

Hannah stood in the mirror and examined her outfit. Black jeans hugged her curvy lower body, contrasting well against her pale skin. Her black and yellow work shirt was buttoned up all the way, albeit straining against her chest, and her long black hair was tied up into a bun.

"There's no way the manager can reprimand me for this." She mumbled, turning and looking at her wide ass, stuffed into her jeans.

"I'm not trying to be provocative, I'm just thick. I dress the same as any girl half my size."

With a sigh, she pulled out her phone and went to double-check the roster. Her grinned as she saw who she was rostered on with. Her and Simon would be working together for the first time in weeks.

"Must have been a last minute shift change." She mumbled to herself as she grabbed her backpack and headed for the door. "I'll catch him this time."

It was hard to explain when she'd first clued onto it, but as the months and shifts had gone by, she'd become more and more convinced. At first she thought she'd just been daydreaming, projecting her size-queen fetishes of giant cocks onto every attractive guy she knew.

But this was different. She'd seen Simon grow, seen the outline of his member pressing against his pants. She'd noticed how he'd disappear to the bathroom and come back five minutes later, his serpent disappeared. And now, after months of careful attention, she was sure she'd figured him out.

Hannah hopped off the bus and walked down the busy street towards the cafe where she worked. Afternoon shift was her favorite; you had to come in and help with the busy lunchtime rush, but time went quickly then. Once the rush was over, you had a few hours of quiet before you closed up and headed home.

She slipped in the back entrance and put her bag in her locker, waving hello to the chefs and dish-boy before heading through the kitchen and out to the front. She grabbed an apron from the hook and tied it around her waist, and made her way to the counter.

Simon was there, working the coffee machine. Just over six feet tall with a slender, yet muscular build and a head of messy brown hair, he was exactly Hannah's type. She loved size of any kind, and the fact that she had to look up at him at her 5'4 was a real turn on.

"Morning Hannah!" He called out, looking over his shoulder at the approaching footsteps. "Good timing, we're going to be pretty flat out here in a minute. Can you jump on the register and be ready to take orders?"

Hannah nodded, walking over to the register and looking out over the bustling cafe.

"Just before the rush, huh? Give it 10 minutes and this cafe is going to be really *engorged*." She said, putting extra emphasis on the last word. Simon's knees buckled briefly and she saw his grip tighten on the coffee machine, and she grinned to herself.

I've got it. She thought. She went to say something further to him, but was pulled away with the first customers of the lunchtime rush arriving at the counter.

The next hour passed by quickly, a blur of food, people and cash. As per usual it began to die down as 1pm came and went, and soon enough the cafe was nearly empty, save for a few regulars working away on their laptops. Hannah grabbed the bell and sign that read 'ring for service' and placed them on the counter, and then headed into the back.

The cafe only served coffee and snacks from the display case from now on, and as such the chefs and dish-boy had gone home. Hannah and Simon would work the cafe together for the afternoon, taking the occasional order and tidying up before closing.

Simon was standing out the back, scrolling on his phone, placing it in his pocket as he saw her coming. Hannah approached him and leaned against the edge of the bench, noting with satisfaction as she saw Simon's eyes linger on her ass as it swelled over the countertop. "Busy rush today, huh?" She said casually. "The cafe always gets soooo engorged with customers at lunchtime."

Simon stifled a noise and shifted slightly on the spot, throwing a suspicious glance at Hannah, who feigned an expression of concern.

"Are you okay?" She asked. His gaze softened as he looked at her, buying it.

"Yeah, yeah, all good." He said nonchalantly. "I, um.. yeah, it does get busy. It's always a relief when the customers stop flowing in and the last orders go out."

Hannah nodded in agreement, hopping up to sit on the bench with her legs swinging in front of her. "My sister is due in a few weeks now." She said, continuing her air of casual conversation. "Oh, she would be!" Simon said. They had all attended the same high school, and Simon would know about Hannah's sister through his social network.

"How's she doing?" He asked.

"Good! She's expecting twins, so you can imagine how engorged she is a few weeks out, so engorged she barely fits in anything anymore!"

Simon stifled a groan and grabbed the counter tight, and Hannah's eyes lingered on his crotch as she saw the outline of his cock swelling.

Her mouth opened involuntarily, and a bit of drool ran out from between her full lips. She looked up at Simon, who had followed her gaze and was staring at her with wide eyes.

"You -" he started to say, interrupted by the ring of a bell from out the front. Hannah hopped off the counter, stretching.

"I'll get it." She said, walking through the kitchen and swinging her hips exaggeratedly, knowing his eyes were on her ass. She turned back to him as she reached the corner.

