

Chapter 40 – Tiffany’s Point of View

‘Hey Dorothea, it’s time for another medical check. Can you come by my office after school in the next few days? Love, Tiffany’

It took her not even 30 seconds to answer.

‘Sure. Is even today fine for you?’, she asked and of course it was fine for me and so it was settled.

I just want to be sure about her and her health. Yes, I have given up to look into the reason, why my little sister was everything but little and why she just kept getting bigger and bigger. I accepted that part. It took me years, but in the end I accepted it. Now I was simply looking after her to stay healthy during her continuous growth. Two things were important to me: One, that she was healthy (obvious) and two, that she was happy with her life, even if more and more common things were getting more and more difficult for her, as she simply became too tall for many things.

One thing was clear: Dorothea would never experience things, that we take for granted. Take a simply thing like driving a car for example. Dorothea will never be able to this, as she is to tall and no car could fit her growing desires. But not only cars, think about things, you never think about. Enter a room, standing in a room, sitting on chair, at a table, washing your hands in a sink, using a regular sized toilette, a kitchen ... everything became smaller and smaller for her.

But Dorothea was always happy and these hurdles never took her spirit. That part was really inspiring for me. I simply could not imagine how it would be, if all these things were suddenly too small for me, but Dorothea took these challenges and grew as a person because of this ... oh wait, that was a

really bad pun ... but I did not mean it as a cheap joke. Ah, whatever.

‘Finishing work early today, Dr. Lockhart?’, a patient of mine, a nearly 80-year-old man asked me after his appointment. A nice man, and actually quite fit for his age.

‘Not really. I’ll close my office for the rest of the day, as I run some medical checks on my sister Dorothea today.’

That made the man smile. He knew my sister, everyone in Thurmont knew her. Hard to miss a girl, that’s well over 9-feet-tall, right?

‘Everything fine with that young lady?’, he wanted to know and I nodded.

‘Then I will make my way home and no longer distract you from your work, Doctor. Thank you as always.’

It took Dorothea about an hour to arrive and so I had plenty of time to prepare everything for her. I had nothing special planned. The usual stuff, as long as I was happy with the results but Dorothea never needed anything special. She was always as healthy as one could be.

That was another thing, that made me nervous back in the days, when it was clear, that she would become towering. Would her body and her organs be able to handle that? Would her heart start to struggle, as her blood needed to be pumped through such a large body? The answer was yes. It could handle that.

‘Hey Tiffy!’, she shouted with a smile while entering through the door while crouching. It was always such a sight to see her enter a room. It made you realize, just how much bigger she was. Dorothea made you feel so tiny with her towering frame and when she stood in front of you, she was

imposing and one would be scared, if it wasn't for her being the most friendly person one could imagine. Thankfully. Imagine a cruel brat in a body like hers ... no thank you. Thank goodness, it was she that was that giant among humans, and she never changed. She always took care of people around her and Dorothea knew that she had to be careful as she could easily hurt someone even without her wanting that to happen. We were talking about a 500+ pound person, even if she looked fine.

And when she finally stood in my room, I got up from my chair by my computer and walked towards her, cranking my neck to look to her:

Standing anywhere near her, I always had to remind myself that I was six feet tall. I was no small woman, but rather quite a tall one, but you forget stuff like this, when you stand in front of your sister, whose legs are almost as tall as you. Her legs!

'So you decided to grow out your hair? Looks really great!', she complimented me, which made me blush a bit. It was true. After years of basically never changing my hair, I decided to let it grow a bit and I was quite happy with the result.

'Oh thank you, sis!'

'Will you continue to let it grow or will you stay like this?'

'I'm not sure right now. We will see. But enough about my hair. It's time for your next medical check. But before we begin ... you do realize, how close you are getting to the ceiling of my extra high office, right, my dear sister?', I asked her rather jokingly and Dorothea replied somewhat ashamed and embarrassed with a simple, 'hehe, I know, I know'. Even with her size, she was such a cute little girl ... scratch that word.

Anyway, we started to appointment as usual and of course, one of the first things Dorothea wanted to do was to measure her. It was time to get my good old wooden ladder into the action and I started climbing up that thing to be able to measure her.

