

## Patience

Instead of being taken to her meeting with Abbott Geoffstad, Uteri was escorted by the Drachen who had effectively captured her into the depths of Jos-Kin Temple. She whispered a prayer to Atheek that this was not all some cruel trap. Her fingers began to vibrate with invisible power as her goddess dreamed of her safety. She would only have to punch a wall and-

“- shall be your room for the duration of your stay, Yoteni,” one of them said as it slid a key into a lock and pushed open a heavy wooden door. The interior was sparse, but had all the comforts of home between a small bed, a desk with a chair, and even a window looking out over the valley below. The air was warm in a way she did not expect from a stone building at the top of a mountain.

“The baths are the next door down the hall to the left,” the lizard continued, pulling her attention back. “They sit atop an ancient hot spring which heats this entire complex. You may visit them at your leisure, but go nowhere else or risk swift, painful retribution.”

“Sure, sure,” She said, slinging her pack off her back to put it on the bed and leaning her staff against the desk before turning back to her escort. “When might I speak with the Abbott? The matter I come to seek counsel on is quite pressing.”

The other Drachen bristled and stepped forward. “You forget yourself, fallen! I ought to smi-”

“Enough!” The first hissed, putting a scaly, clawed hand on its partner’s shoulder. “The Yoteni is to be regarded as a guest, as much as it rankles me to do so.”

“If you insist, Captain. Permission to be dismissed?”

“You may go, Sergeant, but leave the elf alone. Understood?”

Sarge, for that was his name in her mind now, growled in the way most would mutter, but nodded and saluted before walking off. The sound of his displeasure finally faded after a

moment. The captain turned back to face Uteri. “Bathe and rest first, Yoteni, we shall convey your request for an audience to the Abbott. He shall call for you when he is ready.”

“But-”

“Patience, fallen one. I don’t know what errand has brought you to our keep, nor do I care, but I assure you that it can wait the night.”

The sound of her door closing was a simple hollow noise, but it felt like the sound of iron bars clanging closed. The moment she heard the captain’s footsteps fade, she tried the door. To her surprise it opened with a simple click.

Feeling more at ease, she shrugged off her mantle and hood, then busied herself with unpacking the essentials. She pried the dust covered boots of her swollen feet before slipping out of the room with a towel and a fresh robe tucked under her arm.

Just as the captain had said, the baths were just down the hall and they were beautiful. The tiled floor was warm and dry through her socks. An intricate mosaic of tiny ceramic squares was plastered on the far wall. The scene was one of a sun rising over a mountain. Below that, a wide cascade of water poured into the bath. The basin itself was sunken into the floor with a calf high wall encircling it, more shimmering tile was set into the stone. Peering into the steaming water, the tile went down to the bottom of the tub.

She was unsure how the tub did not overflow. Perhaps there was some manner of slow drain? As she walked over to look at the waterfall filling the tub, she noticed both a curtain and a plaque asking patrons to shower before bathing to keep the water as clean as possible. The floor here was wet and it squelched through her socks.

Pulling them off, she also shed her battered and dirty robes before pushing the oil treated fabric aside and leaning in to see how this so called shower worked. A single pipe curved out of the wall through a valve with a long handle up to a disc with many holes punched it. A turn of

the valve was met with a rush of water that sent her reeling backwards, sputtering and soaked. She glanced around out of habit, before peeling off her damp shirt and wiggled out of hose which had started to cling like a second skin. The elf made another furtive glance around when she began to remove the binding around her chest, but still noticed no one else in the room. She pulled the curtain around her and let the warm water wash over her.

Her muscles, weary from weeks of travel began to relax. A quick pass of her hands over her taut body found the bruises from her earlier encounter, but a bit of circling pressure under the water was enough to break up the blood beneath her skin. Her fingers picked at the ties in her hair, letting the coil unravel into the full sheet of sterling locks which hung nearly to her thighs.

As she realized that she was at peace, in what been enemy territory, it hit her how the treaty had changed everything. Like her late master said, the greatest victory was surviving until hope paid its interest. Even so, she prayed that this investment paid off sooner rather than later.

(910)

## **Fidgeting with Reality #2**

*Three Weeks Ago...*

Justine was ambling through the mall while killing time. She did not mean to come here when she left the apartment that morning, her feet had just led her to the bus stop and there happened to be a Blue 45 there. Even now, she felt numb. Though she was walking it felt like the hallways were moving past her instead.