"Engorge engorge." She said. Simon's knees buckled and he caught himself on the counter as she rounded the corner, panic in his eyes.

A few minutes later Hannah re-entered the kitchen. Simon approached her quickly, and her eyes bulged as she saw the outline of his huge cock in his pants.

"How do you know?!" He quietly demanded before she could say anything. "Who told you?"

"I... nobody told me! I figured it out." She said, deciding that lying wasn't going to get her far any more. He looked doubtful. "I'm serious!" She pleaded. "I noticed the outline in your pants on day months ago, and I paid attention, and I figured out that it was the word engorge for whatever reason-"

She cut off as Simon squeezed his eyes shut in front of her, and she actually saw the outline of his cock swell in his pants.

"Not here!" He said. "Please."

"Where, then?" She asked hungrily.

"It's not a parlor trick! I can't help -"

"Engorge." She said firmly, watching as he stifled another groan.

"Mmmph... fine. My apartment tonight, I'll explain it to you. As long as you promise to stop it, now."

"Engooooorrr... deal." She said, smirking as Simon grimaced.

Hannah arrived at the address Simon had texted her, a tall apartment building. She pulled out her phone and read the instructions.

"Okay..." she mumbled. "Go up two flights, the door with the number 14. Sounds easy enough." She pushed in the door of the building and began to climb the steps. She'd gotten changed from her work outfit into something a little more revealing, in the hopes of winning over Simon.

She wore a white wrap-around miniskirt that stopped part way down her thick thighs, her favorite black boots, and a tight t-shirt that highlighted her ample chest. Her long black hair was loose around her shoulders, and her hair plus her black lipstick complimented her pale skin and green eyes well.

She knocked on the door and waited as she heard footsteps approach. Simon opened the door, wearing gray sweatpants and a plain white shirt. His eyes practically bulged when he saw Hannah in her form-fitting shirt and short skirt. He stared at her for a few moments before she spoke up.

"Can I come in?"

"Oh, I... right. Yeah, come in." He said, opening the door and moving aside for her to pass. She walked into the apartment and made her way into the kitchen, Simon closing the door and following behind.

He approached her with genuine concern in his eyes.

“Have you told anyone?” He asked. Hannah shook her head. “No, I haven’t. I swear.”

He looked into her eyes for a moment before sighing, seeming to relax a little.

“Okay. Good. I need you to swear never to tell anyone.”

Hannah smirked. “And why is that? What’s in it for me? And how does this all work, anyway?”

Simon sighed, rubbing his eyes with his hand. “Okay. Fine. When I was a dumb teenager, I made some crude comments to a woman who turned out to be a witch. She put some sort of curse on me, so that whenever I hear, well... the word, I-”

“Engorge.” Hannah interrupted. Simon shook slightly, squeezing his mouth shut.

“Yes. Please, Hannah. I’m being serious. Whenever I hear that word, I grow. Down there. I’ve never told anyone about this before, and I need you to swear you won’t either.”

Hannah considered for a moment. Witches? Really?

“Okay. You’ve told me how it works, but not why I should never tell anyone, or what’s in it for me. Get talking.”

“I’ve never told anyone because I can’t control it!” Simon said, exasperated. “Do you know what kind of power anyone would wield over me with that level of control? I hear the word, I grow. No choice.”

“Hmm, I hadn’t thought about that.” She said in a tone that implied she very much had. He scowled at her.

“It is a lot of control.” Hannah purred, taking a step closer to him. “Any girl who knew your secret could just repeat engorge, engorge, engorge to their heart’s content.”

Simon groaned as his cock and balls started to swell in his pants. Hannah reached out and felt him through the fabric, wrapping her fingers around his shaft.

“Engorge.” She whispered, feeling his cock swell in her grip as he let out a moan.

“You know how I figured you out, Simon?” She said seductively. “Because your curse is my fetish. Do you know how long I’ve wished for a big, tall hunk of a man who’s cock I could manipulate at will? How many giant dildos I have bounced on, pretending it was the real thing?” She licked her plump lips, not releasing her grip.

“And how big can you get, anyway? How do you get back to normal?”

“I - I don’t know how big I can get. The growth gets more intense the bigger I get, but I’ve never pushed myself far enough. And I shrink back to normal when I cum.” He groaned through gritted teeth.

Hannah’s eyes flashed with lust as she gripped his member tighter and pulled him down by the collar so she could whisper in his ear.

“You still haven’t answered one of my first questions; what’s in it for me? I think I might have to answer it myself.”

