

# Softer

*contains unwilling breast/ass/thigh/hip expansion, gigantess growth, hourglass growth, lactation*

Seeing Ryan walk through the door after a long day of work always brought a smile to Faye's face. The couple had been living together for the better part of three years, and her heart still skipped a beat whenever she set eyes on him after spending time apart. Ryan stood taller than the average person at six feet six inches, and even though Faye was taller than most women at five feet seven inches, he still towered over her. Clutched in his strong, caring embrace was one of her favorite places to be.

Lately, though, Ryan hadn't been able to embrace much of anything. His career as a welder had started catching up with him. Faye's heart broke when she saw a new burn mark on his fingers or hands; most recently, he'd been prescribed an inhaler for asthma borne out of exposure to harmful chemicals, and smoke. They could scarcely even cuddle most nights, much less have sex. She wasn't so worried about satisfying herself physically as she was about her boyfriend's health, however.

Still, Faye did everything she could to comfort and care for Ryan. She would dote on him, bring him food, and sneak in a kiss where she could. Her chosen career as a personal trainer was physically-demanding, too, but she reveled in the stress it put on her body. Faye wore her hair short, and dyed it black to hide something in which she took great shame: she was naturally a platinum blond.

Without Ryan nearby, Faye's demeanor was nigh unrecognizable in comparison. She secretly hated her name, cringing when anybody aside from Ryan said it out loud. Her pale complexion reflected that if she wasn't training a client at the fitness center, she was training herself either at that same center or at her home gym. Her body lacked much in the way of curvature in favor of bulging, rock-hard muscles that truly popped when she exercised.

Prior to Ryan's decline, Faye would convince him to take her on in arm wrestling matches, and other such contests of strength. Few women could keep up with her relentless regimen, and plenty of men weren't willing to commit to the lifestyle the way Ryan once had. Her body exceeded that of a fitness model, and in fact was starting to encroach upon professional weight lifters.

Faye's morning routine was interrupted one day, when Ryan had come home after working an uninterrupted twelve-hour shift. He was visibly exhausted; his eyes were bloodshot, and his whole face was sagging.

"Ryan!" Faye cried out, "you're home!"

Ryan could only manage a mumble as he made his way into the bathroom. He hadn't even managed to look Faye in the eyes. She felt tears welling up, as a hurricane of concerns over

what could have happened to Ryan at work spun through her mind. The sounds of the shower starting up clued her into just what was happening. She managed to choke back her tears, and leaned her head into the bathroom.

“Okay, I’m heading to work! Love you!” Faye’s voice was still trembling. She wanted to give Ryan the space he needed, but not as much as she wanted to cuddle him and make him feel better. Once she’d gotten into her car, she allowed herself to break down in solitude.

Upon arriving at the fitness center Faye was advised that a new client, whose name was apparently ‘Venus’, had requested her by name. Word of mouth did her a lot of favors; a lot of people wanted the buffest girl in town to show them the proverbial ropes. She entered the facility’s private personal training area; it was equipped with weights, cardio and aerobic equipment like the rest of the building, but sectioned off for the privacy of the facility’s clients.

There was a woman already inside, performing a series of stretching exercises. In glimpsing the woman’s unearthly proportions, Faye’s eyes nearly bulged out of her head. Aside from a brief experiment as a college freshman, she’d never had much interest in other women. Still, she had to admit that the person that had requested her was unreal. She assumed this woman must have been Venus; her body was certainly worthy of the name.

Venus might have been seven feet tall, give or take a few inches. It may not have been by very much, but she was taller than Ryan. Faye was just a hair shorter than Venus’ neck, and if she were to really stretch she could reach neck-height at best. Venus’ waist was cartoonish, flaring out and wrapping around into a heart-shaped ass sealed in a pair of pink yoga pants with the word ‘VENUS’ spelled out in glittery purple letters. Venus took a moment to bend down, and Faye was certain that for even the briefest moment it looked like the yoga pants were tight enough to outline her pussy.