‘You are 9’7, or 292 centimetres. I knew it just from looking at you. Quite the upgrade for you ... again.’

9’7. Almost ten feet tall. Wow. My younger sister would some day be four feet taller than me. Can you imagine?

‘You know me, sis!’, she answered casually with a sweet little giggle.

‘Let me check’, I told her looked at my notes. ‘Since last time we measured you in my office, your gained 12 centimetres. Really impressive!’

Impressive. A few years ago I would have never chosen that word. Back in a time, when her continuous growth caused me to go crazy, as I was looking for the reason behind it. I really have changed and Dorothea probably noticed my choice of words, as she smiled stood there even more proud than before.

And as usual, that was the most fun part for Dorothea. The rest was the, as she called it, ‘boring medical science stuff’ and I want to spare you anything, just in case you think like my sister. Short version: Dorothea was in great shape and I found nothing that could have started me to get nervous due to that.

‘I am pretty happy with your condition, Dorothea!’, I told her after we finished the check with her getting on the scale, which (as usual) was quite stressful for the young lady and as usual I had to remind her, that her weight just had to get exponentially bigger, as she continued to grow.

‘Look. According to my calculation-model, you would weigh around 150 pounds if you were my size of six feet. You would be around 15 pounds lighter than me. You have nothing to worry about.’

‘I know’, she finally agreed after a big and long sigh, ‘but 610 pounds sounds awful, you know?’

‘Forget the number. Just forget it. You are healthy and good-looking. Everything is fine. Look. Based on my calculations, I would weigh around 670 pounds if I was your size and would you call me fat?’

Deep in my mind I thought, ‘I dare you to answer otherwise!’, but Dorothea suddenly started giggling and then straight up laughing.

‘What’s the matter?’, I asked her and then she pointed towards a certain section of my body.

‘Not only did you change your hair. Something else changed too. They have gotten bigger too!’

How embarrassing. I turned as red as my hair and thought about how to react. Dorothea pointed straight at my boobs and she was right. They had grown over the last few months.

‘Hey!’, I tried to brush it off, ‘don’t forget ... I’m getting older too! I’m in my 30s now.’

‘Relax, Tiffy. They look great. I really envy you and don’t worry. No, don’t think you are fat. You are as attractive as ever, my lovely sister!’

I remember, when Dorothea was much younger, she sometimes told me, that she hoped to get nearly as busty as I was and she was kinda worried around the age of 13, when everyone around her started to develop and she stayed rather

flat. Well, that changed around the time she was 15 and let me tell you something: Dorothea had nothing to be ashamed of in that regard. She was not my size (yet?), but she looked really good and this only got better and better as time went on. It may be wrong to say this but: In my eyes, Dorothea was really sexy by now. I talk too much!

‘You’ll say that until you have to live with them and their sheer weight!’, I told her to drive my point even further home, I grabbed my boobs with both hands and lifted them up in the air.

‘If you say so!’, she said, clearly enjoying the situation.

‘And don’t act, as if you are small in that department yourself, young lady!’

Suddenly, we both started laughing about the situation and it felt great so just enjoy life and laugh. By then, we both were standing again and I don’t know what had driven me, but I just had to touch Dorothea with both of my hands on her hips.

‘But don’t forget, just how beautiful you are, Dorothea. Just your lovely legs alone are something, many women would kill for! Just look! They are almost my entire height and remember, I’m six feet tall myself!’

‘Hey Tiffy’, her tone shifted a bit, not by much but I noticed it, ‘do you think I would look okay, if I was of regular size?’

That came ... unexpected, but I had every tool I needed to conquer her doubts.

‘That’s quite an easy question to answer. We have modern-day technology my dear. Let me boot up one of my programmes on the computer. I can visualize that very question rather easy, as I have all necessary tools. All we have

to do is to take two pictures. One of you and one of me. The rest is 'computer magic'.

And so, we just did that. We made the pictured, loaded them into the programme and I did the rest. It was simple. It created a 3D-model out of these pictures (as long as it recognized a human in it) and all I had to put in was the height of the person. And so, I programmed it so, that it would show both of us at a height of six feet.'

'Amazing!', Dorothea said while staring at the monitor with excitement. 'But I have an even better idea! Much better!'

