

Perfect for Each Other

Warning: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion, shemale, giantess growth*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you're here, so don't complain to me if it's not your thing.

- *Madam Materia*

Sam couldn't believe this place. Tucked away in the alleys down by the pier was the last place you'd expect to find anything other than moulding junk, yet here she was in what looked like a touristy knickknack shop. The eighteen-year-old couldn't remember how she found this place, it was just like it had called to her from a dream.

"Hello?" she called out, hearing the sound echo through the building.

There was a moment of silence, long enough for an unease to settle in. Then, a feminine voice sounded from the back. "No one going to get that?" it called out. When no reply came the sound of heeled steps started up.

Emerging from the back room came a redheaded woman, fixing a wide pointed hat atop her head. "Sorry for the delay," she piped up, "normally one of my employees covers the desk. Anyway, welcome to Madam Materia's Magical Menagerie. I am Madam Materia," she gestured to herself, placing a hand over the pale cleavage of her plump double Ds, "though just Matty is fine for customers. How can I help you today?"

Sam just blinked through her black bangs, flabbergasted at the whole little scene. Was this woman for real? Dressed like she just came from a Halloween party as a slutty witch and peddling- "Magical?" she questioned, like any sensible person would.

"Yes, magical," Matty answered with a small, enthused nod, resting her elbows on the counter as she sat down. "Mortals don't find this place unless there's something they need that, quote unquote, *real life*," she made an exaggerated pair of air quotes with the words, "fails to provide them. So, what is it that your heart desires that led you here?"

"What makes you think I desire anything?" Sam retorted, slipping her hands into the pockets of her denim jacket. It was true. Her mind always had one thing swimming through it, day in and day out. Her eyes drifted away as those thoughts once again pervaded her consciousness: her best friend Kassie.

The two had been friends since they were both young, not that anyone would ever guess it. Sam was a tomboy, always had been. Baggy, punky clothes always designed to dress down what modest feminine features she had; even those slowly being ground away as more and more physical activity slipped its way into her day to day and she built a bit of muscle. Dark hair cut short with just enough play and conceal her blue eyes. Kassie, in contrast, was your typical glam girl. The type who could get by in life purely on her looks and a wave of her golden blonde locks if she really wanted. They were like oil and water at a glance, but their support for one another was what drew them together.

Oil and water was how it was becoming though. When they entered high school, Sam felt it was time to come out. Admit to her best friend that she was gay and had over the years developed powerful feelings for her. Kassie... didn't share her orientation. To her, it had been just any other admission between friends, with a show of support and a friendly promise that nothing would change. After that, Sam didn't manage to get the second part out.

Some stranger didn't need to know any of that, however.

"I see. Unrequited love." Matty purred, wiggling back and forth in her seat.

Sam tensed, she hadn't said anything out loud, had she? "I never said-"

With a quick hand the witch silenced her. "Kids your age are easy to read. Like open books," the redhead said as she rose back up and walked around her counter to the shelves. She tapped a violet-painted nail against her bottom lip, scanning the myriad of seemingly random objects for something.

"Here we are." She drew a long thin box from the back, turning and presenting it to the tomboy in her shop. "This should bridge the disconnect for her; make you perfect for one another."

"I never said 'her'." Sam pointed out through a subconscious blush.

The strange woman just giggled softly. "Didn't have to. Like I said, you're an easy read, Sam."

She'd never mentioned her name either. This was starting to spook her, she was curious though, as one is when presented with the promise of their dreams. Her blue eyes drifted down to the box in her hands, and carefully she peeled the lid back to reveal-

"... A sex toy?" Sam groaned, feeling the hope that had dared to build up deflate as she looked upon it. Inside, a ten inches long dildo sat with a pair of underwear and straps to be worn. "Are you fucking kidding me?"

"I don't kid," Matty replied, walking back to her counter and taking her seat behind it. "That will give you exactly what you're asking for, I guarantee it," she finished with a wink.

The gay tomboy stood there, dumbfounded, looking back down at the toy before putting the lid back on. "Look, I can't afford it anyway."

The clerk simply waved her hand. "It's free, in the mortal sense anyway. Kassie's happiness will be more than enough payment," she smirked,

"I never said-" Sam started before being cut off again.

"I already told you, Sam," Matty grinned wide, the points of her canines appearing like fangs, "kids your age are easy to read."

The meeting at Madam Materia's festered in Sam's mind the rest of the day. She'd slipped into her room the moment she'd gotten home and hidden the toy under her bed to avoid confrontation with her parents. The rational part of her was playing it off, but that hopeful side couldn't help welling up in

her chest. The idea that maybe the odd woman was telling the truth, that she'd been given something that indeed could make Kassie feel the way she did.

That hope lingered, and her thoughts drifted to the toy throughout dinner. Excusing herself Sam slipped away for bed early, with a few worried words from her mother. She assured them she was alright, just a bit tired after a long day; which wasn't entirely untrue, riding her hopeful high.

Quietly she locked the door, slipping out of her clothes and tossing them into her laundry. Her eyes wandered to her shelf, where her favorite picture of her and Kassie rested. The two of them were smiling brightly, laughing as Kassie hung over Sam's shoulders. If she'd known then, maybe...

From there Sam drifted to her mirror, looking herself over. Her undercut black hair, her pert and perky chest, little more than a b-cup according to her last fitting, her petite waist and slender hips. Doubt set in. What hope would some dildo do? Kassie was straight, and uninterested in a girl like Sam that way. They were best friends, and that was all they'd ever be.

And yet, the waifish tomboy found herself fishing the long box out from under the bed. Setting it down on the sheets as she opened it up and stared at the phallic toy and its strappy harnesses. She could feel her heart beating heavy in her chest as she pulled out the undergarment, slipping her legs in and pulling it up. They fit snugly, much more comfortably than she figured they would with the support and ring to slip the toy through; which was the next thing on her mind as she nervously pulled the huge rubber phallus out of its box. She hadn't noticed before, but it was fairly realistic, even having a pair of balls molded into its base; probably to keep it secure through the loop.

Carefully she pulled the front of the underwear out, slipping the tip through the ring and all the way through. As everything snapped into place, Sam couldn't help but let out a horny sigh at the feeling of it butting on her clit. She certainly hadn't expected it would feel so good.

She took a moment to look at herself in the mirror again, naked save for the panties holding the ten-inch monster of a fake cock up and pointing out from her waist accusingly. A hand reached down to grasp it, moaning softly at the feeling of it brushing against her. Even if guys weren't her thing, she was getting turned on by the sensations. Signs of a good sex toy, if nothing else.

There was no point tormenting herself. She had this thing and it felt good, she may as well try it. She wasn't about to fake jerk to herself, however. Walking to her desk in the corner she sat herself down, one hand still idly stroking up and down the faux dick. Double checking she'd locked the door she opened her laptop and an incognito window, browsing through her bookmarks to some of her favorites. Within seconds her screen lit up with images. Girls over eight feet tall, some with breasts like their heads and figures that just exaggerated their size all the more. Many of them were blonde, like Kassie, and it was easy for Sam to slip into the realm of imagination, replacing the artist's characters with her friend as she jerked the dildo up and down, feeling the way it stimulated her clit like an extension.

Within a minute she felt her breath quickening, her cheeks growing warm and flush as she felt her climax approaching. Her lips pantomimed a kiss as she imagined herself in Kassie's oversized arms, breasts pressing up against her as-

With a moan Sam's back arched and she came, feeling the heat rush through her and the twitching of her sex, until she felt a warmth dripping over her knuckles.

