

## Chapter 38 - Laura's Point of View

Our final year at school started with an absolute highlight: a week-long school trip! Exactly four years ago, we made such a trip for the very first time. It was a special trip for me but more on that later.

One room was shared by four people and we almost had the same composition as the last time, all those years ago, except for one necessary change: Marianne no longer at the school, but instead we had Charlene with us. She was a exchange student. Originally the plan was for her to be back home in France again, but somehow her stint at our school was extended for this year. Don't know, don't care, but she was cool, really cool.

And so, Jen, Dorothea, Charlene, and I shared a room together. We were going to have a lot of fun, I was thinking. But being on a school trip with them, let me remember things. I remember our talking sessions during the evenings and during one of them we played the popular game 'truth or dare' and during this, Dorothea was dared to kiss one of us girls and she choose me, but not only that, she even lifted me up during this.

See, I was quite chubby back then. I lost quite a bit since then, which I was proud of, so I was impressed with the strength of Dorothea to lift me up to her height. An astounding height of 7'1 back then.

Yes, this thirteen-year-old girl back then was already 7'1. Incredible, right? But not only that, she was beautiful. Only thing she was 'lacking' back then, was breasts, on which we teased her a little bit back then, but she was cool about it, as she was having the last laugh on that front too, as she blossoms during the following years, as did her further growth.

Now, four years later, that once 7'1 tall girl, was so much taller, like I don't know how much taller. Easily has grown more

than two feet since then. And with every inch she gained, she got even more beautiful and there was no end in sight, as she was 'ever-growing' and I found that very attractive.

Even a few weeks after that trip, I was thinking about all of this, about Dorothea and her incredible height and all that, which made me realize something: I had a thing for tall people and developed this fascination of people growing in size. I never shared this with anyone of my friends, as I was afraid that they found me weird and creepy due to this. It was my little secret. But now I was on trip not only with this giantess, but also Charlene. If it wasn't for Dorothea, she would have been the giantess in the room. 6'9 and well trained. The once chubby inner me found her incredible sexy.

I was looking forward to this trip, but also feared that my 'fascination' would show itself and that I had to confess them to my friends.

Two bunk beds were in our room, like the hotel we used back then, but there were no big arguments, on who would sleep on the upper beds, as those were basically already decided.

'It would be a terrible idea, for having these two sleep on the upper beds, right?', Jen giggled with glee. 'These beds would break immediately and I don't want larger than life Dorothea fall on me and crush me to my death.'

Jen wouldn't, but my pure imagination of this situation ... oh boy. If this would be my end, I would gladly take it.

'But, did you notice anything?', Dorothea said with that playful smirk on her face. We looked at her confused, not knowing what she meant.

'Look closer.'



‘On what?’, the three of us said in unison.

‘You are all dummies. Look, I can stand in this room without any problems!’, she revealed to us any changed into a proud pose.

‘Ahh, that’s true. Hey, can you touch the ceiling?’, I then asked her and without any hesitation, Dorothea put her left hand into the air and just like that, she touched the ceiling of this, what I roughly calculated eleven and a half feet (350cm) high room. Wow. It was quite the sight to be seen, especially for me. Just how awesome must it have been to be her and to show off like that in the most casual way? If I was her, I would show off all the time with my size and strength but well, I was nowhere near her amazing height of 9’5, but rather just 5’3. Since that first trip four years ago, Dorothea has grown well over two feet, but I stayed my puny 5’3. My head barely reach where her skirt only begun or in other terms: I was smaller than her legs alone!

But the best part on Dorothea was, that she never changed in her attitude. Her size and strength went over her head, and so she stayed that nice and sweet girl throughout the years and even if we all were miniscule compared to her, she always treated us as equals. Big or small (okay, in her eyes we all were small), thin or thick, she was always friendly.

‘Hey girls, how about we redo something, we did four years ago?’, Jen asked as we were about to put on the TV to watch a movie. I knew, what was coming: Truth or Dare.

