...great," said Maya flatly through her broad grin. She wanted to say more, but she was far too distracted by how exhilarated she was feeling. For years, *years*...she had wished that she could grow herself, and now, it had actually happened. And looking down, the agent of growth

stared back at her from the basket on the ground, the deep purple of the mushrooms looking dark and syrupy under the moonlight.

“Just ‘great’?” Georgiana asked eagerly, and with a touch of impatience, as she bent down and put her hands around the maid, giving her a little shake. “Come on, that’s all you have?!”

“Uhh...I...uh, I feel warm,” Maya managed to say, looking up at her mistress with a persistent smile. “Warm and, uh...well, energetic. Like the skin all over my body is tingling.”

Georgiana peered down at her closely. Maya wasn’t sure if she was checking to make sure that she was okay, or if she was more interested in the effects of the mushrooms themselves. In reality, it was a little bit of both.

“Alright then,” declared Georgiana a few seconds later, straightening up and looking around the clearing quickly. “Let’s get out of here. No idea when she’s gonna come back, but we don’t wanna be anywhere close by when she does.”

“Yeah...that...that sounds like a plan,” muttered Maya, who was looking down in distracted fascination at her hands, which were wider and longer...and they were still tingling.

Suddenly, the sound of jostling underbrush cut through the clearing.

“Shoot, she’s coming back!” whispered Georgiana frantically. “Come on Maya!”

In one abrupt, fluid movement, Georgiana bent down, scooped up Maya in her arms, and grabbed the basket full of mushrooms. Maya was taken by surprise, and the initial, frightening shock of hearing Cora in the forest was quickly replaced by the shock of being so effortlessly and swiftly scooped up by Georgiana. The little maid had her breath taken away as Georgiana whisked her out of the clearing, running with light powerful strides as she navigated the dark forest with seeming ease.

The 6’5 blonde amazon ran like this for several minutes, and Maya could feel her mistress’s impressive breasts heaving up and down against her face. The maid had been initially surprised that Georgiana had picked her up like she had, but as she submitted to her mistress’s decision, she felt herself feeling warm inside. This warmth, however, did not come from the mushroom she had recently ingested. Instead, it came from the knowledge that Georgiana cared about her, and wouldn’t have dreamt of abandoning her in the clearing.

A few minutes later, Georgiana slowed her pace to a walk, and another moment later, she stopped, Maya still in her arms, as they both listened to the sounds of the dark forest for any sign of Cora pursuing them. A few more moments later, after hearing nothing, Georgiana breathed a sigh of relief and set Maya down on the ground.

“Uhh...haha, thanks for getting me back there,” chuckled Maya. “I could probably have kept up, though...since, you know, I grew and all.”

“No, I don’t think so,” said Georgiana, shaking her head. “You might have grown a little, but there’s no way that you could’ve kept up with me just then. And I wasn’t going to lose my maid to some...mushroom-eating freak.”

“A strange title...for the girl you’re obsessed with,” laughed Maya.

“Yeah, well...just wait until she sees,” muttered Georgiana, “what I’ve got planned.”

They walked carefully and quietly through the forest, back to Georgiana’s mansion, neither of them speaking. Georgiana appeared lost in thought, and Maya was busy smiling to herself, enjoying the feeling of longer limbs, wider hips, and bigger breasts with an almost childlike energy. She hadn’t felt this alive, or this giddy, in a long, long time. A little while later, though, as they emerged from the forest, turned right, and began walking up the long, winding driveway to Georgiana’s hillside mansion, Maya found herself returning to her mistress’s previous words.

“Uh, Georgiana?” she ventured as they neared the front doors. “What *do* you have planned?”

Georgiana didn’t answer — instead, she wordlessly signaled for Maya to follow her as she took an abrupt left, away from the front doors. Puzzled, Maya followed. A moment later, they were walking up on a large, opaquely white building: the family greenhouse. Slowly, Maya began to understand.

A minute later, they were inside. They walked past humid rooms filled with brightly colored peppers, interspersed with myriad forms of rare tropical flowers. Maya hadn’t been down here in some time, and would have stopped to admire everything. But Georgiana was still walking determinedly forward, and despite her recent growth, Maya still had to struggle to keep up. A minute later, they had come into a slightly cooler room, and Georgiana was sweeping her hand out across a rich, brown patch of dirt that had obviously been prepared in advance.

“Okay, Maya,” said Georgiana, businesslike, “I want you to get to work farming these mushrooms we’ve got here.”