Her eyes shot open at the weird feeling, and she stared down at herself. Past her breasts to the warm cock between her fingers. Fresh, white cum splattered across her wall, the underside of her desk, and of course her hand. "The fuck!?" she screamed, whipping her hand away and further adding to the mess as the hot seed splattered the floor.

Rising she tore at the underwear, trying to pull them off and wincing as the softening dick between her legs caught in the ring. She was panicking, watching as the garment pulled away and revealed the toy fused to her, perfectly matching her skin tone like she'd always had it.

"Is everything alright Sam?" her mother's voice came with a knock on the door, snapping Sam to reality for a moment.

What could she say? A strange woman gave me a sex toy that turned into a dick on me. "Y-yeah, everything's fine," Sam stammered as she tried to think.

"Is it something you need your father for?" her mother asked calmly.

"No mom." Sam replied quickly as the cock softened, hanging with the new balls adorning her pelvis.

Sam's mother just nodded on the other side of the door. "Okay sweetie," she said softly, "You know we're both here if you need anything." A small bit of reassurance before stepping away. Sometimes it felt like she never knew what to do as the parent of an intersex daughter.

Inside the room Sam was pacing. She needed to fix this. Tomorrow, after school, she'd go back to that Matty chick and demand she reverse all this. She'd wear the baggiest pants she owned, so no one would notice, and just try to keep to herself. No one would be any the wiser.

Her heart still pounding, the recently minted hermaphrodite got into a pair of pajamas, shuddering at the feeling of the fabric brushing against her sensitive head. She couldn't keep from looking down, seeing the bulge she was making in the front of her pants and blushing. She'd think better after some sleep.

Slipping into the bathroom she stole some toilet paper to clean up her mess, a whole half-roll unfortunately, and got ready for bed. In all the commotion she didn't notice the picture of her and Kassie on her shelf. The two were still smiling as best friends, but there was an obvious bulge in Sam's pants that hadn't been there just a few moments ago.

And yet, had always been there.



The worst feeling in the world is thinking someone knows your secret. Sam's shoulders were arched high, making her shirt ride up on her midriff as she wandered through the school halls. Nothing was any different than normal, as far as they seemed to know, just the typical ignorance of the semi-popular tomboy with the occasional "Hello," from classmates.

It had been a weird morning. The first thing Sam had noticed was that all her underwear had changed to accommodate the new meat she was packing. It was good to be comfortable, but at the same time it was an awkward new feeling walking around with a dick between her legs. The other was her parents. They were awkwardly silent during breakfast, exchanging looks and asking if she was okay. To which, of course, she lied. It seemed like neither of them knew what to say to her.

There wasn't time to linger on it though. Her focus needed to be on getting through the school day and then down to the pier to see Matty. Things are never so easy.

"Hey Sam!" a familiar voice hailed her. The hung girl's heart skipped a beat as she turned, catching the eye of the object of her affections.

Kassie waved to her, a smile on her beautiful face as she stood there surrounded by her other friends. The blonde could be queen of the school if she wanted. Prettiest by far with long slender legs and her glowing blonde locks hanging perfectly straight to her mid-back. Even with her books held to her chest, the curve of her full breasts pressed up towards her chin and strained her top. Her pert bottom was pushed up, even in flats she was a few inches taller than most of the girls, and it all came together to make her stand out. And yet she still chose Sam, her childhood friend, as her best.

Sam blushed lightly. Kassie was the last person she wanted to see today and have to lie to and avoid. "Hey Kass," she replied back as naturally as she could manage, slouching forward to keep everything hidden.

The tall blonde glided over on her long steps, opening her arms and pulling Sam into a tight hug. Her immodest boobs, just a size or so bigger than Sam's on paper, but with her height... They were squished into Sam's arm as the tomboy did her best to stay small, feeling the rush of heat to her loins at the contact.

"Is everything okay?" Kassie asked with genuine concern in her voice, "You didn't meet me out front like normal, I was worried maybe you were sick."

"I-I'm fine," Sam told her, feeling each beat of her heart throbbing to her cock. "Just... Occupied," she said with a blush as she looked away, unable to keep her eyes from wandering.

Kassie frowned at her friend's words, reaching out and resting a hand on her arm. "Hey, you know I'm here for you if you need anything," she assured her.

The sound of the school bell cut off their conversation, the beauty of Sam's dreams pulling her books back up. "I've got to get going to practice. See you at lunch?"

"Of course," Sam replied with a nervous smile. She couldn't turn her friend down, even if she wanted to.

And even just that little promise had Kassie smiling, as she turned with a wave. "Alright, I'll see you then!" she affirmed before skipping off.

Sam just watched, hunched over lightly and feeling like she was sweating bullets. She felt the tightness in her pants from just that small interaction, her erection straining even her roomy underwear. It would be impossible to hide like this, she'd have to relieve herself to calm down. Bolting down the hall, she did her best to avoid anyone and made her way to the washrooms.

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Kassie stretched herself out, feeling her cheerleading outfit snuggle properly into place on her body as she arced to the side to begin limbering up.

“Don’t you think it’s about time you stopped hanging out with Sam?” one of the other cheerleaders piped up, “It’s only damaging your rep to keep being her friend.”

The blonde just rolled her eyes in response. “We’ve been over this Deb: I don’t care. Sam’s been my friend since we were kids, I’m not going to ditch her just because you all don’t like her.”

Deb pouted, crossing her arms. “It’s not that we don’t like her,” she replied, “but like, she’s not a proper girl right? It’s weird.”

“Can we stop talking about this?” Kassie hissed back, an obvious venom in her words. “Sam’s as much a girl as anyone on the squad, and I’m not going to listen to you bad mouthing her!”

Raising her hands defensively Deb backed off. “Wow, sorry,” she apologized, jumping to the next topic like a frightened doe. “I heard you and James went out last weekend.”

Kassie offered a shrug, inciting a knowing smirk from Deb. “I know that answer. Didn’t measure up to your needs?” she goaded her teammate.

The tall beauty just raised her hands in a mock measurement of about six inches.

“Seriously? That’s not enough for you?” Deb retorted.

Again, Kassie just shrugged. “What can I say?” she asked rhetorically. “I’m a big girl, I need a big boy,” she told her as she finished up with one last stretch and a couple taps of the toe of her shoes on the linoleum. “What about you?”

Deb grinned, excited to share her own weekend experiences. “Well, I managed to get with-“

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Sam slammed herself into a stall, her breathing heavy as she nervously fumbled with the lock before it clicked and sealed her in. She could feel her cockhead pressing at her jeans, begging for release. “Fuck!” she cursed to herself, fumbling with her button and zipper. Freed, her dick bounced out at full mast, a small wet spot dotting her underwear from her arousal it was so bad.

Never in her life had she felt this turned on before. Did all boys have it this bad? She couldn’t help but wonder. There was no way she could keep going today with this thing, she had to relieve herself! Making sure she couldn’t hear anyone else in the bathroom with her she pulled her bottoms down, watching her cock throb for attention in the open air. Despite that, and the hot blood coursing through her, she was still nervous in wrapping her hand around it. Once it was there though, she couldn’t help gasping at the sensation. It felt even better than last night.

Slowly she stroked up and down, gauging what felt best and eventually settling on short thrusts around the head. Her breaths were coming hot and heavy, and she could feel her hard nipples rubbing against her bra, adding to the pleasure shooting in waves through her. Soon one hand was tightly clutching the seat for support as the other frantically worked her new dick over. She felt droplets of moisture coating her hand, making each pump slicker than the last as she tried to keep her moaning under her breath.

