

growing into the job

book fourteen



by **stevebasic**

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Growing into the Job is a work of fiction, and a relatively banal one at that. The author of this piece is woefully undereducated in the medical sciences pertaining to shrinking men or giant ladies. Any similarity to anything approaching actual scientific knowledge, or literature in general, is purely coincidental. All characters are intended to be of ages eighteen years or older. It is not meant for minors or the illiterate.

Big thanks to all my contributors and friends who've helped me along the way so far. I have tried to credit their efforts entry-by-entry, but please forgive any omissions of acknowledgement; it's not intentional. I've been lucky to work with great talents, and GITJ wouldn't be the same project without them.

Thanks for reading.
-stevebasic

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"Oh, hey," I said, as I stepped into the kitchen that rainy Sunday morning. I had a throbbing headache, a bit like a hangover but as far as I could remember I hadn't had a drop last night. Or maybe I had? I was also sore just about everywhere, most acutely the, uh, parts between my legs. They'd had quite a bit of use yesterday. What was it? Four times? Five?

"Hey," drawled Amelia, the other sole occupant of the kitchen. It was early-ish, the weird, heretofore unseen clock of Melissa's mom had just struck I dunno seven-eight-or-I-don't-know a bunch of times just a few minutes ago as my head pounded along with it. She was wearing a casual, long sleeved white thermal and some yoga pants. Her makeup was light, which was rather atypical for her.

Maybe it was just leftover from last night. I noticed she was slicing an apple...casually using her impressive fingernails. "Want some?" she asked.

"Uh, no thanks..." I answered, watching for a moment as the long, white-painted nail of her right hand slivered off another slice, cutting through the apple like butter. *Just another thing to add to the weirdness that was this weekend, I thought.* At the very least, standing there for a moment and watching her distracted me from my vague sense of awareness that things felt different to me than they had yesterday morning. The house seemed bigger to me, the counters higher. Yes, Amelia had been going through this same strange growth spurt as the other girls had over the past couple months and even here in her bare feet she stood at least six feet tall, but I couldn't ignore the creeping feeling that I'd become shorter *again*, just in the past day. I pushed that frankly terrifying notion deep back in my mind, like I'd somehow done many times before.

"Is anyone else still here?" I asked.



"No I'm the last one," Amelia answered, as she casually speared an apple slice onto the nail of her right index finger, "and I'm leaving." She popped the piece in her mouth, and speared another. With her other hand she picked up a white travel mug adorned with what looked like the symbol of the New Woman Party, emblazoned in deep pink.

"Coffee?" she asked.

The kitchen had one of those fancy single-serve units, built into the counter.

"N-no thanks," I answered.

"Oh yeah that's right," Amelia said, between another bite of apple and a sip from the mug, "Melissa only lets you have milk."

I flushed, unable to find the strength of will for an argument. Memories of last night flashed before me. A mug of warm milk...*human milk*. It sent a shiver down my spine.

"I hear she's your sugar-mama now," Amelia continued, regarding me with cool interest as I stood there awkwardly. I hadn't moved a step since first setting foot in the kitchen.

"She's...what?" I asked, a little confused.

"She's giving you money now?" the buxom blonde said in retort, with arched brow and another bite of apple, "that officially makes her a sugar mama."

"Oh, th-that..." I stammered. *How had she heard?* "That's just a one time th-"

"Sure don't worry," Amelia answered, reading the embarrassment right off my face, "It's no big deal to her. You should see her bank account. It's huge."

For a moment, that took me aback. I never considered whether Melissa had money. I figured that she was like most every other twenty-something in today's world, just trying to make ends meet and maybe slowly putting something aside for the future. I knew she'd worked as a small-time model for a bit, but besides that most of her work history had been relatively meager-paying jobs. But, after our conversation last night, considering this elegant home of her mother's, and now with this nugget from Amelia I was beginning to see things differently. Maybe *she* was the one with the financial power in our relationship. After my divorce, I certainly didn't have much to my name. Not anymore.

That reminded me. I had some work to do today, some paperwork, some things I was still responsible for after Olivia had taken the reins. It wasn't a lot, but I'd been

told they wanted it for tomorrow. Some stuff for the building permits and some new clinical trials. "Hey, um, Amelia?" I began, "could I grab a ride home?"

Her answer came straightaway. "No. Melissa will drive you home when she wants."

That statement, also, struck me funny. And again I didn't have the fortitude to argue or complain. *I guess I'll be waiting for you.* I put that little humiliation to the back of my mind as well.

I glanced around the room, the white marble countertops, searching for what had originally pulled me downstairs. It had been missing since...I dunno when.

"Looking for your phone?" Amelia asked, watching me as she took another sip of coffee and grabbed a jangle of keys from the counter. "Check around the pool," she said, "we were playing with it last night."

Ah okay. Despite being uncomfortable with the fact that my young employees had been maybe going through my phone, I thanked Amelia and - without much else besides a 'bye' - she turned and left the room, taking her coffee with her. I watched her curvy hips sway away and felt a wave cloud of perfume recede from the room behind her frankly jaw-dropping ass and shapely back.

Immediately, things felt strangely colder, darker, and I felt a little smaller. Maybe a storm cloud had further darkened the scant mid-November sun. Anxiety began to tickle my bones and I wanted nothing more than to just find my phone and scamper back upstairs to bed with Melissa, where it was warm and, frankly, safe. I could stay there with her until she was ready to drive me home. I had woken with my face alongside her naked breast and I somehow found the strength to peel away while she slept, but suddenly I really wanted to go back. I wanted her scent and warmth again to the point it felt uncomfortable not to be next to her. I'd become spoiled by it.

It was a Sunday morning, after all. *A time made for cuddling, you'd tell me.*

But, first, I wanted to find my phone. There was nothing in the kitchen, so on unsteady feet, I made it out to the soaring great room while trying to ignore the worsening of my headache. Amelia said it might be out by the indoor pool, so I headed in that direction. Looking over the now-empty couch and floor brought back vague memories, which made me reflect on and justify how I spent last night. My mind, truth be told, couldn't quite accept that the last 24 hours had really taken place. Echoes of the girls laughing filled my mind as I tried to remember what happened last night. Flashes of breasts and curvy hips plagued me as I searched the couch cushions for my phone. I couldn't remember what really happened, and the more I tried to the more it slipped away. All I could remember was bits and pieces...feelings. I remembered skin and touching and kisses that

had seemed all too real at the time but my current sense of logic was already rationalizing these strange memories away, altering them for my own mental well being. That I'd seen...*or had I?*...women grow before my very eyes was ridiculous. It was almost like something out of a movie or an animation. *No, that couldn't be right.* My mind was clearly getting the best of me. Whatever happened couldn't have been that weird. *Maybe I'll ask Melissa after I finally find my phone,* I figured. Similar to how I was denying the feelings that everything seemed larger, I didn't want to accept that I may be smaller now than when I first stepped through Melissa's door on Friday evening. My brain was adapting. Protecting me. Keeping me sane. *Or, maybe this is insanity? Is that what you want?*

Nonetheless, despite all my subconscious attempts to see the world as normal, standing next to familiar standardized constructs like doorways, light switches and tables I was constantly reminded of my altered state. The sliding glass door to the indoor pool seemed so much bigger and heavier than it should, and it took all my effort to pull it open.

Stepping into the room, the pool filter was on, and the hum of it buzzed in the chlorinated air. Ripples shimmered over the surface of the water but as I made my way midway around the perimeter I spied it, my phone...sitting on the bottom of the deep end. *Ugh.*

Phones, these days, were made to be waterproof, right? I mean, I'd never really tested mine out but...maybe it survived? How it had gotten there - were the girls using it to take pictures? Look through my apps and documents? Email and texts? Whatever it was, why did they have it in the pool? I didn't need to concern myself with that yet. I just needed to retrieve it. Hm...it was only Melissa and myself here, now. I could shed these clothes (a t-shirt and gym shorts Melissa had picked up for me at the mall yesterday, fresh from the shopping bag this morning while she slept), dive in and grab it. But...I seemed to remember something, some time in the pool yesterday. Had I...had trouble swimming? There was something, some new anxiety I felt when I looked down into the depths of the pool - maybe it was eight feet or so - that kept me from jumping in. A quiet little dread. I wasn't *afraid of the water*, was I?? As I stood there debating on whether to get in my eyes spotted a net, a skimmer on the end of a long, telescoping pole hanging on the wall...that felt safer

Feeling heavier than it should as I tested it, the skimmer net should help me get the phone off the bottom without me having to get in. That made me feel better. So, without too much hesitation I had the thing off the wall and telescoped it out to its full length. It was kind of ungainly, I realized, as I slowly stepped toward the pool's edge. I dipped the thing in the water, lowered it down and, awkwardly, started trying to scoop my phone off the bottom.

"Dammit..." I murmured, as at first all I managed to do was push it farther away, towards the pool's center. A wave of something - dizziness? anxiety? - washed over me. *Maybe I should just wait for you to come down and do it for me?* No no, I could do this. I just needed to get a little closer. I crouched down and stretched out over the edge as far as I could. That got me *just about...yeah...almost there*. I stretched my arms out as far as they would go. They shook from the exertion, but I could - just barely - touch the edge of my phone at the bottom of the pool. Now I just had to pull it back. *This would have been so much easier if I were just a bit taller* I thought, but goddammit I was gonna get this done. It was just within reach! After a few desperate attempts to pull the phone toward me my body reached its limit. I was already out of breath. I had clearly overestimated how much my body could do in its weakened and shrunken state, but still I thought I could do this. I just needed to reach out...a bit more...

Ahhh shhhhhhhhitrrrrt....

<<SPLASH!!>>

The water hit my body like a shock as I crashed face first in the pool. My mouth filled with warm pool water as I wrestled with the net still in my hands. Coughing and sputtering my head broke the surface my arms helicoptering wildly in attempt to stay afloat. I threw the net aside my lungs burning as the panic set in.

I can't swim! I really can't swim!!

My legs kicked frantically as I tried to keep my head above water. "AHHHHGgglp-!!" I cried as I went under and swallowed another mouthful of chlorinated pool water. My arms and legs began to pinwheel in uncoordinated spasms, my head breaking the surface for a second as I finally opened my eyes and looked into the great room through heavy glass doors. I tried to cough, to scream, only to be met with yet another mouthful of water.

No one was there! I was alone drowning in an indoor pool inside my girlfriend's mom's house and no one could hear me! I tried to scream anyway, to call for help but all that came out were tortured gasps and sputters as my lungs expelled mouthfuls of water.

This is it?? This is how things are going to end??

My thrashing began to slow as I ran out of energy unable to find purchase on the pool's edge. My head dipped below the surface and I started to sink.

Melissa... I found myself thinking, I'm sorry...

>>>THOOM!!<< a huge crash from above, through the water, and Melissa was there, in the depths with me, breaking the surface and in an instant down under, aside me, in front of me, naked, hands under my armpits and her feet on the pool's floor. Her eyes were wide, looking into my own panicked ones, and with a burst of strength she pushed us up to the water's surface.

>>>AHHHHHHH!!!<<<

"Shhh...shhhhh...it's okay now. I got you."

I coughed as I struggled to breathe.

Melissa pinched my nose and took me into a long powerful kiss filling me with her breath as she sucked the water out of my lungs.

Air, in my lungs. Then water, rocketing out of them. I coughed. I coughed and coughed feeling my eyes near to bursting. Her eyes were still on me, in half-panic herself.

"JayOhMyGOD!!!" she exclaimed, as she all but shook me back to life.

>>cough cough cough!!!<<

"JAY ARE YOU OKAY?!?!"

She was...she was naked.

>>cough cough<< >>cough cough<<

"Talk to me! Jay!"

>>cough...cough<< "yes...yes...<cough>...I'm okay..."

She was definitely naked.

"THANK GOD!"

Still swimming, still treading water there in the deep end, Melissa hugged me to her. Had she just saved my life? I think she did...

=====



Something's not right, I thought, as suddenly my eyes shot open in the morning light and a sense of something dark and awful stormed through me. *Something is very very wrong.*

I sat upright, in my messy bed. I'd slept - I'd actually *slept* - there beside him for like a lot of hours. Funny, haha, with all the changes in me, all I'd gained, getting that much sleep was kinda weird. I'd almost forgotten what it felt like.

Wait...where was Jay?

A cold fear filled me. *That's something else I'm not used to...but I knew what it meant.* I bolted upright like on instinct, leapt out of bed and shot out of my bedroom dressed in nothing but the robe I'd slept in.

Something is wrong. Something is wrong. Something is desperately horribly wrong.

My hands found themselves on the railing of the upstairs balcony hallway and before even a thought I had vaulted over it, was flying in the air and dropping fifteen feet to the first floor. I hit the ground of the great room like I weighed a ton, the thunderous <<BOOM>> of my feet shaking the house and cracking something below me.

Feeling suddenly like a new force of nature I stood up in the great room and my eyes went super-focused. I scanned the room. Everything seemed...fine. It was nice and quiet. Well...*wait.* There was a broken floor-to-ceiling window over there, shattered inward, partially cleaned up and covered with plastic. *But that's not you...*that was Marisela. How did I know that? I dunno but I totally ignored it. It was clear that everyone had already left, and nothing else *looked* wrong, but still I couldn't shake this terrible sense of badness.

I struggled to keep my voice calm. "Jay! Jay honey where are you!?" I called out as my haha almost x-ray eyes searched the room looking for him. *I somehow know you're close by, and you're in trouble, but wh-* And then I saw him, through the open slider doors, in the pool. Just the hint of the top of his head as it sunk into the water.

I rushed forward causing the glass door to nearly shatter as I threw it wider open and ran into the pool enclosure.

Oh no...Oh God!

Even in my rush I was able to open my robe, shed it, causing it to fly off behind me and from ten feet away I took a leap -

I was underwater, I was grabbing hold of him; he'd sunk to the bottom. His eyes were open, they met mine. He was so scared. He needed me.

I took hold of him with both hands pulling him close to me as I used my long, powerful legs to push off the bottom of the pool sending us up, through the water, past the surface.

"Jay!!!"

He couldn't even cough as he struggled to breathe.

I can make him breathe

Holding his limp body there in my arms, my feet treading the water in the deep end, I pinched his nose and put my mouth over his, holding him in a long deep kiss as I breathed life into him.

Jay!!

I can control his breathing.

With my air in his lungs I sucked deep pulling the water from him until he needed to cough. Then water, gushing out of them. He coughed. He coughed and coughed and then his eyes shot open near to bursting. *You're alive!!!* So scared, but he was alive. My eyes were still on him, in half-panic myself.

"JayOhMyGOD!!!" I exclaimed, as I all but shook him back to life.

>>cough cough cough!!!<<

"JAY ARE YOU OKAY?!?!"

I held him to me, one arm around his torso, the other supporting his head. His arms were over my shoulders.

>>cough cough<< >>cough cough<<

"Talk to me! Jay!"

>>cough...cough<< "yes...yes...<cough>...I'm okay..."

I pulled him into me tighter. Through my bare breasts I could feel his heart pounding, racing.

"THANK GOD!"

He started to sob, in big wracking breaths.

"Shhh...shhhhh...it's okay now," I told him, trying to settle my own voice from my own panic, be strong and calm for him, "I got you."

I held him close against my bare chest allowing him to soak me in, my warmth and love, taking my pheromones right from my wet skin. I was slowly able to calm him down, and had paddled us closer to the shallow end, so my feet could just touch

"How are you feeling?" I asked, using my left hand to gently pull his head back onto my right shoulder.

"I...I feel alright. But I have a throbbing headache," he admitted.

I tutted, and laid my hand on his wet head. Cupping it from the back, I ran it up, over his little skull, and palmed his forehead. A cool peace passed from me to him, and I removed my hand. He looked up at me.

"Headache's gone?" I asked.

"Y-yeah..." he answered, in obvious awe. The look on his face made me, again, want to fuck him silly. But I'd learned, I guess, enough in therapy. *Hold your horses, Missy. You'll get what you want.*

He looked down, into my bobbing cleavage. In the water they shone, they jiggled and wobbled buoyantly.

"They're like floaties, huh?" I asked, giggling.

"y-yeah," he answered, apparently entranced by my haha giant inflated pool toys.

"Do you like how big they're getting?" I asked, gently sloshing myself up and down a little to bring them more movement, more jiggles for him to stare at. He stammered something but was mostly speechless. "I've grown 8 cups sizes since I started working here," I told him, still giggling, "and I think it's because of you."

"m-me?" he answered. *Eight cup sizes?! I could hear it steamrolling through his brain, like he couldn't believe it, Eight!?! Because of-??*

"Yes you silly," I giggled, rocking my shoulders to give my floating tits some extra waves, "I know how much you like them big."

"haha s-sure..." he tried to chuckle.

He doesn't believe me. "Seriously," I laughed, "I think my whole body is changing, becoming more what you need."

Now he looked up at me. I loved this man, and was starting to feel like I didn't care if he knew. But...I didn't want to freak him out. Better to keep it light.

"More and more and more!" I laughed again, wobbling my big buoyant boobs, feeling my muscles slowly start to swell, "More Melissssy, everywhere. That's what you want right haha!"

The poor thing looked confused. "y-you're just, like...going to the gym a lot, right?" he asked, the dear, "Eating more?"

He makes me giggle so hard! "Omigod Jay," I smiled, "you're adorable..." Moving into water that was a bit more shallow, more of my breasts now rose above the surface. His eyes went back down to them. *They really are so big!* "All the chest presses and dumbbell flys in the world wouldn't do this, sweetie," I continued, seeing how rapt he was with, frankly, how jaw-droppingly perfect my breasts were, "neither would the milkshakes. I have you to thank for this, my little boob-monkey."

"Boob monkey?" he complained, though still unable to peel his peepers from my tit.

I see you looking at my nipple. I'll give you a moment...

He didn't look away.

"See..? See what I mean? You're staring at my nipple. You can't keep your eyes off it."

That, actually, got him to tear his eyes off it. The look he gave me made my heart melt. *You really want this, don't you?*

"Do you want to practice what we were doing last night?" I asked, tenderly. *Okay, sweetie, if that's what you need...*

His brow knit in a question.

...even if you don't know it yourself.

"Dry-nursing," I continued.

That got his attention. "I, uh-" he tried. Through my chest, I felt his pulse starting to quicken. I guess mine had too. He was already really hard.

"Except...I'm all wet with pool water..." I said, as I began to readjust him in my arms, lower him a bit, tilt him more into a carry-cradle. I was bringing his face now closer to my big left breast, which aside from a bit of its lower swell now completely cleared the water. "...so it'll be more like...wet nursing <giggle!>"

My pheromones (did I spell that right, finally?) have a range kind of like a bad home wifi network. Close to me they're really strong, further away not so much. I know that when he's far from me, or from the artificial ones they pump into the office, or from the ones coming from the other girls, he starts to feel a bit weird. The pool water on my skin, in fact, was keeping my perfumes from really getting to

him, but now as I brought him towards my nipple, I could feel it in how his body relaxed. They were strong, right around it, at my areolae. I don't know if he would have complained anyway, but I saw how his eyes dilated and how he settled right in. I barely had to do anything, just cradle his head to me and he opened up naturally himself, latching on. Yes, I had some warm pool water on me, and he probably first got a taste of that. But, then, I could feel my pheromones redoubling and even though I had no milk for him the pheromones coming from my breast began to lull him, arouse him, bond him to me. God it felt good! 'Yes, baby, suck my nipple,' I wanted to tell him...and, haha, I think I maybe even did!

Again, he didn't complain, or fuss, or fidget at all. Maybe because of what he'd just been through, or maybe because we'd practiced this last night, but Jay just took right to nipple-sucking. I'd swelled up, harder and bigger in his mouth, my aureole puffing. He just closed his eyes and suckled, his thin little arms now curled up in front of him. He was, this morning after his accident, extra submissive and cuddly, so I guess this was coming just naturally. "I think you probably tripped and fell into the pool because you don't understand how uncoordinated and weak you've gotten," I spoke down to him, with a smile watching him buried in my breast, "It was an honest slip, a mistake. But it wouldn't have happened if you were a strong, coordinated adult, would it?"

Ooo, you just got tense. I can tell that struck home a little. But, so sorry, we have to do this. That he just kept dry-nursing, and even buried himself in a little deeper...that was encouraging, that was good. *You're learning, accepting.* I felt so proud of him.

In fact, we heard it aloud.

"That's a good mama, keeping him safe," came Josie's voice.

We both looked up, me smiling, him just with wide, shocked and dismayed eyes, to see Josie standing there on the pool deck. She was dressed casually, sweatpants and a tee. Immediately his head tried to pull itself from my breast but I just held him there, told him to shush, relax.

Josie had come back to pick up her bag, which she'd forgotten, she said. But she'd felt something was wrong even before she'd pulled in, and when I told her what had happened - the fall into the pool, me saving him - she seemed both surprised and relieved. Jay was mortified, I could tell, but after his first try at peeling himself off me he'd been a good boy and basically just kept quiet, even still sucking.

"Well, I see someone's back to their normal self," Josie said,

sounding rather amused by how awkward he'd seemed for a moment, but then how he seemed mostly at peace again. *Pheromones are so great, aren't they?* "Are you two just hanging out today?" she asked.

At that, I figured he should probably say hi. So, I gently pulled my nipple from his mouth and spun him around in my arms, so he could see Josie. He was still submerged from the neck down but his head was right between my breasts.

"I think so, right honey?" I asked, looking down at the top of his little head, his wet hair. I couldn't see much! "You want to hang out here with me all day?"

Jay, for his part, didn't have much to say, didn't answer. I didn't mind, I'd give him some time. Maybe the dry-nursing had done something to him.

"He doesn't want to talk, huh?" Josie said, cocking her head down at him, "You could have just kept his face on your boob I guess."

I giggled. "Oh, sweetie, don't be shy!" I implored, "I don't mind if you talk with people from between my breasts." *In fact I might prefer it.*

At that, we both giggled, Josie and I, and I just hugged him to me, both hands around his chest, a bit more tightly. He was embarrassed, yes. *But you shouldn't be. We all love you!*

Anyway, after a little bit more, Josie thanked us both for the fun night and left. I told her to drive safe in the rain and called after her to make sure to lock the door behind herself.

"Alone again, baby," I said, as I lifted him up and turned him, again, to face me. My ears picked up the sound of the front door closing, and that the latch had been turned. "Just the two of us, no one to bother us. We have the whole day together," I said, watching the emotions play over his incredible, adorable face, "what do you want to do..?"

=====

"I, um, have a lot of paperwork to do today."

"*Paperwork?! pppfffft.* Nope, haha, not happening," Melissa laughed. "Today is our lazy Sunday together. You can do it tomorrow."

The tall woman, whose long, wet, dark hair flowed down her back six inches longer than last night, held her lover by the underarms. His upper body was suspended above the water, and with her inhuman strength she effortlessly raised him even higher until his half-erect member bobbed in front of her. She had just saved his life from drowning which - coupled with the attention he'd just been paying to her left nipple - had turned her energy on high. The rays of meager morning sunshine which filtered through rain clouds made the surface of the water sparkle. "Paperwork can wait. Today I have you *allllll* to myself."

"Uhm it's due tonight by m-midnight..." he stuttered nervously. He'd just been caught wetly suckling her bare breast by one of his young employees. His own hair was plastered down his forehead. He felt awkward. "Gianna needs it, uh, for the st-"

Suddenly, he was flying backwards in the air, away from her, arms flailing.

<SPLASH!>

She'd just thrown him, like a sack of flour, about eight feet away. His feet hit the pool floor, just barely, in four-and-a-half feet of water. He was able to bob upwards but if he was going to breathe he would need to tread water. "Melissa..!!" he called, a new panic dramatically echoing off the glass walls of the pool enclosure. His face went under, and he pushed upwards again. "Help-p-p!!" he sputtered.

Melissa, for the moment, did not move. She noted that if he'd ever been able to swim he'd forgotten how. It was as if his body had lost the ability. While she watched his struggles he looked at her with panicked eyes as he sank under.

<blub blub blub>

She watched.

"What are you do-BLUrgK!!" he cried, surfacing again for just a second, before sinking back down. He was suddenly once again in fear for his life - in the shallows of a suburban indoor pool!

"Can you swim to me?" she asked calmly, when his face appeared again, gasping for breath. It was quickly clear to her that he was truly traumatized and just

terrified of the water, unable to coordinate even the most basic skills to save himself. *He just needs to be saved, held and protected.* Her bare nipples tingled, seeing him so scared and upset, causing every cell of her naked body to tell her to go to him, save him.

Casually, she waded through the water towards him. He began to reach for her, able to rise above the water for a moment in a clumsy dog-paddle. He was trying to swim to her, but he was failing. Just as she got within his reach he saw her lips part as she drew in a deep breath, taking massive amounts of air into her giant lungs. She pursed her lips, and with puffed-out cheeks just *blewwwww*.

As if under a strong wind the surface between them roiled into waves, and with the mere force of her exhalation he was pushed back another several feet through the water, away from her. "Melissa!!" he called again in new panic, now even further from safety. What had she just done?!?

I guess I just blew you away! she giggled to herself, mischievously self-impressed. The abilities her body was collecting were adding up, and she couldn't help but feel a wicked excitement. But, with her shrunken boyfriend nearly ready to drown again, her protective instincts began to eclipse her exhilaration and she stepped towards him once again.

It happened automatically, Melissa saw, how he reached out to her. In the new danger he'd responded by looking to her, grabbing for her. A moment later he was in her strong arms again and when he looked up he could only see approval on her face. With her holding him to her naked chest, he nuzzled into her, trying to ease his distress. He sought greater contact and she loved it.

"Don't worry mama's got you," she cooed, gathering him up in her arms into a cradle, "you're safe now." Though he was still too panicked to let the significance of what she had just said to sink in, she felt it all. She stepped with him into water where he could, if he wished, now stand. She knew the water was still either too deep or too scary for him, even if he could technically reach.

She could calm him down with her perfumes, set him down, get him to relax and become more comfortable in the water. She could teach him again to swim, play little games with him if she wanted. She earnestly cared about him and wanted him happy, but in the back of her mind she was getting a dark thrill. Playing with his life with dangers that she could easily control was fun! She felt a little guilty even thinking it, but *maybe*, maybe it was better if he *couldn't* swim, if he remained helpless. It secretly turned her on to know that she held his life in her hands and he was completely reliant on her here in the pool. Plus, he was so damn cute, in her arms like this!

Dr J., meanwhile, was on the verge of tears and having a quiet nervous breakdown. Truth be told he'd been living in the middle of one for months now. But the anxiety, at the moment, was acute. He was clearly terrified of the water, and she could sense it. Despite this, she held him in the pool, even though she knew that he needed nothing more than to be taken out, dried off, warmed up and pampered.

That can happen later, she thought, as she gazed down at his trembling form. Even in his fright, his erection was growing, and she watched it swelling before her eyes. *Big boobs right near your face will do that, hm? Even though you almost just died?*

Her skin buzzed. His dependence on her was like a sweet drink, a drug. She could feel it in her bones; she needed to pleasure him, show him how much he needed her. "You're shivering, you poor thing, so afraid and tense," she cooed down to him, stepping a bit deeper into the pool with him, "Drowning got you so worked up, hm?" In her arms, she repositioned him, now cradling his body in the warm water using only her left forearm, left hand under his bare rear. "Let me help you relax, Jay..."

Under the water, her right hand took his shaft. Nine-plus inches, so outsized on his skinny little body but a perfect fit for her large hand.

"y-y-you don't have to..." he peeped, voice tremulous and weak, lungs shuddering with the sensation of the cool skin of her palm on his cock. He throbbed, into full tumescence, into her hand. His head and shoulders crested the surface, resting against her upper arm. The rest of him was submerged in her cradle of an embrace.

"Nonsense," she smiled, as slowly she began to stroke his member under the water, "Me rescuing you got you all horny, didn't it? You're feeling weak, and needy, and you're mine to take care of. My responsibility. And you like that..."

That brought a whine of complaint from him, but she just tutted him into silence. Like a mother caring for a sick child, she held him, while as a lover swimming in her ardor she gave him a gentle, underwater hand job while he nuzzled and looked up at her. "That's right, that's right baby," she purred, "just relax, relax and enjoy this. I've got you, Melissa's got you..."

As she stroked him, she felt the urge to turn his head to her nipple, but as if on instinct he started doing it himself. *Oh, good boy,* she thought as she watched him root his face around, into her breast, *you're learning.* His eyes never left hers, looking up at her, but with a little bit of her help his mouth finally found her aureole and took her in to start to suck. "Oh, baby, that feels good," she groaned, "suck on me like that..." Her strokes up and down his solid shaft, under the warm water, became even firmer and at the same time more tender. She knew the pace

he needed, instinctively, and was gently bringing him closer and closer to relieving his first climax of the day. His face at her breast, their eyes locked in devoted adoration, the connection between Melissa and Dr. J was becoming stronger and stronger. On levels greater than the physical. Greater than the emotional. Greater than the psychological. Planes that couples only found themselves on as they fell deeper and deeper in love.