Faye’s eyes drew upward to a waist that was left uncovered, lacked any sign of musculature, and, worst of all, seemed supernaturally thin. Venus must have noticed her, because she suddenly turned and approached. Faye stared, agog, at plush, pillowy lips that pulled into a perfect smile that nearly made her blush. The bombshell’s eyes were a piercing blue, occasionally covered by her long, batting eyelashes. She had tied her vivid blond hair into a ponytail, which whipped back and forth with each movement she made.

Worst of all, for Faye, were the titanic hills resting on Venus’ chest. They were clad in what could be described as a sports bra, but it clung so tightly it could have been body paint. Her nipples were clearly visible through the sports bra, and her movements still caused her tits to jiggle despite their insufficient container. Either of her gravity-defying breasts might have been twice the size of Faye’s head, maybe more. Thanks in part to her jaw-dropping height, it looked like there was enough cleavage to support the entirety of Faye’s upper body.

“Hi!” Venus’ voice was light and energetic. She held out a manicured hand; her nails were a glossy white, her skin lacked any sign of aging, blemish or stretching. Faye assumed she was

the product of a fortune's worth of plastic surgery, but every inch of her skin seemed to move, and bounce, completely naturally.

"Uh..." Faye looked up and up at Venus' face with a raised eyebrow, "hello...you must be Venus?"

Venus' face seemed to take on a glow; somehow, her smile became wider, her eyes brighter. She excitedly grabbed Faye's arm despite it not having been offered, and shook it vigorously. The motion caused her tits to jiggle with such intensity that every ripple looked like it was threatening to either pop out of the sports bra, or destroy it entirely.

"Yes! Oh my gosh, I'm just so excited to meet you, Faye!" Venus exclaimed.

"Great...so, uh, what are you looking to focus on today...Venus?" Faye withdrew her hand.

Everything about Venus reflected something that Faye disliked. Her new client looked like something that a thirteen year-old boy would dream up. At any moment, she expected Venus to crumble under her own weight, or pop like a balloon. She was having difficulty suppressing a grimace from overtaking her face.

"Oh, right! Yes!" Venus clapped her hands over her chest, "I wanted to try weight training!"

Venus turned and walked over to the free weights to demonstrate. She sat on the nearby bench, and grabbed a smaller weight and started shaking it up and down.

"Okay, okay, stop," Faye hurried to Venus' side, "let me show you proper form."

"I'm sorry, I just get so excited!" Venus giggled.

"Have you...have you ever exercised before?" Faye asked.

"Well, not exactly...never by myself, anyway," Venus winked.

Fury was starting to win over Faye's professionalism. She was still wound up from seeing Ryan come home in such a sorry state, and Venus wasn't helping. It all was starting to feel like some kind of practical joke.

"Alright, Venus, well, try this," Faye picked a weight up and began demonstrating her technique.

"Ooh, wow, Faye, you're so strong!" Venus watched without retrieving a weight for herself.

Faye's patience was rapidly reaching a breaking point.

“Venus, do you want to try to pick up a weight, and practice what I’m doing?” Faye’s voice was cold.

“Can’t I just watch you? You have such nice arms!” Venus pouted.

Faye stopped what she was doing and forcefully re-racked her weight.

“Venus, are you taking this seriously? I’m not putting on a show for you.” Faye spat, “You won’t get in shape if you don’t apply yourself.”

Venus visibly shrunk back in her seat as Faye berated her. Her eyes seemed to well up with tears.

“Y’know, F-Faye, you don’t have to be so mean!” Venus sobbed, “you could do with a softer touch!”

A shiver ran down Faye’s spine, and she figured out just what was happening. It wasn’t uncommon for bored women to drop in just to say they visited a personal trainer, and then carry on without putting in any work. She was friends with personal trainers that would accept such clients; after all, money is money. For herself, however, she felt it was a waste of time when there were other clients that stood to benefit from her expertise.

“Well, Venus, my job is to help people achieve their fitness goals,” Faye said, “and that means being blunt. I don’t have a ‘softer touch’.”

Venus stood up from the bench, tears streaming down her flawless face. She was hugging her chest, causing her boobs to spill further from the top of her top; it was visible to Faye even while sitting.