It was coming. Sam could feel the heat rising to her face as her cock swelled in her hand. Her new balls tightened, and in a frantic action that took all her euphoric concentration to muster she pointed her tip down. Her thick jizz blasted into the toilet bowl, nearly slipping up the side and staining the water with suspended ropes of wispy white. She felt blast after blast flow through her, catching her breath in her throat as the arousal finally started to die down.

Finished, she let out a sigh and slumped back against the seat to recover, one hand still gripped her meat even as it started to soften between her fingers.

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“Well, I managed to get with-“ Deb paused, as if the thought changed within her head as she was letting it out, “Sam,” she told Kassie with a wry little grin.

The head cheerleader let out a whine at that revelation. “Really?”

With a little nod Deb affirmed it. “Yeah, and she’s as big as the rumors say,” she teased with a naughty smirk, holding her hands up to mock the size.

The blonde let out a jealous whimper, folding her arms under her bust. “How come everyone gets their chance with her but me?” Kassie wondered aloud.

“You put yourself in the friend zone,” Deb pointed out. “You’ve been friends since you were both little, it’s hard to get over that kind of closeness.”

Kassie couldn’t really do anything but pout. It was true, she’d lodged herself firmly in the friend zone with the most hung slut in school. “Maybe I just need to let her know I want it?” she suggested. “Could you make sure *‘the spot’* is free at lunch?”

Deb’s grin grew wider at the request. “Seriously?” she questioned, “you’re such a slut, Kass!” she teased the blonde, but gave a little wiggle. “I can make sure you’ve got a few minutes with her,” she promised with a wink that brought a smile to Kassie’s face big enough to hurt her cheeks.

“Thanks Deb, you’re the best,” she chirped, though even her excited high had a measure of cautious pessimism to it. “I just hope she doesn’t turn me down.”

“You’re top of the social ladder, Kassie,” Deb assured her, “if you put yourself to it, you can get any guy you want. Just cause Sam’s a babe doesn’t change that.”

Kassie just wiggled excitedly, the curves of her body bouncing in tandem. “Thanks, I owe you.”

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Sam could barely believe what she'd just done. Was she really so much of a pervert she had to jerk off not just in a public washroom, but just because her best friend rubbed up against her slightly? Shame, embarrassment... just a few of the emotions running through her as she crept out of the stall. Her only solace: the fact no one had wandered in and caught her.

Quietly she snuck herself into class, thankful she'd managed to get in under the teacher's notice and slipped into an open seat near the back. She could do it; she could make it through this.

"Hey Sam," a voice whispered from the seat next to her.

More out of curiosity than anything Sam turned, catching the eyes of the cute brunette addressing her. "Um... hi?" Sam replied as the girl nibbled on her lip, fluttering her eyelashes. The tomboy didn't quite understand what a girl like this was talking to her at all for; normally someone this cute would have simply ignored her.

She'd get her answer though as the brunette pulled out her phone, texting away with a mischievous little sway of her shoulders.

Sam's phone vibrated in her pocket, right next to her softened dick and making her blush pink. Still riding her curiosity, she fished it out, keeping it under the desk so their teacher wouldn't notice. The brunette just watched, wiggling impatiently in her seat as Sam opened it up.

Her face went absolutely crimson, the heat and blood making its way back into her member. "*Wanna come back to my place after school? I wanna take another ride. ;)*" Attached with it was a picture of the girl, Jessica if the contact name was any clue, with her top off, breasts pressed tightly together with her forearms to create a little cleavage.

Frantically Sam backed out of it, crossing her legs to try and hide her growing hard on. It wasn't any help, as backing out revealed she had dozens of messages from girls with similar. Sexy selfies, requests and offers for sex, details about encounters Sam had no memory of. There were even ones from girls she knew like Deb, and several of the other popular social heads; she was even pretty sure she saw a teacher in there somewhere.

She turned her phone off before things got worse, shoving it into her desk so as not to tempt herself further with looking. Jessica seemed to have gotten the reaction she'd been going for, considering the giggle she let out. "Let me know!" she whispered with a wink, trying to give the lesson some of her attention.

"Will do!" Sam replied, avoiding stumbling as she tried not to be rude. Things were getting awkward again. She had to keep herself under control! How was getting through one day with a dick this hard? An inadvertent double entendre as she took in a deep breath, trying to focus on anything but the rock-solid distraction in her pants.

Class though refused to do anything but crawl by. Ninety minutes felt like an eternity as Sam sweated what felt like rivers in her seat. She managed at least to settle her erection down a little bit, so

when the bell rang, she only rose slightly hunched to keep inconspicuous. The whole walk to her second period she got sultry looks and waves from girls she recognized not from their faces, but from their pictures currently filling her phone. It was like being a stranger in her own life, suddenly the center of attention for all these girls she previously could have only hoped were gay. Then again, none of them were Kassie.

Another class dragged agonizingly by, Sam tapping her pencil on her desk impatiently as she watched the clock. The day wasn't half over, and she'd gotten three explicit offers for sex. Maybe she could slip away to the pier during her lunch hour? She had to see Matty and fix this! Eventually the lunch bell rang, sounding like the hymn of an angel setting her free, and Sam collected up her books; settled on this new course of action.

"Hey Sam!" Kassie's voice sounded over the crowded hallway.

The dark-haired tomboy stopped dead, feeling the redness in her face once more. The memory of her promise to Kassie pushed itself back to the front of her mind. She turned, putting on something of an embarrassed smile, especially with what she'd done after their last meeting. "Hey Kass," she replied, her head racing to think of some excuse to excuse herself.

There was a bounce in the blonde's step as she cleared the distance between them, and a determined little smirk on her face. "Where do you think you're off to?" she teased her friend, her heart thumping in her chest with nervous excitement.

"I was just-" Sam started, still working on her getaway. There wasn't time to formulate anything though as Kassie took her by the hand.

Sam looked up to find Kassie's ocean-blue eyes shining in the dim hall light as she spoke. "I was wondering if we could get a minute to speak. Alone."

It was like the world stopped dead, Sam's heart sinking in her chest. "O-okay," she stammered out, at once terrified and lost as her mind raced.

"Awesome. Follow me!" Kassie was a blur of motion, turning on her heel and practically dragging her childhood friend along.

A dozen dark thoughts danced in Sam's mind. Had she done something wrong? Was this about the other girls bombarding Sam's phone? Or worse. If other girls knew about it, maybe Kassie did, and was going to break it off with her because of it?

Kassie on the other hand was a woman on a mission, weaving them through the halls to their destination. She finally pulled the pair into the old stairwell on the east side of the school. It was dead quiet, and there was the faintest smell lingering in the air. It was difficult to place under what had to be dozens of cleanings, bleach being something of a miracle worker in that regard. At least stopped, Sam caught her breath and leaned on the wall for support. Her heart was still racing, making speaking nearly impossible as she looked up to her close friend.

There was a small pause, as the blonde beauty's own heart was keeping pace and she toyed with her cascading locks. Her friend knew where this place was, so she'd hoped the implication would be enough to speak for her. After a minute of silence dismissed that notion, she piped up.

“So, how come everyone else gets it but me?”

Gets it? Sam didn't quite understand, pushing herself up on the wall to reply, only to be cut off as Kassie went on.

“Is it cause we've been friends so long? Do you just not see me the way you see other girls?”

