

Stuck on  
Campus

*A David Virus Story*

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Charlie knew at once something wasn't right. He was just a baby the last time the Goliath Virus rampaged across the world, turning women into twelve-foot goddesses. It had happened before then, too. But in both outbreaks, men were free to come and go as they pleased.

Until now.

"They say this strain is different," said Molly as they walked down the third-floor hallway of Dickenson Hall. "It's affecting men."

"No way," he said, and he slid his books in front of his cock because just the thought of it was exciting. "I might end up growing big, too?"

"Maybe," she said. "Would you like that?"

"It would be an experience, for sure. Do you think we have cases on campus?"

She rubbed her neck, her red hair falling across her shoulders. “Mom told me last time, schools just closed down. But this time they’re shutting us in.”

“Good thing we’re not exactly roughing it.”

Both Charlie and Molly were students at Pendleton U, a mid-tier university just north of Orlando. They stayed in opposite dorms but that was hardly an enforced—or followed—rule. More often than not, he stayed over at her place. They weren’t exactly dating. He tried, but she was well out of his league. As long as she didn’t tell him that he was like a brother to her, he figured there was room to work.

Pendleton operated on a single street no more than a half mile long. University buildings, a drugstore, burger joint, coffeshop, bookstore, and student and staff housing was all smashed together for easy access. It wasn’t hard for them to quarantine the campus. Currently, there was a giant firetruck blocking one end of town and a trailer with PENDLETON OUTFITTERS on the side of it blocking the other.

Their last class that Friday evening was Miss Finley's Gothic Literature. Currently, they were reading Poe and Charlie wasn't a fan. Sure, he appreciated the macabre, but Poe was too long-winded for him. If only she'd have mixed in a little Stephen King or Ray Bradbury . . .

Miss Finley was a gorgeous lady, difficult to age. She had the flawless skin and youthful energy of someone in her early twenties but the lady's tenure meant this was impossible. For someone so beautiful, she sure was stringent. They'd never seen her hair down, nor without the thick spectacles on her face. She hardly cracked a smile. When she surveyed the room, book in hand, she often looked as if the class angered her.

The classroom was incredibly hot this evening. Although it was October, Finley still had the windows open. She fanned herself as she paced the front of the room, reading an excerpt from *The Fall of the House of Usher*. Charlie

looked around the room. He was certainly in the minority—nine female students, one other male.

Molly kept sliding her feet out of her shoes, as if she needed to spread her toes every few minutes into the lecture. In fact, most of the room seemed fidgety—something he attributed to the heat. A few female students were fanning themselves or holding their feet in their laps so they could press their thumbs into the sole. He saw the male student—James—scratch at his face, which made Charlie do the same.

He leaned up in his chair, simply shifting positions so he wouldn't fall asleep. Normally, he rested his feet on the running board in front of their table but when his foot reached out, he completely missed. The custodians must have pushed the table while cleaning.

When he pulled the table back, the legs made a horrible groaning sound, like *Chembacca* in a blender. The entire class turned toward him, and so did Miss Finley.

“Ah, Charlie,” she said. “How do you think Poe’s use of Madeline Usher in the story strengthens the tension?”

“Uh,” he said, and finally reached the running board.

But then, Finley wasn’t listening. She took a step toward him and her ankle twisted and she cried out. The anthology of Poe stories went flying out of her hand. She grabbed the table in front of him and that’s when he saw the awful white lines in her flesh.

Her rings looked as if they were cutting across her skin. When she was stable, she took a step back and sneezed into her elbow.

For a moment, she stood there, eyes droopy as if she were already taking shots of cough medicine. But it was only because she didn’t understand. She stared at her hands and tugged at her sleeves. Then, she grabbed the waistband of her skirt and shifted it. Charlie could see a ring of sweat on her undershirt.

“Class dismissed,” she said suddenly. She kicked out of her shoes, then tossed them across the room. Then, she hurried out.

“That was weird,” said Charlie, just as everyone else started gathering their things. “She’s never let us go early before. Think she’s sick?”

