

The last few weeks had been odd for Sandra. It started when she found out the university had randomly assigned her and her ex to the same dorm room for sophomore year. The anticipation of seeing Janis regularly again, after hardly speaking for a year, made it impossible for her to keep her ability completely under control and her clit was generally two to three times bigger than normal.

Though she had been the one to break things off, Sandra wondered if maybe they could try being a couple again. Some exchanges over text seemed hopeful, but when she and Janis met on move in day, she realized that was probably not possible.

Within hours of moving in Janis had blown up. Literally. The awkwardness of living together after hardly speaking had caused her ex's ability to spiral out of control and her curves to grow to such a size she had spent orientation week confined to the apartment since she could not fit through the door. After that, Sandra avoided her as much as possible.

Still, living with Janis was honestly preferable to having to spend another year hiding her own ability. At least she could feel comfortable about her own ability reacting to anticipations and expectations. Which was good, because nearly every night she went to bed with her to clit to ballooned into a cock of considerable length and girth. She might have wanted to avoid Janis, but it was impossible to avoid the memories.

It was two weeks before Janis could stay a reasonable size around her. They were talking face to face again, but mostly about housing stuff. Janis asked if maybe they could talk about them sometime soon,

That had been before Sandra went home for the weekend and came back to a few of her shirts stretched out until they had popped at the seams. They had fought

about that. Loudly. Their argument grew from that to more general things from their past.

At the height of their argument, Janis had tackled her and knocked her into the hallway. They had rolled around on the floor shouting indiscriminately until they began to grow into each other until they were out of breath and panting staring into each other's eyes.

Sandra tried to hide how good it felt to touch her friend and ex-lover again, but her body was more honest. From how much Janis was swelling up, she probably felt the same despite assurances that she had a date tonight and she was over them.

Which was why they had agreed to sit down that evening and either commit to giving them as a couple another shot or both vocalizing that one or both of them had moved on and was not interested right now.

Since then, she had been inordinately horny--and that was saying something, considering her libido. Masturbating in the shower had done little to take the edge off, and she only felt hornier as she continued to rub her finger-thick clit while watching old cartoons on the Chromecast.

As such, the anticipation born from waiting for Janis to get home so they could pick up their conversation was really affecting her, her attunement to the emotion making her clit pulse against her fingers as it swelled to match her emotional state. The feeling of her growing only fed anticipation of pleasure which spiraled inward on itself pumping up her libido even further until her whole body was tingling. It almost felt like she was drunk.

As was always the case while in this state, she was tempted to take some photos with her face obscured so she could start a blog about her growing and see where things went. There were lots of people on the internet who would pay good money to watch videos of a fantasy made flesh.

She tried to snap a selfie of her obviously getting off, her tan skin tinged with pink around the bridge of her nose and across her chest. Her amber eyes half open as if lost in pleasure. She had even bitten her lip as she hugged her boobs to produce a small amount of cleavage like some kind of model.

The first picture was just a blur. The second focused more on her stomach than her face. The third however, turned out alright. In fact, it was pretty hot.

Looking at it, she got lost in the hypothetical situation that Janis was once more the reason she was making that face. Depending on how things went this evening, such a scenario might even be a possibility. The anticipation of them reconnecting like that made her throb more, her clit starting to earnestly grow larger with each heartbeat.

Caught up in the moment, Sandra was just about to send the steamy selfie to Janis for her opinion when she reminded herself that was not the relationship they had at the moment. With a sigh, she closed the app and tried to focus on other things, but her libido had too much momentum at this point to be denied another orgasm.

Hoping to get off before she grew to full size and made a mess, she started looking through the recent round of hot stories she had downloaded to her phone. Which is when she got a text from someone who was not Janis, but a mutual acquaintance who lived one floor up in the dorms.

[So what's up with you two now? Are you a thing after all that yelling turned into a staring contest on the floor?]