And I was right. It was a good opportunity for me to learn more about Charlene. I never had that much of contact with her, but when we did, she was always friendly.

‘Okay Laura, I start with you. Truth or Dare?’

'Truth.'

'How did you lose so much weight? You never told us.'

'Stopped eating junk food all the time and moved my butt from the couch.'

'So you were hitting the gym like our exchange student over there?'

'Not really. I was rather walking, later jogging and then running outside. Never have been to a gym in fact.'

'Me neither!', Dorothea giggled as she commented. We all knew just how much she hated physical activity. She was such a lazy bum, and yet so damn good looking. Talk about being blessed.

'You girls just don't know, what you are missing out on. The rush, the adrenaline. Putting your body on the edge, then over it, reaching a new limit. You really should try it out, at least once.'

'Never, Charlene, only if I lose some kind of bet, and I don't bet, only when I know that I can win, so sorry girl. No gym for this tall girl!'

Dorothea was clever, but she forgot on aspect in her plan: me.

'How about we put this to a test? Charlene, I dare you to lift Dorothea up in the air and if you can do this, Dorothea has to go to a gym. I would even join on that occasion and Jen, you must also go, if she succeeds.'

'Fine by me. I found my latest boyfriend at the gym.'

Latest boyfriend. Yeah, Jen never had a relationship for very long during those years and every break-up was a disaster for her. Poor girl, she simply choose the wrong guys. Always.

I was looking at Dorothea, as she was looking at Charlene and clearly thinking about it. I would interpret her mimic as, *there is no way, she can lift me, right?* Maybe that's why she agreed to follow through with my plan.

'Okay. Let's put Charlene's strength to the test. But I must warn you, Charlene. I might look delicate and all, but you know my weight, right?'

'Oh sure, I know that you way well over five...'

'LALALALALALA! NOBODY NEEDS TO KNOW THAT! LALALALA! Let's just get right to the action', Dorothea said, clearly wanting to avoid that kind of topic. But I know, that weight goes exponentially up with size and given her height of well over 9 feet, I had her already estimated to be around 550lbs. What can I say? I'm a numbers girl with a fascination for these things. A match made in heaven.

'What do we count as a successful lift up?', Charlene asked, as she was getting ready.

'As it's me, who is the test subject, I would say, any method that lifts me up is fair game. If its longer than two seconds of course.'

Dorothea looked confident, but Charlene ... she looked even more confident. I saw it in her mimic. She *knew* that she was strong enough and that made me excited.

'Everyone ready? Jen and I will be the judges?'

'Ready!', the both answered and before it all begin, Dorothea looked down to Charlene with a smile and said, 'now show me the strength of your muscles'.

Charlene did not answer, as she was getting into the zone. She knew, that her technique had to be flawless to lift a giantess like Dorothea and so she got into position, knees not fully stretched, grabbing Dorothea around her thighs, deep breaths and then she started counting.

'Un, deux et trois!'

She focussed and used every little bit of her muscles to achieve this accomplishment and boy did she overachieve. Not only did she lift Dorothea, no she lifted her a good foot or so in the air and kept her like that for several seconds. Scary strong, but also incredibly sexy to witness.

'Guess, I underestimated you, Charlene. I lost fair and square!', Dorothea admitted her defeated while still being in the air. A fair loser.

'That was fun. Hard to pull of, but incredible fun!', Charlene said after putting Dorothea back on the ground. One thing was for sure now: these muscles weren't just for show.

'But don't you think, you are the only one that can lift people in the air!', Dorothea said to and then grabbed Charlene, on hand by her knees and one on her back, so that Charlene was basically laying in Dorothea's hand, while being about two metres into the air.

'For a lazy bum, you too are strong. There is so much potential in you.'

All I could do was watch in awe at the feats of these two girls. They truly were special.