Sam was starting to put it together. At least she thought she was, as her mind painted the picture and her body replied, cock rising and starting to tent her pants. “It's not like that-” she tried to respond, to explain. Kassie was already on the move though.

She'd spotted the rock-hard response to the situation, quickly getting to her knees. Her hands went to work. She unzipped Sam's jeans, the tomboy blushing profusely as she watched her prior fantasies playing out. Well, not quite perfectly. “Come on Sam. Let me show you how much I want it!” Kassie purred as she popped the button with trained precision. Sam's cock flopped out instantly, luckily restrained by her underwear or it would have smacked the blonde across the face; though if it had, one had to wonder if the girl would have cared.

“Oh wow,” Kassie cooed at the sight, peeling the pre-stained garment away to see Sam's meat in all its glory. Immediately her hand wrapped around the base, giving it long strokes to ensure it got to its full hardness. “The other girls weren't kidding, it's huge!” There was a smile creeping onto those soft lips as she sized it up, watching the clear droplets of arousal glisten at its tip.

Sam, meanwhile, was speechless. Too clouded by arousal and physical stimulation from what was happening. Touching herself had been one thing but someone else, especially Kassie, was euphoric. Her fingers curled against the wall, and she felt her member jumping in Kassie's hand eagerly.

It didn't remain unattended for long. The ravenous beauty's mouth opened wide, and Sam was left gasping at the velvet feeling of her dear friend's lips wrapping around the head of her dick. The blonde let out a soft moan that rocked the hermaphrodite's world, making her head toss back as Kassie slid down her length. Inch after inch disappeared into her friend's mouth, until she felt the tip hitting against the back of the cheerleader's throat. Then, slowly, she withdrew, dragging her lips back along as her tongue caressed tightly along the underside of its shaft.

Kassie's blue eyes flitted upwards, locking into Sam's as she dipped down on her cock again. Her hand slid down until only her fingers were holding it straight. Then, with practiced grace, she took it all the way into her throat.

It barely took a minute. Sam couldn't hold it anymore, and with a deep moan one hand curled into her beloved's blonde locks and she blew her load. Shot after shot of hot cum filled Kassie's throat and mouth, as the blonde moaned heartily in response, keeping her lips sealed tightly to not lose a drop. The tomboy was seeing stars as she rode the climax out, but she was pulled from the euphoria when she felt Kassie's head pushing up against her hand.

Her first thought was her friend trying to stand, so quickly Sam had removed her hand back to the wall. Looking down however, Kassie was still holding onto her shaft, humming softly as her tongue massaged along it to milk every last bit of seed it had to offer.

Content she was finished, the blonde beauty brushed a stray strand of her long hair over her ear and disengaged. "Thanks, I needed that," she chuckled, finally getting to her feet.

Having known her practically her whole life, Sam immediately noticed the differences in her friend. At first, she may have played them off as her overactive, perverted, imagination, but no. Kassie's breasts were fuller, probably a whole cup size larger than normal, and she was standing maybe two or three inches taller from the way those full orbs were encroaching on the tomboy's vision.

She was going to say something when the towering beauty dipped down, lips pressing against Sam's in an affectionate kiss. "Should hopefully tide me over until we get back to my place tonight," she giggled mischievously.

Her place? Sam was still hazy after having just come, and subsequently gotten a kiss from the love of her life, but she had to express her confusion. "Your place?" she managed her reply through her red cheeks.

Kassie just chuckled, covering her mouth cutely. "Yeah, silly," she teased. "I told you my parents are away for the week. Perfect for us to spend some quality time together, instead of always hiding behind closed doors."

Sam's heart skipped a beat, even as her mind was racing. "Right!" she chuckled back, playing along as to not question this gift horse, "Sorry."

The blonde just smiled, leaning in and giving the hung tomboy another kiss, which this time Sam was able to properly return. "Cool, I'll see you then, cutie," she purred, stepping out of the stairwell and leaving Sam on shaky legs as she did up her pants.



Lunch came and went for everyone else. All this strangeness had Sam spending the hour trying to piece everything together. Her trip through the halls had way less flirting this time around, not that there wasn't some. There were also way fewer messages on her phone from horny girls. As best she could tell it was because she and Kass were dating and had been for a few weeks now. The two of them had alternate accounts on most social media labeled as "*after dark*", where there were pictures of the two of them Sam had no memory of. There were ones at clubs making out, on the milder end, and others with Kassie on her knees wearing a facial from Sam's cock just barely visible in the corner of the shot. They were a pair of right cam-sluts.

The other revelation Sam came to was Kassie's new body. She'd browsed back through a few of the pictures from their youth to find that apparently, this was always how Kass had developed. Little things she remembered like when she went with Kass to get her first bra were now replaced with her friend's larger size. Even if Sam still remembered them differently, the world didn't.

All of it had her wondering about what Matty had said. For as uncomfortable as all this had started, she had what she wanted. She had Kassie, and they were both happy. Maybe this thing between her legs wasn't so bad after all? Plus, the bonus of a little more of her to love was nice. The thought of those now-D's had gotten Sam hot and bothered at the idea of seeing her friend, or rather

girlfriend, after school. She could enjoy all this a little bit longer, then go see Matty in a day or two to fix things. Or maybe after this week of Kassie's parents being gone.

The agony of wait had shifted from nervous fear to giddy excitement as Sam watched the clock. She nearly jumped out of her seat when the bell finally rang, quickly collecting her things and rushing to the front of the school where she awaited her girlfriend.

As Kassie came out the front doors, the hermaphrodite felt her pants tighten. She was radiant, bag slung over her shoulder with her chest presented proudly. She was joking with friends, gliding on her long legs as her skirt gave peeks of her smooth thighs with each step. With a wave she dismissed her entourage and carried herself over to Sam with a warm smile. "Ready to go?"

She didn't need to say any more. "Yes!" Sam replied quickly, awkwardly shifting on her feet to try and keep her erection hidden from the crowds.

Clearly fruitless from the way Kassie giggled, eyes flitting down and back up with kitten-like mischief. "I can tell," she teased, biting her lip with her own obvious anticipation. "Alright then," her voice was a sultry coo, as she wrapped her arms around the tomboy and resting her heavy breasts on her lover's shoulder, "let's head home!"

Sam didn't need to be told twice. The same excitement from this afternoon rose to a crescendo with each step closer to Kassie's place. By the time they got to the door she was ready to burst; and Kassie seemed to know it.

The blonde pulled her tomboy lover into her arms, pressing their lips together and slipping her tongue through the barrier as one hand fished for her keys. Sam responded in kind, closing her eyes to savour the feeling as her hands reached around to cup her partner's rear. It was like a dream come true as they stumbled through the door, Kassie only stopping their make out long enough to shut them in and start dragging her well-hung prize up the stairs.

Kassie wanting her so fiercely was Sam's fantasies realized, and her new addition couldn't hide it. She was straining her pants so much it was painful, as she was continually dragged towards her old friend's room. Or she thought that was where they were going. As she took a step towards that haven, she'd been to so many times as a friend, Kassie stopped her, a small smirk on her lips. "I told you, my parents are gone," she teased, taking Sam by the hands and leading her up the hall to the master bedroom.

Sam didn't think her heart could beat any faster, not without potentially exploding from her chest. She wasn't in any mood to protest, letting herself be strung along towards her coming bliss.

The blonde had it all planned. Pushing the door open to the larger bedroom she pulled Sam in and pushed the hung girl onto the bed. That kitten grin had returned, her eyes locking onto the straining bulge at the front of her partner's pants. Licking those sweet lips she crawled over on her knees, reaching up and undoing the tomboy's poor pants to let the monster out.