She swiped her reply with one hand, her other not missing a stroke as she rolled her throbbing, swelling clit under alternating fingertips. [Don't get me wrong, Janis is fucking smoking, but we already did the couple thing once and it didn't work out.]

[Yeah...but that was high school. You're both Sophomores now, maybe being adults changes something?]

No one knew the real reason they broke up, people assumed it was something mundane. Annoyed, she wanted to reply that unless Janis had gotten over experimenting all the time with her ability to grow into a bombshell, the issues with their relationship likely remained. She even swiped half of the biting reply before deleting it.

[Perhaps...Not sure.]

[Are you two at least getting along besides this morning?]

[For the most part...]

If she had been asked last week how she felt about living with her ex and only being friends for a year, she probably would have been fine with it. Now though, it was a tough, painful sell. Especially when it seemed like the chemistry that had brought them together still lingered. Just the concept that she might have to spend a whole year being distant and uninterested was exhausting,

The buzz of the next text surprised her and she dropped her phone on her chest. [What were you even fighting about anyway?]

She pursed her lips, trying to think of a good reply. Several lines were swiped and then erased. Her twiddling got faster and more forceful the longer she thought about it.

She could feel her growth accelerating as her mind traversed expected conversation paths.

[She ruined a couple of my shirts.]

It was not a lie, but it was hardly the truth either. It was not like she could tell someone who did not know their shared secret. What if she said enough that they found out the two of them were low key shapeshifters? Just thinking about the potential problems of that situation made her clit surge a whole inch longer. Starting to pant, she pinched her two inch not-quite-cock between her knuckles as she slid her fingers in and out of her center.

Yeah, there was no way she could explain the real reason she had to throw away several of her oversized night shirts. Just saying that Janis ruined them was easier. It sounded so innocuous that no one would question her further. No one would ask about how said shirts had been stretched out and split at the seams as if they had been stuffed with a pair of beach balls.

Even if they did ask, they would never believe the cause was that Janis tits had grown rapidly from their normally reasonable sizes to volumes which dominated her torso simply because she kept getting flustered by explicit pics getting sent to her by the people she was flirting with on Tinder.

[That doesn't seem like a reason to scream so loud...we heard it up here.]

[There were...other frustrations -\_-]

She honestly was not even mad about the shirts. At least not directly. She was upset that Janis had waited until she had left to effectively let her hair down. That was what had ignited the spat, the weeks of tension snapping under a sharp feeling. She

was not sure if that feeling was rejection or something else, but suddenly the idea of being the one getting dismissed had made her angry.

Having been alone in the apartment for a couple hours, she had been able to reflect more on things and to put herself in Janis' shoes. Her analytical friend probably had a logical reason for not saying anything. As she thought more about it, perhaps Janis had neglected to mention it so she did not spend the whole weekend sporting an eight to nine inch dick?

[Were they...sexual frustrations?]

[...No comment.] They most definitely were.

A moan rose from her chest and she put the phone down to put those fingers to work between her labia as she began to stroke her now four inch erection. As the phone buzzed from getting another message, she wished she felt comfortable enough to tell her newer friends about her being very different. Maybe one of them would be interested in a woman who could do both, but it just felt impossible. Comfortable as she was with her body, she could only imagine the reactions of other and they were never positive.

Which is why she had always felt like Janis had gotten the better deal. Getting curvier was hardly the same burden as becoming this in-between sex. Thanks to her Eastern European heritage, she was already tall and rather pretty with her light skin and dark, kinky hair. Having her expansion tied to being flustered was also hardly an issue. Even before the accident, Janis really only got flustered on rare occasions. Occasions involving intimacy mostly.

That was actually how they first found out about their abilities after the accident. Once Janis started swelling every time they kissed, an anticipation built for the next time. Those growing expectations activated her own changes, causing her transformed clit to become ever more noticeable.

The changes to her body could cause rapid soft tissue growth, which was how she grew a cock. Even now, the now six inches of still growing cock was twitching in her grasp as the potential for an orgasm began to fill her mind. Bizarrely, though she did not have balls, she could cum like a guy. They discovered, quite by accident, that the volume of her release grew exponentially in relation to her size.