Melissa was bonding him to herself, with every stroke, with every kiss, with every giggle. Warmth grew in her belly, urges she hadn't felt before began to bud. "Yes, good boy, good boy," she urged, as she felt him start to groan, to tighten, to tense. His climax was imminent. His mouth had begun to fail at her breast, and she allowed him to whine and shake, his eyes fluttering as - "come on, come on, it's okay...come for me..." - finally he jerked, in her arms, and released into the pool. His whole body spasmed, and she grinned proudly. "That's right, that's right baby..!" she praised him, "right into the water, right into the pool." *Fill it up, honey, fill it up with your little swimmers. I'll help you.*

She coaxed him through, her hand controlling his body and its throes. Her hand milked him, cock emptying its opalescent offering of brine into the crystal clear water. She watched it swirling in serpentine spirals, seething and surging in a stream of thick, ropy come. She heard him moan, with each throb, and as they waned so did his voice. Quieter, and quieter and quieter he grew, there in her arms, until-

"Sweetie, are you asleep?" she asked, looking down at him and seeing his mouth slack, his eyes closed. He'd nodded off. *Oh, my god, how adorable!* She giggled, proud of herself again in her abilities to satisfy her man. She gathered him up again, without waking him, into a cradling, two-armed embrace, snuggling him to her gently. She watched his face as he slept, as he maybe dreamed, head resting on her big left breast. The water was warm, the air was humid. Mist thickened the air outside and fogged the windows of the room. The two of them, together, she thought, were ready to bring magic to the world.

After some tender time - *How long? Ten minutes?* - he began to stir again. His eyes fluttered open to find himself across her lap. She'd settled herself, with him, on a poolside lounge and had covered him with a towel. As he came to, she began to speak to him, to giggle and coo. He responded well, smiling at her as well. She promised breakfast nom-noms, she promised more snuggles. They had all Sunday together, just the two of them. *Aren't you excited?*

He had started to shiver. *You're still all wet, chilly.* She stood him up in front of her, as she sat at the end of the lounge chair. She towel dried him, dutifully, clucking and cooing as she scrubbed at his messy head of hair and looked to dress him. Clothes of his had been discarded last night and still lay like rags at the pool's edge, but the smudges and smears of lipstick on his shirt and *(are those teeth*

marks?) rips in his boxer shorts made them useless. "Those girls...!" Melissa giggled, picturing clearly in her mind how this happened during one of the hive frenzies last night, women trying to get as much of his scent as they could, "They all really like you..."

I want to save those shorts for my shelves.

She'd bundled him in towels, one over his shoulders, one around his waist, and smiled up at him from her seat. She had also wrapped a towel around her shapely torso. He seemed upset, possibly distracted by something. She asked if he was okay, and he asked about his phone.

"Stay right here," she directed, dazzling him with a megawatt smile, and he watched as she dropped her towel and took a dive back into the pool. In a moment she'd resurfaced, and was climbing the ladder from the deep end. She'd retrieved his phone, from the bottom of the deep end.

With a strange grin she handed it to him, and then grabbed a towel to wrap around her hourglass torso. Not only had the phone been submerged all night, but the screen was horribly cracked, water obviously inside. His dismay was silent

but obvious as he tried everything, pushing buttons, but his phone was unusable now. In a different life this would not have been a big deal, but these days he could barely afford groceries. So he wouldn't have a phone until-



"Don't worry sweetie, I'll buy you a new one," she promised, as she scrubbed her own hair with a fresh towel, breasts jiggling, "I can put you on my plan." She listened as he offered his meager little arguments, meager little complaints, responding to what he took as another ignominy. In her mind he was still obviously too uncomfortable with her giving him money, the idea of her covering his expenses, but she explained how it made perfect sense. "Plus, I like paying your bills," she giggled, as she wrapped the towel around her head, like a turban, "Makes me

feel like the man of the house!" *Plus, that way I can bind you even closer to me, make you more dependent. I'll own you even more completely.*

"Uhhh..." he began, but she stifled his protests.

"You just need to accept how things are now," she said tenderly as - to drive home her point - she crouched down and gathered him in her arms. Cradling him to straddle her left hip, she began to carry him naked from the room, feeling her sense of possessiveness deepen. He was hers, her responsibility, hers to protect. So despite her blitheness, Melissa couldn't ignore this growing sense of guilt eating away at her, that she was to blame. He had almost drowned because he was left on his own! She let him out of her sight and it nearly cost him his life. *I am never letting that happen again, little man.*

"Wh-where are we going?" he asked, as she shut the glass door behind them. He could tell she felt bad for what had just happened and was now over-compensating, spoiling him with sweetness as she beat herself up in her head, but he couldn't, ignore the feeling that there was another part of her that was thrilled and excited to save him and demonstrate her strength in the face of his abject weakness.

"Upstairs," she answered. Her mind wandered as she carried him through the great room, taking her first step towards the second floor. She began to imagine other dangerous situations she could save him from. *I could catch you falling from a tall building. Or save you from the train track-*

"Y-yeah I see that," he replied, "Why?"

"We're going to warm you up in the shower," she answered, climbing the staircase with him in her arms.

She felt him shiver in her arms at the mention of water. He snuggled closer to her. *Afraid.*

This really did a number on you didn't it? <giggle>

He looked up at her.

Good.

=====



The clock was chiming again as the two of us climbed the stairs. Well, she was climbing. I was in her arms. It was, I dunno, nine or something, maybe eleven. I was already exhausted from the morning I'd had. In the past hour I'd found my phone busted, been wrung dry by a hand job into the pool, and - oh yeah - *nearly drowned*. So, I couldn't help but take the chance to close my eyes, and luxuriate in her embrace as she carried me. Melissa was so strong, so confident, and this weekend I'd gotten to a place where I could put my pride aside and more easily accept her comforts. But, as relaxed as I was, the first bell toll caused my eyes to shoot open. It felt like it was ringing for me.

"Where's that clock?" I asked, curious. Hearing it from the kitchen earlier, I would have sworn it was in the great room near the stairs. Now that we were on the stairs, it sounded like it could be coming from the kitchen.

"Shhh, don't worry about the clock," Melissa hushed me, smiling down at me warmly, strangely. Anyway, she was bringing me back up to the bedroom for a shower, to clean off the chlorine and whatever remnants of last night still clung crusty to me. And, despite the heat of her body, a cold chill still ran down my spine. I needed a warming up.

Quietly we passed down the open balcony hall that overlooked the great room, through her bedroom and into her en-suite bath. It was done simply but elegantly in creamy stone tiles, with natural light coming in from an overhead skylight. A glass wall separated a walk-in shower from which chrome fixtures and a huge rainhead shower glistened.

With me still in her arms, she turned on the shower and let the water warm. "Can you stand by yourself?" she asked.

"I think so," I answered, without really even considering why she'd asked. *Did you expect me to forget how to stand? Walk?* Maybe not too unreasonable; I'd apparently just lost the ability to swim.

With great care she placed me down, and stepped me backwards under the deluge from above. My legs actually were shaky but *ahhhhhh* the water was nice, perfectly warm. Patterned marble tiles were underfoot, larger stone ones lining the walls, while a chrome drain whisked water away. Melissa smiled at my obvious pleasure, still wrapped in a figure-hugging white towel and matching turban. She stood just outside the shower stall, on the other side of a low stone threshold.

"So," she began, her eyes having already drifted up from my feet, "Do you want to wash yourself or do I get to bathe you?"

"Um," I started, eyeing the vast selection of gels, shampoos and other assorted bottles and tubes which lined an inset shelf to my left. I was confused by my options and the whiffs I got of her perfume reminded me of how good she was at being a woman, and how inept a man I was.

Was this pheromone 0001.55.6344.gf, .6388.dd or .6349.gd you were using on me at that moment? Maybe a cocktail? Remind me to ask you later.

I crossed my hands in front of me, unsure of myself. "Can you help?" I asked.

"Of course, sweetie," she beamed, and reached for the handheld spray attachment mounted to the wall. She turned on its water, checked its temperature, and crouched so she could begin to shower my body with its firm spray. "Is this coming out too hard, baby?" she asked, with earnest concern, looking up at me with honest eyes, "I can turn it down if it's too much."

"n-no it's okay," I answered, glimpsing down between her full breasts. Her towel was tied at the chest, and cleavage jiggled. As if enjoying the attention, she smiled as she adjusted the pressure and temperature making it just *that* much better. The spray from the shower wand was strong, but felt nice down my chest, up under my arms as she lifted my right wrist, then the left. It felt particularly good when - *nnngh* - she passed it between my legs, sprayed it up into my nethers. It gave me a jolt of pleasure, the jet pulsing into my scrotum and, goddamn me, I felt a new erection start to swell. The overhead water continued to wash over me as well.

"Well, tell me if it's too much," she said, the evenness in her voice and straight face belying the fact that she was obviously paying special attention to my manhood, exciting it with the handheld spray. She tweaked the water pressure again, adjusted the temperature.

My cock responded. *Oh my god, that feels amazing, even better.*

"That okay?" she asked.

"y-y-yes..." I managed, trying to keep from writhing in pleasure.

"You sure?" she pressed, "You seem so *sensitive*. If you're uncomfortable I can always just sit you up next to the sink, scrub you up with a washcloth instead."

What, and make me feel even more like a newborn? "N-no I'm fine," I assured, my cock betraying my thoughts with an excited throb. She proceeded to firmly spritz my whole body with the wand, passing it up my sides, over my arms and legs. Down my chest and belly. My boner was on its way back, at half-swollen mast, gradually growing under the warm attention of her shower and the tingles it brought. It felt great against my cock, as she paid it special service, watching it with curiosity as it bobbed and swayed slowly hardening further under the pressure. "That feels really nice," I admitted, suddenly craving her hand, or a mouth.

With a wry smile she looked up at me before standing, to her full height. Her breasts were right in front of my face. She replaced the spray wand to its wall mount, though water still jetted from its nozzles. I tried to watch her face, read her expression, but my attention was immediately pulled toward her hands as she undid the big knot in her towel, which bound it to her chest. With more than a small amount of drama the towel fell, revealing her naked body. I couldn't help but groan she was so perfect, her curves so jaw-droppingly stunning. By god her waist was small, her hips so flared. Well-trimmed womanhood lay between the cleft of thick, powerful thighs and legs which would shame a racehorse. Her tummy was softly trim and tanned, navel formed to vertical perfection, the hint of her abdominals rippling beneath taut, flawless skin. And above, god help me, her breasts hung huge, giant globes just two shades paler than the rest of her, each a firm, ovate melon with large brown nipples, tan aureoles. My eyes looked up into enormous, monumental underboob, and saw the faint pattern of blue veins just under her skin's surface. She was huge, huge! How tall had she become?! My god, I felt tiny.

She giggled, amused by my awestruck expression, and pulled the towel from her hair. She shook her dark mane, semi-dry, and looked back down at me. She watched as I backed up as she stepped into the shower. Warm water from the ceiling now flowed over both of us. She reached for a bottle of shampoo, and squeezed some into her hand. With the other, she turned me around, and from behind her hands began rubbing my hair. I could feel her fingers firmly scrubbing my scalp, massaging shampoo into my sodden hair, a lather foaming up. My eyes fluttered under the indulgence of her attention as she worked it into my head,

cleaning everything around my ears, rubbing the back of my neck with frothy shampoo.

To rinse, she pulled me back a bit, more fully under the rainhead and began to speak again to me. "So, tell me. How do you feel about our relationship dynamic now?" she asked, shielding my eyes with a hand over my brow, "Hm?"

"Wh-what do you mean?" I asked, water sputtering from my lips. I was a little surprised by the suddenness of her question.

"Can't you feel it changing again?" she said plainly, rubbing my hair under the showerfall to clear it of soap. "Because I can," she continued, as she reached for something else behind her, from the shower shelf. She was squeezing something else from a bottle. "I can feel myself becoming more dominant over you, again. But in a like big mama-bear kinda way." She was rubbing what sounded like gel between her hands, frothing it up. "And you're getting more submissive, more dependent on me, weaker."

"Wow, uh..." I began, not really knowing what to say. Whatever pride I still had, whatever vestiges of male ego and authority still rattled away inside my shattered soul rankled a bit at her suggestions...even though my cock again betrayed me with a throb. Yes, yes, yes. I was in a tough time, in life. Struggling a bit with my health, my sense of self worth. I'd found her, and I'd latched on a bit, I admit, to her strength. She was an entrancing beauty, to boot, young and vibrant, and it had been easy to allow myself to fall into her shadow, to let her establish herself as the stronger partner despite her age. I was content to watch her bloom bigger and bigger and more gorgeous seemingly every day while I seemed to recede. But still, her words stung a bit. "I dunno, about that, real-"

With shower gel in her hands, she'd reached around and grabbed my cock with her left hand. If it wasn't at full stiffness before, now it certainly was. My voice, stopped in my throat, became little more than a guttural whimper as lightning coursed up my body from her grip. She lathered up my erection, then her hand passed dutifully under my sac to clean me underneath.

"You were saying..?" she prompted me, a gentle squeeze to my testicles reminding me who was in charge.

Yeah, uh, nope. I was speechless, struck, and she knew it. My body quivered and quaked, threatened to collapse at the knees as she kept up the pressure on my tender gonads. She held me for a bit and then - pleased by my acquiescent silence - moved her hand back up for a stroke up my shaft.

"Good boy," she purred.

Her big, slippery left hand worked my cock with slick expertise. She knew exactly how to keep me frozen, paralyzed, quivering at her touch. Her other hand, also slathered with frothy gel, now ran down my backside, under and then up, between the cheeks of my butt. I gasped, flinched, and tried to keep from crying out as she lathered me up in there as well. She ran her hand up and down, in and out, gently but with confident command, as her left hand still stroked my erection. This...that...this was almost too much. I writhed, twisted, and began to pull away from her.

"Ugh, such a squirmy wormy," she said, giggling. I could hear her eyes rolling in mock annoyance, and she gripped my cock tighter, to bring me to heel. "Will you settle down and stop being such a *baby*?" She paused for a moment, then, gears turning. "Hmm..." she said, a playful smirk brightening her voice, "Forget that. Give in to those urges." She began to stroke my cock again, and her voice dropped to an indulgent, baby-doll coo. "You can be as *much* of a baby as you want," she said, as if now talking to a small child, "I *promise* mama will take *good care* of you."

Did she feel me shiver? Did she feel me shake? She heard me whine, for sure, because she began to giggle. While her left kept a grip on my cock her right hand left my butt and she spun me around by the shoulder to push me against the tile of the wall. The stone, for the second, was a shock of cold. Hand still on my shoulder, leaning in over me, Melissa bent me at the knees a bit and then put her right palm on the wall above me. She dropped her shoulder a touch, bringing her huge right breast to bump into my face.

"Y-you have really big breasts..." I found myself saying, in awe at its size as she pulled it away, just a bit, so I could stare at its tumescence from below.

"Mmhm I do..." Melissa chuckled, her great, wet, pale breast wobbling with her laughter. It was, my god, maybe twice the size of my head, if not more. She waited for me to continue, to see if I had any other observations, but seemed to be pleased with the quieting effect it had on me. *Hypnotizing, isn't it little man?*

Yes. I watched water streaming off it, water running over her shoulder from above, down her breasts, over her nipple in thick rivulets. I saw how her areola was swelling, the little bumps of Montgomery glands forming, her nipple thickening in the warm, warm water.

"oh my god..." I groaned, as I watched the dribbles, rivers.

"Thirsty?" she asked, from above, "Open up."

Without a thought I complied, opening my mouth as she continued to stroke my cock below. Like a needy bird I eyed the warm water streaming off of her breast above me.

Adjusting her shoulder scantily, coming in closer, she directed the rivulets onto my face, splashing onto my forehead and eyes, running down my nose and cheeks. She shifted again, and I turned my head to the left, so her wet nipple now dribbled everything right to my open mouth from inches away. I gurgled, and took it, and swallowed.

"There you go, cutie..!" she giggled, and watched as I opened my mouth again for more shower water, warm from the rainhead, warm from her skin. "Drink up, that's right, drink up..."

I held my mouth open, longer, longer, let it fill, until water bubbled out. Then I closed, gagging a bit into another swallow, warmth down my throat. I swear I tasted her in it, and I reopened.

She came in closer, dropping, bringing her nipple now right to my lips, to my open mouth. I closed, latching loosely onto her warm nipple, water still coming into my mouth from her areola, I sucked and drank the shower's water now directly from her breast, from her skin. I swallowed, and gulped, awkwardly and clumsily. She pushed her engorged nipple more into my mouth, gently forcing it open further for me to accept her tit. The water was now dribbling around my lips as I let her push her nipple in. Whatever this was, whatever game she was playing, I was not resisting, I was only letting it happen.

Nipple in my mouth, I lapped at it, I suckled water from it. She took, then, the handheld spray and adjusted the stream's volume so it gurgled water out rather than sprayed, and layed it atop her right breast, near her shoulder. Water now came down to me in a thicker flow, burbling and bubbling around my mouth, running over my nose and cheeks. She was giggling again, and I was sucking and drinking as best I could, mouthing at her nipple and gargling the warm water from it. It was thick with her pheromones, now I was sure, and instincts inside me made me latch on tighter, not wanting to ever leave this position.

"Oh, Jayyyyheyheyheyheyyyyyy...!" she giggled and purred, cooing down to me, trying her best not to just give in and squash my face with her tit, "You're making me feel like a real mommmmyyyyyyyy..." Rather than plaster me with her breast, mush my head into the wall, she wanted to let me keep water-nursing, play-suckling from her. *Go, baby, go, drink up, drink up from me.* Her giggles had faded, replaced by little groans.

Water flowed into my mouth, when I would come for breath, and it gave me life. I drank, I drank and I suckled and drank. I felt Melissa starting to tremble in arousal above me and it was only then that I realized holy shit holy shit...her hand...her hand...*I'm about to come.*

I fought it back but *nnngh* oh my god I was close, it was coming. My hand reached for her, and found her womanhood between her legs. I cupped it, stroked up just once and then she shuddered. All it took was one stroke, fingers already soaked. She had been leaning forward more, now unable to keep her ample tits from plastering my head into the wall, and as I suckled water from her she was coming, orgasming, shaking and pushing me harder into the wall as she groaned. I came, then, too, in a burst and a muffled bark into her tit worried even in my climax that I might both smother and drown. Or I might be head-crushed to a pulp or fall to the floor as my legs trembled and gave out from under me. The weight of Melissa's chest was really the only thing keeping me standing. My panicked moans resonated through her boobs only increasing her pleasure as her hand continued to move firmly along my shaft. My jism had splashed first against her upper hip and thigh, a pulse, and then another and another and another, each washed down her leg by the water warm flowing down her, around us, down our bodies.

After a minute, a few wet damp tender moments in which we pleased one another, my hand on her, hers on me, her breast in my face and nipple in my mouth as our climaxes waned, she pulled me away. Warm water still washed us as we basked in the afterglow, her hair was dark and wet over her shoulders and face. "Oh my God, Jay..." she breathed, chest heaving, looking down at me as if with new eyes. The shower wand had been dropped, forgotten, dangling from the wall on its chrome hose, gurgling out water still.

I looked up at her, blinking shower water from my eyes. I didn't know how to react, I just looked at her. I was so scared of what this meant for our relationship.

"Stay here," she said, finally, turning off the water and turning to step from the shower. She was retrieving two huge new, white towels from a rack on the wall. One she draped over my head and shoulders, its long folds reaching well down past my waist, while she dried herself with the other. Motionless I watched her, entranced by both the impressive muscles under her smooth, perfect skin and the soft contours and jiggles of her body's curves. She finished with herself quickly, and then turned to reach down and place her towel around the one already covering me, wrap them both tightly around my entire body, my arms bound to my sides, until nearly all that showed of me was my face and maybe my feet sticking out the bottom. She then swept me up into her strong arms and carried me into the bedroom.

I know no man can really remember what it was like when he was an infant wrapped in blankets and cradled in his mother's arms. I certainly did not - I barely remembered my mother at all - and yet, completely swaddled in those huge, soft towels and cuddled securely against her naked chest with my head tucked against her strong shoulder, looking up in amazement at those beautiful, larger-than-life features looming so close above my own, that's exactly how I felt.

Her smile was wide, warm, benevolent and in that moment I wanted nothing more than to be hers, to be held and loved and cared for by this magnificent giantess. That she seemed more than human, a goddess of power and beauty, was beginning to be less and less of an exaggeration. To have my body literally melt into hers and become one with hers forever would be a dream come true.

She carried me to a large, soft chair in the corner of her bedroom and sat down in it, placing me on her naked lap. With my head still tucked against her shoulder, my entire body still swaddled, she dried my face and hair with a corner of the towel. Then, as I fell deeper and deeper under the spell of the warmth and softness of her naked body, she dried the rest of me with little pats and hugs through the towels encasing my body.

"Do you see this, do you see how we are here, you and me?" she finally spoke to me, "This is right. This is how it's meant to be."

I looked up at her and blinked, unable to find any of the words I needed to say. I felt her left arm reach under me and lift. Cradling me now in her arms, she gently lowered me down to rest my head on her huge right breast. I looked up at her from her boob, my left cheek near her nipple.

"I could be good at this. I could be *very, very* good at this," she said to me, adjusting my body in her strong arms, "All you need to do is want it, and let me grow. Let me grow into it."

Did I know what she meant? Did I really know, understand, comprehend what she meant? I don't know if I did, but I *felt* it. I felt the bond between us stronger now than ever.

"So is it? Is it what you want? Tell me. Tell me this is what you want."

Of course it is.

"y-yes..." I said.

"Yes what, sweetie?" she prompted. She needed to hear me say it.

"this is what I want..."

"*Good boy...*" she nearly groaned, and - *I feel it changing again, already, inside my body* - turned my face into her breast. On instinct I opened, took her nipple in, and latched on....

=====

We were there in my bedroom for - how long? An hour, more? Bonding, dry nursing, gazing into one another's eyes with him all bundled up on my lap. Time went so quick when we were together! All I know is that I'd heard my mom's weird clock chime at one point; otherwise I didn't pay too much attention to time...we had *alllll* Sunday, just the two of us. It was rainy outside so there was nothing better to do today than snuggle snuggle together. Bond bond *bond* him to me. He certainly seemed to be liking it so far! All cuddled up into me like a bug in a rug, he'd finally calmed down and seemed at peace after his almost-dying in the pool earlier. My nipple in his mouth helped I think haha. He was getting so good at this, dry-nursing, relaxing, zoning



out into my breast, and I was getting the hang of exactly what parmo...phairm...perfumes to use, which ones to release out of my nipple and breast to keep him relaxed and happy and focused on me while he did this. It was like I could watch and feel his brain cells responding to me, lining up for me, changing and starting to behave like good little boys for me. Meanwhile he just sort of nuzzled and cooed and suckled and when it all became too intense for him I'd let him rut his little hips into me, through the towel I'd swaddled him in. He'd come against the weight of the underside of my breast, or against my hand and it felt so nice, tingly. I could feel the bliss shivers in the girls, too; they'd all gone home but I'm sure they appreciated this haha. Maybe he did that twice, maybe three times, and dozed in and out a bit after, once woken by more chimes. My insides would get all gooey, just watching him wake up next to my nipple and immediately go back to sucking.

Aren't you the lucky little man? Being with the hot, big-boobie mommy giantess wifey you've always wanted? Because that's what I'm turning into for you, aren't I?

I swear I could have sat there with him like this forever. Eventually, though, I'd heard his little tummy start to rumble and as much as we were enjoying ourselves, I'd figured I should pull him off and get him to eat for real. I wanted to dress him up cute in some of the comfy stuff I'd picked up for him on my shopping trip with Shanette yesterday, a new pair of gray sweatpants and a matching top. But the new little underpants I bought him didn't fit around his, um, penis. He seemed to be getting smaller everywhere but there! Maybe if I wasn't in the room, and it wasn't quite so hard all the time, he'd have an easier go at it. But in the meantime...

"Ohh honey with you all excited like that, you just don't fit in the cute little underwear I bought you. You're such a big boy down here! Come here and let me help you put on your pants," I giggled. We'd stood, and he was standing there all naked. "I don't want you to hurt yourself trying to stuff it inside." With that I pushed him back onto the bed in front of me. He looked so surprised when I lifted his little toosh so I could get the sweatpants up and over his thighs and his hips and his *nngh hard I want to do that again but it'll have to wait. Breakfast first!* "You'll just have to go without underpants until we come up with something else."

The look on his face was too much when I gave him a little slap on his bottom.

Omigod if I had my way I'd dress you every day! You're too adorable! Watching him blushing like that just got my mommy-juices flowing, and made me really laugh.

Anyway, I was still feeling overprotective of him all through cooking him breakfast. I'd immediately regretted sitting him up on that high stool at the kitchen bar, worried that he might fall and hurt himself. Silly, right? But still, I wanted him to watch me cook, fixing up the eggs and sausage patties I was going to make into breakfast sandwiches and perched there at the bar across from the stovetop he'd have a perfect spot to watch me cracking eggs. *Just like I've done to you this weekend, huh? Cracked you open?* He watched, and he even yelled at me to be careful when I put my hand right down on a still-orange-hot ceramic burner. I pulled it right back, on instinct - it was warm for sure, but really didn't hurt at all! He was a little freaked out by it, eyes as big as saucers, not believing what he was seeing. *I guess you've got a fireproof girlfriend, huh?* I was tempted to put my hand right back down on it, palm flat, look him in the eyes, *show you what I can do.* Anyway, I was more worried about him - those seats were so tall! He could slip off and fall! But, yes, I guess I was just being a nervous nelly because he was *fine* and finally I got to sit alongside him, on his left, on a stool of my own, to make sure he stayed safe.

"You haven't drank any of your juice," I commented nodding at the little glass I'd filled for him as I cut up his sausage patty into teeny tiny pieces, "I could pour you some milk but you should get your vitamin C." After a little thought I'd figured it'd be best if he just had his eggs and sausage like normal on a plate, not a sandwich. Easier to eat and chew and not choke.

"Yeah huh," he mumbled, like he was distracted by something, like my not-burnt-up hand got him thinking too hard. Since I'd sat him down, and as I cooked, I'd felt he was a little distant. He was definitely being quiet. So as I sliced up his food next to him, I made sure to take in a nice deep breath and swell up my boobs in my top, a black tank with white piping. *If you're going to be distracted by something, I want it to be me.*

"Is everything alright?" I asked. *Wow, so serious. I don't know if I like that. Just look at my boobies.*

He finally spoke. "Thank you for saving my life today."

Oooo. That's what was distracting you? Me being your superhero? Well, that's okay haha.

"Oh, it was my pleasure!" I laughed, waving him off. I didn't want him to think that I thought it was a huge deal. *It's just what I do now.* But it did fill me with a little pride, knowing I had his life in my hands like this, that it's only because of me he's still breathing. "But maybe I deserve a raise!" <giggle!>

To that he gave me a funny look, But just then, suddenly, she was on the counter, between us, the little ball of fur.

"Tiger!!" I exclaimed, thankfully remembering the right name even in my surprise, "Bad boy!" I pushed her away - she'd immediately gone for his meal - but she was obviously hungry and persisted. "Shoo! Don't be such a brat!" I said, as I reached with my left arm across the bar to grab another small plate and slide the platter of extra scrambled eggs and sausage towards myself. "Don't worry I'll feed you," I said, as I forked over a patty and some eggs, about the same amount I'd served to him. I began to cut them up into teeny tiny pieces. She was now staring at the plate, trying to be patient. "What a hungry boy this morning, huh?" I said.

Watching me make a plate for 'Tiger' that looked just like the one I'd made for him, Jay spoke up. "You do know that's a female cat, right?" he said, like he was telling me something new.

"Oh of course!" I said, "I just like to tease her!"

At that, he shrugged and set to pushing his food around his plate with his fork, satisfied with my explanation. *I'm sure you're thinking 'that's really weird'. But that's me! Yep you're stuck with the crazy girl!*

I set the plate of cat food on the floor - "No kitties on counters!" I told her, just to piss her off - and she jumped down for it. Me, myself? Yes! I was hungry! I'd loaded two sausages and eggs onto some toast and started digging into it sandwich style. It was actually pretty good - I didn't burn anything! My cooking skills were improving haha!!

Now that I was done cooking, I let him watch me eat. Feeling him watch my jaw, my throat muscles, how my neck moved gave me a warm dominant feeling. He watched my hands, so big around the sandwich. He watched my lips, my teeth, my *nom nom RAWR* mouth haha just open up reeeeeal wide and BITE. He had such an intent look in his eyes, I loved it. And when I put my sandwich down to reach up and release the loose ponytail I'd put in, his jaw sorta haha fell open and he watched my hair cascade down around my shoulders.