The disconnected feeling was spilling over onto everything. She had been in and out of stores for the last few hours, but nothing had jumped out at her. There were lots of cute things on the racks, but none of them were what she was looking for. It felt like everything was stale. Even the bookstore, where she usually could find at least one book that piqued her interest, felt gray and washed out.

It was probably finals stress. Despite nearly being done with her sophomore year, the idea of even coming close to failing a test still dredged up memories soaked in pain. She had gotten in a mood like this at the end of her previous semesters as well, but it had been easy to write off the aggressive melancholy as part of her dread around going home.

Each time the day the dorms would close approached, the realization that she would have to face her abusive stepfather had left her retching into the toilet on more than one occasion. She just knew there was nothing to do about his and narcissism or the gaslighting. Her mother had long since bent to his will and her older brother had all but vanished, so she was alone in trying to keep him out of her head.

Now though, with it being the summer and sharing an apartment with Lala and Kimmi, all she could blame it on was the tests. In a way, that felt like a small victory. She had friends who would support her and be there for her if she had to cut ties with her mother for a time. Maybe

that was why she was actually so numb. Her mind was still trying to come to grips with that reality. Until then, life felt like a very lucid dream.

Venturing back down to the first floor, she made her way towards the food court. That was when she walked past a new booth selling those fidget toys. She did not see anyone around, so she picked one of the cubes up to try it out. The neon blue plastic core was wrapped in navy blue rubber on the edges and corners. Each side's circular focus rose a little above the grip assisting material. The face with a ball bearing was against her thumb. The moment the metal touched her skin, she found herself tracing a figure eight against it as she looked for the clerk.

After walking around three of the four sides, she found the attendant sitting on a tall chair, their face buried in a book with a one word title in fancy script. She was rocking the gothic aesthetic almost to a fault. Her black dress was short, but also vintage looking. Her long dark hair was treated with a red to make its highlights pop and was done up in a Victorian braid. Long pale fingers with dark painted nails gripped a cover that bore a rose laid over a silk pillow. Her feet rocked back and forth as she read, pivoting on the stool's rung around the point where the high heel rose out of the soles of suede thigh high boots. The boots' tops were folded down, the white lace trimming the edge stark against the black material. A huge coat, probably nearly as long as she was tall, hung on the back of her chair.

"Excuse me, miss?"

There was no response. Growing agitated, her fingertips stroked the tumbler dials they were resting on. "Ma'am?"

The woman continued to ignore her and she spun the cube around in her hand. The wide button clicked against her palm and there was an odd sensation, like the way the water felt while standing just beyond the breakers. She could have sworn she heard someone call her name. She looked around and when she turned back, found herself standing next to a cart

selling candles. The surprising intensity of scent made her gag and the woman actually looked up from her book.

She was pretty and her vibrant makeup only accentuated that. At the moment though, her face was twisted into an expression of annoyance. “Well? What’d you need?”

“I wanted to buy...this...one right here,” she said picking up a candle and slipping the cube into her pocket.

“Sure, sure,” the woman said in the fake pleasant retail folks used in infuriating moments. “That’ll be 17.50.”

As she walked away, she gave the candle a sniff. The bright green wax had a apple-citrus scent that was actually quite pleasant. She certainly could have picked something worse to cover for her trying to pay for a cube that was plainly not for sale here.

How though? Has she walked off with it not meaning to? Looking around in the bottom floor courtyard she could see no store selling the fidget toys. Was this a dream? Even if it was, she did not want to drop the candle, so she slid it into her bag as she kept walking. In her pocket, the button clicked once more.

Coming around the elevator shafts, she noticed a table outside of a store that was covered in fidget toys. Was this where she had picked it up? Fishing it out of her pocket, she stepped into the store to actually purchase the thing. Sitting at the counter was the same woman. Same book and everything. Oh yeah, this was probably a dream.

“Weren’t you just at the candle cart?”

“What? No...I’ve been here since I opened.” She made a disgusted noise and put her book face down on the glass. “Now, were you going to buy something or are you just interrupting my morning reading for no reason?”

“Um...no, actually. Sorry” She turned to leave and looked down as she started to hyperventilate. As she did, she clicked the button over and over again. Around her the shop flashed between appearances until it settled on what was very obviously an adult store. She did not realize this until she walked into a table she did not remember and noticed that it was covered with boxes of vibrators.

“Oh my, I’m sorry,” said the woman’s voice. Justine looked up and found herself almost lips to lips with the clerk who was even prettier than she remembered, her pale skin seeming to glow in the strange light. “I didn’t see you come in, or I would have stopped rearranging.”