Sam could only let out a relieved sigh before Kassie was on her, peeling her underwear away and taking the tip of it into her mouth with a moan. Her toes curled at the warm feeling once more enveloping her cockhead, but it was short lived. A quick dip down and Kassie already popped back off, stroking Sam's meat to make sure it stayed at peak.

“Are you ready?” the minx teased, her eyes shooting up to meet her lover’s. She clearly wasn’t waiting for an answer, rising back to her feet and taking a step back as she slowly peeled her top off over her head.

Those new pristine boobs bounced from the motion, drawing Sam’s undivided attention. It took all she had to simply nod. No point asking questions this time. After twice this afternoon Sam didn’t really care if she knew what Kassie intended, or what they’d probably discussed. Whatever it was, Sam knew she wanted it.

Kassie gave a giggle that jostled her tits in her bra. “Well then, strip for me big boy!” she teased before catching herself. “Sorry, big girl,” she corrected, legitimate worry etched into her voice.

Sam was already working on her pants, sitting up as the comment settled in. If Kass had always had those more than a handful knockers, she supposed the same must be true of this cock of hers. If girls wanted it before, it made enough sense that her gender identity had probably been a point of contention over her life at one time. She could understand Kass’s concern over such a simple slip up. She was also far too horny to worry about it.

“It’s alright,” Sam assured her as she kicked her pants aside and started working on her top, yanking it off over her head.

In just that split second of blindness Kassie had disappeared, leaving the naked hermaphrodite to turn and find her lips once again entangled with her childhood crush’s. The tall blonde’s giggle of amusement was adorable, even as she drifted away and pulled up a bottle of lube and a condom into Sam’s view.

The tomboy could do nothing but blush, leaving Kassie to roll her eyes. “I know you want to go bare, I want it too, but I can’t take that risk on our first time.”

Her blush deepened at the implication. “O-of course,” she agreed as her cock throbbed excitedly.

With a smile Kassie leaned in once more to give her partner a kiss. “Thanks,” she purred, bringing the condom up in two fingers. “So, want to put it on, or shall I?” she teased with a devious grin.

“You,” Sam answered, feeling the tint in her cheeks. She didn’t want to admit she had no idea how to use one; it wasn’t ever something she had to worry about before.

That seemed to be the answer Kassie was looking for anyway, as her playful grin widened. With a wiggle she crawled up on the bed, biting the rubber open and slipping it between her lips. She caught Sam watching, giving her lover a little wink before moving up on the tomboy. Dipping down she kissed the throbbing tip, using her tongue to get everything in place before dipping down with a moan that had its owner squirming. Hitting her limit she withdrew, reaching up and rolling it the rest of the way down the girl’s huge package.

“There,” she purred contentedly, still grinning as her look flitted back up to Sam. “It’s a tight fit,” she teased as she stroked up and down the shaft. It wasn’t quite the same through the barrier, but its dark-haired bearer was still gasping at the feeling; the positive reinforcement driving the blonde on.

Once more back to her feet Kassie had a sway to her hips, looping her thumbs into her skirt and pulling it tantalizingly down her legs. She made a show of bending down, giving Sam a full view of her rear and the smoothness of her skin. The cheerleader was clean shaven as well from the wetness, the deep stain outlining her sex through her panties.

Sam was a squirming mess. She'd imagined this moment a million times over, and it was happening. Kassie reached around her back, undoing her bra and letting her breasts free. Each perfect sphere was capped with a soft rosy nipple on a flat plane of pink, already hard with arousal as she bit her lip, showing off for her hard mate by pressing her breasts between her arms. She was just as excited for the real show, moving on and peeling out of her bottoms off to join her partner in the nude.

There was no more waiting. Kassie pounced back onto the bed, straddling over Sam so that rock hard cockhead was pressed against her toned core and took her girlfriend into a kiss. A free hand went for the lube, nearly losing it in the excitement. "I've been waiting for this," she moaned between kisses, her voice husky with need.

"Me too," Sam replied, her hands riding up the blonde's sides, savouring the smooth feeling of her skin. Her fingertips grazed over Kass' breasts, gliding until they found those perfect nipples and rolled them with her thumbs.

The busty girl gasped, pressing her chest forward to let her girlfriend play as she wished while she squirted the lube into her palm. Kass went to work, lathering the wrapped meat until it shone in the room light. Then, without warning, she dove back in, taking Sam's lips as she started to line everything up. Even lubed and with how wet she was, it still took a grunt of effort as the tip spread her labia.

"You're so big," she commented, biting her lip as she started trying to descend on the steel phallus between her legs.

Sam herself let out a moan, her fingers curling into the blonde's supple breast flesh as she felt her folds wrapping her tip. Reflexively her hips bucked forward, making Kassie gasp again as another inch of meat was unceremoniously rammed into her. Both loved it, as the tall bombshell kissed her lover hard, gripping the sheets for balance as the tomboy thrust again, sinking deeper into her tight muff.

If heaven existed for Sam, it was this moment, as she bottomed out into her dream girl. As close as the two could be, hard nipples pressing into pliant flesh as the blonde rode up and down her rock-hard member. It was over what felt like all too soon, as Sam felt her sensitivity crescendoing. She held Kassie close, fingers digging into her friend's back as she gasped for breaths, thrusting deep with all she had and feeling the condom balloon with her warm climax as the peak was crossed. Kassie reached it with that, moaning lewdly and pulling Sam by the hair into a rough, passionate kiss as her inner walls wrung the cock filling her for every drop it would offer. Then, slowly, things loosened.

Sam was busy panting for air, working through the haze of her finish as she felt the weight on her increasing. The bed made a shallow groaning creak beneath them as Kassie's thankful kisses moved up the tomboy's face. From her lips, to her nose, then over her eyelids, finally ending at her forehead. Meanwhile the blonde's breasts crept up Sam's chest, tweaking the tomboy's smaller nipples as her own flicked over them. Her already generous bosom swelled up, compressed between their bodies and pressing at the smaller girl's chin.

It finally snapped the dazed girl attention, her hands drifting down and resting on Kassie's now wider hips. The blonde let out a happy sigh, rising up with Sam's softening member still inside her and brushed her bangs from her face. And the tomboy was practically hardening again at the sight.

Kassie was towering even taller than before. Just the simple motion of sitting up had her tits bouncing softly on her chest, looking almost out of place on the cheerleader's thinner frame, or else entirely fake. The way her erect nipples jutted forth however, and the natural bounce each orb had, made the latter idea preposterous. With the sweat coating her body and making her shine, her jaw-dropping figure looked like it had been ripped straight from a model deserving of the centerfold.

And the longer she looked, the harder Sam was already getting.

The absolute diva giggled, grinning as she felt the throb of her partner within her. "So eager," she teased, leaning down and needing to arch herself to meet Sam's lips with her new height. "We'll have to go another round after dinner," her voice was a hungry purr in Sam's ear, less an offer and more a promise as she gave her hung mate a nip that had the tomboy shuddering in excitement.

"Sounds good," the reply was barely cohesive from her post orgasm, and now additionally lust-filled, haze. It somehow made it out of her lips though.

And with another cute little chuckle Kassie gave her dazed partner a kiss, moaning softly into her lips as she rose up off that hefty cock. "I can't wait until tomorrow," she cooed, "I'll be fully on my birth control so we can finally do away with the condoms." Her smile turned into a teasing grin at that, and she leaned back in to the tomboy's ear. "I'll get to feel that thick cock of yours without barriers, and have your hot load dripping out of me."

