

## The Reveries of Aaron Cooper, Ch. 1-14

### By Joyce Julep

#### Chapter 1

Aaron Cooper couldn't help glancing down at the bouncing cheeks of his friend's ass as they walked side by side down the concrete path, away from the movie production trailers and towards the subway station. He had known Kristina Hanson for over ten years, and even though the two had always been platonically close, Aaron always found himself copping a quick little glance at her butt every now and again. He knew he couldn't have been the only one — Kristina may have been short, but she certainly had a conspicuous ass, which went along perfectly with her overall thickness.

"And then I was like, woah, woah," Kristina was telling him animatedly, "It's been nice and chill so far, you know? Like, we've gone on a few dates and it's been fun...but now you want me to just up and move into your LA loft!?"

"Hahah, I mean, he's asking a lot of you, isn't he?" chuckled Aaron, referring to the actor who had been loosely involved with Kristina during the production of the movie they had all been working on. She was a make-up artist and Aaron was a sound designer.

"Right!?" burst out Kristina, nodding her head up at Aaron as her eyes went wide. "I literally only graduated from college last year, and I'm not even really sure what I want to do with myself, and on top of that I'm taking care of my mom, and it's like...he wants me to just drop all that so I can go be in LA with him?? I hardly even know the guy, Aaron!"

"Sounds like he's jumping the gun a little bit, huh?" Aaron ventured.

"Yeah, a little!" laughed Kristina, shaking her head. "But anyway, yeah, the strange thing with Frank is how used he seems to just...you know, getting his way all the time. Like, he was totally shocked when I told him I couldn't commit to that."

"Oh, well, I mean, he couldn't have been *that* surprised," said Aaron, as the two of them wended down the part of the path that ran parallel to the railroad tracks. It was getting towards dusk on an early summer evening, and the sky had started to bleed a brilliant crimson-orange as the sun dipped below the horizon. Aaron felt his short, sandy-brown hair flutter a little as a pleasant evening breeze kicked up along the path, whipping up a plethora of slightly damp urban smells. It had rained a little earlier in the day.

"But he totally *was*, though!" exclaimed Kristina, "That's the thing! The way his mouth opened, and he just, like, sat there in his chair, like I had slapped him across the face or something...it made me feel bad, even though I was very, uhm...oh, what's the word...like, I made it really clear how flattered I was, you know?"

“Well when Frank Bungeon asks you to be his live-in girlfriend,” laughed Aaron, cocking his eyebrow up as he looked down at her, “I guess it’d be hard not to feel pretty good about yourself.”

“Oh please, Aaron,” replied Kristina, waving her hand dismissively, “I’m just some young girl who’s been physically close to him for, like, the past few weeks, doing his make-up and all, and...and yeah, this is how these things work, with powerful people. They see something, they like it, and then they try and take it...and when they can’t have it, they don’t understand.”

“You know Kristina,” sighed Aaron, shaking his head gravely, “I just don’t know...I feel like you could be reeeeeally passing up an opportunity here.”

“A-are...are you serious?” she asked, peering up at him earnestly.

“I mean...think about it,” Aaron continued in his serious tone, glancing sideways down at her, and then back up at the expansive sunset above the elevated subway tracks, which ran parallel to the railroad tracks next to the path they were on. “Life in an LA penthouse with *Frank Bungeon*...a fast-track ticket into the high life...all the parties...the award shows...the tabloid intrigue...and when you two break up, you can write a tell-all book with all the juicy details about how kinky the sex was, and you’ll never have to work another day in your life.”

“Oh you...*dick!*” laughed Kristina, smacking Aaron playfully with her purse. “You had me going there for a second!”

“All these years and sometimes you still can’t tell when I’m joking!” teased Aaron, feeling the color in his face rising with the mirth of the exchange.

“You’ve always got that little look in your eye,” chuckled Kristina. “Like you’re up to no good, even though you’re, like, the most wholesome guy I’ve ever met.”

“Pssssh, quit it,” said Aaron, taking his turn to brush his hand dismissively in front of his face.

“No, come on, I mean it — you are!” persisted Kristina, nudging him in the arm. “Walking me to the subway every night, listening to all my dating drama, yadda yadda yadda...it’s a wonder you still hang out with me at all!”

“Now you’re just being ridiculous,” laughed Aaron, as they both came to a stop outside the subway station. “Of course I love hearing about all your stuff! Certainly beats just living out my boring-ass life, heheh...”

“Well who knows?” offered Kristina kindly, “Maybe one of these days soon it’ll be the other way around — maybe you’ll be the one telling me about all these hot girls you have to fight off with a stick.”

“Not likely,” smiled Aaron, “I’m not as hot as you. And anyway, I haven’t dated anyone in years...don’t think I’ll be starting anytime soon.”

“Oh what do you know?” she shot back, pushing him playfully as she turned to descend down into the subway station. “And anyway, dating people goes in cycles, anyway. Just you watch.”

“Well whatever you say, Kristina!” chuckled Aaron, waving goodbye. “See ya tomorrow!”

“Bye!” chirped Kristina, and then she turned away, walking towards the subway stairs. For a few moments, Aaron watched her go, taking another quick glance at her backside, which again was doing its thing...her big cheeks bouncing up and down through the snug confines of her tight jeans. Aaron blinked a few times, gave a little sigh, and turned away, back toward the railroad tracks, which now almost seemed to glow purple in the gathering gloom of the incoming night.

Aaron had been having more of these strange, pensive moments recently, but at 27, he was old enough to understand that they weren’t the direct result of anything in particular. He wasn’t feeling sorry for himself — far from it, Aaron knew that, as his own situation was concerned, he had things pretty good. For the past few years, he had been able to get a steady supply of sound engineering gigs, which allowed him to live in a nice, in-town apartment, where he could see the skyline. He had plenty of friends, many of them girls like Kristina, who were cool, down-to-earth, and professional. If he could have gone back in time ten years, to his time as a nerdy, unattractive high school kid, and been told that this is where he’d be at the tail-end of his twenties, he would have been thrilled.

He turned and started walking away from the subway station, which had started to glow white as the sun issued out its last, dying beams before receding completely below the horizon. Actually, as he allowed his mind to settle a little, he realized that he knew exactly why he was feeling a little...”off” at the moment. Not really sad or morose...it was just a little difficult for Aaron to be reminded, yet again, of how alone he actually felt as a person. The thing was, whenever Kristina or whoever else brought up their romantic lives, Aaron couldn’t help but remember why he didn’t have one. It wasn’t that he was privately lusting after Kristina, or Cassie, or Courtney, or any of his other female friends...wanting to be with them, but unable to do so. He definitely found them all quite attractive, as his frequent glances at Kristina’s ass evinced, but there was a deeper issue at play.

Ever since he had been a young teenager, and probably even before that, Aaron had been attracted to the idea of women being...larger than him...taller than him. As an adult he had discovered that this fetish was more common than he could have possibly realized, but merely knowing that other guys were dealing with the same desires didn’t do much to help Aaron with the reality of his situation. It didn’t even matter that, at 5’4, he was shorter than most guys, and also shorter than a good number of women too. It was certainly nice to see how his 5’7 friend Courtney towered above him, or to hear his 5’4 friend Cassie tease him as she stood on her toes so that she was taller. All of these enjoyments were merely peripheral, and did little to assuage the disquiet in his mind. He felt ashamed, guilty...somehow inescapably dirty,

whenever he thought about his fetish. It all just seemed so outlandish, so bizarre, that he had never brought it up to anyone, let alone any of his female friends...and *definitely* not to any girl he would be romantically interested in. It just didn't make any sense why he would be so totally obsessed with the idea of a girl being *bigger* than him, or *taller* than him. Why did these thoughts get him so hot and bothered!? They weren't normal, surely...they had to be some kind of mental block, some kind of fixation he never got over...maybe even some kind of disorder or disease he suffered from. Whatever it was, Aaron wished that it would go away, but he really didn't have any choice. He was stuck with being this way, and he had to navigate the world with this hidden weight on his back, never to speak of it for fear of sounding crazy.

The light summer breeze kicked up again as Aaron walked back on the concrete path, next to the train tracks. He had been walking back to his apartment this way for several weeks now, ever since he and Kristina had both landed jobs at the movie production that was happening close by. The stars were beginning to peek out of the deepening velvet of the sky, and above the horizon, towards the West, the waxing yellow crescent of the moon was preparing to make its nightly ascent. Aaron sighed out again as the breeze danced through his hair. He wasn't unhappy...wasn't unhappy...just thoughtful...just thinking about stuff...it really was a lovely night.

The path wound around a clump of dense trees, and down towards the small pedestrian tunnel that came out right in front of the train tracks. Trains never came around this time of night, so Aaron had gotten used to going through the tunnel and crossing the tracks on foot — his apartment building was only a couple blocks away, on the other side of the tracks. As he walked toward the tunnel, he found his mind wandering again to his fetish...his perpetual predicament. It was all well and good for him to look at art and read stories on the internet, and he was grateful that there were plenty of artists and authors who churned out work dedicated to this...large woman fetish. Aaron had been surprised, as a younger man, to see how rich and varied the community was. Some people were into his line of the fetish: tall, buxom, curvy women with huge asses who were anywhere between a little taller than him (5'4), all the way up to around 15 feet. Any bigger and Aaron felt a little alienated from the fantasy. But the idea of a hot, curvy woman grinning down her breasts at him, or teasing him with her thick hips at his eye-level, or comparing his body to the size of her 6-foot-long, creamy legs, or knocking into him playfully with an ass that was as high as his shoulders...it going him going like nothing else.

Aaron had no idea why he was so into this particular fetish, and he had been able to somewhat assuage it on the internet, but it was moments like these, that often came at night when he was alone, that made him feel a bit discouraged. He wished he could be like Kristina, or his other friends; he wished he could just be normal, and have to deal with all the "normal" aspects of dating, good and bad. But as it was, he was too afraid to date anyone at all. The truth of his fetish would just be lying there, waiting to come out at the least opportune moment. It was sure to chase anyone away.

As he neared the tunnel entrance, Aaron shook his head, forcing himself to chuckle.

“Come on,” he muttered out loud, staring forward through the narrow tunnel towards the train tracks on the other side. “Just...get with it. It’s ok.”

He could just imagine what he always did when he got home, sexually frustrated— his attractive friends, just bigger. He could imagine Kristina, in all of her sexy thickness, not at her customary 5’2, but rather 6’8...or even 8’8...or taller! He could imagine staring straight forward into her huge breasts, or watching how ridiculously her massive ass would jiggle and bounce if she was that tall, with all the same proportions. God, she’d be, like...*two* of him! He was 5’4, 140 pounds...definitely shorter than average, but not short enough...or he could imagine Cassie as a 10-foot amazon, winking down at him with a naughty twinkle in her eye, as he looked *up* at her pussy lips...*above* his head. Or Courtney...or...

Once again, Aaron couldn’t help but chuckle a little at himself.

‘There I go again,’ he thought, ‘Fantasizing again...’ He didn’t even have any real desire to BE with any of his friends — the prospect of remaining nothing more than friends with them was absolutely tolerable and ok to him. He just wasn’t able to help fantasizing about them in these ways. The sheer impossibility of it all somehow made the prospect that much more enticing, that much more intense and searing in his mind. If only...if only...

Aaron started walking through the tunnel, and he hadn’t gone more than a few steps when he noticed that something was different...actually, everything was different. The night was warm, and even a little humid, but he suddenly felt cold. He looked sideways to his right at the tunnel wall; strange, winding symbols stared back at him. This was no ordinary graffiti — it looked like a series of elaborate runes, twisting and tumbling over themselves, in an arcane pattern of hushed, esoteric significance. Aaron felt his feet stop as he stared at the symbols. It wasn’t just that they were elaborate and complex, either — the paint...whatever the person had used...it looked like it was literally radiating off the damp concrete walls. Fiery pinks...deep burgundies...profound blues...they all twisted and wound themselves up and over each other, making some kind of...some kind of pattern. Triangles? No, it was more complex than that...Aaron’s mind shot back to middle school for some reason. That book they had read...*A Wrinkle in Time*...that’s what it was...what was that thing the teacher had shown? That shape that was impossible...a tesseract! That’s the word...that’s what it looked like. Aaron felt his stomach muscles clench as he peered even closer at the “graffiti.” Had the shapes just moved?? The sudden sweep of cold had passed over his body, and he now felt warm and numb...almost tingly. The hairs on his arms and the back of his neck were standing up, as if in anticipation. A sudden feeling of silliness bubbled up within him — what was he doing, acting all weird like this? But almost as soon as this feeling came up in his mind, he thought he heard the echo of something in the tunnel behind him...of footsteps.

He whirled around to look, but there was nobody there. Blinking rapidly, Aaron realized now that he was breathing hard. He looked back at the walls and felt his mouth open a little. The arcane symbols...whatever they were...were definitely moving, and no matter how much Aaron blinked his eyes, the slow, undulating movements didn’t stop. Aaron had done shrooms a few times,

years back, but no time recently. Had someone dosed him!? He backed away from the wall, shaking his head, as he resolved to hurry up and get himself home. But as he turned toward the other end of the tunnel to quicken his pace, he heard it — the unmistakable, distant sound of a train horn.

“Oh...shit!” he blurted, and he looked back at the wall one last time. The runes were glowing a fiery red now, and Aaron’s eyes widened in panic. He had no idea what was happening, but he needed to get home, and fast — before he started hallucinating more crazy shit, and, of course, before the train came to block his path home. He started running down the tunnel, his footsteps echoing wetly off the concave walls. The train horn had seemed far away...surely he had time...but as he neared the other end of the tunnel, he could feel the ground beginning to shake. When he finally popped out of the far end of the tunnel, he was greeted by the thunderous, trembling majesty of a huge, black locomotive, belching white smoke into the night as it came on.

Aaron didn’t understand — the train didn’t seem to be going that fast. It had seemed to come from nowhere...and anyway, trains never ran at this hour! But there it was, and there was nothing for him to do but stand there and wait for it to pass. He was still breathing hard from witnessing the strange runes on the tunnel walls, but as he looked upward at the advancing train, he felt his breath catch in his chest. A man, the train’s conductor, was leaning out of the locomotive window, staring forward down the tracks. But as the train passed Aaron, the conductor turned and looked down at him, straight in the face. Aaron felt his eyes widen as he beheld the navy blue conductor cap, slightly askew on a nest of unkempt black hair, and underneath, the black, beady eyes of the conductor, zeroed in on his, holding him in their pits. The thick black mustache under the man’s large nose only served to accentuate his expression: he had been serious before, but now he was smiling...grinning...as his black eyes seemed to sparkle. It was an amused smile, mysterious...like the man knew something he didn’t. Aaron felt a shudder go through him, but he could not move away.

And then the smile seemed to dissolve almost as soon as it had appeared. The man was raising a thick finger in his direction, and was pointing down at him, silently, expressionlessly. The train passed by, and the conductor followed Aaron’s body with his finger, so that his finger remained trained on him until the locomotive had vanished around the corner. Aaron suddenly exhaled out intensely, and then breathed in again quickly, gulping air like he had just come up from a deep dive. The warm, numb, tingly feeling was now lightly teeming across his whole body. He turned to look forward, blinking into the line of boxcars that were now going by. For several minutes, Aaron just stood there in a state of confusion, having no idea what had just happened, or why he had felt like he had somehow stumbled into some kind of...he didn’t know what. Some kind of cabalistic, occult moment.

And just like that, the caboose was pulling up the rear, and Aaron was watching the last car clunk on by, disappearing moments later around the same corner. Aaron blinked again a few times, and he looked past the tracks. He could see the lights of his apartment building twinkling around the corner. But he took another minute to stand there and gather himself.

Something...something had just happened, it felt like. But after a minute or so he felt himself returning to some semblance of "normal," and he stepped across the tracks, heading straight for home. If he had bothered to bend down and feel the smooth metal of the tracks themselves, he would have been shocked to find that it was ice-cold.

Arriving in his apartment, Aaron sought to dispel the weirdness of whatever had just happened. He made himself a sandwich and turned on one of his favorite shows, sinking down into his comfy sofa as he munched away. Again and again, though, he felt his mind wandering back to the graffiti...those symbols...and that conductor. It was all so strange, so bizarre...and somehow, without consciously realizing it, Aaron knew they were all connected.

But he was determined to not make too much out of nothing. It had been a long day, and he was tired, and his mind was probably just playing tricks on him. He thought back to Kristina, and her kind eyes, and her gorgeous smile...and, of course, her big, sexy ass. Aaron smirked at himself.

'Well,' he thought, with self-deprecating humor, 'You always know what'll take your mind off stuff.'

A little while later, Aaron was lying in bed, breathing hard, having just cum to the thought of an 8-foot-tall Kristina twerking in front of him, as he sat in the huge, expansive lap of Cassie, her long, thick legs extended out on either side of him, as her massive hand gently caressed his little chest.

"Mmmmm, just look at her ass, little guy!" Cassie had cooed to him in his fantasy, drawing her long, red fingernails sensually down his bare chest, tickling him lightly as her full, plush lips teased his ear. "Each cheek alone probably weighs like half as much as you! Hahaha, and oh my godddd...look at your little arms compared to mine!" She had extended out her long, luscious arm next to his, beckoning him to do the same in comparison.

"Just look at that," she had murmured in his ear. "So cute, sooo small, soooooo *tiny!*"

And just then, chuckling dirtily, Kristina had backed up and smushed her twerking cheeks directly onto Aaron's torso. He could feel the firm, sumptuous cheeks moving and bouncing up against him, shaking his whole body with their erotic force. Kristina's laughter had echoed in his ears as he came and came...

Aaron could have fallen asleep right then and there, but he reminded himself that he never felt quite right waking up without going through his nightly routine. He washed his face, brushed his teeth, and looked in the mirror, staring himself down seriously for a few moments, before giving himself a warm smile and turning off the light. He settled into bed, pulled out a little notebook, and jotted down the events of the day. He felt exhausted now...more exhausted than he usually felt, and so his notes were quick and perfunctory...until he mentioned his walk with Kristina.

“Walked K to subway...” he had written. Aaron had never really broached the topic of his fetish, even in his own diary, but he suddenly found himself adding:

“She’s so gorgeous...god her ass is nice.”

He paused, feeling awkward and silly...but then continued:

“So big and bouncy...”

Another pause, and then more:

“I want Kristina’s ass to be *bigger*...three pounds bigger.”

Aaron was smiling to himself and shaking his head, even as he found himself getting hard again.

“And I want her to be taller...god, imagine how hot it would be even if she just got 2 inches taller all of a sudden. Tomorrow, Kristina will be 5’4...my exact height.”

Aaron shut his eyes and clenched his teeth together, and a couple minutes later he was cumming again to the thought of Kristina taller, with a fatter ass, laughing about how she’s gaining weight and going through some weird growth spurt. He shot his load even harder than before, so hard that it actually splurged all out on his cheek. Aaron huffed to himself in laughter, got up, wiped himself down, and got back into bed, closing his diary and turning off his light. Half an hour later he was asleep, so he didn’t notice that the words he had written had started to glow a faint red from in between the closed pages.



## Chapter 2

The grating sound of Aaron's alarm fractured him away from a dream he had been having. He immediately felt the cold air of the morning gathering around his face, as the pale blue light of the early morning peeked at him from behind his curtains, teasing him with the responsibilities of the day. Feeling instantly irritated, and grumbling to himself, Aaron reached over and smacked the "snooze" button. He turned back around and closed his eyes again, trying to float back into the same dream he had been having. What had it been? Already it was drifting away from him in his mind, far back into the unreachable recesses of his brain. He had been floating on something...something soft and warm...it had been a good dream, so good that Aaron was already feeling the light despair of having let it go, never to return. For the next five minutes, try as he might, he was not able to will himself back to sleep; every effort he made had the paradoxical effect of waking him up even more.

Finally, Aaron sighed and resigned himself to consciousness. He figured that he had better get going anyway — he was going to be needed on one of the indoor sets early today, so why not get there a little early? He swung himself off his bed, grimacing a little at the cold floor beneath his feet, as he made straight for his little kitchen to brew up some coffee. He felt himself gradually coming to life as he thought about the banal details of his set lightning job, waiting for his coffee to finish as he munched on a granola bar. About half an hour later he was walking onto the morning set with his coffee mug, saying hi to the DP, the gaffer, and the rest of the crew who were already there. Not once did the odd events of the previous night enter his mind.

At least, not until lunch. Kristina was already on one of the park benches near the trailers, chowing down on a burger and fries, when Aaron walked up to her with a chicken sandwich and some fries of his own. The movie production was big enough that the crew's lunches were catered more often than not — Aaron certainly enjoyed the convenience, even if it wasn't always the healthiest kind of food being served.

"They let you guys out earlier today, huh?" asked Aaron, sitting down on the other side of the picnic bench. Usually, he was the one who got to go on break first, since the make-up artists often had to take the time to gingerly dismantle their work.

"Pretty light morning, actually," answered Kristina through a large bite of burger. "Frank wasn't shooting scenes with his big scar today, so I was actually off the hook for most of the morning."

"So no more proposals to move in with him, huh?" joked Aaron, taking a bite out of his sandwich.

"Ha! No more than the usual," chuckled Kristina, smirking with something like pride on her face. "Fending off comments about my big ass all morning, but of course that's not just Frank. What's new, right?"

“Yeah, well...” remarked Aaron dryly, before trailing off and leaning his head to the side with slightly humorous intent.

“Well what?” demanded Kristina. She challenged him with her eyes, smiling through her burger.

“I mean...” persisted Aaron, shrugging his shoulders slowly as he inhaled and shook his head, “They’re only human, Kristina. Like, you can only expect these tech nerds to control themselves for so long.”

Kristina snorted. “Or the movie stars or the costume standbys or the cutters or the stuntmen or the —”

“Ok, ok, wowwwwww!” interrupted Aaron as he held out his hands, laughing. “Is it really that bad?”

“Psssh, with this ass, puh-leease,” Kristina proclaimed, and she took her free hand, reached back, and smacked herself on her right butt cheek. A thick, heavy thud sounded out into the air, and even though Aaron certainly didn’t have any romantic designs on his friend, he regretted not being able to see her big ass rippling from the smack under the table. He found himself almost a little surprised at how substantial the smack had sounded. The thought of Kristina’s big ass jiggling awoke something at the base of his cock, and he decided not to drop the subject.

“I think you’re exaggerating,” he teased, deliberately dipping his fries into some ketchup and eating them as he gauged her reaction. “I think you think you’ve got a bigger butt than you actually do.” True to form, Kristina seemed more than willing to take up the challenge.

“Ohhhh is that so?” she retorted, lowering her burger to its wrapper.

“Shit, Kristina put down her burger!” announced Aaron, reddening from laughter, “She sure means business!”

“You’re damn right I do!” she exclaimed, unable to keep from smiling broadly herself as she slammed her hands down on the picnic table and stood up and turned around, twerking her ass in Aaron’s direction. “How about it, huh? You call that exaggerated!?”

Aaron found his eyes widening as they followed down to Kristina’s twin cheeks. She was wearing her customary skin-tight jeans, complete with her tight white t-shirt, which all combined to show off her curvy figure. Aaron knew this...she was curvy...she had been curvy ever since he had known her...there was nothing extraordinary there. And yet he found himself staring harder at her ass than he ever had before; and then he realized that his lips had parted and that his mouth was hanging wide open. There was no question about it — Kristina’s ass looked *substantially* bigger than it had the day before. Her butt had already been big...now it was something truly noteworthy, something that would have turned *anyone’s* head.

“Hahaha, and now he’s acting all shocked and surprised!” laughed Kristina, gyrating her cheeks playfully up and down and side to side. “Come on, Aaron, I know you’re just flattering me now to get a free show — don’t think I don’t know what’s going on here!”

Aaron knew that she thought she was just playing along with his “act,” but the thing was...it wasn’t an act. He was legitimately dumbfounded. How could Kristina’s butt have gotten so much bigger overnight!? Was it just the jeans she was wearing? Were they, like...a couple sizes smaller, or something? It just didn’t seem to make sense. But as she laughed and continued bobbing her ass up and down, Aaron couldn’t even manage a little smile or chuckle to signal that he was continuing to play along. He blushed and forced his mouth to close, trying to swallow a little to lubricate his dry throat.

“Heheh...oh-kay, enough of that, then,” Kristina smiled, realizing that Aaron didn’t seem to be offering any continuation of their little game. She turned around and plopped herself back down on the bench. “So anyway, how was the shoot this morning? Did the DP’s assistant...ohh what’s his name...was he hungover like he was last week? Haha, boy, he’s totally one of those people who...you know, when they’re in a mood, they’re *really* in a mood, ya know?”

Aaron was finding it impossible to answer; he wasn’t really listening. His brow was furrowed, and without even really realizing what he was doing, he bent a little sideways, glancing under the picnic table to get another look at Kristina’s huge ass. With her sitting down, it looked even bigger, spreading thickly out on both sides of her, curving powerfully into her large thighs...it wasn’t her whole body that had gotten bigger, no...not really, right? Just her ass...no...it was hard to tell.

“Uhhhh...” Kristina’s voice came, and Aaron blinked, snapping back to reality as he saw that she had also tilted her head down to meet his gaze. Her face retained that same humorous expression, but there was something searching in her eyes now. “Everything alright there, Aaron?”

“Y-yeah...yeah, I just...” he stammered, reddening further still, “I...I d-don’t know.”

“You look a little flushed,” said Kristina, now furrowing her own brow as her smile vanished. She peered carefully at him. “You were looking...uhhh...at something under the table there? Did you see something?”

“I...I’m...not sure,” Aaron answered. He knew he was being awkward, but right now it felt like his brain had just backflipped in on itself. Kristina Hanson’s ass was *gigantic*...just like out of his...his...fantasies.

And suddenly he remembered what he had written in his diary the previous night. The whole rushing fervor of his masturbation session came flashing back across the terrain of his brain,

and he remembered those words he had written as a kind of wry, stupid sex joke: “I want Kristina’s ass to be *bigger*...three pounds bigger.”

It certainly *looked* three pounds bigger. What on earth was going on!? He managed to glance up at Kristina, who was looking at him with something like concern on her face now. He forced himself to crack a grin.

“Y-you’re not...you’re not, uhhh...pulling my leg, are you?” he asked.

“Pulling...what? No, Aaron, what are you talking about?” she replied, narrowing her eyes further as she peered at him.

“You...uhh...your, uhm...” he began, but then gave it up. It would have sounded far too awkward — he had been about to ask her if she had stuffed something in the back of her pants to make it look like her ass was bigger, but all it took was making eye contact with her for him to know that she wasn’t meaning to tease him, and that it really WAS her ass down there, and that HE was the odd one in the exchange now. He managed to shift his eyes away from her splayed-out butt on the bench to the nearby grass...where he blinked a few times, steadying himself.

“Forget it,” he breathed after a few seconds, shaking his head. “I...uhh, I just had some kind of...I don’t know, forget it.”

A few agonizing seconds passed by, during which Aaron was actually worried that Kristina wasn’t going to let it all slide. He could feel her studying him, but he couldn’t bring himself to look back at her. He was already blushing, and he knew that if he looked up at her pretty face, he wouldn’t have been able to keep from flushing an even deeper red, just knowing how enormous her ass was. Internally, he felt ridiculous — he would have hoped that he would have been able to deal with this kind of situation with a lot more aplomb and ease, but apparently not. Desperately seeking a sense of normalcy, he reached for his sandwich and took another bite.

“Awwwww,” came the sexy droll of Kristina’s voice. He looked up and she was smirking at him, with her eyebrows slightly raised in a kind of pitying humor. “Was all that twerking a little much? Maybe a little inappropriate?” She chuckled and shook her head dismissively. “Heheh, I’m sorry Aaron, I was just fucking around — wasn’t trying to make you feel uncomfortable.”

“No! No, it’s...it’s fine!” exclaimed Aaron earnestly, looking at her across the table.

“Really...really, it’s alright. Haha, I just had a little brain freeze there.”

“Well I’ll take it as a compliment, then,” chuckled Kristina, picking her burger back up as well.

“Haha, better be glad I didn’t wear my stripper heels into work today — imagine me doing that bit with me taller! Might’ve given you more than a brain freeze, huh?”

“Maybe!” smiled Aaron, taking another bite of his sandwich. He was just glad that things were settling down a little in his brain. Everything was fine — it was surely just the angle or something he had been looking at her.

“Yeah but I quit wearing those after I ran that little experiment last year, remember me telling you?” Kristina mused, looking off into the distance. “I’d come to work in flats one day, you know, my normal 5’4, and then the next day I’d come in those platforms that made me...what, 5’9? And if I wanted attention all day, fine, the platforms were great, but if I just wanted a chill day, like I usually do, well, the answer was obvious. Anyway, it just confirmed what all girls know by the time they hit puberty anyway — guys notice the tall ones first, even if they pretend not to be attracted to them, hahaha!”

Aaron laughed along with her, nodding his head, but his brain had frozen again. Had Kristina just said...that she was 5’4!? He knew that wasn’t right — HE was 5’4...and she had always been a couple inches shorter than him. Aaron swallowed as he looked down at Kristina’s hands; one of them was holding her burger and the other one was gesturing. He knew she was talking, but his ears weren’t processing the vague sounds. All he could think about was what she had just said...and what he had written in his diary the night before. He hadn’t just wished for Kristina’s ass to be bigger...he had wished for her to be 5’4, his exact height. His chest tightened up as a chill of excitement ran through him.

“—since Courtney’s 5’7, and she’s been that tall ever since she was like 14,” Kristina was saying, as her words came back into focus in Aaron’s ears, “But you know, Cassie is 5’4, same as you and me, so even if she wears heels it doesn’t do too much in the way of...hehe, you know...bruising guys’ egos...but uhh, anyway...heh, you sure you’re alright Aaron?”

He blinked and felt his mouth automatically to utter the immediate response:

“Yeah...yeah, why?”

“Well, it’s just that...ahh, it’s, uhh...you’re just looking at me kinda weird.” Kristina’s voice and demeanor made it clear that she was trying not to be too confrontational, but that she nonetheless felt like she needed to say something.

“Oh...I, uh...sorry, I don’t mean to...ummm, to make you feel uncomfortable or anything,” Aaron replied, studying the long loose strands of wood on the park bench, and then the disordered clumps of green grass to Kristina’s right. He knew he was quickly losing his ability to pretend that everything was normal, but he was going to need to bring all this up sooner or later. Sensing the tension in her silence, he decided to just go and barrel ahead.

“It’s just that...uhh...I wanted to, um...” he felt his face cracking into a smile as he turned his eyes to look at her. She was definitely concerned about him now, and he wanted to make sure that the atmosphere between them remained light and carefree...humorous, even. He wasn’t going to accuse her of anything - he was just going to do his best to play it cool.

“So we’re the same height, you and me?” he blurted out, his finger going back and forth between them. Kristina blinked and stared at him without speaking for a couple moments. It looked like she was trying to gauge whether he was making fun of her or not. Her eyebrows creased together as she gave a little chuckle.

“Well yeah,” she said, looking to the side for an instant and then back at him, “I mean...I don’t know exactly who’s taller, but yeah, I’d say we’re about the same height.” She leaned back a little on the bench as she purposefully extended out her torso, making herself look taller as she broke into a little grin. “You’ve always been a bit on the short side, Aaron, no offense.”

Aaron’s heart was really pounding now. There were only two possibilities now — either Kristina was playing some kind of odd prank on him, or...his wish from the previous night had come true. He wasn’t going to wait long to find out.

“W-well...well that might be true,” he remarked, returning her grin, “But I think I’ve got you by at least an inch, Kristina.”

“Oh, at least an inch, you say?” she returned, raising a challenging eyebrow as she stuck her tongue into the side of her cheek. “I think you’re suffering from wishful thinking, Aaron.”

“You think so?” Aaron stood up, stepped sideways away from the bench, and then walked towards her, crossing his arms in front of his chest confidently. “Let’s see it then.”

“Mmmm, this is fun,” declared Kristina, bending down to take another bite of her burger as she stood up. “Challenge accepted...*little guy*.”

As soon as she spoke those last two words, Aaron knew his brain was filing them away to use for later. But he reminded himself to stay focused, and managed not to get too hard just from Kristina’s playful words alone. A second later she had stood up and stepped towards him, making eye contact the whole time. They stood before each other, face to face. Kristina’s smile broadened — their eyes were at the exact same height.

Kristina cleared her throat after letting a couple seconds pass.

“Ughhheehmm...uhhh...so what was that you were saying?” she teased, tilting her head slightly to the side as she continued to stare at him playfully. “About being at least an inch taller?”

“Uhhh...y-yeah,” stammered Aaron, now blushing mightily in both his face and neck. “I...I think I’m taller, Kristina.”

“Ohoho noooooo,” she intoned, shaking her head back and forth as her body shook from laughter, “No, I don’t think so.” She extended her palm out on top of her head and drew a

straight line, from the top of her head to his. “Yyyyeah, just like I thought,” she said a moment later. “Same height.”

“Aw now, just a second,” Aaron laughed. He copied what she had done, drawing his own line from the top of his head to hers. He felt the side of his hand brush against the top of Kristina’s blond hair, and he paused, dropping his hand as he looked back into her blue eyes. It certainly *seemed* like they were the same height...but he wasn’t done yet. This was just too crazy; Aaron felt himself snicker as he met the challenging humor in Kristina’s eyes.

“Mmmm, I think I’m a little taller, actually,” he declared, with faux-regret infusing his voice.

“Like hell you are!” Kristina laughed immediately, shoving him playfully as she took a step back and looked around, scanning left and right. “I need a second opinion...someone who isn’t biased, haha...oh look! Perfect! Here comes Courtney!”

Aaron turned and saw that their mutual friend was walking up to them, carrying a bag with her lunch in it. He was used to seeing her around, but right now, because of the peculiar nature of what was going on, he was even more conscious of her height. Courtney was 5’7, three inches taller than him, and her long, curly brown hair framed an attractive face, a kind of crown to the toned, alluring shape of her body. The two of them had always been effortlessly amiable toward each other — from Aaron’s perspective, it was because she was so far out of his league that it wasn’t even worth a shot asking her out. Over the years, their friendship had solidified accordingly.

“Oh boy,” quipped Courtney, putting her bag down on the picnic table, “What did I just walk into?”

“Aaron has apparently gotten it into his head that he’s...*taller* than me,” Kristina announced, with evident pleasure as she turned to look at him. “And I can’t seem to convince him that he’s living in a dreamworld.”

“Oh come on Aaron, really?” laughed Courtney, turning to him and shaking his head. “You’re just playing around, right?”

“Well...no,” replied Aaron, shrugging as he grinned. “I’ve always thought...uhhh...that I was a little...a little taller than her. But apparently...uhh...that was just...*insane* of me to think, huh?”

“No, not insane,” chuckled Courtney, shaking her head. “I’ve just always thought you two were about the same height, though.”

Aaron was making mental notes of everything, hungrily eating up the things he was finding out. So this wasn’t just Kristina playing around with him...and if she *had* grown, then that meant...he couldn’t get it all straight in his head. It was too much to take in all at once. And anyway, things were happening.

“Come on, let’s settle this the easy way,” exclaimed Kristina excitedly, and Aaron felt her grab his wrists as she turned around with her back to him. “Let’s go, Aaron — back-to-back! Tell us who’s taller, Courtney.”

Aaron’s heart was *really* pounding now as he turned around and put his back to Kristina. He hoped that Courtney wouldn’t notice that the crotch of his pants had started to bulge slightly. He could explain away his blushing from the embarrassment of the situation, but an erection right now? He didn’t fancy having to explain away his fetish at this exact moment. Thankfully, Courtney seemed to be focused on the tops of their heads, and Aaron couldn’t help but take a little glance at her...his eyes were even with her heart-shaped chin.

“Let’s see...you’re both standing on even ground,” Courtney mumbled, glancing down for a moment, before turning her eye once again to their heads. “Ummmmm...yyyep! Looks like you’re just about the same!”

Aaron couldn’t believe it. His wish...it had actually come *true*!? What on earth did this mean?? He needed proof, hard proof. But before he could ask for it, Courtney was talking again.

“And, I mean, if you want me to get technical,” she added, “The bun of Kristina’s ponytail is actually a little higher than Aaron’s head, so...strictly speaking, *she’s* taller.”

“Ahahaha, how about *that!*?” Kristina laughed. Aaron could feel her mirth shaking through her body, and he willed his cock to calm down.

“Nah, there’s no way,” he laughed, shaking his head. “You two are in on this together, I know it. Pics or it never happened.”

“Whatever you say,” Courtney chuckled, and she whipped her phone out and took a couple pictures of the two of them standing back-to-back. A few moments later all three of them were staring at Courtney’s phone. The two girls were smiling and laughing, and Aaron was at a loss for words. There could be no doubt — his wish had come true.

“That settle any questions you had?” Courtney giggled, settling down onto the bench and taking her lunch out. Kristina had sat back down too, smirking.

“I...uhh, yeah,” Aaron said blankly, smiling sheepishly to hide the utter turmoil raging inside of him. “Yeah, I think...I think it does.”

But really, the questions had only just begun. Aaron couldn’t wait to get back home to look at that diary. He felt like it would be a good place to start.