“Rearranging?” she asked, stepping back. Had she walked into a different store? It was certainly possible. Her attention drifted around. She did not remember ever seeing this store in the mall, not that she would have gone looking for it either. Then there was the woman. Either she was the same clerk just now dressed in distressed jeans and a vest over a metal band shirt or she was the other woman’s twin.

“Yeah, we just got a bunch of new stuff in for this part of the store, so I’m trying to make room. Actually, I needed to hire someone on part time. Interested?”

“Uh...Where is this, exactly?”

“The back room of my bookstore. I see you in here all the time so I know you know books.”

“Oh...um, sure. I was looking for a summer job anyway.”

“Great!” She hefted a large box. “Give me a second and I’ll get you some paperwork.”

Justine’s gaze moved down to look at the cube which had been the only constant since all of this started. It was then she realized the busty, curvy woman she was talking to also had The Biggest Cock she had ever seen. It strained one pant leg as the woman reached up. Following it up, two curves pushed against the outer hems of a pair of panties. It was such a strong juxtaposition that she was still not sure if she was awake or not...(1378)

## **Paperback Detectives**

Det. Franklin Graves stepped back from the board and rubbed his stubbled chin as he regarded the collection of photos. Some were crime scene photos he had taken himself. Some were surveillance footage of a local mystery book club who liked to help out. Others still were mugshots of the ten killers they had captured since the crime wave began a year ago.

His steely, black-eyed gaze moved from one to another, each of them connected to at least three others by various bits of colored twine. Everyone else said the detective was crazy, that the sudden increase of murders in their otherwise sleepy little town was due to moral degeneracy or something similar, as if the town itself was killing these people. He knew better.

He knew they were all characters in a murder mystery series.

All the hallmarks were there. Every killer had a deep, well developed motive. Their methods were hardly ever direct. And then there was the Murder Mystery Book Club, who just happened to be the ones who caught every single one of the killers when most times the coroner's report had hardly been filed. Just like all those paperback detectives in the stories that lined the shelves of the local library. Not that anyone could get in after the most recent murder in the building's lobby, in broad daylight, with no evidence of a scuffle or murder weapon.

Scant hours later, the Murder Mystery Book Club called in a tip that lead to arrest of a man in town for a butcher's convention who, it turned out, had used an ice knife to stab his ex wife after she had been relocated here by witness protection. It was such an obvious plot that Graves had been beside himself for not predicting it.

However, it was time to take things into his own hands. Through all of this he had reached one conclusion. If the Murder Mystery Book Club really were the protagonists of a murder mystery series, he would not be able to kill them. It was that simple. If they were protected by the unseen hand of the writer with plot armor, then he would not be able to kill them.



And that started right away. As he tried to head out to find the club, there were ever more insistent things that tried to keep him from leaving. Finally, he just walked out with his sergeant screaming behind him. Getting into his car to drive to where the club met was stymied by no less than three accidents and even one sinkhole--in an area where the ground was bedrock!

Bursting into their meeting, he raised his gun. The blonde one, his face even paler than usual spoke up first. "Det. Graves, I don't understand. Why are you here holding us at gun point? There's a killer out there and we need to stop them!"

"Aye, there is a killer and it is you four. Well, more like the story around you four."

The brunette's eyes went glassy behind her spectacles. She slipped off the desk she had been sitting on and walked towards him, her body stiff. The tall, lanky one did the same, his long legs jerking as he closed space on the detective.

"Stay back, you lot. I will shoot."

Now the pretty red head had joined them, her face blank as she marched towards him.

His back to the door, Det. Graves' training took over. Four quick shots rang out. The four young adults crumpled like paper bags as blood began to stain pant leg and skirt alike. Then like marionettes, they rose again. The room around the detective began to warp, the once bright foyer of a home becoming old and decrepit.

Panicking now, Graves' kicked the door down and found himself not in the sleepy town he grew up in, but a warped hellscape being traversed by indescribable horrors. The sky was orange and black clouds streaked across it like ink running down a page. The not-so-far-off ocean was a disturbing purple color.

The moans of the undead club members came from behind him, urging him out into the wasteland that vaguely resembled his home town.

"Is this what you wanted?" Asked a voice from the sky. "You forced my hand."

Graves said nothing, he just kept moving his gaze constantly flicking left and right as he found himself headed toward the center of town. He rounded the corner to the station and found himself faced with a glowing woman in a white robe. She held a reporter's pad and a pencil and another poked out of her hair.