Gay, Sam had never really been into that kind of thing. Hearing the way Kassie talked about it, the raw animal lust and unbound excitement, had Sam fully throbbing and dribbling pre once more; especially knowing it was about her. "Can't wait!" A bit of her vigor managed to return, letting her plant a kiss of her own on the blonde's cheek.

It was true. Watching Kassie get up it was clear the girl had jumped past the six-foot range. She quickly collected her underwear, leaving Sam with another raging erection as the curvy amazon slipped away to prep dinner for them.

Alone Sam bit her lip, starting to collect herself to the best of her abilities, which was not an easy task with the new image of Kass dominating her thoughts.

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A quick browse of her phone confirmed everything. Though Sam had come into this encounter with Kass as their first time, now that it was over she had evidence they'd been fucking for a few weeks; and in a relationship even longer. Just last month they had gone to the clinic to get tested and get her some birth control so that they could be closer, and indeed they'd set up this week-long date while her parents were away to celebrate the approaching safe day.

The tomboy was still rocking a hard-on, nude in the bathroom after having tossed the used condom and reading through the back-and-forth flirting and teasing between Kass and herself. The past twenty-four hours had raised questions, and Sam was starting to put the pieces together.

Kass had grown after sex, which was the most obvious change, but in doing so everything had changed around that moment. The same had occurred during the stairwell blowjob earlier, something which as far as Sam could tell hadn't actually happened today, since she had texts talking about other things they'd done throughout the week. After they finished Kass grew, and everything was changing.

The more Sam thought about it, the more it made some sense. When she jerked off this thing in the first place it had become part of her, and then after her session in the school bathroom suddenly everyone knew and was all over her. She'd changed into the school bicycle.

Looking down between her legs her cock stood accusing. How had Matty said it? *"This should bridge the disconnect... Make you perfect for one another."* This was what Kass wanted? All it took to go from best friend to the girlfriend she wanted to be. And every time she used it, Kass was becoming more the fantasy she had wet dreams about.

Just thinking about it had Sam's dick jumping excitedly.

She could feel her heart beating heavy in her throat and the sweat on her brow. Was this so bad then? She had what she'd always wanted and more. Could she live with a dick for that? Maybe she could just go a little further with it. Make Kassie grow a little more, then go see Matty to fix things tomorrow. After all, when would she get this kind of opportunity again?

Of course, if nothing else she had to see if her theory was right. Swallowing thickly, she wrapped her free hand around her length, making it twitch in her hand. Both at the idea of Kassie growing again and the fact that, if this worked, she and Kass would be riding bare tonight.

Downstairs, Kass was in the kitchen wearing just her panties and bra for comfort. She was a big girl, and hauling around a pair of F-cups on her slender frame was a nightmare on her back to go braless for too long. She was glad though she had Sam, who even when they were young was there for her. When the other kids made fun of her for being so tall... It was almost like they were a pair of misfits, so when Sam finally confided in her about her penis Kassie knew she'd be the one; especially when she grew so hung. Just thinking about it had Kass nearly drooling. She was a big girl, and needed someone big enough to satisfy her.

Enough of her horniness though. She needed to prep a decent dinner for her and her girlfriend. As great as the sex had been for the past few months, she wasn't going to be able to keep a girl like Sam with just sex. She'd need to be a good partner in every aspect.

"Alright, dinner," she said to herself, heading into the fridge for the pair of chicken breasts she'd put aside for tonight. More than enough for the two of them with a side.

Sam bit her lip to hold back her moan, jacking her cock as fast as she could and feeling the moment of truth coming as she read through her conversations with Kass. Looked at the exchanged nudes she teased her with over the past weeks. At the back of her mind was a more rational self, telling her what she was doing was wrong. However, the horny girl getting her fetish fed was loud enough to drown it out.

With a grunt and a gasp Sam's core tightened. Her monster jumped in her hand, spraying another heavy load as she did her best to keep it contained. There wasn't any turning back now, as she checked her phone to see if her theory was correct.

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This would be more than enough for them with a side. The thought lingered at the edge of Kassie's mind, stagnant, like the world had slowed down a minute.

Oblivious to it, her height was creeping up, eye level rising past the doors to the cupboards until she could easily see on top of the fridge. Her underwear strained as her rear swelled, thickening her thighs with her new size and pulling them up into her crack. Her already large bra dug into her shoulders, and the cups began to overflow above and below giving her a deep cleavage. And then, in a split second, her clothes adjusted to fit.

In her hands were a quartet of chicken breasts. She would easily eat three on her own, hopefully one would be enough for her Sammie. She knew Kass was a big girl with a big appetite, especially with the growth spurts she'd been going through since puberty.

Fishing through the cupboards she got everything ready and put it in the oven. Now to set the table. She made her way from the kitchen to the dining room on long strides, ducking her head under the doorframe so she wouldn't hit her head.

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Sam couldn't keep from grinning while she flicked through her history to confirm everything. She'd been right, and the new pics in her phone of Kass were mouth watering. After two so quick climaxes her member was finally spent and softening, something she didn't think she'd be disappointed by. Oh well. The excitement of taking her giant beauty bare would have her ready to go when the time came.

Since Kass had left downstairs in only her underthings, it was only fair for Sam to do the same. She fished around for wherever her panties had fallen and hoisted them up her legs, for once excited at the sight of the monstrous bulge at their front. This thing was letting her live a fantasy normal people could only dream about.

She thought about putting her bra on too but concluded she was the male of the relationship. Why did she need one? It'd just be more to take off later. So, in just her bottoms she slipped down to join her amazonian lover.

As Sam crept down the stairs she caught sight of Kassie, bent over in front of the oven looking in with her perfect heart shaped ass up in the air. Such a mouth-watering sight, hugged tightly by pink panties that outlined that perfect sex beneath. Sam could already feel that tingle in her loins starting up again.

Keeping quiet she snuck up behind the blonde, winding up and giving that tempting rear a healthy slap that echoed through the kitchen and made Kass bolt upright with a startled gasp, nearly smacking her head on the vent hood. She turned with a playful glower, looking down at her small partner past her hefty bosom. She was more than a head and a half taller than the tomboy, leaving Sam with an eye-level view of those heavy tits.

As nice a view as it was though, it wasn't what the hung girl was going for. She reached up, hooking her fingers into Kass' massive bra and tugged her down.

The grin on the amazon's face couldn't be denied, as her lover's tug squished her enormous breasts together for a deep cleavage. She followed the pull obediently, bending down as Sam brought her in for an impassioned kiss. "You're lucky I love you. I'd flatten anyone else who tried to pull that stunt," Kassie teased.

"I know," Sam teased her right back, giving her another kiss to her perfect partner before letting her go, the tent already starting in her loose-fronted underwear.

With a giggle the towering diva rose back up, brushing her hair behind her ear and catching a peek of the growing package. "Mmm, looks like you'll be ready for round two when we finish dinner," she licked her lips, a glutton not for the three slabs of meat she was cooking for herself, but the one threatening to poke her. "Just a few more minutes."

"Can't wait," Sam replied with a confident grin, knowing what was coming when they finished.

With a cheeky smile and a blush Kassie nodded her agreement. "Neither can I," her voice was raspy with that animal want that belayed her need. She'd be a good girl and wait; as long as she could anyway.