'Hey, erm, Dorothea. Could you lift me too? But more like ... listen...', I started to ask her and then whispered into her ear. She simply nodded and without saying a word, she did just as I asked her. In the end, I was sitting on one of her hands like a chair and could not resist to rest my head on her breast, as they were literally right next to me. Four years ago, we teased her about them, but they became so big ... and soft ... it was a nice pillow for my head to rest. I really enjoyed it, maybe a bit too much, as Jen noticed me turning red.

'Looks like Laura has a bit too much fun, haha.'

In an instant, I was embarrassed and already looked for an excuse for my reaction, but Dorothea was faster.

'Everything fine with me. I like it when people are having fun.'

That made all of us laugh and to my fortune, my little stunt. Dodged a bullet right there.

And so, the game went on for a bit. It was then, when Charlene commented, on how similar her and Jen's hair looked. They basically had the same style, apart from minor details. Both had this thick ponytail and their hair also had similar length. Jens was a bit darker though.

And like four years ago, someone was 'dared' to kiss another one. This time it was Charlene's turn, as she answered on a previous question (by me by the way), if she ever kissed a girl. Of course, Jen had to jump on that immediately and so, she made Charlene kiss her.

All went well, until Jen said 'Truth!', towards me.

'Do you have a thing for tall girls?'

And just like that, my fears kicked in. Was it that obvious? I started shaking, but I told myself, that would be honest and so I wanted to answer. Why only 'wanted'? Well, Dorothea was faster.

'Who wouldn't? I mean look at us beauties.'

Chuckles, but I was not out of the woods. Those were my friends, especially Jen and Dorothea (and from my experiences on this trip, Charlene from now on too). They would understand it, right?

'What makes you think that?'

That smirk on Jen's face. Oh, I will never forget it.

'Just a feeling.'

Big sigh from me, one deep breath.

'Yes. I like tall girls. Wish, I was one.'

'Cannot blame you. I for myself are happy with my 5'9, but even if I would consider myself definitely not small, these two over there make me feel like it, haha!'

Do you know, what the best part of this was? Nothing came after that 'revelation'. No further embarrassing questions. Nothing. It was enough. Thankfully. There was this possibility for an opening of my 'pandora's box', but it did not happen. These girls were simply great.

'It's getting late. We probably should head to bed soon.'

'About that, erm, Dorothea?'

'Yes?'

'Can you even sleep in this bed, or is it ... well ... too small for you?'



'Maybe, if I make myself as small as possible, it should work', she said with such a big smile. She really didn't mind and after we all got ready for bed, we watched her trying to fit into this bed, which was quite a sight to be seen.

It looked so cramped for her to sleep like this and even with her very best effort, she barely fit. She made herself small, at least as much as someone well over 9 foot can make herself that, but even so, her feet touch one end of the bed and her head the other end.

'See, it's possible!', she said with excitement but I guess, the rest of us girls had the same thought on our mind: 'this looks utter uncomfortable and painful'.

She was so big and it fascinated me. Maybe a little bit too far, as I slipped with my thoughts without thinking.

'How would it look, if you lay on your back and stretch your legs out?'

'Gee, you really like size, right Laura?', Jen commented and I wanted to die right here and there. It was soooo damn embarrassing for me, and I felt shameful at the same time. This was my friend here and I was thinking about my *fascination*. Am I an awful person?

'Let's find out!', thankfully Dorothea was more than cool with it. I guess, she wanted to it by herself. She was just so awesome and I'm grateful, that she was not angry with me.

And so, she followed through. Laying on her back, head on the pillow and stretched out. Do you know, where the bed ended? By her knees! The entire rest of her foot was dangling in the air and she had to watch out, not to kick the Television down with her right foot. Makes you realize, how much she has grown over these four years. Wow.

I think you would be not really shocked to hear, that I could not sleep at all that night. My mind was racing, thoughts and imaginations came and went, and all the while I had to think about Dorothea, laying in the bed below me. I had this strange urge, just to look at her, and once again I felt bad for it.