### Chapter 3

On the way home from work, walking back to his apartment, Aaron found himself slowing down as he approached the tunnel by the railway tracks. The film crew had been let go earlier that day, so it was only early evening; the sun was still in the sky. Aaron had been in a hurry to get back to his apartment so that he could look at his diary, so that he could study the fateful words he had written that had miraculously and mysteriously come true. But as he neared the tunnel, he slowed down, eventually coming to a full stop right by the entrance. He felt almost afraid to go inside, and for more than one reason. To begin with, he felt some kind of primal misgiving, a sort of fear of the unknown, that was pulling at him. The last time he had gone through this tunnel, there had been a series of strange, painted shapes undulating impossibly on the walls, uncannily seeming to dance in lockstep with the distant sounds of that eerie train as it got closer and closer.

But the spooky, magical energy of the previous evening was completely absent now, and Aaron quickly felt a little silly for being afraid. But something else was still holding him back, something more nuanced, but, as he considered it, not less silly.

‘What if I “undo” what happened by going through the tunnel again?’ he asked himself. ‘What if I caught lightning in a bottle, and I’m just...about to let it out now!?’

It certainly was an unwelcome thought, but the longer he stood there contemplating, the more ridiculous he felt. The fact was that the setting felt completely different from the night before. Everything, from the feel of the air to the skew of the setting sun to the sight and smell of the wild grass growing up through the concrete, felt strikingly ordinary.

“Yeah, I’m not gonna keep doing this,” Aaron finally said out loud. “I’m not gonna let all this turn me into a crazy person.”

He inhaled deeply through his nose and walked into the tunnel. He was determined to proceed normally, but along the way, he couldn’t help but glance aside at the walls, to see if those fantastical, undulant shapes were still there. But all that he saw were the ordinary, haphazard scrawlings that had always been there. Aaron blinked, turned his head, and kept moving. He wished that his heart wasn’t beating so fast, and as he emerged out of the tunnel he paused, looking left and right, straining his ears for any slight, distant toot from an approaching train. But there was nothing, and he crossed the tracks quickly in the same way he always had.

‘So that’s it, then,’ he thought, making straight for his apartment. ‘There was something...something *special* about last night, then.’

Aaron found himself wondering if he hadn’t just imagined the whole thing, with the colorful moving shapes, the train and its queer conductor, and even the interactions he had had earlier with Kristina and Courtney. Were the two of them “in” on this somehow!? Were they all playing some kind of twisted game with him? Had they learned about his fetish somehow, and were

now all in cahoots to make a fool out of him? Aaron knew all of this wasn't at all likely, but then again, was the *alternative* really likely? That he could now literally write his fantasies into existence??

By the time he opened his apartment door, he had riled himself up into such a frenzy that he really didn't know what to believe. He threw down his keys and didn't even pause to kick off his shoes — he made a beeline straight for his diary. His heart was really pounding now as he grabbed it, sat down on his bed, and opened it to where he had marked the previous night's entry. He felt the borders of his eyes stretching as his lids opened wide. The words he had written last night were thick and black, like they had been burned into the page. Aaron detected a slight burning odor wafting up to his nostrils from the page. He blinked again and looked even closer. It was incredible — it was like someone had taken a glowing-hot pen and deftly traced each letter he had written, searing it into the paper. Aaron turned a few pages back; his writing there looked exactly the same. He picked up the pen he had written with and examined it...nothing looked out of the ordinary, either with the pen or with the pages themselves. It was just those words he had written, burned black, staring back at him with a still and quiet power:

“I want Kristina's ass to be *bigger*...three pounds bigger.”

And then, a little farther down:

“And I want her to be taller...god, imagine how hot it would be even if she just got 2 inches taller all of a sudden. Tomorrow, Kristina will be 5'4...my exact height.”

Right then, Aaron noticed that the earlier words he had written that same night, about his walk home with Kristina, and how pretty she was, weren't burned like the others. It didn't take him long to realize the key difference: the only words that had been seared into the page were the ones that directly talked about his desires.

‘So it IS real,’ he thought, looking up from the diary and staring straight forward into his bare wall. ‘I CAN wish these things into reality...or, at least, I *could*...last night...’

The question now was obvious, and at the forefront of his mind: could he do it again? Would that strange power, which seemed to have been bestowed on him last night in that tunnel, or maybe by that uncanny passing train, work again tonight? There was only one way to find out.

Aaron picked his pen up and hovered it over the next blank page, his hand shaking slightly as the blood pounded in his ears.

‘Wait, wait,’ he thought, shaking his head to himself. He put his pen down, got up, and poured himself a glass of water. He made a point to drink it down slowly, as he went over to his window and stood there to look at the lights of the city beginning to emerge in the dusk.

If he had been given this power...and *if* he still had it...he wasn't going to run wild with it. He wasn't going to let it consume him. The prospect of his fantasies coming true — something he had long thought was impossible — was not going to take control of his life. But even as he stood there, staring out at the city, giving himself a pep talk, Aaron could feel the disingenuousness of what he was saying to himself. If this was all real, of COURSE it was going to change everything! It went without saying that if he could somehow grow people...grow women...grow his friends, then...who knows what else he could do!?

'If I wished for anything...like...like money, or...I don't know...hell, *world peace*, for all I know...would that happen too!?'

He went back to his bed and sat on it, putting his diary in his lap as he hovered the pen over the pages again. This new power, if he really had it, was almost totally foreign to him. He didn't know what it was, or how it worked, or how much of it he had. The minutes passed by without him writing anything, and still Aaron sat there, his pen poised, not knowing how to venture into this surreal new territory.

"Let's just...let's just make sure...that it works," Aaron said suddenly out loud. His spoken words seemed to crystallize everything in his brain, and he nodded to himself. "Yeah, yeah, that's the best way to go. Short and simple...just to see...something like I did before, with the, uh...the growth."

He thought about his friend Cassie. She was working on another part of the movie production, and so Aaron hadn't seen her in a couple weeks. Her almond-shaped green eyes, and her curvy, big-breasted, plump-assed body rose up in his mind. Like Kristina and Courtney, Cassie was gorgeous, and also like the two of them, Aaron had never seriously considered dating her — in his mind, he would find some way to mess it all up, and their friendship would be ruined. He had a good thing going with Cassie, and would have been devastated if he alienated her because of his attraction. But Aaron was thinking about another aspect of Cassie's appearance now: her height. Like him (and now, apparently, Kristina), she was 5'4. Or, at least, she was *now*.

Aaron put down his pen, picked up his phone, and sent Cassie a quick text.

"Hey! Hope you had a good week! Long time no see, wanna chill tomorrow after the set closes down?"

He felt slightly dirty, sending Cassie a text with hidden ulterior motives, but he worked to reassure himself.

'Hey, I DO actually wanna see her,' he said internally. 'I just want to see...about some other things too.'

His phone buzzed less than a minute later. Cassie had replied:

“Yeah sure! Meet by the picnic benches at like 6? Crazy week in the costume department, lol. Ready for the weekend!”

“You’re telling me,” Aaron texted back. “Ok cool — see you at 6 tomorrow.”

He picked up his pen again, and didn’t hesitate this time.

“I want Cassie to grow two inches taller,” he wrote carefully. “I want her to be 5’6.”

Was that it? Aaron thought about closing his diary and calling it a night, but he had quite literally aroused himself in the act of writing, and he didn’t want to stop there. He went down a line and wrote some more:

“I want Courtney to grow two inches taller, to 5’9. I want her to be curvier, too, with wider hips.”

He paused, thinking that he better be specific.

“I want Courtney to gain 15 pounds, and for her hips to get wider by”

And here Aaron paused again. He didn’t want there to be any doubt; the whole point of doing all this now was to convince himself that he wasn’t hallucinating, and that this power was real. A small voice in his head wondered why having both her AND Cassie grow by two inches wasn’t enough proof, but he barreled on ahead, his hardening cock rising up into the back of his diary as he finished his sentence:

“8 inches.”

Aaron sat there, staring at what he had written for several long moments. Part of him had been expecting the letters to burn themselves into the page before his eyes, but he remembered that this hadn’t happened the night before. He thought about keeping the diary open to see if anything happened, but he quickly decided against this. He shut the diary closed with a thud and put it carefully on his nightstand. The temptation to keep looking at it was strong, but Aaron was already getting a little tired of his neurosis around the diary itself.

‘Just see if it works tomorrow,’ he thought, going into the bathroom to get ready for bed. ‘If it does, then we’ll...we’ll just...cross that bridge when we come to it.’

It didn’t take long for him to cum tonight — all he had to do was think about how Kristina and Courtney had laughed at him, how they had compared their height to his, and how Kristina actually was *taller* than him with her ponytail. And Kristina’s ass...oh my GOD...just the way it bounced and jiggled crazily every time she *moved*, even just a little bit!? Aaron had never been too skinny, but at this point he wondered whether Kristina weighed as much as him...or

more...with that ass of hers. In no time, he was groaning out into the gathering dark, cumming all over his chest.

Just a little while later he had settled himself down in his bed, trying to put thoughts of the diary, and of Cassie and Courtney's potential growth, out of his mind.

'8 inches,' he thought. 'That's...a big change...'

The emotional and sexual turbulence of the day finally overcame him, and he passed out into a deep sleep, ensuring that, once again, he was unaware of the sudden red glow in between the pages of his diary.

The next thing Aaron knew, he was in the process of sitting up in his bed, blinking in the early morning sunlight that was streaming in through his bedroom window. He usually pulled his curtains closed at night, but he had been so preoccupied that he had forgotten. Rubbing his eyes, he swallowed the nighttime scratchiness down his throat as he sat there in his bed, pondering in a stupor. Then it all came back to him, and he shot his gaze down to his diary, sitting there on top of those books. Aaron didn't know if he should be doing this or not, but the curiosity was far too strong now. He could already feel his breath coming in excited bursts as he bent down, picked his diary off the stack, and opened it to the page he had marked the night before.

His heart leapt, and Aaron found himself inhaling sharply through his nose as he balled his hands up into fists, pumping ecstatically.

"YES!!" he cried, thrusting his face up at the ceiling. "YESSSS!!!"

The words he had written the night before were burned black into the page, just like his other words had been. With trembling hands, Aaron went to the window and held up the diary to the new light, just to make sure that he wasn't seeing things. There could be no doubt: during the night, something had happened to change the letters, to burn them into the page. Once again, the same slightly burnt odor tickled his nostrils. Aaron flipped back a page, comparing the burnt letters of the previous entry with those he had written last night. They looked the same — it was like someone had taken a burning pen and traced the exact words, expressing his desires:

"I want Cassie to grow two inches taller. I want her to be 5'6.

I want Courtney to grow two inches taller, to 5'9. I want her to be curvier, too, with wider hips. I want Courtney to gain 15 pounds, and for her hips to get wider by 8 inches."

Aaron nearly tripped over himself getting ready for work. 6pm couldn't come soon enough. He still couldn't quite believe that this was all real, that this was actually happening, but the evidence of the singed words in his diary was immensely compelling: he was beginning to believe.

Right before he left, though, Aaron remembered that he hadn't arranged any kind of meet-up with Courtney. He was looking forward to seeing if Cassie had grown, of course, but more than anything else, he was desperate to see if Courtney had gained that weight, and if her hips had widened, in addition to getting taller. He whipped out his phone, and within a couple minutes, as he walked with animated energy towards the film set, Courtney had confirmed that she too would meet him by the picnic benches around 6. It had been easy to arrange, since they were already all friends with each other.

"It'll be nice to see Cass, haven't seen her in a minute," Courtney had said. Aaron was already getting hard, imagining a taller, heavier Courtney typing those words to him.

"Yeah, it'll be fun!" he had responded. Little did she know how fun it would be. Aaron crossed the train tracks with barely-pent-up euphoria. He had the strange urge to bend down, pick up one of the ballast rocks by the tracks, and kiss it. Somehow, this spot by the tracks, that one time he had happened by, had been some kind of a portal...it had been infused with some kind of occult energy that he, Aaron, had been lucky enough to walk into. Or, at least, that was one potential explanation. But Aaron knew he was already getting ahead of himself.

'Eeeeeasy, eeeeeasy,' he told himself, taking a deep breath. 'Just...concentrate on your work today. You can't even be sure that this is even happening. One step at a time.'

Never in his life had a work day passed by so slowly. Aaron had at least hoped to see Kristina during lunch, but she was busy and couldn't meet him like she usually did. Her pledge to meet him after work did little to calm Aaron's increasing nerves — he had wanted to see if she was still the same height as him, and to see if her ass was still as big as it had been yesterday. His inability to see only fueled his growing doubts during the day that this would all somehow be exposed as a big joke. But finally, it was 5:45, and, with his heart beating away like a drum in his chest, Aaron sought out the picnic benches and sat down, waiting to see who would show up first.

Ten minutes later, Aaron saw Kristina bounding up to meet him. His insides did a little backflip as he saw that her ass looked every bit as huge as it had the previous day. The fact that she was wearing tight cut-off jeans shorts only magnified the astonishing fleshiness of her twin cheeks.

'Oh my god,' Aaron thought, 'She's wearing those platform boots today.' Kristina sometimes wore her boots on set, and they made her two inches taller. Before, they had made her the same height as him, but now...

Aaron jumped up to meet her, making it a point to stand next to her, to compare their heights. Kristina seemed to play right along as she smirked, looking slightly down at him. There couldn't be any doubt that, in her boots, she was taller than him now.

“See this?” Kristina joked, settling her palm on the top of his head and drawing an imaginary straight into the middle of her forehead. “Since we’re the *same height*, Aaron, when I wear my *two-inch* boots, what does that make me, hmmm?”

“Ummm...two...inches taller than me?” offered Aaron. He was staring into the top of her upper lip, which curved out widely in a bright smile.

“That’s riiiiight!” she cheered, suddenly ensnaring his neck in a playful headlock as she gave him a noogie on the top of his head. “Hahaha, oh my god, even when I got home last night, I still couldn’t stop laughing about yesterday. The look on your face! It was like you *actually thought* you were taller than me!”

“Heheh, y-yeah, well...uh,” chuckled Aaron, feeling the heat and weight of Kristina’s body against his. Her breasts were squishing up against the bottom of his shoulders as she pretended to manhandle him. It occurred to Aaron that, despite the fact that Kristina was still definitely curvy (especially in her ass), the rest of her body actually looked a bit leaner than it had before. He remembered that he had only wished for her ass to be bigger, and for her to be two inches taller — he hadn’t wished for any more weight gain. Had her increased height...“evened out” the rest of her body a little? He couldn’t be sure. And in any case, he could compare the results when he saw Cassie and Courtney. He had only wished for Cassie to be taller, but he had wished for Courtney to be taller AND heavier.

“Yeah, I guess...ha, I guess I was just a little delusional,” Aaron finished, sitting down on the picnic bench. He was glad that Kristina sat next to him, on the same side; the look of her big ass spreading completely over the wooden planks was so erotic that he had to force himself not to stare. Even so, he saw that her ass was hanging off *both sides* of the bench. Looking down, he saw that his own butt didn’t even span the extent of the plank he was sitting on...on either side.

“Damn...speaking of delusional,” muttered Kristina, suddenly glancing down at her butt, “I don’t know *why* I thought I could still wear these shorts...like, Jesus, are you seeing this, Aaron!?”

He looked down and saw the beginnings of an obvious tear, splitting down the side of her shorts, which snaked up to where her right butt cheek was noticeably straining the fabric.

“Like, oh my god, I’ve had to be super careful all day,” Kristina continued, shaking her head and chuckling to herself.

“Careful...? Uh, why?” asked Aaron blankly.

“Why?” Kristina burst out, her eyebrows raised in wry humor. “Because of THIS!”

At the word “THIS,” she flexed both of her ass cheeks, and her jean shorts tore audibly on both sides, exposing the creamy fleshiness of her upper thighs as the curved underside of her ass

sprang into view. Aaron's cock seemed to twang up in unison; he was looking down the filled confines of Kristina's tight black panties.

"Hahaha, I mean, like, it's end of the day, and it's been so tight all day in these shorts," Kristina was laughing, "So, like...you know, fuck it!"

"Haha, uh, yeah...yeah, that must have been...annoying all day long," Aaron managed to say.

"Pssh, you're not kidding," answered Kristina, waving her hand. "They seemed extra tight this morning when I put them on. Heh, guess I deserve it, right? Thinking I can fit into these tiny little things...oh look, there's Cassie! Hey Cass!"

Aaron did his best to collect himself as he turned around, and there Cassie was, waving as she walked towards them over the patchy grass. Aaron's first thought, that Cassie looked a little slimmer, was immediately eclipsed by something much more pressing: she looked taller. Immediately, he stood up and stepped towards her.

"Oh hey!" giggled Cassie, in her characteristically cute and playful tone, "Happy to see me, huh? Well come on, bring it in, haha — haven't seen you in over a week!"

"Y-yeah...nice to...see you," Aaron forced out, and the next thing he knew he was hugging his friend, feeling her breasts bunching up along his shoulders. Maybe he was just wishing too hard for it to be true, but when he pulled away and looked at her, the truth became clear: Cassie was clearly taller than him. And, with the platform sneakers she was wearing, it wasn't even close. Aaron was staring straight forward into her collarbone.

"Y-you're...you're taller," he blurted out, not being able to help himself.

"Huh?" chuckled Cassie, inclining her head, not seeming to understand at first. But then it dawned on her and she laughed, kicking one of her feet up backward in an elegant one-footed parody of a pose. "Oh! Haha, yeah...decided to wear these babies today...they give me a two-inch boost, so I'm 5'8 today!"

"So you're...you're 5'6?" asked Aaron, his face reddening. "In your bare feet?"

"Well yeah," answered Cassie, putting her foot down. "Thereabouts. Ever since I was like 15, haha."

"Holy shit, he's doing it to you too!" exclaimed Kristina, coming up back behind Aaron and playfully putting her arms around him, locking her hands together right around his navel.

"Doing what?" asked Cassie, puzzled.



"Getting all fixated on your height all of a sudden!" Kristina answered. Aaron could feel the vibrations of her laughter through her breasts, squeezing against his upper back. "Yesterday he was *convinced* that he was taller than me, and it took Courtney showing up and measuring us to conclude that, in fact, *I* was the one who was taller...if you count my ponytail, that is."

"Aww, were you feeling a little self-conscious about your height?" asked Cassie kindly, her eyebrows upturning slightly in pity as she pouted down at him. "Well, I've always thought it was kind of adorable that you were a couple inches shorter than me, for what it's worth."

She reached out her hand and ruffled Aaron's hair lovingly, causing him to blush even further. His cock was really getting hard now, and he hoped that neither of them would notice.

"So, long week, huh?" asked Kristina, sliding her arms off Aaron and sitting back down. "Heheh, look at what I just did to my shorts! Totally shredded!"

"Well that's what you deserve," laughed Cassie, sitting down at the picnic table, "Trying to fit that fat ass of yours into those itty bitty things. And you know, now that you mention it, I don't know why I put on these jeans today. You seeing this? They're riding up on my ankles! I totally thought they fit me, but I guess I'm losing my mind."

"You and me both," agreed Kristina. "Like, my tops actually are a little looser on me, though."

"Is it weird that I noticed the same thing this morning?" laughed Cassie. "So strange!"

They both turned to Aaron, smiling.

"So how about you?" Kristina joked. "Your clothes fitting alright, Aaron?"

"Uhh...yeah, haha, fine," he replied, shrugging.

"Well isn't that just lovely," Cassie said warmly, squinting her eyes playfully at him before turning back to Kristina. "God, look at those shorts. They're hopeless now, but you should have given them to Aaron to wear instead of destroying them, haha!"

"Aaron!?" burst out Kristina. "Wearing *these* shorts? Heheh, Aaron, no offense, but even though I just tore these, I don't think they would've even fit you anyways. They were waaaay too small for me, but I think they were still too big for you!"

"H-hey, now...wait a minute," said Aaron, trying to pull off indignation as his heart pumped all his blood straight down into his cock, "I'm...I'm not *that* small, ok?"

"Aww, 5'4? 140 pounds?" ventured Cassie lovingly, taking her hand and squeezing his thigh. "Noooo...no, not that small at all, haha."

Aaron knew she was teasing him, and he would have liked to have been able to reply with something snappy...but the fact was he was just too overcome right now with arousal to say anything at all. This was all real. Neither of them had any idea. In their minds, everything had always been this way. Nothing untoward had happened. But Aaron knew. He knew now, without any doubt, that this incredible new power that he had acquired was REAL.

“What are you all giggling about?” came a new voice from across the grass. Aaron felt himself tense up. At this point, he was almost afraid to look up.

“Oh just the usual,” remarked Kristina dryly. “Marveling at how *big* and *stronnnng* Aaron is.”

“Mmmmm, yeeeeeah,” purred Cassie, gently teasing him as her hands reached over and squeezed his biceps. “Feeling up his *giiiiant* guns, haha...it’s a regular love-fest over here, Courtney. Come join us!”

Aaron made himself look up, and what breath he had left caught in his chest. Courtney was standing there in a tight white t-shirt and long black yoga pants, which spanned all the way down her long, elegant legs, ending right around the top of her shapely calves. He could *immediately* tell that she was curvier, and that her legs were longer. From his perspective, Courtney had always had long legs, but not like *this*. She looked like some kind of graceful, sumptuous model, standing there with her hips cocked to the side. Her thighs and calves looked noticeably bigger and stronger, and her hips...oh my god, her hips!! They were so wide and luscious that Aaron wondered how even her extra-stretchy yoga pants were containing them. Her figure had always had a pleasing hourglass shape to it, but now the effect was markedly exaggerated, to incredible proportions. Everywhere, she just looked fleshier, firmer, and curvier. Aaron also saw that she was wearing her brown sandals, which he knew gave her an inch or two boost.

“Well?” quipped Courtney, spreading her arms as she shook her head back and forth, her long brown curls jostling playfully around her pretty face. “I saw you hugging Cassie from a distance. Aren’t you gonna give me one too?”

“Uh, ehahaha, sure,” smiled Aaron. He stood up and was not able to avoid showing his shock. He was looking straight into Courtney’s shoulders. The top of his head didn’t even come up to her eyes, only reaching the bottom of her nose. Her breasts were aimed straight forward into his neck. Swallowing in disbelief, he looked up at her, meeting her sprightly gaze before embracing her. He felt the vibrations of her joining the other girls in laughter as she pretended to smother him with her breasts.

“Alright, alright, enough of that,” Courtney giggled. Aaron felt her long fingers fastening around his upper arms and gently guiding him away from her. She was so much bigger than him that even this simple motion conveyed her strength — in her sandals, she was a full 7 inches taller, and she probably outweighed him by a good 20 pounds now as well.

“Gotta sit down and take it easy,” Courtney sighed, plopping herself down on the bench. “I don’t know what’s going on, but nothing seemed to fit me this morning.”

“We were just talking about that!” exclaimed Kristina, nodding and looking at Cassie. “Us too!”

“Really?” asked Courtney. “So weird! I mean, even these yoga pants here, which I wore when nothing else would fit...they’re so tight on me!” She stuck her finger in the waistband and pulled on the fabric, letting it fall back in place with a sudden snap. Aaron saw her voluptuous hips jiggle in response.

“Weighed myself this morning and everything,” continued Courtney, shaking her head. “Just a little over 160...same as always.”

“Bet I’m close to that,” joked Kristina, smacking her big ass.

“Huh, yeah...me too,” added Aaron as casually as he could, sitting down on the bench.

“You?” asked Courtney, grinning. She sidled up to him on the bench, so that their thighs were right next to each other. Giggling, Cassie did the same, and Aaron found himself sandwiched in between two pairs of legs that were *clearly* bigger than his. Cassie’s thighs looked big compared to his, but Courtney’s positively dwarfed them, rising up a good few inches above, even as they extended out farther by an obvious few inches.

“There he goes again,” laughed Kristina, admiring the comparison. “Trying to fit in with the big girls.” She suddenly looked up at the sky.

“Hey, so it’s already getting dark,” she remarked. “Why don’t we all go back to your place, Aaron? I’d hate to get caught by some night stalker with these torn pants, haha!”

“That....sounds good,” he nodded. How on earth he was going to handle having all three of them in his apartment without them discovering how aroused he was, well...Aaron had no idea. But he knew that, above all else, none of them could be permitted to look inside that diary. He had only just achieved this power, and he didn’t want any of them discovering it.

## Chapter 4

Aaron wasn't quite sure why, but he decided to take an alternate route back to his apartment. Somehow, the idea of leading Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney through the pedestrian tunnel and across the same stretch of railway tracks didn't feel right. He knew that he was already being superstitious about his newfound power, but he still had no idea how he had come by it, how it worked, how long it would last, or...any other host of unknowns. He had no doubt, though, that the power had been bestowed on him two nights previously, starting with the strange, phantasmagoric graffitied runes on the wall of the tunnel, and ending with that ghostly train and its eerie conductor. The last thing Aaron wanted right now was to go through that tunnel again, and to once more encounter that train and conductor, with the girls with him. He had no idea why, but he felt that such an occurrence would cause him to lose the power he so desperately rejoiced on now. So he decided to take a roundabout way.

"Hey! Why are we looping all the way around here?" Kristina laughed, as Aaron led them way around across another part of the tracks. "Isn't your apartment like right over there?"

"I...um, well yeah, it is," Aaron admitted, trying to think fast without fixating on the fact that, next to the 5'6 Cassie, and the 5'9 Courtney, and the 5'4 Kristina — their heights all augmented by the 2-inch heels, pumps, and sandals they were wearing — he was the shortest out of all of them. "I just...had a weird experience in the tunnel the other night and...you know, just kinda wanted to avoid it."

"Oh you did?" asked Cassie with interest. "Was some weird guy in there?"

"Um...yeah," Aaron replied, not entirely untruthfully. "Yeah, it was just...a little odd, is all."

"Hmmm, yeah, it's better not to travel alone at night, anyway," said Courtney, nodding her head so that her brown curls bunched up around her face. "Especially when Kristina's gone and flexed her fat ass out of her pants."

"Haha yeah...re-thinking your choices, Kristina?" teased Cassie.

"Fuck it, whatever," shrugged Kristina. "It was the end of the day, and these shorts had been bugging me ever since I put them on this morning. Sometimes you just get inspired. Haha, you should've seen the look on Aaron's face when I flexed my butt, too! I don't think he was expecting my ass to...haha, to do what it did!"

"It was certainly very impressive, Kristina," Aaron chuckled. "I know your parents must be proud."

"Heh! Proud and jealous!" returned Kristina. "My mom's got a pretty flat butt, so she resorts to teasing me that I was adopted!"

“Harsh!” laughed Cassie.

“Yeah, my mom always teased me too,” added Courtney, “When I got taller than her...haha, but then when I got as tall as my dad...well, that kinda shut her up!”

“So your dad’s...uh...5’9 too?” asked Aaron, as they walked down the sidewalk towards his apartment building in the gathering darkness of the evening. His mind pricked up, fascinated to hear her answer.

“Well yeah,” nodded Courtney as she walked next to him, her thick hips swaying and bouncing to and fro at the same height as the middle of Aaron’s stomach, “We’re the same height.”

Aaron was typing in the code to his apartment building now, but really, he was thinking about Courtney’s answer. So based on his primitive understanding of the “rules” of his new power, if he...grew Courtney after tonight, she would say that she was taller than her dad, and that she had been for some time...right? He smiled to himself, opening the door, as he felt an intense warmth surge through his body.

‘I guess I’ll just have to make her taller, then, won’t I?’ he thought blissfully. This was all turning into something like a dream — he had been sexually frustrated his entire life, unable to tell anyone about his secret size fetish, and now here he was, with the power to make his friends taller and curvier! What could he do with...other women!? How far did this power extend?? There was so much more to learn...so much to experiment with and look forward to!

“What’s so funny?” asked Kristina searchingly, as they followed him up to his apartment.

“Huh? Oh, I just...nothing,” Aaron answered, shrugging. He reminded himself not to let his guard down. No one except him had any idea what was going on, and he desperately wanted it to stay that way. He had to make sure the words in his diary remained a secret. But he pointed out to himself that none of the girls were disrespectful enough to go rummaging through his things.

‘Well...Kristina, maybe,’ he thought. ‘She’s definitely a bit more free spirited...edgy...Cassie probably not, though...and definitely not Courtney.’

“Well I hope you’ve got some shorts in your dresser that’ll fit me,” chuckled Kristina. “Because otherwise I’m gonna be booty-out on your sofa.”

Finding a pair of shorts for Kristina proved to be one of the main entertainments of the evening. All three of the girls had been to Aaron’s apartment a number of times before, but for obvious reasons, this time felt different for Aaron. He couldn’t really ever relax, even though he knew he had to keep up his carefree, casual facade. The new power of his diary had turned his apartment into a kind of cloister, and the girls’ presence felt like something of a violation. But

Aaron reminded himself that the fruits of his power were right there in front of him, so why not just enjoy it!?

It was hard not to feel nervous, though, when Kristina marched straight into his bedroom, her huge ass bungling after her, and started opening the drawers of his dresser.

“H-hey! Hey wait!” called Aaron, running after her, even as his cock stirred watching her enormous ass cheeks jiggle up and down. In the confinement of his apartment, all three of the girls looked even bigger. “Wait, let me...uh...let me pull out a few pairs for you, Kristina, huh? And...and you all wait on the sofa and I’ll...heheh, we’ll turn it into a kind of...show!”

“Oooo, I like this idea!” laughed Cassie, clapping her hands. “It’ll be like our own little version of What Not To Wear...Big Butt Edition!”

“Perfect!” exclaimed Courtney, turning around and walking out of Aaron’s bedroom. She had seemed to recognize the look of discomfort on Aaron’s face as they all walked into his bedroom, and appeared eager to retreat into a less private space. “Come on Kristina, quit rifling through his clothes!”

“Psssh, you saying I’ve gotta trust what Mr. Cargo Shorts has in store for me?” teased Kristina, shaking her head, even as she winked over at Aaron. “Ok fine. Just keep in mind, Aaron...” And here, Kristina turned around and gave her ass a hearty shake. The warm flesh of her huge ass cheeks quivered and bounced crazily, making Aaron’s eyes pop. “Just because your shorts are *long* enough doesn’t mean they’re *wide* enough.”

“Come *on*, Kristina,” chuckled Courtney, reaching out and pulling her away, “Let’s get out of his bedroom.”

“Yeah, charging in like you own the place,” teased Cassie, shaking her head at Aaron playfully.

“Ok well let’s see what he can pull out of his drawer, so to speak,” said Kristina challengingly. “Forgive me if I — and this is no offense, Aaron — am...*dubious* about his fashion choices.”

“Yeah, and how about the fashion choice to rip your own shorts by flexing your fat ass?” countered Courtney. “Come on, out...out...”

Aaron laughed, even as he was breathing a sigh of relief. Thankfully, all three of them weren’t as “Type A” or intrusive as Kristina, but he reminded himself that even if they had been, there really wasn’t much reason to worry. Glancing over at his nightstand, his diary looked nondescript enough. Even still, he didn’t hesitate in transferring it to the bottom of the pile of books on the shelf.

A few minutes later he reappeared in his living room, making an exaggerated show of parading a number of his old pairs of shorts for the girls, like it was a fashion show. All of them laughed

and clapped, obviously enjoying the sarcastic performance. In the end, Kristina ended up trying on four different pairs of shorts, and much to Aaron's amazement (and arousal), only the fourth pair fit her.

"See?!" laughed Kristina after unsuccessfully trying to pull up Aaron's second pair of shorts up around her jutting backside, "I told you cargo shorts wouldn't work! Baggy at the bottom, but not wide enough at the top!"

"I...I thought they'd fit!" Aaron stammered, smiling despite the growing heat in his face. "I need a...a belt to hold those up!"

"Well we're not talking about you, are we?" retorted Kristina. "Look at my ass...and my hips!"

"Yeah, you gotta admit she's right, Aaron," chuckled Cassie.

"I bet she's like...one-and-a-half times what you are," Courtney agreed softly, almost to herself, before looking up quickly at Aaron. "I—I mean, heheh, not to attack you or anything, Aaron. You're just...small for a man and Kristina's...a little big back there, even for a girl."

The fourth pair of shorts finally fit Kristina, but only because they were baggy basketball shorts, with an elastic waistband. The other girls broke out in a whoop of laughter as Kristina rotated herself around in them, her arms outstretched like she was at a fashion show. Aaron stood back, his arms folded, as he smiled. But inwardly, he was already starting to look forward to being alone in his apartment. All three of them were just too hot, carrying on, laughing, talking, moving their bodies, all without a care in the world. None of them knew how exciting all of this was for him. And even though the shorts fit Kristina, Aaron wasn't able to avoid noticing that the stretchable fabric was pulled tight around her hips and ass. When he wore those shorts, it was impossible to make out the contours of his own figure, but when Kristina wore them, her butt and hips remained exquisitely outlined.

"Wow, they actually fit!" laughed Kristina, turning around and around as Cassie and Courtney cheered. "You lucked out, Aaron...haha, finding a pair of shorts that could fit someone who was like 6'2 and weighed...I don't know...a lot more than I do! Except it's still a little tight on my ass back here..."

Aaron didn't know how he made it through two more hours of the girls laughing and cutting up. They ended up playing some video games, which Aaron had suggested as a welcome distraction from ogling their bodies. He had tried to keep his staring under wraps, but he could tell that Courtney was beginning to notice something in the way he was looking at her. But how could he not!? In those black yoga pants, her thick, luscious hips looked absolutely stunning, to the point where Aaron found himself actively trying to space out the time he was staring at her, so that it wouldn't be too obvious. Even so, by the time they all stood up to go, Courtney seemed almost embarrassed. Cassie had also started to notice that something strange was going on; only Kristina seemed to remain blissfully unaware.

“Well thanks for hosting, Aaron,” said Courtney kindly, looking down at him, seeming to search his face even as she spoke normally. “We should all get together like this again soon.”

“I agree,” nodded Cassie, who had also stood up. “We’re all so busy on set that we forget to just decompress and hang out once in a while.”

“Ok so it’s settled,” Kristina joked. “Aaron’s place in...when’s the weekend...three days?”

“Haha, sure!” laughed Aaron, spreading his arms. “I don’t mind hosting again.”

“Heh, well thanks, for um...for getting us all together here,” said Courtney after a bit of an awkward pause, before looking back and forth at Kristina and Cassie and then at her phone. “Alright guys, uhh...the Uber’s just pulling up now.”

“See ya Aaron!” smiled Cassie, waving.

“Thanks for the shorts, Mr. Basketball player,” teased Kristina, giving a healthy shake of her huge butt before waving goodbye as well. Aaron smiled and watched them go, Courtney with her long legs and 5’9 voluptuous, wide-hipped figure, Cassie with her 5’6 and slightly-slimmed frame, and Kristina with her massive ass...all of them taller than him, all of them bigger than him. The door had hardly shut before Aaron had yanked his pants off, thrown himself out on the sofa, and jerked himself off, cumming violently across his chest as he groaned out in glorious bliss, his head thrown up at the ceiling.

“Oh my *god!*” he breathed, his chest heaving and shaking with the intensity of his orgasm. “Holy...*shittttt...*”

It was real. What he had cum to wasn’t just a fantasy anymore. His hot friends (*all* of them, not just Courtney) were taller than him and bigger than him...Courtney by a good amount too! And Kristina’s ass...good lord...Aaron hadn’t needed much time for his brain to concoct a searing-hot fantasy that consisted of Courtney standing in front of him, undulating those thick, luscious hips of hers in a sexy strip tease, as Kristina bounced her fat ass into his lap, over and over, while Cassie deepthroated his cock, taking breaks every once in a while to talk dirty to him, her pretty eyes flashing up at him from between his legs, and underneath Kristina’s huge, bouncing bulk.

‘We’re *all* bigger than you, Aaron,’ she had been saying, winking lasciviously at him, ‘We’re all taller, and we’re all bigger, and I don’t think we’re done growing yet, are we girls?’

‘Ohhhh no, I don’t think so!’ Kristina had laughed, turning around and flashing her ravenous blue eyes at him.



'We're just gonna keep getting taller and thicker and *hungrier* for that cock,' Courtney had purred as she twisted and undulated her incredible body. 'You know this just as well as we do, Aaron...ooooo yeah, we're not gonna stop growing...'

'Mrrrrraugh....sslllthhhhhhhppp!' Cassie had growled, her head shaking with effort as she deepthroated his cock again, slipping back off it with a loud, syrupy slurp to continue her dominating verbal barrage:

'Pretty soon you're not gonna be able to help yourself Aaron...we know...we can tell...you're gonna lose control...and you're gonna make us waaaaay taller and curvier and sexier than you can possibly handle

ggrrraallthhhh...mmnnnaauugh....gggggwwwwllloorrrwwwwwwwwolrrthh...and we're gonna make you cum harder and harder and harder until your brain just stops working...we'll fuck you into a seizure Aaron...grrrrauughhllll...we'll fuck you insane.'

'We'll never stop...' Kristina had chanted, joined by Courtney. 'Never stop, never stop, never stop...'

Aaron didn't get up for several minutes after cumming; he just kept staring at the ceiling as his mind slowly started coming back into focus. It wasn't common for him to be like this after shooting his load — usually, he immediately snapped back to "normal," and often felt quite silly about the intensity he had been feeling mere moments before. But his orgasm had been so intense this time that he had just laid there in a stupor, before his cognitive functions returned to normal.

His fantasies had done the thinking for him. He would go to his diary and wish for all three of them to be much taller and much bigger...that part he had already decided earlier in the evening, but his horny, masturbating mind had introduced him to another intriguing idea, something that Aaron hadn't considered before. What if his new powers extended beyond mere physiology? What if it reached into the mental realm as well!? He had just fantasized about all three girls being absolutely ravenous for his cock, determined to get him off over and over again. Aaron wasn't sure he could actually handle such a prospect in real life (yet), but the more he thought about the idea, the more intrigued he became with the possibilities.