"Are you... are you the writer?"

"You figured it out, detective! I'm so proud of you. Never before have I actually had a character run away from me like you have."

Desperate, he raised the gun. Only it was not longer a gun, but a banana. Eyes wide, he glanced back and forth between the woman and the fruit.

"Did you really think you would be able to kill me? I created you."

"Change it back."

"Oh? I'm sorry but that's impossible. This world is as much your creation as mine. The insanity got to you, detective."

"Change it back."

"Okay, but I'm sure you're not going to like it."

There was a bang, Graves was on his back a pain spreading through his body. The Murder Mystery Book Club and the woman stood over him as the orange sky returned to blue.

"It was a shame I wrote you too smart. I really liked you, detective. Perhaps I will figure out a way for you to surprisingly be alive in the next book..." (946)

## Sleepshifting

Janis snapped awake, her consciousness catapulting out of a nightmare. Unsure where she was, she panicked and her bust started to swell as she propped herself up. Then she felt Sandra snuggle into her as the other woman's arm squeezed her stomach and everything was normal once more. Even the throbbing against her leg as her slumbering girlfriend's clit steadily grew towards being a massively big cock. Dropping back from being half raised, she relaxed back into laying in bed with her.

Through the window of the room they pretty much shared now, the sun was rising on a Saturday nearly a month from when they had mostly gotten back together. Her fingers began to stroke the thickening member, letting her drink in the feeling of veins growing into place. At the same time, her mind was trying to get back to the nightmare to figure out what she had been experiencing. All she got was the same feeling of dread, just more intense. She watched the light crawl down the wall as fingers played and her mind evaluated the weeks since her date gone horribly wrong.

From when she woke up the morning after until now, Janis had taken great pains to never be alone while out and about. A story about a coed who could grow cow tits, or even bigger, had begun to circulate. Though she had microwaved the douchebag's sd card to ensure none of the photo evidence survived, there were several a blurry photos of her hustling home that night which had ended up on the university's subreddit. Though they had been removed, she constantly worried people would find out it was her and go out of their way to make her grow.

Which is why she typically went out with Sandra at all times of the day and if she was not with her girlfriend, she was with other friends she could trust. She was super thankful that Alice had made it a point to visit whenever she was off, the feeling almost as intense as the regard

she had for Sandra. That their mutual friend was also looking to move closer thanks to being promoted and them wanting to relocate her in district was some of the best news all month.

Even so, she was swimming in a sea of agitation. So much so that it was no longer just her chest which was growing, but almost everything about her. It was like being in a heightened trigger state for a prolonged time was making her powers evolve. She had grown four inches taller, nearly an inch a week and gained what the scale said was sixty pounds. It was hard to tell from how overall curvy she was, the resting size of her boobs now so vast they was almost more than she could handle with one arm, but she knew much of that weight was not fat. She had become ever more aware of muscles rippling under all that soft squishy flesh. Her strength had increased enough that she could now hoist Sandra right off her feet.

Her changes were having an effect on Sandra as well. Her clit had been a noticeable bulge for days now and morning wood like this had become common. The real surprise, however, was last night.

She had come back from picking up groceries with Alice, since she had a car at her disposal and found Sandra asleep in bed with one of the novels for class open on her chest. That in and of itself was not odd, but she was also sporting her fully grown cock. It longer enough that it was peeking out of her shorts, its girth straining the stretch-denim material.

Alice was laying on the couch in the common area, she had the TV on. Before Janis could open her mouth, her friend raised a thumb in the air then made the okay sign. The volume went up two more times.

Janis pushed their door closed and turned back to her slumbering, erect girlfriend. She could have sworn Sandra's member had grown further, but shook her head. This was the biggest she had ever seen in all their sessions. If Sandra could have gotten bigger, Janis was

sure she would have before this. Still, usually when she was this big, Sandra was so sensitive from previous orgasms that it was hard to play with her. Hopefully that was not the case now.

Giddy with nervous excitement, Janis felt her tits starting to swell even more so she removed her shirt to give them all the room they could want. She undid Sandra's shorts and pulled them off along with her cute seafoam green panties and wrapped her rack around that stiff shaft, enveloping the whole length in boob. The moment their skin came into contact, Janis felt Sandra throb. Then, unmistakably grow. The tangled network of blood vessels swelled, becoming like pleasurable ridges. The increasing girth pushed back against her cleavage, the length was making the enveloped head slide up to eventually emerge right against her chest.