She was such a great person, and yet I was just thinking about her height and size. Not only once had I a dream, where our roles were reversed, when I was the statuesque giantess. How different the world look for me?

She slept so peacefully and that made me smile. She was always happy and never complaint one tiny bit. In fact, she told me, that she liked the way she was. I could not blame her one bit. Like I said, deep inside I wanted to be like her.

I don't know, how long I was watching. Charlene and Jen were fast asleep, as well as Dorothea and some time during the night, I felt my eyes finally closing. Tiredness won over me at last. But now another thing kicked in: my dreams.

I was in the same place, as were the others, but I simple knew, that I was in a dream. It just felt different. In this dream, I heard a rumble and felt it too. It was Dorothea, as she was turning in her bed and started to stretch her legs, as she no longer could sleep cramp up as she was and I just had to watch. I turned around and watched her feet dangling out of the bed. These long legs of hers, so beautiful. But then that rumbling noise returned, but Dorothea was laying still, or so I thought than before I knew it, her legs started to moving, or rather ... they got longer. Much longer!

At first I was fascinated. Dorothea grew in front of my eyes. Noticeable. But the rumbling did not stop, as she grew more and more. Charlene and Jen noticed nothing and I watched in awe, as her right foot was now almost the size of the TV and

just got longer and more and more of her legs were visible from my position, as I was leaning over the edge of my bed to witness this happening.

First her knee was visible, than her thigh too, which could only mean one thing. She was incredibly tall by now. Her torso also was as tall as this bed ... and then she start to sit up!

Dorothea lifted the bed with just the use of her head and the angle got bigger and bigger, until I had to hold on to the railing, but Dorothea did not stop, as she was still getting taller, now almost twice her height, which meant, she had to be over 15 feet tall, closer to twenty.

Seconds later, the bed was scratching along the ceiling, as Dorothea kept going. Suddenly, her right hand grabbed the bed and just like that, she began to toss it to the side, to give her much needed room. Too bad, that I was still laying there, and as the angle got too much, I started to fall over, which was actually a good thing, as Dorothea now began to toss the bed to the side.

I was now completely upside down, when I saw the bed crashing down to the side, while my own rotation kept on going. I was going to crash on the ground as well, but I forgot one thing in this whole ordeal: there was something between me and the ground: Dorothea's legs!

Not even a second later, I was laying again, this time on her ginormous leg, or rather on her lower leg. If we would stand side by side, I would not even be as tall as her knee, not even close.

As I was looking up, I saw Dorothea with her eyes closed. She realized nothing that just happened, all she did was sigh of relieve and kept sleeping while sitting, with her legs stretched out.

I gulped, when I looked down. I pressed my right foot against hers to stabilize my position. My whole foot was barely bigger than her big toe. God, was she big. Definitely closer to 20 feet. I looked so insignificant next to her. She just had become a real giantess. During my fall, I was scared for my life, now I was in heaven.

But every dream had to end and so did this, but its result must have shown itself, because as I was starting to wake up (as the last of us in the room), Jen just had to comment, as usual.

‘Why were you grinning like crazy during your sleep? Dreaming good, eh?’

I turned red in an instant, but this time Charlene jumped to my aide.

‘Great dreams mean a great day coming up, right Laura?’, she said and I just nodded. I kept my dream to myself and so we went on to attend the school activities for our trip. But during all of this, I was thinking to myself. Should I ever talk with Dorothea about it, or anyone for that matter? Back then I had not the courage to do that. It took my more than a year to do so. I just had to get this off my chest. And you know, who I was talking about all of this when I finally did build up that courage: Dorothea. But that’s a story for another time...

## Chapter 39 - Charlene's Point of View

'Do you even have things to wear in a gym?', I joked towards Dorothea, as we were about to cash in on her lost bet against me. We met in front of the gym. 'We' were Dorothea, Jen, Laura and myself or in other terms: the same girls, that shared a room on our school trip. For those who don't know what kind of bet Dorothea lost against me: she did not believe, that I was able to lift her from the ground. Well, our 'little' giantess underestimated my own strength and so this gym session happened.