“Uh...farming?” asked Maya blankly. She had been expecting Georgiana to gorge herself on the mushrooms; this was definitely an unexpected turn for her mistress.

“Yes, harvest them,” ordered Georgiana flatly, indicating to the earth with a wave of her beautiful bare arm. “Go on, get to work!”

Maya stood there, staring at the bare patch of rich, loamy earth. She couldn’t help but chuckle a little and shake her head; she was a maid...not a farmer!

CHAPTER SEVEN

Far down from the Calloway mansion, away from town and clothed in the thick embrace of the forest valley, Cora had returned to Nora's cabin and was positively brimming with energy. Her close call in the clearing, with whoever had been watching her, was now far from her mind. She had returned to the spot, harvested more mushrooms, and bounded quickly back to the house.

Cora was determined to eat more of the mushrooms, but even she couldn't have predicted how insatiable she'd become. After the first four or five mushrooms, she could see from the comparisons around her that she had grown an incredible amount, but she wasn't about to stop there. She ate more and more...until the mushrooms were all gone, and she had grown to a colossal ten feet tall.

"Golly!" Cora said to herself, delighting at how powerful her voice was now that she was so huge...she could hear the walls of the house vibrating as she spoke to herself (as she thanked her stars for Nora's 12-foot-high, lodge-style ceilings!). "I'm...like...an actual giantess now! What would daddee ma say now? Or mom and dad? Or Rishi? Haha, oh my gosh!"

She proceeded to lose herself in a fantasy of size comparison with her grandmother, her parents, and her older brother. None of them were more than 5'8, just barely over half as tall as she was now. To say nothing of her thick, muscled body and her bodacious curves...It was incredible to think about.

But almost as soon as Cora lost herself in these fantasies, she quickly had to come back to the real world, because, having grown so big, her appetite had increased exponentially, and she realized with a jolt that she had eaten up all the food in the house.

"No worries," Cora said to herself. "I'll just...I'll just ride into town and uh...and...buy some more." She went out to her car, but quickly realized that there was no way she could fit inside. Her little four-door cruiser was not built to contain a ten-foot tall, muscled amazon.

"Aww geez, Cora, what are you even thinking?!" she chided herself. She realized that she would have to stay isolated, at least for the time being. She couldn't drive into town, and she didn't want to risk being seen by the townspeople. "What do you think would happen anyway if you just showed up in town looking like this? The whole town would freak out! Is that what you want?!"

With a huff, Cora hunched herself down on the living room floor, her huge body spanning the entire room, as she lay there, staring up at the ceiling, wondering what she was going to do. If her only concern had been procuring food, she wouldn't have had to worry too much. Cora was an expert on all the nuts and berries that grew in the forests that she could eat. But food wasn't the only thing on her mind; in fact, it wasn't even the most pressing thing.

More than anything else, after consuming the rest of the mushrooms, Cora had realized that the feelings of sexual stimulation had increased tenfold, along with her height and size. Her dark nipples were as hard as two protruding diamonds on her breasts...they were so rock-hard that they ached constantly. She desperately wished that there was someone there to suck them — if there had been, with the first suck, she would have cum instantly.

She tried sucking her own breasts, but even though it felt intensely pleasurable, it wasn't quite the same as someone else doing it. Her pussy was now so wet that it was literally dripping onto

the floor of Nora's home, and Cora had to go outside to keep from making a mess everywhere. She had long since outgrown her clothes, and she peered down at the dark brown folds of her slippery pussy, marveling at how turned on she was.

But try as she might, Cora couldn't find release. Even though she was beyond thrilled by her new growth, her frustration at being unable to climax gradually overshadowed every other feeling she was experiencing. Why could she not have an orgasm?! She tried rubbing her dripping lips desperately with her huge hand, playing with her engorged clit at the same time, but she was only able to bring herself to the edge of orgasm. She couldn't actually get there.

"Dang it!" Cora muttered in frustration. She tried to roll over and sleep, but her body was still tingling with that same stimulation from the mushrooms, and she wasn't able to get any real rest. What's more, as the days passed, she became more and more hungry, until she was absolutely famished. Her amazonian body needed food! She scavenged for nuts and berries in the woods, but even though she was able to find some to eat, it wasn't anywhere close to what her gigantic body required.