“Well, you should!” Venus blubbered as she ran out of the room. Her enormous, yoga-pant-clad ass jiggled like mad as she took off. The letters decorating her cheeks seemed to jump and dance with each bounce. The brief moment Faye felt guilty passed as she watched a body that utterly defied belief exit the facility. Though it was hardly midday, she felt like she’d run a marathon. Her cheeks were flushed, and her entire body was heating up. She asked the facility’s receptionist to cancel her appointments for the day.

Faye decided to work her stress away on the private area’s exercise bike. The altercation with the blond bimbo had left a sour taste in her mouth. She couldn’t remove the memory of having to crane her neck up so high just to make eye contact with Venus.

“Leggy bitch,” Faye muttered ruefully.

Faye had a standard outfit she wore whether at work or exercising on her own. She was wearing a gray tank top over a black sports bra, black straight-cut leggings and a pair of white

runners. Her clothing was meant to be a size up so as to be loose, but her powerful legs pulled the bottoms taught. Her breasts had just enough heft to not be completely flat, but the sports bra mostly functioned as a cover for her nipples more than anything else.

Faye felt the odd sensation of her feet pushing harder into the bike's pedals. It seemed that with each cycle, the pressure was greater. Her ankles slid out from her bottoms, her shoes seemed to shrink on her feet, and she felt material sliding up and over her knees. She stopped and stepped off the bike to try to figure out what was going on. Her legs gradually pushed her away from the ground, though she was too focused on the bike to properly notice. What she did notice was the bike's seat was clearly set too low, and so she set it higher.

Once Faye had mounted the bike again, she was concerned the seat was too high. Her feet just barely reached the pedals; the motion of cycling on her toes was awkward. Over time, however, her legs continued pushing outward. Her calves began slipping out of the bottoms, and she felt her toes bump against the front of her shoes while her heels simultaneously bumped the back. Furthermore, her feet began comfortably resting on the pedals more and more with each cycle.

The feeling of open air on parts of her legs that were previously covered didn't cross Faye's mind. A familiar sensation of tingling and heat ran through her legs as she increased the resistance. Her feet pushed deeper into the pedals as her bulky legs continued to expand. After a few minutes she stepped off to adjust the seat again.

Faye caught her reflection in the mirror and let out a gasp. There was no mistaking that her bottoms had practically become capris. The burning in her legs finally came to a stop, and she felt like she had become eighty-percent leg. Only foreign fashion models renowned for their height possessed legs like these, she thought. Then, she realized, Venus' legs were similarly lengthy. The big difference was where Venus' legs were packed with soft and supple curves, Faye's were bursting with raw power.

Faye made the decision to shower and leave before anything else started growing. She took care to try to avoid people as best she could. The real challenge lay in fitting her longer legs into her car. It was a compact sedan that Ryan flat out could not fit in without hurting himself. The one time he'd tried, his knees were pressed against his chest in the passenger seat, and he had to crane his neck to the right all in an effort to fit in the vehicle. Faye liked it because it was cheap and it had better gas mileage than Ryan's beast of a heavy-duty work truck.

At no point had Faye considered that her legs would spontaneously add six inches. Entering her car was tricky, and her knees were bumping the bottom of the steering wheel. If she twisted her legs, she could manage to work the pedals. The drive home was both awkward and painful for her elongated legs. She was ready to just go to sleep and, with any luck, the whole day would have turned out to be a bad dream.

"Ridiculous," she vocalized her frustrations, "soft touch, my ass."

The moment the words left Faye's mouth, her rear end became flush with heat. She felt like she was actively doing squats even while sitting still. Her ass flexed and pushed outward into the seat's meager cushion. Secluded just to her posterior, musculature began melting away in favor of pliant and pillowy padding.

While Faye's rear retained a certain firmness, it was dedicated to becoming rounder, fatter, and larger. On her unyielding hips, her buttocks looked more like a pair of inflatable pillows attached to her. The slacks pulled tighter and tighter, made worse by the strain her longer legs were already placing upon them. She felt herself rise up slightly in her seat, and she feared her body was growing again.