For Janis, it seemed that in addition to being flustered, being agitated or nervous made her grow bustier and curvier as well. The longer she felt those emotions, the faster and more dramatic her rate of growth.

That understandably made dates and other intimate social situations a minefield, but it was balanced out by something extraordinary. It turned out the other notable effect of her altered physiology was that her analytical ability had skyrocketed. All things equal, she could process nearly as much data as a supercomputer in the same period.

It was that increase in her analytical prowess that really caused the issue. They had just started going out before the accident. The hurdle of a first kiss still loomed in the distance, but the momentum from bodies changing rapidly soon put that threshold, and many others, behind them. Sandra enjoyed the level of physical intimacy, though Janis became more and more obsessed with putting herself in situations to make herself grow. Which was when Sandra broke things off.

Being mad about that now felt silly, experimenting is what anyone in that situation would have done. It was not like she did not spend lots of time alone like this.

Masturbating as anticipation and pleasure continued to change her body.

It had nearly been an hour this time and she had grown to seven inches in length. An orgasm was coming. Hurrying to the shower, she started to cum just before Janis got in touch. Even as her cock continued to spatter the tile, she shot from seven to nine inches in length when she saw the text--and then felt terrible when she read it.

[datw wss studmt in dorm dony fekl saef] It was obviously typed while only half looking at the keyboard, but the message was discernable. The date had gone worse than badly.

Hackles rising and muscles twitching, she stepped into a pair of sweatpants and her high tops then pulled her bushy brown hair back and a shirt over her head. Making sure her bulge was not too obvious and that she had not swelled up like an amazon, she headed down to meet her friend in the lobby between the girls and guys dorms.

A few moments later, a very harried looking Janis walked through the doors. She was trying to keep it together, but from the way her hoodie was filled out it was obvious she had been shaken quite a bit. This was not the scenario Sandra had expected nor wanted. As her anticipation of them solving their sexual tension waned, she felt her shaft shrinking back into her clit.

Just as Janis reached her, a rather large guy walked through the door. He was built like two bodybuilders had done the fusion dance and his expression was far from cheerful as his gaze landed on her.



She bristled, her arms and shoulders throbbing as she prepared to scrap, but he just walked past her grumbling about stuck up bitches and disappeared into the guy's dorm.

Sandra took Janis back to their room and by time they had gotten through their door, she was almost back to her normal size but still paler than usual.

“What can I do for you?”

“Bed, then talk. Need to get my mind off of running scenarios where things had gone differently.”

She poured Janis into bed, not wanting to be presumptuous, sat down on the side. Arms wrapped around her stomach as Janis pulled her into bed and held her close. She felt Janis' face against her back and her scent was still tinged with cinnamon. Her clit doubled in size at that intimacy and she was immediately irritated with herself. Her body might have anticipated sex earlier, but the only thing she should be expecting out of this moment was her friend feeling safe and secure.

“So what happened?” She asked as she rolled over to put her arm over Janis. “I'd imagine this was someone you met on that tinder binge?”

“Yeah...”

“And? What happened that has you this shook up?”

“Things started out okay,” Janis said as she sat up.. “We walked around for a bit and talked about things, but when we sat down to eat, things got...creepy. Somehow he knew that I had an ability and said he would pay me to do a naked photoshoot while growing.”

“That’s...awful,” Sandra said, rolling over onto her back. “How did he know? You didn’t post to reddit or something did you?”

“The only one who definitely knows about my transformational abilities has never seen my face my face but I know what he looks like and this was not him.”

“As much I want to know the why behind that...did anything else happen?”

“When I declined, he started asking questions to deliberately fluster me and took pictures as I swelled up. Furious, I snatched his phone and popped his memory card out...which is when things really escalated. I’m lucky you taught me that little bit of judo, because I threw him when he tried to hit me and then I hurried back here with him following me.”