"Y-your hair looks longer," he said.

"Yeah I didn't cut it yet today," I replied, reaching behind my neck and fluffing it out, letting it all fall now halfway down my back. His look was so precious! That obviously confused him: who needs to cut their hair every day? Me! I do! *Ever since I met you.*

"You're still not drinking your juice," I finally said, trying to keep my concern from making me sound too nitpicky. "You've had a big weekend, you need your energy," I continued, pressing him. He just sort of looked at his little glass, not really saying too much, so I took it and gulped it but didn't swallow. In my mouth for a moment I let it warm up or whatever, watched him watching me, and spit it all back into his glass.

"You know what to do," I said, as I slid it back to him with a soft smile. *I know, baby. I know what you need, it's okay.*

Without much delay at all - well, maybe a little, he looked embarrassed - he drank it. A few sips, then a bit more. OOOooooo that was exciting, so funny, watching him! I could feel my eyes sparkling, eagerly. *That's where we are, honey, you and me. It's fine. You need me for this sort of thing.* "Would you like more?" I asked.

"No thank you."

"Baby you *have* to eat, get some energy" I cooed in his ear as I leaned in closer to him, blanketing him with my perfumes. "It will help you keep up with me. Don't you want to be able to do that?" I looked down at his plate, which was basically

untouched. I promise it wasn't me! My cooking was actually now pretty good! With his fork I speared a piece of sausage, one I'd cut for him into a little morsel, and chewed it up a bit, more than I normally would. He let out the cutest little moan as he watched me chew. *Do you know what's about to happen?* Then, my free hand went behind his head and I leaned in for a kiss. "C'mre, baby," I said, around the bit of sausage, right before our lips met, "give me a kiss."

The sparks, yes, as usual - our kisses were always so exciting! - but I used my tongue to push the chewed-up bit of sausage into his mouth. I felt him stiffen, a little shocked or surprised, but when I sealed my lips back up and backed off a bit, I knew he knew what he needed to do. I watched as he chewed it a bit, even though he didn't need to, and swallowed,

Oh my god I'm chewing his food for him now!

Without even letting him get the chance to talk, to complain or argue or feel embarrassed, I forked and chewed up another bit of sausage, this time with some nice soft buttery scrambled eggs. Mushed all up, I kissed and pushed it into him again. This time, he didn't even try to chew on his own; he just swallowed.

"You...you like my cooking, huh?" I said, getting a little - *haha, omigod! Look at your face!* - hot under the collar, warm in my chest. It was, now that I think back on it, the first real feeling of the swelling in my breasts that would get to be such a part of my life soon. When he nodded, acknowledging that *yes yes yes you liked it*, I waved my hand over my chest, fanning myself. "Sorry, but...you got my mama juices flowing all over again," I told him, with a giggle.

I'd taken another forkful, a bit more this time, and had started to chew. He looked at me, his eyes all confused, and leaned back in his chair a bit. He wanted to show me something. He looked down at his own lap, and I did too. Oh my god! His penis was so hard! Sticking up, between his elastic waistband and belly, out from his gray sweatpants. It nearly got up to his, like, ribcage!

He only said one word. "W-w-why?" he asked me.

To that, I giggled, I laughed a little, and shrugged. I didn't really know, but it all made sense!

"I d-didn't used to be like this," he said, his voice all small and little and nnngh making me want to just forget the eggs and eat *him* up!

I could only come up with one thing to say, as I stood up. "That was then," I told him as my hand took hold of his erection, still chewing a bit as I - standing over him now - took his jaw in my other hand and raised his chin. I leaned in again to feed him, giving him a nice, purposeful squeeze down below. "This is now."

I could feel the hunger pheromones (*that's* what they're called!) totally pouring off of me. His mouth widened right up for me, his neck craning. "That's right, open up for mama bird," I said, and just opened my mouth to let my mouthful of food empty into him as I sealed my mouth around his. It sounds gross, maybe? But omggggggg it was so hot, feeling him take it, feeling his little neck and throat working, swallowing my offering.

"That's right, take the food I bought for you, with my money, the food I cooked for you," I said, as I lifted back up again, "Now the food I *chewed* for you." *What's next baby? What's our next step? What else can my body do for you? Help keep you fed and nourished?*

Oh god I couldn't help myself I took a big bite of my own egg and sausage sandwich and as I chewed it for him and made it extra mushy I hugged his head to my chest with one hand, and as I dropped my mouth again to his open one I started jerking him off.

Feed from me feed from me feed from me babyyyyyyy

He jerked a bit - actually a lot, his body went all stiff! - as I pushed even more of my wet, chewed food than before into our big kiss. I squeezed his face into my boobs and stroked and stroked and felt the warmth from him and even more in my chest swelling it was like almost tender-getting and I felt him swallow and he groaned and then he was exploding again in my hand oh god making a new mess.

"That's good, baby, that's so good," I purred, feeling him shudder against me, "come for mama bird." I also felt the girls out there all cooing and clucking in the Bliss, and I was so happy here knowing I wasn't only feeding him but them too. I - me, Melissa Monroe, Melissssy - I could provide for everybody!

I can't wait!

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"Omigod Britt, you shouldn't be wearing that?"

"Haha hi hun why? Not enough cleavage?"

"Not enough cleavage?? Omigod!?"

"Like yours is any better? Could that sweater be any tighter?? Seriously, Bobbi, I can see your bra right through it!"

"I couldn't help it this is, like, the only thing that still kinda fits? I mean, how many times was it this weekend?"

"Saturday it was, like, ten times? And then yesterday?"

"Like, a hundred??"

"Haha it felt that way, right?"

"He's so horny, right?"

"Right???"

"Omigod she should just keep him home all day every day and do that all the time, right?"

"Right??"

"We'd be...?"

"We'd be giants, right?"

"I haha fucking love it I need it more?"

"Yeah how tall are you now?"

"I dunno how tall are you?"

"I'm like, almost 5'10"?"

"Wow is that weird me too?"

"And why do you...look like me?"

"No I don't you...look like me?"

'And why do I know that you had an iced caramel macchiato with almond milk this morning?"

"I dunno but I totally did?"

"So weird, right?"

"So weird."

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"Mmmmp! M-Morgan!! Pl-please!" I sputtered, head buried deep in the big bosom of my new Hungarian APRN. My arms were straightened stock-stiff at my sides.

"Oh, Dr. J, do the relax!" the enormous blond woman laughed, mirth jiggling through her mighty chest as she hugged me tightly. She nearly had me pulled off my feet as I stood there in my office that Monday morning, her strong arms encircling my head, shoulders and upper back. I'd been waiting for my coff-...my m-...my warm morning beverage and the meeting Melissa had wanted to have but had been summarily assaulted - this counted as the twelfth one - by the "Good Morning Hugs" of my staff as they'd come one-by-one to greet me. New office policy, it had been

announced, I guess: *Dr. J gets a hug every morning, from everyone.*

Julia had been here with hugs, Bobbi and Brittni and Bianca and Bessie as well, all thanking me for such a fun weekend and being so cool and nice to them on Instagram. *Wait what?* Shanette had come early and lingered long, feeling especially soft and had purred motherly greetings. Katarina had, with a peculiar giggle, offered to fill my mug if I'd been waiting too long for Melissa to appear with my warm milk. Josie didn't stop at a hug and gave me kisses, while Randi and Katie had each started flat-out making out with me. Angie nearly had me out of my pants and it was only Aubrey showing up for her hug that saved me from an early-morning, non-consensual handjob. Lakshmi had left just a few minutes ago, after helping me clean the lipstick of all these other from my face and finally showing me on her phone what all the girls is had been mysteriously hinting at and talking about: the Instagram posts made to my account after my own phone had been hijacked on Saturday night, before its demise at the bottom of Melissa's pool. Good god! I remembered so little of the weekend, had I really been a part of all this...this...debauchery?

What a way to start a week!

"I hear you have the exciting weekend," Morgan was now purring to me, her basso profundo rumbling through her chest as she held me captive at her monumental breast. "Morgan sorry she not there, she the busy. But happy you have the good time. Many orgasm, I can know!"

At that, she released my face from the depths of her bosom and - god help me - held me out at arms reach. My feet were six inches off the floor! My mouth gaped: Morgan was huge! Enormous! Maybe not quite as tall as Melissa but probably outweighing her by sixty pounds, at least. Jesus Christ the size of her! Yes, whatever my mystery affliction was had been reducing my stature (*I really have to get this checked out...*) and changing my perspective, and I knew Morgan was a big lady, but - holy crap! What had happened to her?!? I'd seen her just last Friday, working with patients, and she was nowhere near this size, was she?? She was a house! Thick curves threatened to burst forth from her stretchy pants and overmatched, overstretched blouse whose buttons seemed ready to -



"Haha button go pop," she laughed as - yes - the top button of her blouse flew past my face.

My eyes just goggled as her cleavage bulged forth and then, slowly, she began to lift me up, up, up until we were eye level. Good god this woman wasn't only huge, but hugely strong!

"Because you, the breasts of me are so bigger now," she said, cryptically, "Tell me, what the happen? What you do on the weekend?"

Oh my god what did happen this weekend?

I remember, of course, getting in a little late this Monday morning with Melissa driving me to work. I'd stayed the night, again, the third in a row at her place. She'd helped me get ready and had clothes for me - these new, XXS unisex scrubs she'd found at the mall. I normally didn't like wearing scrubs at the office as it made me look, well...like the rest of the staff, the medical assistants. But today I had little choice. So while this morning's memories were clear as day, the day

before, however, was a little fuzzier. Though with a little effort I pretty much recalled the whole thing.

"Um," I told Morgan, as she held me aloft like a rag doll, "M-Melissa and I just sort of relaxed yesterday..."

Of the events of the weekend, Sunday afternoon's were clearest in my mind. It had turned out to be a lazy day of napping in and out and cuddling on the couch. Melissa spent it pampering me, barely letting me lift a finger, keeping me couchbound in her arms, or pinned underneath her, or with her head in my lap. She'd apparently wanted to spend most of the day in penis worship, and wanted me also adulating her breasts. *It was Sunday, after all. Time for church.* And so we honored the occasion with either me sucking on her or by her sucking on me '*like a piece of candy*', tending to the every whim of the insatiable beast between my legs, barely letting it leave her mouth for hours on end. I don't know how many times her skilled lips, tongue and throat had brought me to climax there on the couch - it was a lot. But it was right before the dinner of Mac n Cheese she'd made for me that I finally had to stop her. I was sore, I was actually really sore, my balls tender and shaft raw from so much overuse this weekend, a sex marathon that did a number on my privates. She'd cooed and clucked in amused pity, offering ointments and creams '*to make it all better*', but they only served to get me ready for another round in her mouth or tender grip. It was finally with a laying-on-of-hands, a strange cooling sensation that her palms brought my groin with no liniments or salves, that in the end miraculously healed my pain. Had she done something like that before? On...Saturday night, to a bruise on my neck? I was a little weirded out, as that moment brought back flashes of other memories. Was I just imagining some of these things? I remember her, and the other girls doing...stuff. Like, I knew Melissa was really strong, but there was no way she used her *breath* to *blow me across the pool*, was there?

"I heard you almost the drowneded," Morgan said, watching my face as I continued to try to recall the weekend.

"Who? Me? Oh, um..."

Yes, I had woken Sunday morning and found my busted phone. Did I get it from the bottom of the pool? Or was that Melissa? Wait, *did* she actually save me from, like, almost drowning? I shivered, recalling it now. Yes, I felt it again - the fear, the near-death experience at the bottom of the deep-end and then suddenly being safe in her arms. Anyway, I remembered intimacy with Melissa in the pool, in the shower, at breakfast. Jeez we were horndogs!

"...yeah, I uh, had a little accident Sunday morning," I admitted to Morgan, "but it was a f-fun little party the night before. Too b-bad you couldn't come."

Saturday was, for sure, more of a blur. There were girls over at Melissa's, lots of them. I must have been drinking that afternoon because I barely remember that time at all. Later on into the evening I recall a little more - time in the hot tub? Sushi for dinner was it? A movie, some warm milk? Bedtime was more easy to recollect, with Shanette sharing the bed with Melissa and me for a while.

"Sound so the fun," Morgan smiled, the twinkle in her eyes telling me she knew more than she was saying.

"Yeah," I agreed. Realizing now why I already felt so exhausted: I had the sex lives of twenty men. Yes, I'd slept like a rock last night, after Melissa had taken me to her bed and put me under by humming sweet lullabies that reverberated throughout my cock, hips and spine to settle in my mind and rock it to sleep. But I felt like I'd need to sleep another week to recover from what I'd been through. I hadn't even stepped through the door of my apartment upstairs this morning, having come straight into the office, and I was already looking forward to collapsing in my bed tonight.

But first I needed to get through today. Still held aloft by the shoulders in Morgan's strong hands, I was reminded of that by a knock on the door. Melissa, maybe, I hoped? We both turned to see who it'd be.

Aubrey, peeking around the doorframe. Back for more hugs? Apparently not.

"Gianna needs to talk to you," she said.

=====

"G-Gianna?" I asked Aubrey from my spot a foot off the floor, held aloft in Morgan's strong hands, my bright colored shoes from the kids' department dangling helplessly, "Wants to talk to *me*?" I gulped, trying my best to look dignified. Not an easy task. "N-now?"

I acted surprised, but I'd known this was coming. I'd had reports to complete, a bunch of data from the study to sign off on. It'd been tasked to me quite a while ago. As little as I actually really did for this thing, this clinical trial, Evolution relied on me and my authority to keep things on schedule. At least as far as my own paperwork was concerned, and this report had been due last night.

"Yeah, she says *now*," Aubrey replied, a funny look on her face as she processed the scene in front of her eyes; the broadly smiling Uber-Amazon Morgan holding her shrunken boss like a toy, a boss that didn't weigh very much, at that. Aubrey bit her lower lip before continuing. "And she sounds a little annoyed."

"I *am* a little annoyed," came a new woman's voice, clear as day, from the speakers of my desktop computer.

What the?? Looking to my left I saw, onscreen, the videochat window already open. There she was, Gianna, remotely controlling my computer. She was here with us already, sort of. *I thought I'd told Marisela to fix that, not allow her access to-*

"Hi Morgan," Gianna spoke, obviously able to see us as she remotely greeted the enormous blonde before me, "Can you put him in his chair so we can have a little *talk*?"

Next thing I knew I was being plopped behind my desk, butt-in-chair, facing the screen and an obviously nonplussed Gianna Albertini, Study Coordinator for Evolution Pharmaceuticals. She was my liaison to the company and the face/ - *holy crap look at her tits* - chest behind all the money the practice was being infused with for its participation. She was young, she tended to be flippant about this whole project and my involvement, and she didn't look happy.

After dropping me down into my seat, Morgan had stepped away, her big, long legs quickly getting her to the other side of my desk on her way to the door.

"Morgan, wait,"

Gianna's voice stopped the big woman in her tracks. It spoke through my computer speakers, "maybe you can stay in the room with us as we chat."



Morgan turned, with a smile, towering over my desk behind the terminal screen. "I can be doing that, yes," she answered, with more than a small bit of excitement in her voice. Her smile widened, obviously enthused by the tone this conversation was taking. Even her teeth were big. I could see it already: she was looking forward to a dressing-down. *Mine*. A man's at the hands of a woman with authority.

Gianna regarded me through the camera. Her brow was crooked; she was not smiling. "Good morning, Doctor," she spoke, "It's been a bit since we last touched base, huh?" Though her tone was flat, I could see a glint of light in her eye as she regarded me even through our low resolution screens. She cocked her head. "You look hungry...and skinny," she said, "Did you eat anything today?"

"N-no, I-" *I actually hadn't.*

"Have one of those protein bars you keep in your desk," she said, plainly. And then paused, waiting for me to act.

What the f-..? How did she know that? I thought, even as I found myself doing exactly as she'd suggested, opening the top drawer of my desk and pulling out a fruit-and-nut protein bar. *Breakfast would probably*

be smart.

"You need the help to unwrap?" Morgan asked, from her looming position over my desk.

"No I-I got it," I answered, peeling through the foil that - *god help me* - did give me more of a challenge than it should.

I took a bite. I'd thrown a few of these in here just last week but it still tasted old and stale, almost like the cardboard box they came in. *A glass of milk might make it taste better*, I couldn't help but think.

"So, okay," I began, between a few forced chews. I looked back at the screen trying my best to keep my eyes off her tits. "How long is this going to take?" I asked, "I have patients to get to."

Gianna didn't like that. "No, you don't. I've had the staff move your morning patients to Morgan and Vida, because you'll need the time for the report," she said. She paused. "And, I don't like your tone," she added.

To that, I admit I bristled. Who *was* this woman, thinking she can run *my* day, *my* practice, *my* time with patients?! If you, dear reader, haven't gathered it by this point, I was more than a little resistant to participating in this clinical trial to begin with. I was a little weirded out by the whole situation. Yes, the money was good for us - we actually needed it, with my reduced production - but I was not going to allow myself to be *scolded* by a corporate floozy behind a video chat screen. I was, however, smart enough not to say exactly what was on my mind...but I came exceedingly close. "Well, thanks for thinking of us, Gianna, but I have patient care as my first priori-"

"I'm going to have to ask you to call me Ms. Albertini from now on....," she broke in, her body language shifting onscreen - She set her shoulders and thrust out her ungodly chest - in a clear move to show me who exactly was in charge. "...and I'm this close to demoting you from the principal investigator on this study and naming one of our girls instead."

Okay, that was the last straw.

"What?!" I blurted, shocked by her boldness.

"You are late with the reports I needed from you, *again*. I'd given you plenty of time, and you've had *more* than enough warnings," she laid into me, "I've tried to make this as easy for you as possible, because I know you have certain limits-"

"*Limits?!?*" I exclaimed, taken aback again by her attitude, her belittling of me. I know now, and I think I even kinda knew it then: that I was acting up, lashing out a bit irrationally. I think I felt the need to exert myself in some way, after all the humiliations and submissiveness I was starting to realize comprised my entire weekend. So it was here, I guess, that I was putting my foot down. "I'm perfectly capable of filling out the spreadsheets you need." I started again, "I'm a busy person and this is-...this is just data entry. I frankly just need to find the time t-"

"Frankly you're proving yourself to be just like other men," she cut in, "and showing yourself incapable of the work."

"Oh my god...!" I groaned, as I was vaguely aware of Morgan leaning a bit forward, over my desk. My hands shot up in impotent rage, but instead of jumping in with a defense of my beleaguered gender, my eyes suddenly drifted into Morgan's massive, plump cleavage. *Woof. A guy could get lost in there...*

Morgan began to giggle, a deep and throaty chuckle as my anger began to slip through the cracks of my skull and I became lost in the vast swells of her chest.

Gianna took the opportunity - *no doubt seeing my eyes dart upward* - to lecture me on my sex's many recent failings. Yes, yes, I knew that earlier this year women had become the majority of the workforce for the first time in U.S. history. Most managers, like Giana here, were now women too. All her bosses, the executives at the pharmaceutical company certainly were too, I was sure. She told me that for every two men who got their college degree this year, three women would be doing the same. The statistics regarding the graduate and professional degrees were even more dramatic. *What do you think the workforce will look like soon?* she asked me, *Do you think society won't change because of this?* For years, decades, generations, women's progress had been cast as a struggle for equality. "But what if we know now that equality shouldn't be the end point?" she asked me, as the blonde giantess Morgan continued to keep me tempted by her big Hungarian bosom. "What if modern society is simply better suited for women like me and Morgan, and Melissa and Olivia and Lakshmi and *all* the others, to dominate it? To run the lives of flawed, frail men like you?"

My heart was pounding. Was it fear or, god help me, was I turned on?

Men had been the dominant sex since, well, the dawn of forever. It was called 'mankind' for a reason, right? But I knew that, for the first time in human history, that was all changing - and it seemed to be doing so with shocking speed. Cultural and economic changes always reinforce each other, so - yes, like Gianna said - society was certainly going to be different with more and more women becoming the breadwinners, the business leaders, the politicians and even the clergy. Home life was also certainly going to change. With more husbands becoming dependent on their wives, if there was a 'Battle of the Sexes' imminent, like so many were predicting, would they be forced to 'bend the knee' to the so-called superior gender. What would happen to what we considered democracy? What we considered America?

And, it wasn't just here in the US. The global economy was evolving in new, unexpected ways as well. Many countries were seeing the historical preference for having male children begin to erode. Gianna began talking about using new advances in medical technology to purposefully alter the birthrates of each sex.

She wasn't just talking about doing it abroad, but here at home as well. The thought made me squirm. Was I outraged? Disturbed? Excited? I didn't know. I was far too captivated by Morgan's chest to understand even my own feelings.

"Oh my god, just look at you," Gianna said, finally calling me out as I stared blankly forward clearly hypnotized by Morgan's massive tits. She smirked with a knowing smile that mirrored Morgan's own. "This is totally going to be how it happens, you know, 'The End of Men'. You're all just going to give in to your pathetic male urges and slowly fade away into our cleavages. Battle of the Sexes? We won't have to fight you at all."

"F-fight?" I said, confused. I was - *I really was!* - trying to be angry, trying to resist. But I knew I was instead coming across as pathetic and weak. I clearly, obviously, didn't really care about my position here, my authority. I only cared about how fucking *hot* this was though inside my logical side wanted to be enraged and rebel. I was turned on more and more every moment, with every belittling comment Gianna lobbed my way. Regardless of what I said, it was obvious that I was exactly where they wanted me. They knew I would fall into line. Maybe I already had.

Gianna, though, had worked herself into an animated fervor, and she was very obviously still pissed. "I can't wait, I really can't," she began again, "for this study to be fucking *done* with so I can get out of quarantine and get a hive of my own!"

What? What was she talking about?

"I want to start *flexing*," she continued, now sounding like she was talking to herself as much as she was addressing me or anyone else. "I'm a fucking *queen* and all I have to show for it so far are these enormous tits."

"wh-what do you m-?" I asked, obtusely. I really had no idea, dear reader, what was going on.

"Oh, don't pretend you don't realize," she pressed on, speaking over me, "how every girl around you has been busting through their bras, just to give you more to look at? Even me. Even just being on these fucking video chats with you has done *this...*"

At that, onscreen, Gianna turned in profile, pressed forth her shockingly big chest, and nearly gave me an aneurysm.

"It's you, you little fucker, you little boob monkey," she chastised, turning back to the camera, "*You're* the one doing this to us."

"Wh-what??" I stammered, more confused than ever. *Is this woman crazy? What's she talking about??*

She continued on her rant, speaking quickly, in heat. "Yep I was assigned to you and surprise surprise what makes me best at getting you to do what I need?" At that, she cupped her hands under her giant breasts and lifted them, bouncing them up and down, flesh quivering above her neckline. "These. You're the one male I'm allowed to talk to and I guess I shouldn't be surprised. We knew you were a tit-obsessed freak. I just can't believe I'm so fucking attracted to you now, either. You're fucking perfect, so small and weak."

I was sputtering, confused, still trying to be angry and definitely weirded out by the delusions of this woman, but finding it hard - god help me - to argue back when a set of tits like that just told me I was cute. But, I knew I needed to somehow get this meeting out of its bizarre tailspin and was about to speak up again when Gianna asked for the blond behemoth again.

"Morgan, sweetie, can you pull his desk out of the way?" she queried, "Just make sure he can still see his computer."

"Of course," Morgan answered and then suddenly - *sweet lord* - with the ease of someone pulling the sheets off the bed she'd yanked my desk back away from me, just enough so, now that she'd stepped back around, she had room to squeeze in, crouch down between my legs and with one hand on each of my knees spread my legs. And she had, yes, repositioned my screen so Gianna could watch this whole thing and - more importantly for her, I think - I could see her.

"I obviously need you to imprint on me a bit," Gianna explained through the speakers, adjusting her low-cut blouse and my view of her tits as Morgan looked up into my eyes and seemed ready to just pull the thin fabric of my scrub pants off me. With the same strength she'd shown with my desk, my pants could come off like tissue paper. I knew I'd be in her mouth in seconds. Morgan smiled, grabbed the fabric of my scrubs at my thighs, and slowly started to tear them away when suddenly we were interrupted.

"Knock knock,Sweetie," an angelic voice came from the doorway, "I've got you your milk..."

Melissa.

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Jesus Christ look at this place. I can't believe what a fucking *mess* it is. When was the last time I cleaned? The thing is I just don't *care* anymore. My life was once neat and orderly but it all started slowly falling apart the moment I got put on this



project. I really can't fucking believe it. What's happening to me?!? I used to be a smart, driven chick, headed for great things. Now...it's like I can barely think straight! All I can think about is *him*. It's like my brains are now all in my tits...which, to be honest, should make me a fucking genius.

I've been with Evolution for a few years now. I was hired onto the Quality Control team, and now I'm a Project Manager. The gig looked good, originally, they sounded serious. Well, they *are* serious. They're fucking *really* serious. They seriously have made my life suck.

Okay, so it seemed great: I got to try out this new Product they wanted to push out. They made me the clinical coordinator, but I also got to be a study subject myself. It sounded so fucking awesome. This shit was

going to make me a fucking queen, after all this went down. They were using it, in these trials, for like politicians, and CEOs, women of influence, girls who were in important positions. To make approval easier they presented it to the FDA as an OTC (over the counter, of course), non-Rx (nonprescription, duh) supplement which is like a joke, because it's a fucking bioweapon. They had the right people in the right places and they somehow got it through, approved for OTC. But in the end it's not going to be available for just *anybody*. It was going to make women they choose - like me, if it worked - better. Better at what they do. Better at meeting their challenges. Better at what they need to be to help us fucking win.

I don't totally understand all the science, but I understand some of it (and all the witchy stuff I only half-believe). I do know that it's next-level shit and totally sketchy from a safety-profile standpoint. It was all to help 'the movement' though, and blah blah blah, of course I'm all for that, who isn't? So, yeah, I'd take the trial. It

sounded great. And it'd make me better at my job; that's why they wanted me on it in the first place.

It was just some shots, and I knew that if this panned out I'd be, like, ascending. Like I'd heard others have, like the chicks I'd seen in the clinics. When all this is said and done I'd get my own team with the company, fuckloads of salary, and a promotion up and out of this bogus job.

They just need to wait with me, they said. They need me to run this clinical trial, but not affect it. So I can't show up in person. I can't have my influence change what's going on in there. In fact, they wanted to keep me isolated and out of the offices so I didn't affect anyone there, or out in public. Like, I can't even see my own family. They're still all back East so it doesn't really matter. I don't really want to see them anyway.

So I've basically been in quarantine, alone, for like, months now. Sure it sounded great at first - I get to work from home, and I get to set my own schedule. I get everything delivered, you know, food and whatever. I don't have to deal with any of the fuckwads out there in the world. But I'm so fucking *bored*. Months of this. Months, while life goes on in the outside world. The elections and all that? I just ended up celebrating here by my own fucking self.



<click for link to animations>



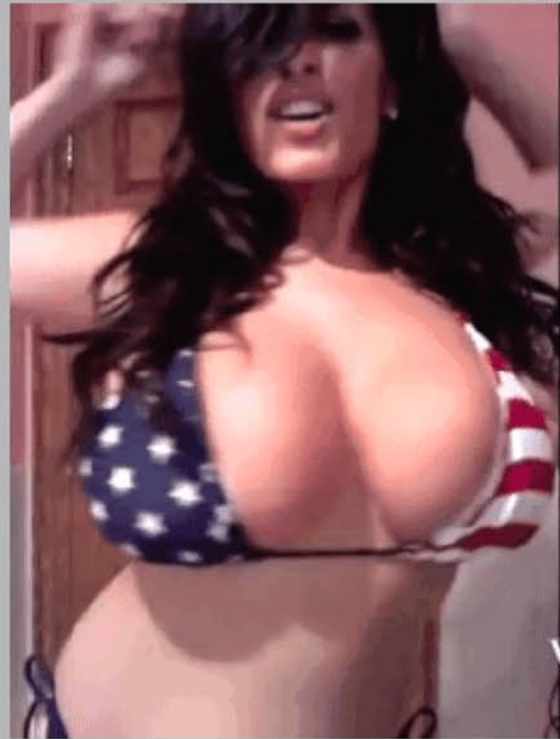
I mean, yeah, I'm working for a good cause. But Jesus, look the fuck at me now! I was always a busty girl, but I've gone from a double-E to an - I dunno, double-G - to whatever the hell I am now. Fucking huge is what it is.

Why? Because the dude, this doctor likes...no, loves...no,

worships tits. Because women with big tits get him to do what they want, I guess. Sound familiar? That's fucking men in general, but I need this specific one to do what I tell him to. My only interaction with the guy is, like, here and there on video conference calls, and all he sees of me is like from the waist up. So, my ass is still my plain old ass, but now my tits are like a porn star's. And they keep getting bigger! And that's not the worst of it! Now he's all I freakin' think about! I feel like a goddamn braindead lovesick bimbo mommygirlfriend sometimes and-

Gah!