“Yeah, she is,” said Molly. “And I know exactly what’s wrong with her.”

“What?”

Molly was wearing jeans and flips. As she swung out from the table and faced him, he could already tell the pants looked too small—more like capris now. Her feet were enormous.

She slipped them out of the shoes, then placed her soles on his thigh. When she removed them, there was a perfect, sweaty outline of her soles and all ten toes.



“Because I’m infected, too. We probably all are by now. But it’s okay. All I feel are tingles, so far.”

“No way,” said Charlie, just as he gathered his things and followed Molly out of the room. And maybe it was merely suggestion, he thought he was looking up at the back of her head. “Aren’t you freaked out? I’m worried about you.”

“Don’t worry about,” she said. “And you better brace for it, Charlie. It’s just a matter of time before you’re infected, too.”

That made his heart race—but was it out of fear or excitement? He wouldn’t mind gaining a few inches. This was especially true when their mutual friend, Opal, came up the hallway from the opposite direction.

“Damn, girl,” said Molly. “No doubt you got Goliath, huh?”

“Yeah, I guess you could say that. Feels pretty awesome, actually. Like you’re constantly getting a massage.” Then, as if just remembering, she said, “I think they’re going to cancel classes, but you didn’t hear that from me.”

Charlie barely heard a word she said because he was too busy inspecting her body. Although he didn’t know Opal well, he was sure she wasn’t taller than him. Opal had almost a foot in height on him and her toes were curled over sandals that appeared too small. The rest of her clothes were tight, but this could’ve simply been her style.

“Yeah, so, get ready for it,” Opal continued. And before she walked off, she patted Charlie’s head. “You especially, little man.”

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Shortly after Miss Finley’s class, the students and staff received a text stating that classes were canceled until further notice, just as Opal had predicted. Shops on campus would

now have a nine o'clock curfew. Students could go as they pleased because campus security was also quarantined.

That night, it poured. The news probably mentioned a storm but nobody was talking about that. They were all talking about the resurgence of the Goliath Virus and its brand-new counterpart: The David Virus. Charlie didn't think much of that name until he was in the shower that evening.

His bodywash sat in a giant container on the rim of the tub. There was a push nozzle that let him squirt a large glob into his hand. But tonight, he had trouble pushing it down. His arm was shaking as if he'd just carried groceries up two flights of steps.

The next oddity came while he was standing in front of his mirror and wiping the glass. Normally, he could run his hand across the whole thing and clear the steam but tonight, he had to get on his tiptoes. When the towel around his waist bumped the sink basin, it came undone and hit the floor. He

stared down at his naked body and knew something was wrong.

His chest seemed flatter, as if all the muscle tone had vanished. He raised his hands and looked at them—bony and knobby fingered. What was happening to him? Never in his life had he felt so weak.

He was having dinner with Molly in her dorm, so he hurried and dressed, noting that his shoes felt a little wide in the toe—his feet were sliding around. The socks were ticklish but maybe that was just the tingles. He'd felt those before his shower.

Jeans and sweater didn't feel right, either. He tugged at the sleeves and had to tuck the left one above his elbow just so he could put on his watch—also loose.

He grabbed his umbrella by the door and left the dorm. Molly's dorm was on the other side of Connely Hall, so he put his head down against the wind and walked. Not

even ten feet from his building, he felt the umbrella shaking his arm. It seemed oddly heavy. He paid it no mind, assuming it was just the wind fighting him.

On the way over, he looked into the windows of the coffeeshop and found it mostly empty, but there sat Miss Finely in a booth halfway to the counter. His eyes were drawn immediately to her breasts, the cleavage quite visible in her tight, low-cut shirt. It was almost as if her clothes were too small, yet she didn't seem to care, only sipped her evening coffee in peace.

Then, she looked up and saw him standing on the street, staring at him, the umbrella almost turned inside out. He was waiting for a chastising look but there was something else on her face that he didn't understand. A slight sheen of sweat, a rosiness to the cheeks. When she saw him staring, it almost felt naughty. Her tongue passed across her lips and she sat up straighter and folded her arms in, which only served to enhance her breasts.