Beginning to rub her girls up and down only brought on more growth as Sandra began to leak pre. At this point the slow drip of lubricating fluid was only inches from her lips. She leaned forward and kissed it. Surprisingly it jumped forward in size and pushed between her lips. It was probably the same size as a banana, maybe a bit thicker, but it probably would not be for much longer. Even as she relaxed her jaw, she could feel it already starting to press into her teeth.

Letting go with a wet pop, strands of pre and saliva dropped to her rack. Sitting back, she could not help but compare her forearm to the proud shaft rising from Sandra's center. A excited shudder went up her spine as she realized they are around the same size. At this point, her penchant for experimenting was getting the best of her. She wanted to know if her own slowly altering body could handle something this big.

Stripping off her bottoms, she straddled Sandra. Slowly squatting down she realized she had not grabbed any lube, but it probably would not have made a difference. As she rubbed her butt on her girlfriend's cock, it might as well have been slathered in lube with how much pre was leaking out now. Lining up for the attempt, she already felt herself being spread open. Pulling

her cheeks apart, she slowly slid down. How Sandra had not woken up through all of this was a mystery, but her body certainly was not asleep as her hips began to rock.

Pulled off balance, Janis dropped to her knees and plunged her girlfriend's cock deep inside her ass. It was a little painful, but the agitation seemed to be activating her ability. In one moment she was actually moving along Sandra's massive length. In another she was enjoying it like nothing else she had ever felt.

Her lower body thickened every time her ass slapped against Sandra's thighs. Muscles grew to make the motion even easier and more fluid as fat moved from other parts of her body to cushion her increasingly more fervent motions. Before she realized it, she had the upper body of a top tier bodybuilder and an ass that went on for days. It felt so good she kept urging herself to go faster, soon the bed was banging into the wall and her hands were clenched in the sheets. Lost in a haze of pleasure she had never dreamed of experiencing, she only stopped when her girlfriend began to cum.

Sandra already came an absurd amount at her normal maximum, but this was something else. She could feel her tummy inflating as more fluid than humanly possible flowed from one to the other. That was the last thing she remembered before waking from the nightmare. So far as she knew, Sandra had been asleep the whole time. Perhaps something about her consciousness limited her growth? It was certainly worth testing and there was no time like the present... (1355)

## **Hips to fill doorways**

When she wished to always be just smaller than the door she was walking through, Beverly had envisioned constant curves wide enough to fill normal sized doorways. Despite Nell's warnings about how literal the spell was, she had not counted on her shape changing with each and every door she came across. At the same time, it was kind of fun to feel herself getting thinner and then wider again over the past week. Until she visited her grandparents that is.

Completely forgetting the wish in the open countryside, she walked through the open barn doors without a second thought. Which is when she felt herself growing in every direction and she hurried to call Nell to find out just how much longer the enchantment would last...(127)

## **Powerful Thighs**

Claire gasped as her widening hips snapped the button off her pants. Her fingers moved from where you had administered the growth hormones into her already burgeoning ass to dig hungrily into her thickening thighs as her quads began to swell. The zipper of her increasingly tiny capris slid down as the growth formula moved up and her toned tummy began to throb. You could actually see her abs growing more defined as the gains began to widen her waist. The seams of her pants started to pop as the growth became too much for the denim.

"Oh, yes!" she said through a moan as her swelling thighs squeezed tight against each other and her crotch. The sensation of muscles growing against muscles only seemed to fuel further changes. Her hips had already grown to be a bit wider than her shoulders, but they kept spreading. It was like the thickness of her thighs was forcing her frame to adapt. There was an audible gurgle as she quickly gained several inches of height. The jean capris were at their limit.

It only took one more particularly intense pulse of growth and they positively exploded as her ass and thighs suddenly doubled in volume.

“Mmm...this feels So Good! How long did you say this would last? I want to get in at least three rounds before I start to shrink...” (230)

### **Stealing Anime Tiddies**

*“Jeez that woman sure has some massive tits...I wonder if she wouldn't mind if I take them.”*

“Except that she’s a drawing. Putting aside the already impossible idea that you could absorb mass from other people, there’s just ink.”

Lonnie continued to stare at the flyer for another one of those barely not hentai fighting girl shows. The woman standing in the middle of a fist fight was drawn with a rack so big it would have weighed her down in real life. Instead the massive, full boobs strained in her tattered skin-tight bodysuit as if they could just ignore gravity. As prominent as her fat nipples were, she might as well have been naked.