'I always find something to wear!', she laughed back at me, while we were waiting for Jen and Laura to arrive and I used the time to talk with Dorothea for a bit.

'You really never went to a gym?', I asked her and she just shook her head. 'No, never. That's not my kind of world, you know? But I lost my bet fair and square and I come with you once and only once, you hear me!'

'Until you lose your next bet against me', I joked again and we both started laughing. 'And hey, maybe you will actually like it in there.'

'Unlikely, but I promise, I will not mope around or phone my performance in. I will treat it respectfully, I promise.'

That, I believed her.

'But tell me, Charlene. How did you become such a gym enthusiast? Isn't it rather unusual for girls to become THIS buff?'

'You know, I played Volleyball, right?'

'Right.'

'And this ended, because of a nasty knee injury, right?'

‘Right again.’

‘It was a long and grueling process to get healthy and to do anything physical. My doctors even said, that it would be better for me to retire from playing Volleyball and so, I needed SOMETHING in my life. I was always a sporty girl, loved to train, to run, to play. Everything. Now, my world was empty and I was on the lookout for something new, and that brought me into the gym. As a player, I was used to be in those anyway, but now my whole way of training changed, as it needed to change. I focused on other things and that’s how I ended up the person I am.’

‘Do you miss Volleyball?’

‘Sure. But on the other hand I have to say, I am somewhat happier now. Before, I was part of a team and it was possible that I was the reason, we were losing a game and when that was the case, I always felt bad and felt that pressure for days and weeks going forward. I could ruin it for others, who played a great game. But now, the only that I can ‘shame, is myself. Does this sound plausible?’

‘I think, I know what you mean. If everyone played on a 10 out of 10 level, but you had a bad day and only performed on a 4 or 5 ... it makes you feel like letting others down. I can relate to that. I’m glad, you are happy as you are now, Charlene.’

Such nice words, but we had to stop, as Jen and Laura arrived to the scene, ready for the session.

‘I just hope, my ex is not in this gym’, Jen joked and Laura seemed eager to start. I learned from the girls, that she used to be chubby, which changed dramatically over the last couple of years, that she lost well over 40 pounds. Impressive. And so we went into the building, where we were greeted right at the entrance area.

‘Bonjour, Jean-Paul!’, I waved towards one of the trainers. Like myself, Jean-Paul was from Lyon in France. He was a former pro-Bodybuilder and quite successful. He started to run this gym a few years ago.

‘I brought my friends today to show them, what I usually do after school. This is Dorothea, you know her?’

‘I think, there is no one in Thurmont, who doesn’t know her. Bonjour.’

‘And these are Laura and Jen.’

‘If I remember, right, I was your trainer once or twice, right?’, he asked Jen and she nodded. ‘Yup, then my little accident with Darren started. I hope, he is not here.’

‘No, no. Haven’t seen him here for a few months now.’

‘Good. That makes it easier for everyone.’

It seemed to me, as the relationship between Jen and this Darren ended not on the best terms, but I did not dare to ask Jen about it. I did not have to know everything, I always say to myself.

‘Anyway. Do you girls need a trainer, or will you fulfill this role for your friends, Charlene?’

‘I think, I will do this. I just hope, our tall friend is not clumsy with the equipment.’

Dorothea rolled her eyes, but apart from that nothing came from her. I usually don’t make jokes on the behalf of my friends, but this time I made an exception.

‘Wonderful. If you girls need anything, you can come to me. Have a great time!’

And so, we went to the changing room to get ready and then we started by walking around the gym, so I could show the girls, especially Laura and Dorothea, everything. Dorothea, never been to a gym and actually hating physical activities, showed real interest.