I mean, I know I'm no different than other girls. Women everywhere want this sort of thing now. A shorter boyfriend, a weaker guy, a dependent husband, all *vulni-* or whatnot. The shorter, weaker and more dependent the better. We all want them to need us for money and safety, for warmth and nutrition. For everything. It's just fucking *sexy*. We'd love to be able - if we could - to pick them up like children, like infants, hold them in our hands or *haha nnnngh* stick them down our dresses and hide them in our tits. Honestly we all want our men to be like little embryos. If we could shove them up into our wombs, we fucking would. It's, like, nobody's really talking about it out in the open, but it's *normal* now, to feel this way. We're all looking for short, weak, totally and utterly dependent men.



But, fuck, this product has got me. I don't want it to be just anyone. I want it to be HIM. I think it's because I don't see any other guys It's imprinted him on me. And since my pheromones can't get to him he doesn't feel the same He's like enamored/suckled onto this Melissa person and it fucking burns my hooch to think about. Jealousy is not a good color on me, well on anyone I realize, but I can't fucking help it I want him to *nnnnnnngh* fucking shrink for me so I can shove him into my tits, up my cunt, into my bra. I want to make him just stick to me and I'll fucknig absorbbbbb him ahhhhhggg

fuck.

Get your shit together, Gianna. You've got a job to do. Back to work...

...



...but just imagine.

=====



"So, Morgan looked pretty disappointed, don't you think?" I chuckled, trying to loosen my goose after closing the door to his office behind the big blonde nurse and turning back to him. I'd just walked in on the two of them - well, the *three* of them, Gianna had been watching over the computer - getting ready for some naughty time. Immediately I'd felt a weird jolt of something dark inside me, something possessive and, like, territorial. Morgan looked ready to just eat him up from there between his legs, had actually already half-torn off the new

scrub pants I'd bought him. He looked both shocked and, bless his heart, thankful to see me. But it wasn't the sight of the two of them, together, that really bothered me, I think. The thought of one of my girls, like Morgan, being with him & tending to him if he needed it actually could make me feel kinda good. I think it was seeing that Gianna was there that set something off in me. I mean, I don't think I reacted badly, or did anything weird, but I definitely wanted to turn that computer screen off as quick as I could. If Morgan was going to suck him, I didn't want him looking at Gianna, listening to Gianna. *Me. Me me me.*

Bye Gianna, we'll talk to you later. I'd switched off the power to the screen already.

When I did turn back to Jay - door closed, now - and handed him his warm milk for the morning (not Katarina's this time haha!) he was still stammering in

apology, his face was so adorably red. I laughed him off as best I could, but I was still feeling those twinges.

This boy is mine, I thought, as a flash of Gianna passed through the she-wolf part of my head, *back off*.

Weird! I told him to drink his milk and not worry about it, stepping around to his side of the desk - pulling it back into place after Morgan had pushed it away - and set my laptop up in front of him. I crouched down beside him so we could both see it's screen, and he could have a good view down the generous top of my cool new white dress. *In case you need a reminder of where you belonged, or who you belong to*. It made me feel better, when his eyes darted down between them, and then had a hard time coming back out. *That's right, lots to look at, huh sweetie? But, here, let's concentrate on my computer...*

I was so excited to show him!

"Wh-what's this?" he asked, as my screen sprung to life.

"I'm going to give you a tour of the new offices!" I sang. I'd just gotten it myself, the file from the construction team with the virtual tour of the new office wings. I'd been over there, working with the construction people a lot over the past few weeks, many of the girls had. But Jay hadn't seen anything yet, aside from maybe some early blueprints. They were nearly finished with all the major stuff anyway, we'd be opening soon, but there was still a lot of painting and decorating to be done. This 3-D animated walkthrough had that all in place and pretty, what it'd look like in a few days. I'd glanced at it quickly with Marisela and Josie in my office before coming here, and had immediately wanted to show it to him, too. I brought it in on my laptop instead of sending him the file because, well, my computer is bigger and better than his. I clicked a few things and the animation started up for us.

"So here we are," I began, as the video file went full screen and the POV camera zoomed in on the big, beautiful new glass front doors from the parking lot. It was all computer/generated but looked a lot like what it really did. I glanced over at him; he was paying attention well. "Big doors, huh? They're twelve feet high, but glide open so easy - and we come into the new front atrium..."

I've been waiting for this for so long.

"Oh my god..." he immediately marveled, and my face nearly split open with how huge my smile felt. He looked amazed! The camera came in through the entryway and right away you could get a sense of the scale of the enormous new welcome space, what patients would see when they first walk in. All in white-ish marble, the atrium was super-fancy, with a ceiling that soared up into the new third story and

beyond. Balconies lined the upper levels, a beautiful altar of a reception desk beckoned from across the white stone floor. Natural light filled the space, pillars made the whole thing look really impressive, and gateways to the new wings lay ahead and off to the left. But, haha, probably what was making him most speechless now was what soared up up and up behind the reception desk. Forty-feet tall with its arm extended and looking off to some great distance, a 'Far Horizon' haha.

"Is that...you?!?" he blurted, the awestruck shock in his voice and the new race to his heart so freaking satisfying that I nearly screamed. He liked it!

"Haha no that's not 'me'..." I answered, as the camera came deeper into the atrium and slowly started to pan up, and up, and up. I actually blushed, noticing just how, uh, *voluptuous* they'd made her. "That's a statue - it looks just like white marble but it's really a cool amal-...amalgam, plastics and stone and like they can do so many things with it. Anyway, do you like the dress?!? I helped choose it out..."

His eyes were wide. This is exactly what I wanted to see! Exactly the reaction I wanted from him. *Awe, I think they call it.* Yes yes yes, the statue is *beautiful*, and so is the big podium dais thing it stands on, making it rise even higher above everyone. It's even *better* in real life, so impressive, so...monumental and perfect. But, even though it was just onscreen and really just an animation, the virtual tour video here gave a pretty good idea of what it was actually like.

"It looks *just like you*..." he said, slowly, jaw gaping and clearly amazed. And maybe a little scared.

"Well, I was, like, the model for it," I began, "We did a shoot for it with the artists way at the beginning. They based it on my figure and, like, my face. But, really, it's not *me*. It's more, like...I dunno..."

I mean, it's all in stone. But, yeah, it does kinda look like me. The boobs for sure. And...it's forty feet tall.

Jay was speechless, as the camera breezed up the crazy curves of the giant amal-...stone lady that would now greet all our patients as they came into our new offices. The dress, a classic wrap that clung to m-...her body like a really tight toga, was really magnificent, made the whole thing look so majestic, like it was out of some Roman temple, and made her look like a huge ancient goddess. *That's what we were going for, right?*

Jay was still flabbergasted. The idea of a medical building having a forty-foot statue of its Office Manager is ridiculous, right? He was trying to wrap his head around it, understand that though I was the model for it, and haha it's like got my hairstyle, it wasn't actually *me*. "So, it's, like an *everywoman*?" he attempted,

explaining it as much to himself as asking me, "This is a medical facility, so, like, it represents female...health?"

"Sure, Mmhmm, health," I agreed, nodding in encouragement. I wanted him to like it, and I didn't want him *too* freaked out (*a little is okay haha*). "Female health."

And strength, and female power and authority.

"uh, okay, I get that," he nodded, slowly accepting that he'd be seeing this giant, walking past her feet every day. "It's not *you*, it's just...yeah."

"Yeah, for sure," I agreed, trying to keep the excitement out of my voice, and my lady parts under control. *It's totally me.*

"Here, let me show you some of the other stuff," I finally said, after the camera had panned back down the statue, was again at m-...her feet. "So, after patients are greeted at the front desk by Aubrey and the girls, they'll be directed to either the 'Women's Health' wing on the left, there, or the 'Evolution' one, back there behind it.

"Those are, uh, really impressive entryways," he said, stunned by the gorgeous, modern details with classical styling that highlighted the atrium and would lead patients to where they needed to be. "Now, uh, how would you get to our practice here?"

"Oh, to geriatrics?" I answered, clicking a couple things and swinging the camera to the right. The small door that led to our current offices was there, yes.

"That looks a lot smaller..." he commented.

"Well, we didn't want to intimidate your ol-...your current patients," I replied, "they like things the way they are, for now. So we kept it modest, familiar..." *It does look pretty overshadowed over there, huh?* "But hey! Let me show you this, it's so cool..."

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Melissa was crouched down alongside me, excited about giving me this virtual tour of the new office spaces using her laptop. She was positively beaming, and her size made me feel like a child with his pretty teacher as I sat like a kid at my oversized desk that Monday morning. I'd normally struggle with keeping my eyes from drifting down into the neckline of her low-cut white dress, but I was rapt in awe, and more than a little apprehension as I stared at the screen. I struggled to grasp at the sheer *scale* and enormity of this thing. I hadn't seen anything about this before, believe it or not. The girls hadn't let me even step foot on the construction site for the past few weeks - *'it's a surprise!'* they'd said, but I suspect there was more to it than that - so all I'd seen were the early blueprints before things really got started. Even those were ridiculously extravagant, and impossibly adventurous, but this...this looked even more incredible. Did she say it was almost finished??



She'd just shown me the interactive, digital replica with the soaring, Roman-temple inspired atrium with its jaw-droppingly huge statue of M...of, uh, 'Female Health' towering over a new, opulently modern reception desk. The glass ceiling left the whole space awash with sunlight. Then she showed me the humble new entrance to our old practice here. It was left virtually unchanged as if they had simply built around it. Melissa assured me that this was so things would stay nice and familiar for my geriatric patients, but I couldn't help but notice how small it looked. It was completely dwarfed by the grand entrances and size of whatever the hell was going to be going on in those two new wings of the building.

Turning the camera around, Melissa 'walked' us by the desk and over to face the entrance to the 'Evolution Wing'. She explained to me that this area of the

walkthrough wasn't populated with imagery yet, so its onscreen doors remained locked.

Huh. Apparently that area would be for continuing pharm studies, etc. I guess I wasn't clear on why they need a whole *wing* for that, but whatever. How much research did they really need us for? *Well, it's their money.* Theirs...and my ex-wife Sheryl's. Who, with her enormous wealth, technically owned this entire building.

Speaking of which, how this whole thing got funded was beyond me; this company's pockets seemed limitless. But, I reminded myself, I'd decided to stop worrying about it weeks ago. *There's nothing wrong with growing the practice, is there? Growth is good, bigger is better...*

I suddenly noticed my eyes had, as if on instinct, finally drifted down Melissa's top.

"Let's check out the 'Women's Health' wing!" she sang, bringing my attention back to the screen. Our camera made its way towards the rear of the atrium, under the imposing presence of the giant statue, and into a well-lit suite of separate clinics. Each one had their own separate entrance from the main wing. Down this impressive hallway I saw signs for 'Internal Medicine', a 'Fertility Clinic', even an 'Aesthetics Center', where Melissa told me Karen, the new APRN, would run a squad of cosmetic nurses and plastic surgeons. And...

"We'll have an 'Adolescent Care' department?" I asked, baffled at the scope of what this place was soon to be.



"Sure yes of *course!*" Melissa lauded, excited, "Even the youngest women will need a place to come where they can be encouraged to, like, grow into everything they can be!" She sounded like she was reciting something that had been told to her, for sure, but whatever it was it was clearly something she believed.

"But, *pediatrics?*" I pressed, incredulously. Frankly, I was afraid of how far away things were getting from geriatrics, the specialty of my practice. Far Horizons was drifting, and soon I

was going to lose even more of the little control that I still had..

"Oh, you'll see, this won't be just kiddies and boo-boos," Melissa continued, "this'll be where girls are taught and trained and, like, *developed* into what this new, changing world is going to need. Strong and confident female leaders, scientists and athletes, young women that can *take care* of things. It's important that they become healthy, empowered women who can lead us into the future." Again, it sounded like a marketing angle, but one that had obviously already worked.

The camera passed through the doors into the '*Adolescent Care*' unit, and I was shown a small, but beautiful new waiting room, a modest gym, and several well-appointed, modernly elegant exam rooms. Further in I spotted a procedure room along with what looked like several offices for new providers. This was obviously concerning, but before I could really think about it my attention was pulled away by something in the air, away from the screen and settling, once again, down into Melissa's cleavage. Her big lungs swelled her breasts up with every breath, and a new wave of perfume had drifted up from her flawless, velvety skin. Breathing her in felt...*good*. It helped me relax and forget my worries.

Melissa was, no doubt, enthusiastic from the start to show me this virtual tour, and she seemed to be getting more and more excited as we went along. I could tell she really wanted to show me something, but all I could think was: *You smell really good*.

"Thank you," she said, and continued talking. "But speaking of what the new world's going to need, let me show you this!" she twittered, quickly now backing the camera out and away from the adolescent unit. A new door came into view, further down the main hallway of the new wing. "We even have a small clinic for men, too, a little place for them inside us," she said, "And here it is!"

I squinted at the door, not really comprehending what I was reading on the small sign aside it.

"*R-regression Clinic*???" I asked, my radar suddenly up, "What's that?"

"Oh, Jay, I can't wait!" Melissa beamed, bouncing a bit on her haunches and sending new jiggles through her upper chest, "Haven't you heard? It's the newest thing, a new movement in therapy to help couples really *bond*, get them closer, open up, like, new pathways of communication, break down barriers." Our camera stepped right up to the doorway but Melissa stopped us there. "Katerina and Shanette have done such a good job setting it up. The counseling rooms and procedure areas are really nice but, y'know what?" she continued, smiling with giddy anticipation, "I'm going to save showing those to you 'til we can do it in person. I already booked an appointment for us!"

She what??

"In fact, we can save the rest of the clinics for when I show them to you for real," she said, "In the meantime, why don't we check out the basement."

"The basement?" *Couldn't be too much down there, right?* At the time the basement of the building had been used for some storage.

"Yeah, it's incredible what they've been able to do. Expanding it I mean. You must have heard the blasting, all hours of the night? They've added in two...or, wait, is it three?...new sub-basements. Like whole new floors."

I watched as the camera quickly sped down a hall and up to an elevator. Even in this mock-up walkthrough, we had to wait a moment for the elevator in the hall to bring us down to another floor. *Whoever designed this must have been a real stickler for details* I thought as we waited for the doors. Melissa, I noticed, could barely keep herself still. When the doors finally slid open and we stepped in, she took us down past the first basement levels down to the very bottom before mentioning that the virtual walkthrough didn't have images for the pool yet.

"Wait...There's a *pool?!?*" I asked, in disbelief.

"Yes, of course silly," she giggled, "on the first basement level. I've told you about that! You're so *cute*, so scatterbrained. I love that! But, yes - pool! For trainings and exercise, and there's a nice hot tub that I think the Regression Clinic is going to use until theirs is finished."

I felt a chill rise up my spine as I thought about the last time I was in a pool.

"Don't worry, sweetie, you'll be safe," she assured me, "Men aren't even allowed onto that level unless there's a lifeguard on duty. That reminds me - we have to hire a lifeguard!" Melissa giggled, maybe picturing exactly what I was, a hot young thing in a red swimsuit. "Now, The other levels aren't for patients, it's like cubicles and computers and stuff, and they're supposed to be for girls-eyes only. But I'll show you the bottom one anyway. It's so cool!"

"What's down there?" I queried, as the elevator hit the bottom floor and the virtual doors slid open.

"So far it's a place for the construction workers, a whole floor," she began. In front of us was a big, simple, starkly lit room that looked like something of a community space, a common area with large tables and benches. Like what someone might see in a school or church basement. *Or a prison.*

"A lot of them...well, all of them really...have stopped going home at night. Like, when their shifts are done they just keep working. They've just started camping out among all the construction when they need to sleep, and just wake up to work. They feel better here than they do...out there." Along with the weirdness of what she was describing, Melissa giggled strangely. "I guess they just like it here so much! Even the ones with homes still would rather stay here now."

"For real?" I asked, incredulously, but suddenly I was reminded of the queasy feelings I got when I stepped outside for too long, and a looming sense of dread began to slowly creep over me. There was something terrifyingly wrong about all of this, but at that same time it was all darkly thrilling. I watched the screen as the camera slowly came out of the elevator into the big, open common room. Unlike the upper level, the ceilings here were low, and though the area was likely the footprint of a small gymnasium, it felt strangely claustrophobic.

"Yeah. But, the construction's almost done," she continued, as we drifted in among the plain plastic chairs around a simple round table, "and some of them are homeless now, and the rest don't want to leave. So, we decided to make a place for them, and any other men we hire. *If they need a place to stay.*"

That surprised me. "Hiring men?"

"Oh, for sure! I mean, we've been interviewing and hiring for so many new positions. Girls, of course, for the clinics, the administration and blah blah. But Evolution wants to do some community outreach, help out the less fortunate," Melissa continued, "So many men are unemployed now, and we figure we can use them for maintenance, cleaning, laundry, landscaping, right? Maybe even some basic data entry in one of the lower levels."

"I...I guess?" I answered, still disbelieving what I was seeing and hearing.

"...and some of these construction workers *are* pretty cute," she giggled, as the camera brought us to one of several doorways at the back of the room, "the girls kinda want to keep them." This entry led to a low hallway off of which came a number of hostel-type rooms. Each room had multiple iron bunk beds, allowing each to sleep a dozen, maybe more. "Just look at these cages I've made for them..."

"C-cages?" I blurted, suddenly noticing now that, yes, the doors to the rooms were barred, like a jail's might be.

"Well, haha, not *cages!*" she quickly corrected, "We just...want it to be secure, and safe, right? If there'll be men living here, underground, we don't want them getting into trouble do we?"

"O-okay..." I hesitated, trying to come to the logic of it all.

"They're more like living areas..." she added.

...than, like... some sort of pen? Yikes. But... there *was* some charity in it I guess. If these men were homeless, and without work, weren't we just doing them a favor? They seemed to like it here.

The camera looked further down the dark hallway. There were lots and lots of these rooms. "How many of these people will be living down here?"

"Well, right now we think there's about twenty surviv-...A-about twenty of them. Plus we have plans to bring in about a dozen right away." she answered, a strange tilt to her voice, some heavier breathing as she turned the camera around to go back to the common area, "But we have plenty of room for a lot more once we need it." She was excited for this, for sure, and trying to hide it.

"It...it looks nice," I tried, just imagining what the real thing would look like in person as I did and doing my best to ignore the lingering sense of foreboding, which continued to breath chills onto the back of my neck. Something about this wasn't quite right.

"It *will* be pretty nice for them," Melissa continued, as she breezed the camera past what looked like a small cafeteria. "It'll be our own little far-...our own little community of men. We've included a few more feeding areas, back that way, all sorts of...uh, like, games and places for them to explore and hang out when they're not working." The camera was sailing through a labyrinth of smaller spaces, now, little halls. A room of video games. "They seem to like looking at pictures but they won't have phones or computers..."

Because they can't afford them? Or because you won't permit it? I didn't dare ask.

"...and haha we noticed that now that we have the statue up in the atrium, they spend a lot of their free time at night hanging around, sometimes even kneeling in front of it," she explained, "but we can't have *that* anymore so haha we made a little room with a smaller version of the statue that they can go to."

"Another statue of you?!?" I asked, totally flabbergasted at what I was seeing. The camera had glanced into a small, dark chamber, lit by flickering, computer-generated candles. Indeed a smaller, maybe eight-foot tall copy of 'Female Health', stood inside. Made of a similar white stone amalgam perhaps, this one was placed in more heroic of a pose. It stood on a raised platform at the far end of the room, to look down at its admirers. "For them to....what??" *Jerk off to you?!? 'Down here?!'*

"Remember, it's not *me!*" Melissa giggled, as the camera backed out of the room, "You don't have to be jealous!"

Is that a sign above the door? They call that 'The Chapel'?!?

I looked to my right, to Melissa, still squatting aside me. If I hadn't noticed it before, I did now. Her dress today was toga-inspired, for sure. She looked like a Roman goddess, unsettlingly too much like the statue even now, here.

"And, don't worry, I'll make sure they behave," she continued, as our point of view on-screen shifted, "I have cameras everywhere, so I can watch over them. I'll make sure they're nice and safe."

...and not doing anything you don't allow, I gather?

"Okay well speaking of staying safe, I can't wait to show you where you'll be living!" Melissa said ebulliently. She was moving the camera around a bit through the men's chambers again, and I was suddenly afraid that she'd had a cell set aside for me down there, in the depths. "But the upstairs isn't done yet. We're still working on finishing the design and moving the walls around. Especially the third floor."

"I'll be u-upstairs?" I asked, feeling a sense of immediate relief. Had I known I'd be moving?

And the building has three floors now?

She sensed the change in my voice and giggled. "Yes of course, silly! You'll be living upstairs, cutie, with me and the girls," she said, as she moved to click a few keys and the animation of the virtual walkthrough closed off her screen. "There's a big suite planned for me, and you'll have your own ca-...your own little room inside it." Crouching alongside me, she shifted a bit. "It'll be so nice, when...when I can take you back to my new nest, I can make it all so *comfy* for you," she said, and I heard the first hint of the throaty growl that signaled her arousal. "We'll move all your stuff in, or just get rid of it all," she said, making herself even more excited with the thought of it, "I'm going to have everything you need, get you anything you want. Mmmm....rrrrr...."

Oh...oh crap...

Jesus I was getting so hard.

"Oooo just the thought of it is getting me all kinky haha," she laughed, "Mama'll take good care of youuu...."

Oh god.

I saw Melissa glance up at the camera, which Gianna had been using earlier in our video chat and had since stood forgotten attached to my desktop's monitor. She'd clicked off power to the screen, but the camera's red light still blinked. Melissa smirked.

"Mama and her girls, her huge, huge hive of girls," she continued, in a tone that had started to sound like gloating as she settled her hand on my iron-hard cock, though my thin, ripped scrub pants. "We're getting so big, here, our little home. And we're going to be...nnngh...hiring. Hiring more. Hiring so...many...more...girls..."

"Oh Jesus Melissa," I moaned, as she began to squeeze me.

"Picture it, baby, picture all the girls," she purred, her eyes gleaming as she glanced up again at the camera. And then, with her large smile pointed at its blinking red light, she slipped her hand though the tear Morgan had left, up the front of my pants. "There are going to be so many of us, your swarm of girls growing and growing and growing. Will you like that? Having that many *more* of us?"

"Oh g-god yes," I admitted, already picturing a crushing throng of them and then gasping as I felt her palm and fingers slip below me, to cup my chicken-egg sized balls.

Feeling how swollen I was, she purred her approval. "It's good that he's all nice and full now," she said, massaging my sac gently and making my eyes cross, "all ready for a productive day."

With her free hand she tore away, like tissue paper, the remaining portion of my scrub pants from my hips leaving me fully exposed and helpless to do anything about it. She took my shaft in hand and began speaking right to it, right to my cock. "This weekend I got used to being with you every *moment*, baby," she cooed,



"And I started to miss you already." One hand still played with my balls while the other slowly began to stroke me. She cooed and clucked down to it, treating my penis like it was directly her lover. "Now, I want to suck you until there's nothing left inside."

In an instant she had turned me in my chair, on her knees got between my legs, and reached up to - for some reason - adjust the position of the monitor and camera.

"M-Melissa!" I exclaimed, trying to figure out what was happening.

You wanted to frame the shot perfectly, so she could see you do this. I didn't realize it right then but I do now. You wanted her to watch. And seethe.

"Shhh shh shh...I know we have work to do," Melissa said, trying to control herself and keep the growl out of her voice as she continued to talk directly to my cock. "We have to make sure Gianna knows you're a good worker, she has to know you can get to work on time, that you can finish your paperwork..." She took a moment to put her hair up into a loose bun. "But I also want her to see how *good* an Office Manager I am. How good I am at taking care of you..."

"Oh god..." I moaned, letting myself submit to the moment, feeling the eyes of both Melissa and Gianna on me as I collapsed.

"Good boy," Melissa lauded, and suddenly I was in her mouth. Stars exploded in my vision, even as my eyes clamped shut. She had me fully in, down to the base, and the muscles of her throat vibrated around me. Girls, girls all around me, through these thin office walls, they all stood suddenly at attention.



They knew what was happening. They could feel it. Could they...see me, too?

I could picture them, all about the office, trying to keep from groaning or smiling too broadly, knowing what was coming. Melissa in the meantime purred and moaned, and barely had to move or caress my testicles at all because with just two deliberate passes up and down my length, her mouth had me exploding, my hips bucking up into her as she laughed with gurgling glee around my manhood.

"uuungh...unnnggh...unnngghh..." I mewled, just trying to stay focused, stay conscious as - yes - she seemed to be sucking everything I had right up out of me. She was draining me, unburdening me, granting me my morning relief. She let me come, come completely, come completely down into her throat until I was fully spent and flaccid. We both knew I'd need it again, but for now-

"How's that?" she smiled, finally pulling herself back up and taking me again in her hands, so she could gently caress my softened length as she laid me back down again along my thigh. She wiped the corner of her lip with a finger, and swallowed demonstrably. "All better?"

I released one last shuddering breath, and let my head nod forwards.

I passed out.

=====





GITJ 354 That was Then, This is Now, p6

I was sitting there still seething, hunched over my keyboard feeling a lot more rage than I should. "That fucking bitch! Who does she think she is?!" I actually spat aloud. *Ugh...hnggh hnnngh nnngh*. "She's just a fucking lab rat!" *She can't treat me like this no matter who she's related to!* Corporate was going to hear about this!

First it was important that I thoroughly review the evidence *fuck me*

Again.

My right hand pushed the mouse across the screen as my left remained buried between my legs frigging myself for all I was worth. I couldn't help it. It made me so fucking angry, but *argghgggghhhh fuck it's so hotttttt*

I scrubbed through the footage, the replay, the recording I'd done of the whole thing, starting with my talk with him. Then Morgan. Then her coming in and turning off the monitor so he couldn't see or hear me anymore but I sure as fuck see them do their walkthrough which seemed to excite the fuck out of her when she started thinking about her hive getting so much fucking bigger. The goddamn bitch!! We're both queens and while she'll have like hundreds of them before we know it I'm still fucking stuck here like a goddamn idiot all by myself and all I have to show for it are these fucking monster tits.

Plus she has him!!! AAAAGHHH!!!

page 1

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GITJ 354 That was Then, This is Now, p6 (cont)

My scrubbing stopped the footage, landing on a still image of the doctor and his absurdly huge dick. *Nine, ten inches? Thick as a horse?! And it looked even bigger on his tiny-ass frame. It was a monument, it was meant to be NNGH! Worshiped!*

Stop it stop it stop he's a fucking asset nothing more

My hand was fucking trembling and I clicked play and watched the subtle bob of his cock as Melissa fondled his huge balls.

That bitch didn't deserve him! It should have been me!! I should be the one fileting that massive cock of his! Making him whine like a little bitch! Making him blow his load into my mouth or between my tits or into my tight...little....Urghh! Pussy!!!

Again! Need to watch again!!

I scrubbed through the footage again, just to watch his face. I zoomed in on his eyes. Those eyes. Fuck those eyes!! I knew it, of course I knew it, that it was just the product fucking with my brain and bonding me to him but that didn't goddamn matter I was angry and I was jealous and get out of the way of a jealous Gianna Albertini because she will mow you down like a fucking reaper. *Damn you! You giant big-ass bitch get away from him it wasn't supposed to be like this!!*

I stood up, violently, my chair sailing backwards behind me across my living room. I couldn't get my jeans down fast enough so I just pushed them down my hips, my panties too. *NNNGGHH!!!*

page 2

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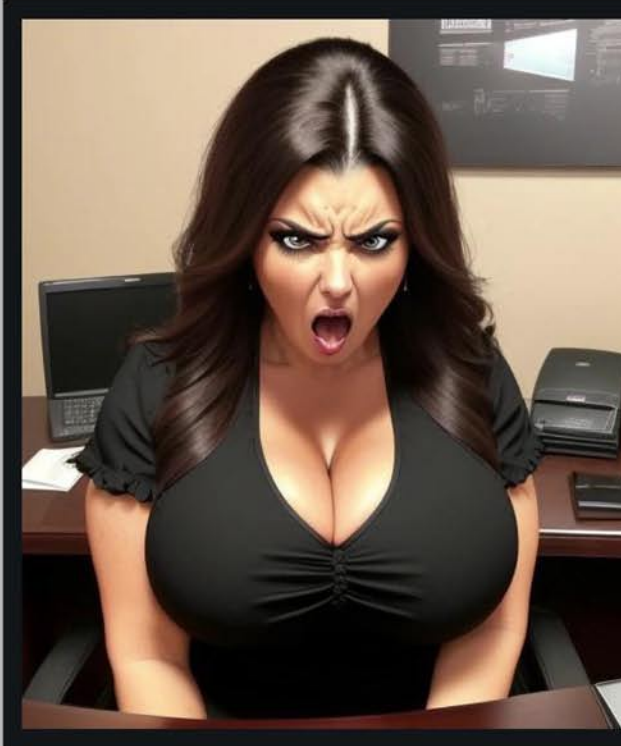
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GITJ 354 That was Then, This is Now, p6 (cont)

He's going to be mine he's going to be mine he is.