Oh my, what was coming next. Dorothea grabbed the mouse and entered a new value into the programme.

'Isn't it much cooler having you like me instead?', she giggled and I should have known it. The programme depicted us at a height of 9'7. To be honest, it did not change anything (as the only two entities in the calculation were being the same size), but Dorothea enjoyed the imagination and I started the demonstration with the 3D-models.

'Look!', Dorothea said while pointing at the screen, 'you always praise my long legs, but yours would be almost my length too. Talk about long-legged sisters!'

She was right. I never realized that. According to the programme, my legs would only be an inch shorter than hers and hers were ... astonishing long. Mine were almost like those? Wow.

'But this is were you utterly beat me!', she said and now it was her, who grabbed her boobs with both hands and all I could say was an awkward sounding 'Dorothea!'

'Even your hands would be bigger than mine. Wow!'

Wow indeed. I never realized, that my finger were that long. It was always Dorothea's hands and fingers, that looked so huge. Now seeing that mine would be even bigger (if the programme analyzed the data correctly) changed my point of view quite a bit and it made me think, which gave Dorothea time, to tinker with the models.

'At least I win in this contest, haha!'

'Dorothea. This is no contest!'

'I know.'

She was talking about her feet, which she clearly beat my model, which came to the surprise of nobody, as she had such long and slender feet. If we were of the same size, hers would be several sized bigger than mine.

This new way of a comparison was real fun, especially for Dorothea and her feelings overcome her and what do I mean by that? Well, she grabbed me and stood up and gave me a special 'Dorothea hug'.

'Aww, it would be sooooooo cool, having you being as tall as me!', she said and that made me think. Dorothea loved her height. Dorothea loved being taller than everyone. Dorothea loved growing. But Dorothea now showed me, that should gladly share that trait with me. She would love it, if I was like her and that made me smile. Somewhere inside me I thought, that this comparison (in which she actually 'lost' in some departments) would sparkle something in her to compensate for those 'losses', but that wasn't the case. I think, in this very moment, she really wished for me being just like her. Me being equal to her. Doesn't really sound like a sister rivalry, right? Dorothea never thought in these ways and that made me smile ... but I had to ask her something.

'Is it really necessary to push your face into my cleavage?', and yes, she did that. She planted her face right in there and after I asked her this very question, she could feel her grinning and she planted her face even more into it.

'Never mind', I told her and instead patted her on the back of her head and simply enjoyed the moment of hugging (or rather being hugged) by my giant sister.

'But damn. That ceiling is WAY too close for my liking.'

Chapter 41 – Jennifer’s Point of View

‘I hope it’s okay for you. I invited my sister for tonight!’, Tiffany texted me during the afternoon while I was still at work.

‘Cool!’, I simply replied as I was busy. Tiffany and I did this regularly, but it was the first time, that her younger sister Dorothea was part of this and I was excited. Suddenly, even the boring trip with the train was an event itself, as Dorothea was the center of attention in that train. No wonder, if you consider her towering height. Everyone just had to look at her. It was amazing.

Some might think, all that attention for Dorothea and her height was getting to her, but no. Dorothea just smiled and was cool with that. She understood, why people were mesmerized and simply had to pay attention towards her. She took it like a champion, despite her young age, probably as she was used to this for many years now.

But even if she was cool with that, you could simply feel the relieve, when we left the train and finally she able to stand normal and no longer had to crouch or bend. She started to stretch, which made her look even taller, if that was even possible.

And so we left the station and walked the steps down. Dorothea was typing on her phone for quite some time, which made Tiffany comment on that.

‘Since when are you that much on the phone, Dorothea?’, she asked her and I, standing a bit behind the two, shook my head and thought to myself, ‘Tiffany. She is a teenager still.’