She gave him a slight nod of acknowledgement before he hurried along. Something strange was happening and he figured there was no denying it. The Goliath Virus had gripped Pendleton U and he was along for the ride whether he wanted it or not.

Just before going into Molly's dorm, a tall girl came sprinting by. He'd seen her several times before—Beth, or maybe it was Brenda. She wasn't concerned with the rain at all as she whipped by in her reflective vest and striped pants. She offered him a smile, water beading off her chin. Her large feet slapped the concrete—she was running barefoot.

Molly's room was on the top floor. Even after riding up the elevator, by the end of the hall, he couldn't help but feel winded.

He knocked on her door and could already smell something cooking on the other side—noodles, maybe. When the door swung open, he wasn't ready for what he saw.

Molly was standing there wearing a silk bathrobe, her hair up in a towel. But she was standing taller than she'd ever been—so tall, in fact, that he was level with her breasts. Just to be sure, he stared down at her feet and sure enough, she wasn't wearing her shoes. Her toes looked unusually long, almost like fingers.

“Well, looks like I'm not the only one who's infected,” she said, then took him by the shoulders and pulled him in. To his surprise, she leaned down and gave him a kiss. Her lips were big, warm, and wet and he couldn't comprehend what was happening.

“But I'm not,” he said once she separated. She turned around and headed off to the kitchen so she could stir the pot on the stove. He wasn't much of an ass person but thought hers looked extra bulbous beneath the robe. As she moved, her giant, bare feet slapped the ground noisily.

“Check again, sweetheart.”

Her dismissive tone jostled something in his brain. He thought of the name—David—and that relation to Goliath from the Bible. It all made sense now. He wasn't feeling sick at all. He was feeling weak—because he was becoming smaller, more waiflike.

“Am I . . . shrinking?” he asked. She smirked, then let out a long giggle.

“Yeah, sweetie, you're shrinking. I can't believe it took you this long to figure that out.”

“When it's gonna stop?” he said, feeling a panic coming on. She must have sensed it too, because she left the stove and returned to him.

“This is gonna be fun,” she said, and lifted his hand. She placed it against her own and already her fingers could curl around his.

“Fun how?” he wondered.



She gave him a sly grin, one that he'd never seen before. If he didn't know better, he'd assume she'd been drinking. Molly said, "Oh, we'll come up with something. You should stay over tonight and maybe we could play some games and I dunno, take our measurements."

"You're not worried about me shrinking away to nothing?"

Again, the giggle. "It doesn't work that way, silly. The same as how I'm not gonna be the Fifty Foot Woman. You'll shrink down to three feet tall, max."

That didn't sound so bad, he thought. He could handle that—and Molly seemed to be loosening up by her own changes. Maybe tonight could be fun.

They ate dinner and watched the news, noting how people on the west coast were just starting to experience the changes. Charlie figured he and Molly were well into it, and if

yesterday's sniffles were an indication, they'd had this virus for over twenty-four hours now.

He noticed she absently dragged her fingers across her crotch—something he'd never seen her do, so he figured it was virus related. Just seeing her scratch made him reach up and run his own nails over his rough face.

As they watched television, they put their feet up on the coffee table. His could barely reach it but hers stretched all the way until the heels went off the other end. They looked so massive next to his own.

“Should we go measure?” she asked once they were finished with dinner. “I've already got it set up.”

“You do?”

“Oh, yeah. I've been reading a book on Goliath. Lots of the expert advice says you should chronicle the changes. It's good for your mental health, especially if you're isolated.”

“Right,” he said, then followed her into the bedroom. It was only his second time in the room, and this was the first time he felt like he could actually have a little fun with her in it . . .

He noted the etched markings on her bathroom doorframe where she’d already taken a few measurements. And miraculously, she’d gone up several inches. Just seeing her linger in the doorway told him that she was at least a head taller—it was an illusion because he was also smaller than usual.

“Looks like I’m up another three inches,” she said.  
“That puts me at seven-four.”