Fuck the study. I'm gonna come get you.

He's going to be...fucking...MINE!!

And then I heard the ripping.

And felt the surging.

Haha omigod

Oh my fucking god!! Oh christ hahahahaha

Haha the little shit wants...nngh...big?

They're fucking tearing around my legs.

Oh shit...oh god...

The little fucking infantile boob-monkey simp wants Melissa?

JESUS my bra. OH GOD YES!

Then that's what you fucking get.

<<snap!>>

I'll...nngh...I'll give you Melissa.

=====

page 3

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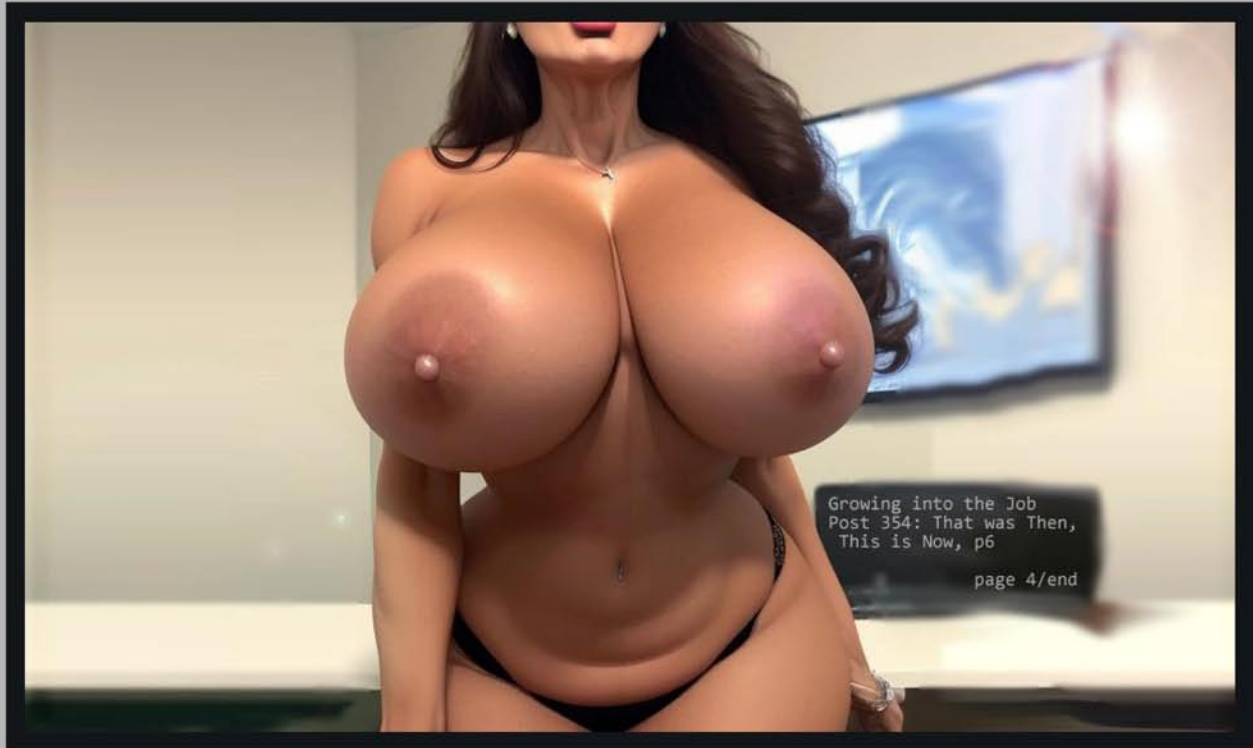
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Then that's what you fucking get.

<<snap!>>

I'll...nnngh...I'll give you Melissa...



=====



He slowly woke up. He was in my lap, we sat in his old desk chair. I wanted the first thing he felt and saw and smelled to be my breasts. My heartbeat to be the first thing he heard.

He nuzzled into me like a bug in a rug. I held him there, keeping him warm. My breasts are really big.

"th-thank you," he uttered as his first words, his muffled voice coming from my chest, "that was amazing."

"You're welcome sweetie," I told him, reliving again how I made him come, still tasting him and seeing the expression he'd had on his face, like - what do they

call it? - rapture. *But that was nothing, hun. Tonight I'm gonna make you a sperm fountain haha.*

"what time is it?" he muttered again from inside my cleavage trying his best not to get lost in his omg new world.

"Shhh it doesn't matter." I hushed him, "the girls are handling your patients. All you have to do today is finish your paperwork for Gianna. We don't want to make her any madder than she already is."

I giggled, and felt his little body shiver. "It's okay, baby, I'll help you," I said, "We'll set you up in my office, where you can work. Then when you're done I can bring you home with me. I'll cook you dinner again."

He paused.

I can feel you thinking. I guess your mind is clearer after I clean you out and I dunno if I like that.

He tried to pull himself out of my chest and looked up into my eyes as he stammered. "I...I think I should s-stay in my own bed tonight," he said finally.

NO.

Wait, hold on Missy. Maybe...maybe that'd be okay. Maybe that'd be good for him. To have a night to himself. For him to see how cold he gets without me.

"If that's what you want honey I understand," I said.

He kept his eyes locked on mine for a long, quiet moment. I think he was looking for a sign that this was really okay. That I wasn't upset. Finally, he looked down at himself. I almost giggled again. Everything was ripped.

"I n-need new pants," he said, as I felt him start to shift in my lap. Immediately I had the urge to cling him to me. "I'll go upstairs to change...?"

You're looking for my approval, aren't you?

"Want me to come with you?" I asked, still resisting the urge to just wrap him up and put him in my dress with me, keep him there all day.

"n-no, I'm okay."

=====

I had climbed up the small spiral staircase in Melissa's office that connected to the upstairs hallway, leading to my apartment. Melissa had found a white lab jacket I could use to adequately cover myself, my torn pants, preserving modesty in my walk through the clinic halls. But I was now stopped dead in my tracks and looking through the open doorway into what remained of my once pristine upstairs apartment. *Oh my god...what the f-*

I felt my heart drop. *What was I seeing?* Someone had broken my locked door handle. They had shattered it, along with part of the frame. I looked in horror at the wreckage of my apartment. My clothes were everywhere. My dresser was toppled over, drawers flung about. My new kitchen table lay on its side, halfway across the room.

I'd been broken into! Ransacked! My blood went cold. I started to panic as I suddenly felt the weight of everything that's happened come crashing down on me.

WHY?!? WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?!?!?

My heart was pounding and my mouth fell agape as my mind raced to comprehend the situation. I stood there frozen on this late Monday morning, suddenly afraid to set foot in my own apartment. I was confused, so utterly confused:

WHEN?!? HOW?!?

Today was the first time I'd been to my place since Friday. I'd spent the entire weekend at Melissa's so this could have happened anytime over the past couple of days! *Had someone broken into the office building just to - what?? - rob me?!?* That seemed unreasonable, totally unlikely, right?? I was the only resident left up on this floor, but nothing downstairs had been touched. If anyone was looking for money or valuables they'd have found much more in the office, right??

My heart still racing, I took my first few tentative steps into the apartment. I gingerly avoided all the plates strewn-about and broken on the floor. I didn't want to disturb the scene.

I have to call the police!! They need to investigate!!! Who would have had access to do this?!?

Immediately, I thought of those construction workers. Melissa had said they'd been staying here, overnights, over the weekends. Maybe it was some of them? I shivered, feeling the dread of every lost inch from my now feeble body. *What if*

they meant me harm?? What if they were out to...I dunno - get me?? I was less than five feet tall, I'd be physically unable to defend myself if any of them threatened me. I was easy prey, an easy target. I was feeble and-

But why?? Why would they do that???

Who else could it have been??

They'd torn all my clothes out of the closet, and tossed them about.

I considered the strange things that had been happening lately. Like: who was this "Anderson" nut job? The guy who was sending me these unhinged, conspiracy-theory emails? He was shady, and it sounded like he was mixed up with some unstable people for sure. Was he upset that his sister was in the Evolution product study?

Or were there maybe other men out there that were just plain old pissed off at me? Angry that I'd been hiring so many women, and giving them a place to...what? Gather their power? Did they think I was part of this female equality movement that was looking to 'put some balance between the sexes'? (*haha I can't believe I used to think that way, how quaint.*) Maybe they were looking for, what? Information I might have here? I didn't keep a lot of paperwork up in my apartment, business or personal. But even that, and its makeshift filing box, seemed largely untouched. It was more my personal items, like my clothes my toiletries and my keepsakes, that seemed all rifled through. Cabinet doors were pulled open. One was off its hinges. Someone was angry! And - *god, look what they did to the couch* - strong. Very strong. I saw a hole in the wall, and another. *Looks like it was made with a fist, from someone tall.*

My blood went even colder as I considered a possibility.

I...I was with Melissa every minute, right? Of the weekend? I shivered.

With more dread I considered the possibility. She had her unstable moments, she'd admitted it herself. Some *very* unstable moments. And I'd seen what she could do, physically, before. Could *she* have done this? Could she have slipped away? Maybe when I was asleep? Did she sneak out and do...all of *this??* Maybe she even did it this morning???

My hand reached out to the countertop to steady myself. My vision was starting to swim as I felt a new wave of fear crash into me. *No! I can't think this way! Melissa loves me, I love her!* But, yes, it could be. Things were so weird and fucked up. It could have been her!

But...why would she? It made no sense. *None of this makes any sense!! Nothing!! Why am I shrinking?!? Why are women taking over everything?!? Why can't everything be NORMAL?!? Why can't it all go back to THE WAY IT USED TO BE?!?*

My vision swam again as a great deluge of panic began to sweep over me, slamming me against the rocks of my mind. I was lightheaded, and had to use both hands on the silverware-strewn countertop, now, struggling just to stay upright. I tried to take a deep breath but managed only a beleaguered sob.

PLEASE!! Please let's go back to when I had a life!! Independence! Control! Back before all this craziness! Remember?!? Everything was so...easy!

Behind closed eyes, my mind looked for something. It looked for something to calm itself. It started to, yes, bring to life a fantasy, bring me back in time...

...

I was sitting at my desk, looking at my hands. My normal, healthy, regular-guy sized hands.

My wedding ring was gone. *Huh. When did that happen?*

Looking around things felt a bit...older, more familiar, comforting in a way. My office was unusually large and inviting. A couch and leather chairs sat in the corner next to...a small liquor cabinet? Brandy or whisky or whatever it was sat ready to be poured on the coffee table as smooth jazz quietly drifted in from an RCA tabletop radio across the room. Sitting behind my large desk I felt strangely content. No, it was more than that. I felt *confident*.

A knock at my door, and in came Lakshmi. She had a chart, a couple of them. Paper charts, which looked like the ones we used to use back before our EHR system.

Hello Doctor, she began, respectfully, *I just had a few questions regarding Mr. Kowalczyk's vitals. They seem a bit erratic.*

Okay, well let's have a look, I said, taking the chart from Lakshmi with a chuckle. *Oh, Mr. Kowalski...* I began, looking at the results from today's visit, then flipping back a few pages. *If I remember correctly he's in the old folks' home now. His wife's been visiting him quite often and my guess is that she's been slipping him a pack or two of his Viceroys. That would explain these recent numbers.*

Lakshmi nodded, hanging on my every word.

I'll talk to her today, I said, and we'll check him back in a couple weeks. I'm sure he'll be just fine.

Oh yes of course doctor! Lakshmi gushed, That makes perfect sense! I do not know what we would all do without you!

No need to worry, hun. I'm not going away anytime soon! I laughed, Unless everyone starts eating their apples!

She laughed a bit bashfully at my admittedly corny joke as if she actually found it funny. Maybe she was just being respectful or...well, I suppose there was a bit of charm to it. I can be quite charming, when I put my mind to it!



As Lakshmi made a note in the chart, I took a moment to look at her. She seemed respectful, deferential, quiet. More like she was back before Melissa, back before all...that happened. But her figure was undoubtedly still - *vavavoom* - still the bottom-heavy voluptuousness of these recent months, young curves of baby-making hips and thighs that stretched her crisply ironed scrubs. Did she know how much I just wanted to reach out and *grab* that thing? It was a sight, for sure. She seemed blithely ignorant of her own body's appeal. She was far more interested in *me* and what *I* had to say.

Now *this* is a breath of fresh air!

Before too long another girl was in through my door and came to Lakshmi's side: her friend Josie, with a chart of her own hugged to her nicely shapely chest. When had I hired this girl? Good job, man! Her hair was done up cutely into a nice bun, with a single strand of brown hair strategically out of place. It made her look adorable, but more than anything I think she wanted me to notice. She wanted me to say something about it and give *her* my attention.

I was all too happy to oblige.

Hey Josie, love the hair. But is this...? I pantomimed twirling my finger around where her loose strand of hair would be.

Oh silly me! she giggled, abruptly struggling to put the loose strand back into place, *Sometimes this hair of mine has a mind of its own!* She giggled, fetchingly. *Whatever would I do without you, doctor! I would be such a mess!*

We all would be! Lakshmi agreed.

Before I could respond, yet *another* girl - Morgan, our new Hungarian nurse - entered my office. I had just



sat back, hands behind my head, reclined backwards in my desk chair and ready to solve another problem when my eyes were drawn to the woman's prodigious bustline. Another good hire! But Morgan looked upset.

Doctor! We to be having the problem! she blurted, *Please! Come the quickly!*



I could read it in her face, in her voice, and in the way she held her body. There was an emergency, and I immediately jumped into action. Morgan was a big woman, large and intimidating to some of the other staff, but as I stood up I realized I was taller than her. That struck me as strange, for some reason.

I rushed out of the room, leaving the other girls behind, knowing, on instinct, exactly which way to go.

Morgan tried to keep pace behind me down the hall as we rushed towards the problem. *It is Mr. Kowalczyk! He getting the mad at vending machine for not giving*

the cigarette! she called from behind me, He hit machine very hard, and now it on the top of him! You must hurry! Mr. Kowalczyk very old! He have trouble with the breathe!

I arrived into a crowd of women, my nurses and secretaries, all surrounding the trapped, elderly man. A few were trying helplessly to lift the machine off him, while others simply looked on in shock. His wife stood off to the side, bawling miserably.

It is too heavy we girls cannot lift! Morgan called, and then as I moved in she announced, Move! Move! Doctor is here! Doctor is the here now!

With that, the crowd parted in front of me, allowing me to get right to work. Rolling up my sleeves and steadying myself, I took hold of one of the vending machine's corners, and braced my legs. With a bit of effort I was able to slowly lift it off the poor man. The girls all began to cheer, but I knew that this was not the end of Mr. Kowalczyk's troubles.

I need Mr. Kowalawitz in room 1-A STAT!! I commanded, as several girls helped pull him from under the vending machine I held off the ground, *Get him on O2 and check him for any lacerations or signs of fracture. We're going to keep him for observation but get the hospital on the line!*

At that, some of the crowd scattered, girls going off to perform their specific jobs while I stayed to coordinate the effort. Mr. Kowalstein wasn't going to bite it on my watch! In the meantime, the girls were beginning to clap. They were applauding me, praising me for my strength and quick thinking!

Clapping!!

The girls were clapping! I closed my eyes and I could hear the clapping the clappppppin. I smiled at the clap-clap click-clapping ... click-click-clap clack-CLACK CLACK-CLACK <CLACK-CLACK CLACK-CLACK>!!!

...

Heels, in the hallway, moving fast. Running?

"Oh my god Dr. J what *happened* !?!?!"

=====

Okay, so he asked me to show this to you, to help tell the story again. I've told you before, that I write a journal? This is, like, part of my journal entry for that Monday when I found him passed out or catatonic or whatever in his apartment. It's just quick but I hope it helps. Maybe someday, when this is all over, I'll turn it into a book. Melissa says I'm a pretty good writer :D.

Anyway, here it is. I know it's weird, but it's mostly true.



<<From the Journal of Aubrey Henson>>

"Oh my god Dr. J what happened !?!?!" she yelled as soon as she showed up at your door. It was broken, missing shards of the frame laid on the floor along with her ~~love~~ boss. It took her a minute to come to grips with what she was seeing.

Had somebody hurt you?!?!?

It had taken her less than a minute to get up there. She had been at reception, checking in patients, when she felt it. Nadia was at the desk as well, and had given her a strange look. "Did you feel that??" she asked.

"Um yah, something's going on,"

Nadia had replied.

'Something'?!? It was like your world had just screamed.

"Melissa just went downstairs to the construction guys," she said with a new urgency, pulling off ~~my~~ her headset and already out from behind the desk, "call her." She'd known Melissa had been spending some time with the men, more regularly recently, deep in the new basements. But she'd want to hear about this. Doctor Jay needed her.

She thought it must of happened on the way up. As she ran down the hall, into her Office Manager's office, and up the little spiral staircase her breasts began to swell inside her pink tee and her new expandable bra. But she didn't even notice that; she just needed to get to *you*. She couldn't move as fast as she wanted; her silly-tall heels now quickly <CLACK-CLACK CLACKing> on the floor of your hallway and her tight pencil skirt kept her from running. Even these new long racehorse legs, all these extra inches, couldn't move her fast enough.

She'd seen you, she'd seen the shambles of your apartment, and she'd been at your side in a flash. With you laying on the floor next to your little kitchen, your eyes were half-closed, turned up into your head weirdly. They were moving under your lids like you were in strange dream. Your mouth was slack, you were a crumpled little mess. Something odd was going on. You weren't just asleep; that she could tell

She didn't know what to do!!

She looked at you, now down on her knees aside you on the cheap laminate floor. She gathered your head into her arms, pulled you across her lap. Where was Melissa?!? She'd know what to do!

Had someone broken in and attacked you?!?

She was so upset! So scared!

She looked you over, laying there. She didn't see any wounds, or bruises. Your scrub pants were torn, ripped away from your hips. She tried to keep from looking but yes she could see your penis becoming an erection. She liked to think you were growing it because you were in her lap. That you could smell her, feel how warm and soft she was even in your sleep. It was big, your penis, it was very big.

She looked at your face again. She looked at your eyes, still moving, still dreaming or whatever it was. And then, suddenly, she gasped, because she felt like if she looked hard enough, she could see what was in there.

You're dreaming about us, aren't you? she thought. Or maybe she whispered it to you. She felt it now, though, for sure. Her breasts *had* swollen. She looked down at them, and cradled your head more closely. They were bigger than your head, oh my god, they were bigger than your head. *You're still dreaming about us, hm? All your girls? You are, I can tell. And it's more than just a dream...*

She bit her lower lip. She felt her thighs warming.

But it's just me here.

We're alone.

You whimpered a little, while you were dream-thinging about us.

"Oh, honey, baby, I know," she began whispering to you, so gently, happy to finally speak to you ~~honestly~~ alone, "It must be a lot to take in." She knew others, Melissa, were probably on their way - they must have felt it too, right? But for now she had you all to herself, if even for only a minute. It was her job to comfort you, make sure you were okay 'til help got here. She would talk to you while you dreamt. She thought for a moment, and couldn't resist.

"You used to be the daddy here. You were my boss, you were in charge. You're dreaming about that, huh?" she began again, "But now it's different, isn't it?" She watched your sleeping face, giving you a tender smile. "With all these women so much bigger and taller than you it's hard, huh?" Still she looked down at you, with a new look in her eye. She was thinking, for sure, and trying to read your face. "All us ladies now, so much stronger than you," she spoke softly, adjusting your head in her arms, turning your face towards her. Your brow furrowed...*what was going on in this dream?* "All us ladies," she continued, pulling you toward her left breast, "so strong, with our big, big boobies..."

With that she pulled you in fully, gently, into the swell of her firm bosom. She guided the nub of her nipple - plainly swollen through her bra and tee - towards your mouth. She pushed it between your lips and even in your dreaming you responded oh god you did. Your mouth opened to accept her thick nipple, and began to suck lovingly at it through her shirt and bra. With the soft mass of ~~my~~ her breast against your face, she lost herself in that moment, even as she knew others would be here soon.

She didn't want to wake you, but she imagined your eyes opening, searching up over her bosom to her face and she sweetly smiled a comforting greeting. Somehow, with all that had happened, she could make you more comforted than



ever before. Calm and with no worries in the world. It was as if she was your protector and the one who would make everything feel right again. "There you go," she purred down to you, "You're getting to be just the right size for this, aren't you my darling? Just the right size to suck, and be held, and be loved and cherished by *all* of us here." *But mostly me.*

Oh my that made her feel so naughty!

Her words ran over you unheard as she gently cut her fingers through your thick hair. Her shirt was getting wet from your sucking. You, lost in your dream, said nothing. "That's it, baby, that's okay," she whispered, "you just enjoy yourself."

Did you feel her nipple push deeper into your mouth as her large breast mashed against your face, plastering its soft weight across your face with its more than ample size? She looked down, between your legs, to see how you were responding and gasped a little to herself. You were uncontrollably hard now, throbbing, and - biting her lower lip in her excitement - she couldn't help herself. Still holding your head to her breast she continued to stroke your hair, and you continued to mouth at her, but now she reached to take hold of you. Her whole body trembled at the feel of your stiff shaft in her soft hand, the thickness and weight of you, veins running turgid up your length. She began to gently pump you.

"Oh, that's it, baby, suck. Suck on my breast," she cooed, allowing you your pleasures down below. "Mmmm...that's right, goooooo. How does that make you feel, honey? Better?" The two of you continued like this for a small bit, several long moments of pleasure before suddenly you were interrupted.



† She opened ~~my~~ her hand, dropping you free. She wasn't as chagrined as she thought she'd be, being caught like this. No, Nadia appearing at your door, finding the two of you, barely made you blush. It snapped you back to reality, but it didn't feel wrong.

"Okay, what happened?" Nadia asked, surprisingly unbothered by what was in front of her. She obviously hadn't rushed up here, even after having seen her coworker explode away from the front desk.

She looked up to Nadia and spoke again. "We should call the police," was the first thing she said, surprising herself with how calm she sounded in response. Reluctantly, she was pulling you from her breast. The wet spot from your mouth was clear on her pink tee shirt, over her nipple.

"I don't think that's a good idea," Nadia responded, a funny tone to her voice as she surveyed the scene, "I'll tell Olivia. She's away but she'll need to know about this."

"Olivia?" she asked, "But...Melissa's on her way up?"

Thanks for reading all this. I know it's not very good but like I said it's mostly true.



and my boobs omg

Growing into the Job

by stevebasic

Post 358: That Was Then, This Is Now, p10

<Clap-clap-clap-clap-clap!>

I was a hero! I'd just lifted the vending machine off of Mr., uh, Kowalstein, and he was going to be fine. My girls, surrounding us in the hallway, had been clapping, clapping and cooing, cooing and running their hands up and down my chest. They'd been praising my aplomb and clucking their concerns.

Dr. J that was amazing! Lakshmi sang.

You're just so strong! lauded Josie.

Our big strong man! called someone else, maybe Randi.

Others moved in. *We're so lucky you were here!* Marisela gushed, ringlets of dark black hair falling fetchingly across her face.

But are you okay? Aubrey asked. She was one of my younger employees, I think. My front desk girl along with - who are those two again? And the blondish girl?



Yes we need to make sure you're not hurt, Shanette pressed, her hand doing the same, on my chest pushing me gently backwards. Girls were all around me, hands on my shoulders, arms and back and I felt myself suddenly being guided back down the hall.

Girls, girls! I laughed, *What are you doing?!*

Mr. Kowalczyk's going to be alright, assured Amelia - my resident glamor girl, she was like a Barbie Doll! *But let's get you back to your office, where we can check on you.*

Girls haha girls! I laughed, *I'm fine!*
I'm fine! Just let me go see my patients and- whoah!



Giggling, all of them, I let them overwhelm me. They were all worried about me, and I figured I might as well indulge them. With their sheer swarming mass they swept me up, and I just let them take me. Before I knew it, there I was. Sitting on top of my desk as Lakshmi and Josie and Marisela examined me, checking for any injury. Amelia stood to one side of me, Aubrey on the other. Others looked on, in womanly concern.

Dr. J you were so brave today! Aubrey squealed girlishly, now hugging my head to her maidenly chest. My first reaction was - in modesty of course - to pull away. But Aubrey held me tight. As thin and lovely as she was, her bosoms were not those of a young girl! Wow! I was surprised at their size; even through her crisp pink blouse, polka-dotted in white, I could tell this girl was very developed. Large breasts, for sure, firmly mashing into my face. Urk! Well if it brought her joy to comfort me...who was I to complain! I allowed her to hold me, in her womanly way. She even pet my hair. I felt my eyes start to flutter as I drifted for the moment in and out of some reality. It felt like it was, now, just Aubrey and me. My head, her chest, the whiffs of her perfume and her warmth and heartbeat making her less like a girl and more a young mother. I could feel a firm brassiere through her blouse, and I snuggled into it.

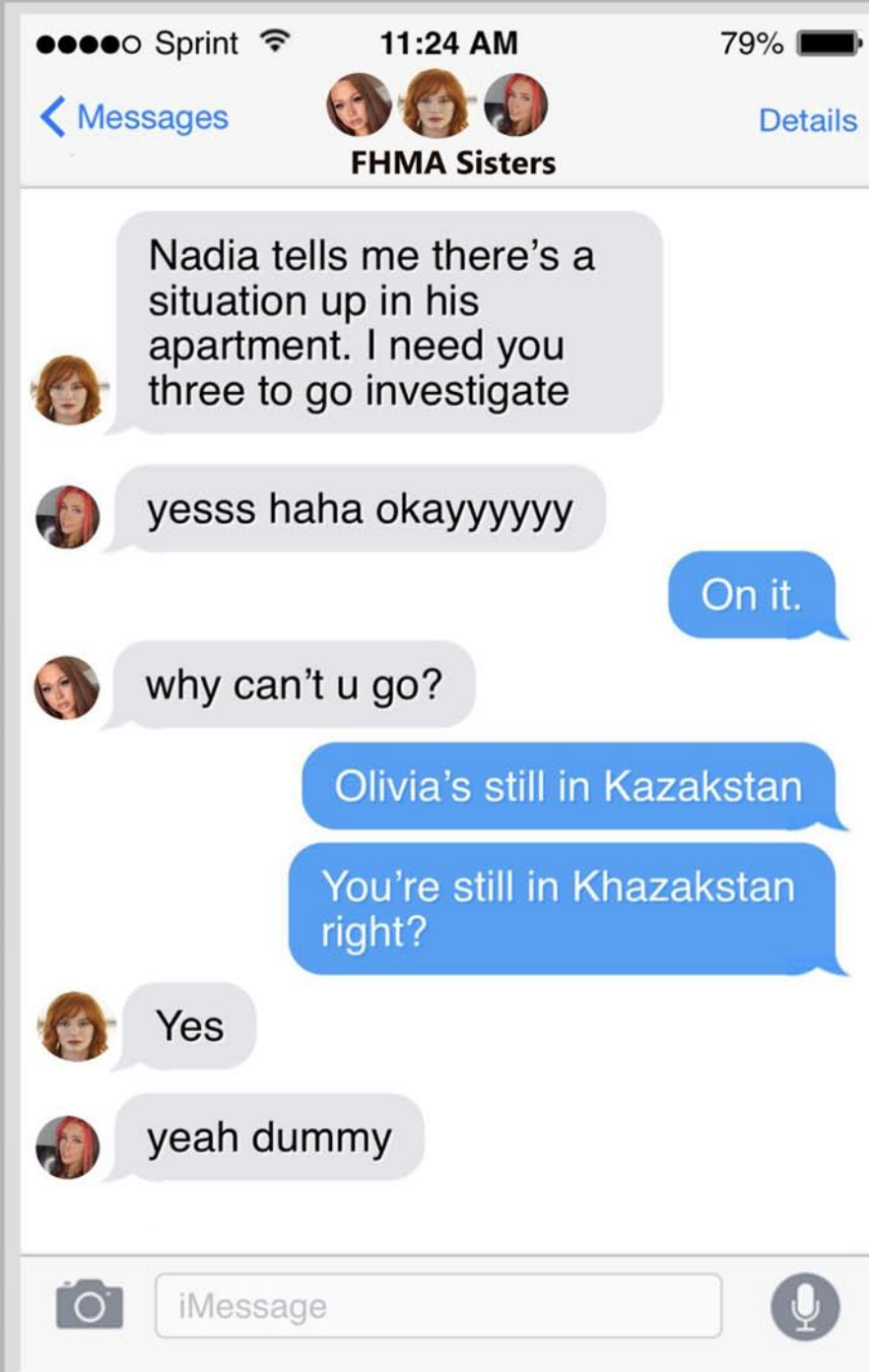
"You're dreaming about us, aren't you?" I heard her say, in a whisper that came from somewhere else. Was I dreaming? I felt strange, for sure, like I was taken from another time. My head swam, but her comforts made me safe, like I was afloat in a soft warm sea. Her hand pet my head, her chest rose and fell with her breath. How long I was there, held to Aubrey's young bosom, I don't know.