What if he could control...how the girls felt about him? Sexually? Aaron was happy with their friendship, but it had never been more obvious than earlier tonight, when Courtney and Cassie began to look a little uncomfortable, that none of them were sexually interested in him. He wasn't bad looking, or in particularly bad shape, but he was...well...short. And largely as the result of his diminutive stature, Aaron had struggled with confidence issues ever since he had been in middle school, and only recently had he felt like he had largely exorcised those demons. But the fact remained: Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney were more than happy to be friends with him, but when it came down to sexual attraction, it was almost entirely lacking on their end. This was one reason why they were able to ease him and touch him and play around with him, in a way that none of them would have done if they had actually been interested in him that way.

For a long moment, Aaron slipped back into his old mental habits and felt wistful and sorry for himself.

But then he snapped out of it. His wishes about their bodies came true...why not about their brains as well!? Ultimately they were all made of the same stuff — it didn't make sense why he would be able to manipulate one and not the other, right!?

A few quick seconds later and Aaron had his diary out, his shaking pen hovering above the next blank page.

“Hold on,” he said to himself out loud, putting the pen down. “Hold on, hold on...don't be stupid...gotta think...”

He felt guilty about what he was considering. He treasured his friendship with these three girls! Was he seriously about to change their brains?! Just so he could...get off to it?? The idea sounded greasy when he thought about it...unethical...morally questionable. He would be changing their fundamental natures, just to satisfy his own sexual appetites. But the other side of his brain started speaking up, drowning out the “righteous side”:

‘So what if you change a thing or two in their heads?’ the voice told him. ‘They'll still be who they are...they'll just be into you! It's not like you're changing who they are...you're just allowing them to...see in you what you see in them. Is that really so bad?’

The longer he thought about it, the less Aaron cared about the ethical implications of what he was about to do: a fiery lust had seized him. The decades of slowly-smoking coals had finally roared into a great bonfire. This was his opportunity — he was not going to pass it up.

Half an hour later Aaron was all tucked away in his bed, his eyes shut, when he sensed a change in color and light in his dark bedroom. Without moving, he opened his eyes and his heart stopped. A red glow was emanating out from between the pages of his diary, bathing his bedroom in a dark, purply-red. It was working. His wishes were being taken...or considered...or...well, whatever was happening, it was certainly supernatural. Aaron was impossibly excited for a few seconds, but then a strange, warming calmness descended upon him. He smiled and closed his eyes again, thinking about what he had written:

‘Courtney will be 6'6, 200 pounds of curvy amazon. Cassie will be 6'2, 170 pounds, with big, bouncy E-cup breasts. Kristina will be 6'0, 175 pounds, with a 60-inch fat ass. Courtney, Cassie, and Kristina will all three think I'm hot and start flirting a lot with me.’

It had taken a tremendous amount of self-control for Aaron not to wish for more, but he had made sure to hold himself to reasonable limits. Having all three girls lusting after his cock from the get-go seemed like overkill — also, he had reminded himself that he still didn't know if the “brain” stuff would work...or really, if his physiological wishes would work again either. But the red glow from between the pages told him that *something* had definitely happened.

The next day Aaron didn't even bother trying to send them any texts. He was too excited and too nervous to do much of anything at all, and only just managed to do the bare minimum at his job in the morning. As the hours passed by, he began to get worried. Maybe it hadn't worked. Maybe the red glow he had seen the night before was a sign that the power had...had run out, or something.

Finally, after hours of self-torment, around 11am, he caved and texted Kristina:

'Lunch at the bench at 12?'

His heart jumped when his pocket buzzed a moment later. He took out his phone and read the message:

'Hey this is Cassie...just stole Kristina's phone...so you wanna eat lunch with her and not me!?'

Aaron's eyes grew wide and he exhaled a sharp breath. So...it had worked!?

'Sorry Cassie! You come too of course, haha!' was all he managed to text, with trembling fingers. His phone buzzed again another few seconds later.

'So Aaron, party of three, leaving Courtney out, huh?' came the reply. 'Kristina's trying to get her phone back, but she and Cassie can't reach, of course.'

'Haha you're invited too, Courtney!' replied Aaron. So she was...she was taller now too!? Or, well, she had been taller than them before...but...Aaron had a feeling that this was all going according to plan.

Right around noon, he was at the picnic bench, trying and laughably failing to look casual as he cast his gaze around, trying to spot them coming towards him.

Right around noon, he was at the picnic bench, trying and laughably failing to look casual as he cast his gaze around, trying to spot them coming towards him. He was thrown for a loop, then, when none other than Frank Bungeon, the A-list movie star who had so cavalierly asked Kristina to come live with him just a few days before, walked by the picnic table and stopped, staring at him.

"Hey man," said Frank, with something of a smile on his face. "Are you...uhm...do you know what's going on!?"

Aaron blinked at him. "Huh?"

"They're all just going on and on and on about...about *you*," Frank continued. "Care to clue in an inexperienced geezer like me? Hahaha, I don't know how you do it, champ."

“Do...what?” asked Aaron blankly. He was trying to hide his elation, but he could feel the hot red spreading up his neck and onto his cheeks.

“Oh come on,” chuckled Frank, shaking his head. “It can’t just be the false modesty...you’re hiding something. What is it, my dude? Cause, no offense, but what I’m seein’ now isn’t...isn’t explaining it.”

“I...I don’t know what you’re talking about,” said Aaron. Frank stepped towards him, speaking in a lower voice, that same odd smile on his face, a smile Aaron didn’t much like.

“It’s gotta be in your pants,” said Frank. “That’s what it is, right? You’ve got a 12-inch schlong and you know exactly how to use it?”

“Psshhh,” chuckled Aaron. He didn’t know what else to do but shake his head. Although...the movie star had given him an idea...something so simple that he hadn’t even realized he had missed it before. Could he, Aaron...wish *himself* to be different? Could he make himself...perhaps...*shorter!*?

But a chorus of female laughter chased away those thoughts like wind on smoke. Frank looked up, and his face fell a little as he turned and slinked away, shaking his head. Aaron instinctively stood up, turned around, and saw Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney all standing in front of him. He was staring into the top of Kristina’s breasts, the middle of Cassie’s, and the *bottom* of Courtney’s. All three women were standing there, looking positively sumptuous and statuesque in their sun dresses, which came down only to their upper thighs. Cassie’s breasts were enormous, and her tits were poking out of the yellow fabric, standing at attention. Kristina looked incredibly curvy and solid, and Aaron could see her huge ass jutting out from behind her, even though she was facing him. And Courtney...she took Aaron’s breath away. Her dress was a deep purple, and she looked positively amazonian standing there, grinning with soft, sensual regard down at him, blinking her eyes lusciously. Cassie looked playful and excited — Kristina looked mischievous and hungry.

“W-well...how was...the morning?” Aaron asked stupidly, standing there, totally dwarfed by these three gorgeous women.

## Chapter 5

The three statuesque women giggled in unison as they strode up to Aaron and flanked him in a semicircle, trapping him in between the picnic table and their tall, luscious bodies. As his astonished eyes went up and down their thick, sexy features, Aaron wondered if maybe the three of them had been in touch with each other that morning, before they had gotten dressed. Their sundresses seemed like a perfectly-coordinated pastel splash of color that somehow reflected their personalities: Cassie's sunny and bright yellow, Kristina's impish and playful turquoise blue, and Courtney's elegant and regal purple. He could also see how tightly their dresses hugged their curves, and once again, Aaron remembered that the three of them were still wearing the clothes from their previous sizes...without realizing it.

Aaron gaped and stood there, totally mesmerized and overwhelmed by the triple amazonian barrage in front of him. A quick, intimidated glance upward at their faces was all he needed to see that more than just his physical wishes had come true: their eyes were sparkling with flirtatious mischief as they looked down at him.

"Hahaha, look at his little face!" laughed Kristina, turning to the others, "I TOLD you it'd be too much for him if we all three showed up at once!"

"Totally!" giggled Cassie, as she scrunched her face up at Aaron as she gathered her E-cup breasts in her big hands and jiggled them in his face. "He looks like a deer...in the headlights...heheh!"

"Aww, are they right, Aaron?" cooed Courtney down at him, puckering her plush lips up in an empathetic pout as she put her hand on her thick, cocking it to the side. "Are we too much for you to handle?"

For several seconds Aaron wasn't even able to make a sound, much less articulate an answer. Their voices all sounded the same, and yet they were also different in a way...they sounded a little deeper, a little more resonant and vital. He wondered whether that was simply the result of them being much bigger. But he couldn't think for too long, because he knew he had to say *something*. Otherwise the three of them might notice the serious bulge that was beginning to develop in the crotch area of his shorts.

"I...I-I think so!" he forced out, smiling and laughing despite his feeling overwhelmed. His laugh was immediately echoed by all three women, who bent down closer to him in unison.

"Awww, sooooo cuuute!" chuckled Kristina, as Cassie playfully stroked his cheek with a long, manicured finger.

"Heheh, but you're just playing around with us, aren't you Aaron?" inquired Courtney as she stood back up to her 6'6 maximum and arched her back sexily, spreading her arms up behind her head as she struck a sexy pose. Aaron remembered that she weighed 200 pounds now,

and he could see it in the thick, solid shape of her biceps. She looked effortlessly *strong*, and he had no doubt that she or either of the other two could easily overpower him.

“P-playing...around?” he asked.

“Well you see us all every day,” continued Courtney in her easy, sexy voice, turning her posed figured back and forth as she towered above him, “Or at least a couple times a week...haha, even a tiny guy like you would’ve gotten used to us by now, right?”

“Ha! Tell that to Frank!” scoffed Kristina, stepping forward to park her gigantic butt down on the picnic bench. Aaron’s eyes bugged out as he saw her 60-inch ass spill out over the wooden planks, making a quarter of the bench immediately disappear. Her turquoise dress rode up to the very top of her thick thighs, and suddenly, everything was jiggling and wobbling crazily. Kristina had just smacked herself on the ass. “Mr. Celebrity looked like he was staring at this ass like it was the first time he had ever seen it!”

“And once you rejected him for, like, the millionth time,” Cassie added, plopping her own 6’2 frame down on the other side of the picnic table, “He moved straight to me. Haha, couldn’t keep his eyes off the two girls here!” As she spoke, Cassie leaned down and forward against the table, smacking her gigantic tits down on the wood. She grinned suggestively at Aaron as she continued to lean her chest forward, smushing her breasts onto the table, making them look even huger than they already were. Then she glanced up beyond Aaron to Courtney. “And once I told him he needed to take a hike, he took one look at Courtney and beat a retreat!”

“I can’t imagine why,” came Courtney’s voice from high above Aaron. “It’s really too bad that he deprived me of the chance of rejecting him.”

“Pah! It’s obvious that he was just way too intimidated by you,” Kristina exclaimed, “But then again, what is he? 5’8? 5’9? Let’s be honest, the poor guy just doesn’t measure up.”

Aaron suddenly froze as he felt two huge arms embrace him from behind and snake down his chest. Courtney was hugging him from behind, and her big breasts were squeezing in on both sides of his neck. Even more prominently, though, was the arm comparison that Aaron was being treated to. He wasn’t overly skinny or small-boned, and yet his proportional 5’4 frame was suddenly up against Courtney’s solid, curvy 6’6 frame. Her bare arms looked absolutely *enormous* next to his, to the point that it was almost cartoonish — he felt like a little child in comparison. Those strong, feminine arms of hers had to be at *least* twice the size of his.

“And of course that’s *nothing* against our little guy right here,” purred Courtney in his ear, hugging his body to hers from behind. “We just don’t like Frank because he’s stuck-up and entitled. But we think *you’re* just the cutest little thing in the world.”

“Hey! Quit hogging him all to yourself!” Cassie protested from the other side of the table, jostling her huge breasts back and forth as she spoke. “C’mon Aaron...come sit next to *me* over here!”

“No, next to *me!*” countered Kristina, slapping the wooden planks next to her giant ass. Suddenly, she spread her thick thighs out a bit, smacking the top of them suggestively, making them quiver mightily. “And you know, come to think of it, why don’t you come over and sit right *here*...in my lap!”

“No fair!” laughed Cassie, as she suddenly bolted upright in her seat and prepared a place for Aaron on top of her own thighs. “You can’t just spring that on me Kristina!”

“Well play to win or go home, sister!” Kristina shot back with a wink.

“Well...heheh, alright we’re playing that game, then?” laughed Cassie. She sat up straight and cupped her enormous breasts in her hands, jiggling and parting them to the side. Even though Cassie had huge hands at this point, they still weren’t anywhere close to being able to contain the massive, heavy breast flesh that overspilled everything. Aaron was already almost completely erect, but now that Cassie had joined in the fun, he couldn’t resist lengthening to his full extent. Behind his head, he felt Courtney’s big torso vibrating with soft laughter, and the throbbing waves penetrated his entire body, all the way down to his toes.

“Hey Aaaaaaaron,” Cassie cooed, “Come over here and sit on *my* lap...and I’ll give you a massage with my biiiiig tits. Mmmmm, I’ll wrap them all the way around your body and hold you close to me, and you’ll be aaaaall safe and warm.”

“Heheh, she’s really laying into it now, isn’t she?” chuckled Courtney, guiding the stunned Aaron over to the nearest bench, next to Kristina. “How about you just sit down right here, in between me and Kristina for now, hmmm? Maybe Cassie can give you a tit massage a little later.”

“Oh I *will* Aaron,” Cassie declared, after play-leering at the other two women across the table. “You count on it, mister. I’m not gonna let you play favorites here.”

“I—I’m not playing...uh...uhm, favorites,” he muttered, as Courtney gently but firmly pressed him to sit down on the bench next to Kristina. Immediately, Kristina sidled her huge hips up next to him, which now only served to highlight the ridiculous comparison between their legs. A single one of her thighs was almost as big as both of Aaron’s combined, and even though they were splayed out much farther on either side of the bench, they still rose a good four inches above his. Once again, Aaron was struck by how little...how utterly *tiny*...her body made him feel. He had been waiting to feel like this for his entire life, and now that it was actually happening in real-time, it was almost too much to take.

“Haha I know you’re not, you little cutie,” Cassie giggled, “It’s pretty clear that you were just going wherever Courtney was leading...but who can blame you? I mean, I know *I’m* not 6’6.”

“Yeah but y-you’re...you’re 6’2...um, right?” asked Aaron. As soon as the words were out of his mouth, he felt a shot of fear go through him. Had he just given himself away!? How would he know exactly how tall she was??

“Oh wow, so he’s not confused about our heights anymore?” laughed Kristina, as Courtney plopped herself down right next to Aaron on the other side, effectively sandwiching him in between herself and Kristina. Aaron gaped — Courtney’s thighs were even bigger than Kristina’s, and like Kristina, she made no secret that she wanted to get as close to him as possible. She sensually rubbed her huge legs and hips up against his, and a moment later Aaron seized up: Courtney had put a massive, manicured hand gently on his back and was softly going up and down, up and down, as she scratched him lovingly with her nails. Every square millimeter of skin on Aaron’s body was standing to attention in goosebumps, and his cock was already threatening to explode.

“Yeah, you did seem pretty confused yesterday,” Cassie hummed, tilting her head to the side as she made eyes at him across the table. “We were talking about it, and we decided that you were just fucking with us. Hahah...I mean, how *e/se* you possibly even think that you were —”

“Heheh, yes, yes, we knew you were teasing us Aaron,” breathed Courtney down at him, as her big hand and long fingers continued to lovingly stroke and scratch his back. “And we were talking about how adorable it was that you don’t have this inferiority complex about your height around us. Like let’s be honest, you’re a small guy Aaron.”

“Reeeeeeeally small,” murmured Kristina next to him, as she leaned her big body into his. Aaron felt the side of her left breast brush up against his shoulders. Kristina wasn’t an E-cup like Cassie, but, like Courtney, she wasn’t lacking in the breast department. Aaron figured that was because of the wish he had made about her height and weight. What had it been? 6’0, 175 pounds? She was solid. Cassie was 6’2, and “only” 170 pounds, which just made her breasts look that much bigger.

“Like, you have every reason to be intimidated around girls like us,” Courtney continued, “And almost all shorter men are...especially little guys like you.”

“Oh my god, like Steve?” chortled Kristina, calling out one of the tech crew guys they all worked with. “He’s a bit taller than little Aaron here, but he literally can’t *speak* around any of us without stuttering. Go figure, huh, Aaron?”

“Yeah,” he managed to say, staring down at the amazon sandwich he was trapped in, “Go f-figure.”

“Hmm, well when YOU stutter around us, it’s cute,” laughed Cassie.



The next several moments passed by in a strange silence. Aaron was gawking down at the ridiculous sight of his small legs being absolutely dominated by the amazonian thighs of Kristin and Courtney, and when he actually gained the courage to raise his eyes up, all he saw was the burgeoned, immense cleavage of Cassie across from him. In every sense, he was surrounded by tall luscious women — his absolute dream. But it was even hotter that these weren't just any women; they were Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney, his long-time friends, all of them blissfully unaware of the intensely erotic experience he was having. He had always been attracted to the three of them, but now it took all of his energy and focus to keep from cumming right then and there in his pants. They were all behaving playfully and flirtatiously toward him, but he didn't think that their frisky and lighthearted manner would have extended beyond mere play. They thought he was cute...hot, even. But that didn't mean that they would be ok with him just losing himself.

As Aaron struggled internally, he looked around, trying in vain to find some way of distracting himself from his own arousal, but wherever he looked, the proportions of the three big women dominated his perspective. And their eyes...the way they were all three just staring at him, grinning, smiling coquettishly, sticking their tongues in their cheeks, winking...it truly hit home how powerful and nuanced his wish had been. Their eyes were positively sparkling with flirtatious glee — not lust — and Aaron was suddenly struck by how juvenile they made him feel. It was almost like he was a little toy that they were sharing.

“So Aaron,” announced Cassie suddenly, breaking the silence as she leaned forward even more into the bench, folding her hands in front of her as her colossal breasts squished even more dramatically into the side of the table, “The three of us were talking...”

“Uh-huh?” Aaron asked, blinking in his best attempt at conveying innocent curiosity.

“About how ridiculously tight our clothes have become, all of a sudden,” cut in Kristina. To show what she was talking about, she produced a long finger in front of Aaron's face, wagged it from side to side, and then with considerable difficulty burrowed it under the turquoise fabric of her dress, right around her upper thigh. Aaron watched transfixed as Kristina finally got her finger under the fabric, and he saw the strong tendons in her wrist contract as she exerted more effort to lift up the tight fabric. A second later, she released it, sending it smacking back down into the firm meat of her thigh. Aaron knew that if he had stepped into the same dress, it would have been extremely loose, even billowy, like the dress had been designed to be. But on Kristina, it was as tight as spandex.

“And, you know...we LOVE showing off our bodies, especially around you,” Cassie continued with a sexy grin, “But this is just getting silly.” Cassie sat up straighter and supported her hulking breasts in her palms, bouncing them lightly up and down, up and down, as she stared at him steadily. Aaron felt like his eyes were about to bug out of his head — Cassie's breasts were literally spilling out of the top and sides of her dress, overflowing the hapless fabric, and as she bounced them lightly, a distinctive straining sound could be heard.

"This was the biggest dress I could find this morning!" laughed Cassie. "I found it in the closet — an old Christmas present that was way too big, but even *still*...haha, LOOK at this, Aaron! My boobs are totally *slopping* out of here! You should've seen me trying to fit into one of my normal dresses! It was insane!"

"Point being, Aaron," finished Courtney, pausing her caressing of his back, but keeping her huge hand in place, "The three of us NEED new clothes."

"Like...yesterday," chuckled Kristina, smacking her hands into her gargantuan ass cheeks and giving them a hearty jiggle.

"And we were all thinking," continued Courtney, looking down on him tenderly, "How *lovely* it would be to go on a little shopping trip tomorrow."

"Yeah, tgif, right?" Kristina adjoined.

"W-well, that sounds, uhhh..." said Aaron, looking around at the three of them, "That sounds...like a good idea!" He didn't really know what they were expecting him to say, but a moment later, he caught the obvious trajectory of what they had been implying.

"And it would be a shame if we didn't have a...*man*...to go with us," said Cassie, flashing her eyes at him across the table.

"To tell us how we look," added Kristina, shuffling even closer to him on the bench, so that her huge thigh and hip squished even firmer into him.

"To offer suggestions, tips, pointers," nodded Cassie. Aaron shuddered in arousal as he realized that Cassie had been creeping her feet towards him under the bench, and had finally reached his feet, trapping them both under her soles as she gently, playfully pressed them down. She had taken her shoes off, apparently, and he felt her toes kneading into the top of his feet, right where his foot met his ankle. She didn't break eye contact once, staring at him the whole time with a wide-eyed, flirtatious expression, almost challenging in its intensity, as she speared the inside of her cheek with her tongue.

"But most of all, Aaron," intoned Courtney, completing the trifecta by moving herself even closer to him on his left side, squishing him even harder in between her and Kristina, "We want you to come and offer moral support. Because really, to be perfectly honest, all we care about is looking good for *you*."

"F-for...for me!?" croaked Aaron. His face had shifted from a blush into a dark red now, and little beads of cold sweat had begun to appear on his forehead. Every breath was an effort now, and not just because he was actually being squished quite tightly in between Courtney and Kristina. And his cock...well, it didn't matter anymore that he was wearing baggy pants. The

upward tent of his erection was obvious now to anyone who looked down there. But the girls were looking at his face, not his crotch.

“Mhmmm,” breathed Courtney down at him, her sweet breath washing through his hair. Aaron felt the pressure of their stares against his face, and it took him a few seconds to realize that they were all waiting for him to respond.

“O-of course I’ll come!” he sputtered, looking at them from left to right, and across the table. Their smiles only got wider in response to his answer, and he felt his body actively jostled in between Courtney and Kristina as they took turns grinding their hips into him.

“Peeereect!” purred Courtney, as she resumed scratching his back with those long, strong fingers.

“Yaaaay!” laughed Cassie, clapping her hands.

“Yessss!” exclaimed Kristina, pounding her fist on the table. “Now we’ll just have to get through the rest of the day without ripping our dresses in half!”

“Ugh, or tearing our shoes down the middle,” added Cassie. Aaron felt her big feet suddenly lift up off his, and the next thing he knew Cassie had smacked her right bare foot down on the picnic table, performing a feat of extraordinary agility to do so. But it had seemed effortless. Aaron found himself suddenly wondering whether or not the new size he had wished for in the girls had come with some kind of special strength or agility. Had Cassie always been that flexible? He couldn’t remember.

“Thank god they let me work in my bare feet today!” laughed Cassie, wiggling her toes at Aaron. “It’s not just my clothes that are tight — it’s my shoes too!”

“Same with me and Kristina,” nodded Kristina. “It’s like everything we own just shrank or something. Haha, even driving here today, I had to adjust my car seat back and re-do all my mirror settings. So weird!”

“So weird...” repeated Courtney, nodding thoughtfully.

“So we’ll be shoe-shopping tomorrow as well,” laughed Cassie. “I hope your schedule is clear, Aaron, because it’s gonna take a while.”

A sudden thought had burst into Aaron’s mind. To go along with his height and size fetish, he had always been into tall women who made themselves even taller by wearing heels. This could be an opportunity to see exactly that — his three unbelievably hot friends strutting their stuff back and forth, all for him, in tall, flashy heels.

“Haha, uh, that’s ok,” he chuckled, still getting ground in between Courtney and Kristina, “I think...uh, I think it sounds fun, watching you three try on new clothes...new heels...”

“Heh, heels?” laughed Kristina. She brought her hand down and ruffled up Aaron’s hair playfully, in mock-censure. “Nah, I just wanna get some comfortable flats I can work in. We’re all three already tall enough, don’t you think?”

“I...w-well...heheh, you’re all...very tall,” was all Aaron could say. Of course, they were all his dream come true right now. But “tall enough!?” Something inward smiled in his brain. Not tall enough with the power he had.

“Yeah, I think we’ll all just be getting flats for now,” said Courtney softly above him. “Or maybe Cass will get some of those platform sneakers she likes so much.”

“Heheh, we’ll see,” chuckled Cassie. Aaron only nodded in response. He had forgotten, amidst all the flirtation and play, that none of them actually shared his fetish — he had only wished for them to think he was cute and hot, and to want to flirt with him. He hadn’t wished for them to be sexually aroused by the thought of making themselves even taller than him. But he could wish for that...*tonight*. The mere thought of all the possibilities proved almost too much, and he felt his cock lurch in his pants. Since Courtney and Kristina effectively had his legs pinned in place with their huge hips, he couldn’t cross his legs to stem the rush of his oncoming orgasm. So with an instinctive, jerking flail, he pressed down both of his palms into his crotch. The motion effectively stemmed the tide of his orgasm, but it also had the effect of drawing Courtney’s and Kristina’s attention down into his lap. Both of them saw his erection, and they started blushing. Aaron was trapped, exposed...and he waited fearfully to see how they would react.

“So, um...” Courtney said, with a bit of an awkward smile over at Kristina, “So that’s settled then, huh Aaron?”

“Uh-huh,” Aaron panted, still pressing his hands down on his crotch. The only other option would be to take them off, and expose the full extent of how hard he was. A quick glance up at Courtney and Kristina revealed that they were smiling awkwardly at each other; Kristina glanced down quickly at Aaron’s crotch, and then back up at Courtney, as if to say, ‘You seeing what I’m seeing?’ Aaron could tell that they definitely weren’t turned-off by seeing that he was hard, but they didn’t quite seem to know what to do about it. They were acting sheepish, almost apologetic, like they were sorry they had gone a step too far in their flirtation.

Hours later, Aaron lay back on his bed, a thin sheen of sweat coating his body as he breathed hard in and out. He had just made himself cum for the fourth time since he had gotten back home — it had been impossible to resist. And now that he had written his wishes for the following day, he wondered how on earth he was going to get to sleep:

“I want Kristina to be 6’2, 190 pounds, Cassie 6’4 200 pounds, and Courtney 6’8, 220 pounds. I want all three of them to be sexually aroused by how much bigger they are than me. I want

them to have the exact reverse of the size fetish I have. And I want to shrink down 4 inches, to 5'0."

## Chapter 6

Sometime around dawn, Aaron finally managed to get to sleep. He had been tossing and turning all night, trying vainly to quell the fire in his brain that had been raging ever since the previous afternoon. He had written down his wishes earlier in the night and, a few minutes later, watched in awe as the closed pages of his diary glowed that same telltale fiery red. His heart had been thumping away behind his breastplate like some manic creature with a mind of its own...it was happening...his impossible desire to be shorter was finally going to come to fruition!

But as he watched the red glow die away from his bed, Aaron quickly looked down at himself. He was completely naked, so there wasn't really any way of telling whether he had gotten shorter or not. He certainly didn't *feel* any different. His heart was buzzing now; what if it hadn't worked!? What if his wishes had gone a bit too far? Or perhaps he couldn't wish anything on himself!? He had certainly expected to feel something.

Aaron leapt out of his bed and practically ran into the kitchen, going straight for the measuring tape in his odds-and-ends drawer. He had often slouched over to this drawer, in the midst of a masturbation session, to measure on the wall how high 6'0 was compared to his 5'4...or 6'5, or 6'8, and so on. One of his favorite people to fantasize about, a basketball player who was 6'10, often wore 5-inch heels when she was out and about. Her size and confidence drove Aaron crazy with lust, so much so that he had even marked the 7'3 spot on his bedroom wall, while standing on a chair, his erection bouncing freely in excitement and embarrassment at the lengths he was going to get off.

But back in the present, his mind was alive with hope now — everything actually seemed a little bigger! No...actually, *much* bigger! It had worked...it had actually worked!!

"Easy...easy..." he panted to himself as he dug through the drawer. Despite having cum four times already that evening, his cock was so hard that it was almost painful. He finally found the measuring tape, stumbled back to his bedroom, and stood against the wall, marking the top of his head with a pencil. His breath was coming in labored, ragged gasps now as he unfurled the measuring tape from the floor, standing on it with his toe as he held it up, trembling, to the wall.

60 inches.

His wish *had* come true...he had shrunk four whole inches, down to 5'0 flat. Aaron suddenly teared up, his face spasming in emotion as he stood back from the wall, looking around at his room. Now that he knew it was true, and not just in his head, there was no denying it — everything looked much bigger. The walls, the window, the ceiling...everything. He walked over to his dresser, like someone in a dream, and pulled on a pair of his pajama pants. The waistband was noticeably looser, and the legs bunched up a good deal around his feet.

“Oh my god,” he whispered. “Oh my *god*...I...I can’t believe it! It worked!! It...*actually worked!!*”

Of course, after this astounding and triumphant realization, Aaron had significant difficulty falling asleep. He reminded himself that he needed to be well-rested for what was sure to be the most memorable Saturday of his life, but he had a hard time quieting down his mind after confirming that he was now 5’0. Of course, it was a given that he was going to measure how tall the 6’2 Kristina, 6’4 Cassie, and 6’8 Courtney would look next to him, and once he marked their measurements on the wall, all he could do was stand back and try to imagine their voluptuous figures inhabiting the vacant space, smiling down at him...and not just with flirtatious glee this time. THIS time, they would be grinning down at him with lust in their eyes. After lying back down in his bed, Aaron couldn’t help but jerk himself off one last time, reaching a dry orgasm only a couple minutes later.

The longer he lay in bed, though, the more his mind wandered, trying to check itself. All his wishes had been granted, yes...or at least, he figured they had. He actually wondered whether all of them had or not, and he very nearly gave into the temptation to open the pages and look, to check and see if every word he had written had been burned into the paper.

‘Maybe the physical wishes came true,’ he thought to himself, ‘But the wish about them having a reverse size fetish was...was too much.’

‘Oh come on Aaron,’ he replied to himself, ‘Of course it worked. Everything else had worked so far...why not this too?’

‘Well don’t be so sure,’ another voice in his head cautioned. ‘Sooner or later, this power’s gonna run out.’

“How do you know that?” he said out loud to the ceiling.

And so his night went on...on and on and on...in a kind of feverish, anxious reverie, until the birds had started to sing; his eyes finally rolled back into his head and he fell into a shallow slumber. He had exhausted himself so extensively that he passed out without setting his alarm.

Seemingly as soon as he had closed his eyes, the sound of his phone ringing jolted him awake. The sun was bright outside, pouring in through the open blinds through his window. Amidst his feverish excitement last night, he had forgotten to close them. Aaron felt his mind instantly fire up like an engine as he lunged his body over towards his nightstand, desperate to see who was calling. His brain was so wired that it was like he had never even been asleep.

Kristina’s name shined out from his screen, and Aaron instantly felt his groin tighten up. This was *happening*...it was all actually *happening*. And now it was up to him to control himself, to actually function as a human being without completely losing himself in whatever it was that he had wished into existence.

“Hello?” he answered, picking up his phone. His hands were shaking.

“Oh so you aaaaare awake!” came Kristina’s sarcastically imperious voice from the other end. “The three of us had bets on whether you would be or not.” Aaron heard giggling somewhere in the background; it was clear that Kristina wasn’t alone.

“Oh! W-well, I—I’m awake now!” laughed Aaron, stumbling around his bedroom as he stared down at the floor. It was obviously Kristina on the other end, but her voice sounded a little different. It was deeper, fuller...more sonorous even than it had been before. Aaron knew he wasn’t just imagining it — she just sounded *bigger*.

“Ooooooh!” chuckled Kristina meaningfully, “So you’re only just now getting up!” Aaron heard her utter an aside to whoever she was with: “I totally woke him up, haha!”

“Awww,” Aaron heard Cassie say, a little muffled in the background, “What a sweet little baaaaaby.”

“Did he have sweet dreams?” came Courtney’s soft, powerful voice. It sounded like there was some jostling going on. “Like we did last night?”

“Courtney wants to know if you had sweet dreams,” said Kristina directly into the phone. “Hahaha because...well...WE did...all three of us, Aaron. We had suuuuch crazy dreams, and you wanna know what the wild thing about it all was?”

“Wh-what!?” asked Aaron breathlessly. He was now actively bumbling about by his dresser, trying to find something to wear that didn’t look cartoonishly small.

“YOU were in all of them,” Kristina declared, with evident enjoyment and humor in her voice.

“O-oh! Oh I...I was?” Now that he had heard it, Aaron found that he wasn’t actually too surprised — in retrospect, it made sense that his wishes had a direct effect on the girls’ brains, even if they had been sleeping when he had made the wish. He stared vaguely ahead at his open drawer, in awe of the extent of this incredible power he had.

“Mmhmm,” Kristina hummed. “And...ooooo you’ll never *believe* what we did to you in our heads last night when we were sleeping.”

“Wh-what did you do!?” asked Aaron, his mouth completely dry. His erection was already almost full-mast. Just hearing Kristina’s sultry suggestive tones in his ear was enough to send the blood draining straight down to his dick. He vaguely wondered how on earth he was going to be able to hide it...especially when he saw them.



“Uh-uh!” laughed Kristina, “You don’t get THOSE tasty details until we see you in person! We wanna see your reaction up CLOSE. Heheh, so get that cute little scrawny butt of yours downstairs!”

“Wait...y-you’re...you’re already here!?” burst out Aaron. He had been counting on at least a little time to collect himself...time he apparently didn’t have.

“Yes!” exclaimed Kristina, “We’re waiting in my Hummer outside! Hahaha it’s the only car that can comfortably fit all of us...heh, especially Courtney...geez how did you even fit in that Honda Fit you had before!?”

“No clue,” came Courtney’s voice. “Guess today was the day I just got tired of folding my body into a pretzel every time I drove.”

“Well thank god Kristina’s got a big ol’ gas guzzler!” laughed Cassie in the background. “Big enough to fit us both in the backseat, with juuuuust enough space between us for tiny little Aaron.”

“Pssssh with his tiny butt, and those little legs?” chuckled Kristina, “He barely even needs any space at all. And you two owe me, you know. Driving everyone around like a freaking chauffeur, while you two get to play with Aaron in the back.”

“Well you get first dibs when we get to the mall, remember?” Cassie reminded her.

“Yeah, yeah...if he ever comes out,” Kristina muttered, and then spoke up louder. “Well Aaron!? Hurry up! We’re waaaaaiting!”

“Ok! I’m...I’ll be down in like...in like two minutes!” he panted into the phone. At this point he couldn’t do anything about his voice. He was so excited and brimming with expectation that his entire body was trembling.

“Two minutesssss!” Kristina laughed, her voice becoming muffled, and Aaron knew that she was turning around in her driver’s seat, repeating his words meaningfully back to Cassie and Courtney. The sound of their eager and delighted humming in response made Aaron weak at the knees, and he would have enjoyed the sound longer if Kristina hadn’t hung up on him.

Aaron soon found himself navigating the stairs in his apartment building, holding on extra tight to the bannister to steady himself as he descended. He had found an old pair of gym shorts to wear, and a t-shirt that wasn’t absurdly big — the outfit worked, but only barely. Both the shorts and the t-shirt were baggy, making Aaron look smaller than he had already become. But he wanted to make sure that his legs and arms were exposed; he was looking forward, with desperate expectation, to comparing how small his limbs looked compared to the girls’.

He didn't have to wait long to find out. He opened the ground-floor door out to the sidewalk, and sure enough, there was Kristina's black hummer, idling directly next to the door. Aaron blinked as his mouth opened a little...Kristina looked so big sitting there in the front seat, as she stared directly at him with a piercing smile. She quickly turned around and appeared to say something to the other two in the back seat. Her head rose up a good deal higher than the headrest. But almost simultaneously, Aaron's eyes went to the back seat. Cassie and Courtney weren't as clear, since Kristina's back windows were a little tinted, but Aaron could see enough to know that they were both huge. He could see that their heads rose up even higher than Kristina's. Almost robotically, he stepped forward towards the passenger door and tried to open it. But it was locked, and he looked up to see Kristina shaking her head down at him. The passenger window rolled down.

"And just what do you think you're doing?" Kristina demanded, obviously enjoying herself already.

"I'm...getting into your car?" ventured Aaron uncertainly.

"Ohhhhh no," Kristina laughed, shaking her head. "Not that way you aren't. Cass and Courtney have a special spot aaaaall nice and prepared for you, in between them."

"Oh...o-ok," replied Aaron, nodding. He shuffled over and opened the back door, and this time it opened. He looked up and for a few seconds he couldn't move or breathe. Courtney was sitting there in the seat, grinning down at him in a close-lipped smile, with the top of her head touching the car ceiling. Aaron was treated to a glorious sight of her long, full, bare legs, which were so big that she looked a little uncomfortable with them all stuffed up against the back of the passenger seat. At first it didn't seem to Aaron like she was wearing anything at all past her waist, but he quickly saw that she had somehow managed to squeeze her huge body into that same purple dress she had been wearing the day before. Aaron thought it had looked strained before, but now he was actually amazed that her curves didn't tear the dress to shreds. She looked absolutely gorgeous...stunning...so imposing and beautiful at the same time that she took his breath away. And as if that wasn't enough, Aaron saw Cassie's mirthful visage appear behind Courtney's left shoulder.

"Theeeeeere he is," giggled Cassie, bouncing up and down in her seat excitedly.

"Come on in Aaron," came Courtney's slow sexy voice, as she extended a huge manicured hand down to him. All three girls' voices were noticeably deeper and richer, but the sound of Courtney speaking literally sent shivers of pleasure down Aaron's spine. He was transported, so much so that goosebumps broke out and spread up his arms and down his back.