‘Just a second. I text Christian quickly’, Dorothea said, while walking down the steps. I noticed, how I got slower and

slower, until I stopped walking and enjoyed the view. I was standing several steps above her, and yet she easily towered over me. I always wanted to be tall, but let's just say, I failed miserably and ended up just five foot one. I was small and wished for that to be different, but it was what is what. Instead, I found myself a tall girlfriend in Tiffany and fantasized about that. How she towered over me. How she loomed all powerful over me. How I had to look over her huge boobs to see her face. It was so sexy. And yet Tiffany, herself six feet tall women herself, looked like a child compared to her giant sister, which was even more sexy for me. Not going into many details, but I had more than one dream, where Tiffany was as tall (if not even taller) as Dorothea and how I would not even be able to see her face due to her huge boobs. Just thinking about it now ... oops. Sorry. I lost myself in my dreams again.

'Dorothea. It's girls' night!', Tiffany said to her, indicating that she would like to be in conversation with her sister.

'I know and he wishes all of us a nice time!', Dorothea told her and put her phone away. 'I'm done now. Sorry, Tiffy!'

'It's okay. Sorry, if I was a bit rude.'

Those two. Let me tell you, they were quite the combination.

'Anyway. What are the plans?', Dorothea wanted to know and Tiffany gave her the information.

'I would like to take you to a bar tonight. It is called 'Hilda's' and is run by an old friend of mine from school. We go way back and to be honest, I haven't seen her in ages.'

'Sounds nice, but is my age a problem? I mean, I'm seventeen', Dorothea said, but that made Tiffany chuckle.

‘Honey, there is no age restriction for Hilda’s bar, an even if there was one. Would anyone say no to you? Nobody will ask for your ID, believe me.’

Tiffany was right. Not only was Dorothea’s height a thing, no, but she also looked older than seventeen. If I hadn’t known, I would have guessed her to be a few years older myself.

‘Jennifer? We are coming or do you want to stay on those steps?’, Tiffany giggled.

Right, I was still standing on those steps and was blown away, how tiny Tiffany looked next to Dorothea as she usually was towering over me. I guess that happens when your younger sister is almost ten feet tall, right?

Anyway, we finally got going again and walked through the town. Again, Dorothea and Tiffany led the way with me following a few steps back as I was *a-hem* enjoying the view and once again, my fantasies got the best of me. I wanted to be like Dorothea and to tower over Tiffany. How must that feel, I wondered. Just the dreams of a 5’1, I guess.

‘There we are. Follow me!’, Tiffany said and entered the bar. It was a cozy little place. Not the biggest bar in town, but definitely one of the better ones. A good place to enjoy an evening with good drinks and a few games.

‘Tiffany! It’s been ages!’, Hilda greeted her, as she was preparing a few drinks behind the counter.

‘Far too long. I brought two others with me. This is Jennifer, my girlfriend.’

‘Nice to meet you.’

‘And the other one ... needs a few seconds...’

What Tiffany meant was, that Dorothea was simply too tall for the place and struggled to enter the room with its low ceiling. Low for her at least.

‘And this is my younger sister, Dorothea ... oh ...’

Oh, Tiffany said and I know why. Hilda had that look of disbelief on her. She simply could not believe, what happened to ‘little Dorothea’. Later I learned that Hilda had not seen her since she was nine years old. Boy, must she have been shocked by the view.

‘Lovely little place. Maybe a bit too little for someone like me, haha!’, Dorothea said with a big smile, as she was waving with her left hand.

‘H-Hello. Wow. You really have become huge, Dorothea. Just wow.’

But not only Hilda was amazed by the sight. No, there was a couple that was playing a game of Foosball and the boyfriend stopped immediately when he saw Dorothea. I remember how his girlfriend took the opportunity and scored a goal, celebrated, looked at her boyfriend and then towards Dorothea and was even more shocked. I guess, the game became an afterthought, haha!

‘Your bar looks cool, Hilda!’, Dorothea said with a friendly smile.

‘S-Sorry for the low ceilings!’

‘Ah, don’t worry. It’s not your fault, haha!’, Dorothea took it lightly.

‘I hope, you have a good time here. Welcome to ‘Hilda’s’! What can I bring you girls?’, Hilda quickly returned to her role

and we gave her our order and then walked to the back of the room and sat down at one of the tables.

Nice and comfy chairs, at least for two of us. Dorothea recognized that she would have quite a problem with them and took one, placed it to the side and simply sat on the ground and giggled, as she realized what she had done as if it was totally normal. What a unique girl.