During this time, Cora tried to distract herself from her increasing physical and sexual hunger by reviewing her field notes. Her nature studies had always served as a good distraction before, in college, when she was struggling with depression and relationship problems, so it was only natural that she would turn to her studies to divert her attention away from her increasing hunger, perpetual sexual arousal, and lack of release. Cora browsed through the notes she had written about the strange purple mushrooms and about how the doe and the bird had grown immediately after eating them.

Clearly, whatever was happening to those two animals was also happening to her...but then she thumbed back a couple pages and she saw her notes on the shrunken stag that she had seen a few days before. Now what was going on there? Had the stag eaten the same mushrooms, and just shrunk instead of grown? If so, why?

Cora's mind was alive with possibilities — maybe the mushrooms only grew female animals and shrank male animals! She chuckled to herself...that would be pretty funny, if that were the case. She kept thinking; maybe there was another fungi that grew somewhere close by that was shrunk animals instead of growing them.

'Hmmm,' Cora thought to herself, 'it already seemed impossible before that such a fungi could exist — it's unlikely that there's a whole *other* "shrinking" type that no one knew about.' But still, she allowed this possible explanation to exist in her mind, and she filed it away as she kept thinking. After a few more minutes, she thought of another explanation, and this one seemed more plausible than any of the others. The stag, she reasoned, probably ate something else before it ate the mushroom, and some kind of chemical reaction occurred inside its body, between the food it consumed and the mushroom, that led to it shrinking instead of growing.

Cora nodded her head — this definitely seemed like the most plausible explanation, since it was the simplest she had come up with. It didn't involve the mushroom possessing all kinds of weird and undiscovered properties that acted only on females...besides, as a horticulturist, Cora knew that "female" wasn't a catch-all term that extended across the board. It meant different things for different species of plants and animals. She was so far into her notes and scientific musings that she had almost forgotten her predicament, but suddenly, in that moment, her stomach growled loudly as she felt her clit give a craving twinge. Cora sighed in frustration — there was no distracting herself from this...

CHAPTER EIGHT

A couple days later, two very different young women were sneaking through the forest. It was in the dead of night, and a couple miles away, the town slept quietly. Far up on the overlooking hill, the lights were still on in the Calloway mansion; apparently Maya and Georgiana were still busy, even at this hour. But these two women weren't headed for town or for Georgiana's residence. Instead, they had in their sights the large, luxury cabin that opened up before them as they stepped carefully out of the trees.

"You're sure this is it, Brittany?" whispered Olivia, pausing as she scrutinized the facade of the large cabin in the moonlight. At just about 5'7, Olivia was shorter than Brittany, but just as gorgeous. Her green eyes, softer and yet somehow more smug than Brittany's, glittered in the moonlight, accentuating the soft peach color of her face, which looked almost pale under the stars. Like Brittany, Olivia's body was toned, but her curves, particularly around her hips and ass, were more pronounced and impressive. Her brunette hair appeared darker and more mysterious at night.

"Uh yeah, pretty sure it's the one," answered Brittany, checking Instagram one more time just to be sure. Brittany's height, at 5'11, made her more immediately imposing than Olivia, but she was just as attractive, with a toned body that was less curvy, but more athletic, than Olivia's. Her skin was a touch tanner, perfectly colored from hours spent in tanning beds, and, like Olivia, her eyes were a piercing green, glittering and glinting under the moon and stars.

"Yep, this is it. And look...not a single light on in the house," Brittany noted with satisfaction.

"You'd think the bitch wouldn't be so stupid as to advertise to the whole world that she was in Europe and left her vacation house unguarded," chuckled Olivia, shaking her head. "But then, Nora Lee wasn't always the sharpest tool in the shed."

Olivia and Brittany knew Nora from college, when they had all three taken a women's studies class together. Nora had always tried very hard in the class, and striven to participate each day. Her work ethic had earned her an "A" in the course and the admiration of their professor, but it had also earned her disdain and resentment from Olivia and Brittany. As two girls who cared more about partying than studying, they had always resented those girls who tried to ingratiate themselves to authority figures. As far as Olivia and Brittany were concerned, all these "try-hard" girls did was make them look bad.

"Ha! You can say that again," replied Brittany. "She's too busy being a softhearted little bitch to even think that she's totally left her whole fancy-ass cabin open for the taking."

"That's the problem with these 'nice' people," agreed Olivia, as they made their way up to Nora's dark cabin. "They assume that everyone else is as insufferable as they are, and then they act like the victims when people...uh...when people..."

"Correctly take advantage of them?" offered Brittany as they came up to the front door.