‘Usually, especially if you do this seriously, you follow a certain routine, you know, one day this, the next day the other and so on. But I think, for today it might be best to try everything a little bit, just to give you two girls the full experience’, I suggested and they were okay with that.

Like I said, I was impressed with Laura losing so much weight and she even did it without hitting the gym, so like Dorothea, she was basically completely new to all of this.

Oh, I totally forgot to mention one quite funny situation. As we arrived in the changing room, Dorothea put her bag on top of the lockers, as if it was the most normal thing to do.

‘Erm, Dorothea, you do know, that you can put your back INSIDE one of the lockers to keep them safe, right?’, Jen asked with a mixture of a joking voice, but also of total disbelief.

‘Oh, yes, haha. Sure. But ... who should try to steal my stuff up here anyway?’, Dorothea giggled, but also looked a tiny bit embarrassed. She was so tall, that this was total normal behavior for her. I just watched the whole situation with enjoyment. I remember, how Laura looked up those lockers and to this bag with amazement. It was so high up for her, as she was by far the smallest in our group, just around 5’3. I mean, I could have grabbed that bag, but most girls aren’t 6’9 right, or even 9’5 like Dorothea.

But that wasn’t even everything in what I would call ‘changing room shenanigans’. See, in this room were also cabins to change your clothes. Jen and I were already finished



and Laura was still grabbing her stuff, when Dorothea entered on of them, ducked under the curtain rail, looked down on us with a raised index finger and said, 'no peeking, girls!'

'Erm, Dorothea', Jen started in the same tone as before, 'you do realize, that you are quite a bit taller than these stalls, right? We can basically see your shoulders and above.'

Again this mixed reaction of Dorothea of laughing and also a tiny bit of embarrassment. She sure was something special, wasn't she?

Finally, we were ready to walk around the gym. It was a nice, clean gym and today weren't many other visitors. Quite a relaxed day so to speak.

'I think, it is a good idea to start with something simple. How about a nice little jog on the treadmills?', I suggested.

Jen was really motivated and eager to start, but one in our group truly wasn't. Guess who. Right, Dorothea. She had this look of utter fear and defeat.

'Do we really have to start with THIS!?', she shouted with desperation.

'It's okay, my dear. You can do this. It's not that hard. Believe me!', Laura tried to calm her down, putting her left hand on Dorothea's thigh to further calming her down.

What followed next, was probably the loudest sigh in the history of sighs, but Dorothea did participate in this first exercise.

It was just a 15 minute jog on that treadmill. Nice and easy. Jen showed her motivation, as she was putting on quite the tempo. From behind me, I could her the struggle of Dorothea, and the reflection in the mirrors showed her discomfort with

all of this. She would rather liked to have been ANYWHERE else, as this was the most tedious part for her. She hated running. She really did, and the far too small treadmill did further insult to injury. You could even hear her commenting on the time remaining and believe, as soon as the clock hit zero, she was the first to jumped off the mill, breathing like crazy, even having to sit down. She was simply not used to all of this.

‘Good job, big girl!’, I complimented on her actually doing the entire quarter hour. I could have sworn, she would stop before that. But Dorothea promised to give it her all and she did. So it was time, to treat her with something, that would better suit her ‘skill set’.

‘I think, this will be more fun for you. This are the barbells. I guess, you know what to do with them, right?’

Dorothea nodded and we all started to put the weight on them. This exercise was the hardest for Laura and to no surprise was she the one with the lowest amount on weight on her barbell. As I was preparing my barbell, I was looking over to Dorothea, as she prepared hers, stacking more and more weight on them. On one hand, I thought about intervening, but on the other hand, she was damn strong and so I guessed she knew what she did there.

And just like that, she raised her bell above her head, as if it was nothing, until I heard a crashing sound. Did she overdid it? No, not like that at least. No, her barbell hit the ceiling!

‘That was easy!’, Dorothea giggled and during her next repetitions, she watched to not repeat that little incident, and she really was careful. It was not the first time, that I was impressed with her being this mindful.