Aaron hardly had time to take everything in before he found himself hoisted up into the car. Courtney had reached down, taken his hand, and essentially pulled him up off his feet. Before he knew it, Aaron found himself squeezed in between two huge warm thighs, each of them practically bare because of the skimpiness of their dresses. Cassie was wearing the same

sun-yellow dress as before, and just like Courtney, her luscious body barely fit into it. Aaron gaped down at the thigh comparison; Courtney's thigh was so thick and massive that he couldn't help but wonder if it was as thick as his entire waist. It rose up so high above his that Aaron figured he could have stacked five of his own thighs on top of each other and still not reached her height. Cassie's wasn't at all far behind.

"See why we've gotta go emergency shopping!?" laughed Cassie as soon as Aaron had settled in. She jostled herself sexily against him, grinding her thick hip up against the middle curve of his torso. "We're about to bust outta these dresses! Hahaha Kristina already ripped a hole in her ass getting into the car!"

"Laugh it up Cass," Kristina retorted as she pulled the car onto the road. "It won't be so hilarious when the bust of your dress gives out and those hulking milkers pop out in the middle of the mall."

"Oooooo you know I'm not sure I'd mind that, actually," giggled Cassie, again taking the opportunity to gyrate her incredible hips up against Aaron. "And I don't think our little guy here would mind, would you Aaron, hrmmmm?"

Aaron drew in a sharp breath as he felt Cassie's large hand wrap completely around the top of his thigh. Simultaneously, he felt her long, strong fingers gently but firmly grasp his chin and avert his head upwards, so she was staring straight down into his eyes. Aaron was in heaven, but he was terribly intimidated, more so than he had even expected to feel. He had tried to prepare himself for the triple onslaught of these three, but he was realizing now that there could be no true preparation for this kind of erotic overload.

"N-no!" Aaron practically squeaked out in response to Cassie's suggestive question, "No I...I d-don't think I'd mind!" What choice did he have right now, but to be truthful? No sooner were the words out of his mouth when he felt warm, encompassing pressure on his other thigh — Courtney was wrapping *her* hand around his *other* thigh, and he smelled the intoxicating sweetness of her breath as she bent down, speaking in her deep rich voice directly into his right ear:

"You'd better be careful, Aaron. It hasn't even been a minute, and already it looks like you're about to blow your load into those oversized shorts you've got on. Mmmmmmm you've gotta *pace* yourself, little guy."

Aaron's eyes had darted over to Courtney's lap, and he saw that she had snaked her other hand down into her own crotch, pressing and moving it rhythmically over her clit. Aaron couldn't believe it...Courtney was literally masturbating herself in front of him, whereas the previous day she had glanced askance at his erection with slightly humorous embarrassment. The power of his wishes was on clear display.

“Oh speak for yourself Courtney!” laughed Cassie. “How about you focus on whatever you’ve got going on down there and leave our precious tiny boy to *me*?”

At the word “me,” Cassie had made Aaron jump by plopping her big hand directly down into his lap. He looked down and saw her huge, tanned hand, with her long fingers spread out, completely covering the area around his groin, and then some. He looked up at Cassie desperately, and she gave him a soft, knowing grin as her fingers came alive and tightened around the obvious bulge in his pants.

“Found it, you guys!” joked Cassie, “And boy...for such a tiny little guy, Aaron, I’ve gotta say that you’ve got yourself a niiiice thick cock down there.”

“Hey! Remember our deal!?” Kristina exclaimed warningly, “I get first dibs! No making him pop in the car on the way there, Cass! That was the deal!”

“Welllll...what happens if I just say to hell with the deal?” Cassie ventured, sticking her long tongue out at Aaron as she winked at him knowingly. She sidled up to him even closer, further squeezing his comparatively-tiny body into hers, causing her thigh and hip to ride up even higher against him. She had started to slowly, teasingly, jerk Aaron off through his shorts, gripping his cock in her hand as she squeezed it tightly, then let it go, squeezed tightly, and then let go again, all the while going slowly up and down.

“Noooo, no Cass come on now,” Courtney sighed with quiet, meaningful energy. Before Aaron could take another labored breath, he found Courtney’s hand in his lap as well. Cassie’s hand was big, but not as big as Courtney’s, and the 6’8 bombshell made a point of covering the 6’4 bombshell’s hand in her own, smothering it, reveling in the superiority of her size. Aaron heard Cassie grumbling jokingly above him.

“Show-off!” she mumbled, and slid her hand away reluctantly from Aaron’s cock. He would have breathed a sigh of relief if Courtney’s hand hadn’t lingered there, tickling those long, manicured fingers against the tented, tortured protrusion in his lap.

“Geez Cass you weren’t kidding,” Courtney murmured. She bent her fingers against his pulsating pole and lightly began to scratch it, teasing and tormenting it further. Aaron didn’t know how much more of this he could take.

“Everywhere but your cock, Aaron...God you’re so small,” breathed Courtney down at him, “Sooooo tiny...”

“Just a sweet, miniature little doll of a thing,” came Cassie’s lascivious whisper in his other ear. Her hand was tightening around his left thigh, while Courtney’s was tightening around his right. Aaron felt like the two of them were working his entire body, gearing up to squeeze a giant milky load straight out of his churning balls.

“Careful Courtney,” warned Kristina, “Same goes for you too.”

“Do you see how much bigger we are than you?” persisted Courtney in his right ear, ignoring Kristina and giving him no chance to collect himself. “Just look at those puny little legs of yours compared to mine! How much bigger is my thigh than his, Cassie?”

“At least five...six times,” whispered Cassie. “Mine too, Aaron...how does it feel to be sandwiched next to two amazons who each weigh almost *twice* as much as you. Look at my breast next to your head, Aaron...just *look* at it! Haha, it’s as big as your head!”

“Y-Yeah...yeah...” croaked Aaron weakly. There was nothing else he could say right now. It felt like every ounce of blood in his body was being pumped down directly into his cock. Inadvertently, he started heaving deep breaths as his vision popped before his eyes.

“Guyyyyyssss...” came Kristina’s warning again, this time a bit more insistent, “Look I appreciate the edging, but you’re about to *push* him *over* the edge. I’m looking at him in my mirror right now and he’s literally trembling and going pale. Cool it!”

Aaron gasped as Courtney squeezed her strong hand around his cock. He had been about to lose it and fire off, but her pressure prevented his release.

“Mmmmm, sorry there, little guy,” she cooed in his ear, “But a deal’s a deal, I suppose. Haha, and that’s my bad Cass — I tell you off and then I go and do the same thing!”

“Well trust me, I understand,” chuckled Cassie. She had let up in squeezing Aaron’s thigh, and had instead switched to lovingly stroking his arm with her fingers, lightly scratching it with her manicured fingernails. Aaron registered now that Cassie had painted her nails a fresh yellow to match her dress. Courtney’s long nails, in contrast, were black. “It’s pretty much impossible to keep your hands off of this one, especially when his precious little body is all squeezed up against you like this. How about it, Aaron? We’re only sitting down, and the top of your head still doesn’t come up to my shoulder...and it’s not even *close* to Courtney’s. That makes you hard, doesn’t it?”

“Y-Yeah...” nodded Aaron. Courtney had finally removed her vice grip from his cock; he was out of danger of imminent ejaculation, but he was still hard as a rock.

“Mmmmm of course it makes you hard,” cooed Courtney. “Because you’re a sweet little 5’0 sub, aren’t you, Aaron? A little sub boy who doesn’t even weigh 120 pounds, sandwiched in between two dominant amazons, with nowhere to go...haha and that’s all before we turn you over to Kristina! Wait till she shakes her huuuuuge ass in your face...”

“Heheh you tell him Courtney,” chuckled Kristina from the front seat.

"We're only wondering," continued Courtney, "How much cum your little balls are gonna give us today, before we wring them aaaaaaall out."

"Before we milk them dry," breathed Cassie in his other ear.

"I said you'd last four times," whispered Courtney. Her fingers were tickling his ball sack now.

"I said three," giggled Cassie, drawing little circles down his little arm with her long yellow fingernails.

And I said...he's not gonna last through the first orgasm," laughed Kristina determinedly, pulling into the mall parking lot, "Because I'm gonna tug it ALL out when I make him cum first!"

"Yeah riiiiight!" retorted Cassie sarcastically, shaking her head.

"I'll believe it when I see it," replied Courtney with deliberate doubt.

"Well it's time to find out!" declared Kristina, putting her Hummer in "park" and turning the key. The car sputtered to a halt. Aaron looked on in awe as Kristina turned around in her seat, and he could see the huge swerve of her ass and hips rising up a full foot up above her seat. Her eyes were glittering with lust.

"Because we're here!"

## Chapter 7

Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney made for a ferociously sexy threesome as they strutted with Aaron into the mall, so much so that everyone who laid eyes on them immediately stopped what they were doing to gawk at the unbelievable group. People would have stared in awe even if Aaron hadn't been there with them; any trio of young, gorgeous women who are 6'2, 6'4, and 6'8 will command attention without any help, but it made people stare even more when they saw that these three amazons were accompanied by a skinny, slight young man who was only 5'0 tall, and who barely weighed 115 pounds. Was he their little brother? Were they babysitting him!? He didn't look young enough for that...was he just their friend!? It was hard for anyone to get a read on the situation. All that was clear to most people was the fact that they had never seen a woman as tall as Courtney, or breasts as huge and perky as Cassie's, or an ass as thick and delicious as Kristina's.

Of course, Aaron wasn't just their "friend" anymore. He had become the sole object of their triple lust, a tiny little man who was the fulfillment of their sexual desires to coddle and dominate a man smaller and shorter than them. In their minds, the three of them were engaged in a playful but competitive battle to seduce him the most intensely, to overwhelm him the fullest, to make him cum with the most intensity. Aaron didn't realize it, but before they had picked him up, the three girls had already made a colorful variety of bets about who was going to make him cum the most, the hardest, and so on...Cassie had even stuck her chin out and made a bet with the other two that she was going to make Aaron cum so hard that he would pass out.

Whereas the girls were all operating under the assumption that they had always been this big and tall, Aaron alone knew what had made all this happen. Even though he was already nearly overcome with desire as Kristina led him through the mall, holding his hand, with her colossal ass bouncing along next to him at chest-height, Aaron's mind shot back to his bedroom, to that little diary on his nightstand, those burned letters on the pages...that mysterious, eerie conductor who had pointed at him that night...those undulating and vibrant shapes and symbols on the walls of that tunnel...

He had to wonder how all of this had come to be, and why he was the one who had somehow managed to acquire this stunning power. His lingering doubts about whether the power was fleeting, about whether it was going to run out or somehow reverse itself, were all beginning to dissolve away. He felt in his bones that he had only just begun to scratch the surface of what this power was, and what it could do. He knew that he should be using it for "good," for helping other people rather than just satisfying his own sexual fantasies, but for the moment, Aaron was consumed with the pleasure of having his "unattainable" wishes fulfilled. There would be time to wish for all of that other stuff...to explore the extent of his power. Right now, Kristina's huge ass was bouncing up against the side of his chest as she walked next to him, with Cassie and Courtney voluptuously bringing up the rear as they strode through the mall.

"Look at them staring, Aaron," chuckled Kristina down to him, bending her head down a little so he could hear her. "Why do you think they're staring at us, huh?"

“B-Because...you’re so big and...I’m so small,” he replied in a meek voice.

“Mmmm, I think that's right!” intoned Kristina. She nodded at him exaggeratedly, like she was speaking to a child. But the lusty twinkle in her eye betrayed what she was really thinking about. “What do you think they’d think if I just started manhandling you right here, right now?”

“Uhhh...I—I don’t really — aaaahhhh!”

Aaron’s halting reply was cut short when Kristina abruptly swooped down, wrapped her strong arms around his midsection, and hoisted him up off his feet, performing a happy series of rotations as she laughed out loud, hugging him to her prodigious bosom. Aaron’s entire upper half didn’t disappear quite as much in Kristina’s cleavage as it would have in Cassie’s, but Kristina’s bust was nothing to laugh at. For a few long moments, Aaron saw nothing but black, as his legs dangled almost a foot in midair. When Kristina finally relented and let him up for some air, his little butt was settled in the crook of her arm as she held him to her.

“Look at that — light as a feather!” she sang back to the other two. “I don’t even need two arms to hold him!”

“Haha well we could have told you *that*, Kristina,” laughed Cassie, holding up her arm and flexing her bicep. “I think I could handle two or three little Aarons, no problem.”

“Mmm but there’s only one of him and three of us,” remarked Kristina, as they all walked past the food court, where dozens of people looked up from their meals to gape at the remarkable group. Kristina narrowed her eyes lustily at Aaron and leaned in close to him, flicking her tongue in the air at him.

“*GOD* I’m so glad I’m getting you first this morning,” she whispered aggressively. She threw her tongue in a rapid series of flicks against his earlobe, and then she leaned in even more, snatching his earlobe in between her teeth as she growled and shook her head back and forth like a hungry animal.

“Rrrrrrr! Rrrawwwr! Rrrr! Rrr! I’m gonna make you bust sooooo hard, little guy, you aren’t even gonna be able to think afterward.”

Kristina’s dirty talk was already pushing Aaron close to the edge, and he let out a sexually-tortured, ecstatic moan as he squirmed restlessly in Kristina’s arm. Sensing his imminent orgasm, Kristina clamped her big hand straight down on top of his crotch and squeezed. For the third time that morning, Aaron had an impending, thunderous climax stymied, and he let out another long moan of tormented pleasure. Cassie giggled appreciatively, clasping her hands together as she batted her eyelashes at him from behind. Courtney’s mouth was upturned in a close-lipped smile, enjoying the scene from half a foot above. Several people were watching all of this happen with their mouths open, and a few



others turned to their friends and started whispering in low voices, shooting the group disapproving and scandalized looks. Kristina was looking around at everyone with her chin held up proudly, as if daring them to say anything. But Cassie and Courtney were just focused on Aaron, enjoying his reaction to being edged to his breaking point again and again.

“Better be careful there Kristina,” laughed Cassie, “Once he cums it’s MY turn!”

“Oh don’t worry,” returned Kristina, shaking her big hand in Aaron’s crotch as she fixed him with a hard, sexy stare. “I’m not gonna let him blow until I’ve got him riiiiight where I want him.”

“Alright we’re here!” announced Courtney suddenly. “Here Kristina, hand him to me while you go pick out something to try on first.”

“HmMMM, not sure if I trust you,” replied Kristina, as she narrowed her eyes in mock-suspicion. “After what you pulled in the car.”

“Oh pleeeeeease,” retorted Courtney, waving her hand dismissively. “As if I don’t know how to edge a little man half my size. Haham are you kidding Kristina?” She looked hard at Aaron, licking around her thick lips with that big, sexy tongue. “I’ve got our little Aaron here wrapped around my pinkie finger.”

Courtney extended her pinkie in the air and twirled it around and around in a lazy circle. Aaron was amazed at how much higher up she was even than Kristina, and he couldn’t help but notice, as he watched Courtney’s manicured pinkie teasing him, that it was thicker and longer than his middle finger.

“Can...I help you, ladies?” came a different voice. They all looked down at the 5’6 normal-sized department store employee who had come up to them. It didn’t matter that this woman was well-dressed, all made-up, perfumed, and sporting a pair of stylish 2-inch pumps. She looked positively tiny next to the three girls, and as soon as she had spoken, Aaron could immediately tell the difference between her voice and the others’. The amazons had a deep, profound, feminine timbre to their voices that drowned out ordinary voices.

It was clear that the female employee had overheard their conversation; she looked deeply uncomfortable, but not brave enough to say anything or act on her unspoken disapproval. It looked for a moment like Kristina was about to have herself some fun with this new woman, but Cassie stepped in, diffusing the situation.

“How about,” she proposed cheerily, “You hand our sweet little man to ME, Kristina...and you and Courtney go off and find yourselves some clothes that fit, hmm? I’ll keep Aaron entertained, and don’t worry, don’t worry...I won’t make him pop...just keep him on edge, you know?”

Cassie winked down at the female employee, who looked completely at a loss for words.

“Welllll ok, fine,” Kristina sighed, handing Warren over with two hands, “But I get him in the changing room when I find a dress that fits.”

“Of course!” smiled Cassie.

“Um...l-ladies?” stammered the employee. She was blushing from embarrassment now. “I...uh...I d-don’t know what you’re...um...y-you’re planning on doing with...with him in the changing r—”

“Well that’s not really your concern, is it?” cut in Kristina abruptly.

“Shhhh, take it easy, Kristina!” chided Cassie with that same sunny smile.

“Oh don’t worry, ma’m,” came Courtney’s calm voice. The employee stared up at her, amazed by her size and the powerful impression of her voice. She only came up to Courtney’s breasts.

“Our friend here has an *expert* fashion sense,” Courtney continued, “Which is why we insist on bringing him along to these kinds of outings. He helps us adjust everything in the changing rooms to make it *all* fit...juuuust right.” She turned slowly over to Aaron. “Isn’t that right, little guy? You’re a *specialist*, aren’t you? There’s nooooo one else in the whole wide world who could do your job as well as you can, right?”

Aaron weakly nodded. “Right,” he croaked. He couldn’t say anything more than that. He was already so hard that he was sure the employee had noticed it. The poor woman was standing there, at a loss for words, unable to react to what was going on.

“And just in case you’re wondering,” Kristina cut in again, “I know it might seem hard to believe, but this tiny boy is actually older than all three of us. Stranger things, am I right, hahaha?”

The woman simply blinked and finally found her voice, managing simply to say, “W-well ok...um...so...j-just let me know if you all need...um, anything.”

“Will do!” smiled Kristina, waving at her.

“Mmmm, I think we’ve got *all* we need right *here*,” purred Cassie in Aaron’s ear. She dropped down into a plush cushioned seat, straddled Aaron’s legs over her huge right thigh, and started bouncing him up and down on her knee. His legs didn’t even touch the floor. “Alright you guys, I’ll just be right here with our little tyke. Don’t take too long...for *his* sake.”

Kristina and Courtney went off, and Aaron was left with Cassie, his world going gently up and down, up and down, as she continued to bounce him on her huge thigh. The comparison was incredible — he could tell that both of his thighs didn’t come close to being as big as hers. Her skimpy yellow dress was straining with dire effort to simply contain the full extent of her ass,

hips, and thighs all in one...to Aaron, it looked like Cassie was one sudden movement away from ripping out of her dress completely. Her large hand splayed out across his small chest, covering well over half of it, and as she continued to bounce him up and down on her thigh, Aaron felt Cassie slowly pulling him backward towards her, until he felt the enormous firm plushness of those grand breasts against his back. They squished into him and quickly emanated out from both sides of his body; he could see Cassie's tits growing in both sides of his periphery. Her breasts were literally swallowing him.

"Take it easy, Aaron," hummed Cassie soothingly. Her long, strong manicured fingers gently stroked and scratched his chest. "You're starting to hyperventilate, heheheh."

Aaron tried to heed her advice, but it was like an exercise in zen trying to get control of himself. On top of the sheer primal arousal he was feeling at being coddled, teased, and manhandled by his three hot amazonian friends, straight out of his fantasies, his mind was racing around in circles as he tried to come to grips with the implications of what his new power entailed. Nothing that he had wished for so far hadn't come true. As far as he could tell, the potential for this power was limitless. In spite of his searingly sweet and tortured state of arousal at the current moment, there was a little voice in his head that was speaking up, urging him to fin a way back home so he could wish for more things...important things...huge things — an end to war and poverty...the start of a brand new age of human innovation and understanding between all the peoples of the world...and that was just the start! Supposing he could wish for things even beyond *that*!? Could he wish for knowledge of the universe? Of intelligent life on other planets!? Could he uncover the secrets of reality itself, simply by asking that it be revealed to him??

All of these thoughts rushed through Aaron's mind in an instant, and they made him feel almost nauseous — he was literally overwhelmed by the implications. But like a flash of lightning in his head, as soon as these thoughts all rushed through, another voice rose up to beat it all back down.

'NOW you're really getting ahead of yourself!' snapped this other voice. 'Listen to you, jumping straight to the deepest secrets of the universe...you're letting this all go to your head! Take it SLOWLY. And ENJOY what you have before you!'

"Theeeeeere we go," came Cassie's calm, soothing voice close to his ear, "Thaaaat's right...deep breaths, Aaron...in and out, in and out...hahaha we wouldn't want you passing out before each of us have had our way with you!"

"E-Each of you?" Aaron asked. Simply by whispering her luscious voice in his ear, Cassie had managed to chase all of those other thoughts back into the far recesses of his brain, to be dealt with later.

"Oh yes," Cassie declared, suddenly spinning him around on her knee so that he was now facing her. Or, more accurately, he was facing her breasts — they were so big that they rose up

into his face and spread out on both sides of his vision. Cassie was looking down on him with laughter in her eyes, but also with a determined lock to her jaw...Aaron could see the muscles in her cheeks tensed up, and her big throat suddenly undulated two times in quick succession as she made loud gulping noises.

"All...three of us," she breathed down at him. "Haha, now after we're all through with you, I'd be surprised if you were still conscious then. I don't know how the other two are gonna make you bust, but I know *exactly* what I'm gonna be doing."

Cassie suddenly squeezed her tits together, mashing them up on both sides of his face as she twisted them towards her, redirecting his face upward.

"I'm gonna squeeze your cum out with these biiiiiggg tits, Aaron," she whispered down at him. "I'm gonna make you bust that nut aaallll over my face...mmmmmm, and then I'm not even gonna wipe it off, Aaron. Hahaha I'm gonna walk around the mall with your cum smeared all over my face. And you'll be with me. Everyone will know where it came from. I'll be wearing your cum like a badge of honor, a testament to how I forced you to squirt and squirt with my big breasts...I'll be advertising your helpless submission to me on my face, hahaha! How does that make you feel, Aaron?"

Aaron opened his mouth in shock, taken aback at how aggressively Cassie's words actually were. But of course, she had spoken them with that same typical smile she always had...bright, sunny, radiant, and somehow accentuated by her recent growth. But Aaron didn't get a chance to answer, because Cassie had suddenly looked up over him and was grinning at something over his head.

"Well how about this outfit, Aaron?" came Kristina's voice from behind him. Cassie stuck her tongue in between her teeth and spun Aaron back around on her thigh, giving him a full view of Kristina's new getup. He felt his breath catch in his chest; she was wearing a summer dress that went down to her mid-thighs, which fit her much better than her previous dress had. It was still quite tight, especially around her hip and ass, but she didn't look like she was about to bust out of it at any moment. She had substituted her typical blue and turquoise colors for a bright and vibrant red...fire-red...that instantly matched the hungry, lusty fire in her eyes as she grinned down at Aaron. For a moment, Aaron was stunned...and then he wondered how it could be that Kristina looked even taller than before. But then, as his eyes became accustomed to the effulgent brilliance of the red, they travelled downward and he saw that Kristina was sporting a pair of calf-high boots that added another 4 inches to her frame. She stood there with her hands on her hips, 6'6, and obviously ready to take him.

"Aaaaron?" whispered Cassie in his ear, "Tell Kristina what you think about her dress!"

"I...i-it's...y-you...you look amazing!" Aaron choked out quickly.

“Mmmm I agree with our little man here!” concurred Cassie, “DAMN, Kristina! How’d you find that one so quickly!?”

“Got lucky I guess,” shrugged Kristina. She struck a one-footed pose. “And these boots...haha, well, ever since I woke up this morning, I couldn’t stop thinking about them. I saw them in the mall last week and...heh, I don’t know...guess they just stuck with me or something. But as soon as I opened my eyes today, I knew I had to have em’.”

The befuddled department store woman had been lingering close by, stealing uncomfortable glances at Cassie and Aaron, and now she awkwardly sidled up to Kristina. It was clear that she didn’t approve of both the appearance and the implications of the current situation, but she also lacked the courage to confront the amazonian women directly. She spoke up to Kristina regardless, in a kind of bizarre attempt to make her presence known:

“M-My goodness that dress looks good on you! Though...ahahaha, uhm...it IS one of our more expensive ones.”

Kristina turned to the woman slowly, staring her down.

“Cassie,” Kristina said distinctly, her eyes not leaving the employee, “Did this woman just imply that I couldn’t afford this dress?”

“Haha well...can you?” chuckled Cassie.

“HmMMM, we’ll see,” Kristina muttered, turning away from the woman after staring lasers through her. Her eyes were fixed back on Aaron. “I think I need Aaron to help me find the price tag.”

Moments later, with a hearty, meaningful chuckle, and a long, lingering kiss on the back of his neck, Cassie had surrendered Aaron to Kristina, who had immediately hoisted him through the air and settled his butt into the large crook of her forearm. The department store woman was saying something about how the price tag was clearly visible in this-or-that place, but no one was really listening to her. To Aaron it was all a blur — Kristina’s heavy musky scent, her hard breathing, the firm feel of her forearm under his ass effortlessly holding him up, his hovering feet, her burning eyes — it all mixed together in a whirl, and when everything became still, Aaron was being pressed into the wall of one of the changing rooms, his feet dangling a full foot off the ground.

“I’ve been waiting ALL MORNING for this,” growled Kristina. Even though he was uncompromisingly aroused, Aaron couldn’t help but feel afraid in this moment. Kristina actually looked a little scary — her teeth were bared, and that lusty fire in her eyes was only burning brighter. But almost as soon as she saw the fear in his eyes, Kristina’s mouth curved upward into a knowing (and slightly softer, though still devious) smile.

“I’m a little much for you right now, huh?” she whispered, winking at him. Aaron could only nod. She had her big hands under his arms, pinning him to the wall, and she raised him up a little higher, slightly over her head.

“But I can tell this is what you want, Aaron,” continued Kristina, shaking her huge ass behind her as she spoke up to him. Aaron saw its magnificent bulk dancing and bouncing crazily behind her, causing her red dress to ride up on each of her glorious ass cheeks. He was painfully hard now, and ready to explode. He set his teeth and jaw, determined to try and last through whatever Kristina was about to put him through.

“Haha awwwww,” cooed Kristina up to him, shooting him a mock-pouting look, “You’re trying to brace yourself, aren’t you? Mmmmm GOD it makes me even hornier, just watching you try. I’ve been waiting to do this to you for a loonnnnnng time, Aaron. I don’t know why it took me so long. Good luck trying to resist me.”

In a flash, Aaron’s world turned completely upside down. As she still held him up in midair, Kristina had abruptly flipped him with a strong, deft jerk of her hands. Aaron was completely airborne upside down for a split-second before he felt Kristina’s long fingers grip his ankles. She had caught him upside down; his face was in between the delicious slabs of her huge thighs, but more importantly, his crotch was directly in her face. He could immediately tell, because Kristina was sniffing his erection like a hungry animal. With a snarl, she tore off his pants with her teeth, exposing his bouncing cock to the air. An instant later, with a syrupy slurp, Kristina had throatied his dick completely, impaling her face on it over and over as she moaned and groaned out loud, totally uncaring about anyone who heard her:

“Uuuuunnnghhhnnnnn!!! OowwoooooInnnnnghhhhh!!! AwwwoooooIggthhhhhh!!! Awwwoooo!!!  
Awwwoooooo!!!AwollllAwolAwolAwolAwolAwolAwolAwolAwolAwol!!!”

Aaron gasped out into her thighs as Kristina increased the pace of her throating — her head was smashing into his crotch like a woodpecker, going faster and faster and faster with each decisive, sloppy thrust. If his life had depended on it, Aaron would not have been able to hold back. He came with violent force, straight down Kristina’s throat, feeling his eyes cross as he descended down rapidly into darkness.

## Chapter 8

Aaron started noticing a vague, fuzzy white light at the bottom left corner of the black void. Even from this distance, he could tell that there was a large black pillar in the middle of the fuzzy patch of light. This light began to steadily grow, becoming clearer and clearer, until finally, after what seemed like a long time, Aaron became aware that he was staring sideways into a white wall. The black pillar was still a bit hard to make out, but as Aaron became aware of his ability to blink, he did so automatically, and his vision cleared a bit more. The black pillar wasn't actually all black; it was actually dark blue, and only black at the bottom, with little white things poking out of the black, closer towards the floor.

And then the normal buzzing of his surroundings all came to him at once, and Aaron could hear other people talking and whispering to each other in adjacent rooms; he could suddenly smell the sterile, manufactured smoothness of the white-painted plywood underneath him. He was in a *changing room*...in the *mall*...and the pillar in front of him was a *leg*...a huge, long, shapely leg, and the solid black structure at the bottom was a raised platform heel, with yellow-painted toes sticking prettily out.

Cassie...

Aaron's eyes travelled up, up, up the statuesque leg, and it got thicker and thicker the higher his eyes went up, until it joined together with her other leg at the luscious swerve of her thick hips. Aaron saw her yellow-manicured nails on her hips, drumming into them sexily. Her torso...her legs...her ass...they all looked so huge from way down where he was staring up at them. He couldn't even see up past the big, jutting breasts that were hanging there high over his head. But even from his vantage point (which Aaron now realized was sprawled out on the floor), he caught a quick, sensual glimpse of a fleshy white stomach beyond the stylish silver buckle of her belt. Cassie was wearing some sort of a crop top...one with a white background that was covered in sunflowers.

And then, she bent at her waist, and Aaron found himself gaping up at Cassie's big, smiling face. She had been standing over him, simply waiting for him to wake up. Aaron had no idea how long she had been there. He was suddenly struck by how hard it was for him to register how this immense figure before him — starting from the heel and those sexy toes, all the way up that long leg, voluptuous torso, and protruding breasts, and ending in that gorgeous smiling face overhung with luscious blond hair — could all be the same entity, the same *person*. She was just so...*huge*.

"Welcome back, handsome," she smiled. Her voice matched her size; even though it was quiet and gentle, it filled the tiny changing room, almost seeming to vibrate the walls. "Looks like Kristina was a little rough with you, huh?"

"I...y-yeah..." Aaron managed to say. His own voice sounded pitifully small in comparison. "I d-don't remember much after...uh, after..."

“After Kristina grabbed your ankles, flipped you upside down in midair, and proceeded to suck up all your cum like it was a milkshake?” offered Cassie.

“Um...I...think so, yeah,” replied Aaron. He tried to sit up, but he found that even such a simple task was difficult. Cassie bent her knees, descending down upon him from on high, and Aaron could do nothing but gape. Just seeing her head coming down towards him gave him a little vertigo. Her size, and the distance she was effortlessly navigating...it was still hard for him to wrap his mind around. But Cassie had placed a warm, kind hand down on his thigh, covering over half of it with her big hand, with the implication that he should pause.

“Whoa, hold on there, little tiger,” she said softly, “Don’t feel like you need to get up so quickly. Haha, like I said, Kristina really slurped it straight out of you, didn’t she?” Cassie brought her other hand down and gently stroked his cheek with her fingers, scratching the underside of his chin with her long nails.

“Look at your face,” she cooed, blinking in interest as she turned her head sideways, studying him, “You poor little thing...you’re so pale! She was just waaaay, way too much for you, huh?”

“Y-you...can say that again,” nodded Aaron in a weak voice. He badly wanted to be “one hundred percent,” just so he could at least make an effort to handle Cassie’s inevitable sexual onslaught, but he could barely even lift his limbs. All the edging that morning that the girls had put him through had pushed him to his breaking point, and when Kristina had finally barreled ahead and hoovered him in her mouth, everything inside him had broken forth and exploded straight out of his vanquished cock. For the moment, he had nothing left for Cassie to take from him.

“Heheh you should have seen her,” chuckled Cassie, as she continued to softly pet his cheek, “Prancing around the department store with your cum all over her, bragging about how he had made you cum harder than anyone else had in your entire life.”

“She...she did,” admitted Aaron simply. He felt himself straining to press his face up against Cassie’s petting hand. It felt so huge against his cheek...so strong, so caring, so calmly erotic, that even though he was totally drained, his skin prickled up into goosebumps as little tingles of electricity crackled across his arms and back.

“Driving that poor department girl crazy,” continued Cassie, shaking her head and grinning. “I think she was trying to call the manager right before I came in here...haha, let’s hope Courtney steps in and sorts it all out. Can’t really count on Kristina to be calm or diplomatic, now, can we? Especially when she’s doing a cum-walk through the mall.”

Aaron opened his mouth, but he didn’t know what to say. Now that he had fully returned to consciousness, he was able to process the consequences of his wishes, at least in a more



realistic way than he had been able to not even an hour before. And his first, overwhelming thought was simple:

‘This has gotten out of control.’

True, Kristina had just sucked him off upside down, and forced him to cum his brains out, harder than he ever had before, but now she was...strutting around the mall with his cum on her face!? Were the police going to be called!? Was he going to get his friends arrested, because he had turned them into insatiable vixens who lusted after his cock??

Aaron’s insides started squirming anxiously; he didn’t really know what he had gotten himself into, and now, he was at their mercy. But his thoughts were interrupted when Cassie reached down and gently swept him up off the floor, plopping him down in her plush, spacious lap, as she sat down on the changing room bench. She was cradling the back of his head with one hand, while her other hand was lightly wisping itself over his bare stomach, his exposed upper legs, and the sides of his torso. Occasionally, her long fingers descended to tease his groin area, and even his cock (which wasn’t even hard, despite being in *Cassie’s* lap...that’s how exhausted he was). Her fingers felt sooooo soft, so deft and lovely — the way she was touching him was *exactly* what he needed right now.

“Aww Aaaaaron,” cooed Cassie down to him sweetly, “You look like a little deer in the headlights. Haha, you’re still in shock, aren’t you?”

“I th-think so, yeah,” he answered truthfully, in a shaky voice.

“Precious baby,” Cassie continued, flitting her fingers over every exposed area of skin as she soothingly addressed him, “What did you expect? You *know* how all three of us feel about you. What, did you think we were taking you on a Saturday mall date just to see what you thought about our new outfits? That we were gonna go to the food court and get some ice cream and call it a day?”

“I...no...” answered Aaron. He knew, of course, that Cassie didn’t grasp the true irony of her own rhetorical questions.

“I mean, *come on*, little guy,” laughed Cassie softly, “You’ve got to be realistic here. Are we the type of girls to wait around, hoping for the sweet little apple of our eye to make the first move?”

“No,” Aaron said, shaking his head.

“Hmmm, nooooo,” giggled Cassie quietly. She momentarily clawed her fingers and dug them into Aaron’s side, causing him to yelp out in panicked laughter, but she quickly subsided, blowing a sweet exhale of silent laughter down at him through her flaring nostrils.

“Ahoomygod, sooooo cuuute!” Cassie breathed out, before affecting a mock-serious tone. “Aaron, you really can’t expect any of us to contain ourselves around you. All three of us just can’t get enough of you, you know that? All we do, every day, is just talk about you...gossip about you...trade ideas for how to make you feel sooooo good.”

“Oh...r-really?” asked Aaron weakly. Pretty much his entire body was draped across Cassie’s lap, with only his head and the bottom half of his legs hanging off either end. At 5’0, he was considerably shorter than he had ever been, of course, but still, he wasn’t *that* short. But Cassie’s thighs were so thick and long, and her hips and ass were so voluptuous and juicy, that she easily accommodated most of his body length.

“Yessss, *really*,” Cassie continued, bending down lower towards him as her fingers continued to flit across his exposed skin. “Do you really not know that by now, Aaron? Or are you just being a little cutie and pretending that we all don’t just fantasize about you all day long?”

“Uhh...” Aaron hadn’t prepared this far. Before he could say anything, Cassie pressed on. She had wrapped her long fingers around his wrist, and she held it up to his face.

“See this?” she said quietly. Her voice was trembling with intense, hungry energy. “Look at this, Aaron. Look at how easily I can wrap my fingers around your little wrist. Oh my god, you are soooo tiny compared to me! Haha, look, my fingers go all the way around easily — my thumb goes all the way around to the second knuckle of my middle finger! And it doesn’t stop there...see? See how I can just go up, up, up your arm? What’s happening now, Aaron? Tell me.”

“Y-you...you can still g-go all the way around,” he groaned. His wrung-out cock was awakening again.

“Ohhh yes I can,” whispered Cassie, “Aaalllll the way up your arm! Ha, and look! Even past your elbow! I can wrap my hand all the way your cute, tiny little bicep, no problem! Ho does that make you feel, Aaron?”

“S-Small,” he exhaled.

“Smaaalll,” she cooed, nodding her head slowly. “Now how about you try that on me — try to put your little hand around *my* wrist.”

Aaron did, and he wasn’t at all surprised to find that he couldn’t even go all the way around, at its smallest point.

“Not even close,” breathed Cassie, shaking her head, as she lined up her bare arm with Aaron’s. “God Aaron, are you seeing this?! My arm’s got to be at *least* three times the size of yours.”

“Y-yeah, it...it is,” Aaron managed to say. His cock was half-erect now, and getting bigger. Cassie had noticed, and her long fingers had formed a light, teasing dome over it, stroking it softly, lovingly, with all five of her fingers at once, urging it to grow.

“And let’s not even *start* with how much bigger my legs are than yours,” chuckled Cassie. Her thighs pistoned up and down for a couple cycles, sending Aaron’s body into a series of waves, before coming to an abrupt halt. “I bet you don’t even weigh much more than *one* of my legs, at this point!” Cassie continued, tonguing the side of her cheek as she winked down at him.

Aaron looked up at her, and a strange thought flashed through his head. What had she meant by “at this point!?” Was Cassie somehow aware of her growth progression? Did she have any memory of the time before, when she had been much smaller? He didn’t have any idea, and he wasn’t about to give anything away, so he let it slide without pursuing it any further.