Eventually the smell of the meal filling the kitchen overpowered that of their insatiable sex drives. With care, the enormous girl knelt down to fetch their food and began to plate it up, her own twice as big as the one she grabbed for Sam and piled twice as high. After so much activity she was practically ravenous for something other than her lover's amazing meat.

"Dinner is served," she announced proudly as she set the table for them and took her seat, eager to dig in.

Sam wasn't even fully seated before Kassie was already digging in, shoving as much as could fit into her mouth at a time before practically swallowing it whole. Not that Sam minded, her own attention was elsewhere, taking the sight of her big girl in as she had been throughout the wait.

Eventually, however, her own hunger got the better of her, and she figured she should at least make sure to finish with Kass so they could get right to *dessert*.

The peeking show was mutual, as the blonde's blue eyes would flick up between bites and catch her hung tomboy's stare. It brought a smile to her face, and she couldn't help teasing along. Arching her back lightly, or else squishing her arms together to make sure Sam got a good show for her efforts. As they both finished up the tension was so thick in the air it was palpable.

"Shall we head to the bedroom?" Kass purred, licking her lips excitedly.

Sam gave a contemplative look at the idea before breaking into a small wry smile. "Mmm, no," she answered. Something that made Kassie frown with worry.

Her woes were washed away when the dark-haired hermaphrodite reached across the table, hooking her by the bra again and dragging her down into a kiss. Their plates clattered to the side, Kassie's nearly falling off the table as her waspish waist knocked it. "I was thinking I'm just going to take you right here after all that teasing," Sam whispered, reaching her free hand over the blonde's shoulder and undoing her bra.

Kassie offered no resistance, grinning and letting her undergarment fall off her form, breasts pressed to the table. She took the edge in her hands, holding herself in position with anticipation. Her torso alone was nearly as tall as the table was across, so she was a perfect comfortable fit.

Tossing Kass' custom boulder-holder away Sam rose, revealing the hard on she was packing. The blonde made a quick attempt to catch it with her mouth before her partner slipped out of reach, leaving her to whine playfully as she watched the tomboy disappear out of her periphery. "Easy big girl," Sam teased as she got around behind her, sliding her fingers into those painted on pink panties and sliding them down the girl's pristine legs, "you'll get it."

There was no need to reply. The giant girl's pussy was positively drooling as she spread her legs, whining and squirming impatiently; and Sam wasn't about to make her wait. Pulling her own underwear off and casting them aside, her cock bobbed into position. "Looks like I won't even need lube," she teased, running a fingertip over Kass' simmering sexpot and making the huge beauty moan like playing an instrument.

With a cocksure grin Sam got into place, getting up onto one of the chairs on her knees so she was at the perfect height to take her big girl. Cock in hand she used the head to keep on teasing the blonde's clit, taking the opportunity to drag her length through the valley of Kass' sex and soak it in her juices.

The amazon whined at the action, bucking her rear back to try and spear herself on her lover early. "Come on!" she pleaded, looking over her shoulder with a playful frown.

Sam just chuckled, taking a handful of Kass' beautiful rear in her hand as she lined up her tip. Thanks to her wetness, the tomboy was able to get in to the hilt in one quick thrust. The blonde slut mewled lewdly and resumed her bucking. Despite her efforts though, with her new size even the well-hung Sam couldn't bottom out in her.

Neither cared. Both were like animals in heat, savouring the feelings of their hot passion. The velvet caress of Kassie's insides had Sam panting and thrusting like a jackhammer, pounding into her so hard it was sending ripples of motion through the blonde's ass and shaking the table beneath her.

"Oh, fuck yes!" Kassie cursed, her knuckles white as she clung hard to the edge of the table. "Fuck me good, big girl!" she pleaded on as she thrust back into her partner as best she could with her climax approaching.

The tomboy didn't slow. This was the most into it she'd been since she got this thing. And now, with clear goals in sight, she was ready and willing to use it. She dropped a spank across Kass' rear, making her cry out and flinch as she started to orgasm and giving Sam that intoxicating sensation of the Amazon's walls wringing the totem of pleasure filling her. That was all it took. Soon enough she was joining her partner in the throes, gripping onto her wide hips tightly as she hilted herself and sprayed a load of hot cum into her depths. An empowered sensation filled the dick-weilding lesbian in that moment as she started to weakly collapse forward into her partner, but the best was yet to come.

Across the table she heard the crash of her plate hitting the floor. Kass was shooting up in height and her breasts knocked it aside. The chair Sam was on scrapped against the floor as it was pushed back, Kass' legs visibly lengthening around her and bending to keep her at a consistent level for her lover's fucking. Her rear swelled under the tomboy's fingertips, adding what had to be pounds of flesh to the smooth perfect expanse. And over it, Sam watched as her lover's back arched up, pushed up from the table by her growing tits.

Of course, Kass was oblivious to it all. As it finished the blonde brushed a lock of her long hair from her face. "We'll have to be more careful next time," she giggled, looking down at the shattered ceramic littering the floor.

"I guess so," Sam agreed, leaning forward and planting a kiss on her lower back, savouring the feeling of being inside her a moment longer before starting to pull out.

No sooner did the tomboy's tip clear her than the gigantic girl was rising to her feet. Their mixed cum dripped out over her thighs as she rose up to absolutely tower over Sam. Turning the tomboy's eyes barely came to her belly button, meaning she had to be at least eight feet tall; the sweet spot that had Sam's fantasies running havoc.

There was a laugh from above as Kassie backed up, propping herself on the table so she could see her lover past her huge bust. "Shall we get to bed, or are you wanting to enjoy the sights a little longer, big girl?"

Sam couldn't deny it much longer: physical exhaustion was starting to set in after such an active day. As much as she would have enjoyed continuing to savor "*the sights*", "I think bedtime," she answered in a half-yawn.

Taking her lover by the hand Kass led the way, the length of her gait dragging the tomboy worse than before. As they mounted the stairs the blonde once again led them to the master bedroom, though when they got in the sight caught Sam by surprise.

It was no longer Kass' parents' room. The pictures from her and Sam's childhood, altered as they were from how much things had changed, were strewn about the shelves, and the bed, as large as it had

been before, now looked to be custom made. Big enough to hold a girl like Kassie, but barely fitting in even the master bedroom. It made sense. If Kass grew so big of course she'd need the biggest room in the house for her own, or else she'd be cramped into too little space.

With her long strides the blonde glided over to her bed, collapsing down with enough force the springs wailed and curling up with her pillows. She looked over to Sam with a welcoming smile, patting a breast bigger than the tomboy's head invitingly.

The hung girl didn't turn the invitation down, crawling on the bed after her and resting her head on Kass' warm "*pillows*". With such a dream of a day, this perfect ending had her quickly drifting on to a sound sleep in these giant arms.

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Sam smirked, savouring this sweetest of dreams. "Mmm, come on Sam!" Kassie pleaded.

The blonde was beyond imagining. As Sam stood on her breasts the giantess looked down at her, smiling face as big across as a house. Breasts like mountains jutting up towards the sky. All for Sam's pleasure.

"Come on Sam!" the colossal Kassie pleaded again, "Let me watch you cum to me!"

She wasn't about to deny her. With a grin Sam reached down, surprised when her dick was nowhere to be found. A quick peek showed her back to her normal self, a nice clean-shaven cunt between her legs.

"Cum for me Sam!" Kassie continued to plead, reaching up. Her breasts filled her arms, and she was barely able to reach her nipples. When she did though, she took them in her fingers, playing with them and moaning lewdly. "Come on, don't make me beg!" she whined.