Were there other girls here? Blondes, brunettes, redheads?

Maybe they were on their way.

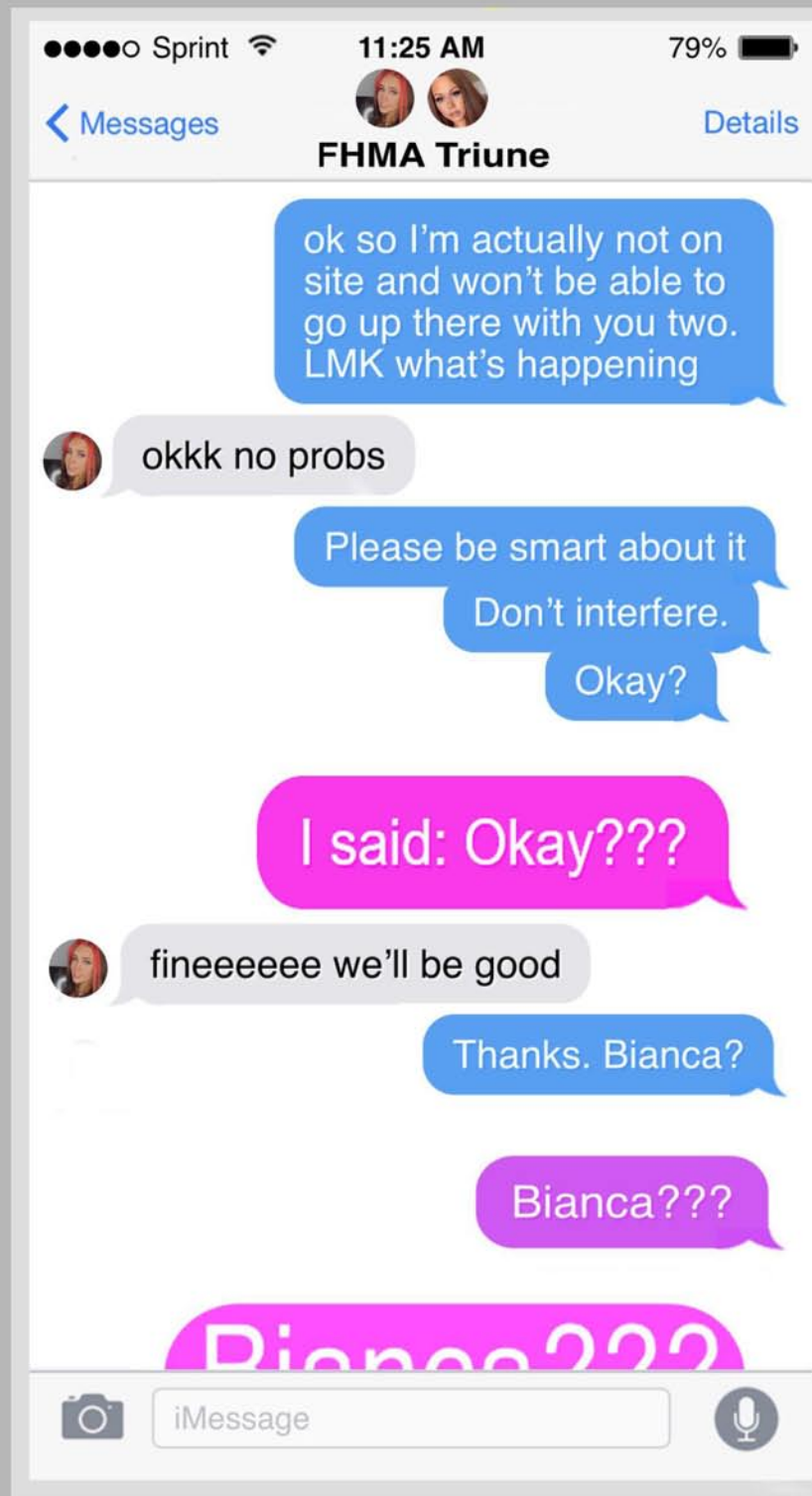
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oh crap, Emily Emerson thought to herself, *why now?* She was currently at Westhall, in the History department, checking on one of her thralls. She'd have to rely on Sammi and Bianca to see what was going on in the apartment at Far Horizons. They were becoming powerful witches - crazy powerful, in fact, all three of them - but, uh...

...this could turn out bad.



What remained of the upstairs apartment door swings open and crashes into the wall with a sharp >bang< as the two Others enter, say hello to the two receptionists who are with him.

"Bianca, Sammi hi he-"

"Crikey Aubs what the fuck?"

"Y-yeah someone broke in and-"

"And Jesus are you *leaking*?"

"N-no, uh, that's just his, uh-"

"Thanks Aubrey we'll take it from here."

"b-but-"

"It's okay, really."

"Yeah, Olivia sent us. So piss off."

"She wanted us to come up and take care of him..."

Lights are flickering overhead.

"We've got tits, too. See?"

"...and she's the boss, right?"

The red haired woman's voice is full of something powerful.

"R-right."

"You should probably go too, Nadia."

"Right."

Two young women exit, leaving two behind with him. A door closes.

They crouch down, one on either side. They study his face, his eyes moving in dream behind half-closed lids. The redhead reaches out, holds them open, gazes deep into him....

"Do you see what's happening in there?"

"It's, like, some kind of wonky protective charm."

"Yep. But we can fix that."



The redhead's two hands go to his temples. Lights flicker anew as she begins to tap his skull with her fingernails: <clickety-clickety-click> The whites of his eyes change color as something fuchsin runs through their veins.

"You saw what was happening in there? That was then. Let's show him *now*."

"Haha bonkers. But Emily said-"

"Shut up. Now give him a kiss..."

...

I felt an immediate chill. The room, everything around me suddenly felt strange, a little different, certainly a little colder as my front desk girl, Aubrey, abruptly released me from her comforting embrace. I blushed, having just been held to her

full young bosom, and noticed that the shadows in the office seemed deeper, and longer. Static crackled over the big band tunes coming from my new RCA desktop radio, and I saw there was a crack in one of my office windows...and it was growing. The girls, my medical assistants, had checked me out, making sure I hadn't hurt myself moving that vending machine. *Now that I think about it, how on earth had I done that?*

Lakshmi, Josie, Amelia - and is that Marisela? She's wearing so much makeup - surrounded me. Someone was pouring me a whisky from my servette and another was now playing with the radio unit, changing channels, looking for the news.

Something was about to happen.

Knock knock sweetie..! called a familiar voice from the door. Bodies around me shifted, away, and I looked to see-



Melissa!

Haha w-wow look at you! I said from behind the small crowd of women, someone less assured than I would have blushed from hearing the shaking in my voice. I

was sure it was nothing to worry about. Always dressed to the nines for the office, Melissa naturally drew all eyes to her. She took my breath away, actually. *You look like the b-bee's knees!* I said.

Oh thank you sweetie! she sang, feigning a blush at my compliment as she stood in the doorway of the room. My girlfriend - *how long had we been seeing one another?* - was a real looker. A tall drink of water, for sure - almost as tall as me! And the figure on her? The knockers and those gams? Wow! She wore high heels and had my coffee, my morning joe, steaming hot and hopefully just as I liked it: black!

She came in, the <click-clack-click> of her high heels echoing strangely loud, staccato against the new linoleum of my office floor. *Is that a new dress, doll?* I asked as I stood for the lady, obviously impressed with her appearance. Who wouldn't be?

<clickety-click-click> Really loud. Weird. When she reached me we were eye-to-eye; in fact haha in those heels she was a bit taller. *You look like a m-million bucks.*

Take a picture, dreamboat, she purred in a private whisper, reaching to straighten my tie, her sparkling eyes on mine and a curl to her smile, *it'll last longer.*

I couldn't help it, my eyes dropped down to her tits. Cleavage bulged above the neckline of her blue, polka-dot dress and I got a whiff of her Chanel N-...Huh. No...was she wearing something new? Whatever it was, the flowery scent gave me an immediate boner! That, and it reminded me of, wow, what we'd been doing in bed together recently. Those words she'd started using with me when we were alone, in the dark: *'good boy', 'my little man', 'mama's baby'...*

Wow, she was really sumphthin' else...

Eyes up here, tiger, she giggled softly, and took a step back to let me watch her set her shoulders, making sure to keep my interest. *Here's your coffee, boss,* she continued, interrupting my reverie and sudden lapse of composure. Now the whole room was watching us. *I put a little milk in it this morning for you, to help the tummy,* she told me.

Oh, um, thanks, I replied, looking around awkwardly as the girls around me giggled. Something strange was happening.

Now, I heard something about you being very brave. Is that right? Melissa cooed, taking a step forward back towards me. Instinctively, for some reason, I took a step back.

Oh yes, Marisela chimed in, an acerbic edge to her voice I hadn't heard earlier, *You should have seen it. Dr. Jay pulled a vending machine right off of Mr. Kowalczyk. Had Marisela always been this <gulp> busty? Her black blouse had...wow, someone should tell her...popped a button. Or maybe three.*



- Marisela Vazquez -

He was brave, very brave, Lakshmi cooed. Oh my gosh the way she swung her hips.

You would have been so proud, chimed in Josie.

Oh I am proud, I am so proud of our big, strong man, Melissa crowed indulgently, our brave boy.

Our knight in shining armor! Aubrey offered.

So brave, Lakshmi cooed.

The girls crept closer to me, surrounding me from all sides. They were praising me, but it didn't feel like praise. It felt like...something else.

So fucking brave, drawled Amelia.

This was weird, right? Something was slipping away from me, and it felt like my authority. I was the man here! I had to take control! And I couldn't let that lapse in office propriety go.

P-Please watch your language? I spoke to Amelia, wincing when I heard my voice crack, unsettled by the lack of conviction I heard in it.



- Amelia Eklund -

Amelia's breasts seemed larger as well, larger than I remembered. Looking at them made me feel somehow smaller, and like I shouldn't have dared to discipline her.

Her long nails began to tap in rhythm on the desk. <clickety-clickety-click>
<clickety-clickety-click>

Melissa had stepped up to me, and now grabbed me by the tie. She pulled me in for a kiss - wow, what a kiss! - that sent electric shocks all the way down to my toes. It even made the lights in the room hum and flicker! My eyes rolled in my head as her tongue took over my mouth. Someone had made sure my desk chair was right behind me and good thing because when Melissa released me my legs gave out and I fell backwards into it.

The girls had begun to clap, again. <clap clap clap!> Why? What?

<clap clap clap!>

From my chair I looked up at Melissa.

Do I look taller from down there? she asked.



Wh-wh-what?

<clickety-clickety-click>

I know you like tall girls, she pressed, and I asked: do I look taller from way...down...there?

She inched forward a bit, peering down her nose at me. She'd begun to take hold of the hem of her short skirt. S-something strange was happening.

<clap clap clap!>

<clickety-clickety-click!>

Taller? Melissa continued, Bigger?

<clap clap clap!> *wh-where is that coming from?*

She began to turn around...

Let me show you how big I've gotten, sweetie, she purred, slowly lifting her skirts and bending over at the waist, how big I am now, back here...

M-Melissa w-w-wait! I sputtered, what are you d-???

My voice froze and I gasped as it came into view. Fucking Jesus Christ what's happened?!? It was huge!

<clap clap clap clap clap clap>

<clickety-clickety-click>

I heard Melissa giggle and she put her hands down on the desk, cocked her mountainous hips up, towards me. Her frilly skirt was bundled about her waist. She was not wearing panties.

Stand up. Show us how much of a man you are.

<clap clap clap clap clap clap clap clap clap...>

=====





How had I let myself get so distracted?!? Melissa Monroe, new Office Manager for what was at the time still Far Horizon Medical Associates, scolded herself as she waited for the elevator. *Dammit. Dammit dammit dammit!* she nearly sputtered, bouncing on her toes impatiently, *Why didn't we put in emergency stairs to this level?!?*

She'd been, she knew, too wrapped up in her visit with the boys, her admirers, the devotees she had downstairs. Most of the crew were hard at work on the construction, finishing what needed to be finished, but some were down here in the lowest sub-basement resting, eating, hanging out. A few were in the chapel already. It made them feel better when she dropped in, and she had to admit she secretly liked all the praise and admiration and kneeling. One of them had come

up with a little chant for the others, which sounded sorta like a prayer. That made her tingle.

No! Stop it! You have to stay focused! she thought, taking herself back to task as the elevator door opened and she entered, violently mashing the button for the lobby level. *He needs me!!* She could feel it now, plainly, like it was vinegar on her tongue: he was in danger, he was upset, and she *wasn't there*. Thank gods Aubrey had called her, used the emergency alert on her phone, or else she might not had known until it was too late, distracted as she was by her devotees and their humming. She hadn't been aware at all! Aware that he needed her! *Oh, Jay! I have to keep you closer! From now on I'm not letting you out of my sight! Ever! This world is too big and dangerous for you. I need to keep you with me!!*

<Ding!>

The doors opened, and Melissa Monroe - now on the Atrium Level - took off like a blur out of the elevator. He needed her! And she was going to save him!

=====





<clap clap clap clap!>

<thwap thwap thwap thwap!>

Holy Jesus...holy god...holy f-fuck...

What's happening?!?

Static crackled around the announcer's nasal, staccato voice sizzling from my new RCA tabletop radio...

"Attention! Attention attention! Stay tuned for a special report!"

<clap clap clap clap!>

Despite the alarm in the radio broadcast, my whole world was focused on what was smack-dab in front of me, jiggling in quakes of cheesecake, being slammed with everything I had as I stared at its planetary immensity and held onto its hips for dear life.

<thwap thwap thwap thwap!>

Melissa's ass. Melissa's enormous ass. I was fucking her from behind, the hourglass of her bent doggy-style over my desk, her polka-dotted blue poodle skirts lifted up around her broad woman-hips.

<clap clap clap clap!>

<clickety-clickety-click!>

<thwap thwap thwap thwap thwap thwap!>

"The women have stormed the Capitol! The scene is chaos! Here in Washington! Hordes of them! Mobs!"

I looked down at us, at where we were joined, and gasped. Her hips dwarfed mine. They were wide, confident with fertility, tremendous, the globes of her ass perhaps greater in mass than my whole torso. My own hips, trying their best to make *<smack smack smack>* impact appeared meager and thin compared to the birthing behemoths of this woman who - *oh god oh god oh god* - needed to bend at the knee to allow small me to - *oh god oh god oh god* - fuck her.

<clap clap clap clap!>

<clickety-clickety-click!>

<thwap thwap thwap thwap thwap thwap!>

Oh my god! I can't stop! I can't stop!!

Why am I so small?!?

What's happened to me?!?!!!!

The radio continued to blare fire, screaming and violence coming from its speaker. The announcer, a man, sounded terrified, his voice nasal and staccato.

"We are witnessing a historic day! The capitol is being overrun! Men are fleeing! Their feeble attempts to stop the horde are nothing compared to the might of these women! It's a brutal sight!"

Oh, baby, oh yes, oh Doctor JAY!! Melissa screamed, laughing and cajoling me, looking back now over her shoulder, watching with glee as I tried my best,

ramming into her but so overwhelmed and confused by her size that my mouth hung actually agape. *Oh what a MAN you are! she cheered, What a man you are to take my big fat ass! C'mon! Show me! Show me what a man you are!!*

Lights above us, everything that lit the room, flickered. Shadows grew longer reaching out toward me. The desk, the very room shook from our exertions causing one of my framed degrees to fall and crack against the floor. The smell of ozone and sex filled the office as the air sizzled with electricity.

Static crackled, a woman's voice took over the radio. Strong, resonant, stentorian. A speech, a broadcast. Had I heard it before?? This woman? This speech?

"My fellow Americans! Times are changing! Men have been regressing. They are becoming smaller. They are becoming weaker. They can no longer provide for us like they once did. They can no longer provide for themselves. It is clear they need someone to care for them, protect them, and make their decisions. Men can no longer be allowed to act on their own, and therefore as your President I hereby, with the authority of Congress, strip men of all their rights and autonomy. Starting today they are to be declared dependents and will be the sole charge and property of their most significant female relationsh-"

DoctorJay, oh yes Doctor Jay! I don't know how you can take it! How are you still holding back?! Melissa sang as we continued to fuck,, Don't you want me??

<Hurrp>!

I looked down at her, my little hands on her broad hips and *oh my god has she gotten bigger?!?*

Aren't I huge enough for you? Don't my curves OVERWHELM you enough?

<Hurrpppttcch>!!

I was losing my grip I was losing control I was stumbling literally and stumbling my feet on tiptoes nearly unable to *good god look at the size of my dick* in and out and in and out *it's a monster*

Flicker. Crackle of static. Electricity, and perfume of some Other.

<clap clap clap clickety clickety click>

"The time of men has come to an end. It is time for women to finally and fully take over! Where men have failed? We. Will. Rule! Let today be known, sisters, as the first

day of the Matriarchal States of America, and let men shrink, and shrink, and shrink. Let them take their proper place in-"

Oh god I want you in me NOW!! Melissa bellowed with lungs more than human, suddenly straightening her knees telling me to hold on AND LIFTING ME *holy god* right off my feet!

In me!! ON ME!

I held on, I clung to her for dear life. I held her hips while my own still tried to fuck her though...oh god...my feet were a foot off the floor dangling uselessly now. She looked back at me and smiled wickedly, her eyes sparkling like arcane gems as she leaned forward lifting them higher. My face planted against her wide back as my arms sought purchase around her waist like a baby monkey. *I am so much smaller than her and-*

I want you on me in me, I want to fucking OWN YOU, in my bra, in my pussy my womb, up IN me your whole nnnnnNNNNNGGGGH!!!

Darkness, lights. The sun itself outside through the window flickered no flashed no beat like a strobe, like the heartbeat of some titan.

<clap click clap clickety clap>

IN ME!!

The other girls are here!

They've been here the whole time! Watching!

They're surrounding me!!

And they're HUGE!!

OH MY GOD THEY'RE GIANTS!!

THEY'RE ALL GIANTS!!!

Come on Dr. J show us what a 'man' you are!

That's right pump pump pump those little hips into her!

Show her who's boss!

IN ME!!

Oh Jesus Christ they're smiling they're clapping they're watching me...

You like this little man??? You like holding onto her like that??

He does! Looks at him!

He's sinking into her!

Oh god oh Dr. J just wait! There's SO MUCH MORE to come!

<clap clap clap!!>

GET INSIDE ME!!!

HOLD ON!!

no...! I'M SHRINKING I'M SINKING I'M GETting sucked i-in...

Wait what? The lights, they were changing. The air itself was changing

"You're okay, hold on...hold on...hold on..." she was telling me, urging me to cling to her as I began to jerk and buck into her, my tiny body...but at the same time now in her arms. I was both waking and finally climaxing my weakness into her enormousness.

Nnngh nnngh nnngh!! Right into her!! She's fucking HUGE!

Yes yes hold me...hold me...

nnngh...nnngh...nnngh...

The lights stopped flashing and pulsing as I did, even as I came I saw the lights flicker one last time and dim, fade, darkness quickly flowing in from all directions. Was I being pulled into her? No, no. The dream, which had become a nightmare was ending.

"Hold on..." I heard her say, from somewhere else, "Hold on Jay, you're okay..."

=====

Fuck fuck fuck!!

Melissa Monroe, new Office Manager for what was at the time Far Horizons Medical Associates, had rushed out of the elevator, through the atrium and into the halls of the practice as fast as her 42" legs could carry her. That turned out to be very, very fast. The office around her was a blur of people and obstacles, many of her girls barely had the time to look up as she rushed past them. She caught worried looks on some of their faces, but she herself had no time to worry: Jay was in trouble, and he needed her *now*. She didn't even notice the walls trembling from the force of her footfalls.

Bursting into her own office, her hand had grabbed the railing of the small spiral staircase and bent it out of shape as she bounded up the stairs causing the whole thing to shake beneath her feet. That's when she smelled it, felt it, tasted it really. She was familiar with what it was, she'd grown up with it all around her. It was in the air, the energy of the hallway of the second floor when she reached it. It wasn't something she would normally approve in the office, but it might be someone helping Jay.

She'd seen Jay's door had been ripped open, the apartment in shambles. The furniture had been thrown around the room, plates had been shattered all over the floor, and in the middle of it all was Jay and two girls, two of the three sisters that had been assigned to them. *He's alive*. But he was unconscious, convulsing on the ground, his eyes rolled up into the back of his skull. His head was in Bianca's lap and Sammi had her hands in what remained of his pants, slowly stroking him in a deliberate rhythm. Both girls' eyes were rolled up into their heads, as were his.

Immediately she'd known what was going on.

"Omigod Bianca! Sammi! Thank you!" she exclaimed, rushing to join the two at his side, "Thank you thank you thank you!" The two Sisters had come, were crafting to help him recover from whatever shock he'd fallen into, seeing his apartment ransacked - right? They were trying to help him recover?

Bianca, Melissa could tell, was beginning to pull out of the craft-trance. Her lids were fluttering. Sammi, though, seemed still at task, hand stroking faster and faster and faster in frustration now at his enormously outsized cock - *holy shit in her little hand it looks like a monster* - and whispering to it in a familiar language of sibilant syllables, only the whites of her own eyes visible. But when Melissa reached for him, unconsciously needing to take over, Sammi's eyes immediately shot sober, lucent and violent, and the girl let forth a fricative <hisssss>. That startled Melissa for just a fraction of a second, ignoring its primordial violence,

and soon Sammi's hands were gone and it was she who had him in her grasp, head on her thighs.

Ahhhhhhhh....

Immediately Melissa had begun to calm. His shaft felt good in her hand, his weight felt right on her lap.

Bianca had turned to her Sister and brought a finger toward her lips. "Shhh shh it's okay, it's okay," she quieted Sammi, who'd quickly begun to recover, shaking herself out of her own trance and changing her hair, immediately, back to brown from the incandescent magenta it had become.

"You're okay, hold on..." Melissa said to him, without a thought having picked up Sammi's rhythm on his cock and easing it into one she knew he needed. His whole body shaking, she knew immediately that he was now about to come.

"*Misssssy...*" Sammi spoke, the last bits of hiss seasoning her strine, "Your little bloke just seemed sso ssscare. Had his pipes all clogged up on girl stink from this weekend."

"Our perfumes?"

"Yes *Missy* we found him in this, like, *fog*, swimming around in his own head," Bianca continued, with what Melissa immediately recognized as a charm dancing in her voice, "freaked out to find what happened here. Who did this?" She glanced around the wreck of his apartment. "And plus he was probably on edge from the past few days. It was all just *too much* for the little thing."

Melissa was calming, calming, calming, each bit of her anxiety leaving her in perfect tandem with her strokes, stroke stroke up and down his cock, cock, cock. "Hold on, hold on, hold on," she repeated. He was approaching orgasm, and maybe that was all he needed to bring him back to her.

"Yah," Sammi added "We thought we just might clean the knob out a bit." Her eyes continued to be locked on to the purple-red, now pulsating tip of his cock as Melissa coaxed it on. He was close, he was close, he was close!

"So much *pressure*," Bianca continued.

"Sso much..." Sammi spoke.

"Hold on Jay, you're okay..."

Becoming semi-conscious, he let out a soul-churning moan.

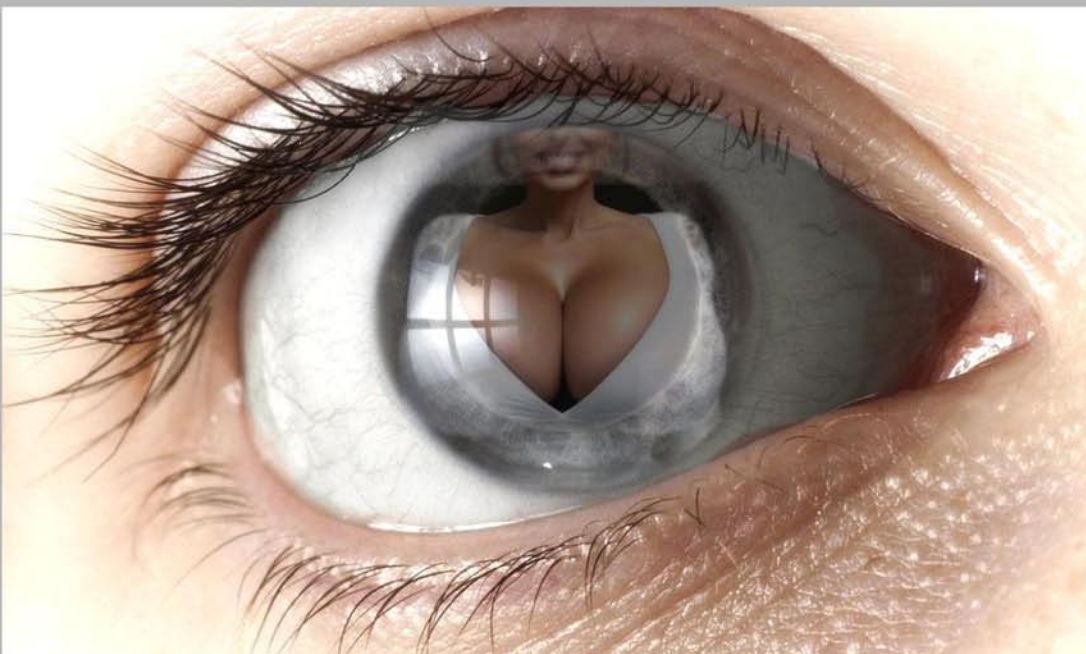
"That's right!" Sammi praised as Jay's cock suddenly spurted forth a massive, delicious load into Melissa's hand, "There you go...*good boy...good boy.*" She then reached out, adding her hand to Melissa's, and praised him again with coos and clucks as she gently palmed and pet the head of his cock. Though in the end it was in the hand of another woman, she was proud of his emission. Her eyes sparkled gold, then green, then violet. "That should clear up some things in that foggy noggin."

"Hold on, hold on Jay, you're okay," Melissa said, the serenity now a warm wave washing through her as she felt him coming back to her, as if from another time, "you're okay..."

She heard, she heard and felt, the two girls alongside her gasp, and then groan. Sitting back in her rapture, Sammi's hand left his member. They were here, she and Bianca, they were close, and they were both feeling the electrifying bliss that would bring on their growth. Melissa closed her eyes, hearing them groan again and then start to laugh. Melissa smiled, sensing how the power was now once again flowing through all her girls, all throughout the building. A crackle of electricity, and then, when she opened her eyes, the two witch-sisters were gone.

His lids began to open. Her heart surged once again. She reached under him, and lifted him, his softening cock slapping moistly against his belly. *Let's get you off the cold, hard ground.*

"Everything okay?" she asked him, setting him down on the cushions as his eyes began to clear. The weird magenta color to the whites of them was gone, and his mind was returning to, like, the present. It was returning to her, now. She liked seeing that. *Come back to me, from wherever you were...*



From the old couch on which she'd placed him he looked up at her. She was crouched down alongside him. Late-morning sun came through the window, bringing out the russet highlights in her long, thick hair. Her smile, along with her dimples and the sparkle it brought to her eyes - was mesmerizing. Melissa Monroe, his new Office Manager, his goddess-level girlfriend still dumbfounded him with her beauty. He felt absolutely stupefied by her, and now confused by what had just happened. He'd just been in a dream - *was that really only a dream? It felt so real* - in the past, or...the future? She was - they all were - forty feet tall. Or maybe it was him that had shrunk to the size of a toy, clinging to her monumental rear as he-

"Jay? Are you alright?" she repeated, allowing the tonic of her most comforting perfumes to drift from her bosom.

He just nodded.

She smiled. "I should really keep a better eye on you," she teased, running a hand lazily over his thin chest, feeling the heart beating inside it through his ribs. *They're so fragile.*

Melissa was trying to remain calm, be strong, and it was largely working. But despite the calm that came by bringing him his pleasure, she was still upset with herself. She'd been distracted in the basement and hadn't seen the texts, heard the voicemail alerts from Aubrey, or felt his distress! Though she didn't want him to know how worried she was, the questions began to rise up in her mind. Who had come in, done this to his apartment? *What if you had been here?? I couldn't handle it, if you'd been hurt.*

Never out of my sight, never again.

