

The Witches of Kappa Gamma Delta

By Joyce Julep

Prologue

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

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

A single figure emerged from the silent and black-cloaked company and threw his hood back. In his right hand he held a bible, and in his left hand he held a torch. His hands were shaking, but not from the cold. He opened his mouth and started to read in an early dialect of German: "But the cowardly, the unbelieving, the vile, the murderers, the sexually immoral, those who practice magic arts, the idolaters and all liars—they will be consigned to the fiery lake of burning sulfur."

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

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

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

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

The man named Cornelius hesitated as he saw the woman's face illuminated by the burning bible close to her. She was so young...barely a woman...and yet...and yet she was so much more than a woman. He had never before seen such a massive figure. Her flesh squeezed

tightly through the ropes which held her fast. Her hips curved with an almost impossible allure, and her breasts jutted out enormously, hanging like full massive sacks over her bonds. His eyes went up to meet hers, and he felt a surge in his loins. Her hazel eyes sparkled darkly, and she smiled down at him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“The Devil is our plaything,” the voice taunted them through its earthy laughter. The men continued to cower together, muttering prayers under their breath in shaking voices, but they were horrified when the deep laughter beneath them was joined by more laughter...the young

woman's. Her huge body was entirely engulfed in flames now, but instead of continuing to scream, now she was laughing.

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter One

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Not if you’re a weak little sap and can’t handle it,” she chided, winking up at him as she went up and down on her toes again. John’s eyes widened a little at her teasing. God this girl was hot. He could even see himself seriously pursuing her as a girlfriend. They had met up a couple

times the past week, and each time John found himself more and more drawn to her. She was just so spunky...and confident. He suddenly imagined what her pretty little mouth would look like if it was stretched around his cock, and straining to go farther and farther down the shaft. He imagined what her cute little bubble butt would look like if he was penetrating her from behind, vibrating her bulbous little ass cheeks with each thrust. He smiled down at her as her eyebrows went up in response.

"Yeah?" she asked challengingly with a grin.

"Oh yeah," he said through his own smile. "I think I can handle it, Harper. I think I'm up for it."

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

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

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

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

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

A few minutes later, Harper reached her sorority house. After passing through the girls at the entrance, she came into the main living room. Ariel and Vera rose to meet her. Harper felt her breath catch in her throat — she still hadn't gotten used to being around her statuesque sisters. It made her even more nervous to see that Phoebe, the sorority leader, was there, lounging her incredible bulk luxuriously on the sofa. A couple of the other house girls were rubbing her bare feet. Harper eventually tore her eyes away from Phoebe and back to Ariel and Vera, but she only managed this after a few seconds of blatant staring. Phoebe was over 7 feet tall and was the most buxom and voluptuous woman that Harper had ever seen. Even after 8 weeks of Rushing, Harper still hadn't gotten used to her presence.

"Well?" asked Ariel, putting her hands on her hips. She was an upperclassman, and stood at an imposing 6'6. Her long, straight black hair formed a striking frame to her pale, full, gorgeous face. Her black eyes glinted down at Harper, who crossed one of her feet in front of the other. "I...I got him to come tonight," she said, hating that she couldn't keep her voice from shaking. "Did you tell him the rules?" asked Vera, folding her arms over her enormous rack. Vera was a little shorter than Ariel, but no less curvaceous. Her green eyes were deep-set in her olive-skinned face, and her buzz-cut brown hair complimented the edginess of her nose and eyebrow piercings, not the mention the 6 or 7 that studded each ear.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Well girls," said Phoebe, addressing Ariel and Vera, "It sounds like little Harper knows what she's doing. Let's give her the benefit of the doubt, shall we?" She turned her huge head towards Harper and smiled, her hazel eyes twinkling kindly. Harper felt herself go warm and cold at the same time — Phoebe was intoxicatingly beautiful.

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

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

Chapter Two

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yeah...like, they I've heard they spike their punch with hallucinogens," continued Eric.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I heard something similar,” said Eric.