“Do me,” he said, and put his back to the opposite doorframe.

As she struck a line above his head, she winked and said, “Maybe later.” It made him hard at once, and he almost

didn't hear her when she announced he was only five-foot-three.

“Holy shit,” he said. “I’m like seven inches shorter!”

“Yep,” she said. “And that’s not all.” She reached her hand beneath his shirt and rubbed it across his chest. “That’s new, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” he said. “And this too, I suppose.” He dragged his fingernails down his cheeks, indicating the beard that had miraculously appeared overnight.

“Yeah, my body is doing a little more than growing,” she said, and took off the towel holding her hair up. It fell to her shoulders and seemed a little longer—and straighter. The virus was really turning their bodies out in a strange way.

He noticed across the bed lay the clothes she’d been wearing earlier. He picked up the blouse, noting the rips along the shoulders and at the neckline.

“You . . . ripped it?”

She nodded. “Oh yeah. I barely had enough time to get out of the elevator. I felt like She-Hulk! By the time I was in the dorm, my body was spilling out of it. If I’d have waited much longer, I’d have needed a steak knife to get it off.”

Something about her description of bursting through clothes excited him.

“Do you mind if we . . . um . . .”

She grinned at him. “Spit it out, Charlie.”

He looked down and said, “Can we compare feet?”

His face turned beet red.

She giggled, relaxing him at once. Then, without a word, she sat on the edge of the bed and motioned for him to sit on the floor. They put their feet together and he marveled over how much flesh surrounded his own. Her toes were so big, the heel twice as thick as his. This was such an amazing thing to see . . .

As they made their comparisons, the lights flickered because of the storm's growing ferocity. The rain continued to beat on the roof above them. Finally, the wind became too much and the power went off and stayed that way. Far off, they could hear screams of surprise from some of the other dormmates.

In the darkness, he felt her hands on his legs. She was on the floor just in front of him. She paused and gave his thighs a squeeze, as if waiting for permission to advance to the next step of their relationship.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Just exploring,” she said, and began to fumble with his belt. “I’m wanting to see if everything is to scale.”

He laughed at this, then reclined back on his elbows. “You can’t *see* anything.”

“But I can feel,” she said, just as she reached into his underwear and pulled out his cock. She gave a little gasp that

he thought was more sarcastic than anything. “He’s not so bad considering he’s probably been shrunken down by an inch or two.”

“Yeah?” Charlie was holding his breath, waiting for her to work.

And as she stroked, he could feel his body changing—did arousal make the change speed up? He wasn’t sure, but was certain his cock was slipping through her fingers while she jerked him.

She let go and that’s when he felt her large, powerful hands push him back. At once, she was on top of him, breasts heavy on his chest. The pressure was immense because with them in the way, she had to try harder to reach his lips.

At the same time, he could feel her hand reaching down and stroking his cock. Then, he heard a slight rip, followed by a sudden stop of her lips and hand.

“Did you just . . . rip something?” he asked.

“Mmhmm,” she said, then took his hand and put it on her shoulder. He could feel the silk material had grown tight but along the ridge of her bone, he could feel her warm, soft skin poking through.

After that, she used her considerable strength to push him back down. She gathered both his arms above his head and held them with one hand. Then, she maneuvered her body until she was lined up with his cock. When she went down and he pushed inside her, it wasn't horrible—but it also wasn't as tight as he'd have liked. Still, she made cute little moans as she started to bounce.

By now his eyes were adjusting to the dark and he could see her outline—her broad shoulders, her large breasts. She was noticeably bigger in just the short time since they'd lost the lights. Again, did arousal make the change happen faster?



He wasn't doing any of the work, nor did he try.  
There was no way he could satisfy her voracious appetite.  
This was an entirely new side of Molly and it only took the  
virus to bring it out.

When she was finished—soaking both the tiny man  
and bed beneath him, she rolled over onto her side. He could  
see her shape, so he moved up to the head of the bed and  
wrapped his arm around her. She pulled him closer until his  
face was in the mat of her clean hair. And before long, they  
were both drifting off to sleep without a word spoken  
between them about what they'd just done.