She would be lying if she had not already been considering implants now that the growth from HRT had plateaued, but copying this woman’s curves? Well, even her wildest dreams would pale in comparison. Her thumbnail dug into the card stock as her palm began to sweat. She felt a jolt a second later and the image changed as the heroine inexplicably lost several inches of bust. A swelling sensation blossomed in her barely there buds and then she felt her skin beginning to stretch as those inches reappeared in the real world.



The growth was hot and a little uncomfortable as what were now definite handfuls continued to take on an even greater cartoonish fullness and volume. The changes were increasingly noticeable under her oversized shirt now as her once tiny nipples quickly grew to mirror the anime woman's.

When the swelling feeling faded, it looked like she had a pair of grapefruits stuffed under her shirt. The near perfect tear drops hung just slightly against the top of her stomach, but much of their size jutted out four or five inches in front of her.

With trembling hands she caressed them. It was like a switch had been flipped, her new gravity defying assets went from feeling sore to feeling pleasurable so fast the stimulation knocked her to her knees. Her hand clenched around the flyer and an even greater jolt rushed up her arm. Oh yes, she was going to get So Big! (346)

### **Blessed by an Altersex Goddess**

Kevara leaned back and let her most recent supplicant's now considerably girthy cock slip from her mouth. A string of thick, bright white cum trailed behind it, hanging from her plush bottom lip only to snap as the member bounced off into her supernaturally soft and yet perky bust.

She looked up from her reclined position on the divan into the hazy eyes of a woman who had been curious just how powerful the goddess was and found out first hand. Her once cute button transformed into a cock even Hestori would envy—and it seemed she still wanted more.

Her new cock twitched and drooled as the already thick veins coiled around her fat length grew even more. After nearly an hour with the goddess, the woman's heart beat was a rapid

drum beat, but she was still standing. There were gods who touted their prowess who could not claim the same.

Drawing on stamina beyond mortal limits, her overtaxed mind once more convinced her hips to move with jerky thrusts, rubbing her length between the goddess' melon-sized tits. Kevara's bustline could have been bigger of course, she could have easily filled her temple, but there was something about this just barely beyond mortal size that drove her parishioner's wild.

As her newest convert regained fine motor control for the fifth time, she grabbed hold of the goddess' shoulders once more and pushed her cock towards her mouth. "Please, my goddess, just...just one more. I'm still...still...I can keep going. So please..."

Kevara only grinned as she tucked a lock of her ebon hair behind her pointed ear and wrapped her lips around the impressively hard tip. Maybe it was time for a second in command...(285)

### **Worthy of the Blade**

He had to heft the replica Sword of Power with both hands. The wide blade was so polished it gleamed like chrome as he tilted it back and forth. Twisting it too far, the surprisingly sharp edge bit into his palm. Clenching his fist around the hilt, he reflexively pulled back from the blade. His triceps and forearm burned as the tip slowly sank towards the floor. He was just about to drop it when something peculiar happened.

Tendrils of golden light rose out of the sword and wrapped around his arm. The bright strands sank into his pale skin, darkening it like he had lived a life in the sun. Then his forearm throbbed and began to thicken. His grip became more sure.

The light moved on, caressing his biceps and triceps. With an explosion of growth that pushed him back, he instantly developed muscles that were too big to be real. Adjusting his grip, he felt his fingers crack and pop as his palm and digits transformed, his grasp growing more vast with each quickening breath.

The light moved faster as its spreading influence turned more and more of him into a warrior worthy of the sword he held. It pumped up his physique, forcing his upper body to grow and thicken and bulge in ways he thought impossible. He felt himself sinking into the carpet, his mass settling on his still scrawny lower half.

As if realizing that, the growth moved south. It raced to his feet first, making them grow like his hands had. As his soles widened and his toes enlarged, the light moved up to make his calves swell until they were bigger around than his thighs. After that, his quads twitched and began to push outwards as burgeoning muscle fought for space.

Finally, the light sank into his crotch. Like watching one of those trick balloons inflate, his cock swelled. His measurements grew exponentially until his fist sized head thumped against his solar plexus with each mighty beat of his heart. At the same time, his balls were spreading down his still growing thighs, forcing his stance apart.