Not even a minute later, Hilda brought our drinks. Two cocktails for Tiffany and me and a bottle of Cola for Dorothea.

'Here, your drinks, girls. And once again sorry for my chairs to be too small for you!', Hilda apologized once again for unfitting equipment, but once again, Dorothea was chill about it and smiled.

'Everything is okay. I'm used to it!', she replied and she talked a bit with Hilda. Like I said before, Hilda had not seen her for many years and she really was interested in Dorothea, without talking too much about the obvious.

'Cheers, girls!'

Let me tell you, Hilda's cocktails are awesome. Real refreshing. We spent the time drinking and talking and generally had a great time. I started to analyze the behavior of those in the bar. How their jaw dropped, when they saw Dorothea as they entered and how Dorothea waved with a smile towards them like a sign of, 'hey, don't worry! I'm friendly and will not harm anyone!' ... or so imagined things.

'You know, what I found interesting, sis? You did not even try to order alcohol. Did not dare to try it with me around?', Tiffany wanted to know.

'Honestly. I don't want to. I have seen, how people changed when they drank, especially the boys at school. I don't like

that. It makes me uncomfortable. And you know my addiction to Pepsi Max, right?’

‘Is that so?’, Hilda asked as she returned to our table and Tiffany just rolled her eyes.’

‘That not so little thing has the biggest addiction anyone has seen towards Pepsi Max. Several bottles a day. I’m surprised that she even has blood in her veins. By her consumption of that stuff, you would think otherwise.’

‘Is that so?’, Hilda wanted to know.

‘I ... guess ... so?’, Dorothea answered with such an element of shyness, it was so damn cute.

‘Hmm. Maybe then I should switch brands, to make my biggest customer even more happy.’

‘Yay!’

What a businesswoman. I guess, Hilda just raised her income for the future with that one move alone, hehe, but enough about Cola and drinks, naturally we also did other stuff. Hilda had quite a few games in her bar. I mentioned the Foosball table, but there was also a pool table and a Dartboard. Nobody assumes this at first, but I’m quite the skilled Darts player and of course I wanted to play and invited Dorothea and Tiffany for a round.

‘Have you played the game before?’

‘I know the rules, but haven’t played in years’, Dorothea told me before we stood up, which made me realize one thing. Dorothea really had to adept. Remember the ‘low ceiling’? Exactly.

Dorothea knew it too and before we started playing, she said, 'before I take the Darts ... I need to test how to stand correctly. Not that easy with my frame!'

Again. That smile. What an amazing girl and after getting the hang with the ceiling, we started playing. Dorothea had to be careful on several fronts. The ceiling was the obvious one, but she also had to be watchful with the Darts itself. A bit too much pressure with her strength probably could have broken the poor darts, and of course she had to restrain herself while throwing, but she adapted quickly and actually played pretty well ... for the most part.

'Ah, damn it!', she said angrily. 'I would have thrown well over 100 points but no, that stupid Dart just had to fall from the board!'

And so she had to pick the fallen Dart and what happened next, was ... how to put it ... the best thing ever.

I know what some of you might say. 'Jennifer! She is still so young!', and I totally know that and a part of me feels embarrassed to admit, but it was such a hot scene for me. See, I was standing behind Dorothea as I was the next in order, when she bend down to grab the Dart from the ground and suddenly there were this unbelievably long legs in front of me and that big butt towering over me!

Legs taller than me ... can you imagine such a scene in your mind? Let me tell you, the real deal is even hotter! Those never-ending legs made me crazy! Maybe a bit too much, as one person noticed me drooling over this. Tiffany.

Suddenly I saw her making a fist and then she shouted, 'JENNIFER DAVENPORT!', which made Dorothea turn her head towards her and simply saying 'huh?'

'Nothing, Dorothea, but I may have to have a REAL STERN talk with my girlfriend!'

Dorothea was totally oblivious to all of that happening behind her. I guess, Tiffany never told her and it probably was for the better. And so, many hours later when Tiffany and I returned at home, she fulfilled her 'promise' and gave me a stern talk, but I made up for it, let me tell you! I just knew how to please Tiffany when she was angry.

But damn, those long legs and that bu- ... STOP IT, Jennifer. Bad girl!