Faye looked down and noticed that her top and bra still fit just fine, but she was still higher on the seat than she expected. Confusion mounted when she realized her seat seemed much softer and generally more comfortable. Then, she became less comfortable as her ass began waging war on the pair of panties she was wearing. Fabric continued sliding over expanding skin, until a pair of underwear meant for exercise was turned into a thong.

The increased pressure in her rear was also pushing Faye's legs out further. Working the pedals went from painful to difficult all the way to nearly impossible. She was just barely able to find a parking space nearly a mile from her apartment before her knees felt like they were locked under the steering wheel. The pressure in her backside subsided but it left her in an awkward position. The seat belt buckle had been almost entirely engulfed by her generous ass. She thanked her powerful arms as she managed to release herself, and then gingerly opened the door.

Faye had to grab the door with one hand, and the roof with the other in order to wrench herself out of the car. She felt her ass brush against the exit; the impact caused her to jiggle even slightly, adding insult to injury. Once outside she took a look at herself, bending down to brush herself off. The terrifying sound of tearing fabric caused her blood to drain from her face. A breeze passed through the area and over her nearly-naked buttocks as if to prove her fears had come true.

Cautiously, Faye reached a hand to check the size of the tear. What she found was a supple handful of buttock freely bulging out in the breeze. The stress finally broke through to her, and tears began streaking down her face. She carried herself home, feeling every pair of eyes on her as she did. The rhythm of her steps was making her ass jiggle just as Venus' had, she could feel it. Once she'd reached the door to her apartment she hesitated, and asked herself how she'd explain the changes to Ryan.

Somebody else down the hall began opening their door, giving Faye the push she needed to hurry inside. A quick sweep of the apartment revealed that Ryan was in his boxers, fast asleep atop the bed's covers. Faye took the chance to strip out of her clothes and look at herself in a full-body mirror kept in the bedroom. She was feeling stable but the new shape her body had taken was still quite a shock.

“This thing is ridiculous,” Faye poked at one of her soft cheeks, “at least the rest of me isn’t so squishy...”

As soon as the words left Faye’s mouth she felt her entire body begin to burn. It felt like every muscle was being worked at once. The mirror showed her entire body gaining what at first appeared a layer of bulk. Her muscles seemed to be swelling from top to bottom, but soon they began to smooth out. Terror roared through her body as she watched years of exercise melt away. A layer of baby fat was waging war across her skin; it wiped away stretch marks, blemishes and otherwise blotchy patches of skin.

“Is...my skin...” Faye began making sense of her transformation, “that blond bitch!”

Even as Faye’s skin continued to soften, she noticed it darken just a tad. A lifetime of sitting at the beach and soaking in the sun’s rays spread across her body.

“No no no no no no,” Faye chanted. She watched her abs begin to melt away as her breasts bulged out slightly, bolstered by the onslaught of fat assaulting her body.

“No! Please! Let me keep these!” Faye tried to grab her abdominal muscles as they faded.

The ‘squish’ that she’d feared had overtaken her body. Worse still, she noticed that her hair dye needed to be re-applied. She could see her platinum blond roots revealing themselves.

“This has to be a bad dream,” Faye marched into the bathroom. By the time she had managed to fish out the tube of hair dye, the blond infection had already spread. She was able to watch, in real time, as her naturally platinum-blond hair completely overwhelmed the black hair dye. She ran a hand through her short, cropped hair.

“It’s...just like *hers*,” Faye said scornfully. Tears were beginning to form in her eyes once again, and the warmth in her scalp made matters worse. She watched her short hair shift slightly, and then rise up by itself. A frightened yelp left her throat, causing her to check and see if she’d awoken Ryan. He was still sleeping quietly in bed as a layer of blond, wavy bangs came down over her eyes.

Faye looked back in the mirror and found, to her horror, that her hair had become shoulder-length. She feverishly retrieved a pair of scissors from the sink’s cabinets, and began ruthlessly cutting away her locks.

“Come on, come on,” Faye said as she chopped away at her lengthening hair, “at this rate I’ll look like Rapunzel!”

