

VIP Section Part 1

Contains giantess growth

Metal hinges creaked and ground against the doorframe. Sasha poked her head inside the back entrance to The Kink Club, one of the most popular local strip joints. She was surprised to find it unlocked. The alley behind her was becoming less welcoming by the second as the sun set.

“Can I help you?”

She'd locked eyes with an older woman in her mid-thirties walking down the hall. Encountering the buxom blonde in her show lingerie brought a blush to Sasha's cheeks. At six feet tall, the woman's intimidating melon-sized breasts were level with Sasha's chin.

“I'm... Sasha? Paul told me to--”

“*Ohhhhh, Sasha! The new girl!*” Eyes brightened, the blonde pulled her through the door and whirlwinded her through the hall. “He told us you would be starting tonight! Come on; you're just in time. We'll be opening soon. I assume you already know what we're all about here?”

Sasha struggled to keep up. In the back of the club, the halls were littered with outfits and props. An intriguing amount of lube sat stashed in one corner. “Well, I've heard stories...! Or... Overheard them from my male coworkers,” Sasha confessed while brushing fallen hair out of her face.

“Good, so you won't be *too shocked* by it all.” The blonde stopped at a door marked ‘Manager’ and gave a gentle knock. “Paul? New girl is here.”

A grunt came from within.

“Ok, he's ready.” Stepping out of her way with a bounce in her heels to send her impressive breasts into a fit of motion, the blonde flashed Sasha a smile. “Good luck! I'll see you out there!”

Sasha was abandoned at the door. Heart pounding, she turned the handle to find an office brimming with papers escaped from a filing cabinet. A man in a suit jacket stood over his desk in one corner glaring at a spreadsheet on a computer screen. On the wall was a rack of remote controls slotted into charging ports. Some spots were empty.

“Sasha, Sashaaaa,” the man waved. “Come on in. Timing couldn't be better. Erm... Take a seat.” He motioned her to sit in a chair opposite his desk. “I'm Paul, Paul Maxim. My hiring agent told me we had a new girl starting tonight! Sorry, things are a little chaotic around here. You get used to it.”

Paul looked Sasha up and down, sizing her up. She was short, petite, and redheaded. There weren't many curves to speak of beneath her sweatshirt and matching sweatpants.

“How old are you? Eighteen?”

Sasha responded, “Twenty-one.”

“Hmm... Ever stripped before? Danced?”

“Only if a boyfriend asked for it...”

He chuckled and waggled a finger in her direction. “Funny, I like that. So why ya here? What are we workin’ with?”

Heat burned Sasha’s face. She hadn’t been told there would be another interview. “I--”

“Relaaaax!” Paul slumped into a chair and adjusted his jacket. “I’m not gonna make you strip down and spin around for me or anything like that. All body types work here.” He stared at her. “You...*do* know how we work here, right?”

Sasha straightened. “I’ve heard stories... That’s mostly why I took the job. I didn’t believe they were true, and if they were, then...” She blushed again and averted her eyes. “Then I wanted to experience it for myself...”

“Ah, the adventurous sort.” Paul rubbed his chin. “We’ve got adventure and more here if you’re brave enough. You ready to get to work tonight? I can put ya out on the stage to dance, or I have something else if you’re *really* here for the thrill of it all. Out of the frying pan and into the fire type deal. Interested?”

Excitement raced through Sasha’s tiny chest. If there was one thing that was important at any new job, she knew it was showing excitement for her work. “I’m not one to back down from a challenge!”

“Wonderful!” He clapped his hands and rubbed them together. “One of my girls, Janice, caught some kind of a bug and had to cancel on me tonight. Problem is, she was scheduled to entertain a VIP, and he’s already made a downpayment of twenty grand. A *private room* for a *private dance* sort of thing, if you get what I mean. No sex or anything like that. Touching is allowed up to what you’re comfortable with and how many tips you want to make. Since you’re taking Janice’s spot, you’re entitled to her cut of the profits after the VIP has fully paid up. Roughly ten grand, all said and done.”

It was difficult to stop her voice from cracking. Making so much money in a single night was outlandish. “What...” Sasha shifted in her seat. “What does it entail?”

“Whatever he wants outside of fuckin’ ya, for the most part. Usually we have a three-week training course for new recruits, but all of our other girls are booked and I’m not in the mood to return this guy’s deposit. If you can entertain him for the night, Janice’s cut and the tips are yours. Not to mention the possibility of him requesting you again...”

“When you say ‘whatever he wants’...”

“I mean whatever he wants.” Paul grabbed a remote from the wall and tossed it her way. An IncrediBust logo was stamped on the bottom. Buttons for every body part filled the plastic device, as well as several dials. The intimacy of some of the buttons made Sasha’s eyes widen while others sent her heart racing.

“See that? All of our girls have a remote while they’re workin’. Total control over your body. Want a nice big set of tits for the night? Pump ‘em up as full as you like. Maybe you want

your ass to blow out of your panties on stage. That'll do it. For these private dances, our patrons like to have the remote for themselves so they're in control."

The possibilities made Sasha's head spin. There was everything from hair length to foot size exhibited on the remote. "And that's *safe*?"

"Perfectly." Paul rattled a small pink bottle. "These are nanobot pills. Take one and they remain in your system for eight hours before breaking down. The remote tells them what changes to make."

She eyed a button with a label of what looked like a pregnant woman. "But what's stopping someone from getting carried away?"

"Believe me, they try. These bastards are drunk and horny. Each remote had a limiter built-in so nothing ever goes beyond a set limit. Otherwise, our walls would have blown apart on day one. The science folks thought of everything. So you interested?"