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The power was still off the next morning but they had  
enough light through the windows to see each other. She was  
certainly a little bigger, as her toes were curled around the  
footboard and her knees were bent. When Charlie slid off the  
bed, he knew right away that he'd fallen a greater distance

than normal. Without waking her, he tiptoed to the bathroom and used the measuring equipment to confirm his new height.

“Holy shit,” he muttered.

He was down to four-foot-five! Charlie was basically child-sized. When he turned to leave, Molly was standing in the doorway, only she was stooping down so she could see him. Most standard doorframes were seven feet tall, which put her at least nine feet. To a man of his size, she was more than double his height. Not only was she taller, but she had larger breasts *and* a bit of a tummy. She’d never had such a layer of fat before.

“Morning, little guy. You’re looking awfully cute,” she said.

“Thanks.” He ran a hand across his cheek. “I need a shave though,”

“Nonsense,” she said, entering the bathroom. The ceiling was too low for her to stand upright.

He looked in the mirror as he ran his fingers through his beard and now he could see his puny, narrow arms. He was becoming so inferior and he wasn't sure how he felt about it. When she took a knee behind him so they could both look in the mirror—so she could also grab his cock—he felt okay with it.

She stood again, this time lightly shoving him aside so she could see the full brunt of her body.

“What is happening to me?”

“I like it,” said Charlie, to which she turned back to him and dragged a finger down his chest.

She pushed him against the wall, her belly smashing into him like a big, meaty pillow. He loved the scent of her, loved the way she was so soft and fluffy. But she was aware of her changing body, so she quickly pulled away, then dropped to her knees. As she went in for a kiss, she tangled her fingers through his chest hair and purred. Her tongue

danced across his cheek and to his neck and he grabbed her belly and pulled her close, feeling his hard on between them. She was so curvy—he loved to trace his hands across her hips.

After a little bathroom fun, they had breakfast—just cereal and fruit because they would lose the items in the refrigerator if the power didn't come back on.

“I can't even sit at the table now,” said Molly, and she carried her mixing bowl worth of cereal to the table, pulled a chair away, and sat on the floor. Her belly scraped going by and she winced in pain, but it turned into a deep laugh that jiggled her breasts.

She was still wearing the silk housecoat but there was no way she could close it now. The shoulders were ripped, revealing her smooth skin underneath. At this point, she was probably wearing it just to be silly.

Charlie didn't have any spare clothes but it was clear he'd lost a considerable amount of size by the way last night's jeans fit. His belt always fastened with the third hole, but this morning it fastened on the fifth one. The sweater was so voluminous that he had to keep rolling up the sleeves. Since the power was off, that meant the baseboard heaters were also off. Charlie preferred to suffer the big sweater instead of the cold.

During breakfast, both answered a bevy of calls and texts—everyone wanted to know if they were okay or to tell them they were infected. Charlie's mom called and said she thought she had the virus but wasn't sure—just that her socks felt weird that morning. The same went for his sister.

“I'm fine, mom,” said Molly, taking a call from her mother after fielding a half dozen messages. “I'm changing . . . a little. But you should see my friend.”

She snapped a few pictures of Charlie—one in a compromising position with milk running down his beard. He rolled his eyes but was grinning, nonetheless.

“Mom says she can’t stop laughing.”

“Great,” said Charlie.

Throughout the day, they continued to change. They took each other’s measurements, although it was tricky for Molly. She couldn’t put herself upright in any room in the dorm, so she had to lie on the floor and let Charlie use the measuring tape vertically. By that evening, she was over ten feet tall.

While taking her measurement, he ran his finger across her sole in an attempt to tickle her but failed to realize just how ticklish she could be when not expecting it. Rather than draw back, she kicked forward, getting him right in the leg. He collapsed and dropped the measuring tape.

“Sorry!” she said, sitting up.

“No, that was my fault,” he said, laughing. “You got a lot of power, big girl.”