“But of course, you’re used to being a precious little midget around the three of us, aren’t you?” Cassie continued, “You’re used to not being able to see our faces clearly, since you’ve gotta look up past our biiiiigggg breasts to even see what expressions we’re making, haha! It’s always so cute to watch you take a step back or stand on your tiptoes to try and get a better view over these babies!

Cassie was leaning forward now, so that her gigantic breasts were hanging down low, pressing their fleshy weight up against Aaron’s prone, exposed body. Her sunflower crop top was having a difficult time containing those megalithic mammaries, and a moment later Cassie had relieved one side of the pressure by taking out her engorged tit. Aaron’s mouth watered — her nipple was erect, probably about an inch-and-a-half tall, and pointed straight down towards his face.

“Ooooooh yeah,” whispered Cassie, cupping his head harder in her hand as she pulled it up toward her tit, “You’re such a tiny little sub, Aaron...I *knowwww* you can’t resist sucking on my tits, whenever I give you the chance. Well tiger, it’s your lucky day!”

Without any further ado, Cassie lowered her fat nipple straight down into Aaron’s mouth. He was astonished how much space inside it filled, and his lips puckered as he began sucking. Cassie’s eyes rolled back into her head a little as she gave a long, powerful exhale. Her teasing, tickling fingers sped up slightly against his cock, and then, after a few seconds of getting her bearings, Cassie wrapped three of her fingers around his now-erect dick, and proceeded to flutter her index finger against the sensitive underside of his swollen mushroom head. While she did this, she rubbed her thumb in steady, determined circles, around and around, directly on his peehole. Within seconds, Aaron had started to leak precum, and the fluid only served to grease Cassie’s gears. Her thumb rubbed him faster and faster, as her index finger sped up at the underside of his cockhead in tandem.

“Do you understand, Aaron, how much it turns me on, how much it turns ALL of us on, to just DRINK in how much smaller you are than us?” Cassie whispered down to him, as she stared

deeply into his eyes. “How much shorter, smaller, weaker you are? How you’re totally helpless against us? That we can do anything...*anything* we want to you?”

Aaron was too busy sucking on Cassie’s hard tit to react...and at this point, he was just trying not to cum again. He wouldn’t have believed it possible five minutes before, but here he was.

“And to think,” continued Cassie in that deep, low, soft voice of hers that was turning his mind to mush, “That you’re actually *aroused* by how you don’t measure up to us, Aaron! Look at how hard your little cock is right now! Mmmmm, yeah, I can see it in your eyes, little guy — you just can’t get enough of how much smaller you are, of how inferior and weak your body is compared to ours...it’s reeeeeeally something, Aaron. Most guys are into boring displays of masculinity, but not you. You’re right up our alley. You’re like our missing puzzle piece...the smallest, tiniest one that’s the hardest one to place, but once you finally discover where it goes, the whole puzzle’s finished!”

Cassie pulled his head away from her tit, so that her nipple came popping out of his mouth, shining with his saliva. Aaron didn’t know why she had done this, but quickly understood — Cassie lowered her head and brought her plush lips down on his, engulfing them completely in a long, full, passionate kiss.

“Mmmmmrrrrrrhhhhhh!” moaned Cassie, her eyes shut tightly, as she sucked and pulled against Aaron’s mouth. Her big, powerful tongue thrust itself confidently into his, dominating it effortlessly, as she bandied it to the side to explore the deepest confines of his mouth. All the while, Cassie’s thumb was tracing circles on the top of his cock, and this was starting to make sticky, lewd noises due to the amount of precum Aaron was exuding. Her finger continued fluttering mercilessly against the underside of his cockhead...Aaron could feel the sore, painful, and ecstatic build of yet another orgasm coming on.

\*RAP\* \*RAP\* \*RAP\*

A sudden series of loud knocks came at the door. Aaron jolted out of his reverie, startled by the noise. But Cassie just carried on like nothing had happened, moaning out through her kiss, as her fingers remained busy, and her eyes remained closed.

“*Excuse me!*?” The terse, unhappy voice of the department store woman sounded out from behind the door. “*Excuse me!?* You need to come out of there, right now!”

“Mrrrrraaugh...just think of it, Aaron,” Cassie whispered to him, letting up in the middle of her passionate kiss for just a few seconds, “I’m gonna \*Mrrraugh\* I’m gonna make you cum even \*Muuah\* even *harder* than Kristina did...\*mmrrraaugh\* I’m gonna flop my huge tits against your \*muaghh\* tiny little chest, and I’m gonna \*mraughh\* feel your little heart beat soooo fast when you can’t take anymore and you just \*muraaugh\* and you just *pop* into the air.”

\*RAPRAP\*

“HELLO!? MISS!?” There was a new voice at the door. A male voice. “This is the manager, miss, and I’ve called the police!”

\*THHWWWOP\* Cassie’s lips came off Aaron’s in a loud, popping smack. Aaron looked up at her, totally overcome by her blazing beauty, while the fear of the outside world invading his fantasies grew in the back of his mind. But he could not be shaken from Cassie’s spell — she had a slow, quiet fire in her eyes that was somehow even more intense than Kristina’s blind lust.

“And when I stroke that cum from your cock,” she whispered fiercely down to him, her teeth now starting to show, “It’s gonna shoot up into the air and I’m gonna \*AAHM\* catch it all in my mouth. You watch, Aaron, you watch. Look...look what I’m doing to your cock!”

Aaron looked towards his midsection and saw Cassie’s fingers speed up even faster. He wouldn’t have thought it possible, but that’s what she was doing. Her thumb was now practically vibrating in circles around his hole, and her index finger was fluttering against his purpling head so fast that it became a blur.

\*Flapflapflapflapflapflapflapflapflapflap\*

It was going so fast it was actually making a sound.

“She’s not opening it...and she’s assaulting that poor boy in there...where’s the master key?” came the hurried, muttering voice of the female employee.

“Right here...stand back,” replied the manager. The sound of jingling keys being fumbled...

“You’re gonna cum when I say, aren’t you?” Cassie growled down at Aaron. Her voice was louder now. Aaron knew that she hadn’t been whispering because of stealth before — she was just being sexy and sensuous. But now that his orgasm was nearing, she was starting to let her own lust get the better of her. Aaron was afraid of what was about to happen when the manager opened the door, but the vast majority of his brain had been overtaken by Cassie’s dominant performance. The fact that she apparently didn’t care one iota about the consequences of her actions made everything seem that much hotter.

Jingling keys...and the sound of one finally finding the lock...

“You’re gonna spew your love spunk up in the air for me...” growled Cassie again, her voice getting louder and louder. Her face was fully flushed now, and her eyes were growing wider.

The sound of the key turning the lock...

“I’m milking your little cock DRY, you tiny little SLUT!” yelled Cassie, now fully transported. “I’m SO much BIGGER than you, I can make you do ANYTHING I WANT...and you WILL give it to me!! You WILL come for me...NOW!!!”

The door came flying open, and right at that moment, Aaron shot a geyser of cum straight up in the air, orchestrated exactly as planned by Cassie’s skillful fingers. The rotund, bald-headed manager stepped back in shocked revulsion, along with his employee, as Cassie cried out triumphantly, her face brightening from hardened lust into sheer, girlish delight. Her wide, happy eyes followed the trajectory of Aaron’s cum, and as it arced in the air and came back down, she stuck her big tongue out and caught it all in her mouth.

“AAAAHHHHHHMMMM!!” Cassie moaned with great exaggeration. Her hand shot up to her mouth, just to make sure that she wasn’t wasting any. Her lips shut together, and she scratched Aaron’s head lovingly with her nails, her eyes going up and down his naked body with unabashed delight and satisfaction. After a few seconds, she turned her gaze to the manager and his employee, who were both staring in horror at the scene. Cassie suddenly opened her mouth again, threw back her head in their direction, and began gargling Aaron’s cum loudly.

“AGGWORGGOORRGLLAAAARRRGLWAAARGGLORWAAAGGHLLWWORLLAAAUGH!!!”

The lewd sounds echoed loudly into the other changing rooms. Several other women had been watching in the background, and they all turned away quickly, shielding their eyes.

“Oh god...oh my god...” muttered the manager, shaking his head as he shielded his own eyes.

\*GALUMMM\*

Cassie swallowed Aaron’s load down directly into her belly, and smacked her lips down at him with wide eyes.

“Thought I was gonna go easy on you after Kristina, huh?” she teased. Aaron was again only partially conscious now. His body was covered with sweat, and his skin remained a deep, flushed red. Cassie started drawing her long fingers across his bare chest in interest for a few moments, but then Courtney and Kristina suddenly appeared from around the corner, scattering people in their wake.

“Uhh, Cass?” Courtney ventured earnestly, though not without a little humor in her voice. “Think now might be a good time to dip out.”

“Yeah, we’ve got everything we came for,” Kristina joked behind her. “And I don’t know why, but they won’t take our money!”

“Huh...well ok, I guess,” Cassie replied, standing up with Aaron in her arms, forgetting about his torn and discarded clothes. “That’s a nice top, Courtney!”

“Thanks!” Courtney replied, turning around and showing off a skin-tight burgundy top that showed off every inch of her impressive curves, with a couple inches at the bottom for her stomach to bulge out a little. “It doesn’t quite fit, but it feels good and I think it makes me look even bigger...heheh, along with these jeans and these heels too!”

“Well duh the heels make you look bigger!” laughed Kristina, “They make you 6 inches taller! Which makes you, uh...”

“7’2, breathed Courtney deeply, stepping over in the manager’s direction, “I told these little people here to bill us all at my address, since this prude of a man won’t take our money.”

“Th-the police are on their — ” began the red-faced manager, but Courtney interrupted him, standing tall above his retreating form. The top of his head was a couple inches below her breasts.

“Yes, we know,” Courtney spoke down to him. “And don’t worry — we’re out of your hair now. Just understand that, if we have to deal with any legal trouble, you’ll be hearing from MY lawyer about how this store is intolerant and discriminates against alternative lifestyles.”

“Y-You were all having...*p-public sex* in the stalls!!” cried the manager, who was still backing up, terrified of Courtney’s size.

“Aw, look at that,” chuckled Courtney, “He’s *jealous* of our little one here!”

“J-jeal—!?” choked the manager, but Courtney had already turned on her heel and was leaving the store, with Cassie and Kristina following close behind in tow.

“Like I said, bill me at that address!” called Courtney over her shoulder, “And it won’t be pleasant if the police show up there, mark my words.”

For the next several minutes, Aaron swam in and out of consciousness. He vaguely registered that Cassie was carrying him through the mall, that other people were gasping and pointing and speaking loudly, and that Cassie, Courtney, and Kristina were chattering away to each other pleasantly, like nothing untoward was going on.

“Like a straight white geyser, Courtney! Haha you should’ve seen it!” Cassie’s voice was saying.

“Ha, where’s the proof!?” laughed Kristina, smearing around her face, “I’ve got mine right here!”

“Well of course you both know it’s MY turn next!” Courtney was saying. “Come on, let’s walk a little faster...I wanna get back to Aaron’s place quick before we have to deal with any more nonsense.”

“Well they’ll be coming to your address, won’t they?” Cassie asked. They were outside now, and the afternoon sun warmed Aaron’s bare skin and helped him come to a bit more.

“Psssh yeah...and what’re they gonna do?” Courtney laughed. “I’ll come out in my heels, sort out any confusion...I’ll pay the bill...that’ll be it.”

“Heh, if you say so,” chuckled Kristina, “I’m gonna love watching you try to finagle that.”

“Well she’s not like *you*, you know,” Cassie teased, as they got into Kristina’s car. “Courtney has the gift of diplomacy, whereas you...haha, well you’re more like a cannon.”

“Then we’re a formidable team!” retorted Kristina, revving up the engine. Aaron tried to open his mouth as he lay in Cassie’s lap, but her strong hand came down to his mouth and deftly shushed him.

“Shhh, shhhh, shhhhh, just take it easy, little tiger,” she cooed down at him. “Just hang tight there for a bit, until we get back home.”

“Yeah, you need to save up your energy,” Courtney intoned meaningfully, rubbing her huge thigh against the back of Aaron’s head. Her massive hand came softly down on his chest, nearly covering the whole thing. “The day is young.”

Aaron could only breathe in and out right now. He had just had two of the most mind-blowing orgasms of his entire life. His wishes, his deepest desires, were all coming true. And yet right now, he felt scared. They had only just managed to avoid getting arrested, if they had actually managed that at all...only time would tell. The three girls were totally out of control. In his bedroom, he would have thought this was incredibly hot...and it WAS...but it was also terrifying. He couldn’t keep this up...he just couldn’t. His body would give out before the day was over if they kept up in their merciless, lustful pursuit of his cum. He needed to get a moment alone with his diary. He had to change something. Otherwise, he knew he wasn’t going to last much longer.



## Chapter 9

“Oh, but Aaaaaron,” Courtney was complaining, drawing a line down his chest with her long finger, “Are you sure?”

“Yeah...yeah, I’m, haha, I’m sorry Courtney,” Aaron replied. He was unable to keep the desperation out of his voice as he grabbed onto her hand, trying to prevent it from reaching down into his crotch. “I...y-you know, I think I’m empty, heheh, and I w-wouldn’t wanna disappoint you.”

Courtney gently averted her head up towards Cassie and Kristina, sharing a knowing smile with them. They were all in Kristina’s Hummer, which was idling by Aaron’s apartment. The girls had all planned on going up with Aaron to play with him some more, but he had managed to force out a strained declaration that he was exhausted and needed to rest. Needless to say, Courtney was feeling quite cheated, and she was making her feelings known. Aaron thanked his stars that Kristina and Cassie were already satiated, however briefly, because he knew that neither of them would have responded to the disappointment as calmly and measuredly as Courtney was. Still, though, he was having a tough time keeping her big hand away from his crotch, especially considering that he was laid out across her lap, her thick, full thighs cushioning over half his body as her large, strong arms effortlessly parried away his protesting flails.

“Pssssh, you think she cares about that!?” laughed Kristina, turning around in the driver’s seat and flashing Aaron a wry grin. His cum was still smeared all over her face.

“I mean...don’t get me wrong, Aaron,” Courtney continued, now petting his crotch softly with her massive hand. Aaron had already given up trying to push it away. “I’d love a cum-bath for my face like you gave Kristina, but I know that your little balls need some time to get working again to make more. But that’s not what I *really* want, Aaron.”

She arched her back, bending down low as her shadow engulfed him completely. Cassie shimmied her full shoulders side to side, adjusting her thick hips as she turned to watch the fun. Aaron caught a sideways glimpse of her giant breasts in the periphery of his vision, and he was fairly certain that she had popped one of them out of her dress so that she could play with her free nipple. But Courtney’s encroaching form over him was increasingly usurping his attention. The way her huge thighs were cradling his body, even as he felt the plush push of her soft, rotund breasts against the entirety of his torso...it was all just so overwhelming, and combined with the mercilessly gentle and tender action of her hand against his cock, he felt like he wasn’t too far away from cumming again. Aaron wasn’t sure if his body and brain could take another orgasm without him stroking out.

“What I *want*,” Courtney whispered down at him, “Is to see your cute little eyes cross when I push you over the orgasmic brink...to see your little mouth open up in wordless ecstasy, totally and utterly at my mercy. What I want to see, Aaron, is for you to surrender yourself totally to

me, to feel, to know...how much bigger and stronger I am than you, how much I dominate you, and how I can make you seize up and orgasm whenever and wherever I want you to.”

Her huge hand burrowed down into his pants, and Aaron moaned and arched his back into the expansive flesh beneath him. Courtney had engulfed his poor, spent cock in her hand, and was now slowly, torturously jerking him off.

“Hahaha, I don’t care if nothing comes out of your beautiful little cock,” Courtney teased down at him softly. Aaron had shut his eyes, but he could still somehow see her full lips as they gently mouthed their agonizingly erotic words. “I don’t *care*, Aaron...I don’t care...I don’t care...all I *really* care about is making you cum, and cum and *cum*, over and over again, as you sink down into the depths of surrender to me...to *us*...I want you to give yourself totally away to the pleasure, Aaron. I want you to really feel how small and submissive you are, and how your *real* place is right here in my lap, with my hand around your cock, pulling on it, making it jerk and spasm and burst, until there’s nothing left of your mind but puuuuure, pristine, submissive pleasure.”

Even though Kristina and Cassie had already made him erupt in explosive orgasm twice that morning, Aaron could feel his body beginning to boil like a furnace in response to Courtney’s searingly pleasurable touch. But it was her dirty talk that was truly doing him in. He had been trying to tell her that he needed a break, that he was afraid that his heart and brain weren’t going to survive another orgasm, but as she had stroked on, and talked on, his protests had given way to the blank pleasure Courtney was urging him to embrace. He opened his eyes widely, but he couldn’t see anything clearly...only vague splotches of color. His hearing was similarly muddled and disturbed; he could only make out the soft, merciless cadence of Courtney’s voice as she continued pressing on and on. He couldn’t even hear her words now. It was just the gentle volume of her voice, overtaking his mind, and filling up his head with its unceasing echoes.

How long Aaron existed in this strange, suspended, hazy phantasmagoria, he had no idea. He began to have the vague sense of an impending blackness beginning to swallow him up, but right when the void seemed like it had truly expanded itself underneath him, yawning to receive him, he felt the sudden, relentless stimulation of entirely new sensations, from both sides of his head, and down in between his legs. His vision seemed to sharpen for a few moments, and he suddenly saw, from the lolling position of his head (staring down), that Courtney’s big head was busy at his midsection. That was where the feeling between his legs was coming from. She had lifted him up in the air and brought his crotch up to her mouth; she was sucking powerfully on his cock. At the same time, he realized that the thunderous squelching was coming from the stimulation on both sides of his head...and then, as his senses briefly sharpened from the shock of the stimulation, he felt the wriggling, vigorously undulating pressure of something in his ears. He tried to turn his head away, but large, strong hands easily wrapped around his arms and shoulders, holding him fast. Hungry moans echoed out within his head, accompanying the ravenous, wriggling thunder in his ears.

It was at this point that Aaron realized that both Cassie and Kristina had stuck their tongues in his ears, probing and pushing their sinuous appendages deep down into his ear canals, as far as they could go, as they moaned all the while. Apparently, the two girls hadn't been able to keep themselves from joining in; Cassie had sidled up close to Courtney to claim his left ear, and Kristina had hopped over the driver's seat armrest to claim his right. The two of them were absolutely relentless, attacking the inside of his ears like they were trying to get at the tastiest candy in the world.

\*GLORRRPNNAAWWWGLLLLAAAUUGTHLLLAAAUUGGHHGUULLLAAUUGRRTHHHAU\*

The greedy sounds of their hungry tongues soaked into Aaron's brain, and right as he actually managed to realize what was going on, Courtney turned up the heat on her blowjob. With the entirety of his cock and balls in the warm, wet, suckling interior of her mouth, she had made her tongue into a spear shape and was determinedly trying to force it down Aaron's peehole. He felt the corners of his eyes spasm in overwhelming panic and pleasure as he felt her tongue eagerly start to fling itself back and forth rapidly, with the tip *inside* his dick. The resultant vibrating pleasure that spread throughout his crotch and body like hot liquid fire proved too much for him to bear. But even more overwhelming than the sensation itself was his lightning realization, even in the midst of his sexual pleasure and torment, that he was about to cum hard to the true reality of being so hopelessly overmatched by these voracious, gigantic women. They were hungry; they were greedy; they were absolutely merciless; they would not be denied. And THAT, above all else, was what was making him cum.

His eyes almost popped out of their sockets as his shaking lips peeled back, revealing his gums; his nostrils flared; and his mouth opened as wide as it could go, and he let loose a scream that he was sure would shatter the car windows. As it happened, he could only manage a pitiful, petered-out squeal, since every tissue in his body was hardened and pulsating, at attention.

"Wwwwgglllleeeee!"

\*OM!!\*

He heard Cassie engulf his entire left ear with her mouth in response, while Kristina swallowed his right. Courtney's huge hands tightened around his butt, squeezing them hard, like she was trying to pump out his fluids as she continued to suck.

\*MmmmmmmRRRRRGHHHHH!!!" she moaned hungrily, mashing her face up into his midsection as her tongue thrust itself even further into the quivering, purpling mushroom head of his cock. Aaron's vision subsided again, and his senses were once again dominated by the cacophonous sounds of their hungry tongues trying to lick his brain. The black void rose up again, and this time, it really did swallow him. He passed away in a dead faint, right before the last drops of his cum came rocketing out of his cock, going straight down Courtney's eagerly

undulating throat. He didn't even get to hear the girls laughing at his limp little body as he collapsed forward on top of Courtney's supporting head.

He sensed that he was lying down in something soft. Everything felt soft. Warm...a gentle breeze was blowing against his face. His body felt warm. No, it felt cold...no, warm again. He tried to move, but something big held him down. A calm whooshing at his ear.

"Shhhh...shhh...isokaawoaaaaauughh..."

The faint and discordant sounds faded away. Someone had been talking to him. A full, gentle, loving, feminine voice. He tried to move his other arm, but again, something huge held it down.

"Nnnnnn....no...no," Aaron mumbled vaguely. Trying to make out the human voice, whoever it was, was like turning a radio knob, trying to find the right station. But even though he couldn't hear it properly, Aaron was able to understand that whoever was speaking was urging him not to move.

"Eeeeeassssyyy," the voice breathed softly, soothingly, into his ear. It started becoming clearer and clearer now. "Take it eeeaaasssy, Aaron. It's ok...it's ok, you're safe. You're ok...you're with ussssss."

Courtney's voice. Aaron realized that his eyes were closed, and he opened them. He was in his bedroom, in his bed, with the covers pulled up over his naked body. Courtney was sitting by his bedside, drawing her long fingers lovingly through his hair, as she peered down at him, an affectionate smile on her face. Aaron blinked again, and his vision improved. Kristina was standing over in the corner of the room, with her back turned to them, studying the SuperMario poster on his wall. He turned to the right and saw that Cassie was sitting on the other side of the bed, staring down at him with a warm smile, with her hands folded patiently over her crossed legs. She was sitting close to his nightstand.

Aaron took a few seconds to absorb everything, and the first thing he felt was a sense of relief. They had taken him to his room and put him to bed, which meant that they at least understood that his mind and body couldn't go on after what had happened. They had the capacity to understand that he needed a break. But just then, he realized how close Cassie was sitting to his nightstand, and he felt a surge of panic. He was right where he wanted to be, in the safety of his bedroom, but the three of them were there with him. He felt like he had nearly died...he needed to get them out of there, before they discovered the diary, which was only inches away from Cassie's dangling foot, in the stack of books on his nightstand shelf.

He made another motion to rise from his horizontal position, but Courtney wouldn't let him. He was so small compared to her that his little body didn't have any chance of overcoming the force of her hand on his chest, and augmenting this size difference was the fact that he was utterly exhausted, drained of every vital reserve of energy in his body.

“Ooooh, he’s getting a little antsy,” smiled Cassie. She leaned forward in her chair to peer at him closer. “Don’t worry, Aaron...we know your cock is all out of juice. We made sure to wrrrring it all out, even after you passed out, haha.”

She made a “washcloth-wringing” motion with her hands as her eyebrows went up and down playfully. Aaron knew he had nothing left to give, because if he did, he was well aware that Cassie’s salacious gesture would have forced him into becoming hard again. As it was, though, his penis remained totally flaccid between his legs. He may have woken up, but his cock had been put into a deeper slumber.

“Yeah, and we actually got a little more out of it,” chuckled Kristina, turning around and walking up to the bed. “Do you like my little design?”

Aaron was puzzled for a moment; he didn’t know what she was talking about.

“Give him a closer look,” Cassie said. “He just woke up, you know...heheh, probably can hardly even see straight after what we did to him.”

Kristina bounded up on the bed, making it shake with her weight, and Aaron winced. His body was definitely still over-sensitive.

“Hey, easy there,” Courtney cautioned, steadying Kristina’s body with her free hand, “Not so rough.”

“Sorry,” shrugged Kristina, “I just wanted to give him a close-up of this.”

She indicated to her chest, and Aaron could see it now. Painted in a milky-white line was a “heart” shape, directly above her cleavage.

“See?” Kristina grinned, tracing the “heart” with her finger. “A cum heart right on top of my real heart. Isn’t that just poetic, Aaron?”

He couldn’t think of what to do but nod weakly. Even though he didn’t have the physical capacity to get hard now, Kristina’s fixation on his cum was nonetheless striking. He could see that she still had his cum smeared on her face from the mall.

“And it wasn’t just Kristina who got to enjoy it again,” added Kristina softly, palming and petting his head with her huge hand. “I got to swallow most of that last cumshot.” She opened her mouth at him, showing him her cavernous throat. Aaron knew that she was 6’8...but even still, her mouth and throat seemed almost unnaturally vast and spacious. He felt the electrical impulse of helpless arousal trying to kickstart his bulbospongiosus muscles, but it was like trying to click-start a stove with no gas -- the starter was cracking, but there was no energy source to fuel the fire.

“Aaaaauuuuuuuuu...hahaha,” laughed Courtney, giving herself a rare moment of frivolity, “I was going to swish it around a little in my mouth, you know...to get a niiiice long taste of it, but I was too caught up in the passion of the moment, you see, and \*sloop\* it all just went right down into my tummy!”

She patted her stomach happily, giving a purr of contentment for good measure.

“Oh...okay,” moaned Aaron weakly. He was trying to think of a way to get them out of his apartment, if only just for a little bit, to give him enough time to write down some new wishes in his diary. The pressing nature of this need weighed heavily upon him, but he still knew that he had to tread very carefully. If any of the girls were to find out about the diary, they might confiscate it...or even worse, destroy it, so that he could never wish any of the current situation away. They all looked so sweet and gentle right now, even in the midst of their striking, stunning beauty, but at this point, Aaron knew it was all just because they were temporarily satisfied. Very soon, all three of them would get hungry again -- they were literal succubi now, and he was in danger of being permanently drained of his vital force. Aaron didn't trust them not to cross the line and accidentally kill him in the midst of their rapacious sexual hunger.

“And don't think I didn't get in on the action after you passed out!” giggled Cassie, shaking her head at him. “Uh-uh! Courtney and Kristina got most of the rest of it, but once we got you up here I kept trying to wring you out, and...haha, I squeezed juuuust a little bit out -- the very last bit!”

“Uhhh...wow...” groaned Aaron.

“Yeeeeeah, and I thought, well, it's not enough to really *taste*,” Cassie continued, “But it *smelled* soooo good, kind of fruity, just a little dab of it sitting on the tip of your cock...so I --”

And here, Cassie's gorgeous face suddenly contorted, puckered up, and she snorted through her nose.

\*SniffSniffSniff\*

“Haha yep! Right up my nose!” she laughed. “It made my eyes sting a little, but it made the cum hit harder, haha! I actually got to feel my body absorb it that way...and I think it happened faster too!”

“What a weirdo,” Kristina teased, turning to Aaron and tilting her head to the side as she twirled her finger around her ear in the “she's crazy” motion.

“You're the one with cum smeared all over your face!” chided Cassie. “What good is that!? My body's already absorbed it all and it feels soooo good, staring at him, knowing that his seed is a part of me now.”

“Hey, don’t tell *me* what to do with Aaron’s cum,” Kristina warned. “To each their own. I like it on my face; it has a nice tingly feel. Sue me!”

“Mmmm, well / like it in my belly,” hummed Courtney, petting her stomach and winking at Aaron.

Aaron gawked at them. It was incredible -- his cum was literally like a drug to them now.

‘This is what you wished for,’ said a voice inside his head. ‘This is exactly what you wished for...and now you’ve got it...and now you’ve got to get rid of it.’

“Say, uh...guys?” he began, trying to keep his voice from shaking. It wasn’t that he was nervous now. He didn’t have the energy to be nervous. It was just that anything he did that required effort (like speaking) was extremely difficult right now. They all turned to him, giving him their undivided attention. He felt a prickle of spookiness pass over him. That diary was powerful.

“I’m...I’m really sorry that I...um...that I...ran out,” he continued, having to take deep breaths in between almost every word. “I hope you all weren’t too...disappointed.”

“Oh you precious little baby,” cooed Courtney, brushing his cheek lovingly with her fingers, “Of course we’re not disappointed. We know that you’re not a bottomless well.”

“As much as we’d want you to be,” chimed Kristina with a dirty grin.

“Shhhh, don’t stress him out,” Cassie chided, “Look at him. Our little cum factory is totally empty, and he’s not gonna start making more if we put him under too much pressure.”

“Mmmm yes,” nodded Courtney, “Which is why we’re all just going to sit around here and keep him company, feeding him, bathing him, doing all the fun little things to help him recuperate...so he can make us some more.”

Aaron felt a cold wave of dread sweep over him. This is the last thing he wanted to hear. But he couldn’t betray how scared he felt. He needed to think of something...some way to convince them to leave him alone for a bit. After a few silent seconds, he figured that the best way forward would just be to tell the truth...while leaving out certain important parts along the way.

“I...I’m sorry, Courtney,” he whispered.

“Sorry?” she asked warmly, “Sorry for what, baby?”

“The...I mean, I’m sorry, but...I think what I need right now is...y-you know, some good sleep, and...I’m n-not blaming you guys, really, but...how to say this, heheh...there’s no way I can go to sleep with you guys here. You’re too beautiful. I can’t take my eyes off you.”

"Psssh listen to him," Kristina chuckled, "Flattering us. He thinks if he showers us with compliments then...wait...uh...then...heh, then I don't know what." Her eyebrows creased together; she seemed to be genuinely confused.

"Oh you're very sweet, Aaron," Cassie intoned, "But we don't have to be all up in your face like we are now. We can wait in the living room, play some video games, you know?"

"Watch some TV," Courtney added.

"Watch some TV," repeated Cassie, nodding. "Until you're ready to go again."

For a moment, Aaron thought this actually might work; if he could just get them out of his bedroom and close the door...but he quickly realized this would not be a good idea. His bedroom door had no lock on it, and he didn't trust the girls not to spy on him. It wouldn't be creepy or malicious spying in their minds -- just "horny girl" spying through the cracks of the door. But in any case, it simply wasn't worth risking them finding out about the diary.

"N-no, I mean...heheh, you guys don't understand," groaned Aaron, smiling and wincing all at the same time as he sat up in his bed. "And, like, I...I don't blame you. But you need to understand how...how powerful of an effect you have on me, alright? Like...even if I hear you in the other room, my heart just...it just starts beating really fast, and my face gets red, and I...I j-just can't help myself."

"Awwwww!" cooed Cassie, bending down and engulfing him in a tender hug, "That is just so precious, Aaron!"

"Too precious," muttered Kristina. "Geez, Aaron, you're really pushing your luck...a few more compliments like that and I'm gonna be gobbling down your cock again, cum or no cum."

"Shhhh, stopppp," chuckled Courtney, waving her down.

"I just need...just a little rest, is all," Aaron finished, trying to sound as genuine as he could without letting the urgent desperation bleed through in his voice. "It won't take long...maybe just...a few hours...or, or overnight or...something."

"Overnight!?" cried Cassie softly, "Oh, surely not that long!"

"Ok, ok, not that long!" came Aaron's quick reply, putting up his hands. "Just a f-few hours, then."

The girls all looked at each other. They didn't seem thrilled with the idea of leaving him, but they did seem to understand that he wanted them to.



“Mmmmm, wellllll...ok,” declared Courtney finally, sighing as she got up. Cassie and Kristina joined her. The three of them were gathered at the foot of his bed. A more strikingly imposing, curvaceous, and beautiful trio could not have been imagined. Their eyes sparkled down at him, mingling with the midafternoon sunlight lazily soaking through the partially-pulled curtains.

“We’ll give you some time to sleep,” Courtney continued, “But we’ll be back in a few hours.”

“Count on it,” added Kristina, forking her fingers into a “V” shape and bringing it up to her mouth, tonguing the middle of it lewdly as she made eyes down at him.

“See you soon, little cumster,” Cassie purred at him, scrunching her face up and smacking her lips. “We’ll be thinking about youuuuu.”

Aaron watched them go, unable to help marveling at their huge asses as they gyrated lasciviously, a parting gift. When the door finally closed, Aaron’s head fell back on the pillow and he shut his eyes tightly, gritting his teeth.

“Oh my god...” he whispered to himself, “Oh my god...oh my god....holy SHIT...”

Frantic relief was all he felt right now. At last he would be able to fix the terrible choice he had made. With shaking hands, he pulled out his diary and turned to the next blank page. For several minutes he held it there in his lap, listening for the girls in the hallway. He was afraid that they would burst in through the walls, or drop out of the ceiling. At this point, he put nothing past them. He had to do the deed, before it was too late.

His pen hovered over the page, poised. He couldn’t rush this...he had to get it right. After thinking long and hard, and working up exactly what he was going to say before he wrote it, he finally put the pen to paper and started to write:

“I want Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney to be attracted to how much bigger they are than me, but I want them to have a more restrained cum fetish than they have right now. I want them to desire me, but I don’t want them to obsess over me.”

He paused, hoping that these words would be clear enough to whatever power was animating these pages. His hand hovered over the page. He knew he wasn’t done.

“I want Courtney to be 7’0, 240 pounds, Cassie to be 6’8, 220 pounds, and Kristina to be 6’6, 230 pounds.”

He paused again. Whether it was because of the diary’s intense power, or something else, he didn’t know. All that he knew was that, a moment later, he was writing the words:

“I want every woman in this city to be 1 inch taller.”

## Chapter 10

A few hours later, Aaron was gradually becoming aware that his eyes were opening. His bedroom...the golden glow of the sun soaking through his partially-open curtains...he had been having some kind of bizarre dream, where everything had been out of place, but even as he tried to remember, the memory melted away in his mind. Was it already morning!? Had he slept all the way through the night??

And then it happened again: the friendly but firm \*knock knock knock\* on his door. Aaron immediately recognized that the first knock, which he had hardly even registered, had woken him up. And then it all came flooding back, deluging his brain with a simultaneous series of realizations – he hadn't slept through the night; the golden sunlight streaming in heralded the late afternoon, and was beginning to usher in the evening; his body was utterly exhausted, and he felt like he had run an entire marathon; he had hidden his diary away back in the stack of books under his night stand; after writing down his wishes he had almost instantly passed out from sheer exhaustion; and...the girls had come back, and they were at his door, knocking.

'But...they're knocking,' Aaron told himself, grimacing and wincing as he moved to get out of bed. 'That's a good sign, because if they were the same as before, they would've already just...barged in. I'd have woken up with all three of them standing around my bed, staring down at me.'

A chill went through him as he thought about how eerie and overwhelming it had been to have the three gigantic women so fiercely obsessed with taking his cum. Aaron had thought such a thing would be a dream come true, but he had since grown wiser. At his current height of 5'0, there was absolutely no way he could withstand the all-out sexual onslaught from the three vixens, and he felt like they had very nearly sucked out his life force in the act of literally sucking and wringing him dry. He now knew, unequivocally, that despite his obvious arousal at the girls' ravenous and lascivious display, there could be too much of a good thing.

Walking a little unsteadily, but with his heart pattering in excited expectation, Aaron went to open the door. As he did, he couldn't help but take a big, deep breath. At this point, he wasn't too doubtful that his wishes had worked – he just knew that he had to prepare himself for what he was about to see.

Even with the preparation, though, when the door swung open, Aaron wasn't able to keep his mouth from dropping open slightly, and his eyes widening. Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney were all standing there before him, their heads inclined far downward as they stared him in the face. Aaron was relieved to discover that their smiles looked decidedly more normal and sane than they had a few hours before. They looked like they felt warmly toward him and thought he was precious...not like they were hungrily determined to forcefully wring every last drop of cum out of his cock.

“Well hello there, naked!” Cassie quipped, stepping forward in front of the others into the apartment. Aaron couldn’t even take the time to remember his nudity, because he was too busy focusing on the ray of sunshine stepping his way. Cassie’s bright yellow sundress looked shorter and tighter than it had been when Aaron saw her last – her large, orbbed breasts were starting to spill out of their confines, and her hips and thighs had gotten so lusciously thick that they filled out her dress completely, with only a bit of loose fabric hanging down towards the middle of her thighs. She flipped her succulent, wavy blond hair out of her face before continuing, squinting down at him lovingly with those beautiful, almond-shaped green eyes:

“Had a nice little nap, hmmm?”

“I...y-yeah...yeah I did,” stammered Aaron, backing up a little from the imposing sight of Cassie stepping toward him. She was 6’8 now, and, with the help of the cute 2-inch black pumps she was wearing, she towered over him by a full 22 inches. Aaron blinked and felt his throat go dry, realizing that he was actually looking UP now at the underside of Cassie’s breasts.

“Well I don’t know about that,” remarked Kristina, stepping in next to Cassie as she put her hands on her big hips. “You still look pretty bleary-eyed to me. Maybe we need to put you back to sleep with our tongues so you can get a proper rest.”

Kristina raised her eyebrows as her eyes went wide with pleasure, and she extended her long, pointed tongue from her mouth and flicked it up and down licentiously at Aaron’s gawking face. He couldn’t deny how hot Kristina looked, especially fluttering her tongue at him like that. Her short blond hair had never looked cooler, with it swooshed sexily to one side, and her bright blue eyes had never looked more alluring, piercing, and penetrating. But as he took stock of Kristina’s incredibly sexy face, and of the fact that her turquoise sundress was so small compared to her that it was basically riding up on her gigantic ass, Aaron had a moment of panic. Kristina was still acting super-horny...had his wish not worked on her!? Was she about to tackle him, turn him upside down, and suck on his cock like a straw until he passed out again, maybe this time for good??