Once again, Faye’s words fueled her transformation even further. Her hair seemed to grow twice as fast, even with her chopping it away. She tossed the scissors aside as her hair reached her

shoulders, and brought up her battery-powered buzzer. Huge swaths of silky, platinum hair were reamed from her head only to regrow to their former length immediately. After making a large mess of hair at her feet, she felt the burning feeling recede.

Faye switched off the buzzer, and looked at her enormous mane of wavy, lustrous hair. She took a fistfull of it and pulled it from the ground. There was enough of a mane to trail behind her when she walked.

"I look..." Faye hesitated to speak again. She had begun to realize what was fueling her ongoing transformation. She stepped out of the bathroom, dragging an enormous mop of hair behind her as she did. Ryan had remained fast asleep in bed, having turned onto his side. She found herself exhausted, too, and decided to take the chance while she had it. The nude woman crawled into bed, letting her hair hang off and onto the floor as she spooned her boyfriend from behind.

Sleep carried Faye away, through nightmarish visions of her chiseled body ruining itself before her very eyes. She suddenly found herself back at the fitness center, face-to-face with Venus once again.

"You need a softer touch," Venus snapped.

Faye saw her bedroom mirror standing behind Venus; it was off to the side just enough that she could see herself in it. She tried to scream but no noise, or air, would push through her lungs. She was Venus' identical copy, from the flaring hips, tiny waist and mind-boggling bust.

"I don't want to be soft!" Faye looked back at Venus.

"You should," Venus' words from earlier that day came back to haunt Faye, "just look at yourself. As soft as I am...you should be thankful!"

"No! I don't want a body like yours," Faye shook her head back and forth, "I don't want any of this!"

In the waking world, Ryan gently woke to find himself in Faye's embrace. His body was still sore, though slightly less so thanks to having rested. He managed to push himself off of the bed, visit the bathroom and return to the sight of his girlfriend sleeping soundly on the bed. For a moment, he thought that he was still delirious. Faye looked like her legs had grown a good six inches, her body appeared as soft as a lingerie model's, and her hair was so large it nearly blanketed her body.

If Ryan didn't know any better, he'd say a complete stranger had wandered into his bed. He could clearly see her familiar face peeking out through her platinum locks. Her body shifted in place, and started to stretch. She seemed to be reaching her long, slender legs further down the

bed and pushing her shockingly enormous ass out even further. He squinted, approached the bed, and realized that Faye wasn't actually stretching.

Ryan was watching Faye's entire body becoming proportionately larger. Faye rolled over onto her back; she seemed to be breathing faster, and her eyelids were twitching. Whatever dream she was having, it was doing something to her body. Her tits began swelling outward as if they were being filled with something. More movement on the bed drew Ryan's attention, as her hips and thighs began growing to a proportion more appropriate for her preponderous posterior.

Everything about Faye was becoming filled with the kind of feminine beauty that Ryan knew she absolutely despised. Her previously thin, dry lips began to plump and swell outward. Her lips filled out until they became soft and pillowy, forming a perfect pout with each gentle breath she took. Faye's face softened, any sign of bags under her eyes vanished, and her eyelids seemed to shift as her lashes grew out.

"Faye?" Ryan's voice was hoarse. He reached his hand out and gently rubbed one of her softly-swelling thighs. Faye was pulled from the nightmare with Venus by the prodding, and found herself looking at Ryan's face. The warm feeling had covered her body, which she noticed in tandem with her body sliding across the bed.

"No!" Faye sobbed, "I'm growing again!"

Both hands flew to Faye's swelling breasts, which felt like they were filling up. She sat up against the backboard, and tried holding her swelling tits back with both arms. Much as Ryan was enamored by his girlfriend's swelling breasts, he was distracted by her eyes. The dark brown he'd grown accustomed to was gone; her eyes had become bright blue.

"I'm turning into *her*," Faye's head grew past the headboard, "I'm turning into Venus!"

Ryan was both exhausted and lacked the context for what Faye was talking about. He couldn't connect the unfamiliar name with the idea that it may have referred to one of her clients.

"Venus...as in the goddess of love?" Ryan asked in a daze.

"No...Yes!," Faye spoke through her tears, "I look just like her, like some kind of love goddess!"