“Well don’t tickle me again,” she said, and grinned mischievously. She stood and stared down at him. “You’re looking so little.”

“It wouldn’t be so noticeable if only you were growing.”

“But this is more fun. Let’s measure you!”

She got on her knees, putting her belly right in front of his face, and pulled up the tape measure. It was difficult to maneuver with such big, awkward fingers.

“What’s the damage?”

“Four-foot-one,” she told him. “Oh, you’re gonna be three feet before you know it!”

“I’ll be knee high to you,” he said. It was a sobering thought.

“That’s right,” she said, then reclined back on her ass.

“But how big will *these* be?”

She pushed her feet against him until he was also on the floor. Currently, her feet looked as if they were twenty inches long—dirty and a little sweaty. If he gripped one of them with both hands, his thumbs couldn’t even reach across to meet. She knew he had a thing for feet—especially *her* feet. And now, she was going to have a little fun with it.

“Rub them. It makes me sore to grow so big.” He didn’t think that was true, but he wasn’t going to pass up the chance.

His little hands barely covered half her sole, so he stacked them and pushed. Molly’s entire body relaxed and she lay back flat with her arms out. She was just so massive—it was like looking at something nonhuman. The way she breathed, the way her breasts gyrated was almost hypnotic.



He was getting more comfortable around her feet and knew she was, as well. While rubbing, he bent her toes down to appreciate the nails.

“I really like natural look,” he said, then went back to rubbing.

“Oh, yeah? Good because I had paying for pedis.” She squeezed her toes together, then spread them out. “I just like being barefoot. It’s so . . . liberating.”

She brought her foot up for him to kiss, then switched so he could treat the other one with the same love.

After they played, she tried to dress. There was nothing in the closet that could even remotely fit her. She put on an oversized t-shirt she won in a contest years ago but even that was snug on her body. It made her breasts pop out and the smooth flesh on her curvy stomach made him hard all over again.

By dinner, the power was back on, but looking across campus, he could tell it wasn't for everyone. In fact, no one else but Molly's dorm had lights burning.

"That's weird," he said.

"This used to be the medical building," she said. "So I bet this is the only place on campus that has a generator."

"Ah," he said, and figured she must have been correct.

Later that night, he couldn't sleep. He was so small that he couldn't stack two pillows beneath his head as he normally did, which meant his neck rested at an odd angle. Plus, Molly rolled over and draped an arm so heavy across his stomach that he felt the wind pushing out of his lungs. Her face was next to his—giant and beautiful. She snored gently, her warm air blowing his hair.

The moment she turned back over, he slipped out of bed and realized he probably wouldn't be able to get back up

without help. By now, he was probably down to three and a half feet tall. The bed, though higher than most, was above his head.

Quickly, he went to the bathroom to measure himself and realized he'd made a slight error—he was actually down to three-foot-two! His body was wispy, almost childlike. At least he still had a proportionate cock. His tiny muscles and thick beard probably made him look ridiculous.

He grabbed his tightest pair of underwear and put them on. Though they were loose, the elastic kept them up. There was no gauging his dick size in these—there was only a puff of empty air in the front.

For some reason, he wanted to go for a late-night walk. It was probably dangerous but probably every other man on campus was the same size as him, and every woman too big to even care. Now eye level with the doorknob, he twisted it and slipped out of the dorm.

Things looked massive from down on the ground.

The dimly lit hallway, the shag carpet, the light sconces on the wall. He couldn't see out the windows but could hear the pitter-patter of rain. It was going to be a chilly night, but he was still interested in exploring.

The moment he descended the last set of steps, he saw a light on in the basement and could hear someone shuffling around. He wasn't sure what was down there, but curiosity got the better of him so he investigated.

The door was cracked open but it took most of his strength to push it enough to squeeze through. Once he was inside, he realized this was a laundry room.

Besides a rocking pair of washing machines, the first thing he saw was a pair of giant, dirty soles in front of him, almost blocking the door. He followed them up to a pair of powerful calves, to an ass that was barely shrouded in an

oversized pair of panties, and then to a smooth back and a shock of long black hair.