His body vibrated with power. Grabbing the dust-covered rack of weights, he lifted the entire five hundred pound set with one hand without even feeling a strain. If anything, it made his muscles swell even larger and that gave him an thrilling idea...(398)

## Fun Sized Toy

Now only slightly larger than his tablet, Henry squirmed in the demoness' grasp. She had scarcely risen out of the summoning circle, her crimson body only materialized from the waist up, before casting the spell that made him shrink until his clothes were a mountain around him.

Her dark lips curled as she lifted him to her face, flashing pointed fangs. Her eyes' twin pupils glowed with a golden light.

"Wha-what are you \*gulp\* going to do to me?"

"Why, grant the wish you made, of course." His voice was like dark, crushed velvet. It made him shudder and twitch against her fingers. "I just thought I would take my payment at the same time."

"I don't-"

She gripped him tighter, sinking two nails into his pelvis as she did so. A burning sensation spread through his body as a feeling of being inflated washed over him. He could feel his junk growing, straining his skin and intensifying the heat washing over his body.

His erection slipped past her fingertips, springing into view as its girthy length rose until it was perpendicular with him. It had to be as big around as his thigh and it was still growing in ever larger pulses. He could feel his balls spreading down her palm to pop out one after the other and swing against the heel of her hand.

She kissed the tip and cooed. "You're coming along so nicely, but you're hardly big enough yet to be my toy."

Pushing his length between her plush lips, her tongue and its multiple piercings worked him like a machine. There was nothing else but his penis. His growth accelerated by leaps and bounds, his cock growing and growing until it was pressing into her teeth and rubbing the back of her throat. It had to be bigger than he was now!

At some point she had laid down on his bed because she was looking up at him from on her back as she pulled him free. Her hand kept moving away from her face, but his cock did not seem to end. She pretty much had her arm extended before his tip popped out from between her lips.

Looking down it, the girth flared out dramatically, his shaft easily as wide as his hips. Even if he had been able to move, he would not have been able to reach the tip. Then he realized he was standing on something. After a double take, he realized the surface was his balls. They had also kept growing apparently. Forget bigger than him, this was a package that would be huge on a normal sized person.

The demoness dragged him along her body, his diamond hard shaft sinking into her plush cleavage like a knife into butter. The feel of her soft skin on his own had him throbbing. The pleasure was so great he did not realize what was happening until his face was being pressed into her pubic hair.

Over and over she pulled him out and plunged him into herself. Faster, harder, and ever more insistent. The level of sensation was so powerful it was like every fiber of his being was his penis now. He came before he realized he was there, but his massive orgasm continued on and on. She slowed her paces as his fluids began to gush out with each thrust, but sped up again as her body shuddered. Beyond his limit, he drifted off even as she continued to pound her pussy with him.

Henry was normal sized when he awoke. The demoness lay beside him, her expression a mix of peace and satisfaction. When he moved though, he realized not everything was normal. Peeking under the covers, the massive cock remained. It was a much less absurd on his not fun-sized body, but it was still much bigger around than his wrist and the end was nowhere in sight.

She moaned as he shifted to get a better look and her hand trailed up his leg, revealing the extent of his new length. Her strong grasp squeezed the base of his cock and began to stroke. "I see you're awake, how do you feel? Is this the unquestioned masculinity you desired, or should I keep going?"(710)

### **Getting Ready for Girl's Night Out**

He shaved first. It always felt weird if he did not. Then he drew a bath and sank into the hot water. Lavender and Chamomile swirled around him. With a long, satisfied sigh he let the week and month's frustrations melt away. The next few days were going to be so therapeutic.

He and a few friends were taking a long weekend with over the holiday. One of them had rented a huge house a couple blocks from the beach. He was there now. He could hear the others moving around, but even they were just something else, something far off. He tuned them out as she toyed with himself until he was hard.

He twisted the lid off the bottle and knocked back three pills. He had never taken so many in one sitting. He had no idea how strong the effect would be, all he knew is he wanted to not be himself for a while.

It started as a warmth in his gut that spread outwards. He could already feel his flabby belly firming up. His erection broke through the water, its size being pushed ever larger by the drugs. Then it began to shrink until he felt it vanish up inside of him. As if that was some plug, his body began to vibrate as arousal began to flood her system. It was her favorite feeling. Thanks to having edged just before, she would be horny until the pills ran out, if they ran out this time.

The rest of the changes followed quickly after, her body being sculpted by the pills to satisfy a thirst that would not be quenched for the next three days. Her hands flew to her chest as her new bust began to sprout. Her tits swelled quickly, growing right past the average size from one pill and pushing into the realm of sports ball sizes. They felt as big as her face...maybe even bigger and her nipples seemed to fill her palms. At the same time, her butt pushed her up as it expanded and wedged in the U-shape of the tub.