When the pressure on Faye's body intensified she realized what she'd just done. She felt terrified as her growing proportions kicked into overdrive.

"Oh, no! Why did I say that?!" Faye felt her tits overwhelming her arms, "no no no no no! Please, no!"

Faye watched her vision pass Ryan's and continue rising upward. Her breasts swelled until they had matched Venus' ridiculous tits, but they continued. She felt her buttocks take up more and

more room on the bed. Ryan could plainly see that while her body was growing outward, her waist hadn't grown along with her. His once tiny fitness fiend of a girlfriend had grown into an exaggerated hourglass shape.

The pressure in Faye's breasts increased tenfold, and she felt her nipples swell and become engorged. A white substance began to leak over her arms, pooling in her lap as her thighs swelled until she lacked any conceivable gap.

"M-milk?" Faye stammered. The pressure increased as the steady leak became a stronger flow. Even as she was crying, her face showed no sign of stress line or crease. Her body began emitting a sweet scent that seemed targeted to Ryan specifically. He approached the swelling woman; he noted the wooden bed frame was not handling the increased weight very well.

Faye watched her tits push until neither of her long arms could wrap around them both. She tried instead to cover each one with a single arm, and then just a hand, and then it was all she could do to so much as touch her nipples with her fingers. Even reaching out was starting to arouse her; she felt like every inch of her skin was becoming an erogenous zone. Her fingernails had become healthy and manicured. Still, her body continued its outward march.

Faye felt the pressure in her chest continue to mount, even as she was releasing a constant and steady stream of milk. The stream picked up until no longer was milk merely pouring from her breasts, but arcing out as if from a spigot. Ryan had moved close enough that a few droplets landed on his leg. His curiosity took the better of him, and he brushed them up with a finger. He took a taste and couldn't place just what he'd drunk. All he knew was it was the most delicious thing he'd ever tasted.

Just as Faye's feet began pushing over the edge of the bed, her enormous ass and waist having doubled in size from this spurt alone, the frame shattered under the weight. The impact knocked Ryan to the floor, and his head struck against the nearby wall. Faye was unfazed, other than the fit of deliciously soft jiggling the motion created in her body.

"Ryan!" Faye heaved forward onto her knees. Fear consumed her utterly, even as she continued becoming larger, as she crawled over to him. Ryan gradually opened his eyes; the sore spots he'd rested before were back with a vengeance. Still, he smiled at his panicking girlfriend and began to lift himself up. Pain wracked his body as he forced it to move, but he pushed through.

"I'm all right, Faye," Ryan said as he hugged her around the neck, "I love you."

Being so close, Faye's supernatural scent was driving Ryan wild. More than that, he felt a sense of strength and energy he'd not felt for a long time. He recalled the taste of Faye's delicious milk, and realized it was pooling on the ground around his legs.

"I love you, too," Faye closed her eyes and leaned into the embrace. With both of them having expressed themselves, she felt something change in her. She broke away and took a seat on

the bed, her legs spread. She folded her arms and raised them into her lactating breasts, presenting them to Ryan. She let arousal wash over her without fighting it; she felt her worries melt away.

"I'll take care of you," Faye cooed. Ryan moved unsteadily toward the growing goddess, until both of her kind arms gently lifted and brought him to her soft bosom. He latched onto a nipple, and drank of Faye's milk. He felt all pain gradually leaving his body; his muscles were healing, his bruises vanished, and his fatigue turned to vigor. As he continued to suckle at Faye's tit, he felt he didn't need to stop to breathe, and in fact, had no trouble breathing whatsoever.

Faye noticed in Ryan's boxers a sight she'd gone without for some time. In that moment, she felt a desire for him in his entirety that was foreign, yet welcome to her. As she tore his boxers from his body, leaving him completely nude, she took hold of his erect member with one hand.

Faye's touch was soft as she lay back on the bed, and even softer as she hugged his relatively small torso to her as he began thrusting. She accepted him into her body, and the pressure relented, bringing her constant growth to an end. Faye had nearly grown to the size of their bedroom, and as orgasm after orgasm ripped through their tireless bodies, she accepted that she had, in fact, needed a softer touch after all.