Sandra sat up and once more put her arm around Janis’ shoulders. “I’m glad you’re safe at least, but that guy living in the dorm poses a problem.” The thought of fighting him made her muscles twitch again, her shoulders starting to press against her tank-top.

“It makes me wonder if someone on our floor blabbed about my fluctuating size.”

“That is not something I want to think about.”

“Oh, right,” Janis said as she patted her thigh. “You do have a noticeable bulge sometimes...”

Sandra pressed her legs together, even as her length stretched to three inches. “Anyway...what are we going to do about this?”

“Oh, don’t worry about him,” Janis said as she sat back against the wall, her expression pensive.

“Why not?”

She put a finger to her lip and then grinned. “Oh, I think after this phone call I’m about to make, he’ll probably bump into Alice in the near future.”

“Ha! He’s in for a surprise then...have you seen how big she can get now?”

“She alluded to it the other day. Something about peering into second floor windows?”

“Sounds about right. She carried me around on her shoulders while I was home.”

They were quiet for a minute, their hands finding each other on the sheets. It felt like old times and she could feel herself continuing to grow. She wondered how she thought throwing this away was better than growing closer.

Janis spoke first. “You know, I...I really miss this. When I saw that we were rooming together, I was so excited.”

“Excited? It seemed like you were upset about it.”

“What gave you that idea?”

“Your boobs filled the living room for three days. I figured you were some level of nervous that I still hated you or something.”

She giggled in response, the front of her hoodie rippling.

“I was more flustered at how much you had grown in the last year. You might not become a giant like Alice, but I do think your ability is causing to keep getting taller.”

“So you were flustered...because you found me attractive?”

“I know, it sounds silly and I was nervous that you still hated me so all of that was sort of overwhelming. I had...figured we would get back together and at least see how things had changed between us. Evaluate new data. However, everything about your reactions towards me only said disinterested.”

“I just wanted to make sure you could handle being around me and that I could do that same.”

“I probably obsessed a bit, analyzing every interaction to see if you were being evasive, but I never saw anything to counter the words you were saying.”

“I have to put up a strong face since I was the one who broke it off the first time. Trust me, the anticipation around living with you has been excruciating.”

“I bet you’re totally growing right now, aren’t you?”

“I am, but that’s not the point. Ever since we starting living together, I’ve felt like you were going out of your way to show off how much control you had over your expansion. How much you enjoyed it now as opposed to before. Even if you thought you weren’t flirting, for me the sexual tension has been so thick I’ve had a huge clit this whole time.”

“I’m so sorry, I didn’t notice!”

“I got really good at hiding after spending a year worrying about things like sprouting a cock in the shared showers.”

“Either way, that doesn’t matter right now. Point is, I’m glad to know you still have feelings for me, too.” Janis put her hands on Sandra’s arms. “And as much as I want to be with you...After tonight I just...”

Sandra nodded. “I can understand. Just knock on the wall if you need me.”

As she went to get out of bed, Janis pinched the back of her shirt. Turning to look, pink had blossomed over her face, the curves under her hoodie were swelling. “I want someone I can trust close. Could you...maybe...”

Fearing another huge growth spurt from Janis, Sandra took the lead. "Do you want me to sleep in here with you tonight?"

Janis' hoodie filled out further as her blush intensified. "Yes. That."

"Okay. Then why don't you give Alice a call and take a moment to calm down? I'll go change and be back."

Back in her room, Sandra was surprised to find that she was only a few inches long after all that. A year ago she would have been massive from the potential of laying in bed with Janis. Maybe she had grown up a bit, too...

The full-sized bed was just big enough for Janis to sleep around her. Though she was the little spoon, she had her friend's head cradled in her arms.

"Sorry for not being up for anything now that we've kinda gotten things figured out. I'm-

"Understandably shaken, yes," she said smoothing her hair. "I'll be honest, I was hoping for tonight to go a bit differently, but all things considered, right now is perfect."

"Agreed." (3577)