Simon’s eyes widened. “Wait, Hannah. I just invited you over to hear me out! Not to -”

Hannah pushed Simon up against the cupboard, pressing her ample chest into his torso. He couldn't help but stare as her soft breasts swelled out as they pressed into him, pale white flesh overflowing her collar. He felt his cock throb in her tight grip.

"Engorge for me, Simon. Engorge!"

Simon groaned, his knees quivering as Hannah felt his cock swelling between her fingers, pulsing and twitching in her grasp.

She released him and took a step back, pulling off her shirt and throwing it to the side, revealing her full chest. She reached up and sunk her fingers into the soft volleyball-sized mounds, grinning as she watched Simon stare, entranced. She reached down and unclipped a clasp at her waist, and her wraparound miniskirt opened and fell to the floor, leaving her suddenly completely undressed.

She stepped towards Simon and then dropped into a squat, grabbing his waistband and pulling down his sweatpants. Her eyes widened as she came face to face with a cock the length of her forearm and as thick as her clenched fist. Veins ran down its shaft and a pair of tennis ball sized testicles hung behind.

"Holy fucking shit." She breathed, reaching out and grabbing his cock, laying it on her hand and feeling its weight.

"Engorge." She whispered, and Simon groaned as his cock swelled in her hand. Hannah almost started to drool as she felt it growing heavier in her palm, lengthening and thickening visibly. She looked up at him.

"What did you mean, the growth gets more intense the bigger you get?" She asked. Simon looked down at the busty, curvy goddess holding his cock. This was happening.

"When it's normal size, every engor.... Every trigger makes it grow a little. But, as it gets bigger, it also starts to grow faster. Like, one trigger while it's bigger might make it grow as much as ten did when it was smaller. And you're seriously into this?"

Hannah scowled at him. "Is the man with the magically growing cock really kink shaming me right now?" She stood up and looked up at him, staring him straight in the eyes.

"No, no! I just meant, I didn't think I'd ever meet anyone who was actually into-"

"Engorge." She said. "Engorge. Engorge. Engorge." Simon groaned as his cock swelled, inching it's way down his leg as his testicles swelled past tennis balls.

"Hannah, how big are you..." She placed a finger on his lip, silencing him.

"For kink shaming me," She said, "I'm making you as big as I like." She grabbed him by the arm and led him to the bedroom she'd passed on her way in. She pushed him onto the bed and climbed on top of him, placing her dripping pussy on his face, facing herself towards his cock. She sat there for a moment, waiting for Simon to start. After a moment, she scowled again and squeezed the sides of his head with her thighs.

"What are you waiting for, dude? Get eating!"

Needing no further command, Simon began to work his mouth furiously on Hannah's pussy, licking and sucking with a pent up passion. She fell forward onto her elbows and moaned,

Simon's talent catching her off guard. She found herself face to face with his swollen cock, which hung lower than Simon's knees, as thick as his calves. She grabbed it and lifted it up from the mattress, marvelling at its weight and size. She sat upright on Simon's face, slowly grinding her hips. Hannah pointed Simon's throbbing cock at herself, and found it reached about half the distance to her face.

"Well, we'll need to fix that." She said through a moan. "Engorge!" Simon's cock surged forward, inching its way towards her face with an impressive speed. Underneath her, Simon squirmed and moaned, and she pressed herself into him harder.

"Fuck." She breathed as his cock slowed its surge towards her. This last growth spurt had easily cleared half the distance that was left to her face.

"It really does have bigger growth spurts the bigger it gets!"

Hannah climbed off of Simon's face, and stood up. She grabbed him by the wrist and stood him up, facing the bed. She grabbed his cock, which almost reached the floor now, and heaved it onto the bed. He staggered slightly, his soccer ball sized balls swinging between his legs.

"Engorge!" She said again, watching with delight as Simon groaned and his cock surged forward, lengthening and thickening across the bed.

"Holy shit, all that from one engorge?" She asked. Simon winced as the growth accelerated, sped up by the extra trigger. His cock grew and swelled until it spanned the entire width of Simon's king-size bed.

Hannah jumped on top of Simon's cock, actually drooling at the sight of it. In a heartbeat she was using her entire body to jerk him off, her legs and torso grinding against his shaft, her hands and mouth working on a head that was bigger than her own.

Simon cried out in pleasure, watching the unbelievable sight of the curvaceous girl in front of him, using her entire body to get off his giant cock. Hannah lifted her head and took a deep breath, and Simon saw her preparing to trigger him again.