This mystery lady had to be twelve feet tall and was leaning against the washing machine. One hand traced the back of her neck, wringing it tightly. She shifted, and that's when her toe lightly tapped his leg. He stumbled back and closed the door and it was enough noise to get her attention.

She whirled around—it was Miss Finley.

“Charlie?” she said, and pulled her hair aside. It was then that he noticed her large, naked breasts, sitting atop her plump belly. “I didn't hear you come in.”

The way she said it got his juices going.

“Sorry, I should probably go.” He turned, reached up, then pulled the door open.

She kicked it closed with her foot and held it.

“Now don't be rude.”

“What . . . are you doing here, Miss Finley?”

“Call me Clara. And I’m here washing blankets so I can make myself some clothes. This is the only working washer and dryer on campus.”

It was the biggest woman he’d seen and he couldn’t pull his eyes from her body—something not lost upon her. He eyed her glistening pussy and her thick swatch of hair. It seemed as if she were doing more with the washing machine than tending to her blankets . . .

“C’mere,” she said, and grabbed him by the shoulders. He was so light and she was so strong that she lifted him with hardly any effort.

She carried him up to her face and gave him a kiss, then lifted him until his legs fed around her neck. With a single finger, she ripped the underwear down, revealing his raging hard-on. A giant, wet tongue began slobbering across

it and Charlie felt nothing short of heaven. He leaned against her face and enjoyed it.

“What’s going on here?” a voice said from the doorway.

If not for Clara popping his dick out of her mouth and turning him around, he would’ve never been able to see a naked Molly standing in the hallway, looking through the now opened door.

“Molly,” said Charlie.

“He didn’t fight it too hard,” said Clara. “C’mon. Let’s show him a good time.”

He knew that Molly would probably be upset by this, would probably storm away. But instead, she said, “Are you okay with that, Charlie?”

He wasn’t even aware that he’d nodded.

The next thing he knew, Clara was sliding him down until he was lying across her thatch of hair. He buried his face

in it, drinking in her scent and her heat. Before he could get comfortable, Molly pressed against his back, sandwiching him between two heavenly bodies.

He was able to look up and see a sliver of light from the fluorescents. The giantesses' breasts were smashed together and beyond them, their lips kissing one another. They were careful to keep the grinding light, as they didn't want to smash the little man any harder.

The laundry room didn't have much space to move around, yet the big ladies made it work. Charlie thought he was merely along for the ride, as they both positioned him in whatever way they wanted.

He used his arms, his legs, and his face to please them. The most exciting part was watching them work each other, especially since Molly was almost two feet shorter.

He and Molly worked on Clara together, the big lady using fingers and the tiny man, on her stomach, working her



clit. When she finally did get off, the force was so powerful that everyone in the room could see that it had been weeks since she'd had a good orgasm. This was probably why she was so overbearing in Gothic Lit.

“Have the two of you even left the building?” asked Clara after it was over and they were all lying in a huddle together.

“Not since yesterday,” said Charlie.

Molly said, “Why?”

“C'mon, you have to see it.”

Clara unearthed herself from beneath the smaller people, then crawled up the steps. Charlie had just started to appreciate her ass when Molly scooped him up and carried him on. It was difficult to get out of the basement and even more difficult to get down the hall. Finally, they stepped outside and he thought he'd entered a whole new world.

It was raining and down on the Fremont Quad were several giant dancers. As Molly carried him closer with Clara by his side, he noticed it wasn't just giant women, but a few shrunken men, too. Everyone was so relaxed, so accepting of their new, if temporary size.

There was no music, but an oversized woman banged a drum while another ran her fingers across a xylophone. Someone had parked a beer truck on the grass and the girls took turns lying on their backs and opening the spouts above their mouths.

Molly placed Charlie on the ground between her and Clara. He looked around, feeling as if this was the greatest thing he'd ever seen.

He gazed up at the giant professor and said, "Does this mean you're ready to have a little fun?"

She looked down at him and smirked. "Are *you* ready to have a little fun?"