But then Aaron noticed that Cassie had turned to stare reprovngly at Kristina, pursing her plush lips at her slightly shorter friend. Aaron had registered that Kristina had on a pair of tall white tennis shoes that augmented her height a couple inches, making her 6’8. His eyes were only barely level with the bottom of her breasts, which were noticeably smaller than Cassie’s enormous rack. But Kristina’s tits were certainly nothing to be ashamed of, and in any case, her colossal ass was bigger than anyone else’s.

“Whaaaaat?” Kristina whined playfully at Cassie, upon noticing the gently-rebuking stare. And then Aaron saw it – a huge, red-nailed, manicured hand snaked across Kristina’s shoulder, engulfing it completely, incredibly managing to make it look small. Aaron had to avert his head up even higher to look at Courtney’s face, with her eyes actually rising above the top of Kristina’s blond head.

“Look, Kristina, you’re making him shake,” Courtney intoned, her deep, feminine voice seeming to gently vibrate the air with its rich timbre. “I think our little man deserves a bit more of a rest, don’t you think?”

“I know, I know,” sighed Kristina, rolling her eyes and nodding, “I was just kidding, heheh...I knew it’d make him quiver a little.”

“I mean, yeah, because we really wrung you out there, didn’t we Aaron?” Courtney persisted, shaking her head slowly down at him, sending her long, luxurious brown curls swaying to and fro beside her gorgeous face. Aaron could feel her dark brown eyes penetrating him and eating his little naked body up, even though they lacked that rapacious fire that had been there a few hours before. Even though Kristina was thicker and wider around the waist area than Courtney, her superior height meant that Aaron could see that her purple dress was (like the other girls’) too small for her, and riding up on the large, sexy pillars of her upper thighs. The 4-inch black platforms that Courtney was sporting made her an astonishing 7’4, and as she stepped forward, in between the other two, and loomed over him with regal authority, Aaron saw that he was staring straight into the middle of Courtney’s stomach. His wishes had come true – she was utterly enormous compared to him, and made him feel the rush of a searingly submissive burst of lust: he felt like a child standing before her now.

“You’re looking a little uneasy on your feet there, darling,” Courtney purred down at him. “Here, why don’t we get you more comfortable, hmmm?”

Without bothering to wait for a response, she deftly swooped down, scooping Aaron up in her arms and holding him to her warm bosom. Aaron’s vision went dark for a few seconds, and suddenly all he could hear and feel was the powerful, rhythmic drum of Courtney’s heartbeat. He wasn’t able to avoid thinking about how powerful her heart muscle was, and how much bigger its job was than that of his own heart...pumping all her blood throughout that enormous body. But in a matter of seconds, he was back in the light again – Courtney had sat down on the sofa, cradling his body in her lap as she palmed the back of his head with her gigantic hand. Aaron felt his already-erect cock get harder still, at the sensation of Courtney’s huge fingers gently massaging his scalp sent electric pinges of arousal surging through his body.

“There we go, why don’t you just relax, Aaron?” Courtney spoke gently down to him. “We’ve certainly had our way with you all morning...gotta tone it down every once in a while to let you rest, right?”

“Otherwise, I think we’d literally end up sucking your life out through that precious little cock of yours,” added Cassie sweetly, who had bounded onto the sofa next to Courtney, and was now drawing her manicured nails softly down Aaron’s tiny bare legs. “And that would make us sooooo sad!”

“Even if it’d be sort of hot, in a messed-up kinda way,” chuckled Kristina. Unlike Cassie, she had not joined Courtney on the sofa. Instead, she was standing in between the sofa and the TV, with her hands on her hips.

“Ignore her, baby,” whispered Cassie into Aaron’s ear, though loudly enough for Kristina to hear, “You know how she gets a kick out of freaking you out.”

“Ignore me!? Haha, good luck with that!” Kristina scoffed, picking up Aaron’s remote. “What music you got on here, Aaron? I’m in the mood for some rap...gotta get some Biggie up in here.”

While Courtney and Cassie continued caressing and petting Aaron’s body with their huge fingers, Kristina proceeded to put on an impromptu “twerk show,” throwing her gigantic ass up and down, back and forth, and every other direction to the beat of the music as Aaron helplessly watched.

“God, look at her go!” murmured Cassie in his ear, “Just *look* at that gigantic ass...I mean, good lord Aaron...I think Kristina’s ass alone might weigh about as much as you do now!”

“Y-yeah...” he replied weakly, feeling a wet flutter against one of his ears, “Yeah...it...it might...” Courtney had bent down, still massaging his scalp with her huge hand, and had begun to tongue his earlobe, fluttering her tongue against it softly, and occasionally taking the whole lobe in her mouth and smacking on it gently.

\*Mmmmwwathhhh\* \*Mllllllgllthhhh\* \*Mmmmgggllthhhh\*

“She’s right, you know,” Courtney whispered softly, in between licks and flutters, “Look at your little body, Aaron...”

“Look at your arms and legs,” Cassie pursued, running her big hands over them as she spoke to emphasize how small they were in comparison.

“Your narrow waist,” Courtney whispered, “Mmmmm, no hips to speak of...”

“Your cute little chest,” Cassie kept on, splaying her hand out against it. Aaron could see that Cassie’s hand covered well over half his entire chest...maybe two-thirds...the \*smacksmacksmack\* of Courtney’s tongue and lips at his ear...Kristina’s enormous, sexy ass bouncing along to the rap music that crazily accentuated the sexiness of her movements...he felt himself beginning to tighten up all over again, as his cock strained at the air.

“We know you’ve already given us soooooo much today,” Courtney cooed in his ear, “But maybe just...just a liiiiittle bit more, Aaron?”

“Just a tiiiiiny little taste more, Aaron?” begged Cassie, who was now bearing down on him, staring down into his flushed face as she continued to gently caress his body with her hands. “We know you want to give us more, Aaron...and we believe in you. You’re our precious little cumster! Come on, Aaron...I don’t even have to touch your cock...I know you can squirt it out for me.”

“Come on...” whispered Courtney, her tongue speeding up in his ear. Cassie bent down and took charge of his other ear, lightly fluttering her tongue against it as she and Courtney continued trading whispered commands in his ear:

“Come on...”

“Come on...”

“Come onnnnn...”

“*Come* on...”

“Oooooo yeah, he’s shakin’ now,” laughed Kristina, peeking around from behind her twerking ass. “Come on, girls, faster...faster!”

\*ShhhhLLLLLOOOOP\*

All at once, both Courtney and Cassie swallowed Aaron’s ears, thrusting their tongues deep inside as their mouths engulfed him. Unlike before, their movements were slow and gentle, without any of the desperate insanity that had previously marked their behavior. But it didn’t matter to Aaron...in a way, what they were doing now was even hotter, and more irresistible. His body spasmed and he came with violent force, a thin line of cum squirting straight up from his exhausted cock. Cassie reached out and caught it in her hand, and had licked it all up before either of the other two could react.

“Haha I’m the lucky one this time!” she laughed, flashing a crooked smile down at Aaron. But he didn’t hear her – he had passed out all over again.

“Alright now we reeeeaally need to give him a break,” Courtney chuckled, draping his unconscious body around her shoulder as she patted him lovingly on the back. “Otherwise his little heart’s gonna give out.”

Over the next few days, Aaron gradually recovered from that unprecedented milking he had been subjected to. Per his wishes, the girls were not nearly as ravenous as they had been before, but that didn’t stop them from coming to his apartment every day, spending hours hanging out, and making him cum at least once or twice in the process. The movie they had been working on had temporarily halted production, and so all four of them could spend most of their time together. Aaron couldn’t help but feel like he had hit the sweet-spot in his wishes, and

spent nearly every minute of every day in a kind of slow, lustful reverie, delighting in the near-constant stream of gentle humiliation and size comparisons that the girls couldn't get enough of. For the moment, it seemed, every desire of his had been fulfilled. His past life, one defined by terrible dissatisfaction at being captive to an unfulfillable fetish, seemed like a distant bad dream, one that dissolved more and more with each passing day.

And yet...after about a week or so of all this, Aaron found that his mind kept returning back to the diary. One thought rose up above all the others:

'You could make them even bigger...'

At first, Aaron tried to dismiss this nagging voice. He was perfectly happy, after all! His wildest fantasies had come true! His three hot friends had all gotten ten times hotter, and they all totally towered over him, AND they all wanted his cock! What more could he possibly want!? Surely any more wishing would simply dilute the profane pleasures he had already attained, and make them seem pedestrian and commonplace.

'That's bullshit,' whispered the voice in his head. 'You know that's bullshit...and you *knowwww* that your *wildest* fantasies have NOT come true yet. They're still waiting to be fulfilled...just waiting...waiting...that diary's getting dusty under that night stand...are you seriously going to let something that powerful just...*sit there!*?'

The more Aaron tried to ignore this voice in his brain, the more prominent it became. Soon, he found himself wondering exactly what it would look like if all of the girls were over 7 feet tall, and around 300 pounds of insane, vigorous curves. He had been outside a few times, and hadn't really noticed the women around him being that much taller...but what if he wished all the women in the city were...3 inches taller? He'd notice that, wouldn't he?

'I can't...I can't...' Aaron tried to protest to himself. 'I...I have enough already. I don't want to...to abuse this power.'

'But you're abusing it by not using it,' retorted the voice in his head.

Aaron briefly considered trying to wish for something unrelated to his sexual fantasies, but he found that, whenever he was all geared up to write the wish down, he held back. He was terrified of somehow messing up the arrangement – what if the diary stopped working when he wished for something that...wasn't allowed, or that was too much of a stretch, like world peace or something like that? And of course, he couldn't work up the guts to wish for "infinite knowledge" or anything of that sort.

'I can barely handle a triple blowjob without having a heart attack,' Aaron told himself, shaking his head ruefully. 'There's no way I could handle anything like that.'

But if the girls were just...juuuuuuust...a little bigger, maybe...

Two weeks later, Aaron was standing in his living room, his back to the wall, with his eyes closed. Electric anticipation was coursing through him, tempting him to peek. He shifted slightly in his bare feet, his shorts and t-shirt hanging loosely against his body.

“Hey!” came Kristina’s playfully imperious voice from somewhere above, “No peeking!”

“I-I’m not!” replied Aaron truthfully.

“Okaaaaay, well...you looked like you were about to there, for a second,” she quipped with a little chuckle.

“Shhhh, quiet!” whispered Courtney.

“Your voice is gonna give away where you are!” Cassie added. “Come on, let’s re-arrange ourselves again, so he won’t have any clues!”

Aaron felt the floor shaking and bowing under him as the three girls moved around in front of him. He could feel the heat from their bodies against his face and neck. His cock was so hard it was almost painful – the girls had been out shopping for new clothes all morning, and he hadn’t seen them, since...well, since he had written in his diary the previous night. Courtney had texted him his instructions before they arrived later the next morning: right before they came into his apartment, he was to stand with his back to the wall with his eyes closed, and when they told him to open them, he could only stare straight forward...he wasn’t allowed to stare up or down at all.

“Your challenge,” Courtney had written, tongue-in-cheek in her text, “is to guess the order we’re standing in, just by looking at our butts!”

“OPEN!” cried all three girls at once, jolting Aaron back into the present. He immediately obeyed, opening his eyes and staring straight forward into three of the fattest asses he had ever seen. He had to blink a few times just to take in the shock of what he was actually seeing. It didn’t matter that he had wished it all, gradually, over the past two weeks. Every time he saw them, he felt like he was drinking them in for the first time.

But this...this time was different. His eyes darted left and right, from ass to ass to ass. All three of them were wearing the tightest jean shorts imaginable, and Aaron was desperate to discover that he actually had to look slightly UP at their back pockets! From far above, he heard the girls all giggling together, and suddenly, the asses started bouncing teasingly up and down, up and down, spanning the panorama of his vision. Wherever he looked, all he could see was jean-wrapped jiggling ass flesh. He almost came without a second thought, but he forced himself to hold his orgasm at bay. He had been getting rather good at that lately, even though he always lost in the end.



“Uh...u-uh...” he stammered, causing the three girls to erupt into intensified quiet fits of giggling. He felt like he was going cross-eyed.

‘Each ass weighs about as much as you do,’ whispered a voice in his head.

But even in the midst of such a distracting display of high-powered twerking, Aaron tried to gather himself and at least try and guess. One of the asses was definitely higher than the others...by a few inches at least...that was probably Courtney’s, since he had wished that she was...well, wait, no, Cassie or Kristina could be wearing heels to trick him. With his breath coming increasingly in labored gasps, he stared straight forward into the middle ass. He had to study it hard, but after a few moments, he concluded that it was a little bigger and fatter than the others. Plus, the way it was moving, it just looked like...like –

“K-Kristina is...th-the one in the middle,” he squeaked out. Immediately, the girls all went “Aaaaaawwwww!!” and the middle ass started twerking with even more tenacity, backing into him, smushing him into the wall, and lifting him a few inches up off the ground as it sent his body gyrating left and right, up and down, with each mighty undulation of its cheek.

“Damn!” laughed Kristina, glancing way down at him as she ground his body playfully into the wall. “You sure you didn’t peek?”

“N-no, I...I promise I didn’t!” replied Aaron as best he could.

“Huh...guess you’re getting to know my ass pretty well, then,” Kristina laughed, letting him back off his feet and stepping away from the other two and collapsing down into a lounging position next to him. Even sitting on the floor like this, the top of Kristina’s blond head reached the middle of Aaron’s chest. “Well then, let’s see if you can guess the other two. Girls, be quiet! Make it hard for him!”

Aaron again stared forward into the remaining two asses, which were still twerking and gyrating in their own unique ways. Size-wise, both of these butts were almost exactly the same. The taller one might have been a little bit bigger, maybe...? Aaron almost blurted out that the tallest one was Courtney’s, but he stopped himself. A strange, thrilling, unbelievably erotic thought had just entered into his mind. Over the past two weeks, and especially over the past few days, he had become more and more familiar with the asses and legs of the three girls, since, after all, he was seeing them up close more and more often. Now, finally, their butts were face-height with him, and, well...even if he was allowed to look up, at this size, it was hard for him to actually see their faces, especially when he was standing this close to them. Their huge breasts inevitably got in the way. And even if he stood back to get a better view, their faces had started to seem so far away. The huge, wide-eyed face of Kristina next to him was an exception, and even that was so overwhelming that he had a hard time looking her directly in the face without quickly looking away. She was just so much...bigger than him...MORE than him.

But now that they were this much bigger than him, the erotic thought had crashed his mind: he was going to start recognizing Kristina and Cassie and Courtney not by their faces, but by their asses...by their *legs*...by those parts of their bodies he could see most clearly. In a way, it was like they had become so superior to him that he could no longer handle them face-to-face. He could only interact face-to-ass, and already, his brain had started picking up on the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of their lower halves.

'One of them is clapping her cheeks by bouncing up and down on her toes,' he thought, 'Something Cassie would do...and look at how her ass flesh kind of twitches and flutters there at the top, when she's twerking it...it's kind of fun and dirty and...playful...oh and look, she's got a couple hair bands in her pocket – doesn't Cassie do that?'

He balanced these thoughts with his musings about the other ass in front of him.

'Now this one, it's...it's moving slower, more purposefully...look at how the cheeks are, like, luxuriously bouncing up and down...it's almost like water, slow, steady, purposefully...god it's so sexy...I know Courtney's tallest, but it would be just like Cassie to wear heels and try and throw me off.'

"C-Cassie is...th-this one," Aaron stuttered, putting his tiny finger on the giant, gyrating behemoth slightly above his eyes (and he felt the heat as his finger touched it), "And th-this one's...Courtney."

"Ahaaaaa!" laughed the girls. Kristina laughed and clapped, throwing her hands up high from her sitting position (higher than Aaron could lift his arms). The other two turned around and gifted him with a view of their crotches, with Courtney's jeans button slightly above his eyes, and Cassie's a whole 6 inches above.

"Three for three, little guy!" laughed Courtney tenderly, taking a step back so she could see him clearly and putting her hands on her thick hips.

"We thought we'd trick you!" laughed Cassie, doing the same, and lifting her huge leg up to reveal that she was wearing a pair of tall black platform heels. "Since Courtney's the tallest and usually wears the tallest heels – how'd you tell!?"

"I...I c-could...I could just...tell," replied Aaron lamely, but truthfully.

"See what I told you?" Kristina chuckled, reaching up and scruffing up Aaron's hair with her huge hand, "He's getting to know our asses reeeeeally well, since they're all he sees, haha!"

"Wanna know how tall I am in these babies?" asked Cassie, cracking a sexy smile as she struck a one-legged side-pose, "These are 6-inch heels, so..."

Aaron knew that he was cheating, since Cassie had no idea he knew perfectly well how tall she was...but even still, the answer took a little time in coming out. She just looked so stunning and majestic, standing there in those tight jeans, and her bright yellow crop top (which he couldn't even see before).

"Y-you're...you're 8'7...in those heels," he breathed. Saying it out loud was surreal – was this actually still real life!?

"Wooooaaah!" laughed Cassie, her eyebrows going up as she turned to face him head-on. "Impressive!"

"We've got a little measurement savant here," Kristina chuckled, rising back up and joining Courtney in flanking Cassie. "How about us, little Aaron? How tall are we?"

"W-Well, um...s-since...since you're both barefoot..." Aaron began, and he spent a few seconds pretending to gauge their heights. It wasn't lost on him that all three of them were grinning down, not at his face, but at his obviously-erect cock that was pushing through his shorts. He was wearing the smallest pair he had found in his bedroom, but at 4'10, even these old middle school shorts were baggy everywhere except the groin area.

"Kristina is...you're 7'10," Aaron began, "And, and Courtney, you're...you're..."

Courtney leaned forward, her eyebrows going up in gentle expectation. Aaron's breath had caught in his chest. She was in her bare feet, and she was *still* almost as tall as Cassie in those heels.

"You're 8'4."

The girls all grinned from ear to ear, looking at each other.

"Goodness, little guy," Courtney almost whispered as she stared down at him with wistful arousal, "You really are good at this, aren't you?"

"How much do we weigh?" blurted out Kristina, as a new challenge.

"Uhh..." replied Aaron, realizing that he didn't quite know anymore. But he was so distracted by the three huge, powerful pairs of legs in front of him, complete with their curvy hips slightly above his eyes, that his mind finally went blank.

"Oh come on," chuckled Cassie, "Enough of this game – obviously our little man won this one, haha. Suffice it to say we all weigh well over 300 pounds."

"Alright so..." Courtney began, suddenly clapping her hands. "I'm getting hungry for lunch already. Let's take him!"

“T-Take me...where?” asked Aaron. His heart had started fluttering with excitement. He had finally broken down and wished all women in the city were 3 inches taller and 10 pounds heavier the night before.

Cassie arched her back and bent down at the waist, her giant, gorgeous face descending down towards Aaron from the sky. He felt like he was speaking to the sun itself.

“We figured we’ve all been playing with you too long in your tiny little apartment,” she said down to him sweetly, “How we’ve tolerated these low ceilings and miniature rooms, haha, we’ll never know. But not today, little guy – we’re gonna take you out for a picnic!”

## Chapter 11

Aaron was trying his best not to stare too blatantly out the window of Kristina's big black Hummer as she drove them all to the park. It was a brilliantly sunny day, and the air was fresh and crisp, smelling delicious in Aaron's nostrils as he breathed it in through the open windows. Of course, being situated in between the huge thighs of both Courtney and Cassie, he didn't get the full blast of the wind to his face – this was just as well, because the way the wind was blowing through Cassie's long, blond hair, and Courtney's luscious brown curls, it made them look even more like goddesses than they already did. Sandwiched in between them, he had plenty to gawk at, not the least of which was the astounding size comparisons between his body and theirs.

'God...and I thought they were huge before!' he said to himself. Their thighs were so big that Aaron was positive that both Cassie's and Courtney's were thicker than his torso, and compared to the skinny little legs of his 4'10 frame...well, it was utterly laughable. He looked like an absolute child compared to them. And it wasn't just his legs – both Cassie and Courtney had deliberately situated their arms so that they lined up perfectly with Aaron's, allowing him to constantly compare himself to them. Courtney's arms and legs were a little bit longer than Cassie's, but hers were a little thicker. Needless to say, Aaron's arms looked incredibly small and weak compared to theirs, and it didn't help that Cassie was wearing a beautiful silver bracelet on her left wrist, which allowed Aaron still more size musings. Whenever Cassie lifted her arm in the air, the bracelet didn't even move down her arm – that's how snugly it fit her wrist.

'But if I tried to wear it,' Aaron thought, 'It would slide all the way down my arm, past my elbow...and probably wouldn't even stop until it got to my shoulder.'

Such size comparison thoughts were driving Aaron wild with desire, even as he had trained himself, over the last couple of weeks, to try and contain his arousal. It was impossible not to be constantly hard around these three, but whenever his heart rate and breathing started increasing, it was like the girls had a special mechanism for detecting his erotic perturbations. It was like sharks smelling blood in the water. And, inevitably, once they knew he was particularly turned-on, the girls would go in for the kill, not stopping until Aaron was milked dry. And when they wanted to milk him, they *really* milked him, to the point where he would often lose consciousness from the sheer, overwhelming power of their collective determination.

Aaron had quickly learned that life was far more manageable when he wasn't stuck in an endless cycle of cumming and passing out, and so he had tried to train himself to keep it all under control. Of course, aside from the obvious power of his secret diary, any "control" he had was a ruse, and Aaron knew it – when he was around Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney, they were the ones in charge. And how could they not be? At 7'9, 8'1, and 8'4, respectively, they dominated him in every way.

Generally, Aaron would have been trying to stare out the window to distract himself from getting too aroused by the thick, delicious curves sandwiched up next to him, but today was different.

Today, he was actually doing the opposite – trying to focus on the girls' incredible bodies to distract himself from what he was seeing outside. Aaron was still a little paranoid about giving away his most precious secret – the diary – and the night before, he had broken down and wished all women in the city to be 3 inches taller. He had already led up to this dramatic wish by making them all 1 inch taller, and the results hadn't been too noticeable. But wishing them an additional 3 inches taller? Aaron figured that the results would be plain to see, and they absolutely were. Almost as soon as Kristina had turned onto a main suburban road and gunned her big engine toward the park, Aaron had spotted a young couple, around his age, walking their dog. He had seen this couple before, and the man had been slightly taller than the woman...maybe around 5'10. Now, though, he looked quite obviously shorter than her, and what's more, she was sporting a pair of heels that made her tower over him even more. The top of his head didn't even reach her mouth now! And perhaps even more incredibly, they were just strolling along like everything was normal. Per usual with the diary, no one who had been altered was aware of the alteration. Once again, it had worked!

And that was just the first couple Aaron saw – in the next few minutes, every woman they passed by on the sidewalk looked quite tall, and some of them dramatically so. In only one or two couples was the man still taller, and even then, it wasn't by much. In several couples, like that first one, the woman was dramatically taller. And what's more, Aaron saw that many of the women were rocking all kinds of trendy heels. What was going on!? He hadn't specifically wished for all the women in the city to embrace their height more – was buying new heels just a natural response to being taller, perhaps? Aaron didn't know, but there was no denying it: already, it appeared like the women in the city had tossed away any lingering stigma that existed in their minds that being tall was unattractive.

'And it was all because...because of that one wish I made,' Aaron thought, nearly overcome with an all-encompassing, aroused joy that almost made him dizzy. 'It's actually happening now...my dreams are coming true...'

He was so taken with his excitement that he had to make a conscious effort not to stare out of the window too obviously. He was afraid that the girls would pick up on something and start asking questions. But of course that meant staring at Cassie and Courtney, both of whom were tenderly snuggling up to him, playfully competing for his attention. Cassie had slid her huge hand around his thigh, easily spanning more than halfway around it, and she was gently squeezing it, testing it for size. For her part, Courtney had threaded her big arm around Aaron's back, its weight forcing him to lean forward, as she pulled him in to her, jostling his face up against the firm, plush softness of her massive breast. Aaron could see her hard nipple protruding out through her lavender silk top.

'Her nipple alone has to be like...an inch long,' he thought, the helpless arousal bleeding down through his body to his toes, 'Or more...'

“Our little man seems a little *nervous* today!” trilled Cassie sexily, squeezing his thigh a little harder, making him jump and yelp out. “Hahaha, ohhhhh and a little jumpy too! What gives, sweet boy?”

“Maybe it’s Kristina’s driving,” opined Courtney, as she cast a humorous glance up toward the driver’s seat. Even though Kristina drove a gigantic Hummer, her massive frame was still cramped into the seat, making it look pitifully small. Aaron couldn’t help but swallow as he realized that Kristina’s huge ass was squished so tightly up against the center console that it was actually spilling over on top of it...and it spilled over even more when she whipped around and cast a cross glance behind at Courtney.

“That’s a hell of a way to speak to your navigator!” Kristina exclaimed, feigning irritation, as she turned her eyes forward, back to the road. “Maybe next time YOU volunteer to drive, huh? And then I’ll get some quality Aaron-time with Cassie in the back seat, instead of having my fat ass parked all the way up here, putting up with all your shit-talking!”

“She knows her car is the only one we’ll all fit in,” chuckled Courtney down to Aaron, shaking her head. “If we were all your size, there wouldn’t be a problem, now, would there? We tried to fit into Cassie’s cute little PT Cruiser, but...haha, well, we already told you how that went.”

Aaron swallowed and nodded. An image popped into his mind again of the three girls grimacing as they were forced to pry their huge asses and thick hips out of Cassie’s small car. He had to smile a little to himself, even as he felt another heat wave of arousal passing through him. They were so big now that ordinary spaces were beginning to be inaccessible.

‘Maybe I need to cool it with the wishes for a little bit,’ he thought to himself, as they passed by another young couple walking down the sidewalk, in which the woman looked to be a full head taller than the man. ‘Things are already perfect...aren’t they??’

“Psssh, haha, and it goes without saying,” laughed Cassie, inadvertently slapping Aaron’s thigh in her mirth, “That even though she moans and bitches about it, Kristina is the one who likes to be in the driver’s seat. Showing off your big man wheels and everything, hahaha – weaving through traffic, cutting people off...”

“Like, what’re they even gonna do about it?” Kristina grinned. “This is a Hummer, for godsakes! Good luck trying to run ME off the road!”

“Heh, like that guy tried to do the other day?” chuckled Cassie, who had now joined Courtney in feeling up Aaron’s thighs with her huge hand. She seemed intent on her conversation with Kristina, and Aaron was left to wonder whether the girls were beginning to subconsciously think of him as some kind of a stuffed animal, or a pet, who they could pet and tease and coo at and force to cum whenever they wanted to. He certainly felt like that, with Courtney and Cassie feeling him up like this, even as they laughed and joked with Kristina.

“Ha! Exactly!” burst out Kristina, making a sharp turn into the park, “Big man thought he could intimidate me by getting out of his car at that red light...and all I had to do was step out myself, and he got back in his car REAL quick. Haha, you should’ve seen how big his eyes got when he saw how much I towered over him!”

“Well he probably had never seen anyone as huge as you,” mused Cassie, “Since guys and girls are usually about the same height – not us, though! Right, sweet boy?”

Cassie had playfully dug her long finger into Aaron’s side, tickling him and making him jump.

“R-Right!” he answered, nodding his head as he laughed. Privately, he marveled once again at the power of the diary – with that one wish the night before, of making all the women in the city 3 inches taller, he had completely changed everyone’s perception of what “normal” heights were for men and women...and all without any of them realizing it. It was just like he had always dreamt of: a world where it was normal for men and women to be the same size...or even, for women to be bigger. Already he could feel his resolve dissolving to “cool it” on the wishes.

“Alright, we’re here!” announced Kristina, shutting off her massive car. “God, it’s not even lunch time yet and I’m already starving!”

“Me too,” giggled Cassie, opening the door and sliding her huge ass up off the seat. As she did so, Aaron felt his entire body fall towards the space where her body had been before – that’s how tightly squeezed he was in between the two girls. As he fell towards the erotic gyrations of Cassie’s immense curves through her jean shorts, Aaron felt a warm, strong hand wrap lovingly around the entirety of his right shoulder and collarbone, preventing him from face-planting into the seat.

“Heh heh, easy there, tiger,” came Courtney’s chuckling, velvety voice from far above, “Here, come out with me.” Aaron felt the sensuous heat of her huge hand spilling over his back as she guided him out the other side of the car, and then going down to thread itself in between his legs as she made a “seat” out of her forearm, crouching low to guide his feet down, down to the ground. Even crouched low like this, Courtney was still a good 6 inches taller than him, and Aaron felt his breath catch as he looked slightly up into her deep, loving, brown eyes, which glinted with subtle mischief as she gave his balls a little squeeze once his feet had touched down.

“Yiiiiip!” Aaron squealed, nearly cumming in his pants right then and there.

“Mmmmm, soooo cute!” hummed Courtney, winking at him as she rose up to her full height, usurping the entire extent of his vision. He had been blinking into her nose an instant before, but now he was gawking at the bulge of her pubic mound, pressing hard into the confines of her jean shorts. He had to avert his eyes upward to see her belt buckle.



“Hey, how about giving us a hand, you two?” Kristina asked, as she poked her head around the back end of the Hummer. She had a plethora of rolled-up yoga mats tucked under one arm, and in her other she was holding a tremendous picnic basket.

“Alright, sure,” Courtney replied, “What can we help with?”

“Well,” Cassie mused, coming around the back end of the car. An eclectic collection of huge hula hoops hung diagonally across her body, “As you can see, I’ve got all the hula hoops...”

“Yes, I can see that,” nodded Courtney humorously.

“There’s one more picnic basket,” Kristina continued, staring into the trunk, “And that’s it.”

“I’ll get it!” Aaron spoke up eagerly. He had a sudden urge to feel useful, if anything to distract himself from his own arousal, and from the inevitable erotic shock of seeing all the tall women walking around that he had created the previous night.

“Uh...heh, I mean, you can *try*, Aaron,” smiled Kristina, glancing up past him at Courtney, sharing a wry smile. “But I think it might be a little big for you. I packed it full for three big, hungry girls, so...”

“No, no, I...I can carry it,” Aaron maintained, and he hopped over to the trunk, standing next to the large pillar of Kristina’s bare thigh as he peered into the back of the car. He felt his heart sink when he saw the picnic basket. It might not have been quite as huge as the one Kristina was holding (with one hand), but it sure *looked* big.

“Having second thoughts?” Kristina teased him from far above. Aaron turned to address her and got a face-full of her lower abs, which he could make out under the firm, plush volume of her creamy white flesh poking out from underneath her tight turquoise t-shirt.

“I...n-no...no, I can, uh...here, look!” he stammered. Standing this close to Kristina, he couldn’t even see her face when he looked up since her huge breasts blocked his vision. He managed to tear himself away from gaping up at the underside of her breasts and back to the trunk. He reached out his arms, which looked pitifully small in comparison to the large picnic basket, and tried to pull it towards him. It budged a few inches, but that was it. Aaron couldn’t believe that it could be so heavy, and he tried harder. It scraped along the bottom of the trunk for an inch or two more, but already, Aaron could feel that his muscles were overmatched.

‘The freaking thing has to weigh over a hundred pounds!’ he thought incredulously. Feeling sheepish, he slowly turned and beheld the three girls grinning down at him. All three of them looked like they were having a great time watching him, in their own unique ways: Kristina was smiling open-mouthed and shaking her head, clearly mocking him; Cassie had her eyebrows raised, with the tip of her tongue sticking out in between her closed lips, looking like she was about to burst from the cuteness of the whole situation; and Courtney’s eyelids were closed

halfway, blinking lusciously, as if she was patiently watching a child attempt something way over his head. Aaron was mesmerized by their size and beauty, but, as his failure to help was so obvious, he wasn't able to avoid letting loose a dejected sigh. His own inadequacy was certainly a turn-on, but, paradoxically, that still didn't stop him from wanting to at least feel a little bit useful.

"Here, sweetheart," Courtney said gently, stepping forward and leaning over him, "It's ok...lemme get that..."

An instant later she had effortlessly lifted the entire picnic basket up out of the trunk, over Aaron's head, even pausing it playfully above him for a moment, twirling it around with her fingers to show him how easy it was for her.

Kristina slammed the trunk shut, and the three girls started walking towards their picnic spot. But Cassie lingered for a second, noticing the dejected look in Arron's eyes.

"Aww, it's ok baby," she cooed down to him, "You don't have to carry anything! Leave it up to the big girls, haha!"

Aaron sighed, smiling a little, as he shrugged his shoulders. He didn't quite know what it was that had suddenly made him feel down. Maybe it was the remnants of his masculinity still calling out from within the far recesses of his mind, warning him against submitting entirely to this new world of his own making. Cassie tilted her head to the side a little, scrutinizing him. Her almond-shaped green eyes seemed to penetrate through him, like she was reading his mind. Perhaps Aaron only had this impression because of how big and tall she was. And yet...

"Haha, okay!" she laughed suddenly, "You can carry one of these!"

Smiling broadly, Cassie grabbed one of the eight hula hoops she had slung across her body and pulled it up over her head, presenting it to Aaron with a playful wink. He gladly accepted it, even as he felt overwhelmingly silly for the purported "help" he was actually giving. He was a bit surprised, too, when, after Cassie let go of the hula hoop, he felt its true weight, and was unable to keep it from clattering down on the pavement.

"Oh! Is...is it actually too heavy?" Cassie asked, a bit concerned.

"No! No, it...I can carry it fine," Aaron replied, slinging it around his own shoulder. "I guess I just thought it was...uh...gonna be a little lighter, is all."

"Haha well, these *were* the biggest ones I could buy," chuckled Cassie, as the two of them joined Kristina and Courtney in walking towards the picnic spot. "I was gonna bring my old ones, only to realize that I couldn't even fit my fat ass through them anymore! I hadn't realized how much bigger I've gotten, I guess."

“But what did that lady at the store mention?” asked Kristina, “About how a lot of the bigger items of pretty much everything were going out of stock? Bras, jeans, tops, shoes...and yeah, even things like hula hoops and...and what was that other thing that was so interesting?”

“Rings!” Cassie exclaimed, brandishing her own silver bracelet that flashed in the sunlight, “And jewelry!”

“Right,” nodded Kristina, “She was talking about how all these women were showing up and needing to get their rings and bracelets and stuff resized.”

“So strange!” Cassie laughed, “You would think that their husbands and boyfriends would know what size they were, wouldn’t you?”

“You would think, yeah,” agreed Kristina thoughtfully.

Aaron had been listening to this whole conversation with a certain degree of anxiety. He knew that, short of actually finding the diary, they could never trace anything back to *him*. Still, though, it made him nervous to hear them openly discussing the oddity of what was going on, from their perspective. In any case, his nerves were easily distracted by the heavy, luxurious fluctuations of their hips, with Cassie’s (in her 6-inch boots) and Courtney’s slightly above his eyes, and Kristina’s just about even with them. The hula hoop around his shoulder was so big that it was a little unwieldy, and it wasn’t lost on him how it spanned all the way down to his knees. Looking up to Cassie, he saw her sunnily walking along, with the hoops only reaching down to her waist.

“Aaaanyway, how about this spot?” Kristina asked. They had reached the top of a grassy hill, which sat comfortably under the shade of a large oak tree. The spot provided a perfect panorama view of the rest of the park.

“Perfect!” Courtney said happily, “Usually this spot is taken by now.”

They settled down and spread out the picnic...or, more accurately, the girls did, while Aaron watched them with the oversized hula hoop slung around his body. In less than a minute, Courtney had laid out the picnic blanket, and Kristina had unpacked all the food.

“Mmmm, finally!” Kristina exclaimed hungrily, “I don’t know why I’ve been so famished recently! Haha, it’s like no matter how much I eat, my body still needs more!”

“You’re telling me,” nodded Courtney, “But I think we probably have enough here to last us at least until dinner.”

“Let’s see...five, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty sandwiches in total,” Kristina chuckled. “Ham, turkey, cheese, peanut butter...mmmm, any kind we want. And I brought a whole bunch of apples and oranges too.”

“No wonder this little guy couldn’t lift that basket!” Cassie giggled, bending down low and wrapping her giant hands around Aaron’s midsection, squeezing him playfully. “If he was going on a picnic, he’d just pack one sandwich and one apple, wouldn’t you, Aaron?”

“Ehheh, y-yeah...something like that,” he laughed, trying to squirm away from her tickling fingers. But Cassie bent down even lower and began nibbling his ear, slithering her tongue in for a taste as she whispered:

“I can see how hard you are...and as much as I’d love to suck that cum out of you right now, mmmllllgglllahhhh...I want you to save it for me...mmmuuaahhhh...so that’s it’s niiiiice and thick and creeeeamy.”

Aaron could only shut his eyes and nod his head.

“Cass? Let the poor boy go,” came Courtney’s voice, “Or you’re gonna make him lose his load before we even start eating lunch!”

\*Slllluuuurrp\*

Cassie gave Aaron one last hot, syrupy tongue-lash to the ear before giggling and rising back up off him.

“Just giving him some instructions, is all,” she declared with delightfully feigned innocence. “Come on Aaron! Let’s hoop! Here, you start us off – show us whatcha got! Show us what those little hips can do!”

With Kristina and Courtney amusedly watching from their sitting positions on the picnic blanket, Aaron took his hula hoop and tried to get a rotation started. He wasn’t entirely uncoordinated, and years before, as a kid, he had even mastered the art after a few week’s practice. But that had been with a regular-sized hoop. The enormous thing he was holding now had a diameter of 52 inches, nearly as wide as he was tall. After a few failed attempts, Cassie took pity on him and dropped all her hoops around her ankles.