"I...uh, yeah," said Olivia. "I was just...um, thinking how we're actually gonna get in here. That's...a pretty big door."

"Maybe...heh, yeah, maybe we can't actually, like break through the door," said Brittany, who was also re-assessing the situation. For some reason, the two of them had thought that

breaking in through the front door was going to be easy, but staring up at Nora's large oak doorway, they were having second thoughts.

"How about over there?" suggested Brittany, turning on the flashlight on her phone and shining it towards a small side window.

"Hey, wait!" hissed Olivia, bringing her hand down on Olivia's phone. "Don't use that yet! Someone might see us!"

"Okay, geez, I was just...fine, whatever," said Brittany fussily as she moved closer to the window. "Look, it showed us that we can totally get in through here! We just need to break one of these panes, and we're in!"

"Just...okay...okay, good," whispered Olivia, coming around behind Brittany as the two of them sidled softly off the porch towards the window. "Just make sure you're quiet when you break it."

"I *am* quiet!" hissed Brittany annoyedly as she picked up a rock. "Just stand back, okay?"

A moment later, the sound of gently tinkling glass sounded through the house. Outside, in the forest, it was barely heard, but inside, where it was especially quiet, the sound could be heard throughout the house.

"That quiet enough for you?" whispered Brittany, turning to Olivia with a raised eyebrow.

"Sure yeah whatever, let's go in!" replied Olivia. One by one, they crawled in through the broken window, taking care to avoid the jagged glass on their way in. They were standing in the foyer, which opened up into the kitchen. Even though it was quite dark, the moonlight that spilled in through the windows was more than enough to illuminate the tall, arching interior. They promptly stopped in their tracks and stared up at the 12-foot-tall ceilings.

"Geeez," breathed Olivia, looking up at the cabin's massive interior, "This place is huuuuuge."

"Well, we've hit the jackpot, haven't we?" whispered Brittany, who was beginning to get excited. "The bigger the place, the more shit for us to steal!"

"Why are we even whispering?" laughed Olivia, raising her voice as she spread her arms wide, like she was welcoming all of Nora's possessions into her arms. "We're inside now! No one's gonna hear us!"

"Let's go to her bedroom first!" said Brittany greedily, rubbing her hands together. "I bet that's where she keeps her jewelry."

"Now all we need to do is find it in this ugly-ass maze of a —"

A loud creak suddenly echoed through the house. Both women froze. It came from somewhere in the back of the house. For a couple seconds, Olivia and Brittany briefly considered diving back through the broken window. But the glass on the floor, and the fact that the creak seemed to be isolated, kept them rooted in place. 45 seconds passed by, and neither woman had made a movement. They were both staring at each other, with their eyes going back and forth from the other's face down the deep, yawning mouth of the hallway beside them.

"I think...it was just the wind...or something," Olivia ventured.

"But th-there...there wasn't any wind before we came in," replied Brittany. They were definitely whispering now. They paused for a good 30 seconds more, without any more noises issuing from down the hallway. The wind outside had kicked up a bit, though, and they were almost relieved to see the fir trees blowing in the moonlight outside, with some of the branches tapping against the side of the house. Far from being reassured, though, the whole effect was eerie. Both women were struggling with the nagging thought that the initial noise had actually come from *inside* the house.

"Well! Look, the wind's blowing outside," whispered Brittany, pointing out a window. "See? Nothing to worry about. Let's go find the bedroom."

"Okay," agreed Olivia, and both women began to proceed with caution down the long dark hallway, which seemed to open up before them like a huge mouth. They groped in the darkness down the hallway for a little bit, until Olivia suddenly tapped Brittany's arm.

"What are we doing?" Olivia whispered. "We can use our flashlights now!"

"Oh yeah," said Brittany, immediately whipping her phone out and turning on the flashlight. "I just, uhh...heheh, kinda forgot about that for a second." Neither girl wanted to admit that they had been scared, and that even though they were feeling a bit reassured about everything now, their anxiety was far from over.

They had reached the kitchen now, and almost immediately, Olivia found her eye drawn to a strange purple mushroom on the counter. Without thinking, she walked over and picked it up.

"Whacha got there?" whispered Brittany, sidling over.

"It's...huh, it's like...some kind of mushroom, I think," whispered Olivia back, turning the odd little fungus over in her hand. "Never seen one like this before."

"Wow, it's like...super purple," remarked Brittany, still speaking in a whisper. "It looks so...uh...so..."