Looking down at him, she drew a deep breath. She knew that wasn't really reasonable, not yet at least. Nor was the violence she was picturing herself capable of when she found out who did this. She knew she needed, right now, to be a comfort for him so she put the unsteady feelings back where she'd been taught to place them. One of her warm, gentle hands came to his shoulder and she asked him: "I think it'd be better if we stay together for the day, don't you?" She looked down at his confused, adorable face. *There's only one right answer here, Jay.*

Again, he nodded.

"Good boy," she smiled, and saw him trying to speak again. *Awww, the poor thing's obviously been through too much.* Not only the break-in, it had also been a long weekend.

"I j-just want to go home," he finally said, his voice trembling like a little boy's, "can you take me home?"

Home? His tone made her thighs quiver. They were already in his apartment. So...he meant her place, he wanted her to take him back to her place. Earlier today he'd insisted that he wanted to be alone tonight, to stay by himself, but now he was admitting he couldn't. He needed to be near her, and he was considering her home as his own! She shivered again, and resisted the urge to moan out loud.

Oh goddddddd Jayyyyyy.

She couldn't help but feel it, that the danger that surrounded him was useful in some way, that moments like this where he was shown how weak, helpless and vulnerable he was were good for their relationship. The pool over the weekend was another example. It made her feel *good* when her boyfriend was in danger, but that she liked it when her boyfriend was *afraid*. It brought them closer and - *oh god* - made her body focus on what she needed to do.

I'll just have to get stronger for you. Stronger and prettier and bigger.

Her heart fluttered. She knew that's what he needed.

Bigger? For you I'll get enormous...

In her white, corset-wrap dress, she felt her breasts swell up, warmly. It made her eyebrow cock. *Huh*. That was a new kind of feeling, these days.

...so enormous.

"I'll take you home with me, yes of course sweetie," she said, proud of the control she heard in her response, "but I still have some work to do here today." She brushed his hair with her fingers, watched his face work to comprehend what she was explaining. "I already have Morgan and Vida seeing your morning patients. They can do the afternoon too. We'll have Lakshmi do the report for Gianna for you. That way you can just relax in my office with me."

She watched his cute brow furrow, and saw thoughts and instincts struggling against his adorable sense of responsibility and silly little pride. It was so clear to her, how his brain was working. *That's so cool. If I try real hard I bet someday I could really read his mind. I could know absolutely everything about him.*

"I c-can at least try to do the report?" he offered, accepting that there was no way he could do clinic today. Between the stresses of the early morning, finding his

apartment in shambles and then whatever phantasmagoric delirium he'd just experienced? It was all too much.

He doesn't want to feel useless. "Okay, that's fine, sweetie," she cooed indulgently, "But you'll use my laptop to work on your spreadsheet, just staying on the couch in my office with me. That way I can keep an eye on you while I work."

"o-okay," he agreed, and felt her watching him, reading him, allowing him time to wrestle with his thoughts.

She continued to pet his hair, stroke his pallid face as her own confidence and compassion grew and grew. He didn't want to be pathetic, she saw that.

"A-and for tonight," he added, "it's just for, like, dinner, the evening. You can drive me back after?"

"Sure whatever you want honey," she replied, looking down on him and feeling her love swell up, expanding, billowing around him. He was hers, hers to feel for, hers to protect. *Whatever you want, honey, whatever you want...*

Thirty minutes later, she had his apartment mostly straightened back up, him dressed in another set of scrubs, all cleaned up and comfortable on her white office couch. He had a warm glass of milk if he needed it. *It's lunchtime, but I think solid food might be too much right now, don't you?* She'd given him a thin blanket to drape over his legs and was already hard at work on Gianna's spreadsheet. He'd been tasked with assembling some of the data from the study, and it was late already. She looked up from where she sat at her big desk as she worked hard on the scripted questions Channel 5 was going to ask her later this week, at the grand opening. She smiled, satisfied. At the moment he looked busy enough, diligent and cozy, but most importantly he looked safe.

She could feel his attention, though, wandering from time to time. It was amazing, really, how attuned to his mind she was becoming. As he'd started to settle, as he'd started to feel better and come back to reality, the questions were beginning to form again in his head. She could almost hear him ask it before he looked up at her from across the room, over the computer in his lap.

"D-d-don't you think we should call the police?" he asked, timid enough to make her thighs warm.

He's worried, poor thing. Someone had broken into his apartment, and they hadn't really talked about it yet. It was understandable...he felt small, weak, helpless, and there were people out there bigger, stronger than him. It was natural for him to look to the outside world, maybe to the police, for help. *But we can't have that, can we?* "I have the girls looking into it already," Melissa assured him.

He nodded, and went back to work. That would have to be enough, he realized.

"Good boy."

Relax, little man, and let your girlfriends take care of you.





A group of young women, in a back office, are huddled around a video screen, reviewing footage.

"How did we not see this coming? She basically announced it on instagram?"

"Yeah but does anyone even follow her?"

"Not me"

"Me neither."

"I thought I did but, uh, I didn't see that I guess."

"Jesus."

"So...what the fuck did we just watch??"

"We saw your girl just freakin-"

"She is not 'my girl'! She's a freak! She just works in my, uh-"

"You are the head of the scheduling department right?"

"Yeah basically but-"

"And she's a scheduler?"

"Shut up."

"She worked all last week, but she didn't come in today. I checked the time clock."

"Wait she still works here?"

"Apparently."

"And she spends her Saturday nights ripping into her boss' apartment and trashing the place?"

"To be fair, she did knock first."

"And apparently tried calling him."

"His phone was at the bottom of Melissa's pool by then, Saturday night."

"She also sniffed his clothes, broke his plates and slept in his bed."

"Don't forget threw his couch like ten feet."

"Busted her fist into his wall."

"Twice."

"Tiggled herself off."

"She-bopped."

"Paddled the pink canoe. Four times"

"What the fuck."

"She's crazy"

"And she's fucking *strong*"

"Yeah but..."

"We have to do something about her right?"

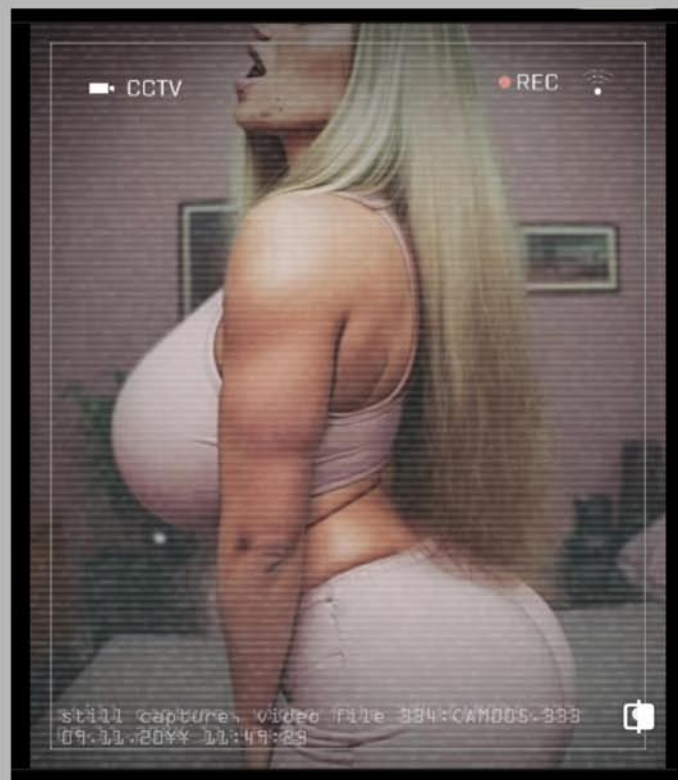
"Do we tell Melissa?"

"No way. She'll fucking kill her."

"Would that be that b-?"

"No. We have to figure something else out. Let's find her."

=====



"Do we really have to do this?" I asked. At her insistence I was buckling myself in to the passenger seat of her BMW that Monday afternoon. We'd just finished work.

"Yes, we do," Melissa replied, checking to make sure her seat was back as far as it could go. It was. And she'd already adjusted mine, upwards. "Sheryl was nice enough to not throw away the extra clothes of yours she found,"

"They're not going to fit me anyway..."

"Regardless," she continued, starting the ignition and scooting herself down as much as she could; her head still brushed the ceiling, "she texted me. I told her I'd come by and pick them up."

"And she's home?" I asked, the discomfort of the idea of seeing my ex-wife like creeping spiders over my skin, "tonight?"

"Yep." I could tell Melissa was a little annoyed at my continued complaints. She pulled out of her reserved parking space. "We're going to go get your clothes so I can keep some at my place--"

"They're not going to fit..."

"...and then I'm going to make you dinner at home. Okay?"

"And then...?"

"Yes, *fine*," she sighed in an exaggeratedly exasperated voice, "I'll take you back to your apartment. The locksmiths should be done by then, and Lakshmi was going to clean for you." She was looking both ways, to pull out into traffic.

"Okay, thank you." I knew I was being annoying, but I'd had a tough - uh - day I suppose. There'd been the near-assault by Morgan thing, the video-chat stuff with Gianna, and the shock of the virtual walk-through of the new offices. Then, of course, finding my apartment had been broken into by some unknown assailant. *God, I didn't even want to think about that*, not to mention the bizarre dream-thing I'd had when I passed out from all the stress I'd been under. And, that was just today! All before lunch!

I didn't even know where to begin with the blur of humiliation that was this past weekend, not like I could remember most of it. The whole weekend was shrouded in this weird pink fog when I tried to recall it, and I could only bring up bits and pieces of it. Honestly I'm not sure I even *wanted* to remember.

It was all too much. These recent elections, losing a full foot in height, and being so anxious, tired, and constantly, *unbearably* horny. What was happening to me? Would it ever stop? And, the scariest thought, one that I didn't even like to consider myself was: *did I even want it to stop?*

I glanced at Melissa, who was peering down the road to her left, waiting for her chance to pull out. My eyes settled on the profile of her big right tit, which was stretching the top of her white dress thin. I could just make out the outline of her blue bra below it, and it really made me appreciate how big she'd become. I bit my lip, shifted my thin hips in my seat.

I took a deep breath.

Looking at her always made me feel better. My god my girlfriend was gorgeous. Even without the massiveness of the marvels that were her breasts, her waist was tiny, arms athletically strong, legs outrageously long and thick with shapely muscle. They were all perfect, she was absolutely, utterly physically perfect. Her skin was flawless, neck long and elegant, her waves of dark hair thick and luscious, made for a shampoo commercial. It was all...perfect.

I tore my eyes away just as she turned back. I'd, unconsciously, nearly started stroking myself, through my scrubs. *No time for that. Focus, buddy.*

Finally, she drove the car out of the lot, and started heading for the highway. "Now, remind me, Jay sweetie, how do we get there again?"

"I'm, uh, it's North on 82..." I began, suddenly feeling strangely disoriented, "...I think." I blinked, three times, and tried to remember...

Twenty minutes later we were finally in the right neighborhood. I'd told her the wrong exit, having strangely forgotten it myself, and now I'd, um...gotten us lost. *How could I forget the way back to my own (former) home?? I'd driven that route nearly every day for the better part of a decade!* I tried, I really did, to direct us, to recognize landmarks, take the right turns onto the right streets, but it was like it'd been erased from my brain! I blamed it on stress. I mean what else could it be? Thankfully she'd been patient with me, actually laughing a bit, amused by my confusion and consternation with myself. *You actually like this, don't you? That my life before you is disappearing?*

It was really upsetting to me, but she was getting a kick out of it. Finally, though, she pulled over and plugged everything into her car's GPS and allowed its confident female voice to direct us to my-...I mean to Sheryl's house.

And so that's how I found myself hunkered down in my seat as we pulled in the front of the house, parking on the street. I didn't want my old neighbors or, even

worse, Sheryl to see me in this diminished, pathetic state with this enormous, bosomy girl.

To my left Melissa rose up out of the car and, standing, asked me one last time if I wanted to come with. I shook my head in an emphatic "no" and scooted even further down in my seat. She gave me a look, a wry little smile, and closed her door. I watched her come around the front of the car, to the curb, and head up the front walk. Seeing her Amazonic figure - fluidly striding, hips swinging in her taut sheath of a white dress - in my ex-front yard was unnerving, strange. It brought back memories of early on: her bike-ride visit, when we barely knew one another. How long ago was that? I'd been out raking, right? Tending to my yard. My house. Where I'd lived.

I stopped to remind myself: *That was then, buddy, this is now.* Something told me it was important that I accept that.

I scooted down further still when, after Melissa had rang the bell, the front door began to open. Sheryl! I could just barely make her out in the doorframe, her lithe figure appearing to greet Melissa leaving both women silhouetted by the light from inside the house. It was already late afternoon, early evening really, and the sun was half-set. Sheryl had a box behind her - likely my clothes - and the two women were chatting away. Despite their complicated relationship - my ex-wife was technically the employer of my new, statuesquely bosomy, too-young girlfriend - their body language was easy, relaxed. They'd even hugged in greeting and were laughing now about something.

It was then that I saw Sheryl - shorter than Melissa by over a foot - look around her to glance out towards the car, towards *me*.

Agh! I scooted down even further, sliding deep into my seat, absolutely mortified. I did *not* want to be seen, *especially* by her. My face washed hot, my heart racing, and I could feel my anxiety overtake me.

I-I'll just sit here. I won't move. I'll just stare straight, and wait it out. They can't talk TOO long, can they? What would they have to talk about?? I'll just wait until Melissa comes back and-

<rap rap rap!>

My heart leapt, I looked up. Sheryl!! Tapping on my window!!

Sheepishly, I looked up at her from the passenger's seat. I was so short - less than five feet tall, now - and felt even smaller still in my ignominy, scrunched down like I was. I remained very still. Maybe if I didn't move she would go-

<tap tap tap!>

From the other side of the window she tapped the glass again as she waved down at me, lit up by a smile which beamed an atypical warmth. She always had a big, big smile but holy crap *what's happened to her chest?!?* She was dressed casually, in jeans and an old red college tee I recognized, but I'd never seen the white V-A-S-S-A-R across the chest stretched like that across her chest. She'd had implants, modest ones, all throughout our marriage. They'd originally been a commiserative nod to my, uh, proclivities. But...had she had them recently replaced? Now she had *knockers!* And they were, well, not nearly in league with my new girlfriend's but - really big!



Paralyzed by my abject embarrassment, I waved up at her and managed a mortified little smile. What was I supposed to do??

Open the door? Say hi? Oh my god I couldn't let her see me like this! Well, my decision was made for me when the window, under its own power, began to come down.

"Hi down there!" Sheryl immediately beamed. It incited me to sit up a bit and I now saw Melissa, box of clothes in her arms, playing with her key-fob and heading towards the trunk. She'd obviously lowered the window for Sheryl, so we could chat. Great.

"H-hi, Sheryl," I stammered. Jesus lord fuck this was weird, but I was going to do my best. I sat up straighter still, but not all the way; with the window now fully down that would have put my face right at the underside of my ex-wife's new breasts. So, I stayed half-scrunched for modesty, but I did manage a smile. And, *goddammit*, the beginnings of a new erection.

"How've you been?" she asked, as I heard the car's trunk pop behind us. She was peering down, and now leaned forward to rest her hands in the frame, so she could better see me - and I could better see her tits.

My gut roiled, knowing how small and pathetic I must look to her, squirming here in the passenger seat of my Office Manager's luxury car, shrunken and pale and weak. Humiliated by the events, the divorce, the election results, I knew my ex-wife was looking down at a man whose life had crumbled and was now being run entirely by the women around him. I don't know how much satisfaction she was getting out of it, but in comparison to her new life of growing wealth, power and influence mine had become a small, piteous thing, still sinking and shriveling by the day. I'd wronged her, and now I was paying for it. Somehow, though, I managed a brave answer.

"I'm okay," I said. I glanced past her hips. She was wearing an old pair of faded jeans, the ones she'd usually use for housework. They looked especially nice on her today. "The yard looks good."

<slam> The trunk closed behind me.

"Yeah without you around I've had to hire someone for the gardens. Fall clean-up and all," she answered, turning back to look over her shoulder at the front yard for a moment, but then back down towards me. "So, how's the apartment working out?"

Again, the coils of humiliation tightened in my gut. Despite her easy smile, Sheryl was reminding me that I was still dependent on her, living on her property for free, still working at her company by her good graces. I was her parasite, clinging to its powerful ex-wife for life. She knew it, and she wanted to see that I knew it, too.

The driver's side door opened again and Melissa got back in. Suddenly I was trapped between two most powerful women in my life. My erection, under Sheryl's presence, had grown only harder but now it surged up, nearly making me double over as it obviously wanted the attention of them both.

"Omigosh Sheryl! I didn't tell you, he got broken into! Here, Jay sweetie, sit up," Melissa answered for me as she sat me back up and refastened my seatbelt, which had come undone with all my wriggling. If she noticed my boner down the left thigh of my thin pants (how could she not, especially with her chest squashing into my shoulder and causing it to absolutely heave) she made no reaction. "Over the weekend! They broke right in!"

"Oh that's terrible!" Sheryl exclaimed, sounding honestly sympathetic but speaking now directly to Melissa, right over me, "Do you know who did it?"

"No, not yet," she answered, "I have the girls looking into it."

"Are you alright?" Sheryl said, her attention now back on me as she placed her hand onto my right shoulder. She was looking down at me, head cocked, nothing but sincere concern in her voice. "Were you hurt?"

"No, he was with me," Melissa answered candidly, her right hand coming to rest on my left shoulder, her left hand on my left knee, "So he's fine. Some of his furniture was broken, plates and things too. The door was broken, a few cabinets too. But they really didn't take much."

From what I heard, they just took my pillow, and my toothbrush...and all of my, uh, underwear.

"Well, we'll get the repairs done right away, right?" Sheryl assured, and then softened her voice for me. "Do you need money?" she asked, pulling in closer. I recognized the scent of her shampoo. .

My face flushed. Yes, I was broke. Yes, without the help of others I would have trouble recovering from what had happened to my apartment. But the thought of taking money from Sheryl was-

"No, thank you that's so kind but he's fine," Melissa answered, squeezing my knee possessively, "I give him an allowance."

Oh Jesus. I was too chastened, too humiliated to even argue. And goddamnit my cock - *the sick fuck* - loved it, surging again, loved having a six-foot-seven sugar-mama.

"Oh, well that's good," Sheryl conceded, "but please please *please* reach out to me if he needs anything, okay Melissa?"

Sheryl, my ex-wife, was a trained attorney, a skilled negotiator and could - for as long as I'd known her - remove herself emotionally from whatever it was when it served her purpose. I had, to be truthful, wronged her all throughout our nearly thirteen years of marriage with various affairs. So, despite the sympathetic tone in her voice I couldn't help but think: *you love this don't you?* Though I may have actually heard a little honest sincerity in her voice.

The girls bonded as they chatted for a bit, specifics of my 'care'. It was frankly emasculating as they talked right over me, each moment becoming more humbling than the last. Melissa assured Sheryl that I was, in fact, eating, that I was sleeping okay, and that I was drinking enough water. *All things I could easily tell her myself.*

Sheryl, for her part, somehow seemed to know quite a bit about what I'd been up to. The Halloween party, my fall in the pool, our last few dates. Maybe she was stalking us all on social media? That didn't seem quite like her. But...

"So, I saw the videos from this weekend of you online," she said, now deigning to speak directly to me. Her question pulled me from my irritation. "You're famous now, huh?"

Wait what?

"Wait what?" I asked. What did she mean? "Wh-what do you mean?"

"Oh, haha, yes!" Melissa laughed, shaking my leg again by the knee, "He's broken his phone, and maybe hasn't seen all that..."

What the hell is she talking about?

"wh-what the hell are you talking about??" I stammered, now actually getting nervous.

"...but it's pretty funny..." Melissa continued, moving her hand to squeeze my thigh and - *nnnnngh!* - my erection at the same time.

Stars danced in front of my eyes.

"...I'll show you later, hun," she concluded, now sitting back straight up and - "ow haha!" -- bumping her head on the car's ceiling.

I'd started to roll up the window, but Sheryl's hand came to it to stop it, about a third of the way up.

"Omigosh haha Melissa this car's too small for you!" Sheryl exclaimed, stating the obvious. She saw how my girlfriend's legs were long, her torso barely folding into this little 2-series coupe. "You should just buy another," she added, "Go ahead and use the company card."

Ugh, crap, whhhuttt...?

"Oh! WOW! Thank You!!" Melissa laughed, turning back toward her, pinning my cock once again to my thigh with her hand in the process. *Nngh!!* Her pretty mouth was agape at my ex-wife's cunning generosity. "Are you sure??"

Yes, I'd said Sheryl was maybe showing her sympathetic side today, but apparently she could still be an asshole. "Haha yes of course no problem, you deserve it, I know how hard you've been working," she continued, her smile

gleaming white now in the sunset's developing dusk, "plus it's you, I guess, that partly I have to thank for these new boobs."

At that, Sheryl straightened up, standing just enough so that her big breasts squished into the partly-raised car window. "V-A-S-S-A-R" spread across the glass.

urk!

I felt my cock nearly burst through my scrub pants, In Melissa's hand.

The two girls started laughing sharing a moment together as they said their goodbyes over my new mortification. Melissa mercifully lifted her hand off my erection as I thanked the gods that she turned the car on and after a few more niceties we were on our way.

I squirmed in my seat, even as we pulled off down my old street. That whole scene had been a bit much for me.

Melissa saw I was uncomfortable, and pulled over near a group of old pines. "Omigod Sheryl's so nice, isn't she?" she asked, unclipping her seat belt and turning back towards me. Immediately her hands went down and started untying my scrub bottoms.

"Uh- M-Melissa?"

"Shhh its okay...let me do this for you..."

I shuddered, as she pulled me out. We could easily get caught by a passerby, an ex-neighbor, but despite that I closed my eyes and let the moment take me. *Just like she wanted.* Times like this, usually, my mind would fade to blank, and my anxieties would start to fade, but one thought stuck with me...

What did Sheryl mean? I mused silently, even as Melissa leaned down across the center console, her huge head of hair slowly engulfing my lap, *'I have you to thank for these new boobs...?'*

=====

thanks oodles to TopographicSociety for helping me with the Sheryl image

He hadn't even complained when she parked in the middle of the street, in clear view of his old neighbors, to give him a blow job in the car. He'd just sat back, closed his eyes, and let it happen. She had then let him nap on the way home, the taste of him still deliciously on her lips. As she cooked for him, in her mother's modern, well-appointed kitchen, she had been understanding when he was quiet. She knew that going to his old house to see his ex-wife chatting with his new younger girlfriend could have been stressful. She'd given him the time he needed as she made him dinner - well, she'd reheated a rotisserie chicken she'd grabbed last week, and steamed some carrots. And she didn't melt them, like last time! Even though he didn't eat much of her cooking - just some of the veggies - she was happy she could provide for him like this, take care of him. He'd asked for a glass of milk, all by himself, when he decided that was what he really needed. That made her smile. She wanted to make him feel comfortable tonight, but she needed him to start accepting the way things were now.

And he'd responded well, she thought. Throughout dinner, with a couple glasses of wine, he'd begun to smile more. He'd started to lighten up. He'd cracked some stupid jokes, at which she'd made sure to laugh. She wanted him to forget some of his worries and just enjoy himself. He began to get chilly, so she let him borrow an old white hoodie to wear over his scrubs, one of hers that her mom had kept. It used to fit her in middle school but, by the looks of it, it was too big on him now. The sight of him in it made her thighs tingle, but she didn't want to say anything yet. And he didn't seem to mind that it was too large, that it was a teenage girl's sweatshirt. It was snuggly and warm and it still actually smelled like her, and that was all that mattered. All in all, he was now having a good time, sitting here at the kitchen bar with a glass of wine after dinner, chatting. Here, away from the office and the stresses of the outside world, he began to open up again. He was still hesitating, holding back, wrapped up in that too-smart head of his. But Melissa was still in her tight white dress from work and she knew her figure - as always - provided a pleasant distraction and loosened his tongue as much as the wine. She wanted him to talk to her tonight

"How are you feeling, any better?" she asked him, with honest concern.

"I'm fine...I guess," he responded, lukewarmly. He took a moment to think. "Better when I'm alone with you."

ooo yes okay okay that felt good. She smiled, actually blushing, the weapons-grade dimples of her cheeks carving lines of gladness into her face. "I like being alone with you too," she said, her voice gentle and warm, "It just feels so...natural."

He smiled, too, nodding in an unspoken agreement. It was strange, weird, but the connection between these two very different people was strengthening by the day. They both silently acknowledged that, and clinked glasses.

"Cheers," he said.

"Cheers," she giggled.

He took a sip of wine, a really nice South American malbec that she'd insisted he open, something she grabbed from her mother's wine cellar. She hadn't, of course, let him down there himself, but she knew exactly what flavor (*is that the right word haha?*) he liked, and picked it out herself.

He took another sip. "So, uh, hey," he began, "Is there any way we can step out, maybe get some air? I think I should clear my head for a bit. Maybe a walk?" It had been so long since he'd really been outside, taken a walk. Even in the dark, it'd be nice.

"Sure sure sure, sweetie," Melissa answered, "But hey why don't instead we, like, head out into the backyard. The patio's nice..."

He nodded. *Okay, okay...*

"...and maybe we could start a fire, cuddle up? A quiet night just you, me and the stars?" She beamed as she watched as his little face brightened at her suggestion. *Was that the idea of the fire, the stars, or - hopefully - the cuddles?*

"Ah, sold!" he exclaimed, suddenly putting his wine down, invigorated, "Maybe we could make some S'mores?"

Melissa's smile grew bigger. She loved seeing him happy, seeing him enthused. It was really, truly adorable. But...

"What's a S'more?" she asked, "The girls over the weekend, brought some stuff, had said-"

"Oh you've got to be kidding me!" he laughed, interrupting her, "You've never had a S'more?"

"No I uh-"

"Well that settles it! We're making S'mores tonight and you're gonna love it!" he said, jumping off of his high stool and eager to pull her along.

With her help he rummaged through her cabinets, finding the essential ingredients. Apparently there had been plans to make them on Saturday night. The girls had brought the stuff but the moment never materialized. But tonight, he'd decided: S'mores! Suddenly it was like he was a man on a mission, and she patiently indulged his zeal.

After a few minutes, they had an elegant rosewood tray laden with everything they needed. She allowed him to carry it, and slid apart the big, glass sliding doors that opened up to the backyard patio. They walked out onto it, and had a solid two acres of grass and elegant landscaping all to themselves, separated from any prying eyes by tall, tasteful hedges and a thicket of oaks, ashes and maples. With wood from the woodpile at the yard's edge and a bit of effort the two of them managed to start a fire in the stone firepit that was built tastefully into the large patio. He'd needed to instruct her how to set up the kindling and logs, as she'd never started a fire before. But soon they had it nicely ablaze and were prepared to spend the evening together, under the clear sea of stars on this crisp evening. The fire was also burning brightly at this point, casting its warm light across the patio and onto the two lovers.

Though she didn't really need its warmth, she sat there in an oversized hoodie of her own, soft and blue. She reclined in the mahogany Adirondack chair next to his and cursed as her third marshmallow of the night burst into flames.

"Oh poop!!" she laughed, pulling it out immediately and once again extinguishing it by grabbing it into her free hand.

He didn't even gasp this time, she noticed. She'd told him it was cute, how alarmed he'd first been, telling her *stop you'll burn yourself!* She was, somehow, now impervious to flames. He'd seen her, over the weekend, place her hand right on a hot burner on the stove, not even flinch. Now she was giggling, licking the gooey,



burnt marshmallow from her palm, no worse for the wear. *I could pick up one of those hot red coals, sweetie, if I wanted. It wouldn't hurt a bit.*

He had to stop letting this sort of thing freak him out. His girlfriend was not only - along with, it seemed, his entire female staff - growing taller at a rapid rate, but was also developing abilities that he struggled to be able to explain, that baffled all his years of medical education. Powerful breath, super strength, she'd healed his hickey with a laying-on of hands - and now this invulnerability to heat? *What else was this girl capable of?* And, he thought, with a private shiver, what was she going to be capable of a year from now, if she continued to develop these...*let's call them what they are...powers.* It was like something out of one of the comic books he'd loved reading when he was younger, the strong superheros he'd secretly worshiped. But now he was dating one, a budding heroine.

Or is she going to turn out to be the villain?

He shook off his intrusive thoughts, and - shivering in a private chill - pulled the thin blanket she'd put over his legs closer. "Here, let's try this," he said, putting a new marshmallow on her stick and redirecting her to get this right. There was a proper part of the fire to use, and a right distance at which to keep it. For all her strengths and physical capabilities, Melissa couldn't roast a marshmallow for shit. Apparently, she'd never done it as a kid. Her childhood was, by her accounts, full of constant travel, and she didn't have much to call her own. Her mother certainly didn't have a home as extravagant as this for her and her sister growing up, with its bluestone patio complete with built-in fire pit, outdoor kitchen and beautiful mahogany furniture. They'd never even gone camping.