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

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

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

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

He ascended the steps of the house, and once he reached the front porch he was immediately greeted by two sorority sisters, one on either side of the front door, who rose up out of the chairs they had been sitting in. John felt his breath hit a wall for an instant — these two women were

huge. At 6'1, John was no slouch himself, but both of these women rose up well past his own height, and John found himself in the unusual and awkward position of having to look anywhere but forward. He wanted to avoid looking directly into their impressive breasts.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And I'm Nora," said the white-haired woman, extending her own hand likewise.

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

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

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

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

The second thing John noticed was the size disparity. Almost all of the women there were...tall. And big. Some of them were really big. And almost all of the guys looked short. And small. John felt his eyes strain and his eyebrows crease together as he scrutinized the room. Yes, there was no doubt about it. Left and right, as far as he could see, there were tall voluptuous women, many of them actually taller than him, walking around, dancing, gyrating, and otherwise moving their thick curves. And that was another thing — these women weren’t just tall. As with Ariel and Nora outside, all of these girls were thick and curvaceous, and anywhere John looked, his senses were assaulted by the thick ripple of curving hip flesh, or the sway of oversized asses, or the bouncing of ample breasts. He felt his eyes go wide as his dick started to harden in his pants. These women were incredible!

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

“Having second thoughts, John?” came Nora’s amused voice behind him. He turned around to see the two women smiling down at him — he realized that he had been standing in the open

doorway for several moments, and that these two huge women were clearly entertained by his frozen posture.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Wouldn’t miss it!” he said as he looked down at her. He felt warm and somehow reassured by how much taller he was than her, even though their height difference was not something that he had particularly noticed before. “Pretty, uh...pretty interesting party you guys got going here!” John tacked this last little statement on at the end after a moment’s pause. He hoped that he

didn't sound too out-of-sorts, but he felt like he had to at least acknowledge the oddness of what he had seen so far. He was secretly hoping that Harper would openly acknowledge the blatant male-female height and size differences that had stood out to him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ok, cheers...to...ummm — ?”

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

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

They clacked their goblets together and they both drank deeply. As he lowered his goblet, John noticed that a number of the other amazonian women had turned to look at him. Or at least, that’s what he perceived. A moment later everyone seemed to go back to their normal party business. He shook his head — boy, those rumors really were making him feel crazy. He looked

down at Harper and smiled, delighting in how cute...no, how ravishing she looked. And the way she was looking at him, it was going to be one hell of a night.

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

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

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

Chapter Three

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

above her head, her bracelets jingling on her full arms, as she moved and swayed sexily, snapping her long fingers over 8 feet high in the air.

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

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

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

The two of them were breathing hard as they hurriedly took off their clothes. Their faces had been mashed up against each other’s now for some time, hungrily making out. They had been doing this for so long that John’s back was actually starting to get sore, since he had to stoop down in order to kiss Harper. But a sore back was the last thing on John’s mind right now — the moment of truth had arrived. He felt pleasantly drunk by this point, but, if he had been able to pause in his lustful interaction with Harper, he would have realized that he felt more than just drunk. Arcane mixtures were weaving their way through his body, but he had no way of knowing it.

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

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

“Haha, yeah I...uh...I...” But he wasn’t really able to finish his sentence, because Harper had just strained her little mouth around the entirety of his head, and had started sucking on it loudly, like it was a tootsie pop. John could feel himself starting to breathe faster as he felt Harper’s

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

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

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

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

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

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

5'3. It said 5'3!!! She had grown...by two whole inches!! Harper breathed in and out in utter joy and then ran out of the room, practically flying downstairs. She didn't even care that she was

totally naked or covered in sweat. She bounded up to Vera, who was still guarding the punch and who seemed to be in the process of teasing a skinny little man who was a full foot and a half shorter than her. She had his shirt in her fist and she was bent down over him, pointing to his tenting pants with a long finger.

“Vera!” heaved Harper excitedly. “Vera!”

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

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

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

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

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

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