



## **Short stuff**

### **Chapter 1**

"I hate being so short..." Sally says aloud, making comment on her small stature in the mirror.

"Hey babe, it's ok, I think you are cute." Mark, her boyfriend replies.

"It's alright for you! You're over Six foot tall, that's normal for a guy, I'm just scraping five feet!" She angrily retorts. "I can't find clothes for me; women make fun of me at work and on nights out. It's not pleasant."

"Hey, I didn't mean-"

“No, I know... I think you should go...”

“Oh... Sorry Sally...” Genuine sympathy in Mark’s voice.

“I know you are; I think I just need to have some time alone... Sorry Mark.”

Mark stands and looks over at Sally one last time before leaving. She knew he didn’t mean it; she was just so upset recently with how she was constantly the centre of everyone’s jokes. Always comparing her body to that of a child. It was frustrating to her to say the least. He knew Mark didn’t see her that way, but she had a particularly bad time at work today, so she was ready just to be alone and wallow in her self-pity.

Sally stares at herself and takes her body in, she is short, five feet on a good day, constantly looking up to people. Her body is quite shapeless, she has A cups, most of the time she doesn’t bother to wear a bra and she has very little junk in the trunk. She has been keeping fit over the years and is rather slim, the beginnings of abs showing, her biceps look as though they are coming along nicely. Sally is definitely a fit girl. At 25 years old, there would be a lot of women out there that would kill to have a body like hers.

“Maybe just not as short...” She says aloud.

Her long brunette hair was tied up in a ponytail which hung down between her shoulder blades. She raises her arms up and gives a flex in the mirror, her biceps bulging, smiling at the efforts from all that time at the gym. Her crop top exposing her firm tum, her abs on show, she traces a finger over them.

“Maybe they are just jealous...”

She looks back and is reminded of the main reason she is frustrated, her height.

“GRRR” She grunts and turns towards her desk.

Stomping over to her PC she starts searching for ways to get taller. After an hour she finds something that piques her interest, a potion guaranteed to cause anyone who consumes the potion to transform into what they desire.

“It sounds too good to be true...”

Still, Sally clicks the link.

*Reviewed well, even on third party sites...*

She adds to the basket and looks to check out.

*Only £25... Not much to lose there...*

After placing the order Sally heads to bed to wallow some more. She receives an email telling her that she should expect the package in 3 days.

Thankfully that time flies by, she has work and the gym to thank for that. After a long day of work, then hitting the gym, she comes home to a small, padded envelope on the floor, nearly standing on it and tripping over.

“Shit! That would’ve been utter shit if I’d stood on that.” Sally capitalises her frustration with an angry growl.

She picks the package up off the floor and quickly opens it, tearing and discarding the envelope. Pulls out two small vials and a note.

Sally reads it aloud, “Thank you for purchasing Liquid Desire, We’re a new company and we are looking to get word out about our fantastic product, we have supplied you with a second vial, give it a lover, friend or save it for yourself, we would be grateful if you could spread the word. Thank you so much for your purchase.”

*Hmmm... interesting...*

Lifting the vial to read the instructions on the side. She again reads aloud.

“Prepare a meal and drink the entire contents in one go on an empty stomach. There is only one side effect, you will become hungry. This is due to the calories needed to metabolise the transformation. This is entirely normal and within safe parameters. Full instructions can be found at...”

She walks to the kitchen and places the vials on the countertop and starts to prepare some food.

*I can't believe I am doing this...*

She makes a quick stir fry with some leftovers from the fridge and serves it up. Sally hasn't eaten since midday, and it is now approaching 7pm so her stomach is growling in anticipation for some food. Unscrewing the cap to the vial she lifts the liquid to her lips, she can smell...

*Chocolate?*

She lingers for a second before downing it in one gulp.

*That flavour, so rich...*

She feels a warmth spreading throughout her body, suddenly followed by hunger.

*Holy shit... I'm starving*

The feeling increases rapidly, even before she can lift her cutlery, she feels it increasing further. Sally wolfs down the meal she had prepared within about 60 seconds.

*Still... So... Hungry...*

Rushing to her feet she opens all the cupboard doors in her kitchen looking for things to cook.

*Not enough time...*

“Ugh!” She lets out a pained moan.

*I need food... Now!*

Sally quickly turns on the oven whilst eating anything she can instantly consume; she quickly throws a mountain of frozen food onto a tray and slams the oven door closed.

*Fuck... So... Hungry...*

Eating all the cupboard food, even just ingredients at this point, stuffing herself beyond her capacity. The timer for the oven goes off and Sally doesn't even plate up her meal, just eating it straight off the oven tray. A mix of wedges, chips, waffles and Chicken of varying flavours.

Making an absolute pig of herself, Sally's face is covered in crumbs and sauce. Within no time at all finishing the feast. Leaning over the kitchen counter eating her food she feels a tugging at her midsection. Standing straight she feels a sharp pain in her stomach, looking down to investigate she sees the problem and lets out a scream.

“WHAT THAT FUCK!”

Looking down, Sally is in shock, her once toned middle is now massively distended, bloated and pressing into the counter. She pokes it inquisitively, feeling her finger press only slightly into the taut mass, she recoils and yelps.

“I didn't ask for this!” She screams, tears filling her eyes as she just stares at her stomach.

Her hunger now sated, she leans back against the fridge, slowly lowering her hands to the round stomach protruding from her frame.

*It's so big... So heavy... What am I going to do...?*

Before she can even begin to answer Sally now feels something else.

“What now!” she exclaims.

A warmth spreads throughout her body, she feels her stomach shift and gurgle beneath her hands.

“What...”

Sally feels her stomach shrinking.

“The...”

Her hands pressed against her tight belly are slowly being brought into her frame as her belly starts to disappear.

“Fuck...”

Next up she feels her limbs grow incredibly hot. It feels like her arms and legs are... stretching... but her mind becomes a muddle of passionate thoughts as the feeling starts to turn her on.

“Why... does it... feel so... good” Sally moans aloud, her hand rubbing at her crotch through her gym bottoms. Her moans get higher and higher in pitch as she quickly works herself to an orgasm.

“SHIT!” She exclaims.

Panting, trying to catch her breath, Sally notices something else.

*I feel funny...*

Lifting her arm she stares closely at it, looking down its length.

*Is it actually... getting longer?*

Snapping out of her daze she stands up and feels another odd sensation.

*I'm... Taller?*

She looks down, Sally's vision is met with boobs.

“Tits! I have tits!” Her arms fly to her chest as she gives her new assets a firm squeeze.

Pressing her boobs into her chest, she peers over them to investigate the rest of the damage and notices that her firm midsection has returned but the floor looks a bit farther away than it usually does.

*No... that doesn't just happen...*

Looking at the countertops for a reference point to work from.

*Oh my fucking god...*

She could see it, she was bigger, most definitely. The countertops were now slowly moving down her body as she outgrew them. Realising quickly that she was fast approaching six feet tall.

The burning warmth spreads through her body once more as she feels the pleasure of the growth over taking her again. Rapidly building to another crescendo she grips onto the side for support, this doubles as extra confirmation of her growth.

“Fuuuuck” Sally screams out loud.

This time the powerful orgasm takes hold of her, she loses her grip on the side and falls to the floor. She writhes on the floor moaning as everything fades out of focus.