"I..." She rolled the remote over in her hands. Her thumb rubbed the breast adjuster with curiosity and her nipples hardened against her sweatshirt. "Maybe I--"

"If you'd like, I can give you a crash course beforehand. Let you see how it feels so you're not going in blind. I promise it only feels good. You won't find any of my girls complaining about having their buttons pressed."

The offer helped ease some anxiety. Sasha nodded.

"Terrific." He passed her a pill and bottled water from a mini fridge and traded for the remote in her hand. "Down the hatch then."

Sasha swallowed. In the back of her mind, she imagined the tiny capsule settling in her belly, now with all the power to transform her body in unimaginable ways. There was a strange sense of helplessness to it as if the remote had more control than herself.

Beep beep!

"Aaaaand it's synced," Paul said, showing a light on the remote. "You wore clothes that you don't mind ruining, right? Like the hiring agent said?"

She looked at her matching sweats. "Well, yes, but--"

Click

"EEP!"

A flash of energy shot through her body. Sasha tensed, feeling her core ignite with arousal. Sensitivity poured into her breasts and loins. Her thighs clamped together as she was frightened Paul might see a surprising amount of wetness soaking through the gray fabric.

Strrrrrtch

"What... W-What's..."

The room spun. Heat swirled around her mind. Sasha raised a hand to her head but stopped short when she witnessed her sweatshirt sleeve inching up her forearm.

Strrrrrrrtch

The same was happening around her ankles. Her clothes were tightening, drawing shorter around her limbs. A breeze tickled her abdomen when her sweatshirt lifted like a curtain. The hem rubbed against her bare underboob before she grabbed it and pulled it down.

“S-Stop!! You’re making my clothes shrink?!”

Paul shook his head and continued holding down a button. “It’s not your clothes that are changing.”

Strrrrrrrrrrtch!!

Waves of pleasure and heat poured over her now. Sweating at the intense sensations, Sasha gasped upon seeing her hips outgrow the chair. Her feet slid across the floor as her thighs lengthened. Her spine inched up the wall until the backrest reached no higher than her lower back.

Pomph!!!

“Ah!!” she gasped, feeling a shock wave travel through her legs. A seam had burst on her sweats. Looking down revealed her once baggy pants were now skin-tight and looked closer to shorts. Her feet struck the opposite wall and jostled a filing cabinet. “M-My body is--”

Strrrrrrrrtch!!!

“Mmmgh!!!”

Sasha arched her back as cotton rubbed against her bare breasts. The sweatshirt, once two sizes too big, was less than a short-sleeve crop top. It squeezed her torso like a fist. Two perky mounds jutted into the gray fabric. Though still relatively the same size on her body, they were larger than Paul’s head as she reached twelve feet tall.

“Everything...feels so...WARM!!” Sasha groaned, squirming in her chair. The wood creaked and groaned beneath her. A devilish seam was tightening around her intimates. Spreading her legs, Paul eyed the detailed outline of a woman’s pussy grown to more than three times its normal size. Soft, supple lips of flesh pushed against her sweats. Thick nectar soaked through to make the fabric clingy and hot.

“Ahhh!! I’m... Everything... My body!”

Gasping against the prison of her sweatshirt, Sasha watched the office shrink around her. The chair felt more like a child’s stool as her ass overflowed the cushion. It shattered moments later and sent her to the floor. The impact made her shriek in pleasure as everything quaked.

“This... T-This can’t be real!!” Sasha watched as every inch of fabric pulled drum-tight. It almost hurt as it sank into her flesh like a vice. “I-I feel...HUGE!!! Like I’m gonna--”

Shrrriiip!!

“Gaahhh!!” An orgasmic cry erupted when her sweatshirt burst apart. She thrust her chest forward, feeling more powerful than ever. The sleeves peeled off her shoulders and biceps. Below, her pants followed suit. Gashes ripped open against her hidden nudity. Blushing skin bulged forth in a display of giant arousal.

Thud!!

Her head struck the ceiling and dust fell from a jostled tile. The room stopped shrinking, leaving Sasha gasping for air. Nudity filled Paul's office with her twenty-foot-tall frame. Her legs bent against the opposite wall as her head bent against the roof. Too aroused to care, she allowed her nakedness to display in full as her thighs spread like huge trembling fleshy gates. One of her B-cup breasts could have been used as a pillow.

"What... What did you do to me?!"

"That was the whole-body adjuster. The girls like to call it their giantess setting." Paul clicked it several times. "And see? Won't let me go any bigger. The maximum sizes are controlled by the room. Some are larger than others if the client is willing to pay. Pretty fun, eh?"

"I--Mngh!" She was about to respond before another flurry of pleasure took over. The room shifted again, but now grew around her.

"Let's get ya back to normal before sending you into the pits."

Paul watched as Sasha's hands and feet clenched with her shrinking. She was fighting every urge to touch herself. The room was steamy with her lust and reeked of her arousal.

"One last thing," he said as she shrank past the ten-foot mark. "This client can be a little...*eccentric*, but he's one of our best patrons. Do what you can to accommodate him. I believe he's requested a maid theme for tonight, so I'll have a girl bring a robe and show you to the dressing rooms. I don't expect you to be a master at this on your first day."

"M-MMGH!!"

He smiled at Sasha's roiling excitement. "In fact, I'm expecting him to enjoy that nervous innocence. Who knows, showing a maid the ropes on her first day might be the best night here he's had in a long time."

To be continued