Getting to her feet, she was taller than normal while on the pills, though still shorter her actual height. Not that it mattered, her body was sex personified and she was intensely satisfied with the result.

“Cami?” Her friend Josephine poked her head in. It seemed she had taken even more pills considering her tits looked like they were stuffed with 4k implants and her lips were so very puffy. She wondered what Alexis and Ginger looked like.

“Damn girl, how many’d you take?”

“...Six?”

Cami eyed the bottle, but decided at least one of them need to have half a brain. “Okay, well, go get dressed already, we girls are going out on the town as soon as possible!” (473)

### **Muscle Beach Workout**

Why, exactly, do you want to visit Muscle Beach of all the places in Santa Monica?” Jamie asked her as she stepped off the bus.

“Jamjam, look at me. I live for fitness.” She really did. After almost two years of blood, sweat, tears, and knockouts, Usma Khan was the first Pakistani woman to win a title in the octagon and she had become fitness personified to do it. Her thrice a week routine was so

intense it made even the most hardcore crossfit enthusiasts blanch. "I owe it to myself to see such a iconic locale."

In the early summer heat, the outdoor gym was a hive of activity. She could feel herself tingling with excitement as she crossed the street and stepped onto what might as well have been hallowed ground.

A guy who was about twice as wide as she was walked up. His shirt looked painted on, but it did say staff. "Yo, sup? Here to lift?"

She had not intended on working out, just to complete a pilgrimage, but who was she to say no? She turned on the swagger. "Fuck yeah, bra. Gotta put these guns through their paces, make sure they don't rust."

"Cool, cool. Jus' lemme know if ya need anythin', k?"

She grinned at him as she reached for her usual amount of free weights. The tingle of excitement grew stronger and she even got shocked as she grabbed the metal barbells. Picking them up was easier than she expected, but a doing a couple curls felt really good. So good that she put those weights down and went up five pounds.

Now she felt the familiar burn as she started to get into the zone. She did set after set before she realized she had been working out for an hour. The staff guy handed her a water bottle and she downed it with powerful gulps. Which is when she noticed her arms. Her flexed biceps pulled against her skin, as if they had grown faster than her body expected.

Curious, she picked up a weight twice what she had put down. As she strained to lift it with one hand, she could actually see her muscles growing. Eagerly she grabbed another. By time she did her first curl with them, she had to have gained multiple inches on her arms.

Whatever was going on, she wanted to take full advantage. She took a deep breath and started in on her light routine. Every motion from head to toe was like heaven as her body



twitched and swelled bigger, larger, thicker. Drunk on the feeling of the power, she found herself picking up even heavier weights. When they, too, felt like the usual burn, the 120 stamped on each side made her giddy.

An hour later she was far, far more than strength personified, she was a muscle goddess. On even footing with the staff guy, she must have grown more than six inches taller as her body grew to accommodate her ever increasing mass. He was trying to out lift her, but each time the bar got heavier, she got stronger. And stronger. And stronger...(526)

### **Patreon Pledge Drive**

It started with a ten dollar pledge and an email right after. The patron's name was Wei Wan Tu, obviously an attempt at making a phrase into a name and the email only furthered that notion. There was no text, simply a link to the SNL bit about Hanz and Franz who want to pump \*clap\* you up. At the time I thought nothing of it.

The next day there was a string of one dollar pledges while I was in physical therapy. As the therapist worked the soreness out of my hands, I could feel my arms pulsing with each buzzing alert from patreon. Again, at the time I thought nothing of it.

When I hit the two hundred dollar milestone this morning and I was even more sore, I was starting to get an inkling that something was up. I mean, I write these kinds of situations all the time. Next would come the...oh, wow, my arms are throbbing. I can...I can feel them pulsing as I type now! Each word on the page makes them swell just a little bigger. I should probably take this t-shirt off, I am sure my camisole can handle a little bit of stretching.

What was that alert? A hundred dollars?! Who-ah! My whole body is throbbing now, I can feel power flowing into me from my keyboard. This shirt is getting so tight! And my shorts! Oh,

fuck yes, bring on those thick quads. My-my-my phone is going off like crazy now. I'm growing all over like every pledge just packs on raw pounds of muscle. It feels so..so good. I'm so big now and I'm probably going to get even bigger...(282)