‘Look at me, Charlene. I just have to be careful. I know about my size, my strength and the impact, I can have on others, if I’m

not careful. It's part of my continuous growth and as I get taller, I also get even more careful', she once told me and situations like that one made you realize, how true those words were. I don't know if everyone would be like this and think like this, if they were in a body like hers. That made me having even more respect for her.

After we did this, we went to the cable machine just next to the barbells, but I now already, that this was a machine that Dorothea would have trouble to use.

'I think, we should skip this part. Look. Even I am almost too tall for this thing. You, my friend ... you can take a break and watch, okay?'

Jen and I demonstrated these machines and Dorothea watched, while Laura was doing push-ups. I realized, what made this girl lose so much weight. She had developed this determination, which I admired. I was always sporty and fit, long before I started being a 'gym addict', so I never knew how it was to be heavy. I didn't know the struggles, how hard it is to make this radical decision. Laura was another person that gained more and more respect from me, as I got to know her better and better.

After that, we worked a bit with balls, tried a few more things, until we reached what would be our final exercise for the afternoon. The good old punching bag.

'No real instructions. Just give them a few good punches. Give them some real good shots, right?'

Again, Jen was the first to start. I think, I found my new gym buddy in her, I thought, while giving Dorothea a few tips, as she was simply too tall to land good standing strikes.

‘Lower your knees a bit and lean a bit more, and then just fire a few punches!’

Fire a few punches. I was wrong. I wasn’t a few. It was just one. One single punch from Dorothea was enough for this punching bag ... to fall over! One ... single ... punch! Remember how I said, that Dorothea had to be mindful with her size and strength? That’s why. Imagine, how much power was behind that iron fist of hers, to have such an impact.

‘Has anything happened!?’ Jean-Paul ran by, right after he heard the noise. ‘Anyone hurt?’

‘I think, I overdid it a little bit...’, Dorothea said, trying to downplay to situation. ‘I am really sorry. I wasn’t trying to ruin your gym. Please forgive me.’

Dorothea was nervous, not knowing how Jean-Paul would react. Would he even throw her out after almost ruining parts of his gym for the second time?

‘Relax, my child. Big girls are naturally also strong girls. I’m impressed. Always thought, that this was impossible. You truly are something.’

To be honest, I knew that J.P. would be cool with that. He was an upright guy and especially respect to teenagers like us. He even joked about even upgrading his equipment to even higher standards, if Dorothea would someday sign up for a membership.

You see, even a simply visit to a gym can be quite the adventure with Dorothea. We all enjoyed the afternoon in the gym and after everyone showered, changed clothes again and left the building, we went to the park, and drank a lemonade. I had one last surprise for them in my bag so to speak.

'I really enjoyed my time in the U.S. with you, girls. I think, I never got better friends like you, not even at home.'

The girls, especially Dorothea, probably had the same thought on their mind and their mimic showed it. They thought, that I was giving them a speech of goodbye. Remember, I 'just' was an exchange student.

'Charlene...', Dorothea even started, looking really sad, but I my smile got even wider. I thought about playing this up a bit, but I simply couldn't, as they looked so down.

'Don't look at me, like this. This is no goodbye. You see, my mom...'

That's the furthest I got, because Dorothea, knowing what I was about to tell them, shot up, picked me up with ease and lifted me into the air with joy.

'Easy, big girl. I wasn't done yet.'

'Are you about to say, what I think you are, Charlene?', she asked me with those huge eyes of hope.

'If you think, I was about to tell you, that my mom got a job in the U.S. and I'm about to stay, then you are correct, my friend.'

I have never seen Dorothea cry. Not until that day, as she pressed me against her breasts and hugged me intensively and yet so nice and gentle, so I simply had to hug her back. It was indeed a wonderful day and those girls were the best. All of them. Oh, and Dorothea even promised to visit the gym with me from time to time and like every promise she gave, she truly did.