"Omigod *delicious!*" she raved, big eyes wide as she took her first bite of the little graham-cracker and chocolate-bar sandwich he'd made for her. A finger came to the corner of her lips, catching some of the gooey white sugar of the perfectly done marshmallow the two of them had roasted. They'd cooked it together, watching it start to turn a nice, gentle brown, even starting to smoke and bubble a little. At some point it almost fell off her stick, and she giggled as he helped her recover. Finally, it was done, slightly crispy on the outside, and perfect to slide between the two crackers and melt the chocolate just enough before-

"So *yummy!!*" she gushed, taking the next bite and then, immediately, insisting that they make another. "I'm so glad the girls brought this stuff over on Saturday! Too bad we didn't even use it. S'mores are amazing!"

"Yeah...right...this weekend," he mumbled, suddenly pensive again, sitting forward in his chair and poking around the fire's embers with his own roasting stick. He watched as Melissa began to put another marshmallow on her stick, prepared to fix up another s'more. She promised she'd let him have some of it.

Though seemingly intent on her task - *I am not going to burn this one* - she was reading his demeanor loud and clear, sensing his anxiety. She glanced at him, deciding to be quiet as she slid her stick into the fire, into the perfect position to roast her next marshmallow. He hadn't said anything further, but she felt a dark little thrill of excitement when she uncannily knew that he was about to ask-

"So, uh," he began, reaching for a marshmallow, putting it on the tip of his own stick, "Sheryl said something about a video? From this weekend?"

"Omigosh so fun," Melissa giggled, herself recalling the amazing moments from Friday, Saturday, Sunday as she watched him put his marshmallow into the flames. The date, the visit to the TV station, the mall with Shanette. And then of course the pool, dinner with all the girls and - *bnnnghrrrrrr* - bed with him, Sunday with him, the whole weekend with *him*. They had all grown together as friends, as a family...and they had all just plain grown. *Well, haha, not him. Quite the opposite.* And some of it made its way online.

"Did, like, someone post something I should know about?" he asked, watching her marshmallow slowly start to brown, not paying as much attention to his, "My phone's dead so I, uh, couldn't check..."

I can't show that to him, not yet, not tonight. He'll freak.

Simply crossing her legs, bare in the crisp night air, grabbed his attention. Her right leg came over her left, muscles bulging. He was suddenly distracted, suddenly appreciating the immensity of her shapely legs, and he swallowed audibly. He felt immediately the familiar sense of anxiety resurface, and he tried to stop it in its tracks. Why should it bother him if Melissa's taller than him? Younger, physically superior? She was the sweetest woman he'd ever met, even if she was two sandwiches short of a picnic, or a little nuts. She was certainly the first woman he'd been with that would try to cook a s'more for him.

Speaking of - *ahhhg!*

His marshmallow was on fire!!

Melissa giggled, watching him blow blow blow at the flaming inferno at the end of his stick. She quietly resisted the temptation to use a puff of her own breath to extinguish it for him. *I might blow him off the patio haha.* Eventually though, even with his little lungs, he had it snuffed out and he was shaking his head, admonishing himself for having lost focus *again*. She was amused by how dumbfounded and distracted he could get every now and then. That, she knew, glancing down at her bare, womanly thighs, may be her fault...*ok, it's totally my fault.*

She took her stick out, on whose end her marshmallow sat toasted brown and perfect. "Don't worry sweetie," she told him, gently urging him to lower his stick, letting the ashen remnants of his attempt fall back into the fire, "we can use mine."

He couldn't help but notice she'd gotten very good at roasting marshmallows, very quickly. She had an uncanny ability to pick up these talents pretty quickly. Unless they involved like, math, or spelling maybe. He watched her make another s'more, and allowed her to feed him the first bite. *Yum. Pretty good, actually.* Solid food hadn't been his thing for a while now, but when she made it it tended to be a bit more palatable; he'd noticed that with the carrots earlier. Something about her making it just made everything taste better for some reason. *Yum yum.* He was given another bite, and another, and soon the s'more was all gone.

They spent the next few minutes laughing a little together, musing on the possibility of running away and opening up a s'more shack somewhere out in the mountain wilderness (her idea), or down on some southern beach (his), just the two of them, charging passer-bys for their gourmet offerings. She liked the chilly mountainside idea, with its promise of nighttime snuggles, where he suggested the beach because, uh, bikinis. "Grab your wine, tiger," she instructed him with a laugh and a slap to his knee, standing up, "let's go look at the stars..."

She helped him from his chair with an offered hand, and it was with clasped palms that they stepped off the patio, away from the fire, out into the yard. A few swipes on her phone and the outside lights were off, as were any interior lights. She wanted it nice and dark for this.

The little hillock at the edge of the woods would be perfect. Nice soft grass, away from it all. The fire still burned, flickering maybe a hundred yards away, but it was now the stars that would light their way. She'd grabbed the thin blanket he'd been using earlier as something for them to sit on. Down on their backs they lay, next to one another, and gazed up at the heavens.

"Wow," was his first reaction, "would you look at that." It had been a long time - *too long* - since he'd had the chance to stargaze. It was honestly a little bit magical.

Melissa laid next to him as he stared up at the stars. While the show from the sky provided a diversion, distracting him again, she felt him shiver a bit. Without the blanket over him, he was likely getting cold. She snuggled in towards him to provide heat from her larger body. It made her smile when she felt him instinctively nestle in closer to her right side.

"Ooo look, there's Andromeda..." he spoke, pointing skyward.

She followed the direction of his hand, looking up. "Who?"

"Andromeda, the constellation," he explained, "Look..."

He pointed it out. Andromeda was a group of nine main stars, and with his help and little imagination she could picture it, the chained woman. Named after a princess in Greek mythology. "See?" he told her, pointing emphatically up at the constellation, "Andromeda was chained to a rock by her mother as a sacrifice to a big sea monster. The gods had been angered when Andromeda's mother claimed that her daughter was more beautiful than even them, but she was rescued by Perseus, a hero who fell in love with her."

Melissa listened quietly. She loved it. It was so cute when he got all excited, let his guard down and shared himself with her. She especially loved it when he told her that he thought she looked a lot like Andromeda, with her long dark hair and beautiful eyes. She smiled and said that she was flattered. *Prettier than the gods, huh?*

"Wow you know a lot," she said, when he began to talk of the Andromeda galaxy, which they might have been able to see with a good set of binoculars.

"You mean that blurry, like, spiral patch up there?" she asked, pointing up into the constellation.



"You can see that?" he asked, squinting himself. The naked, human eye shouldn't be able to find it; he certainly couldn't. "But, uh, yeah..." he continued, shaking off the feeling that he was laying down in the grass next to something more than human, "I took some astronomy classes at Amherst. I really like this stuff."

As they lay there, Melissa thought about how lucky she was to have found the man she loved. He was kind, funny, and intelligent, and he made her feel like the most special woman in the world. She knew that they would be together forever, and that thought filled her with joy.

He pointed out Cassiopeia next.

"She's Andromeda's mother. See those five bright stars in the shape of a 'W'?"

Melissa nodded, and pouted. "Doesn't Cassio...uh..."

"Cassiopeia?"

"Yeah. Doesn't that start with a 'C'? Or, like, a 'K'?"

"Uh...it doesn't work that way," he said, reminding himself who he was talking to. "The constellation was named after Andromeda's vain queen mother, who dared to compare herself and her daughter to the gods. They weren't amused, and they punished Cassiopeia by putting her up in the night sky. See?" he pointed out, "Can you imagine her chained to a throne up there?"

Despite Jay's obvious mansplaining and the fact that that 'W' definitely did *not* look like a chained-up queen, Melissa was nonetheless impressed by his storytelling. To him, the heavens were miraculous. She hadn't known this about Jay, before tonight, how he felt about astrology. Or had he said astronomy? Whatever. She could tell that the night sky, with its myriad of stars and patterns of constellations, gave him a sense of peace and belonging to something huge, and to him that was a comforting thought. But, to her the stars made everything else feel smaller, and herself less significant in the grand scheme of things. *I don't know if I like that.*

He was going on and on about how beautiful they were, the stars, about how they were some celestial 'miracle'. She on the other hand began thinking about *him*, and about their future. Strange ideas began to coalesce in her head. *Well I guess I have to get more beautiful than the heavens, she thought, so he wants to look only at me.*

Beside her, on her right, she felt him shiver. But he kept talking about the g-damn stars and *he doesn't even know he's cold.*

She sat up a bit and rotated at the hips, turning towards him. Her right hand propped her up, while the other hand took his wine - a stemless glass so it wouldn't spill as easily - off his chest where he'd held it balanced. His eyes, of course, shifted from the stars to her and he watched as she began to slowly unzip her sweatshirt. She took her time revealing the bodice of her white dress and all the cleavage underneath her modest hoodie. She leaned over him, slowly putting his wineglass on his far side. Effectively, she blotted out his view of the sky, so he could no longer see the stars. He could see only her. *I think they call this an eclipse.*

"Now, do you want to tell me about the dream you had?" she asked.

She watched his mind stop, and then start again. For her, there was enough light so she could read every little twitch on his face as he was brought back to remember the dream-thing.

"H-how did you know..?" he asked, suddenly confused.

"Call it..." she began, now placing her left hand down on the ground next to his right shoulder, planting it there and her massive breasts right above his face, "...women's intuition." She smirked, seeing how his attention was now one hundred percent focused on her. *There you go, there are some heavenly bodies.* Despite her distraction, she could tell that he was now more anxious, more freaked out, feeling more afraid having the events of the day rekindled. Even with the beautiful night and now the jaw-dropping scenery, he was having thoughts. *Too many thoughts, sweetie, just speak. Tell mama your troubles.* She could, of course, let herself flow. She could override his anxieties with her perfumes, loosen his tongue, maybe get him horny and placate him and then put him to bed. It was hard to get him to open up on his own; pheromones could make it easy. But she knew she should maybe try it the old fashioned way...talking.

She knew the dream hadn't been normal. There was something off about it, something crafty. Brianna and Sammi had worked with it, but she could tell there was more to it and she wanted to find out what it was, where it really came from, and the only way to do that was to let him talk.

To Melissa he began to describe the dream he had earlier today, when he'd passed out from the shock of finding his apartment ransacked. "It was a good dream, I was in control, I felt healthy and good," he explained, after describing how he'd lifted the vending machine off of...who was that again? "I was...everyone was...back to, like, normal, I guess."

"Mmmm, okay..." Melissa purred. She took the moment to lift her left hand, brush a lock of hair behind his ear. He was, basically, speaking right up into her breasts. Each of them was quite a bit bigger than his head. "Like you were back to being

the boss, huh? Really in charge?" she asked, "What's that feel like to think about now, hm Jay?"

That brought him pause. Under the hovering mass of her bosom he pictured being taller again, the girls all back to their normal heights. He imagined being able to march out of his office and tell them the way things were going to be like it was, early in his dream.

His stomach turned.

"It makes me feel weird." Did he just say that out loud?

In her mighty chest, Melissa's heart swelled. Rather than laugh, sigh, or drop down to lovingly smother the life out of her precious little lover-man, she pressed on. "So, what happened in the dream next?" she asked. Below her, she felt his mind squirm, looking for an out. His stammering started, and he became even more evasive as he remembered what happened after Others had taken the reins of his half-conscious state. "Then," she heard him say, "it turned into a nightmare."

It distressed him, obviously, to recount what happened, but he did his best. Unlike most dreams, where images and feelings disappear almost immediately upon awakening, this one had stuck with him. He was able to describe how he felt surrounded, the crackling alarm of the radio, and how he had shrunk. Shrunk shrunk shrunk while...uh...

"While what, honey?" she asked.

While shrinking up to a tiny cretin on your ass, while your friends watched.

She could tell how embarrassed he was, how ashamed he was. She would spare him the indignity of making him speak more about it. What she could see roiling around in that adorable little head of his, though imperfect, told her all that she needed to know. In the meantime he was shivering below her and she wanted nothing more than to just make him warm. "Well, that was the dream, sweetie, and this is now," she assured him, allowing the first zephyrs of perfume to waft from her chest, "But tell me...what else is bothering you?"

Oh my god, where to start. With a sigh - and a deep breath - he began to list his litany of stresses, past the nightmare, past the apartment. There was seeing Sheryl, there was whatever happened this weekend, and of course there was his health. He was still fucking shrinking.

She could feel his unease, how emasculated he felt admitting it to her again. She tried her best not to let it excite her too much, because it made her feel a little bad. But she couldn't help but explore this just a little, this growing size difference

between the two of them and what it was doing to his psyche. "Does me getting taller freak you out too?"

Sparks and jitters, between them both. Unconsciously she was letting her body lower itself, her shapely torso approaching his face. The open sides of her hoodie draped on either side of his head, closing him in. She expected him to start to fuss, to bleat out his complaints, to voice what she suspected any man would who found their girlfriend towering nearly two feet taller than them.

"Y-you getting taller? Freak me out?" he repeated, breathing in the warmth from her bosom, allowing its comforting air to start to cradle him, "n-n-no..." He paused. "I kinda like it."

OOOooooo

She couldn't help it, that excited her. A new wave of pheromones flowed off her chest and she inched in closer to him.

"H-how about the other girls?" she asked, hearing the arousal in her own voice, "Have you seen how much *they're* growing?" Purposefully, she drew a deep breath, so that her expansive swath of cleavage now bulged and burgeoned and all but utterly burst in front of him. She knew that she was all he could see, that even in the dark she filled his world. *Fuck the stars*, she thought, *look at me*. "Growing..."

"a-a-are they?" he stammered, and his mind was racing. He was anxious, now, the blur of a weekend rising in its pink, murky haze, women swelling inside of it, just beyond the reach of his vision. What was going on? What was wrong with his head?!?

She knew what he was thinking. He was thinking he needed to see a therapist.

"Honey, baby," she purred, "I'm going to get you some help. We'll have our own therapist, a whole team of them, in the new wing. We're going to get you the *best* therapy in the world..." Her nipples were hardening.

"O-okay..."

"I told you we have an appointment all set up for us," she said, beginning to get breathless, imagining it all, knowing what they were going to be able to do together, "we're going to help you regress, regress..."

"Oh my god, Melissa..." he groaned, suddenly sounding overcome..

Haha I didn't even realize my hand was down there.

"...it'll be so good for you..."

Might as well stroke him. She'd undid the tie for his scrubs, her hand was in his pants.

"...we're going to get rid of *allll* that stress..."

Oh god he's so hard for me. Jesus...

"...get you some regression therapy."

She could no longer help herself, she needed to do this. Smoothly, swiftly, Melissa sat all the way up. She'd reached under his thin body and spun him towards her. His head and his shoulders were on her lap. *There we go, that's better.*

"In the meantime you're gonna get some *me* therapy," she said remembering her talks with Shanette. Her hand reached to gather the thin blanket that had been underneath him and was still underneath her and his lower body. She wrapped it around him, using it to bundle him to herself, while at the same time lowering the neckline of her dress below her left breast, and pulling her breast out of her bra. "Here you go, here you go sweetie, you remember this," she breathed, arousal making her voice more husky, deeper, "boob therapy, nipple sucking, dry nursing...let me make you feel better."

She felt him, below the wrap of the thin blanket, balk at the idea of dry nursing. He was irritable and just shocked and a bit resistant because of his silly pride. But she knew it wouldn't take much.

"It's just you and me here..." she whispered to him, to the little papoose of a man she held in her arms. She swaddled him to her more tightly, allowing the full heavy flesh of her breast to squash against his little face. "I know you're nervous, I know you don't know how this can help..." she purred, "...but you might be forgetting how endowed I am."

At that, she leaned down into him, gathered her shoulders around him. Under the blanket, his entire world must now be boob. She let her warmth flow over him, let her perfumes cradle him and become his oxygen. She was all he needed, she knew that. "More nipple sucking," she said, "I want more nipple sucking."

She cooed, she moaned and shivered when she felt, from under the blanket, his mouth come around her and begin to suck. Just a few sucks at first, but then he repositioned and really latched on. *Oh my god, Jay, yes. Yes yes yes little man, suck on mommy.* He began to dry-nurse in earnest.

Suddenly, she began to silently curse her clothes, and she utterly despised his. They should be naked, out here, the two of them in the night. She considered ripping his from him, and flexing herself so maybe she could burst right from her own. But no, the moment was gentle, she could have him this way. Her hand went back down into his pants, and their cuddling progressed. They were quiet, for a while, he just suckling on her, the two of them just happy and content to be this close. In her mind, she began seeing the picture being painted, a portrait of what life could be like for them. She'll keep him home safe and happy and healthy while she helps build the great big new world around him. He'll have no worries, no responsibilities. It'll be his purpose to be drowned in pleasure.

At some point, he came in her hand. He soiled his pants. At another point, he came again. He napped, she thought, for a short time, only to awake and start suckling again. She cooed and clucked and told him what a good boy he was, over and over and over again. She looked up, after a time, to see that clouds had moved in. *Oh, all your pretty little stars are gone.* It was like they had retreated, in deference to her. *I guess I'm your whole universe now.* She giggled, and snuggled him tighter.

In her comforts, he'd began to drift. She knew he was tiring, and that he should really sleep, for real.

"Oh, sweetie, Jay darling, it's getting late..." she said, pride swelling at the motherly tone she heard in her own voice, "maybe we should get you home. You wanted to go home, right?"

From below the blanket, from at her breast, she heard only a whine. His body tensed, a bit, in her arms.

She smiled.

"What? What's that?" she asked, a wry curl now coming to her lips, her dimples, "I couldn't hear you honey."

More whining, from him, a mewl and whimper.

She kept herself from laughing. *You're too adorable.* "Aw, you don't want to go home tonight, do you?" she asked.

At her breast, nipple still in his mouth, he shook his head.

"No, you don't, I didn't think so," she purred, "That's okay sweetie, you can stay with me. I'm all the therapy you need. It's been hard, so hard for you. I just want to make you feel better."

Immediately, he was relaxing. And at that, she allowed herself another giggle.

"Are you excited to come to bed with mama tonight?" she asked.

More movement, his head at her breast, nodding. Yes.

Oh my god she could almost hear it. She could almost really hear it: *yes mommy.*

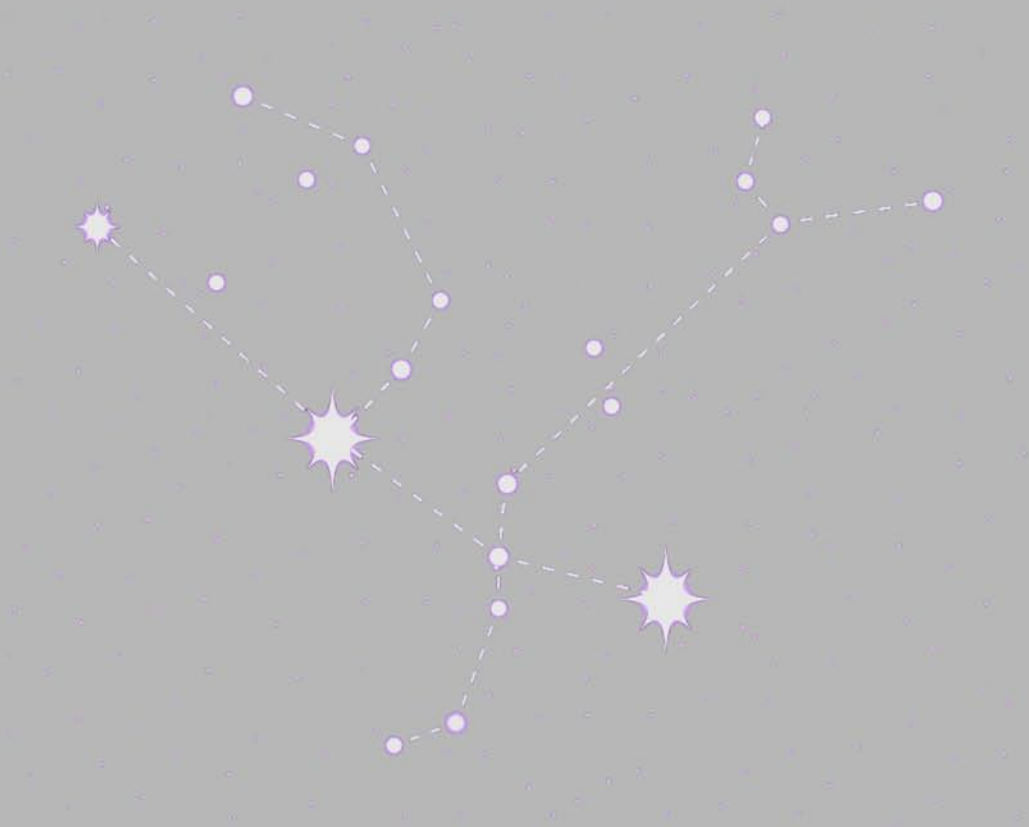
"Good, good boy," she purred, petting him through the blanket, "And what do you want to do with mama tonight, hm? What do you want to do together?"

To that, to her question, he just murmured, and burrowed further into her breast, suckling, nuzzling. But, this time, she could hear his thoughts, clear as day his answer, a single word:

this.

=====

thanks to brother Ankle4u for the base image in the IG Stargazing thingy.





Amelia Eklund was making bank. Who knew a girl could earn so much money being a casual, relatively disinterested cam girl? So far she was doing it through

one of these new companies that took a little cut but handled it all. She heard the money went to the Movement so yeah, whatever, great. These services were getting super popular, with a bigger and bigger stable of girls that did this every day. And not just the slutty ones that used to be on like Streammate or Twitch or whatever, but regular girls who let internet guys look at them for a couple minutes here and there. It was a good way to make some extra cash and exploit these dorkey losers, which had an appeal in and of itself. You didn't even have to take clothes off, really. It was still half an unspoken secret, but men were becoming so submissive; they'd stare at a girl's foot for an hour, or a bra tag, and pay big shit for it. It wasn't just the few weirdos either, it was like *all* of them. It seemed *every* guy was becoming crippled with these similar fetishes, couldn't help themselves. Tons of guys, now, would spend much of their day just surfing around from girl to girl, dropping dollars just to watch a pretty girl put on her makeup. So, women were making money on it all over the place, casually. It was just one of the ways the bulk of the nation's wealth was slowly being transferred, changing hands from male to female. The men seemed helpless to stop it, and girls like Amelia were taking full advantage. Every day there were more and more guys on Amelia's morning stream.

Like, this morning, Tuesday. Amelia had - after only like twenty seconds - more than 300 viewers, each paying \$10 just to see her OOTD. Granted, her popularity had skyrocketed - as had his lololol - after she'd streamed her boss getting swarmed on Melissa's couch, beat off to a whimpering mess under a sea of them and then watching all the girls surrounding him grow, right on camera. He'd been in a daze, didn't remember the moment, but the world fucking *loved* it. *Who knew, right?* Everyone was jonesing these days for big women and short, weak, pathetic little guys, man-children. And watching one of these twerps actually *make girls grow*? A goldmine. The Tiktok video, with all the shares or reblogs or re-posts or whatever by others, onto all the different platforms, had already collected more than thirty million views since Saturday. As many women watched as men. Maybe there were *more* women, actually.

Amelia got tons of DMs from girls: *who WAS that guy?? Can I have a piece haha? So vulni!!* The hilarious thing was he didn't even know about it yet, that he was internet-famous after, like, one minute of being on camera. And yeah it helped Amelia's cam-girl career start to really take off.

Honestly - and she'd never admit this outloud, but the thrill she got wasn't *just* from the money she was raking in; it was from seeing those viewer numbers go up. It was more than a thrill, actually, there was something darkly electric about it. Like, every new viewer seemed to bring her more energy, and that energy made her tingle and buzz. And besides soaking her panties, she could tell it was all going somewhere, like it was being collected and channeled into something. The bigger those numbers were, the more simpy little men that signed on to her

stream, the bigger that buzz became. She would only find out later that it was all going to Melissa.

So, yeah. Amelia looked at her live viewer count. She was bored already but the numbers helped. She'd make a couple grand this morning before work by giving the sims what they wanted for a minute and taking their cash. She knew she could call them 'good boys' for 'looking at mommy' and watch the tips explode. But not today, nah. She didn't really feel like talking. Everyone wanted big mommy, all the time; this morning they'd have to settle for this.

The comments came in a rush:

*omigod look at her put her hands behind her head like that.
she's bigger than she was yesterday.
that sweater can't contain her*

Her sims loved to fill her chat box, just talking about her. Sometimes they tried to get her attention.

*goddess please smile for us
you are so beautiful
please tell us your bra size again
how can I send you more money?*

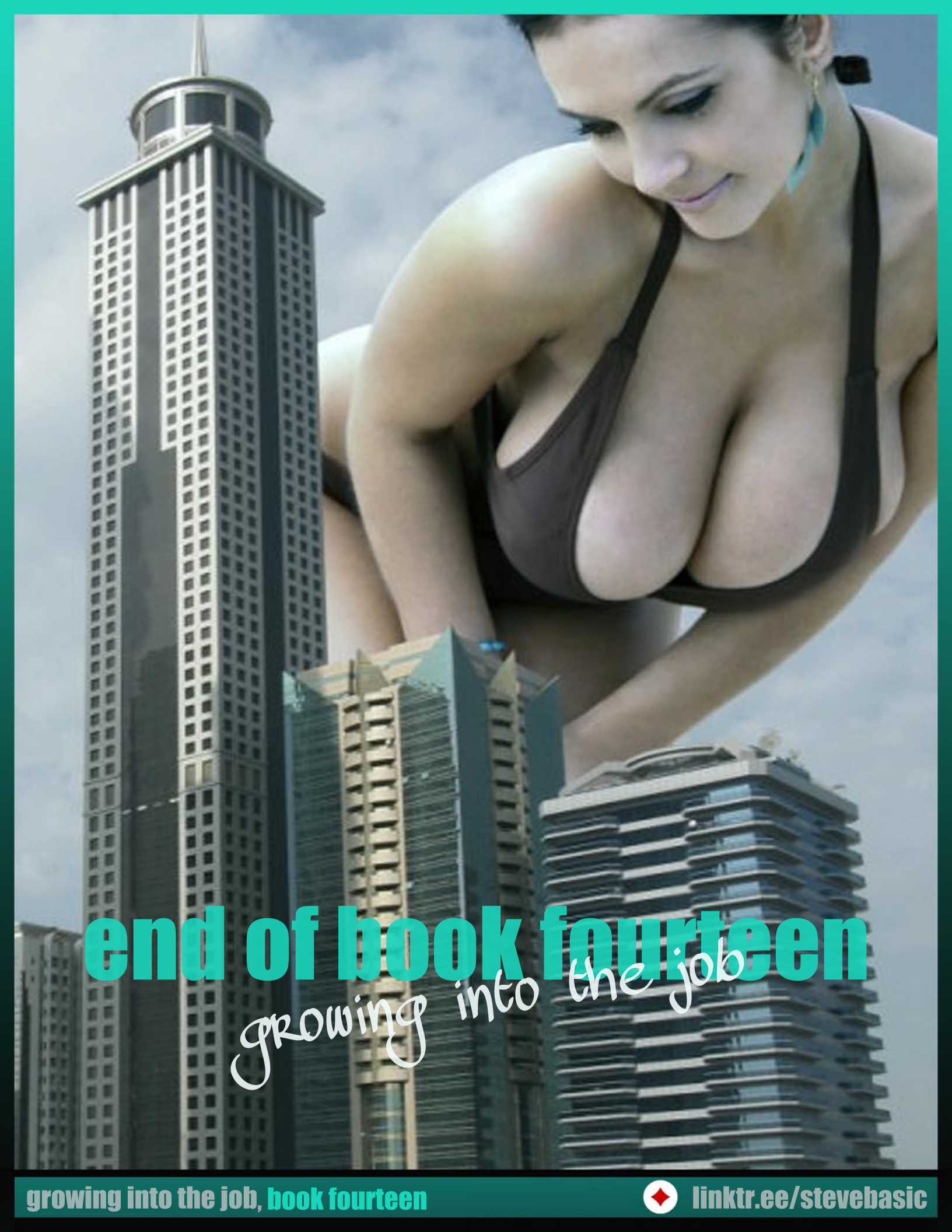
Every once in a while there'd be someone interesting, someone with something to say. Sometimes they were rebellious jerks, but most of the time they were just confused twerps trying to figure this all out. She rarely had the patience for them, and most of the time she could quiet them down by just filling their screens with her tits.

*why does she look taller whats happening
LOG OFF NOW SHES PART OF THE CONSPRCY
remember back in the day when camgirls would just do what you told them?*

That last comment caught Amelia's eye, and it actually brought not just a chuckle out of her, but a response. Quickly, right before logging off, she smiled crookedly into the camera and typed out a reply to that misguided cretin:

That was then, assholes. This is now.

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end of book fourteen

growing into the job

growing into the job, **book fourteen**



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