“Aww, maybe it’s a little too big for you?” she offered kindly. “Here, keep trying – I’ll do it with you.”

She started with one, keeping the other 6 on the ground around her ankles. In a second she had a good rhythm going, making Aaron’s eyes pop with the ridiculous undulations of her impressive hips.

“See?” she giggled, her arms raised in the air as she threw her hips deftly around and around, “Nothing to it! Just try and keep your feet in place for starters.”

“Yeah, you’re stomping all over the place!” laughed Kristina, who had already scarfed down three sandwiches and was busy on her fourth. Courtney was going a little slower, but she was already on her second sandwich, and was also most of the way through her first apple.

Aaron tried to heed Cassie’s advice, and for a moment it seemed like he had done it, but the hoop was just too big for his hips, and it thumped down into the grass once more.

“Haha, aww, poor baby,” Cassie chuckled sympathetically, “Your technique was fine that time. It’s just too big for you!” She was already fluidly spinning three hoops around her hips, and her eyebrows went up suggestively when she saw Aaron ogling her. She stuck her tongue out between her teeth, and her eyes went briefly wide before going back to normal again. Aaron knew exactly what she was doing – she didn’t even have to say it. She was teasing him...showing him how easy it was for her to keep three up at once, while he couldn’t even keep up one.

“Don’t worry about it,” called Courtney to him, “You see the size of those things? They’re made for Cassie-hips, not Aaron-hips, haha! Here, come on over here and have a sandwich.”

Aaron did, barely managing to eat half of one himself, even as Courtney and Kristina continued polishing them off, one by one, like they were nothing. It was hard for Aaron to have much of an appetite, being this perpetually aroused. For one thing, Courtney insisted on him sitting in between her outspread legs, so that he was literally lounging backward against the impossibly soft and plush flesh of her enormous tits. Aaron had to be careful, because if he forgot himself and leaned back too much, his head would get lost in her cavernous cleavage. His position also hit home just how tiny his legs were compared to hers – even though his butt was sitting in front of hers, his feet barely went past Courtney’s knees...and the way that her thighs rose mightily up in comparison to his, well...it made him feel almost queasy with lust.

“No appetite?” chuckled Kristina, after he had put his half-eaten sandwich down, “More for me!” She reached down and swiped the sandwich up, dispatching it away into her mouth in a single bite.

“H-Hey! I...I was gonna...” Aaron began, but he couldn’t even begin to sound convincing.

“Finish it?” offered Kristina, cocking an eyebrow over her brilliant blue eye, “Yeah, right!”

“Haha I knew I could do it!” laughed Cassie, and the three of them looked up to see that she was successfully twirling all 8 hoops now around her thick hips. Aaron couldn’t believe how easy she made it look – doing that with those hoops took an impressive combination of strength and dexterity that he knew he didn’t have. Just watching Cassie’s giant, sexy ass jiggling and gyrating as she performed a slow, deliberate rotation in place, and the juicy rolls of her thick hips, Aaron felt a lurch in his loins. He seized up, and would have cum if Courtney hadn’t brought down her big arm across his chest and planted her giant hand firmly in his lap. Gently,

but with unquestionable authority, she skillfully squeezed his cock and balls, nipping his orgasm in the bud.

“Mmmmmm, not yet, little Aaron, not yet,” came her deep, velvety voice at his ear. “I can tell when it’s about to happen...you’ve gotta save up for us! We want it milky, Aaron...we want it creamy...come on little guy, be strong for us. Can you be strong?”

“Y-Yes...” moaned Aaron, gasping out pitifully into the air. The newfound clarity that came with Courtney’s sudden interruption rushed to his head, and in an instant he was aware of the rest of the grassy park below them. Everywhere he looked, there were tall women...thick tall women...many of whom looked taller than the male friends and partners they were with. To Aaron, a good many adult women had already looked pleasantly thick and curvy, even before all this craziness began with the diary. But now, there was no question that they all looked taller, stronger, curvier, more substantial...just...MORE than they had before.

‘And this could just be the beginning,’ he thought with mad, helpless fervor. ‘I can wish them all 2 inches taller...5 inches...10 inches...100 pounds heavier...more sexually dominant...oh god...oh god, what am I thinking!? I can’t do all that...I can’t even handle these three right now!’

But deep down inside, he wondered how on earth he was ever going to resist.

## Chapter 12

“Oh my god!” Kristina exclaimed, spreading her open palms in shock as she stared down into the picnic basket, “How many sandwiches have I eaten!?”

“Now don’t you tell me they’re all gone,” Courtney chided playfully, as her long fingers threaded lovingly through Aaron’s hair, “I’m not even *close* to being full, and Cass has been too busy showing off for the park to eat.”

“We’re literally down to, like, three sandwiches,” Kristina announced in a deadpan voice. She looked up slowly from the picnic basket. Her eyes traveled up Aaron’s sitting body, and up past Courtney’s huge, squishy breasts (framing both sides of Aaron’s head), finally reaching Courtney’s face a couple moments later. All Aaron could see was Kristina’s expression; she seemed to be genuinely shocked. If he had been able to see Courtney’s face, he would have marveled at her deep, wry smile, perfectly complimenting the early-afternoon sparkle in her deep brown eyes.

“How many have you had?!” Kristina demanded of Courtney.

“Oh I don’t know...six...seven?” Courtney replied with intentional laziness, affecting a yawn afterward. As she yawned, Aaron felt her enormous body inflate behind him, as her breasts squeezed his head even more. It was weird – he was perpetually aroused around the girls, especially when he was in a position like this, but relaxing against the immense, plushy curves of Courtney’s soft body, warmed by the sun, with her fingers running through his hair and massaging his head...he almost felt like going to sleep. Before, he wouldn’t have believed it possible to simply doze off while he was fully erect, but...well, a lot of things that had seemed impossible before were happening these days.

“So you’re telling me that I’ve eaten...*twenty* sandwiches already!?” Kristina cried incredulously.

Courtney inhaled meaningfully and shrugged as she let her air out. At this point, Aaron was literally feeling his body rise and fall with Courtney’s exaggerated breathing. When she drew in a big breath, her breasts inflated to the point where they were actually picking him up a little off the ground, only to set him back down moments later with the exhale. Courtney seemed to have realized it, because Aaron could feel her body chuckling behind him, a gently vibrating wall of warm flesh. Her huge hand slithered down the back of his head to his neck, and began tenderly scratching it up and down.

“God damn, I have got to cool it with the calories!” declared Kristina, shaking her head. Aaron knew she was pretending to be disgusted with herself, but he could tell that she was proud about having eaten so much, especially in front of him. With each sandwich she had ravenously put away, she had eyed him expectantly. Her message had been clear – she was getting bigger and curvier, just for him, just the way he liked it.

"I mean, just *look* at this fat ass!" she continued, rolling over on her stomach and extending her arms way out in front of her on the ground in a stretch. Her giant ass was thrust way up in the air, and she shook it in Aaron's direction. She barely even needed to move – all that ass took was one little gyration, and the whole thing came alive.

"You've got the biggest one out of the three of us, that's for sure," chuckled Courtney, "Isn't that right, Aaron?"

"She...she does, yeah," he replied weakly, his voice partially muffled by Courtney's giant boobs.

"Ugh, and now I got a big ol' bloated tummy too!" complained Kristina, coming back up out of her stretch so that she was sitting on her incredibly thick thighs and ass – they were so big that it almost looked like she was sitting on an ottoman. She reached down and grabbed her visibly-enlarged belly with her hands and shook it.

"Well you brought the yoga mats..." began Courtney.

"Oh! Yes!! Haha, I almost forgot!" laughed Kristina, pointing at Courtney happily. "Wonderful suggestion! Nothing like a little yoga to help digestion...especially on a gorgeous day like this, my god!"

"You should join her, baby," cooed Courtney down in Aaron's ear, easily encircling both his biceps with her giant hands as she gave them a loving squeeze. "I'm gonna join Cass over there, and see if I can get her down off her high horse. Look at her – she's already drawing a crowd, haha!"

It was true. The whole time, Cassie had been expertly keeping up all 8 of the giant hula hoops, sensually twirling and gyrating her thick, luscious hips as she held her full, shapely arms up over her head, completing the arrestingly seductive picture. Aaron wondered how it could be possible that someone could look as effortlessly sexy...as *cool*...as Cassie was looking right now. Her 6-inch black platform heels added an entirely new layer of skill and edginess to the display, while her bright yellow sundress danced delightfully in the breeze of the early afternoon. She just looked so fresh and vibrant; it was hard for Aaron to take his eyes off her.

He wasn't alone in this opinion; a small crowd had gathered close to their picnic spot under the large oak tree, and were watching approvingly as Cassie continued to wow them with her skills. She managed to wriggle one hoop up her curvy body, and, to the audible delight of the people watching, she started spinning this hoop up her arm, and then in her hand, high in the air, without losing her concentration. As Aaron moved towards Kristina, who was laying out the yoga mats, he was having difficulty looking away from Cassie. Each one of those hoops was *huge*...far too big for him to keep up. He had barely even managed to carry one of them, and yet there Cassie was, spinning 7 of them on her hips, while twirling the other in her hand, 10 feet up in the air, like it was nothing.



“So are you gonna join me or what, squirt?” Kristina teased from her kneeling position at the front of her mat, “Or are you just gonna stand there and gawk at Cassie’s fat ass?”

“I...uh...I’m...sorry,” Aaron managed to force out.

“Sorry?” laughed Kristina, her flesh jiggling alluringly under her tight turquoise skirt, “What are you sorry for!? I can barely stay focused with her twerking around like that, and at least I’m almost as big as she is! Haha, I can’t imagine what it’s like for *you*. It’s a marvel your little brain is able to operate at all, with the three of us around.” Her playful blue eyes traveled down to Aaron’s crotch. “But even still,” she murmured, obviously impressed, “You manage to stay hard...constantly.” Her smiling eyes looked up at him. She was kneeling down, on her huge ass and thighs, not even on her knees, and Aaron was standing up, but she was still almost as tall as he was.

“And that’s gotta count for something,” she quipped sexily, winking at him, “Doesn’t it?”

Aaron could have pointed out that it had become literally impossible for him *not* to be hard when he was around the three girls. As he took his eyes off Cassie and diverted them to Kristina, it was like looking away from the sun and staring straight into the radiance of another equally effulgent star. Kristina’s short blond hair looked so edgy and stylish, all swooshed over to one side, particularly in the light afternoon breeze that was blowing. Her bright blue eyes seemed to burn like sapphires as she stared down at him. As she shifted herself slightly onto her yoga mat, he witnessed the insane jiggling of her huge ass, and saw the ripples go through the flesh of her powerful thighs. She saw him take notice, and stuck her tongue in between her teeth, making her eyebrows go up and down...and then she popped her right ass cheek up and down, up and down, bouncing it teasingly over and over in a display of overt erotic power.

In a flash of sudden insight, Aaron found himself wondering if he had already gone too far...and made the girls *too* big and *too* beautiful. He felt his midsection spasm a little, and it was only through Kristina’s quick intervention that he was able to be distracted out of a spontaneous orgasm. She had reached out lovingly with two arms and lifted him up off the ground, giggling as she shook him a little in midair, making his limp legs knock into each other.

“No, no, don’t lose yourself yet, little guy,” she laughed, shaking her head, “Cumming so quickly after lunch is bad for digestion. Now yoga, on the other hand...”

And she deposited him down on his own mat, next to hers. Aaron was panting from his barely-repressed orgasm, but the sudden movements had thrown his body out of its rhythm, and held his load at bay.

“Don’t get me wrong, baby,” Kristina cooed, reaching down and petting him tenderly on the back with her huge hand, “I lovvvvvve seeing how overwhelmed you get around me. Haha, I could literally make you cum just by looking at you now...just by bouncing my big ass cheek a couple times. That’s all I’d need to do before “shllllloooooop!” you’d make a mess all over yourself.

But we've gotta pace you, Aaron. The real joy is in edging you....hmmhmm, especially in a public place like this. Okay! So – let's start with some basic poses to strrrrretch ourselves out. You think you can do that with me?"

"I...y-yes...yeah I'm...I can do it," Aaron managed to say. He was going to try and go along with all of this, without making a scene of himself spasming in orgasm in the middle of a public park. Not that anyone would have noticed, though. Cassie and Courtney were putting on a show for the 20-or-so people who had gathered to watch. Courtney had taken over half of Cassie's hula hoops, and together they were performing complicated tricks, attempting to outdo each other as the crowd whooped and cheered. Aaron noticed how, in the crowd, there were a few women who were obviously well over 6 feet tall; but even so, there were a couple men that tall as well. Overall, and on average, the men still looked slightly taller than the women. Aaron had made all the women in the city a total of 4 inches taller over the past few days, but even that hadn't been quite enough to close the height gap completely. But there was an easy fix to that, of course – the diary...the diary...He felt his mind wandering back to his bedroom, to that little book that had started it all.

"All right this pose is the easiest," Kristina began, "The cat!" She had situated herself on her knees, and was bending down, so that she supported the weight of her torso on her extended forearms. Aaron ogled her for a few moments, his eyes widening as he saw Kristina elegantly arch her back. Even though she wasn't trying to make it conspicuous, her gigantic ass stuck out behind her, an impressive behemoth that seemed to soak up all Aaron's attention.

\*HISSSSSSSSSS\*

Out of the blue, Kristina made a startlingly cat-like hissing sound in Aaron's direction that made him jump, shocking him out of his most recent ass-reverie. His eyes darted to Kristina's face, and her teeth were bared at him, her nose drawn up in an animalistic snarl. Even so, she looked absolutely stunning, and her carnal expression only served to accentuate her beauty.

"Heheh, did that scare you a little, sweetheart?" Kristina quipped, returning to her normal face, obviously amused.

"A...a little," Aaron admitted, managing a twitching smile.

"Good! Your mouth was hanging open," Kristina continued, her flesh jiggling with her quiet mirth. "I know you're obsessed with my ass, but come on, come on! Get down on your mat and do what I'm doing!"

"O-okay," Aaron said, and he copied Kristina's pose. He wasn't able to avoid noticing the insane comparisons between their planted forearms. Next to Kristina's, his arms looked like they belonged to a small child. Her wrists were easily two or three times thicker than the top of his forearms, and probably his biceps too...not to even mention the rest of her body. They were both "on all fours," but Kristina's body rose up a good foot taller than him regardless.

“Puuuuuurfect,” she cooed, obviously enjoying the comparisons herself. “The cat is the best way to start, you know...especially for beginners like you. Gotta eeeeeease your way into it. Feeling alright, little guy?”

Aaron nodded. He heard a whoop from the crowd; apparently Cassie and Courtney were doing something impressive, but he was locked in with Kristina now. The way she held his body with her eyes made him feel like she was tugging him deeper and deeper into her aura. He couldn't look away...to the point where he found himself wondering if he had accidentally wished for Kristina to have special mind powers that made her able to mentally dominate him. He hadn't wished for anything like that, right!? It was probably just because she was so huge, confident, and sexy – the perfect triple combination that may as well have been mind-control.

“And now we go into another easy pose,” continued Kristina amiably. “The downward dog.”

Aaron watched as she slowly and deliberately lifted her knees up off the ground, straightening her legs fully out behind her as her forearms continued pressing down into her mat. Seconds later, the pose was complete, and her body had formed a perfect triangle with the ground, with her giant ass at the very top. Once again, Aaron found himself transfixed – he wanted to stand up to see how tall Kristina's pose was compared to him...he was sure that it could have been taller than him. But a quick glance from Kristina compelled him to mimic her once more, and he did so. He felt the blood rushing into his face as he completed the pose. This one was fairly easy too, but a little more stressful than the “cat” had been.

“Excellent!” Kristina breathed soothingly. “Now we hold it for one minute. And don't forget to breathe, Aaron, in and out, in and out...whewwwwwww...wheeeewwwwwww...that's it...mmmmm, use those little lungs.”

Once the full minute was up, Aaron was breathing harder than he had expected. He wasn't in terrible shape, since he walked to work everyday (at least, when he had been working on set...which seemed ages ago at this point, like a dream from a different plane of reality), but he had never really worked out all that much. He reasoned that perhaps his shrinking had come at the expense of some physical endurance. Whatever the reason, as he and Kristina came out of their poses, he was breathing heavily.

“A little more challenging, huh?” she chuckled appreciatively.

“I...whoop, I didn't know yoga was this hard,” he replied, shaking his head.

“Well it's not flashy, like weightlifting,” Kristina mused, bouncing her torso up and down slightly on her expansive ass, “But it works your core, your extremities...everything, really...and you have to focus on your breathing, which can be a real challenge before you get used to it. It's a different kind of training...haha awwww, look at you – you're already tuckered out!”

"I'm...not!" Aaron returned, trying hard to appear as casual and blasé as possible. This was difficult, however, since his face was red and his chest was rising and falling rapidly. Kristina looked down on him with a mixture of amusement and pity...and Aaron thought he saw something like naughtiness sparking in her eyes. She reached out a huge hand and rubbed him encouragingly on the chest, shaking his whole body in the process. Her hand was so big that it easily spanned three-quarters the length of his entire chest, and Aaron could not react any other way besides getting harder in his pants. Kristina's mere touch was enough to send his body into erotic hyperdrive – the ease with which her hand dominated his body hit home the true power dynamic between the two of them. She wasn't even trying to flirt with him at this point; she was just playing around with him like a little toy.

"You aaaaaare," she laughed, "You totally are! Haha awww, Aaron, we've gotta get you into better shape! Look at you, you skinny little thing!" Her hand had snuck its way under his shirt, and was now testing out the spaces in between his ribs. He inhaled sharply, powerfully stimulated by Kristina's teasing fingers, and he tried to writhe away from her hand.

"H-Hey! I...I'm not in...n-not in bad shape!" he protested. But Kristina easily held him at bay, and her eyebrows rose as she lifted up Aaron's shirt, inspecting his bare torso.

"Hmmmmmmm, looking a little bony here," she began, a humorous tint to her analysis. To prove her point, she wiggled her fingers, one by one, into the spaces in between his ribs. He started laughing from the ticklish sensations, and Kristina smiled, spider-crawling her giant hand up his stomach to his chest, where she felt around his pectoral muscles, squeezing them and testing them for size.

"Yuuuup, pretty tiny here too," she concluded, "And not even compared to *me*, Aaron. Heheh, I'm not even talking about *that* – I just mean that you're reeeeeeally small, even just for a normal guy."

Aaron didn't know how to answer this. He knew it was true, of course, but just hearing the words come out of Kristina's mouth made him feel even more helplessly aroused. She seemed to sense his heightened arousal, and kept going. Somehow, she knew that it would be even sexier if she kept her tone normal, like she was just stating simple facts. There was no overt flirtation in her voice, and it made her words even more deliciously humiliating to Aaron's ears.

"And look at your arms!" she exclaimed, taking them up in her hands. Starting at his wrists, which her hands effortlessly encircled, she went up his forearms, squeezing them in her palms at various intervals as she went up. Once she reached his elbows, it became clear that she was going to have no problem wrapping her hands all the way around, and this continued up, up, and up, past his biceps, until she reached his shoulders. The whole time, her hands had easily gone all the way around, and even now, at the thickest part of his upper arm, there were plenty of inches to spare. Kristina sat there, looking from his left arm to his right, almost as if she couldn't believe it herself, and then looked deeply into his eyes.

“Are you seeing this?” she asked genuinely, lightly shaking his upper arms in her huge hands, “Do you see how...*tiny* you are?”

“Y-Yes but...b-but, I...I’m, I mean, I’m small y-yes, but you’re...you’re also...pretty big,” Aaron croaked. He was just saying things now, to try and distract himself from losing it altogether and spraying the inside of his pants with cum. His face was beet-red, and his breath was coming in labored gasps. The strong, yet somehow impossibly soft feel of Kristina’s hands wrapped around his upper arms, in this simple show of dominance, had become almost too much for him to bear.

“Hahaha, compared to *you*, of course!” laughed Kristina, dropping his arms from her hands and sticking him in the chest with a long, firm finger.

“N-No, I mean...like, compared to...to everyone else!” Aaron replied, gesturing over to the crowd of people, who were now conversing with Cassie and Courtney. They seemed to be giving a few girls some hula hooping lessons.

“Well, *duh!*” Kristina burst out, her eyes going wide as she brought her face down close to Aaron’s filling up his vision with her gorgeous visage, “I’ve *always* been huge compared to everyone else. Haha, I towered over my big brother by the time I was like 12...and then I just kept growing! Same with Cass and Courtney. I know dudes tend to be *slightly* bigger than girls, but heheheh, come on Aaron – you’re *very* small for a guy, and I’m *gigantic* for a girl, so of course I seem like a giantess compared to you. My point is we’ve gotta get your endurance up! Heh, I know there’s not much chance of you putting on a whole bunch of muscle, not with your genes, haha...but I don’t care about that. None of us do. We *love* how tiny you are, Aaron. Wouldn’t change it for the world. But there’s something to be said for being able to keep your body going when...well...you know...when we’re *ravaging* you.”

Kristina’s nose was almost touching Aaron’s now, and her breath was washing over him like a quiet ocean breeze. The gentle way she was speaking to him belied the dirtiness of what she was actually saying. Her wide, bright blue eyes gleamed with the lascivious truth in her words, and she broke into a broad smile when she saw that Aaron had absolutely no response to what she had been saying. He was so taken by her power, her size, and her overwhelming beauty, that she had rendered him speechless.

She soaked up his paralysis for a few sweet moments, and then resumed her yoga.

“Just a little food for thought, little guy,” she chuckled. “But don’t stress out about it too much. Here, just sit back, relax, and enjoy watching me do some of the harder poses. Maybe something to try in your little apartment.”

For the next 20 minutes, Aaron watched as Kristina performed a variety of increasingly complex poses, showing off her flexibility, poise, and strength in the process. She wowed him with a graceful forward fold, in which she bent all the way down to the ground from a standing position,

not bending her legs at all, as she easily palmed the ground...and she didn't stop until the crown of her head was literally touching the ground as well. The whole time, her legs were completely straight. It was astonishing to see someone so tall and curvy exhibit such flexibility. Her ass rose up proudly in the air, and Aaron knew that if he had been standing, the top of Kristina's butt would have been more or less even with his head.

But as he watched and enjoyed Kristina's impressive yoga poses, Aaron found himself thinking back to what she had said, about how she had always been huge. Once again, he couldn't help but be shocked by the power of the diary. In wishing Kristina bigger and taller, he had actually altered the entirety of the past, all the way down to her memories of being taller than her older brother. Aaron knew Kristina's brother, and that, like most older brothers, he had been a good few inches taller than Kristina before. But now everything had changed. Were her brother's memories altered too?

Aaron's mind kept wandering. So he was 4'10 now...as a "fully-grown" adult. It would follow, then, that, in the eyes of everyone who knew him, he had always been that tall as an adult? This seemed to be the case...certainly with the girls.

'This is insane,' thought Aaron to himself, watching Kristina pull off a flawless plow pose, and Courtney and Cassie continue to cheerfully give hula hoop lessons, occasionally looking over to him and winking. 'This power that I have...it's...it's so much more than I can even imagine. I can change *everything*...the past, the present, the future...men and women are already almost the same size...I can make all the women bigger...MUCH bigger...and it would change the world...I could change the whole planet into one big femdom paradise where all the men were just little toys for women, little pets for their amazonian caretakers...'

His mind continued to wander crazily, to the extent that he was actually distracted from the impossibly sexy sights in front of him by the promise of still sexier sights to come. He had gone a little overboard on making the girls too lustful, of course – that had been a learning experience. Of course he had to be careful not to get too carried away.

'But why?' peeped a little voice in the back of his head, 'Why hold back? Why hold back on making the girls even bigger!? Can you imagine them 9 feet tall? 10 feet? 12 feet!? You can just keep going and going! Why stop where you are now!? You've got the power – USE IT!'

By the time the girls dropped him back off at his apartment later that evening, Aaron was pulsating with lust. Cassie had playfully concocted the idea that they were going to save his cum up for the next day, so that it would be deliciously thick and creamy, and they let him go with strict orders not to masturbate before they came calling the next day.

"And remember, little horndog," Cassie had teased, before she rolled her window up, "If you break the rules, we'll know!"

“And then we’ll have to punish you,” Kristina quipped dirtily, and then gunned her Hummer and drove off, with Courtney blowing him a kiss to cap it all off.

Five minutes later, Aaron was standing next to his bed, completely naked, his erect cock throbbing. His entire body seemed to shake with the possibilities before him. The diary stared back at him on the bed. Its black cover seemed to be reading him, scrutinizing him, sizing him up...or even daring him, as if to say, ‘Try me...you think these things are impossible? TRY me.’

Aaron’s breath was coming in ragged heaves. So much possibility lay before him. But what he was actually going to do...well, that was anyone’s guess. All he knew, right now, that he was going to do SOMETHING.

## Chapter 13

While Aaron was standing naked before the diary, his mind turgid with all the possibilities, Kristina was hanging a left at a stop sign instead of a right.

“Hey hold up!” Cassie piped up suddenly from the back seat of Kristina’s Hummer, “This isn’t the way home!”

“You’re right, it’s not,” replied Kristina crisply, adjusting her posture a little so that the top of her head wasn’t mashed up into the roof of the car. In the back seat next to Cassie, Courtney was eying Kristina closely.

“Hmmm,” mused Courtney quietly, though with an audible rumble to her voice, “You thinking what I’m thinking, Kristina?”

“Yuuupp,” Kristina nodded decisively, as a knowing smirk emerged onto her face. For a few moments, no one said anything, and Cassie was looking back and forth between them, a puzzled look on her face. Her golden hair looked almost white in the low light of the dying day, which had dwindled to a long, blood-red line on the horizon. The night was gathering fast around them.

“Soooooo, clearly I’m the dumb one here,” Cassie resumed, taking in a deep breath through her nostrils that audibly inflated her enormous breasts against her yellow dress, stretching it out. She blinked her eyes rapidly a few times as her mouth turned sideways in an inquiring grin. “*What* are you guys talking about?”

“I was beginning to wonder when you’d turn around,” Courtney was chuckling to Kristina. “I could see the way your eyes were following him when we let him off at his little apartment.”

“Literally almost just put the car in park and followed him inside,” Kristina replied. She had pulled the Hummer around in another turn, so that they were now heading back in exactly the opposite direction – back toward Aaron’s apartment. Cassie was looking back and forth between the two of them, and her mouth was slightly open in dawning awareness.

“You mean...you think something fishy is going on with Aaron?” she asked slowly. She pursed her knees together, and her thick thighs made an audible noise as they squeezed together. Clearly, Cassie was a bit uncomfortable at the thought – she looked concerned for him.

“Come on Cass,” Kristina chided, turning around in the driver’s seat to look at her as the car sat at a red light. “You didn’t think it was the slightest bit odd the way that he was looking at all those couples at the park? The way he was just staring out the window on the way home, like his mind was a million miles away?”



"I...no, I didn't notice anything," Cassie replied as she rubbed her knees, "Except that cute little nose, and the way his little cock got hard whenever I jiggled against him. What a precious sweetheart, I think I'm a bit too much for him."

Kristina rolled her eyes as she snorted and turned back around as the light turned green. Courtney, always calmer, reached over and put her hand on Cassie's knee. Even though Cassie was 8'1, the fact that Courtney was 8'4, and proportionally that much bigger, almost made Cassie's knee look small, smothered like that by Courtney's hand.

"But Cass," said Courtney gently, "Haven't you ever stopped to wonder why it is that the three of us just so *happened* to have a perfect little guy like Aaron just land in our laps, out of the blue?"

Cassie's brows creased together, and she closed her mouth, frowning slightly. It was clear that she was trying to follow what Courtney was saying, but was having a hard time. Kristina was chuckling in the front seat:

"Typical Cass...curvy, hula hoop savant, hot as all get-out, but not the sharpest tool in the shed."

"Hey! I'm...I'm trying my best, alright!?" Cassie retorted, pointing a long, irate, manicured finger at Kristina, even as her mouth twitched a little at the corners in a smile. The truth was, she got a kick out of Kristina calling her an airhead.

"Okay, okay, so —" she continued, turning back to Courtney, "Maybe it IS a little, uh...fortuitous...yeah! How's that for a nice word, bitch? A little fortuitous that the three of us just so happened to land the cutest, littlest guy in the world. So what? Sometimes people get lucky."

"Lucky...or fated by something else?" responded Courtney. The irregular, golden light of the streetlamps streamed across her face, fleeing as quickly as it came as Kristina's Hummer drove through the night. It gave Courtney's face a kind of hushed, dramatic power. This whole situation was starting to make Cassie feel excited. She readjusted her position in the back seat, and her huge ass pressed even deeper into the ebony leather, making it groan out in response to her weight. The backseat area was designed for three or four normal-sized people, but she and Courtney were nearly pressed up against each other — their asses were far too big to accommodate much of anything else, which is why Aaron had needed to "extract" himself out from between them to even get out.

"So you're saying that...what?" Cassie asked, raising her eyebrow, "That Aaron has something to...*do*...with things being the way they are...between us!?"

"I don't have the slightest idea what I'm saying," Courtney replied simply. "I just have this funny feeling...that something is going on with Aaron behind the scenes. That we're not getting the whole story. I had started to wonder, and then I saw how he was looking at those couples in the

park today, how his eyes were going between the guys and the girls. It was almost like he was – ”

“Like he was measuring them next to each other,” cut in Kristina. “Comparing them.”

“Mhm...Didn't you think it was a bit curious?” Courtney asked. Cassie opened her mouth to respond, but Kristina cut in once more:

“Cass wasn't paying attention to any of that, Courtney – she was getting herself intoxicated on the adulation of the admiring crowds as she tossed her hoops.”

“Well so would you,” shot back Cassie, sticking her tongue into the inside of her cheek, “If you had my skills. And anyway, what's wrong with performing in front of a crowd? Gotta give the little people some entertainment, showing them what they could never do, even if they had the skills. It takes some preeeeetty intense wrist strength to keep up 8 of those big hoops at once with one hand, let me tell you!”

“But see, that's just another thing,” Courtney interjected, adjusting her own ass in the midst of her agitation. The car was stopped at another red light, and tipped slightly over to the right with Courtney's movement. “Have you ever thought that it was a little...odd...that we're so much bigger than everyone else?”

“Uh...I don't know, we got good genes?” offered Cassie lamely, “We drank whole milk as kids? Haha, I don't know, Courtney – we've always been bigger. That's just the way it is, the way it's always been.”

“Well, see...I'm not so sure about that anymore,” Courtney declared, putting both her hands on her own knees. The car had come to a halt again, and Kristina put the car in park, jerked up the brake, and killed the engine. They were back in front of Aaron's apartment building.

“Something's been growing in my mind for the past few days, ever since I realized all those girls were having to get their clothes and jewelry re-fitted...ever since our clothes stopped fitting. The way our little boy was looking around at everything today...mmmmm, I don't know, Cass.”

“Something's up,” Kristina concluded. “And we're gonna find out what it is.”

Silently, the three of them looked up at Aaron's apartment room window. A warm orange glow emanated from within. He was still awake. They could feel the energy crackling silently between them. None of them truly knew what was going on, but there was a sense that some great revelation was at hand. Even Cassie was beginning to feel it.

“Alright then,” Kristina declared, cracking her knuckles loudly, “Which one of us weighs the least?”

There was a motionless pause for a few moments as the three gigantic women sat there, squeezed into Kristina's Hummer. Cassie's brow had been knitted, but then she blinked a few times, and, as her eyes sparkled wide with excitement, she pointed to the large concrete drainpipe that went up Aaron's apartment building, right next to a metal fire escape ledge under his bedroom window.

"Oo! Ooo!! I get it!" Cassie cried excitedly, bouncing up and down in her seat (which bounced the entire car along with her), "Your plan is to have one of us go up there and peek in through his window, to see if he's doing anything fishy!"

"Verrrry goood, Cass," replied Kristina dryly.

"Soooo, I can catch on eventually," giggled Cassie, swinging her shoulders back and forth playfully, which caused her breasts to gyrate side to side, barely contained by the fabric of her yellow dress.

"Well," declared Courtney, slapping her hands into her giant thighs and shaking them, "I think we can go ahead and rule me out. "I mean, look at these tree trunks here...plus, you know, I'm the tallest and all..."

"But not the thickest!" pointed out Kristina, and she rose up out of her seat, just enough to display the jaw-dropping mass of her giant ass. "At least, not in terms of legs and booty! I've got you both beat in that department, hands down."

"Jesus, look at that thing," murmured Cassie, her eyes momentarily transfixed by the sight of Kristina's ass cheeks spilling over the armrest of the front seat. "It looks even bigger when it's all cramped up, heheh...And I thought I had a big ass."

"You do, Cass," replied Courtney, "And so do I. Just not...not as big as...*that*..."

"Yeah, no way should you be the one to climb up there," muttered Cassie, still staring at Kristina's ass, "If that thing smacks into something, that something is gonna get wrecked. Concrete pipe, metal fire escape, doesn't really matter...it's all coming down."

"So I take it you're volunteering yourself, then?" Kristina retorted, though obviously enjoying the ass jokes at her expense. Cassie sighed and gently squeezed her arms together, squishing up her titanic breasts in between, making them seem even bigger than before.

"Well I guess having the biggest tits doesn't count as much, all things considered," she began, loosening her arms and letting her breasts drop back down in a series of alluring bounces. "And I can't say I'm the biggest fan of *spying* on our sweet little dearheart. I mean, what could he really be up to, anyway? He's probably just lying there on his bed, jerking off to the thought of me swallowing up his cock in my tits, of me laughing at him softly as I pump my oily breasts like

pistons, up and down his length, not even stopping when that first load bursts out. Mmmm, that's just the beginning, because I use that first spurt to lube his cock up for the next –"

"Uh, Cass?" interrupted Courtney gently, touching her knee, "As much as I'd love for you to continue..."

"Oh, right, right...sorry," smiled Cassie sheepishly. She looked back up at Aaron's illuminated bedroom window, a dot of light in the dark night. "I just...I'd really hate it if he caught me snooping on him. It'd make me so sad to think that he couldn't trust me."

"Psssh, will you knock it off?" Kristina huffed out dismissively, throwing up her hands as she rolled her eyes, "Even if he catches you, you're just peeking in on him because you can't get enough of him. Right?"

"A slight bending of the truth," Courtney nodded at Cassie, "But...it'd still be true, yes?"

Cassie reflected on this and looked up at Courtney. "Well...of course it *is* true, after all. If I could have it my way, I'd be loving on him 24/7." She paused, seeming to gain some mental momentum. "And...and I could always say you two bullied me into snooping, which would be true as well!"

"Sure, sure, we bullied you. That's right. One hundred percent," nodded Kristina. Courtney's eyes gleamed humorously at Cassie, and the two of them shared a knowing smile.

"Okay, okay, I'll go up there!" Cassie concluded, taking her turn to roll her eyes. "And just so you know," she added, pointing a long, manicured, accusatory finger, first at Kristina and then at Courtney, "Both of you are *very bad* for indulging my Peeping Tomasina fetish."

"Oh, you have one of those?" Kristina asked casually. "Gross."

"I didn't know you had that fetish," Courtney replied, clearly fascinated.

"Mhm," Cassie nodded shyly, "The idea of watching a little guy without him knowing, thinking about all the things I'd do to him, all the adorable little sounds I'd make come out of his tiny mouth..."

"Geeeee," Kristina exclaimed, turning to Courtney with wide eyes, "On the outside she's freaking goldilocks, and on the inside she's the...the..."

"Big bad wolf?" suggested Cassie, baring her teeth and flexing her fingers out in front of her like claws.

"Mixing up fairy tales, I think," Courtney murmured.

“Alright, whatever, so are you gonna go up there and fulfill your fantasy or not?” asked Kristina impatiently. “Good grief, we’ve been here for like ten minutes already.”

“Okay I’m going,” Cassie said quietly, “But for the record, you guys made me do it.”

“Get...up...there!” Kristina grunted, pointing.

With a final wink at Courtney, Cassie got out of the car, taking care to close the door quietly. A couple steps later and she was at the base of the large concrete drainage pipe. She looked around slowly, just to make sure that no one else was watching, and while it wasn’t too late, it was late enough to where there weren’t many people out and about anymore. The area around Aaron’s apartment building was totally deserted. In the night sky, beyond the bright city lights close to the horizon, dozens of stars were twinkling, a merry audience for the proceedings.

Cassie looked up the pipe, towards the metal fire escape ledge beneath Aaron’s window, which was her ultimate goal. She glanced back at Kristina and Courtney, who were watching her eagerly from the car, peering forward, their eyes sparkling from the streetlights. Cassie’s mouth twitched up at the corners, and a sudden and powerful warmth spread through her body. She felt such a strong connection with those two, such an intense and unyielding bond, with little Aaron as the glue that held them all together. They were so special, the four of them, together...they really were. There was nothing like their intimacy, their deep, erotic love for Aaron, in the whole wide world.

And still, somehow the three of them were never in competition with each other. Cassie was amazed by the ease of their dynamic – unlike any other relationships she had with anyone else, friends, family, or otherwise, her bond with Aaron was as solid and complete as her relationship with herself. She knew that, no matter what happened, it wasn’t going anywhere; and she knew that Aaron lusted after her, and wanted her to comfort him, to tease him, to compare herself to him, and to squeeze out his cum any way she could think of. There wasn’t any doubt in her mind, or Kristina’s, or Courtney’s. Quite unlike anything else in life, all of this was crystal clear to Cassie, and in this moment, as she stood there beneath the huge drainpipe, her mind took it all in. And, despite her delicious joy in the bond they all shared, she was left feeling...like something didn’t quite fit.