"So weird?" laughed Olivia.

"Ha, uh, yeah!" returned Brittany, nodding, adding quickly after, "I bet Nora thinks she's some kind of big-shot collector of, like, rare fungi or something."

"Well, not after tonight," chuckled Olivia, slipping the mushroom into her purse. "Anything she's got that's worth anything will be ours after we're through with this place!"

They continued exploring down the long dark hallway, but upon reaching a dead-end without finding the bedroom, they both started to turn right.

"Hold on!" said Brittany, still whispering, "Shouldn't we, like, split up or something?"

"Split up?" asked Olivia, sounding less than convinced.

“That way we’ll find the bedroom sooner!” whispered Brittany. Like Olivia, she was keen on finding Nora’s jewelry and then getting the hell out of there. It was already beginning to feel too creepy for comfort in there.

“Uhhh...sure,” whispered Olivia, still not liking the idea, but also not wanting to sound like a chicken. The two would-be thieves moved down opposite ends of the hallway, moving with a pronounced sense of caution as they shined their flashlights up and down the walls, looking for the bedroom door. Both women felt like they were descending into even darker, deeper gloom. The huge cabin seemed to close around them the deeper into it they went, with the massive, high ceilings only adding to their sense that they were heading through a tortuous, labyrinthine maze.

Suddenly, once they had reached dead ends again, another loud sound came clattering through the house. This time, they both couldn’t help but think that it sounded nothing like the wind; instead, it sounded like a pair of gigantic bare feet thumping along the floor. It went on for a few seconds, and then came to an abrupt halt, the echoes sounding off the wooden walls before going silent once more.

Olivia and Brittany both froze again, their hearts leaping up into their mouths. For a number of agonizing seconds, neither of them had the ability (or the inclination) to say anything. As the seconds continued to pass by, however, the silence seemed to mock them, and Brittany cracked first.

“Ol-Olivia?!” she exclaimed, her voice strained and shaky, “Is...Is that you?!”

“N-No!” came Olivia’s scared voice a moment later, from a distant part of the house. “N-No...I...I thought it was you!”

Whatever was going on, it wasn’t sitting well with either of the young thieves. At this point, however, neither of them felt like they had much of an option other than to keep up the search. Like Brittany said, the sooner they found what they were looking for, the better.

At last, after a few more scary minutes, Brittany gave a little whoop.

“Found it! I found it, Olivia! Come on!”

Olivia came as quickly as she could, and a few seconds later, they were standing in the huge doorway of Nora’s bedroom. Their flashlights both fell on the chest-of-drawers, which had an open jewelry box on top of it. The emeralds, rubies, and diamonds from Nora’s necklaces, rings, and earrings glinted strangely in the cellphone’s light.

“Bingo,” whispered Olivia. “Come on, let’s fill our bags and get out of here.”

They moved forward towards the dresser, getting out the bags they had brought with them. Before they could start filling them, however, a huge, jolting sound came up from behind them, and the entire king-sized bed moved. Brittany and Olivia turned around, shining their flashlights in the direction of the noise, and what they saw made their blood run cold with a fear they didn’t even know was possible.

A gigantic, naked, and intimidatingly muscled woman was standing before them, with one foot on either side of the bed. This wasn’t just one of those “amazon” women that the two girls had

seen in those competitions on TV—this was something totally different. Even though the ceilings were 12 feet high, the top of this woman's head wasn't far from grazing the wooden rafters that hung down from the ceiling. Her body was amazingly defined, with her 6-pack jutting out in a superhero-like array down her abdomen. Her arms and legs were likewise incredibly strong and massively muscled; her biceps and quadriceps looked especially impressive.

But perhaps the most terrifying aspect of all was the fact that this woman, whoever she was, looked totally unhinged. Olivia and Brittany saw that this giantess, whoever she was, had a wild and crazy look in her eye, a look that was positively glowering. What's more, her huge body was shaking with what looked like unmistakable anger. The air itself seemed to solidify around them. The two women had never been so scared in their entire life.

"INTRUDERS!" shouted the gigantic woman, vibrating the very air with her voice.

Olivia and Brittany screamed out in fear and bolted out of the room, practically falling over each other as they sprinted out of the house, dropping their bags as they went. Olivia, however, still managed to hold onto her purse, since it was slung around her shoulder. Both women tumbled out of the window, rolled down the embankment into the forest, and ran off as fast as their legs could carry them.