That telltale tingle started up in Sam's loins, the pleasure emanating from her crotch and spreading throughout her body. She was already...?

Sam let out a grunt, feeling her cock jumping as it shot its load, her eyes still hazy from sleep. She heard the bed creaking, felt the warmth enveloping her meat and the smooth gliding of Kass' tongue along the base to milk every drop of her climax.

She had to rub her eyes, adjusting to the morning light and catching sight of what she felt. Kassie, moaning softly from her perch between the tomboy's legs, cock buried between her lips to the hilt greedily. Satisfied she got it all, the blonde disengaged with a lewd pop, saliva hanging between her full lips and Sam's engorged cockhead. "Morning sleepyhead," she teased cutely, "Hope you enjoyed the warmup."

Warmup? Sam pushed herself up, looking around at an unfamiliar room. It was larger than last night, the walls covered in posters of Kassie in a variety of swimsuits and other provocative outfits. Her outrageous curves were barely hidden, considering their size though how could you? Her breasts were bigger than her own head, perfect heavy teardrop spheres that jutted from her chest. Her ass and legs could have been sculpted from marble; they were so equally shapely.

“Where are we?” Sam asked aloud.

Kass just rolled her eyes. “Home, cutie. You’re really out of it this morning,” she grumbled lightly, crawling up onto the bed. She was huge, looming over Sam at a monstrous ten feet tall, pinning the tomboy in as her arms fell on either side of her lover’s head. “It’s not getting you out of my morning fuck, little girl.”

The way she said it practically sounded like a threat. What had happened? How had things changed so drastically?

Sam recoiled in fear, surrounded on all sides by the giant blonde but unable to help but be hard from the object of her fetishes thrust upon her. She had to try for some control. If she came again everything would change, and she didn’t have a proper footing on what was different yet.

“Maybe we should-“ she started, only to be cut off.

The giant blonde took both Sam's wrists in one hand easily, pinning them above her head with strength impossible to fight against. “I told you,” she growled hungrily as her other hand pressed down on the tomboy’s hip, holding her legs out of the way with her cock straight in the air, “you’re not getting out of it, little girl.”

Moving into position Kass sat up, revealing just how high the ceiling was in their home to accommodate her. She positioned her knees on either side of Sam, boxing her in before lowering her soaked sex down onto the tomboy’s waiting rod.

Sam couldn’t keep from crying out in ecstasy at the feeling of Kass' pussy on her rod. Thanks to the spit she slid in effortlessly, though from the feeling of it that wasn’t necessary. Kass was rolling her hips, making her lover’s cock spin and rub on the walls of her enormous sex and get the most stimulation out of it. It was a whole different experience, like masturbating and just focusing on her most sensitive bit, as Sam felt the way her head was being focused.

Her breathing started intensifying as the giant blonde continued to work her, and sensing this her captor switched it up. Pressing her hips back she forced Sam's cockhead against her clit, grinning and panting as she used it to get herself off.

Like a blinding light the two finished, moaning in unison as Sam's dick fired thick streams into Kass' chasm. The tomboy could barely feel her lover’s climax beyond a small pulsing. She did feel something else though.

Kass’ weight multiplied, sinking the bed around her. Sam managed to force her eyes open in time to catch the blonde’s height increase not in inches, but feet. The look of her climactic bliss still on her face as her breasts grew ever more impressive, despite her growing frame, giving her an hourglass shape worthy of divinity. All around the posters of Kassie were changing not only to her new proportions, but in other ways as well. Her swimsuit shots turned to full frontal nudes, while others still had her surrounded by other models of both sexes worshipping her like a god.

With a content sigh the gargantuan blonde grinned, coming off Sam's rod and sliding down from the bed. “There, was that so hard?” Kassie asked, giving her comparatively tiny lover a passionate kiss. Her tongue filled Sam’s whole mouth, leaving little the tomboy could do to reciprocate if she tried. “Now

rest up for the shoot tonight. I've got some other appointments to get to, my little girl," she teased with a little bop on Sam's nose with a finger as long as the smaller girl's face.

Sam was nearly breathless, still recovering when Kass finally let her up. The twelve-foot goddess turned and left through what looked like a custom archway connecting the room they were in to the rest of a whole size-appropriate house.

Things had gotten out of hand. The tomboy needed to figure things out and fast. Crawling across the massive bed she hunted for her phone, only able to find it through knowing her own bedtime habits since it wasn't even the same make as the one she used to have. Looking through her history, the hyper-fast-growing Kassie had attracted attention. At first some medical concern, but when there were no signs of anything malignant it was modeling agencies and then... Since she was young Kass had been on camera, becoming a full-on centerfold model by sixteen and now with her insatiable appetite a porn star at eighteen.

Sam and Kass had been together and sexually active since they were teens. No matter how far Kassie went, Sam was her first and her favorite, and had dragged her intersex partner along in her escapades. It was nearly impossible to look up anything about Kassie without finding videos of the two of them. The popularity had them living in luxury, as Kassie's extreme body brought in not only money from fans and directors, but the medical community wanting to study it.

This was bad. The tomboy closed her phone, searching through this obscene house to find where her clothes were kept. She had to see Matty and fix things.

Anxiously Sam wandered up and down the pier, looking up every alleyway and finding nothing more than moulding junk. "Where is it?" she worried out loud. Trying to find the Menagerie on her phone had turned up no results, and she'd been at it looking on foot for a solid hour. It was almost as if it had just up and disappeared into the ether.

It couldn't have just vanished though. She'd been there, she had the dick to prove it even if the box it came in had disappeared with her old home. "Come on," the tomboy whined as she continued to search, scanning every inch of the walls as if maybe one would give away. Anything to help her.

She was out of time though. The wooden pier began to creak with each step of the approaching giantess. Turning Sam could see Kassie's blonde head above the one-story building tops as she looked about for her. It didn't take long for her to find what she was looking for.

"There you are," the giant Kassie grumbled, maneuvering between the buildings like one would a crowd.

Sam tried to back away, terrified of the monster her own greed had made her prey to. It was fruitless as she was grabbed up by the waist, effortlessly as if she were just a large doll. "What's with you today?" her voice was a low growl. "Trying to deny me and running away before the shoot?"

Sam struggled in the blonde's grip. "I'm sorry," she told her, though the titanic woman couldn't know the true reason why.

She huffed in reply. "That's right you are, little girl," she pulled Sam into her cradling arms, "but I love you anyway. My perfect partner," she cooed pleasantly, in contrast to her prior annoyance. "Now come on, the camera's are waiting, and I want that cock of yours."

There was no reply Sam could give. No one would ever believe her, and she couldn't even prove it without the world changing. She was trapped in a prison she made for herself with no escape. Perfect indeed, to satisfy the ever-growing lusts of her ever-growing jailer.

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"Hmhmhm," Matty gave a giggle, looking into the fist-sized orb filling her palm and seeing the image of the giant Kassie carrying off her "*little girl*". "That was a good one."

She gave the orb a shake, watching it fog up before showing another reality, where the two girls were still somewhat normal and happy.

Taking off her wide brimmed hat a pair of unusual vulpine ears sprung up, her fingers turning into thick claws as thick fur grew up her forearms. She rose, carrying the orb to the back room as a pair of foxy tails swished behind her. In it was a collection of books and similar orbs, lining shelves as far as the eye could see.

"An easy read," she chuckled as she found a nice place for this new addition to her collection, the fog clearing to once again show the poor Sam once again being mounted by her colossal lover, "and one I think I may enjoy reading again."