‘When did I get together with Aaron?’ she thought suddenly, looking up at the orange glow of his bedroom window three floors up. ‘When did...we all get with him?’ It was a question she couldn’t answer. She wracked her brain, trying to think back to a time before their sexy foursome dynamic, and she couldn’t remember anything. It was like it had just always been that way.

‘But that...can’t be,’ Cassie thought to herself, chewing on her lower lip as she continued looking up into Aaron’s window. ‘That’s just...that’s so *weird*.’ She was beginning to see what Courtney and Kristina had been talking about – there was definitely something strange going on. Cassie blinked and began to gauge her ascent. All of these thoughts had passed through

her head in a matter of seconds, and their concluding trajectory had left her mind buzzing with activity. She could feel the pinpricks of excitement in her limbs, and in her fingers and toes. There was still a part of her that felt a little guilty for snooping on her poor darling Aaron like this, but that part was rapidly getting eclipsed by her more playful, impish side. This whole thing had become something of a fun little mystery, and she was the detective now. And anyway, Cassie was never one to pass up an opportunity to show off her physical prowess. She knew that Courtney and Kristina were amazingly strong in their own ways, but none of them quite had her arm strength, or her dexterity or agility.

'Let's show them how it's done!' she thought to herself with confident vigor, and the next moment, she had jumped up a full 6 feet onto the huge concrete pipe, taking care not to make too much noise, all while gripping her arms powerfully around the large circumference. The concrete was rough and grainy, which enabled her to gain an easier foothold as she shimmed her way up like a cat. It was an incredible feat of strength, and even Kristina felt her eyebrows rising as she watched Cassie scale the first story, then the second, and on up to the metal fire escape ledge right beneath Aaron's window.

"Well I gotta give it to her," she murmured to Courtney, "The girl's got unbelievable upper body strength. I don't even know how she moves like that, with those hulking milkers attached to her chest."

"The same way you manage to walk," remarked Courtney, "With that badonkadonk bouncing around behind you."

Kristina turned slowly behind her seat to look at Courtney.

"Badonkadonk?" she asked, "Did I really just hear you say that, Courtney?"

Courtney shrugged and her mouth turned upward in a little grin. "I guess you and Cassie are rubbing off on me...all your newest trendy slang words..."

"Uhhh "badonkadonk" has been around for *quite* some time," Kristina observed wryly.

"Shh, quiet," Courtney cut in suddenly, pointing up, "Aaron just opened his window!"

"Oh shit, he heard her!?" Kristina whispered, whirling her head around.

"Umm...nnnno. No it doesn't seem like he did," Courtney replied slowly. "He just walked away from the windowsill. Just needed some fresh air I guess, heheh...heheheh..."

"What?" Kristina asked pointedly, who didn't have Courtney's eyesight. "What're you laughing about?"

“He was naked,” Courtney chuckled. “I could see his little cock pointed way up in the air...think he’s struggling a bit to control himself tonight. Makes sense why he’d want to let in some cool night air to, umm...you know, to assuage the...the *incandescent* –”

“Oh quit showing off,” Kristina snapped, “And anyway, look, I can at least see that Cass already made it up there.”

She had indeed, and it was all the more impressive that she had been able to do it without so much as making a discernible sound. But now that she was on the fire escape ledge, Cassie had to move extra carefully. The spindly metal structure had been engineered to support the weight of a few ordinary, average-sized people, not one 8’1 colossal amazon of a woman who exerted all her weight in one concentrated area. As she gingerly moved to position herself under Aaron’s window, she could hear the ledge beginning to softly groan under her weight.

“Shit...shit...” Cassie mouthed to herself, and she quickly reached up to grab the brick ledge directly under Aaron’s window, in order to redistribute some of her weight. For the moment, it seemed to do the trick, and the metal ledge beneath her stopped making noise.

‘Whew!’ Cassie thought, ‘That was close...any more and Aaron would’ve heard that...geez, I wonder how much I weigh, actually...I’ve gotta be over 400 pounds, right? Maybe 500? Hahaha I don’t think they made this thing with me in mind.’

But her thoughts quickly coalesced into a single, crystalline point of razor-sharp focus. She was right underneath Aaron’s window, literally gripping the ledge. The light from his bedroom was pouring out into the night over her head – she was still shrouded in shadow, but only just. Her fingers were barely straddling the boundary. Cassie smiled to herself, taking some pleasure in the strange, excited coziness of sneaking around like this. All she had to do now was raise herself up on the ledge a little, while standing on her tiptoes, and then, if she did everything right, her head would peek up above the windowsill, and she’d get a full view of whatever it was Aaron was doing.

‘Awww he’s probably jerking off,’ thought Cassie lovingly, sighing out with rueful affection. Her breath came out louder than she expected, though, and she had to clamp her lips shut, privately reprimanding herself for her carelessness, and reminding herself that she made a lot more noise than she thought. ‘Mmmm, yeah, probably jerking off,’ she continued thinking, ‘Even though we told him to save it for morning. The little tyke probably just can’t help himself. Oh well, at least I can catch him doing it!’

And then, ever so carefully, Cassie stood on her tiptoes and pulled herself up quietly, as her head peeked up over the windowsill, with her eyes just above it, and looked into the bedroom. The sudden warm air on her face communicated what her eyes could now plainly see: the window was open.

Just one minute before, Aaron had just finished writing the night's first wish in the diary. He stood back, still naked, still with his cock rigid and pulsating, letting the words sink into his mind:

"Not counting Kristina, Cassie, or Courtney, every woman in this city will be 4 inches taller, and 30 pounds heavier."

His mind had waffled back and forth from 1 inch to 3 inches to 2 inches, and then he had finally given up and made it 4 inches – he was so horny now, with the lust of all the possibilities, that he hadn't been able to hold back. It had been too much, just seeing all those couples in the park earlier, with many of the girls taller than their partners. Now, almost ALL of them would be taller. He had *done* it. He had created a reality where it was normal, even expected, for the women to be not only taller than the men, but bigger than them too.

"This is it..." he breathed to himself, actually talking out loud because of the apparent momentousness of the occasion, "The dawn of a new...a new world."

As soon as he heard the words come out of his mouth, a part of him cringed, even in the midst of his excitement. He couldn't get a big head like that; he really shouldn't be overexaggerating his powers, or anything like that.

'But you're *not* exaggerating them!' piped up that voice in his head. 'You literally have the power to grow hundreds of thousands of people...grow them, shrink them, change their minds, their thoughts, their desires...'

Aaron could feel himself getting overwhelmed, and he gripped his cock, paradoxically to steady himself (also because it felt good), and reminded himself that he was only getting started with his wishes tonight. He had purposefully excluded Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney from his first wish because he wanted to grow each of them separately, focusing on the nuances of their foursome dynamic. He loved Courtney at 8'4...but what if...what if she was...8'7, or 8'8...or even 9'0!? The mere thought was nearly enough to drive him to the point of ejaculation, but he gripped his cock even more firmly, shaking it stubbornly, as if to tell it "No!"

'She'd have to crouch way down to even be in this room with me,' he thought, looking up at his 8-foot ceiling. 'She'd...oh god, what if I made her 10 feet!??'

He backed away from his diary. His mind was beginning to spiral in on itself again, and his cock was once more threatening to spasm out in orgasm, even without any physical stimulation. Aaron took several deep breaths and, getting an idea, went over to the window. With difficulty, he pulled it open, and instantly, the cool night breeze exhaled out all across his body, giving him a delicious taste of reality outside of himself. After a few more deep breaths by the window, he felt more in control of himself. But then, realizing that he had been standing in front of his open window totally naked, with his erection displayed for all to see, he retreated further back into his bedroom, leaving the window open to let more of that nice cool breeze inside to help clear his head.



It wasn't just the thoughts of a 10'0 Courtney or a 9'0 Cassie that had started his brain spiraling – remembering that he could dictate the actual desires of others (particularly the three of *them*) was almost too much responsibility for him to bear.

A sudden whisper of what sounded like wind breathed out from somewhere around his open window, making him turn towards it briefly. But there was nothing there; it was just the breeze. He reverted back to his own thoughts. He had already resolved to have the girls relax a little on their “cum fetish,” all while of course preserving their sharing his macrophilia fetish, and wanting to fulfill him in it. He wasn't sure how to properly word this wish yet, though, so he had relegated it to later on in the evening. For another minute or so, he vacillated back and forth between “simpler” wishes that were proving to be anything but simple. He had even brought his pen close to the page, about to wish for Kristina's ass to be even bigger, before retreating again, and then propping the diary up on his bed with a pile of books so he could look at its blank spaces, trying to imagine what would look best on the paper. As he stood there, naked, cock throbbing, and stooped in thought, the huge, shadowy shape of a gigantic blond head silently rose up over his windowsill. The next moment, the gleaming jewels of two striking blue eyes had appeared, fixing on Aaron like magnets. The window was open, and when he spoke aloud, his voice traveled.

“But let's...let's just calm down a minute, ok?” he declared out loud to himself, in a pep-talk tone. He pointed at the propped-up diary, addressing it directly. “You...you're not gonna make me go insane, alright? I know I can, you know...wish for anything I want...anything! But that's the trick, right!? That's how I get in over my head. I've got to take this slowwwwww...reeeeally, really slowwww. I've got it...uhhh...I've got it too good to just go crazy with everything I, uhm, you know, with everything I want all at once. Just...one thing at a time, okay?”

Aaron knew he was acting a little crazy already, talking to this diary out loud, but it was helping him sort through all the muck in his head. And anyway, no one was listening to him...or so he thought.

“Right...so – all the women are 4 inches taller, and 30 pounds heavier,” he repeated out loud to himself, drawing his finger along the words he had written in the diary. “And I think, uhhh, I think that's enough for tonight in terms of THAT. I did a good job not making them all 7 feet tall, hahaha! But that's because...yeah...I want to focus on THEM...them, them, them...”

Aaron tapped the empty page thoughtfully. He was too tempted to make Courtney 10'0 tall...and Kristina...well, her ass was so perfect that he felt afraid to even toy around with it at this point. But Cassie...Cassie...

“God, but she's perfect too!” Aaron said out loud. “Except...well, I mean...maybe she could be...even curvier...”

He stood there in silent thought for a full minute, still totally unaware of what was watching him.

“But that DRESS she had on today...” he murmured out loud, “That yellow went perfect with her...she’d shred right through it tomorrow if I make her THAT much bigger...oh come on, Aaron, what are you even talking about, she’ll find another dress, just like Courtney and Kristina will too, when I grow them eventually. Oh god...could I even handle a curvier Cassie?! She’s already sooooo thick and just...ugh, she’s a fucking goddess...but what if? 30 pounds more? Wait, she’s already 8’1...so stay proportional Aaron, come on...40...50...60 pounds!?! Oh my god...oh my god...I’m gonna do it. I’ve gotta do it. I’ll make sure it’s proportional on her. Holy shit, her boobs, they’re gonna be...ohhhhhhhhh!”

His whole body shivered in pleasure. He had worked himself up into the lustful frenzy he had promised himself he would avoid. But it simply couldn’t be helped. A moment later, he was applying his pen to the diary paper, writing out his wish, as the arched ascent of a pair of plush, ruby-red lips above his windowsill indicated a huge mouth gaping open in silent astonishment.

The next moment, though, as soon as Aaron had put down his pen, Cassie felt the fire escape ledge begin groaning out, much louder this time, and its groans were quickly followed by a series of metallic snapping sounds. She was bringing the whole fire escape down, and it was making an ungodly racket.

“Shit!! ShitShitShit!” mouthed Cassie, desperately grasping at the brick of the windowsill with her huge hands. She wasn’t worried about the fall, just the noise she was making. But then, as she grasped at the brick, her hands literally crumpled the brick into chunks, making another loud series of crackles and pops, right at Aaron’s open window.

“Oh fuck...” was all Cassie could mutter, though with the incredible, ironic humor of her new realization, as the entire brick ledge came apart in her hands, and her glorious, voluptuous body tumbled down to the ground below, her yellow dress already torn around her bust and hips before she even hit the ground.

## Chapter 14

“Holy...*fuck* what just happened!?” Kristina whispered fiercely as her hands gripped the steering wheel of her stationary Hummer.

“Did Cass just fall!?” Courtney asked, in a rare moment when she sounded alarmed.

“I think...I think so,” answered Kristina, straining to look through her windshield without getting out of her car. It had gotten dark enough to where it was hard for them to tell exactly what had happened. “It sounded like she brought half the building down with her – oop! There she is at the bottom, dusting herself off.”

“She’s alright, I trust?” Courtney inquired, a hint of worry still in her voice. “That was so loud!”

“She’s fine, of course,” Kristina answered, deadpan. “What a klutz.”

“But what’s she doing now?” Courtney breathed, getting up close to the window. “She’s sneaking around the side of the building...she’s looking up to Aarons’ window?”

“There we go, Cass,” Kristina murmured, “At least you’ve got the good sense to hide quickly. Aaaaand perfect timing, because there’s our little man at the window now, seeing what all the commotion was about.”

“Hmmm, seems he took a few seconds to put on some underwear,” chuckled Courtney softly. “The noise startled him, but the first thing he did was shuffle over and slip on a pair of whitey-tighties. Awww, how precious is that?”

“Cute as all get-out,” murmured Kristina, “But I can still tell he’s hard, heheh.”

The two of them were watching Aaron closely, not daring to move too much. At their sizes, if they had rummaged around too much, they would have tipped the Hummer back and forth, making it more noticeable. None of the girls wanted Aaron to know they were there.

“You think it’s dark enough?” whispered Kristina after a few more moments, “To where he can’t see us parked here?”

“Yeah I think we’re fine,” muttered Courtney back to her. “As long as we all just stay still here until he goes away from the window.”

“Cass...” hissed Kristina to herself, “Don’t you dare!” She was watching Cassie now, who was poking her head around the corner of the apartment building, giving Kristina and Courtney the thumbs-up. Through the dim light, they could see that she had a huge smile on her face, and seemed extra eager to get back to the car.

“She knows something new,” Courtney breathed. “She found something out.”

“God, could she be any more obvious?” chuckled Kristina, rolling her eyes. The next moment, though, she was looking back up at Aaron, who was still at the window, peering down and around where the fire escape had come crashing down moments before.

“Come onnnn Aaron,” whispered Kristina. “Go jerk that precious little cock of yours and get to sleep.”

The two of them could see Cassie, from her hidden spot around the corner of the apartment building, looking up at Aaron too. All three of them were there, hidden and shrouded in darkness, waiting for him to step away from the window. But in his bedroom, Aaron had no idea that the three girls were out there in the dark, staring at him – right after he had completed his wish for Cassie to get 60 pounds curvier, there had been a loud, jumbled series of noises right at his windowsill, followed by a loud, sustained crash. Aaron had nearly been startled out of his skin, and, after a few still moments after the cacophony, he had thrown on some underwear and gone to the window to investigate. The fire escape had somehow become detached from the wall, and crashed down three stories below. But it wasn't just that – while he was at the windowsill, Aaron could see that the brick and concrete ledge, just beneath his window, had crumbled away.

“What in the world...!?” he had muttered to himself out loud. His first thought was that there had been some large animal walking around on the fire escape, which had caused the structure to fall. But he quickly dismissed that possibility – the fire escape wasn't actually that rickety, after all, since he would sometimes go onto it in the evening to look at the sunset or feel the cool night breeze on his face. Once or twice he had even vaped a little on it, and not once had he been worried about its structural integrity. It wasn't just a part of it – the whole thing had totally collapsed. This wasn't some fluke; something...something *huge* had caused it to fall.

But Aaron could feel his eyes drawn away from the twisted metal wreckage of the fire escape down below – aside from the debris, there didn't seem to be anything or anyone else down there. Aaron found himself staring at the windowsill ledge, the bulk of which was now totally gone. It was so bizarre – the ledge wasn't connected in any way to the fire escape...not even close. So why had it crumbled away and fallen too?

Aaron took another step closer to the broken ledge, and for some reason, his heart had started beating rather quickly. He didn't know why. The shock of the initial loud noise had passed, and now that he didn't see anything alarming, there was no reason why he should be reacting this way. But something was going on. There was something...something in the air. He could almost smell it. The breeze had kicked up a minute before, so it was tossing the early evening air around, confusing his senses. But Aaron could have sworn, a moment before, that he had caught the unmistakably sweet, luscious scent of someone...someone whose sultry, voluptuous scent he could have picked out of a crowded room by now.

“Cassie...!?” he breathed, hardly even daring to utter her name aloud. That quick whiff had certainly smelled like her. But, just like that, the breeze shifted, and it was gone. Had he just imagined that? Was he losing his mind!? And then, looking down at the broken ledge, he saw what looked like a series of parallel, uniform dents in the concrete, huge shapes, but recognizable, with two other indentations sticking out towards each other, just like...like...

‘Like *thumbs*,’ Aaron thought to himself, ‘And...and the other lines are like fingers, like they were trying to...to grip...’

He stared off into the night sky and then looked down again at the lawn below his apartment. A couple of his neighbors had gathered, and they were gesturing to each other. One of them was on the phone – probably with the building manager, no doubt. It looked like an ordinary scene, with ordinary people reacting to something odd that had happened. Cassie was nowhere to be seen. And, his eyes scanning a bit more for her, they missed Kristina’s parked Hummer, since that’s not what he had been trying to find. He glanced back down at the ledge, blinking. He had no idea what to think. On one hand, he could’ve sworn that he had caught that scent...and those marks really did kinda look like a pair of giant hands had slid off, taking a good bit of the ledge with them.

But just then, Aaron shook his head to himself. It couldn’t be – the girls had all gone away for the night. He had just made his wish, and now all the crazy thoughts were starting to coalesce in his brain.

“See, this...” he said to himself, turning away and closing the window, “*This* is why you can’t let yourself get carried away. You’ll totally lose your mind if you’re not careful.” A few minutes later he was in bed, under the covers, wondering what Cassie would look like in the morning.

Down below, Cassie had decided that her best course of action was to leave the scene and take a jaunt around the block from the other side of the building. She had signaled to Kristina to go around and pick her up in the back, and had set off.

“What...in the hell did she mean by all that?” asked Kristina to Courtney. “Waving her hands around like a crazy person?”

“I think she wants us to go pick her up around back,” Courtney smiled. “And anyway, it looks like Aaron’s gone to bed. He just turned his light off. Mmm, he’s about to have sweet dreams.”

“Or nightmares about giant klutzes destroying his fire escape,” Kristina remarked as she turned her car on and thrust the gear into “drive.” She made sure to drive slowly, and not to turn her headlights on before they got around to the other side of the building. Aaron’s light had turned off, but Kristina had decided to be extra careful.

“I don’t think he saw her,” Courtney mused as they circled around the building. “If he had, he would’ve reacted differently, I think.”

“Well she’s kinda hard to miss,” Kristina replied, rounding the building slowly. “But I guess it’s pretty dark now...and...I gotta admit it – the girl actually stuck the landing, if that’s possible.”

“Rare praise from you!” Courtney laughed. “Oh and look, there’s Cass coming towards us now!”

“Boy does she look excited,” Kristina observed. She was trying to be dry, but she couldn’t hide her own excitement, not the least from Courtney. It was perfectly clear, from the way that Cassie was bounding up to the car, with a huge, beaming smile on her face, and her giant tits and ass shaking and quivering with every eager step, that she had something thrilling to relate. The Hummer shook and groaned as Cassie got in the back seat, and the car actually tipped slightly to the side when she got in. Courtney quickly slid her giant ass over to balance out Cassie’s weight. For a few moments, Cassie was too wide-eyed to speak – she just sat there, her hands folded in her lap, breathing heavily as she looked from Courtney to Kristina.

“So!?” Kristina demanded after a few seconds, “What’s the big news? What did you see?”

Cassie’s grin only widened, and she blinked a few times before answering. It was like she was relishing every syllable, and reminding herself not to take it too fast.

“Don’t you two...notice anything different about me?” she began.

Kristina and Courtney looked at each other, raising their eyebrows.

“Uhh...besides the fact that you always insist on squeezing your ridiculous curves into dresses like three sizes too small?” Kristina began, shrugging. Cassie watched her response, obviously fascinated by what she was hearing.

“And you?” she asked Courtney, turning to her, “You don’t notice anything either?”

“No...not really,” Courtney said after a long pause, scouring Cassie’s face and body for clues and finding none. She started smirking when she saw Cassie doing the same. “What’s all this about, Cass? What’re you doing?”

“I just thought I’d test it,” Cassie breathed out, her eyes sparkling, “Just to be sure. But now that it’s all clear to me...” She held out her hands, indicating that they should settle in. “You guys aren’t going to believe this...”

About thirty minutes later, Cassie had explained everything that she had seen and discovered, and both Kristina and Courtney had asked enough questions to satisfy them both. An electric silence passed over the three of them as they sat there in Kristina’s car, lights and engine off, parked in a nondescript space under a tree behind Aaron’s apartment building. There was a lot of activity on the other side of the apartment as a few residents and a couple cops were

discussing what had happened to the fire escape. But in the dark car, the three amazons were deep in thought, their minds positively buzzing with the implications of this new knowledge.

“You know,” Kristina started, breaking the silence, “That was actually pretty clever of you, Cass, to test me and Courtney like that.”

“Oooh was it?” Cassie giggled, bouncing in her seat in faux-pride. “I thought I’d do it just as soon as it became obvious to me that, if I hadn’t literally SEEN and HEARD Aaron write down his wish in that diary, then I would’ve just assumed that I was 60 pounds heavier.”

“Really?” asked Courtney, absolutely transported by the crazy magic of this diary. “How do you know?”

“Well I remember thinking how tight my dress was,” Cassie replied, “When I was...uh, you know, scampering for cover after I’d fallen. And I felt this...I don’t know what to call it...like a “throb,” or an automatic thought, in my brain, that just said ‘Don’t complain about it, because Kristina will make fun of you, like she always does, for trying to squeeze into tiny dresses.’ Isn’t that crazy!?”

“It’s insane,” Courtney murmured, nodding her head as she stared straight ahead, contemplating.

“Like...the memories were all of a sudden just, like, implanted in my mind!” Cassie exclaimed, gesturing feelingly with her big hands as she talked. “And the only reason why I knew that they were false memories is because it was obvious that Aaron had just grown me by 60 pounds! *That’s* why my dress didn’t fit anymore!”

“Yeah this thing...this diary,” Kristina said in a low voice, pondering like Courtney, “It’s powerful stuff. *Powerful*. Like...pretty scary, actually.”

“Scary in the hands of someone else, maybe,” Cassie opined. “But not out little Aaron.”

“But see,” Kristina countered, pointing at Cassie, “Aren’t you just saying that because he’s wished you – wished all of us, really – to be obsessed with him? To assume the best of him?”

“Well I...don’t really know,” Cassie replied, thinking it through carefully. “It depends how exactly he wished for us to be.”

“I think,” declared Courtney, speaking up at last, “That, regarding the three of us, the things he’s wished for are exclusively sexual in nature.”

“How do you figure that?” asked Kristina, crossing her arms across her chest. She wasn’t challenging Courtney; she just knew that Courtney had an answer.

“To begin with,” Courtney began, “How could the three of us be having this conversation if he had somehow taken away our general free will, or our distinct personalities as people?”

Kristina and Cassie looked at each other and nodded. As usual, Courtney was making a lot of sense.

“Obviously he’s left all the major aspects of our minds and bodies as they were,” Courtney continued, “Because, like Cassie said, I don’t think Aaron is that kind of person. And I’m not being biased here when I say that he’s such a little sweetheart...to the core. He’s clearly taking this whole thing verrrry, very slowly, and obviously feels a good deal of anguish and uncertainty in the process. Haha, just think about it, you two – a lot of men would’ve wished themselves to be kings or dictators or playboys just drowwwwwning in women. But no. Not Aaron. What does he do? He makes his friends taller and thicker, with knockout boobs and asses, and he ushers us into his delicious size fetish, where we can enjoy it just as much as he does. Isn’t that just precious, when you think about it?”

“Absolutely darling,” sighed Cassie.

“Yeah, when you put it like that,” Kristina said, thinking carefully through what Courtney had just said, “It really just confirms that, however he got this power, the world got lucky.”

“And you said he seemed all stressed out about it?” Courtney asked Cassie.

“Mhmm,” Cassie nodded, “He was pacing around his room, and his little face was getting all red, and he...yeah, he seemed almost tormented by it.”

“Poor baby,” Kristina murmured, shaking her head a little.

“Well,” declared Courtney, her voice rising a little as she sat up even straighter in the car, so her head smushed into the ceiling, “He’s not gonna have to deal with his secret alone anymore.”

“There’s no need for him to!” agreed Cassie.

“We can help him out with it,” Kristina joined in.

“And we WILL help him out,” Courtney concluded, clasping her hands together as she started formulating a plan. “More than he could ever imagine. But first...we need to break it to him that we know about the diary, in a way that doesn’t freak him out.”

“Aww it would be a little cute,” Kristina chuckled, “To see him freak out for a second.”

“No it would *not!*” Cassie retorted, shooting Kristina a disapproving look, and earning another eye-roll from her friend. “Aaron’s already mentally fragile enough as it is, with all this power at his fingertips. He’s behaved better than just about anyone could behave...plus...”



And here she looked down at her body and cupped her mammoth tits in her hands, bouncing them up and down as she jiggled her gigantic ass in the seat, before finishing her thought:

“He’s been rather *good* to the three of us, hasn’t he?”

“Well,” Kristina sighed, turning around to admire her own voluminous ass, “It’s hard to argue with that.”

“Okay,” Courtney declared, clapping her hands together as she hunched forward in the back seat, wordlessly compelling Kristina and Cassie to do the same, as the three of them put their heads together. “So listen up here – I think I know how we break the news to Aaron that we know, without risking anything, and without rattling him too hard.”

“Our little sweetheart looked like he was about to blow a gasket,” Cassie said softly. “It’ll really be much easier for him, sharing such a huge secret with us.”

“Mmmm, he’ll be sharing the secret with us, yes,” hummed Courtney, her eyes gleaming as they went slowly back and forth between the other two, “But most importantly, he’ll be sharing the *power*.”

“Uhh, Courtney?” asked Kristina, her own mouth twitching up into a grin as she and Cassie shared a knowing look. “What’re you...um...what’re you cooking up? You look kinda scary right now.”

“Mm, you look *hot* right now,” Cassie purred. “*Hungry*.”

“Listen carefully girls,” smiled Courtney furtively, “I’ve got a plan.”

The next morning, Aaron woke up to a text message from Courtney, which was a bit odd, since he expected the girls to be knocking at his door, or at least waiting downstairs in Kristina’s Hummer, ready to zoom him off to more mind-boggling adventures in the new city that he had created. But Courtney’s text simply read:

“Good morning, cutie! Hope you had a good night’s sleep! The three of us wanted to have lunch by the duck pond in the park on the far side of town. You know that big, beautiful willow tree? Yeah, under that one. How about you meet us there at noon :)”

Aaron read Courtney’s message over a few times, making sure that he understood everything correctly. Once again, he felt strangely struck by how unexpected this message was. But his surprise quickly morphed into self-censure, as Aaron began to berate himself for assuming to much:

'What, so just because you've wished for certain things, you expect the girls to be waiting on you like sex slaves!?' he thought to himself savagely. 'Is that really what you wanted to turn them into? Because that's how you're expecting them to behave.'

He sat on the edge of the bed, his head bowed, feeling ashamed of his mindset, and for taking the three girls for granted. Even though he had just woken up, he could feel the pressure of all his wishes weighing down upon him – the thrill, the excitement, the guilt, the anxiety, the anguish, the disbelief...all of it was crashing in on his mind at once. Aaron bowed his head deeper, clutching it in his hands, as he pulled at his hair, as if somehow that would help ease the mental burden. He tried to fight through the guilt, reminding himself that he had created a wonderful foursome bond between himself and Kristina, Cassie, and Courtney, but for some reason, the regret he was enduring this morning was unusually strong. He actually felt sick to his stomach. It all just felt so...fake...concocted...simulated. Like it wasn't real. Like he was living in some kind of parallel dream world where he felt transported by pleasure one moment, but then questioned the whole basis of it the next.

'I just...don't know how long I can go on like this,' he thought helplessly. 'The back and forth...it's just...exhausting.'

A few minutes passed by, with Aaron just sitting there on the bed, his mind absorbed in nothing distinct – he just felt like he was sinking into the cold soup of his own making, with his mind going numb the deeper he sank. But after a while, he felt his brain returning to Courtney's text. He read it over again. Of course lunch with them sounded lovely. He knew the willow tree she was talking about. It was one of those places that only the "real townies" knew about, one that was off the beaten path. There likely wouldn't be anyone else there to bother them.

'It's perfect,' he thought, suddenly feeling the surge of a dawning epiphany, 'It's the absolute perfect place to finally tell them...all about it.'

Part of him was screaming inside that he was crazy to want to do this, that he would be giving up his powers, and it was true that Aaron could hardly believe that he was having these thoughts right now, that he was actually considering telling the girls about the diary. But the epiphany had already started rolling down a hill in his mind, and the more it rolled, the faster its momentum grew. He had to do it. He had to tell them. It simply wasn't possible for him to go on living like this. Each day he felt more and more false, right up until this point, when his reaction to a simple text was to feel physically ill and worn-out. And he had just woken up!

His hands shaking slightly, he typed back a quick response, "Sure! I'll see you guys then!" and then got ready for the day, showering, making coffee, and even managing to eat a little breakfast. Part of the terrible burden seemed to ease after he resolved to tell the girls his big secret, but now he was starting to worry about how they would react. What he feared most was that they would be angry with him, for taking advantage of them, and robbing them of their free will – for turning them into sex robots, basically.

“But I...haven’t done that, exactly,” he said out loud to himself, puttering around his kitchen, having to stand on a stool to make coffee and reach the bananas in the fruit bowl at the back of the counter. “I never changed their personalities – just, maybe what they were into, sexually.”

He winced at himself, trying to justify his behavior, and so, after a few minutes, he stopped trying, resolving to absorb and accept whatever reaction the girls had. For the next hour or so, he tried distracting himself by playing video games, but his mind was definitely elsewhere. Finally, he just decided to drive himself to the spot, so that he’d be there an hour or so early, just to get out of his apartment. Usually, when he left, he checked to make sure that his diary was right where he left it – actually touching it to make extra sure – but today, he just glanced at it peeking out from under a pile of books on his nightstand. He felt another wave of guilt, and left his apartment without touching it.

As soon as he stepped out into the world, however, Aaron remembered one of the big wishes from the previous night. He had been so mired in his own thoughts that he had completely forgotten that he had wished all the women in the city another 4 inches taller, to the point where now, the average female height was over 6 feet tall. This new fact became plainly clear when a young jogger ran straight by him on the sidewalk, her blond ponytail bouncing with every long, powerful stride her legs took. This girl looked *built* – like a stallion – and was obviously way over 6 feet tall. Aaron felt like, a couple weeks ago, she was probably already 5’9 or 5’10. Now she was 6’6 or 6’7, and compared to him, she was absolutely huge. Aaron tried to nod ‘hello’ to the young woman, but she had already blown by him, her face set in determination; he got a strong whiff of her sweet sweat that complimented the breeze her body had created, as his hair blew back on his head. He turned to watch her go, and she was already around the block.

‘Nothing like Cassie or Courtney or Kristina,’ he thought, having to laugh a little at himself as his mind shot back to them, despite him being in awe of this woman. How tall were they again? Courtney was all of 8’4, Cassie wasn’t far behind at 8’1...and Kristina...she was 7’9, right? And that girl...the one who just passed him by...she was “only” 6’7?? Aaron started to feel himself get excited again, despite the lingering feelings of guilt over the diary, and he hopped into his car with a bit more energy than he had had walking out of his apartment.

His drive to the duck pond was another source of energy and wonder for him, and he made sure to go slowly just so he could try and absorb what he was seeing. The new reality of his wishes was everywhere around for him to see. Every woman he saw walking down the street looked statuesque, an appearance which was inevitably accentuated whenever they were walking next to a male. It was crazy – he really had flipped the world completely upside down! All the women were, at the very least, two or three inches taller than all the men, and the gap between most of the men and women was much wider than that. And the women weren’t just taller – they were obviously heavier too. Bigger, stronger, more substantial. Aaron remembered that he had wished all the women to be an additional 30 pounds heavier, proportionally distributed, and it sure was showing. Just like the jogger he had seen, all the women now looked uber-curved, with thick hips, big butts, and strong-looking thighs – their arms and shoulders looked more solid too.

But, more than anything else, as he drove, Aaron was noticing behavioral changes as well. The women who were holding hands with their boyfriends often seemed to be the ones “leading,” with their partners struggling to catch up. He saw a few women with their big arms draped around their partners’ shoulders, not unlike men used to do with their smaller female partners. One particular young woman, a towering blond who might have been close to 7’0, actually had her big hand tucked into her (5’8) boyfriend’s back jeans pocket...and, as he drove by, Aaron could’ve sworn that he saw her pinching his butt with her fingers, from the way he was jumping, with them both laughing.

Had he altered their behavior without meaning to? Was the increased size of the women switching the power dynamics of the relationships, without him even having to wish for it? It certainly seemed like this was the case – but Aaron couldn’t be sure until he saw another interaction up close, without having to drive. As it was, this new city of tall, voluptuous females that he had wished into existence provided a welcome distraction from his anguish and apprehension surrounding his decision to tell the girls about the diary. The closer he got to the duck pond, though, the more nervous he became, to the point where, after he parked his car and got out, his heart was beating quite quickly and uncomfortably in his chest.

He spotted the large, drooping willow tree – one of the nicest trees in the city, that was for sure – and walked over to it, sitting down underneath it and staring off at the still pond water. It was only 11:30 or so (the drive had taken him longer than expected, since there was so much to stare at), and the sun hadn’t quite had time to heat up the scenery yet. There was still a hint of coolness in the air, and, as Aaron inhaled a deep breath through his nostrils, he smelled the deep, woody scent of the willow, the sweet hydrangea flowers nearby, the green bite of the freshly-cut grass, and the fresh, organic tinge of the pond water nearby. Little water striders skated and flitted on the surface of the water, and, across the way, a family of ducks was busy taking turns diving, turning upside down to get their breakfast. A steady, calm wave of cicada calls sounded over the scenery, making everything seem even stiller, and more relaxed.

‘Yeah,’ thought Aaron, taking another deep breath to try and calm himself down. ‘This is the perfect spot...perfect spot...for...telling them...’

He could feel his eyes getting heavy. It was strange, since he had already had his morning coffee, and had been bolt-upright alert the whole time he was driving, not able to absorb all the new sights fast enough. Maybe that was why he was feeling so tired all of a sudden – maybe that, and all the mental work he had put himself through earlier that day. Whatever the reason, he decided to just accept the drowsiness, and, leaning back against the sheltering Willow, Aaron dozed off.

What seemed like the next moment, he found himself getting shaken awake by a pair of enormous warm hands. His eyes opened, blurry at first, but then they refocused and saw that Cassie was kneeling down in front of him, her hands lovingly massaging his upper arms as her fingers easily went all the way around. Aaron felt his heart jump into his mouth – Courtney and

Kristina were on either side, also crouching in close, smiling at him. They had ditched their dresses, and were all three wearing short pairs of jean shorts, which only went down to their upper thighs, and stylish t-shirts, which looked like they were already stretched to their limits. As ever color-coordinated, Courtney's t-shirt was a deep purple, Kristina's was a bright and vibrant teal, and Cassie's was a joyful yellow. Aaron felt like his eyes couldn't absorb the sheer voluptuous enormity of their thick, creamy thighs, which were all the more conspicuous in their jean shorts. A pile of sandals lay to the side; evidently, all three of them had kicked them off and gone barefoot, with their toenail polish matching the color of their t-shirts. But Aaron could hardly focus on any of this, when their three gorgeous faces were so close to his, their eyes dazzling in the early sunlight.

"Well good *morning*, sleepyhead!" Cassie cooed at him. "You beat us here!"

"Y-yeah, I...I thought I'd come a little early," Aaron replied, sitting up straighter against the tree. A moment of silence passed between them, and he suddenly realized that it was now or never – he was going to tell them now, or he would never be able to work up the courage again.

"Listen...guys," he said, feeling oddly detached and surreal as his heart started thumping hard again, "I...I have something to tell you. Something I think, uh...you all need to know."

Cassie, who was right in front of him, blinked rapidly a few times, like she had just heard something that she hadn't expected. And then, a delighted smile spread across her face as she turned back to Courtney and Kristina.

"Isn't it just too perfect?" she asked them. "I can see it on his face. He's about to tell us – without us even having to bring it up!"

"Damn," Kristina muttered, looking at Aaron and nodding slowly. "You really are a rare one, Aaron. We lucked out. We ALL lucked out."

"Mhm," Courtney agreed, her deep, feminine voice melting through into Aaron's interior. "I admit I didn't even expect this. I'm impressed, Aaron. VERY impressed."

Cassie turned back to him, her smile as bright as the morning, with him able to do nothing but return a puzzled look.

"Uhh...w-what...what do you mean?" was all that he could muster up. He was afraid the girls were talking about something completely different, and that the mood would dramatically take a turn for the worse when he told them the big secret.

"Oh Aaron," Cassie purred at him, taking her massive hand and gently petting his face, lovingly scratching his scalp a little as her thumb copper his chin, "You don't need to worry about a thing. Go on, tell us – tell us all about your secret diary."