"Hannah, wait! I-"

"Engorge!" She cried. Simon's cock surged forward, spanning the bed and hanging off the other side, Hannah riding along on top of it.

As it surged forward in an unbelievable growth spurt, Hannah found herself suspended in the air past the bed, gripping it with her entire body. It continued to surge forward and she slipped, Simon's cock covered in precum, and fell onto the floor. She sat up, dazed, leaning back against the wall. She opened her eyes, and then they shot wide as she saw the huge head of his member surging toward her. It pressed forward into her, pushing her against the wall.

Hannah tried to move but found herself pinned against the wall, the giant head of Simon's cock pressing into her face. The tip was pressed hard against her mouth, and she could taste a trickle of precum leaking into her. She grabbed at his tip, tapping and squeezing it.

“Mmmph! Mmmph!” She cried out. She felt Simon’s cock tense up at her touch.

“Fuck, Hannah! You’re gonna make me...” Simon’s sentence trailed off into a moan as Hannah’s tapping and squirming brought him to climax. His whole body shook and he threw his head back, crying out in pleasure.

Before she had time to react, Simon’s cock tensed up further and blasted Hannah with a shot of cum like a fire hydrant had been loosed directly down her throat. Simon’s seed flooded her stomach, and she felt her belly swell as it’s normal capacity was reached and exceeded, growing larger than normal biology would allow.

The tingling feeling that she felt from Simon’s precum earlier returned tenfold, and she swore she could feel her breasts and ass beginning to swell along with her belly. She bloated and swelled as Simon’s cock continued to pour cum down her throat.

Simon’s cum kept flowing into Hannah in one long, continuous pump. She began to panic, realising she was running out of breath, when the flow mercifully stopped. Simon’s cock had shrunk as he came, just as he said it would, and his head had now retreated a few inches away from her face. Hannah coughed, swallowing down a mouthful of cum, and took a deep breath.

“Holy sh...” she started before Simon’s member tensed again, and she was blasted in the face by another round. Hannah raised her hands in a desperate attempt to shield herself as she was barraged by a fire hose of semen. She heard Simon crying with pleasure somewhere towards the opposite wall.

After several seconds of cum, the flow stopped again. Hannah shook off her hands and wiped her eyes, opening them to see that Simon’s cock had shrunk faster during the second spurt than the first. The tip of his over-engorged shaft sat a few feet away from her, on the edge of the bed. She barely had a second to wonder whether Simon’s ‘grow faster the bigger I am’ worked in reverse too, before the third round of cum shot forth.

This one hit Hannah in the chest, the force of it pushing her back into the wall. It lasted as long as the previous two had, and by the time it was over, Simon’s cock had retreated across the bed and was now jutting out from his crotch like a horizontal third leg. Hannah watched from her cum-drenched position against the wall as Simon’s face contorted in pleasure as he came again, spraying the floor in front of him with cum.

His package shrunk rapidly as he came, like a balloon deflating. He dropped onto his hands and knees as his cock retreated up his leg, his balls reducing to a more manageable size. He stayed on the ground, panting, face flushed for several moments before he looked up and across the bed at Hannah. His jaw dropped as he saw the woman across from her.

Hannah was sitting against the wall, completely drenched in Simon’s load. A swollen belly sat on her lap in front of her, making her look like she was pregnant with small village’s worth of

people. Two basketball sized breasts rested upon her stomach, swollen and heavy, shot glass sized nipples pulsing. Her hips and thighs had thickened out noticeably, and Simon could tell there was a swollen ass hiding underneath her torso.

He shakily got to his feet and walked around the bed, approaching her. She looked up at him and coughed, wiping cum from her lips. She adjusted herself on the ground and seemed surprised by the weight of her bloated form as everything wobbled. As he looked down at her, swollen and panting, covered in his cum, his cock twitched.

Hannah looked down at her bloated stomach and tits, and back up at Simon. She let out a weak laugh, grabbing a breast with one hand and rubbing her belly with the other.

"You're not actually into this, are you?" She asked.

Simon took a step towards her, grabbing his cock and moving it towards her mouth. She flushed red, clearly aroused but remaining indignant.

"Engorge." Simon said, letting out a groan as his cock swelled in his hand. "Engorge. Engorge. Engorge."

Hannah looked up at him as he moved his swelling cock to her mouth. "What are you - Mmmph!" She exclaimed as he placed it in her mouth and began to thrust.

"Nnnhgh... for kink shaming me," he said, panting as he thrust. Hannah looked up at him, dazed pleasure in her eyes.

"I'm making you as big as I want. Engorge!"